

we are discussing. Surely your Peter is not the right example. What about his occupation, his profession? We were discussing the potential statesmen, businessmen, scientists—the thinking men of this country. Surely your young man does not fit into any of these categories.”

But I am discussing the right young man. Our Peter is a future scientist, a theoretical physicist, he thinks. Peter's calibre of intelligence definitely places him in that “likely young man” spot. And, when occasionally we are confronted with a flash of his inner brilliance, his intellectual potential, and his marvelous sensitivity which is as yet undulled by oppression and negligence, we begin to have some realization of the paradoxes in this young man's personality and character. He is a veritable bundle of contradictions. He will reveal his mind and its capabilities reluctantly and rarely, preferring to assume the popular guise of the inverted snob, the anti-intellectual. He will ridicule tenderness, an abstract idea, profundity. And yet he roars like a wounded lion when, for fear of his ridicule, a confidence is withheld. In all seriousness he will submit that he is no clod and will become quite indignant that his sensitivity has been questioned. The same incongruity exists in his attitudes toward life's work. He expresses a dynamic interest in mathematics and physics, yet maintains that he is in his field for “the money.” He is uncertain as to his goals; therefore he accomplishes little in the way of independent, intellectual activity. One finds in his dreams conflicting half-formed plans which illustrate the immaturity of his aims; he plans to roam around Europe for a year at the same time he plans to go on to graduate school. Meanwhile, he saves money for neither and remains indefinite about both. He is the “poor fish” (pronounced “feesh”) and the big “greenbean” to which he is always referring. In a sense, he is the poorest fish of them all because he is wasting his own time and the country's most valuable commodity: the capable mind.

Peter is a bright young man much like the other bright young men we all know and love; he is one of a group who should be nearly prepared to assume the responsibilities of running a country but who are preparing to meet the demands of manhood with the half-formed ideals of boyhood.

## The Last Hour

Anita Glaze

THE CLOCK on the bare, scrubbed wall of the waiting room read six o'clock. One hour to go, he thought—only one small hour until that door would open and Commander Millis would give him, Cadet Larry Allan Williams, his final instructions and best wishes. The wear of the past month gave evidence in his tensely drawn face, haggard expression, clouded blue eyes, and the bones jutting sharply out of his tall, lean frame.

Pacing nervously across the floor in agitated movements, Larry felt dizzy from the whirlpool of thoughts eddying in confusion in his mind. It seemed an eternity since that fateful day he signed the agreement with the United States Air Force volunteering to be sent as the first human being into orbit in outer space. Oh, God! Why did he do it? Cringing from the painful memory of his decision, he remembered the wedding which never became a reality. June . . . dear, wonderful June. How will she feel when she hears of this? The months slipped away, and he was again in the drugstore on the night that he found her. Driven by one of his frequent restless moods, he had taken leave from the base to spend the night in town. From the moment he saw the slim, dark-haired girl with the sparkling eyes, Larry had known she was for him.

Coming sharply back to reality with the realization that he might have been happily married instead of going through this living hell—this agony of waiting, Larry stopped short. Indeed, why had there been no wedding? Plaguing and tormenting him that day before the wedding had been the old doubts and fears. Memories of the past haunted him and seemed constantly to threaten his happiness. Pictured again in his tortured mind were his family and home which he had left, vowing never again to return. In his father's opinion he was an irresponsible fool, a weakling, and a coward. Unable to meet the demanding expectations of his family, he had escaped his tangled problems intending to start a new life elsewhere. But as a cadet it was the same story all over again—unfit material for officer's training, irresponsible behavior, and ruinous lack of self-discipline. With all this in mind that night before the wedding, he decided in a rare flash of self-analysis—why ruin two lives instead of one? So June waited in vain.

Suddenly too weary to stand, Larry flung himself into the chair. How horribly simple it had been after that! The next morning he applied for a special mission; he must never see June again—he must run, he must escape, he must run again and again. As fate would have it, the office had been waiting weeks for just such an opportunity. Finished and waiting only for its passenger was the Air Force's first attempt at a missile equipped to send man into orbit around the earth. Frowning, Larry tried to remember the ensuing weeks of preparation, but it all seemed a bad dream, a hazy existence in a world of fantasy.

Starting violently when the door opened, Larry wiped the cold sweat from his hands as Lt. Commander Dickson came into the room. "Aren't you early?" he questioned nervously.

"I just wanted to wish you luck myself, Cadet Williams, before the Commander gives you his final instructions and best wishes," Dickson reassured him. "You know, I have always dreamed of being a great adventurer like Columbus or Admiral Byrd, and I am proud to have the honor of knowing you. Whether this fails or succeeds, your contribution to science will go down in history. Good



luck and may God go with you." After firmly shaking Larry's hand, the young officer left, shutting the door on a silent room.

Choking an insane urge to laugh, Larry marveled at the irony that he, the cowardly heel, was being thought of as a hero. Suddenly his heart lurched as he realized the full significance of his perilous position. In five appallingly short minutes he would be embarking on the unknown. Stark terror swept through his entire body at the menace now confronting him. The ticking of the clock beat like a thundering drum in his head. Of one thing only was he aware—his nerves were screaming out in agony to run, run, run! And his legs obeyed. Forcing the window open with all his strength, he dropped to the ground and ran blindly for his life.

On seeing a man run from behind a building in the restricted area, a nearby guard cried out a sharp command. "Halt, or I'll shoot!" Run, run, Larry hysterically wept. A shot rang out, shattering the stillness of the morning. And the guard looked down in surprised wonder at Cadet Williams, fallen with his face in the dust—a bullet in his back.

## How Long?

Ann Takayoshi

"OLD GLORY," a band beating out the "Stars and Stripes Forever," our blood tingling up and down our spines when a column of young American soldiers march by in dress uniform—these symbols of our freedom are oftentimes the only things which are capable of reminding us that we are a nation of free people; however, momentary remembering and momentary awareness are of little value. We are so close to our freedoms that we take them for granted. We have them, we need them, but we are steadily forgetting how to keep them. We are so close to them that we cannot see the forest for the trees. We see the separate and revered "Bills of Right" as tall, straight, proud pines in a forest; but we cannot see the knotted and twisted trunks of the surrounding and infringing opposers of freedom. We see the pines of Freedom from Discrimination, Freedom of Speech, and Freedom of Religion, but we cannot see the forests of Prejudice, Slander, and Godlessness.

We remember 1620 as the year of the Pilgrims' arrival, and we learn by heart the words of the Preamble to the Constitution, and we can give a vague statement, which would include the word freedom, as to why the Pilgrims came to America or as to why the colonists rebelled; but we have forgotten the most important part—the fighting that the colonist and pilgrim had to do first of all to obtain his freedom, and second of all to keep his freedom. We have forgotten that freedom was a hard-won privilege, because our generation has not had to fight for it. It has been given to us, and as in all cases where presents are given instead of earned through personal sweat, the value depreciates a great deal as time passes. We place