

doing," but no one could think of anything to do. But he said that was all right because he didn't want to push us too fast. After all, the idea was to adjust to the group; and if the group didn't want to do anything, we could best adjust by doing what everyone wanted, which was nothing. And so went my first day.

Well, twelve years have passed here since that first day, and I am to be graduated this spring. I feel fortunate to have attended such an excellent school, for it is only here that I could have made such a fine adjustment to society. I feel genuinely sorry for my friends who went to regular schools because they tell me that the competition (or something like that) is frightful. I don't know exactly what they mean, but I *can* say that these have been the happiest twelve years of my life; not one tear has been shed by anyone in my class during these twelve years. The only thing that is bad about our school is that it is still quite difficult for me to tell the students apart. As a matter of fact, they tell me that I have grown to look a lot like them, too. But that's no problem; we all wear name tags. Because I have enjoyed this school so much, I asked Professor Dowey if I could give the valedictorian address at the commencement exercises; but he said no, that we don't have valedictorians because it makes the others feel inferior. But he said that he would honor me by giving me the "Most Typical Graduate Award." He is a nice man.

Well, I really must get back to class. The teacher just now asked if anyone wanted to do anything, and one student said that he wanted to learn to count, but one boy said he was afraid it would be too hard, so we aren't going to. I kind of wish we would because I'm going to feel kind of funny when my mommy has to take me to the room number where we graduate, but I mustn't say anything. I think he'll read us a story.

The Privilege of Prejudice

Mark Allison

THROUGHOUT the last decade, during which man is purported to have come under the effects of increased tension caused by today's fast-moving society, psychologists and others, who consider themselves to be authorities where the vast realm of the human mind is concerned, have dutifully suggested that Mr. Average Person can lessen the effects of daily emotional stress by engaging himself in some form of a hobby. The term hobby can not be easily defined by any single listing of possible interests and activities. The reason for this stems from the fact that the action which serves as an enjoyable diversion for one individual may be the principal source of livelihood for a person in different circumstances. However, one usable definition would be the following: some activity, other than the primary means of income, from which the participant gains enjoyment or a sense of fulfillment.

Now, having given the term a definition, the second step is to perceive how the pursuit of a hobby can give satisfaction and yet ease tension. Perhaps, just perhaps, part of the soothing ability can be accredited to the individual's privilege to be prejudiced in his reasoning, if he so desires, without having to answer to any superior. This would be particularly true in areas of interest such as reading, hunting, and golfing where the enthusiast is a prime participant in the action. One may enjoy the writing of the majority of American poets and yet be free to dislike that of Walt Whitman without putting forth any logical argument in defense of his views. The sportsman who prefers to hunt deer with a replica of a black-powder rifle rather than any of the fine modern firearms available may do so without offering any explanation.

In his essay "Four Kinds of Thinking" Mr. James H. Robinson says concerning our opinions: "We may surrender, but rarely confess ourselves vanquished. In the intellectual world at least peace is without victory." In the opinion of this writer Mr. Robinson's statement holds true most readily in the world of politics and big-business today. A man must be ready to state his own opinions and the logic behind them and then be ready to yield to arguments of greater weight or sway to meet the demands and fancies of the powers that be. Here, in this high-speed world, where all personal feelings seemingly must give way for the good of the corporation or of the party or of the alliance, one can derive much comfort from a hobby which allows the participant unquestioning freedom of action, no matter how undeniably partisan or how unlikely that action may be.

The Jungle

Evelyn Jones

THE DOOR stood ajar. I hesitated. Cautiously I stepped into the room. A canary sat quietly on the wooden rod in its cage.

It chirped, waited, chirped again. I slipped past a shelf of horizontal glass cases. The world was watching. I edged along the aisle passing big ones, small ones, fat ones. Pairs of staring, apprehensive eyes followed me from one place to the next as I studied the occupants of the cages. The even, concentrated breathing rose and fell rhythmically. I could not make a mistake this time.

Slowly my hand moved along the leg of my trousers, turned the edge of my pocket, and reached downward. I stopped. Behind a row of narrow compartments, lying on the floor, was mine. I was sure. It stretched and yawned. Sensitive brown eyes peered from behind two drooping lids. A spot—one black spot—marked the white forehead and neck. The ears twitched instinctively. I fingered the crisp, thin pieces of paper in my pocket. Yes, I was sure! I grabbed—enclosing them into my hand. I turned and faced the man behind the counter.

"The black and white puppy, please."