

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 inane 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

smug and complacent as to believe himself to be superior to all those who have gone before him? It is impossible for man to reconcile himself to the belief that heretofore life has revolved around the nothingness of stereotyped thoughts and ideas. We must respect some of the wisdom of the ages. Those intellectual snobs who would hold themselves so high above the "lethargic masses" yet fail to comprehend their own true perspective in their thinking are as bad as those people who fail to think at all. It is well to think creatively and to be decisive about our opinions, but few are those geniuses who are capable of reforming the world's thought processes. If each person would seek to revise his own beliefs, he would raise the intellect of the race infinitely more than if he sought to revise his neighbor's.

The Eyes of War

William J. Wheeler

THE WARM breeze of night and the refreshing spray of the ocean waves bring a smile to your face. As you sit and stare at the galaxy of the sky, your thoughts regress to the past months—to the day it all started. . . .

The whistling sound of the shells was like the flash of a bright light in a dark room. The most terrifying experience of your life was ready to unfold itself. For seven months you had trained, sweat, and cursed while preparing for this moment. You look around; there are your friends and your enemies: the kids who were worried about finding a place to buy a beer and whether their girls were waiting for them; old "Gunny" who had cursed at you and made you wish you were dead; the "Skipper" who you thought was a big fake; and the fellows who had gone with you on the last liberty and had gotten drunk. They were all there. Suddenly you became sick inside. The PCV hit land, and the front gate went down. The water was cold as you went ashore. . . .

This seems like a thousand years ago. Your mind runs back to the move inland. It was not as you expected. There was very little fighting, just hundreds and hundreds of refugees. This war was almost over and you would be home in a short time.

As you walked down those wind-swept roads, with the cold eating at your body, you could see the faces of your friends as they died. You remembered those snowy hills, the screaming Chinese as they poured into your lines, the confusion, the chaos, yes, and even the panic as you watched the men around you die. They would never laugh, curse, or worry again.

Your thoughts were broken many times by the thud of artillery as it came in around you. The cold ground and the snow seemed to hide you from someone you could not see. Then it would stop and the hills around you would be alive with the enemy as again and again they attacked. You moved on again like a machine, your mind any place but there. . . .