

"The moron's name is Legion." This is a fact which cannot be denied by the more intellectual part of our society; nor can the possibilities of this group be denied. But there is some hope for the improvement of this situation. Just as compulsory education has partially brought about this condition, it can also help to alleviate it. Perhaps it is too much to ask that the morons be changed by the schools into intellectually superior persons. However, those people with potentialities for leadership can be educated by the schools, and their potentialities can be channelled into beneficial activities. The more intelligent individuals can be taught to recognize the morons and their demagogic leaders. These malevolent leaders can be controlled and replaced by new and better men whose aim is to raise the level of the legion. Good leaders can raise the standards of the moronic mass. Without support from poor leaders and consequently from the mass, such harbingers of evil as "bad" newspapers can no longer exist. This solution is easy to state but difficult to enact; however, even an awareness of the problem is a step in the right direction. Although there will always be a legion, it need not be one of morons; instead, it can be a legion of average, thinking individuals working together to achieve mutual good.

## A Blue-sealed Envelope

Kermit Thomas

ALL he heard was the rustle of his own clothing as he walked purposefully down the dimly lit hall. He felt the dry forced-air heat hit him in the face when he passed each vent in the wall. This heat was the life-saver to the populace deep inside this forsaken, burnt out planet. Glancing now and then at door numbers, he suddenly realized what a distance he had walked in such a short time. The last door number was 1347. He had ascended eight levels in less than ten minutes. He was glad that the ascenders began here on the thirteenth level so that he could ride the rest of the way.

He reached the end of the hall and palmed the silver sphere by the door marked "A." Immediately, the door slid open and he stepped into the ascendor. As he sat down on the padded cushion of the seat, the door closed and four spheres appeared in front of him. Each was of a different color—silver for Communications, red for Transport, blue for Military, and gold for Government. He smiled as he calmly touched the gold sphere. The ascendor rose instantly and stopped before he could exhale the air he had inhaled thirty-eight levels below. The door beside him opened and he stepped into the very luxurious government level. He walked over to the level-directory and scanned the lettered board until he saw the title "Grand Marshal." Beside it was GOV 5100. He absorbed this information and began to walk slowly down the hall. His one worry was the blue of his Military Security uniform, which he

thought very conspicuous among the glittering gold uniforms of the government guards. He felt that he was being glared at by every guard he passed. His only consolations were his quiet, purposeful look and the low-frequency pistol on the cord under his tunic. He walked for what seemed like hours down the winding governmental hall. Suddenly he was confronted with a dead end. He looked at the entrance numbers, and there it was: GOV 5100. He stopped and took a deep breath as he reached for the door. It flew open, and the red of Transport loomed into view. He stepped back briskly, giving a stiff shoulder salute as the Marshal of Transport and his guards filed out. He went into the office and stood before the secretary's desk. The secretary looked up at him and asked his intentions; he answered that he was on official business from the Marshal of Security, Military Division. The secretary gave him a pass through the guards stationed at the inner office doors.

As he stood before the doors, he thought how the emblazoned plaque of the Grand Marshal would look robed in the black of death. He almost laughed aloud when the two guards asked for his pass. Giving it to them, he entered. The doors whirred shut behind him as he stepped into the magnificently adorned office. The wealth and furnishings were breathtakingly beautiful, but still well suited to use. The short, stocky middle-aged man who sat behind the massive desk looked up and cleared his throat. The harsh voice of the Grand Marshal quickly banished all thought of grandeur. He walked casually over to the desk and handed the Grand Marshal the large envelope bearing the Blue Seal of the Military. The Grand Marshal opened the envelope and looked up in surprise when he found nothing. By this time, the pistol was out and the deadly missile had found its mark. The Grand Marshal stood up, his face full of agonizing pain. Blood welled from his mouth as he slowly crumpled to the floor. The missile had shattered his rib cage. It was quick and soundless, just as it had been carefully planned. Things were going too well for them to go wrong now. He opened the door and exited quietly. The secretary glanced up at him as he went past the desk and through the door.

He exhaled loudly, and quickly began to walk down the hall. He felt uplifted and happy. He knew that this regime would finally crumble with its leader dead, and upon his death all slaves held by that regime would be emancipated. He had just freed millions from a parasitic tyranny which controlled almost half the universe. He had seen thousands murdered just for the satisfaction of a whim. The uniform he wore represented the dreaded Security Police, instigated by the Grand Marshal himself for his own protection and to do all his dirty work. It made him feel filthy.

He stopped suddenly as an alarm began to hum. He rounded a corner, and the ascendor door loomed in front of him. He rushed for it and frantically pressed the silver sphere. An orange light

above the door started to blink. The alarm had stopped the ascenders! He whirled around to look for another avenue of escape. There was a door across the lounge marked "Air Heating and Purification." The door slid open at his touch. He stepped through the door and it closed behind him. A translucent disc glowed on the ceiling, affording the only light. He stepped between two large filtering systems to hide for a moment and to catch his breath. He knew now that his only means of escaping death was to leave the planet.

He heard strange sounds behind him and when he turned around, the sight stunned him. There were two creatures, humanoid in form, but plant in characteristic. Then it came to him that these were a Venusian species used for air purification because of the huge amount of oxygen they produced. They spoke to him. One asked his trust; the other offered him freedom. He was appalled. They said they knew what he had done via the ventilation system and were going to repay him for their freedom. He was too dumbfounded to say anything. The creatures started along a small inner corridor with him. There was a sharp clang of metal on metal as guards came surging through the door at the other end. His leafy friends pushed him into a small freight ascendor and sent him to the planet's north cap. Three hundred forty levels and a few seconds later he was taken and put aboard a ship bound for a far solar system. He was finally safe from the Grand Marshal's followers.

He soon became accustomed to his new home and rose quickly to high position. He treated his servants very kindly and died at the ripe old age of four hundred seventy-five when, at his office one day, an aide by pure mistake gave him an empty, blue-sealed envelope. The sight was terrifying. When the aide came stumbling out of the office, he tried to explain the mysterious death of the leader. Physicians attributed the death to an extreme shock causing heart failure. But who could have known what he had really seen in the blue-sealed envelope?

## Loyalty

Jean Rees

**L**OYALTY is a subject which is almost too intangible to define in a concrete word, sentence, or paragraph. One may easily compare loyalty to a symphony orchestra. In order to have a harmonious, melodious, and rhythmic symphony, each musician must participate with the intention of producing a beautiful masterpiece. Without a capable conductor, a symphony cannot hope to achieve unity. In the same way, a person without sound morals and beliefs cannot successfully conduct his life in a meaningful manner so as to finally produce a rich, wholesome existence. In order to maintain this type of life, one should develop fidelity, friendliness, and