In a few hours the plane that brought me here crossed over oceans and countries which have been a crucible of human history. In minutes we passed battlefields great which millions of men have struggled and died, advancing in years of battle through territory glimpse we barely had time to make same before it disappeared in behind our wings. Therexwere We could see no national boundaries, no vast gulfs or high walls deparatingxeen dividing people, we only nature and the works of man -- homes and factories and farms -- eeverywhere reflecting the common human effort to errich wir life. Everywhere Ifxysuxmauldxtravelxwithxmexargundxthexmorkd technology and communications and the growth of understanding are stripping aay the false makexmaken masks, the illusion of memoratemanexerxemperx difference which is at the root of injustice and hate and war. Only earthbound man wrings still clings to the dark and poisoning superstition that his world is bounded by the nearest hill, his universe ended at river shore, his common humanity enclosed in the tight cirlce of those who share his town and views and the color of his skin.

It is your job, the takk of the young people of this world to strip the last remnants of that ancient, cruel belief from the ziwkizakiwaxwf civilization of man. If you would, and if you could, come with me around the world you would find your fakkawxyaungxpau fellow youth share your own concerns and fears. homes and angers. In a cafe in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, at a University in Paris, in the crowded streets of New York I have talked with them and heard them speak against injustice, talk of the need for peace, express their desire to me remake the world. They are concerned about Vietnam, apprehensive about the terrows of the atomic age, and for themselves anxious to make find a way in which they, as individuals can somehow make and impact on their world, have an influence within their nations.

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it is in these thousands of diverse acts of courage Lief that waxahapaxkaaxaakaraxaaxaaxaarxaarkdx human history is shaped. Each time a man stands up for an ideal, acts to improve the lot of others, strikes out against injustice he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and thousands and thousands a tiny ripple of hope, and the tiny ripple of crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring a current to built which can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance.

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