Under Cover

By David Burr, '50

The New Year offers its usual advantage of a fresh beginning place. The editor reviews some of the happenings on the world scene for the past year and explains what he wants from 1952. Perhaps all free men hope for the same ideal—Peace.

It is 1952 and I want to be put ashore. I am damn well tired of drifting aimlessly along, wondering if I'll wake up some morning with a war hangover.

In 1952 I want to know that I am going someplace, and that the people who are taking me have a driver's license.

I want to know that the driver is not drunk with incompetence. I do not ask for security—merely intelligence.

I would like to think I missed the road signs in 1951. Then it would be possible to believe that the cutoffs were necessary detours on the highway to peace. I do not believe I made such a drastic mistake.

1951 meant confusion to me. And out of the confusion I saw fear and not a little cowardice.

I did not understand why we hadn't counted our "mad money" before we dated. And then paid ransom so "he" wouldn't take hero and villain. Which he was doing a bad job.

I was confounded by the game of pin a tail or trunk on General Ike. The sport is over now that he says he's a Republican but it neither leaves me with new hope or new despair.

I could not see that in the overall picture, Miss Truman's singing was very important. Whether or not her father was important, Miss Truman's singing was very important.

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I became disgusted to death with two-bit, name-calling politicians, four-bit investigations that made a nice compilation of paper and steak at the going price of a dollar six-bits.

What interested me in 1951 was whether or not we were on the road to peace. I was watching for sharp curves but unprepared for the washouts.

Peace would also mean no casualty lists; no prisoner of war tabulations—none of the slow death that comes to the next of kin and the sudden death that comes to the GI.

It takes no emotional outburst for man to hope for something better in 1952. A man might believe he is his brother's keeper and doesn't want to take the responsibility for doing a bad job.

Peace is something better. We will not have the peace that typified the 30's or one like anything we have known before. It will have to stem from confidence—a piece of mind—that we are ready, willing and stable enough in our many defenses to make our theme of "the mightiest nation on earth" a reality when we are right, and even to recognize it as an asset when we are wrong.

Peace is a funny dish. It can't be sampled to be enjoyed. It must be consumed to gain much nourishment.

For 1952 then, I pray we will find we are ready to pay the price of peace. This is my one hope for the New Year. I do not think the price would be too high for us to meet. It may be idealistic wandering, but I believe peace could be achieved at the price of honesty in high places; courage, both high and low, and by seeking wise counsel.

I am glad 1952 is here. It gives us another chance to set our house in order. Surely we won't muck it!