

for what he produced to show to our children and adults, our nation would soon degenerate morally. The downfalls of many other nations have come as outgrowths of a lack of moral responsibility. It is time we benefited from their mistakes.

When we were given the privileges of freedom of the press and of freedom of speech, we were also given an unwritten responsibility to keep those freedoms clean and just. The same principle is involved in receiving those freedoms as was involved in accepting our privileges granted by God, for any advantage carries a responsibility. We are an advanced class of animals, and because we are such, we have certain important responsibilities. If we assume them, we are only doing our part. If we do not assume them, we are shirking our duty and indicating to those around us that we do not care about our freedoms or privileges. I believe that our newspaper editors, our advertisers, and our radio and television producers should definitely accept the moral obligation which they have obviously neglected to recognize during the past decade. If we allow them to continue this neglect of their moral responsibilities, we shall be showing our indifference to our own.

Man Has the Power

Harold Modlin

IN this age of hydrogen bombs and intercontinental missiles, thinking people are wondering if another war would mean the end of civilization. There is fear that man's inventive genius may lead him to commit universal suicide, blasting life from the face of the earth.

Man has within himself the power to build or to destroy. He has devised ways to overcome his physical environment, protecting his thin-skinned body from the wind, rain, sun, and snow. But with all his electric blankets and air conditioning, with all his contrivances for his own comfort and convenience, man has not yet been able or willing to share the benefits of his civilization with all other men. While one race may flourish in wealth and abundance, another race in a less-favored part of the world may be in bitter want.

It is to be expected that those who do not possess the comforts of civilized life will be envious and resentful of those who do, while those whose way of life is more pleasant will jealously guard what they have, to prevent its loss. So it was in the distant past when men killed one another in disputes over the best hunting grounds, and so it is today. The weapons, the methods of warfare are new, but the basic cause of strife remains the same. Call it greed or selfishness if you wish, or a lack of good will for others. It stems from the natural human reluctance to share the good things of life with other humans.

Small wonder men tremble for fear of what disaster may overwhelm their civilization in the atomic age. From the most learned

scientist to the most poorly educated man on the street, all men have become aware of mankind's power to destroy on a mass-production basis.

And yet there is hope. Great thinkers of our time—men such as Albert Einstein and Kirtley F. Mather—have caught the gleam. Their writings on the future of mankind furnish us with the evidence that hope still exists. These men speak in terms of faith, honesty, and good will. So long as the leaders of men's thinking see the need of these fundamental spiritual concepts, there is hope.

Long before Hiroshima's atomic blast, long before a man flew faster than the speed of sound, columnist Arthur Brisbane commented on mankind's ability in these words: "What men can imagine, they can do." Perhaps we may adapt this phrase to the atomic age. If modern man, who can create instruments of wholesale destruction, still has the power to think in terms of faith, honesty, and good will, he also has the power to achieve a way of living and sharing that will be in the best interests of all mankind.

A Woman I Shall Never Forget

Carol Fidler

ONE Saturday evening last winter, I was sitting in the waiting room of a downtown parking garage feeling very weary and disappointed after a long, futile search for last-minute Christmas gifts. To occupy my mind while I waited for the car, I gazed through the large plate-glass window across the room, absently observing the activity outside. Suddenly my attention was focused upon a woman whose face I shall never forget. She was an exact replica of a witch from a children's fairy tale. Her face was wrinkled like a prune, and her long, beak-like nose accentuated the thinness of her drawn, toothless mouth and the hollowness of her cheeks. In spite of the cold wind, her face was devoid of color. To add to her witch-like appearance, her head was bare, showing a scraggy mat of straight gray hair which was blown in all directions by the merciless wind. She was thin beyond belief, and I was certain that the strong, cold wind would soon carry her off her feet. Her clothing was also pitiful. In places, the irregular hem of her cheap print dress hung below her straight black coat, which was very ragged and weather-stained. On her feet were a pair of broken black shoes which looked as antique as her wrinkled face. Tightly against her chest she was clutching a battered old purse as if she were afraid someone might try to seize it. When I saw her eyes, I was very sorry to have compared her to a witch, for in her eyes was mirrored a life of hardship and misery. Those pale blue eyes were filled with defeat and loneliness.

As she came closer, I realized that she was searching for something. Her steps were hesitant as she passed the door to the waiting room. After looking inside and seeing that I was the only per-