

Cars racing down the streets, mufflers loud, gears whining. A car pulls up and the window opens for a paper. It is quiet again, and the only sound is the hoarse voice shouting, "Pay puh."

Above the Lake

Jenny Ellis

THE RISING sun casts a shadow of the mountain onto the surface of the small Austrian Lake, Schwartzee. Miniature woodland flowers, varying from shades of white to deep purple, spring back up and make anonymous the footprints following me on the flower-clad lowland. The sun is now rising above the horizon; and with the advent of dawn, the rams and sheep appear. Over the rippling waves of the lake I hear the distant bleat of a mountain goat. The crisp, clear mountain air draws all my worries from me. As I slowly ascend the mountain, I can see the ominous thunderhead. The fallen timber strewn across the path creaks and groans underfoot, as I imagine it must have done when the thunderstorm struck. The icy rivulets quench my constant thirst, and the rhythmic waterfalls, trickling gently over the embedded moss, relax my taut nerves.

Higher up on the the mountain, smoke of the alpine cottages rises gently to mingle with the ever-increasing haze of the late afternoon. One of the cottages' stone walls intercepts my path. Here, after stopping to check my boots, I view the magnificent white peak towering above me. A native once attempted reaching the peak of Mount Bernine in this same region, but lost his direction in a dense fog. He gave up in despair, but I never will. Thick snow now covers the expanse which lies before me; and from the snow slope on which I stand, the sheep appear as toy animals grazing on a child's green blanket. Suddenly, a deep rumbling echoes across the valley. My tension and fear grow together. My heart beats faster as I recognize the distinct thunder of an avalanche. A mass of billowing froth rises in slow motion. Endless seconds pass, and cascading snow and ice flow like white taffy from beneath the froth, gaining momentum every second. I will conquer it—this magnificent force of the heights. I will reach the peak.

The struggle is taking its toll of my energy and determination. I am weakening. The avalanche appears to be stopping, but ever so slowly. Suddenly the surging is upon me. I feel my feet slipping—then the sensation of cold ice cuts against my body. With every ounce of my seemingly waning strength, I quickly try to grasp for a friendly branch, but a paralyzing helplessness seizes me. The struggle is over. I have achieved nothing.

As I gain consciousness, I am weary with disappointment. However, I see that something else has become lighter. In the east approaches the dawning of a new day. With the birth of this day will

come a fresh start. One of these days will find me standing proudly atop that mountain, the highly cherished prize and goal of an intense desire.

A Letter to Humanity

Dyann Robinson

I HAVE a theory about the Eichman trial. To me the man Adolph Eichman is not just a man any more, but a symbol. He represents mankind. Yet you exhibit much weeping and gnashing of teeth concerning his gross and atrocious crimes against the human race. Oh, you hypocrite! Do you not realize that in pointing your accusing finger at Eichman you point at your mirrored image? The man is your offspring, the child whom your follies have nourished and encouraged since the beginning of human society. Eichman is the finished product, and you disown him? Anything he has done you can attribute to yourself; he has worked with the tools of false principles and warped concepts of what is right and wrong which you have designed and made available.

It was you who gave him the alibi that should, according to your own laws, set him free. Eichman claims that he was a subordinate officer, and that his activities as the S.S. Colonel, Chief of the Gestapo, and head of Jewish Affairs were a direct result of his execution of orders issued by his superior command and his government. If this is true, and such proof has been offered, we cannot hold him personally responsible for all the crimes he has allegedly committed. Mankind has traditionally accepted anything done under the auspice of duty as justifiable, particularly duty to one's government. Personal satisfaction in carrying out that duty does not alter the fact that the man is protected as guaranteed by his adherence to that duty. To deny this would be to accuse every soldier who ever took up arms of being a murderer. If duty were not the almighty alibi, what could we say in defense of the American who pressed the button that released the atomic bomb on Hiroshima in the Second World War?

You ask, "Since Eichman was doing his duty in compliance with the will of his government, should not blame for these dispicable deeds be placed on that government?" The deeds were undeniably infamous, but what pre-established law forbade the Nazi regime its action? The seemingly logical answer would be adherence to the universal and fundamental moral law of all mankind, but for centuries the moral code, if any, which binds each individual has had no effect at all on the individual en masse, the government. It is as if nations and empires have been and are being run with free abandon, with no regard for any higher law than themselves. The unpunished crimes committed by governments fill and overflow the turbulent