

majority of Germans did not want a second global conflict, but remained largely passive until their potential power had been weakened to such an extent that it could no longer be used to thwart the will of the tyrannical Nazi minority. As a final case in point, it is inconceivable that a majority of Americans would have voted, had they the chance, to send their sons to Korea, a country most Americans had never heard of, to fight a war for reasons few people fully understood.

The great uncoordinated mass of people making up a majority are constantly led, pushed, repelled, and coerced by the will of the minorities. There are the advertisers who prey upon the hidden fears, frustrations, loves and ambitions of the people; the charity groups who appeal to the people's compassions, generousities, and insecurities ("You too can get cancer!"); and the political organizations whose propaganda campaigns are designed to instill in the voters feelings of distrust and disrespect toward the opposition candidates. Among the many effective minority organizations, such as the N.A.A.C.P., the John Birch Society, the American Nazi Party, and the many pacifist groups, a common advantage is shared which can be summarized in the word, unity. Each of these groups is highly organized and each has a special goal.

The mass of people comprising a majority are themselves a diverse mixture of minority classes which for the most part have long since lost all power of independent action. These minorities (if they can still be called that) have lapsed into a policy of complacency and indifference. The members of these classes have allowed their hopes and aspirations to be subverted by the will of the majority until they no longer have a conscious will of their own. They may be likened to a field of wheat in the wind, in that they find it easier to bend with the breezes of public opinion than to stand tall against these forces and voice their own convictions. What is lacking in these people is a sense of direction, a certain amount of courage, and the realization that nothing is ever achieved merely by dreaming about it. It is only those who are willing to face the issue squarely and vigorously who can have even the remotest chance of seeing their dreams and aspirations come true. Fear of criticism can be a stifling force to one who lacks the courage of his convictions, but a man who is willing to assert vigorously the dictates of his conscience will also assert his status as an individual and as a man.

A Comic Affair

Claude Pierce, Jr.

WHEN I was seven years old, I was possessed by a deep, overpowering love. The object of my adoration could be purchased in any drugstore for ten cents, and its magic name was Comic Book. I remember standing for long periods of time hungrily

eyeing those magnificent periodicals through the display window of the town drugstore. If I obtained one, I would read and re-read it until its colors faded and then brave distance and weather to trade it for another. I could escape from a drab world in those magic pages, and so my love grew fat as the book grew thin.

I rarely received a comic because the depression had been extremely hard on my father, and he could not ordinarily afford this necessity of life; therefore, I had to develop many devious methods of acquiring them. If the hungry stare failed, I would try silent, pitiful tears or my own version of comic book commercials. The latter put a strain on my talents, but I believe this was the beginning of any real creative ability I may have developed. I would compose songs extolling comic books or their characters and sing them loudly at every opportunity. This was irritating to my parents but rewarding to me.

The day finally came when all my efforts were to bear fruit. When I proudly displayed my precious collection of three faded, dog-eared copies to a visiting cousin, he, wanting to encourage my appreciation of true culture, promised to send me some comic books his son had discarded. Unlike most adults, he kept his promise, but four terribly long days passed before the books arrived. Naturally, I was absent when the great even occurred, and I did not get home until late afternoon. Expecting five or six books at most, my blissful eyes beheld an empty shipping crate which had been packed full of those literary wonders. Now they were stacked in piles or scattered over the entire living room floor. Scattered among them, deeply absorbed in their contents, was every friend I had in the county. I suddenly realized my joy was to be short lived when several horrible possibilities vividly presented themselves. Since I was not present when the crate had been opened, was it not possible that some of the books had already mysteriously disappeared? I would never know. My parents were fools for allowing this to happen; where were they when the deed was done? My so-called friends were here only to see my books, and it was evident that I could not trust any one of them. If I let them take a few books home, some would probably be conveniently lost before I got them back. I had to act fast. The only solution was to read all of them now before any more got away. In attempting the feat, I found that all the joy, all the magic, all the pleasure, which I had readily found in the books before, was fading rapidly with each one I read. I was reading obviously because of the necessary speed, plus the obvious fact that I must keep one eye open for thievery. My love for comics died a slow death that day. I could not understand why I was miserable when I should have been ecstatic; I knew only that something good had been replaced by something bad. Years later, I realized my sudden wealth had intensified every bad characteristic I possessed. Not having been exposed to wealth, I did not know what to do with it. It was a moment of truth, and I was caught naked before the mirror of my personality.

That day I shook hands with that wary little man called "Selfishness," who breathes the purest suspicion and proudly wears the garments of self-sacrifice.

A Youthful Mind

Clark Kimball

THE TRIAL went on. For many long days the eight defendants had thrown icy stares at the prosecutor and his staff. Charged with crimes against humanity, the defendants were getting a taste of the Western, democratic judicial processes.

"But," cried the inquiring voice of one youth, "I do not understand how German citizens could be tried in Germany by foreigners. Was Germany a part of this Western bloc so as to be subject to the same laws?"

"No, my son," came the reply, "but we have a moral right to try these men. They have committed the worst of atrocities against humanity. These deeds must not go unavenged."

"Didn't the Germans hate the Jews?"

"Perhaps some of them did."

"Didn't the Nazis feel that the extermination of Jews was in the best interests of the German republic?" further probed the inquisitive one.

"Perhaps so, young one, but these men were not speaking for the people as a whole. It is unthinkable that the people as a whole of any State could entertain such a terrible magnitude of hatred resulting in the cold-blooded slaughtering of millions of human beings. These were but a few fanatics not much responsive to the German people as such."

"But is not the State an organized entity whose outward expressions are determined by its leaders?"

"That must be admitted, for one state deals with another through leader-to-leader contact."

"Were not the fanatical few to which you refer the outward expression of the German State due to their positions of leadership?"

"Well, yes."

"I," claimed the youth, "have been brought up believing that the taking of any life is a violation of the moral standard. Is it not the case, though, that the circumstances of my upbringing have contributed to my beliefs?"

"To some extent this is true. There is, however, a universal code which man by nature is forced to recognize. One aspect of it is the value of human life."

"Do we not kill thousands of men in war?"

"Yes."