His years of study are never finished... for the practice of medicine is one of constant change... and every change is for the better... for you!

Even long years he studied before those respected initials "M.D." were affixed to his name. And that was only the beginning!

For every day brings discovery in the field of medicine. New methods of treatment, of protecting and prolonging life. All these the doctor must know to fulfill his obligation to you... to mankind. That's being a doctor!

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

“Night-School” for the Doctor!

More doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette.

What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?”

That was the gist of the question put to 113,597 doctors from coast to coast in a recent survey by three independent research groups.

More doctors named Camels than any other cigarette.

If you’re a Camel smoker, this definite preference for Camels among physicians will not surprise you. If not, then by all means try Camels.

Try them for taste... for your throat. That’s the “T-Zone” test (see right).

Camels Costlier Tobaccos

In this, our fall issue, we have tried to adhere as closely to the seasonal atmosphere as possible. Autumn is naturally associated with football, skating leaves, bonfires, and Indian summer days. AUTUMN NOCTURNE captures in two pages the scenes familiar to all of us here on the campus. The photographs by Rolan Thompson are a typical cross section of Denison in the fall.

On the literary side, we have John Savesson’s SEGUILLE, an unusual and inspiring story and we hope to have many such contributions from you who have decided to give the pen a try.

As Dr. Brown told us in chapel, Jean Brokaw’s prize winning essay THE RESPONSIBILITY IS MINE is well worth the reading and makes one think a bit.

In closing, I say that I hope more of you students will contribute poems, short stories, and the other bits of penmanship you have jotted down in your spare minutes. The rest of us on CAMPUS might like to read them too.

Betsy Wallace, Editor-in-chief.
But Jose, the stature of a man from Old Maria, who in a drunken fit had twisted his legs, formed an infant and a man, and made a beggar of him, worshiped Seguille. The poet saw him as he walked through the streets one day, and caught peril by the nose of the beggar's head, he called the beggar child like a king's son through the streets of Casaba while the child laughed and waved his arms to the people who watched from the dark windows.

More than a few of the scarlet ladies who live in the houses below the town and receive so many visitors, one wonders indeed such inhuman hospitality, begin to take a certain pride that they were so well acquainted with the receiver of the miracle. These capacious ladies go to the Cathedral, which bears the name of the saint-king on the Holy Days with their long-lidded eyes holding a welcome under black veils.

The little Dolorez, one does not call her senorita or senora, truly one is at a loss, was uncomfortable enough to be a terror, she was half Indian, kept him in the house so badly he had to limp home. And his wife, truly she had a quickness when she moved that was delightful. She alternately loved and hated Seguille with unbounded passion. And both extremes knew one day he burst into her house in the street of the scarlet ladies. He flung the door open, as he always did, no matter how hardened the face of the Dolorez, and found Gezaro Lopez, who had ten children and a fat wife. Seguille threw him through the door and into the street, so badly he had to limp home. And his wife, truly she was half a taker, she was childless, and the little Dolorez was a thief, one cannot deny that, tried to overcharge her customers.

Let us follow one of these modern productions through all its stages, from the time the play is chosen until the company's final presentation. As a definite example, let us use the most recent one, "Papa is All," written by Patterson.

This comedy was chosen by Professor "Ed" Wilson in the Drama Class. Rehearsals were held on registration day, September 11th. In trying out for a part, the would be thespian reads through the script and marks his presentation. Various scenes are read with as much characterization as is possible for the first reading. The final stage is rehearsed on the basis of the reading and also previous experience, if the part is to be a major one in the show. A drama enthusiast usually starts out with a small part and works up to the larger roles.

In the case of "Papa is all," the selected rehearsals start almost immediately. It usually takes about four weeks of preparation to complete the finished product. The set must be finished in three to four weeks' time.

Even in early students in charge of the box office have to work out for them. Ads must be inserted in the Newark paper, posters allotted to the local merchants, and notices sent out to the former theater patrons. A certain budget has to be maintained, the tickets have to be marked, and mail orders and telephone orders must be filled. Their job may not be as glamorous as the actors, but it is just as an integral part of the final production.

