

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

our gifts in the place of honor on our closet shelves and once more drag out the tennis racket we paid for by cutting the front and back lawn.

Our freedoms are gifts, but to keep them from deteriorating through disuse, we must take them from their honored places in history books and make them, once more, an alive and vital part of our lives, not just a segment stuck away in mothballs until the next July 4.

We must take our Freedom of Religion from its safety deposit box and use it to dispel the bigotry between religious groups. We must use our religious freedom by going to the church of our choice, not as a social duty, but as an obligation to self and country; for God and God's teachings will keep our morals in order, thereby keeping our country strong; will keep our faith strong, thereby making our country stronger; and will keep us humble, thereby making our country wiser. Let us use the freedom fought for by the Pilgrims.

We must take our Freedom of Speech from its box and invest it in our right to argue in order to find truth, in our right to dispel gossip with fact, and in our right to abolish prejudice with spoken knowledge. When we do this, we are investing our securities wisely, and our dividends of freedom will multiply in strength. We must use all our freedoms, and we must be aware that freedom is a privilege. If we continue to lean upon the supports of freedom built by our forefathers, instead of building new supports and reinforcing the old ones, how long can we remain free? How long?

## Critics Don't See All

Maryann Koontz

**A** GREAT DEAL has been written in recent years, purporting to detect a significant deterioration in the domestic relations of our modern family. The home has literally been pulled from its foundations, not only in public speeches and essays, but in the pulpit as well. The younger generation seems almost unanimously to be portrayed as the real ruler of the domicile, while any adult who happens to be attached at the time is very casually placed in his proper niche, usually far in the background.

Such a picture can only be obtained when the observer has been limited to one very narrow point of view. A friend of ours from the prairie lands of Illinois once remarked while viewing a colorful, wooded valley in Brown County, just as the leaves were beginning to glow in their autumn hues, that the scene presented itself to him only as a frightful waste of land and space on which not a single bushel of potatoes could be grown. Because children have been encouraged to express themselves and draw a few conclusions of their own, they have all been classified as forward, disrespectful, and untrained beings, who are on the verge of taking charge of the entire domestic program. It would seem that such participation in family affairs is nothing more than an extension of our plan of education,