

fictional detective. The type of mystery story that particularly fascinates me is the type that has to do with dope peddlers.

I pass the rainy days most rapidly, therefore, in reading a novel by Scott, a

travel sketch by either Stevenson or Mark Twain, a story dealing with a sinister and unfathomable ring of dope peddlers, or—yes, in reading *Winnie the Pooh*.

## THINGS I AM CURIOUS TO LEARN

MARYLOUISE MILES

Like every other child I started out with a burning curiosity. At five that unextinguishable fire was a horrible thing. Horrible, that is, to those coming within hearing distance. "Why" was the only word in my vocabulary, and every moment made me more masterful in its use. Why do ants build their houses like that? Why is grass green instead of some other color? Why are you dusting, Mama? Why do I have to wear my coat today? Why? Why? **Why?** Of course those sentences, are exasperating; so was I.

By the time I was ten I had learned to find the answers for myself. I didn't quite understand how Daddy could make carrots, cabbages, and radishes grow out of the ground right where he wanted them. The major step in learning this was to have a small corner of the garden all to myself. Before the summer was over, I discovered that hard work had much to do with it. The next thing I decided was that rabbits couldn't possibly multiply as fast as the best books made out. That Easter I received two cute little black and white bunnies. Well, when number six bit me, we decided to get rid of them. My next smattering of education came when I decided to improve my vocabulary. Reading seemed the most logical and interesting method, so I promptly read everything in sight. It worked. For a while I led the class in verbalism, but eventually I wandered to greater fields. One of these fields happened to be art. My family before me had already broken the ground, but it had

never occurred to me to try it. It seemed silly to start out with water color or something simple, so I jumped right into pastel work. It was many a year before I managed to turn out anything recognizable. I am not an athletic person, but I didn't intend to let sports escape my observation. Baseball and basketball both got their share of attention. However, the main difficulty arose in trying to see the balls without my glasses. I couldn't do it, so I put the glasses on. Net result: shattered specs.

By this time it was obvious that my interest lay not in one thing but many. Through high school I resolved to be consistent and take a wide variety of subjects. Unnecessarily to say, English started out the list. Not to be stopped by the warnings of upperclassmen I added a touch of Latin to the English. Later on, Spanish was also included. Although I detest Math, and only one year is required, I thought I might as well take geometry too. History had always intrigued me, so I took it and mingled social studies in for spice. According to family instructions, art couldn't be left out, and I had a fling at that. Music, you'll notice has been left out, but only because a guitar teacher I once had said that if I had no time to practice it was useless. Finally, I topped everything with a technical course in health.

Now, I've once more begun to take an interest in subjects outside of school. I have, at last, found one topic which I will probably have to follow through to the end. Is Darwin's theory right or wrong?