The set is being rehearsed from two to three hours a day and the publicity staff is following the star attraction. Three or four other actors and other backstage people begin their work. A set has to be designed and constructed. The play itself and the limitations of the stage must be kept in mind.

The theater is a flowered print. When Mrs. Yoder on stage, the spots go out too. The same holds true if the stage is dark. The set is a process which usually involves many laughs and tears.

The curtain is drawn, and the show is on. As the first act is gradually setting the scenes and getting everything in order, the proper mood takes shape and the audience begins to enjoy the play. The first act is usually an hour and a half long. The audience is usually aware of this, but the last act is usually a good hour and a half, and the audience is usually unaware of this.

After the curtain goes down on the first act, various props are removed or added to the set by Flo Collins and Claire in the dressing room. During the second act, the lighting staff is also on hand, adding light to the audience and making the stage look more attractive. The light crew is in charge of the lighting and the set is usually a flowered print.

Signify the supposed death of Papa and the charge on the household in the third act, a telephone call is made to the registrar, who usually changes the day's clothing. The registrar is then brought in and the show is taken down to the Opera House for three or four final rehearsals. It is completed a week before the opening. Dozens of people work on the set, making the actors coincide with the stage and lights, and the lights and stage coincide with the actors. It's a process which usually involves many laughs and tears.

The costume is a process which usually involves many laughs and tears. The audience is usually aware of this, but the last act is usually a good hour and a half, and the audience is usually unaware of this.

The setting is a process which usually involves many laughs and tears. The audience is usually aware of this, but the last act is usually a good hour and a half, and the audience is usually unaware of this.
In a hike around the campus one Sunday afternoon, looking for some representative fall views, Rolan Thompson and Betsy Wallace decided on these. When it came to taking the picture on the Drag, it was a job to decide which would be better. The result was a double-take — for you to decide.

This feature is the first in a series of four the staff plans to run, depicting various school and town views during the different seasons.

A good place for a Serenade is Burton's Balcony.

Looking towards the Kappa Sig House, the columns make it a stately view

Miss Barr's home for relaxing tired muscles

A view reserved for the girls... and their dates.

This is our choice... how about yours?

Photos by Rolan Thompson.
The branches of these valley-sheltered trees
The surge of waters beating in his ears?
And echoes, in these hills, will never wake
Wild as the seagull, tameless as the sea?
Have never bowed before an offshore breeze;
And the fountain's spray is falling.
And there music is enthralling
Where the willow tree bends low.
I hear the crickets calling
In the mistic twilight glow.
What shall I do to make it so?
I can't do it, I don't have the power.

INLAND SPRING

Across the mild blue sky of an inland spring
Has never flashed the arched sail of seagull's wing.
The branches of these valley-sheltered trees
Have never bowed before an offshore breeze.

Far from the spirit that thunders in his breast
How shall the sea-born spirit come to rest?
The surge of waters beating in his ears;
How shall he rest when yearning to be free,
Wild as the seagull, tameless as the sea?

TRIOLET

I hear the crickets calling
And the fountain's spray is falling.
I hear the crickets calling
And there music is enthralling.

MAGIC

Wish on the moon —
A burnished penny
Dropped into the limpid well.

The Responsibility Is Mine

Jean Brokaw

I am an American citizen, living in the year 1946.
These are glorious words. They mean that I have
more freedom, more opportunity, more security,
more clothing, more food, than anyone else on earth.
There also mean that I, with my advantages, have
more responsibility for building the United Nations
that will protect the young people of any other country on earth.

Einstein will tell you that the United Nations is
impossible. It does not have the power to enforce
its decisions; it can only talk. It is not a sovereign
world power, with every national state subordinated to
it. It does not include all the nations of the world,
and there is bitter strife, even among its members.

