

office, a block and a half or two. It made him angry to have to face the fact that there were probably out-of-town lawyers and high-pressure guys who by actual count had seen the other side of the capitol many more times than he had, although he could have hit this side of the capitol with a silver dollar with a great deal more ease than Washington had pitched one across the Rappahannock and although he looked at the limestone pile (the side of it) five-sevenths of all the nights of his life.

Perhaps tonight, on his way home, he would go out of his way and look at it. It should be interesting to know the other side as well as he knew the side facing him now. It would be interesting, but he was tired and she would be waiting.

Edward Jones

Ann Stolzenberg

“WELL, g’bye. I gotta be goin’ home now. Nice speakin’ to ya, Jake.”
“Sure thing, Ed.”

That yellow balloon, the sun, seemingly punctured once again, was falling rapidly; it was time for Edward Jones to leave his park bench. Straightening his smaller-than-average frame, he moved toward the bus stop. Almost there, Edward rubbed his neck and queried the cause of its stiffness. He decided that it was from studying the migrating birds this afternoon before meeting Jake. Just why they had not met before today was hard to say. Both had been coming to Garfield Place Park for over two years. However, it was today that Edward changed seats in order to get more sun, and he found himself beside Jake. The new bench companions had used the day for talking. Edward told about his coin collection, his two grandchildren, and his job with the Edison Electric Company that he had held until three years ago. Jake admitted having lost all of his relatives. Just thinking of this solitary sentence for life made Edward shake his white head.

He had Joannie, Bruce, and the grandchildren, and even lived in their home. Say, what was it his daughter cautioned him against this morning? Yes, he remembered. Joan had warned, “Be sure not to lose your allowance this week.” Now for reassurance his prominently veined hand searched the left pocket of the comfortable pants. Edward felt licorice, lint, seams, and finally the five dollar bill. It was still safe. Growing suddenly conscious of a billboard, Edward absorbed the slogan “Vote Democratic—the party with a heart.” Hmmm, he chuckled to himself, Jake would certainly take issue with that. In fact, he disagreed with almost everything having to do with politics. And Edward could not see any sense in that. Still, Jake did make discussions lively, that is for certain.

After boarding his bus, Edward sat behind a woman who was wearing lilac perfume. Edward's wife had always smelled like lilacs. But, of course, Alice always had more meat on her bones than this—what would the children call her—this, "slim chick." Above his squinted sapphire eyes, his sparsely-bristled eyebrows twitched in recollection. Leaning back and relaxing, he let his lips form a smile; Edward could hardly wait to taste his favorite grape pie promised him for dessert. It had been a good day. Perhaps tomorrow Jake and he could reminisce about the war.

The Power of a Minority

John Bigelow

HENRY THOREAU has written, "A minority is powerless while it conforms to the majority; it is not even a minority then; but it is irresistible when it clogs by its own weight." This statement has a great deal more merit than many people might be willing to believe. The course of history has not been, and will not be, controlled by the conscious will of the majority, but rather by small highly influential minority groups in whose hands lies the power to sway the sentiments of the largely complacent majority. "Neither current events nor history," said Jefferson Davis, "show that the majority rules or ever did rule. The contrary I believe is true." It is imperative that we do not overlook the potential power of a minority.

Nearly every important act chronicled in the pages of history has had at its roots the influence of at least one dedicated minority group, and often several groups working in vigorous opposition to each other. In times of strife the masses are inclined to follow any man or group of men who hold the promise of strength. It is at such times as these that minorities become particularly effective. Mussolini and the Fascist Party seized power through bringing a sense of order to the demoralized and discordant people of Italy. Likewise Hitler and the Nazi Party rose to power on a wave of public support heralded by the rebirth of German pride and industry. In later years a prime example of this type has been Charles DeGaulle of France, who gained the overwhelming support of the French government and by promising the people of France a return to the power and influence they once held in the world. Every armed conflict in modern times has taken place through the efforts of small dedicated groups of people—businessmen, aristocrats, political parties, or simply small groups of organized citizens, each group sharing either a just grievance or an unjust ambition. Americans as a whole did not want war with England in 1812 anymore than the British wanted war with America. Conflict came, nevertheless, as a direct result of grievances, either real or imagined, suffered by both countries and banded and touted by the concerted will of an influential few. In like manner the