

# Not the End

WAR is the status. And it will be for a long time. Civilization has developed the technique of maintaining life on the minimum of satisfactions, diverting all production above that point to the art of war. And human life clings to existence.

The shock of adjustment is difficult, even for militarists. The adolescent mind runs the gamut from jubilation to a depressive desire for martyrdom. Wisdom makes its bargain, continues to seek causes and finds its solace in hope for the future.

War is the result of a poverty economy. Since poverty has been the dominant phase of the world's social order these many years, the advent of war was inevitable. The currents are decades—aye, centuries—old; any individual effort to stem the ferocity of the ensuing vortex must be futile. All one can do is to point to the cave whence these currents came, and work toward an understanding that will prevent the recurrence of the catastrophe.

For peace must come. Production for satisfactions is the natural order of life. So, even while we make our adjustment with the present status, let us keep in mind the world that must follow.

What kind of peace will we have? Will it follow the natural law to a healthy and happy life for all the peoples of all the world? Or will the madness of hate and the blindness of cupidity once again frustrate the dictates of reason, and, blocking natural law, make for a new maelstrom?

All is not darkness. The human spirit seeks the light through the murkiest environment. That the search cannot be in vain, that ultimately knowledge and faith will guide our blundering feet to the achievement which is man's heritage—this is not only the hope that spurs us on through the night, but is the truth that cannot be forever denied.

This is not the end of civilization. Wisdom denies it; courage will not have it.