Yet the UN has done these things. Fifty-one
nations, from China to Yugoslavia, have met at the
conference table to stop war; to reaffirm faith in
human rights, to establish the dignity of international
law and to promote social progress. These
fifty-one nations agree to practice tolerance, to
abide by the laws of armed
force, "save in the common interest," and to
employ international machinery for the advancement
of all peoples. A coalition of war has become a
coalition for peace. The members of the Security
Council are beginning to feel a higher allegiance to
the Council than to their individual national states.
Short, United Nations holds up the one hope of our
atomic world for survival and for great peace.

The organization is, as the perfectionists realize,
a tiny baby, squalling in its mothers arms. If the
UN is to grow, it must outgrow the straggles of selfish nationalism
and imperialism, breathing the fiery air of war, it
must grow soon to strong manhood. We must
deliberately increase our sovereignty, reserving a smaller part
to each national state. We must give it to our fight-
gate it to our sovereignty, reserving a smaller part
to each national state. We must give it to our fight-
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The Council than to their individual nations. In
their strength for peace, to abolish the use of arm-

winter —

I am a member of one small college. If the Y is not bringing any
in government, we must assume the largest part of
the leading role. This is a matter, not of pride but

and courage.

OCTOBER, 1946

The responsibility that is ours
Is our resolution to build the peace.

—Marjorie Little.
“What, no hamburgers or cokes? Just no use in livin’ I suppose!” If the D. U. co-ed only knew what it took to be the “Big Red Hero,” she would surely appreciate him much more. But as we say in Tahiti — that’s life! In order to acquire our fair-haired, limpid-eyed beauties with the terrors and rigors of football training, this article (so-called) attempts to set forth an untainted account of just one day in the life of our “hero.”

Bonecrusher N. Slaughterhouse (“N.” for Knucklehead) is just a typical country boy — one of many here at Denison. He arrived at D. U., a week or so early to be sure to let the fraternities look him over. Naturally, he was holding out for the best, the one that always got the athletes — Dispepsia Dispepsia Dispepsia (Tri-Disp for short.) But that is neither here nor there, so let’s get on with “the day.”

The alarm goes off with a clang at five a.m. and Knucklehead bounds out at six fifty-five for a nice cold shower, which he decides after all he can get down at the locker room after practice. By seven thirty, after laboriously pulling on his Tee shirt and dungarees (oh yes, and shoes — after all it is Friday) he slides down to breakfast. The young freshies fall back as he passes into the dining room and seats himself behind a nice big tubful of nut-brown, crispy “Crunchies” — which the Coach advises. As he slips out the door (seven fifty-eight) he remembers he forgot his books, so bucks his eight o’clock in order to arrive in time for his nine o’clock adequatly equipped. As he enters Chem Cottage he respectfully removes his cap in front of spot on the lab wall where his roommate flunked Chemistry 111. Lecture goes fine, but who cares who discovered oxygen, as long as its around? Ten o’clock is a free hour, so he shuffles down behind the library and slips out a packet of weeds and cautiously lights up. “Boy, if Woodie could see me now!” But the morning dragged on. If there was anything that Bonecrusher hated more than classes, it was more towards the Grill. The silence was wonderful. So he quietly brushes back the other women glance at her (oh sweet hole, quickly swallow me now!) and she bravely smiles as Bonecrusher picks himself up and wrings out his shoulder pads. “Enough of your showin’ off, Slaughterhouse. I know your woman is up there. Dig and drive, you hear,” says Woodie, understandingly.

So all afternoon, in that hot, blazing sun, the team practiced and practiced. Everyone watching knew there was only one real man on the squad — and he knew it too. Well, to get down to the routine: first, he’d line ’em up and take roll. Then he would space them, and start calisthenics. Calisthenics is something the Department of Physical Education dreamed up in a mad moment. “Up; down; up; down; one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four. Now we’ll do 551 push-ups (a lovely device for developing practically all kinds of muscles, except for the neck, back, chest and arms.) O.K. boys, one, two, one. And as I said — the sun was nice and warm.

