

On The Literary Scene

Essay

International Control of Outer Space

By Joseph Colson

Man's conquest for adventure and his curiosity about unexplored lands and territories has led him to his greatest conquest—that of outer space. At this moment thousands of scientists are working hard toward landing a human being on the moon, setting up colonies there, and maybe in the future beginning a lunar civilization.

But, as on earth, more than likely some selfish, power-hungry individuals, leaders, or countries will attempt to monopolize this new frontier. Some form of control must be set up now, before the first human sets foot on that unknown terrain.

Many suggestions have been made, but no real progress has been made in this direction. The most popular of these suggestions is an international delegation, similar to the United Nations, which would attempt to control the conquest and man-made happenings in outer space. This delegation would settle any dispute or handle any agreement made on the use of this new adventurous resource.

Representation would be by countries involved or not involved actively in space travel and space exploration. As new countries be-

come interested in rocketry and aeronautics, they would be encouraged to apply for membership, and thereby become new members of the legislative body. Representation by all interested countries instead of those actively involved in the exploration of space would be necessary in order to prevent a control of power by one political group.

This type of organization would encourage more peaceful uses of outer space and discourage any destructive or offensive moves by any nation.

Think for a moment and try to visualize some events that could happen without such international control. In order to dispose of nuclear trash, nations may orbit it around the earth, thus introducing a radiation hazard to all. The use of some orbited space craft as a missile site is also highly possible. One might think of several others that are just as frightening.

An international control over space might prevent these events, but such control is in the hypothetical stage. Where would civilization be now, however, if it had not been for hypotheses and "way-out ideas?"

Book Review

By Cyril Bibby

Throughout the world, many men are infected with the virus of prejudice against other men simply because they happen to be of a different race or color—a hatred that often erupts in ugly violence. What are the reasons for this action, and what can be done about it?

In this authoritative volume commissioned by UNESCO, Dr. Bibby traces the growth of racial discrimination and discusses the emotion behind it.

This book, which presents the biological facts about the divisions and variations of mankind, is the perfect guide to the subject of race for teachers, parents, social workers, and citizens of all walks of life.

"Dr. Bibby has carried out his difficult commission so well that his book should be widely read and have a considerable influence . . . The author writes with a sure touch about the divisions and variations of mankind, and he is particularly effective in exposing the unreality of so many generalizations about racial characteristics . . . The book is admirably arranged in short chapters, dealing briefly but convincingly with a variety of issues, including the ideology of human equality; the idea of racial inequality; the motive power of words, and the "tangled roots of prejudice." To cover so much difficult ground, the author has had to select rigorously, but he has chosen his points well and skillfully."

—Ernest R. Bibby

Mary Potter Means Many Things

- M—is for the many times we've slaved.
- A—is for accuracy we've made.
- R—is for rapture we've recorded.
- Y—is for the years together we've shared.
- P—is for pleasure we've had.
- O—is for obligations we share.
- T—is for time we've spent.
- T—is for the time we almost quit.
- E—is for bitterness we sometimes have.
- R—is for remembrance we'll all share.

Short Story

Money Isn't Everything

By Arnelhia McGhee

As Jennie Moore swept the floor, she began picturing herself as a rich girl who lived an extremely luxurious life. Ever since she could recollect, she had hoped that someday her father would come into an enormous sum of money. She was in college because she had received a scholarship for her academic achievement in high school. Her parents could not afford to purchase expensive clothes for her. She had told herself that she could never be as poor as her parents.

She envied Gertrude, her best friend, because her parents had material possessions; yet, she adored Gertrude and considered her extremely friendly. She only wished that she possessed exquisite clothes. Sometimes she wondered why Robert, her boyfriend, wanted her to be his girl. Perhaps he adored her intelligence. She was an "A" student, and most people considered her personable. Suddenly she realized that her mother was calling her.

"Jennie, will you wash the dishes for me?"

"Yes, Mother, I will be there in a few minutes." She finished sweeping the floor and went into the tiny kitchen. As she washed the dishes, she asked, "Mother, do you think that I should get a night-time job?"

"Well, Jennie, it would be nice if you could get a week-end job. Working every night is out of the question."

"But, Mother, I'm positive that I can work at night and do my school work also."

"Nevertheless, my dear, that will be entirely too much on you; you are not a machine."

