

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

first few minutes in his house. His mother was from New York's Greenwich Village area, and presented the perfect picture of the Bohemian artist, complete with dark glasses, scarf, and even a pipe. His father, on the other hand, was the typical Los Angeles high-school boy, complete with hot rod. He wore his hair in a crew cut, and was up on all the latest "jive talk," which he used constantly.

Eric wanted to buy a supercharger for his M.G., but did not have enough money to get one without considerable financial aid from someone, namely his father. When presented with this request, Eric's father reacted in a way which, knowing him as I did then, surprised me not at all.

"Sure, Rick," he said. "If you can beat me from here to Pasadena with a fifteen-minute head start, I'll buy you the charger."

It must be mentioned that Pasadena was approximately thirty miles from Eric's home, and about twenty miles of that was through the most congested of Los Angeles streets. The remainder of the distance was to be traveled on the Pasadena Freeway, a six-lane super-highway with no speed limit.

Eric and I jumped into the M.G., and with a roar from the engine we were off. "Off" was just the word for it. I asked myself at least a hundred times during that trip "why did I ever come along?" We went through red lights, drove on the wrong side of the street, and more than once went over the curb to pass cars on the right-hand side. When we finally arrived at the Pasadena Freeway, I was a "compound nervous wreck," but the worst was yet to come. Without even slowing down for the red light, we swung into the Freeway directly in front of a semi-trailer, missing it only by inches. Then came the speed; before, we were just reckless; now we were fast and reckless.

Suddenly from behind us came the sound which is sure to bring a hollow feeling to the stomach of even the most fastidious law-abider. It was the shriek of a police siren.

After assuring the officer that we were not going to a fire, we got a lecture from him while he wrote a ticket for Eric. He said that even though there was no speed limit on the road it was against the law to drive in a manner which would endanger other people on the road.

"You know that you'll have to get your parents to sign this ticket, don't you?" asked the policeman.

"Yes," answered Eric.

"What do you think they'll say?"

"Not much."

"You mean your parents know you drive like this?" asked the amazed officer.

Eric's answer was drowned out by the roar of open exhaust pipes, as a "chopped and channeled" thirty-two Ford coupe went by, going at least one hundred and thirty miles an hour.

"There goes my dad now," said Eric, without changing expression.



When the policeman finally got over the initial shock, he said, "I'm going to tear this ticket up, but you tell your father if I don't catch him he's going to hear from me." He then ran and jumped on his motorcycle and roared away.

Eric sat still for a moment and then said, "If that isn't just like a cop! Stop me just long enough to make me lose the race."

## The Art of Creative Thinking

Pat Fitzgerald

ANY self-respecting individual would be properly insulted if he were described as a robot. And yet that is exactly what modern man is becoming. We are proud of a country in which free thinking is encouraged. Nevertheless we find a shocking lack of it, for people are willing to accept the ideas and principles of others, just as the robot accepts the will of its inventor. Creative thinking is indeed necessary to any kind of intelligent living. On and on the human race continues, each generation living its own narrow life, heedless of many avenues of discovery to which creative thought might lead. Of course, creative thinking is hard work. It is much easier to rationalize and forget the disturbing thought which broke our reverie. It is much easier merely to accept life as it is, and to take on the inclinations of the herd as our own ideas and beliefs. Yet, if we are to remain both free and self-respecting, we should find it shameful to be so ill-informed and disagreeable to have the formed opinions of others forced upon us. Then what excuse have we for willingly and readily accepting these ready-made ideas? We are most certainly capable of formulating our own.

Perhaps the fault lies in our educational system. From an early age we are encouraged to accept the preconceived notions of others. Creative thinking is actually discouraged on the grounds that it is too time-consuming and that it is much harder for the harried teacher to deal with. But surely the experience gained in formulating careful, thoughtful opinions would be worth more to the child in later years even if it was attained at the sacrifice of knowledge of certain useless theories of others. Or perhaps the fault lies with the parents. It is their duty to see that their children use their capacity to think. Children should be helped to come to their own intellectual decisions rather than to follow the mob.

Desirable as it is, creative thinking may still come to objectionable terms. One finds it hard to believe that the mores of our society are mere excuses for our conduct, though we would find it insane to question them. At the same time a thorough investigation of our religions would find them to be based upon the emotions, beliefs, and opinions of others. Yet man needs a religion, just as he needs certain morals to cling to. Can man simply dismiss all the beliefs and teachings of the ancients and announce that he is going to create new principles with his mind? Who would wish to admit that he is so