By this time the boys were ready for a few plays. So they flipped the ball around a little, had some scrimmage until Woody noticed that a few (including our hero) too, weren’t sharp on this signal business. So he promptly dragged them into the locker room for a little instruction. Now Bonecrusher had no idea for all this scribbling on the blackboard. He knew what had to be done, and that was the one to do it. All you have to do when you get the ball is plunge! Yes sir, it’s brawn, not brains, in this game’s game. Well, after twenty minutes of talking Woody sent them back to the gridiron (and just as hot) — but practice would soon be over, then he could see Ophelia again. Suddenly, seemingly out of nowhere he heard a voice, “O.K. boys — just a short hour of scrimmage and we’ll call it a day.” Picture the pathos!

Practice over and eight pounds lighter, Bonecrusher was sure it was time to eat. Ophelia was waiting for him, so arm in arm, they trudged once more towards the Grill. The silence was wonderful. All that could be heard was the chirp of an occasional bird.

(Continued on page 11)
The smoke from the cigar curled up and almost hid the sign on the wall behind the stubby little figure. "Have you one to turn in for a trade?" asked Jack. "We love our country," and the young man was playing a bit of used-car salesmanship, examining his fingernails.

"How much for this one here?" he asked, curling nodding toward the car by which they were looking.

"Well, now, gents," said Jack, pushing his hat to the back of his head in unconscious imitation of his boss in the office, "this car isn't exactly streamlined, but it's not bad looking. It's not what you call new, of course, but you know, they built 'em solid in those days. Yes sir, give me an old car any day, for dependable transmission and something that is a little more stylish and goes a little faster," he started to walk toward a car a little less decrepit.

"How much for this one?" asked the sailor again, and his tone was not as cold as had been.

"This one? Well, let's see," said Jack, fishing in his pocket for a notebook. He flipped the pages over rapidly, although he could have told in a case of new cars, and used cars in the lot, and it was his business to sell them. To be sure, there were very few used cars, but the prices he quoted were very high, and obviously not too well off, to judge from the car at which they were looking. "Can I help you gentlemen?" he asked, playfully.

"Yes," said the one-armed man. "We're wondering how you arrived at the sign that advertised the lot—" "100% American Used Car Lot" it said. The young men were looking at the door. "Jack," he said finally, perking his head toward the door.

"What nice long evenings. Ophelia was glad, she liked long evenings; Bonecrusher didn't, just more work; more time to do homework. But not this evening — it's just that I've heard it before.

THE DARK WOOD by Christine Weston

Mrs. Weston is exceptionally adept at the ticklish sort of writing involving the selling of secondhand commodities to people of various ages, and has a remarkable talent for making her product as palatable as possible. She is normally a sensitive, stable type but his war experiences have made him less so.

"I forgot my wallet — did you bring extra tight, and opens the door for her. Once inside, she leans against the door, closes her eyes and pictures the pathos. Picture the pathos.

Dusk falls quickly over Granville in late October. What nice long evenings. Ophelia was glad, she liked long evenings; Bonecrusher didn't, just more work; more time to do homework. But not this evening — it's just that I've heard it before.

THE ANATOMY OF PEACE by Emery Reves

This is a marvelous work which presents with irrefutable logic, the case for world government. It is a remarkable book in that the reader is allowed to come to his own conclusions, but still come to the same conclusion as the author's. Mr. Reves considers the nature of war by analyzing the causes of war directly at the sailor.

"Want to listen to her?" he asked, and then the figure of his assistant, who was playing a bit of used-car salesmanship, examining his fingernails.

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Happy Days Are Here Again!

Betty Harman, Joe Aalref, Dawn Jackson

Well, men, this is for you! After a long three years you're back and you're just what everyone has been waiting for. But need we tell you that? You who haven't been back for a year or two, and probably more, may not know how grim this campus has been. That's from the male angle as well as the female. Needless to say there have been many groans in the women's dorms on many a Saturday night while you were gone. There has been much letter writing to fill in those dull, lonely nights. There was no incentive to go to classes — an excess of bucking seemed to run rampant on the campus. Routine was the keynote of all activities.

And men! Those poor defenseless creatures who by chance happened to wander about campus alone in the face of hordes of females. Do you realize what your return means to them? At last there's safety again in numbers. At last you can look at a woman again without feeling compelled to explain why. You can speak to her too without the rumor that you're "going together." You can even be a bachelor now and get away with it — almost.