"Oh, Mother I have just got to

have some money! I can't bear the idea of being penniless. I just can't!" Running to the room, Jennie made an effort to complete her homework. She was too disturbed, however, to do it well. She decided to go to bed and relax.

The next day after school, Jennie looked for a job, but did not have any success at securing one. She walked to Gertrude's home and told her how interested she was in securing a job for every night of the week.

"Why do you want a job every night of the week?" asked Gertrude.

"I need a lot of money."

"You don't need that much money, I'm certain. Why can't you accept a week-end job?"

"A week-end job will not be sufficient. I want beautiful clothes."

"Why can't you be satisfied with what you have? You have an excellent mind, wonderful parents, and an extremely refined boyfriend. What more could you want?"

"Money, is what I want, Gertrude."

"Alright, Jennie, do what you desire. I'm not going to debate with you. Money, however, is not the only thing in life—believe me!"

Jennie continued to seek a job the following evening. She walked and walked until she became utterly exhausted. She decided to go to the record shop and listen to some music. While there, a tall man about 35 years old strolled up and asked, "What is your name?"

"Jennie Moore."

"I am Augustus Williams, the proprietor of that night club across the street. I come here occasionally looking for girls who would like jobs as nightclub dancers. Would you be interested?"

"I certainly would, Mr. Williams. How much do you pay?"

"That depends upon how well you dance."

"Oh, I'm an excellent dancer, although I might need a few practice lessons."

"You can start to work tomorrow night for \$100 a week. I will have someone there to show you the routine dances that you are to perform. How does that sound to you?"

"Oh, that sounds wonderful."

Tipping his hat, the man walked away.

The next night and every night Jennie worked as a night-club dancer. She worked diligently. "Now I have money," she thought, "I can purchase beautiful clothes." When she received her grades, she couldn't believe her eyes. She an-

"A" student was now barely passing. She telephoned her boyfriend to discuss the situation. "Robert, I hadn't imagined that my grades had fallen so low."

"You really should try to get a part-time job," he replied.

"Never," cried Jennie, "I'll just have to work harder on my homework." Angriely, she replaced the receiver. That evening Mrs. Thompson, one of Jennie's teachers, said, "Jennie, your grades are extremely low this period. I'm going to advise you to relinquish your night-time job, and put more emphasis on your school work. You may leave now, but please concentrate on what I've told you."

Every day that Jennie left the campus, she would go directly to the night-club. She soon began to miss classes. Due to lack of sleep, she often overslept, and her work suffered.

One morning her mother said, "You have an excellent mind, Jennie, but you're allowing it to go to waste. Don't you know that money isn't everything in life? You must think about the entities that the future holds for you."

"Mother, I don't know about the future. I'm more concerned with the present."

"That is just it," her mother replied. "You don't know, but at least you can prepare for the future to make it as beneficial as possible."

That Saturday, Robert came to see her. "Jennie, do you intend to be a dancer your entire life?" asked Robert.

"Robert, please! Don't you start trying to change my mind."

"I am only trying to help you, Jennie. Can't you see that? Has money made you lose your values. You don't seem to think about me anymore. You've forgotten the plans we have made, haven't you?"

"Robert, leave me alone!"

"Alright, Jennie, I'll leave you alone. I see that you will never be able to love anyone but yourself and money. You have changed so much. You were once sweet and intelligent, also grateful when people tried to help you."

"Yes, Robert, I have changed, and I like it that way because now I have money and can get what I want."

"Maybe you can, but you have lost me because wealth is not important to me, but a personality is. Before you changed, you possessed all the qualities I admire in a young woman."

"I see that I could never live my life with you now, because you might do anything for money."

"Good-by, Jennie."

"Go ahead, I don't need you or anyone else."

That same evening Mr. Williams telephoned Jennie. "Hello Jennie, I'm sorry, but I have discovered a girl who will replace you. You seem to have lost your luster. Something is missing in your dancing. You once had that certain 'something,' but it is gone."

"Oh, you can't do that, Mr. Williams. I need that job and how I've sacrificed for it!"

"I can do it, Jennie, and I am doing it. You are discharged now with one week's advance pay."

After a futile search day after day for another job replacement, Jennie realized that she should not have relinquished college and possibly her future. She knew that she had to and must correct this error soon.

She picked up the telephone and called Robert. When he answered, she realized what a thrill it was just to hear his voice over the wire. A thought came to her, "If I could only see him."

