

## *Other Voices—*

# Peace

Once, not very long ago, the reporter for the Tundra Times was asked what she did for a living. When she answered that she wrote news, the man, an Oriental, shrugged and said, "What is there to write about in Fairbanks? You can write that there is ice and snow, all ice and snow, you cannot see out the car windows. Every day the same thing, ice and snow."

He thought a moment, then said, "For that matter, what is there to write about in New York City? Kissinger in Paris. Every day, open the newspaper, same thing. Kissinger in Paris. Always the same."

It must have seemed that the war was as inevitable as ice and snow, always ice and snow, always war and peace talks but no peace.

But even in Alaska, the warm chinook winds eventually come, and soon spring, and the ice and snow vanish. They do not last forever.

The war is ended. Peace is signed in Paris. And like spring growth, green buds shoot forth on a lifeless land and a new life begins. Peace.

— JACQUELINE GLASGOW