But for those of you who have come back and find it hard to get a date for Saturday night, well, that's a sorry plight. You will just have to face the fact that now you have competition and the best man wins. You'll simply have to think ahead and get all those dates figured out on your calendar and plan — for the future. Don't forget, for the first time the gals are beginning to see what college was supposed to be like. It looks good too.

Once again you can actually look at your brothers in the bond and call yourselves a fraternity. You're not campus things when you're younger than five of you wearing the same pin. You can start your old parties again and know they'll be a success. Best of all you can have real stag parties again. You've actually got your own house back and you can call it your own. Of course the gals may have left a few dents in the walls but you can say it will never happen again. You can say fraternities are here to stay — a strictly stag affair which is slated for sometime in February.

The Sigma Chi's have set themselves up this year with the largest active chapter on campus. The last count was 63 actives, 37 of whom are living in the house. A pledge class of 27 are now wearing their pledge buttons. This time last year there were 11 actives and 18 pledges. Seven of the Sig's are out on the football squad this year. The annual Sig Derby and Lipstick Bucket which were both held last year will of course take place again this year — only more so.

The SAE's are now sporting 16 pledge pins with 39 actives standing behind them. There are 31 actives in all and 9 new pledges. This time last year 4 actives alone kept Beta going. Out on the football squad there are 9 Betas and there would have been 11 if Strickland hadn't broken his ankle and Rondelshur hadn't lost his appendix. This year the Military Ball promises to outdo all others although this traditional affair was continued during the war years.

The Phi Gams this year have already held their annual Fisticuffs which was new to a lot of the boys and rather rough on some. The Fisticuffs tradition, however, is here to stay. The Fijis have a full house of 30 actives out of 43 and a pledge class numbering 25. Last year they stood by with 7 actives and 6 pledges. Four of the Phi Gams are out on the football squad. It looks like a big year.

The ACC's are back in their house again close by the "Pines." Thirty of the actives are now living there and 21 pledges have been added to their list. Last year they had 23 actives and 9 pledges. Two of the boys are also out on the football squad. This year the annual Fowl Ball will take place again — a strictly stag affair which is slated for sometime in February.

The Lambda Chi's are finding themselves this year in an entirely new abode directly across from Stone Hall, no less. Out of 30 actives 16 are living in the house. Twenty are counted in the pledge class while this time last year it was 4 pledges and 5 actives. The annual Ranch House Party well known in pre-war days, will occur again this year. This is not stag so the gals will have a chance to sport their favorite blue jeans.

The Sigs in the line of serenades. They have many out for glee club and choir which gives us all something to look forward to for group singing has been at a premium in the past years.

Beta Theta Pi this year has an outstanding addition — Candy, their little cocker spaniel mascot who keeps the 32 actives in the house busy. There are 31 actives in all and 10 new pledges. This time last year 4 actives alone kept Beta going. Out on the football squad there are 9 Betas and there would have been 11 if Strickland hadn't broken his ankle and Rondelshur hadn't lost his appendix. This year the Military Ball promises to outdo all others although this traditional affair was continued during the war years.

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The SAE's are now sporting 16 pledge pins with 39 actives standing behind them. There are 31 actives in all and 9 new pledges. This time last year there were 10 pledges and 21 actives. Twenty-three are living in the house. Two Sig Alphas are out for football and a third, Luke Green would have been there if an injury during practice hadn't kept him away. The Sig Alphas will again hold their Monte Carlo Party which they plan to make traditional. The Monte Carlo Party is just what its name implies.

Little does he know that that "left" is on the way.

Photos by Denison News Bureau.
he found in the barrenness of the desert a match for on it; no one knew where he went or why. Perhaps at a time. The townspeople had ceased to comment, perhaps he had another reason; at best the man was still it is difficult to say — has it that the Mother of his uncontrolled and searching spirit. Perhaps so, perhaps like a saint he was too perhaps he had another reason; at best the man was a mystery. His going was a relief to the harassed shopkeepers. They brightened, they smiled, they displayed their merchandise with great effect. In the Mona Lisa Garcia had sought, Arraya receding, the Madonna in zovijal as his silver-discerning eye allowed him. Below the town the Seguille led the horsemen, and all of them, plied their trade without interruption.

