

candy. By scraping the bottom of the "vat," he obtains a syrupy sludginess which may adhere so to the feet of an unfortunate reader that comprehension is impossible. The old adage, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," can accurately be transformed into: "A rotating sphere of petrified terrain congregates no foliaceous bryophytes"; but all effectiveness is drowned out by the words. Only by the proper blending of words, therefore, can the maximum effectiveness be achieved.

Thus, with care, the best term with just the proper inflection can be chosen. After all, a ton of sea water contains only one-tenth pound of bromine. One remaining method, the most common, needs mentioning. This is osmosis. While it is an infallible law where non-living particles are involved, the mere proximity of student to dictionary does not initiate a flow of words from saturated book to vacant skull. First, any item must be used in order to be useful; there are no intrinsic values. Secondly, words do live and even undergo Darwinian evolution in which the natural selections of weather and climate are replaced by those of the Johnsons, Websters, and national influences. Of words, as of the soul, it can truly be said, "There is no death."

The conclusion is a simple one. A dictionary can be allowed to repose unmolested on the bookshelf or it can become an invaluable sourcebook of information. Whether or not to take full advantage of this source is a decision each of us must make for himself.

Individuals, Classified

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STUDY is defined in Webster's New International Unabridged Dictionary as a "setting of the mind or thoughts upon a subject to be learned or investigated; application of the mind to books, arts, or any subject, for the purpose of acquiring knowledge." This starched wording makes the occupation sound rather serious, as of course it is—to some. A survey of the approaches pupils take to the matter makes an interesting study in trait. Students in their methods vary as greatly as do their individual personalities, but fall generally into three broad classifications.

In the first group we find the person who studies with such assiduousness that one could be quite certain it is, as the old saying has it, "a matter of life or death." So intent upon his task is he that he hears or sees nothing of the activity around him, if such there be, for indeed his solemn presence all but discourages it. Attention solely on the stacks of texts, notebooks, pens and pencils laid neatly within his reach, he sits with his body in the same military order, feet flat on the floor and together, spine straight, shoulders back—orderliness at perfection. One can almost visualize his mind, areas of thought accurately categorized and deftly filed under the proper subject for efficient reference.

The second person we are introduced to is one who regards study as the most catastrophic of those "necessary evils" we constantly refer to. For him study is, without exception, the greatest trial of his years. But bear it he does. Pencil clenched in fist, he assails the problem with an admirable determination. For a time he sits quietly enough, the only expression of frustration seen in his deeply creased forehead. Soon, however, he becomes impatient with his seemingly fruitless efforts and begins to fidget noticeably: his black horn-rimmed glasses, worn chiefly for effect, we believe, threaten dizziness from his twirling them; his pencil eraser is sadly mangled between two rows of gnashing teeth; and his hair, if he has that much, is twisted mercilessly in his fingers. Presently even this gives way to more violent techniques as he gives the table a resounding thump, flings his pencil down (breaking the point so that he must sharpen it again, adding to his burden), and resorts to wearing a thin streak in the flooring. Satisfied for the present, he then returns to his seat (after sharpening the pencil, of course) to finish his labours, a truly miserable individual.

The third student is one with whom we are perhaps the most familiar. For him, study is simply an inevitable accompaniment of school attendance, one not to be taken with a dreading seriousness, but with a more casual air. He begins with good enough intentions, but his difficulty lies in lack of concentration. A room in silence encourages contemplation of the happenings of Saturday night (past or future); a room in which others are moving about lends easily to study of their actions and vicarious participation in their activities. Part of his philosophy is that a break or breaks are essential to effective study; furthermore, there is a good television presentation occasionally; and then, why not have a nibble for sustenance during the program. . . . The last strains of the theme song fade out and he returns to the books, or rather the books come to him, for that couch is so comfortable. With the rest of his snack spread out before him, feet up, one ear cocked to the TV, he proceeds to complete, or should we say "finish up" his work. After all, he does have a free hour in the morning before his classes.

Here they are, then, dogged Drexel, frustrated Freddie, and easygoing Gus, each representative of his associates' peculiar habits. This, however, shall not be construed to indicate that this classification is absolute. Rather, it is an indication of particular mannerisms in individuals which may vary in degree and even to the point of embodying facets of each of the classifications as they are here presented. Exactly what concludes from all this is left to the reader's determination, save the author's firm belief and trust that in endeavor of any description, regardless of the controlling agent, there is little danger of the individual's becoming, as many fear, a socialized robot; the individual will remain just that—an individual.