

of well-being or contentment, but this state itself is almost undefinable. Because this definition is so unspecified, I feel that there must be also a broader effect of the revelation of reality—an effect which goes beyond the primary state of disillusionment. An initial confusion and sorrow were felt by the man on the mountain as a result of his encounter with reality, but this was complemented by or perhaps replaced by a later recognition of the trickery of a simple phenomenon. It is reasonable to assume that relief of a sort must have been felt as a result of this revelation. A certain degree of contentment must have been experienced upon viewing a situation which was no longer baffling; indeed, we might call it happiness. This would be the deeper effect of pursuing truth.

We can safely conclude that what one desires does not always bring contentment, but coupled with the assimilation of new information an *unhappiness* can become a *happiness* of greater worth. Because the result is broadened knowledge, the initial unhappiness is justified. Did the man on the mountain experience unhappiness? Yes, he did. Did the pursuit of truth and the eventual discovery of it cause him anguish? Yes, it did. Anguish can, however, result in the evolution of a more profound pleasure. As the man scanned the territory he had traveled and began his journey back to the home he had forsaken for the purpose of pursuing a dirty hovel, *he* was the master of himself. His *gnawing ignorance* was not.

He's a Rough Character, Ladies

Brenda Stump

AFTER HE'S backed you into the corner, rolled an avalanche of kisses over you and whispered cleverly contrived phrases into your ear, he suddenly breaks away, covers his face with his hands, and murmurs, "I don't want to hurt you." Until I find a better reply to this statement, I usually say, "Don't flatter yourself, Buster!" The typical American male is an excellent actor, especially when the lights are low. He's on stage alone with the leading lady of the evening. Until this point it has been a lovely evening and you've laughed and talked about numerous subjects, such as his opinion of the Chicago Bears and how to improve them, his opinion of the armed forces and how he plans to dodge them, and, of course, his opinion of his last date and how charming she was. As the lights go down, his ego comes up. He's everything you didn't think he was. He's suave, considerate, and soft-spoken. Once you've hit the corner and he's finally backed off enough for you to retrieve your senses, he's begun his speech. He proceeds to warn you against the dangers of his charm. He has many things to do before he becomes serious or gets

tied down. After college there's the draft, and of course he wants to travel. Up to this point you haven't uttered a word. You've stood there trying desperately to recall something you might have said to bring about this sermon. But don't let this rascal fool you, ladies! He's thinking, "She's the girl of my dreams." It is not that he's afraid of hurting you, he's afraid of getting burned a bit himself. Back off a little and reverse the play by saying, "You're right, Charlie! Let's call it quits." But be sure to stay near the telephone the next day.

Another thing you must realize, ladies, is that talking with a male is like talking with a parrot. He repeats what you've said, then shakes his head because he knows you're wrong before you've said anything. He never follows a path of reason. He always has definite opinions, and he's always right. He'll discuss his opinions, however, so just keep your mouth shut, and he'll talk for hours. It is really quite interesting to watch two males trying to discuss something. They do everything except step on each other's hands in order to get their views stated. Men refuse to listen. Most of them can talk fairly intelligibly, but they fail to realize that they might learn something if they remained silent for a few moments. I will agree that we ladies do tend to talk quite a bit when we are among other ladies. We do, however, know how to listen. When we females are in the company of males, we speak only when spoken to, but not always by choice. If a lady does muster enough courage to add a short statement to a gentleman's conversation, her statement is usually followed by a snicker or that sarcastic smile of his. He pats you on the arm, takes a deep breath, and changes the subject. Therefore, all you have to do, ladies, is to sit there, try to look beautiful, and remain silent.

Men also are constant complainers. They are never satisfied with your appearance, and they're not at all hesitant about their disapproval. If you have a lovely new hair-do, a man will notice that your eye make-up is too heavy. If he is not the center of attention at the party, it is a boring party. If you do talk him into taking you downtown to a movie, he'll complain about being dressed up, he'll complain about the movie and your choice of seats. He insists you choose the seats, and instead of wandering up and down the dark rows, you point in a central direction, and he immediately escorts you to the seats of your choice.

Good manners are usually very important to a man. I say usually, because sometimes he opens the car door for you, and sometimes he doesn't. The only time you can be sure that he is going to be mannerly is if he is in the public eye. You'll be treated like a queen!

Come rain, sleet, snow or hail, he appears at a first glance to be the All-American Boy. Take a close look. What do you see behind that mask? You see a walking, talking, smiling hypocrite, who, for some reason, looks upon you as a prop that he uses in his little act. It makes him feel important to have you around for several reasons:

he gains sexual satisfaction and status, and he uses you for an ego builder and a servant.

My suggestions and clues to the American male are as follows: 1. A woman does not fall instantly in love with a man because he kisses her forehead or holds her hand. 2. Keep your mouth shut and let a woman talk. Maybe you'll be pleasantly surprised at what she has to say. 3. Stop complaining about everything that isn't your idea or creation. Tell her she's lovely—she builds up your ego constantly merely by being with you. 4. Be considerate of a woman. Judge her as an individual who appreciates the fact that she is a woman, you are a man. Just don't judge her on the "Me Tarzan, you Jane" level.

Actually, I like men. Not all of them are vegetables. I have merely stated what are usually the basic faults of most men. It may seem strange that their faults pertain mainly to the treatment of ladies, but these are the faults I notice. In discussing these shortcomings with the members of my sex, I find that most women agree that men are generally a pretty good bunch of fellows. If they would just polish off the rough edges, they would be very acceptable. Grab the sandpaper, ladies. Only you can shape him into the ideal American male.

A Gift of Christmas

Anne Szatkowski

I HAD NEVER spent a Christmas without Aunt Stella and Harold; they were always there—Aunt Stella sitting in front of the tree and Harold peering at the names on the packages as he tried to hand them to their recipients, because Harold thought of himself as Santa Claus. Aunt Stella was my grandfather's half-sister and Harold, her only child, was born quite late in her life with an incurable thyroid deficiency which made him somewhat mentally and physically retarded. Harold was nearly as old as my mother, but had grown in height and mind to the age of about a nine-year-old; however, horizontally he was as wide as he was tall, and the lines of his face revealed his age rather accurately. Harold's father had died shortly after Harold was born, and he and his mother lived alone in Chicago with no other living relatives who really cared, except my grandparents and my mother. Since she was five, my mother had never known a Christmas without them. The year I was sixteen, however, I knew for sure that I would just die if they were gathered around our Christmas tree that particular morning.

I had met Joe who was just about the most nearly perfect seventeen-year-old boy that ever existed. I just knew that Joe had absolutely no defectives in his family; he was so perfect it would simply be impossible. Joe's parents had asked me to their family's Christ-