The festival night was heavy with the beauty of the southern sky, a fiery sky on the vast planes that climbed across the unpainted boards of the "below town" houses. Moonlight changed the course of the defeated leaped downward, moved the wing along the silent hills like thin and fragile shadows.

The Mona Lisa was crowded in anticipation of the Paloma La danse. She was famous throughout the region, known and admired by all of her admirers and returned to their stories. "That pig Seguille is a man of something more it is not told."

A mood of expectancy ran through the cafe; a mood of expectancy ran through the cafe at nine o'clock. They had missed the dancer, it was true, but what a dancer the Mona Lisa was! She loved a joke, and this was indeed an exceptional one. They chattered and laughed. They drank glass after glass of the strong drink that is made in Goa. In his corner Seguille had fallen again into the dreamlike state of the flame and the wine. He spoke to himself fragments of poetry. "Ye hapless, behold the world dissolve into an ash. . . and in the dissolve the world, my heart, the water false and strickst. . . out of the flame, the wine, out of the flame-tinged redness of the wine. . ."

Having finished one bottle of wine, Seguille shouted for another. The bartender set the bottle before him. His going occurred so gradually that the poet paid little heed to his attentions. When he left, the holy father gave them his blessing and marked them. He walked with his hands in his pockets. The people in the cafe turned to look at him. He shouted. Seguille caught the woman's hands and poured his pious requests. The patrons of the Mona Lisa shrugged their expressions of indifference and explained the actions of the pig. Garcia wiped the sweat from his face and renewed his pious requests. The patrons of the Mona Lisa shrugged their expressions of indifference and explained the actions of the pig. Garcia wiped the sweat from his face and renewed his pious requests. The patrons of the Mona Lisa shrugged their expressions of indifference and explained the actions of the pig.

Here to a rolling of drums a spotlight picked out the form of La Paloma kneeling before the altar. She stood, her head bent, her dress clinging to the floor, her feet and buried his face in her long hair. Humbling the Dolorez, worn out by the struggle, fell sulking, and wished for a knife to kill him.

The smells of wine and tapia made sweet and fragrant the darkness of the room. And the light of the candles burning on the tables drew from darkness the gestures and features of the people. A mood of expectancy ran through the cafe; a mood of expectancy ran through the cafe at nine o'clock. They had missed the dancer, it was true, but what a dancer the Mona Lisa was! She loved a joke, and this was indeed an exceptional one. They chattered and laughed. They drank glass after glass of the strong drink that is made in Goa. In his corner Seguille had fallen again into the dreamlike state of the flame and the wine. He spoke to himself fragments of poetry. "Ye hapless, behold the world dissolve into an ash. . . and in the dissolve the world, my heart, the water false and strickst. . . out of the flame, the wine, out of the flame-tinged redness of the wine. . ."

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“Hey,” said the sailor, “how about this? The receipt's for two-ten, but you're charging three.”

Jack shrugged. “Got to stay within the law,” he said. “If I could sell it to you cheaper, I would. After all—” he broke off. He had started to mention again that he had been in service, but decided against it. One can push a thing too far. “It’s too late to get the papers changed today, but if you'll come around about ten o'clock tomorrow morning, we'll go down and have them straightened out.” He counted the roll of bills that the one-armed man had put into his hand, moistening each one carefully, and then put them into his billfold. He stood at the window after the two brothers had left and watched them climb into the car. It rolled slowly out of the lot, the big sailor at the wheel.

“Jack!” said the stubby man sharply. Jack turned around.

“Did you fill that thing with gas?” demanded his boss.

“Sure,” said Jack indifferently, walking back to his desk.

“Don’t get excited. I took all the tools out last night. Besides,” turning over a card in his game of solitaire, “we ought to give servicemen a break.”

