

manistic values, both mental and physical, so that he will be able to cope with psychological, sociological, medical, and cultural changes which occur within his realm of existence.

This, then, is the supreme value of the knowledge which a learned man must obtain, comprehend, and put together in attaining good objectives in life.

Adjusting or Progressing?

Susan Blish

IT SEEMS to me that the present American educational system is turning out a highly "adjusted" aggregation of babbling babies. There is no real competitive stimulation for the superior student, only programs for helping the poor, sub-average student find his place in life. This is all fine and dandy and humane and all that, but meanwhile, as our nation grows steadily into a hodgepodge of well-adjusted ignoramuses, what becomes of our potential power—the above-average student? Becoming bored with the "adjustment" program, and finding nothing to stimulate his imagination, he is likely to drop out of school and spend the rest of his life piddling around in some mediocre job. Who is it that suffers? Why our nation does, of course!

From my own experience in high school, I know that this "adjustment" program is *the* thing! The constant drive was to create a program which would not be too highly competitive for the sub-average student. All of our honor rolls were discontinued, thus exterminating the stimulus for academic achievement. There was no need to work hard; no one knew it anyway! What was the reason for this? Merely to protect the poor student from developing an inferiority complex seemed to be the predominant reason.

To me, high school should be the place where an individual is stimulated in enough fields to the extent that he becomes intensely interested in developing his special talents—which everyone has. I strongly believe in segregating education according to intelligence. Separate the geniuses from the average and below-average intellects. This plan has many beneficial aspects. First, the genius will be stimulated by the challenge of his fellow genius students and will be more apt to develop his own ideas fully. Secondly, the average student will also be in a class where his ideas will readily be accepted by the rest of the group. If mixed, these two groups tend to act as forces against each other. By this I mean that the average student becomes afraid to express his ideas in the presence of a far superior intellect, and the genius, likewise, refrains from developing his ideas in hopes that he might be accepted as a "regular guy." But this segregational idea can't be had in America. "Why, didn't you know? That's undemocratic," say today's educators, who are influenced by the demanding will of the common, ignorant populace. No, we can't do that; only the Russians can do that!

What happens next? The babied high school student comes to college, dragging his apron strings behind him. He has never had the occasion to mature. There had always been someone there to tell him what to do, how to do it, and to smooth over the hurts if it went wrong. What possibilities are there for the college professors? Do they dare acquaint these happily "adjusted" students with the real facts of life, or must they continue this asinine "adjustment" program?

At any rate, our educational system needs a shot of something to get its wheels rolling again. With our present system, our only hope is that the Russians are laughing themselves to death as we "adjust" and they progress!

The Locket

Linda Heidelman

HE HAD been at Kenmore almost a year now. How he had looked forward to coming! He could remember how he had lain awake at night picturing every wonderful phase of college life and becoming more and more excited as his first day drew nearer. He had walked through these same gates less than a year ago, and he had looked up at them filled with joy and excitement. Now he hated them. The heavy twisted iron which had once seemed so majestic and full of opportunity now seemed to stand as huge black misshapen masses.

Craig glanced back with a shudder at the monsters, then turned in the shadows toward York Hall. He hurried to his room and quickly shut the door behind him. Sitting down at his desk, he opened his organic chemistry book. He began to read determinedly. The subject was not his favorite, nor his easiest, but he had to do well on the next test. He knew that medical schools accept only the best students.

As the clock ticked off the minutes, Craig's mind began to wander. He was tired, and he rose and stretched his tall, thin body, then sank onto the edge of his bed. He pushed an unruly lock of blond hair back from his forehead, and rubbed his pale, tired blue eyes. The day had been very long. He had been in class most of the day, and then he had worked six hours in the local hardware store. On his way back to the dorm, he had stopped to help Dave Cartwright with his trigonometry. Dave was a nice kid, and he was having quite a bit of trouble, so Craig spent as much time as he could trying to help him.

Craig lay back on the bed. He reached into his pocket and withdrew a small gold key chain. From it dangled a tiny gold locket. It was scratched and worn from many years of wear, but on the inside the picture was fresh and clear. Craig's mother had had it taken only a few months before her death two years ago. The face in the picture was tired and drawn, and the thin lips were pulled apart in a