

given power of concern for those around me did more toward helping me to adjust to my new world than all the medicine and therapy that I was soon to receive.

When the doctors decided that I was ready for it, I was put into a rigid and somewhat torturing therapy program. For two very painful hours each day, I was at the mercy of a therapist, who in my mind was the image of Lucifer himself. It seemed paradoxical that the pain inflicted upon me was for any real good; however, without this rigorous period of exercise, I probably never would have achieved a sitting position, much less a standing one. So my rehabilitation became a challenge, and I went into the battle with the will to fight and win.

The war is still being waged. No odds are being placed on who will win, but I am still fighting and still gaining ground. The ultimate outcome can never be predicted. My own battle, though, has not overshadowed my concern for others who are handicapped. I reap my greatest reward from helping others, and I believe that thus I also help myself.

One is not afflicted with a disease such as this or any other disease without the power made available to see it through to its richest ends. I can speak as an authority when I say that a disease such as polio, shocking as it may be to the patient, can show one life as it really is, full of promise and rich reward. I feel that my experience has changed my life for the better in that it has given me a kind, more mature outlook on the world. In this and other ways, it makes up for what it took from me.

It's Ours. Let's Use It!

James W. Stilwell

FOR WHAT reasons do individuals of this decade pick one newspaper over another? Many of today's consumer purchases are made with only the thought of cost in mind. As the variation of newspaper prices is a relatively small one, cost is not likely to be involved. Is it that we are all aware of the important effect our reading material has on the shaping of our thought channels, and that we realize how every paragraph we read leaves its mark on the course of our lives? If these were the thoughts of every person when he selects his newspaper, there would be no problem in getting the facts of the news to everyone. The public would shy away from those tabloids which emphasize sensational and opinionated copy, and in time, out of necessity, all newspapers would print the detached news stories. Sadly enough, the number of persons who analyze the true news value of their paper is not sufficient to outweigh the mass of citizens who do not.

In the case of Richard Rath, the choice is a matter of habit. Years ago, for a reason which now evades him, he subscribed to the *Herald*. He has received prompt, courteous service from the carrier, and

wouldn't think of changing for the world. Mrs. Cartier, who is very social-minded, considers only the society page. If proper coverage is given to the clubs with which she is affiliated, she is perfectly satisfied. Bill Kaveney's paper has a three-page sports section, and it is beyond him why anyone would take the other evening paper, which barely fills one page with the day's athletic events. The Coolidges don't especially like the *Tribune*, but grandma enjoys the crossword puzzle, and working it keeps her from turning the volume all the way up on the T.V.

To this cross-section of humanity, the local, national, and international happenings are secondary. The bombs dropping on Quemoy are so far away that they hardly seem worth worrying about. What is happening in Little Rock is a shame, but they brought it on themselves, you know. Every time Bill Kaveney sees something about the highway scandal it makes him mad, but what can he, an insurance salesman, do about it?

With the Rathes, Coolidges, and millions of other similar families minimizing the value of the front-page stories, it would seem that the manner in which these articles are written is unimportant, and that the impressions given to the readers are so slight as not to have any effect on their opinions. This is not true. As Mrs. Cartier scans through the stories on the front page, her mind is absorbing not only what happened, but also what the writer thinks happened, and sometimes even what he thinks should be done about it. Unless an issue in the paper is completely in reverse of what Richard Rath already believes, he will take the reporter's ideas for his own, and if questioned will pass them on as being original.

The task of newspaper reform is clearly not the job of any one hundred men. Until we all revolt, as one unit, and let these monarchs of the press know that we want only the facts, we will be subjected to the emotionally worded pleas, to the unusual and grotesque. The opportunities to use our own minds in forming our own opinions will be lost in someone else's words.

The Race

Howard G. Henderson

WHILE living in California several years ago, I had what I look back on now as a very humorous experience. I must admit, however, that it did not strike me as being very funny at the time. My parents had gone to California because my father had an illness which doctors felt would be helped by the warm and generally dependable climate. I started to school at University High, which was close to, and affiliated with U.C.L.A. One of the people I met while at "Uni" was a boy named Eric Howard. He was a rather odd person, but his personality was greatly enhanced by the fact that he owned a sportscar, the now classic M.G., series T.C.

Eric had reason to be strange, a fact which I learned within my