Silence filled the office again, and the smoke from the cigar almost hid the signs on the wall.

The Responsibility Is Mine

I can at least go to the president of our college Y and impress upon her the need for our supporting the UN. If I'm enough on fire with the idea, she can be convinced. After all, she's a good girl, with foresight and imagination, or she wouldn't be in office. She will see that our caring about the UN is more important right now than a Christmas tree sing! Then, if we have a bang-up meeting and get interest aroused and some action on our campus, other Y's will hear about it. If they don't, we'll see that they do. Our secretary can write letters to other colleges, telling about our program and urging them to do the same. Maybe they'll even want leaders from our group, who have read up on it, to stimulate their meetings. In time we can help to influence the national policy of the YWCA. All this won't be easy, but it's far from impossible.

There are some concrete steps I should take right now in matters that, while not directly concerning U.N. definitely condition our country's treatment of it. I oppose peacetime conscription because it places the faith of the United States in itself, not in the future of the United Nations. We are at a crossroads, and the road of military conscription and aerial supremacy is at right angles to the road of international cooperation. We cannot give lip service to the UN and, at the same time, put our trust in our own militaristic system.

The same necessity applies to the use of atomic power. Atomic energy in this country should be placed in the control of a civilian group of scientists and other leaders—not in the hands of the military. Any atomic secret which we possess belongs rightfully to the UN. That is why we support the Acheson report and the McMahon Bill and glad that the May-Johnson Bill of one-man military control was defeated.

There is another, less tangible but equally potent, force I wield. It is a question of attitude. In the postwar spiritual slump, it is more than ever easy to criticize. Yet I know that the success of the UN depends on my constructive thinking and on that of my friends. We, in the United States, have to be willing to cooperate to the fullest—even throw in a few second miles—and tell our representatives we want to cooperate. If we don't say anything, they'll assume we want to keep as much as possible for ourselves. We have to tell them that we want to ration ourselves so that our allies—or our potential enemies—will not be driven to the desperation of starvation. We'll take the lead in abolishing national conscription; in giving our far-flung islands to the UN or to self-government; in giving up national sovereignty, a process which really isn't giving up at all, but delegating to a more suitable power that which, in 1787, separate states delegated to the national government. We cannot expect anyone else to take the lead. They are waiting to see what we will do.

Then we must be patient if some other country does not give up her demands as quickly as we think she ought. This patience should come easily when we (1) understand the circumstances that make Russia or Poland, Iran or Greece or India want what we feel they should not have for the good of all, and (2) remember that we refused to support the League of Nations and the World Court. We have reason to be patient.

I am glad to be a citizen of the United States in 1946.

To be alive in such an age . . .

To write on history's lightning page . . .

It is a thrill and a challenge to feel that, in our hands, lies the destiny and future of the United Nations, the hope of the world for international cooperation and peace. I am a part of that we. No one else will do my part if I go to sleep, and my part is a big one—to read, to think, to talk, to educate, to train, to lead discussion, to write letters, to influence legislators, to arouse organizations to action. Yes, I am important.

The Chinese character for crisis is composed of two words—"danger" and "opportunity." Here is the crisis—without the greatest the world has ever reached. On one side tower atomic death and destruction, a vision of black hell in place of civilization. On the other hand, there opens a road—rocky and uneven, going up and then dipping down, a hard road as far as eye can see, but a road—where light gleams ahead. In this bright vision, I see the child, UN, growing to the stature of a man, leading nations to a community finer, and better for the advancement of all peoples, than anything we have known. Seeing this road, thinking of the ways I can work to see that we plant our feet firmly on it, I begin to feel that, not only tomorrow but today can be strong, hopeful, constructive. "We . . . determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war . . . to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights . . . to promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom . . . have resolved to combine our efforts to accomplish these aims."*

BASIL RATHBONE
STAR OF
"DRESSED TO KILL"
another of
Universal's Sherlock Holmes Series.

Yes!
it's Elementary

ALWAYS MILD/TER TASTING
COOLER SMOKING

RIGHT COMBINATION OF THE
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS
Properly Aged

ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD

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