

my peanut butter sandwich is no more. And it is with sadness that I resolve to do other things. As I leave my room with a pained air I say "Peanut butter," using the term as an interjection expressing my dismay.

But what is the "real" reason that I like peanut butter? Could the reason be continued influence from the "boob tube," that is to say the television? Almost daily the virtues of consuming a particular brand of peanut butter are extolled before my dripping eyes. It might be Skippy; "If you like peanuts, you'll LOVE Skippy." Of perhaps one hears about Peter Pan, it's the "Peanuttiest." Not only is Jif, "Ter-riff" but now it has "more peanut taste." And let's not forget the conservative brand, Planter's, with Mr. Peanut on the label. Now Planter's is fortified with vitamins A and D.

So it seems that to the individual, eating peanut butter has become a critical issue. It has become vital to one's well-being. If you don't eat this or that particular kind of peanut butter you're liable to grow up to be a skinny, bow-legged, knock-kneed, hunch-backed, Indian rubber man with yellow jaundice, weak eyes, and halitosis.

But anyway despite the "real" reason, I think I have several pretty "good" reasons for liking peanut butter. And I can thank my lucky stars for that! For if I lived thirty years ago I'd probably have nothing to say except "I like peanut butter because it tastes good."

Creative Thought: The Key to Progress

Astrid Henkels

THINK is a word which I heard frequently during my last semester in high school. "Think!" my teachers urged again and again when my classmates and I found it difficult to explain symbolism in literary works, to draw conclusions from results of experiments, or to find solutions to complicated mathematical problems. They attempted to teach us to search for hidden meanings, to ask why natural phenomena occurred, and to discover for ourselves the answers to our questions. For the first time, every course which I was studying demanded creative thought. Previously, I had been forced to think about more than the material in textbooks only in my English classes and in a few others. History had been a conglomeration of names, dates, and facts to be memorized; mathematics a series of numbers which could be manipulated in various ways; science an explanation of processes no one could be expected to understand. Now, however, my teachers failed to be impressed by mere repetition of words from the textbooks; they insisted that we depend less on the thoughts of others and more on our own ideas.

In attempting to teach us to think, my teachers were aiming toward the goal of education itself. For as Alan Simpson has pointed out, one of the characteristic traits of an educated man is his ability to think clearly. This skill is his key to all knowledge; with it he can

open doors to all fields of learning and discover secrets available to no one else. Without the ability to think, Shakespeare could never have transformed his reverie into the works which the world has admired and enjoyed for four centuries; Beethoven would never have written his symphonies; and Einstein could never have formulated his theory of relativity. If men throughout history had failed to use their creative powers, libraries would be non-existent and schools useless. There would be no education and no progress.

As James Harvey Robinson has stated, then, creative thought is the only hope of the future. We must try to develop it in ourselves and force ourselves out of our complacency. Too many persons feel, as I often do, that all we in the twentieth century need to do is to relax and to use the luxuries which science has given us. We are contented because we have refrigerators, automobiles, television sets, and electric heating. We ask ourselves, "What could I possibly discover that has not been discovered already in this era of progress?" and do not attempt to find an answer. With awe we read of recent scientific developments and marvel at the amazing complexity of new machines. Yet we fail to realize that the human mind has capacities far beyond our comprehension; that many fields remain unexplored; that knowledge will never reach a limit. Few of us understand that discoveries have been made by men not necessarily more intelligent than we; that the only real difference between them and us has been their willingness to use their minds. We do not realize that all machines consist of variations of the simple machines put together by men who were not satisfied by the progress that had been made already. If everyone had believed that no one could improve the horseless carriage, we would never see the sleek automobiles which move along the streets at speeds which forty years ago would have been considered maniacal; and if all persons had thought of the Wright brothers' invention as the ultimate in transportation, flights in space would certainly not be possible today. Of course we can not know what astounding feats will be performed in the future. If we learn to think creatively, however, we can be sure that progress will continue to exist.

The Tragic

Bob Stewart

THERE is an appalling obsession spreading in the minds of men today which, until recently, solved only a few problems but now seems to solve all. The obsession is objectiveness. Man has lost himself in certainties, axioms, proofs, and all other manifestations of an indubitable character. Today there is only one doctrine for expressing the correct answer—irrefutability.

However, there are people who do not consider this a contemptible attitude, and they are the real bores one confronts in life. They will agree that not all problems have a definite, final answer, but they