Quickly allowing her mind to return to the issue at hand, she said, "Robert, this is Jennie. I would appreciate it greatly if you would come over and talk with me. Oh, Robert, I've lost my job, and I am very unhappy."

"Now, you need me. Maybe I don't want to come over."

"Robert, please grant me this favor; I'll never ask you to do anything else."

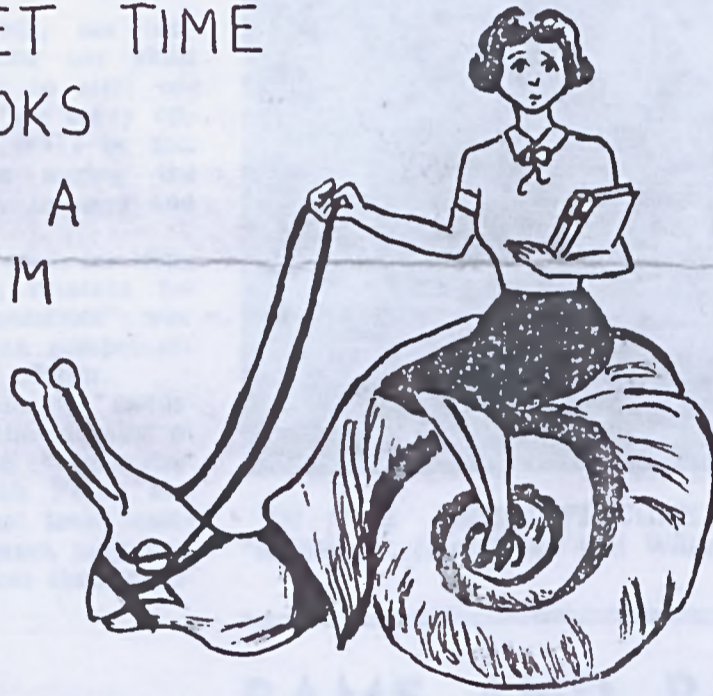
"All right, Jennie. I'll see you in two hours."

The sound of the doobell made her feel wonderful. She opened the door with pleasure. "Hello, Robert, I'm so glad to see you."

"Hello, Jennie. Nice to see you again! So you've lost your job. How does it feel to be without

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DON'T LET TIME
AND BOOKS
BECOME A
PROBLEM



Poetry Corner

A CHILD'S HYMN

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow.
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.
God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the Singer glad.
God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength
I have may serve my neighbors best.
God make my life a little hymn of
Tenderness and praise;
Of faith that never waxes dim, in
all his wondrous ways.

Class 5-C

A BETTER WORLD

If we could just stop a moment
each day
And think of others that come our
way,
Of world crises and other things as
well,
Things would be much better in the
world in which we dwell.
We dwell in a world of troubles and
fears.
Which can not be settled by hys-
teria and tears.
But by sound reasoning and great
minds,
And a substantial agreement that
binds.

Brenda Strater

I'M A TEENAGER

I'm what they call a teenager,
In a restless age, adults say,
When youth are hard to manage,
And always want their way.

When primping, dressing and
grooming
Are uttermost in our minds,
When singing, dancing, and dating
Are major interests of our kind.

Grown-ups speak as though they
have never trod,
This youthful road of life;
Where adolescents take the stage,
And capriciousness replaces strife.

This is a changeable age, we know,
Of this we greatly agree.
Give us time, love and patience,
And from this age we will soon be
free.

Carol Payton

IF

If I were like God above
Created for everyone to love;
I'd make the day shine bright
So that it would be dark at night.

If only I could make the sky blue
I'd make everyone's love for God
be true.
I would do my very best
To let the wonderful people rest.

If everyone were wonderful and
kind
With love and care and peace of
mind,
I would give everyone his golden
wings,
To make him happy so that he
could sing.

If only I could do all these things,
The world, I hope for, would al-
ways be spring.

If only the people were never bad,
The world would be sweet and
good at last.

Lillian L. Holman, 7-G

THE SEASONS

There are four seasons.
This season is fall.
Next season is winter,
But that isn't all.
There are two more seasons.
One of them is spring.
That is the season
When you hear the birds sing.
The next one is summer
That's when we're out of school.
But we have to go back
To learn the golden rule.

Marjorie Smith 6-W