

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-

mas Eve gathering, and since he knew that we had our family gathering on Christmas morning, I just had to invite him to ours. I knew that I must persuade my mother to exclude Aunt Stella and Harold from our regular gift opening—couldn't we have two? There must be something we could do; there just had to be something. Yet, I felt just a little pang of guilt when I asked my mother. I knew Aunt Stella and Harold had nowhere else to go; there was no one who cared enough to dampen their own Christmas with Aunt Stella and Harold's peculiarities. But I was just as certain that Joe would never speak to me again because he would think there might be something wrong with me; because I had a relative such as Harold (even though very distant), he would think that there was probably a weakness in our whole family, including me. I discussed the situation with my mother, but it was no use. Mother informed me that one of the greatest lessons in life was to learn to accept situations as they are, if they have not been caused by something that I have done, and that I must remember that kindness is a virtue of life and must be followed. Then I knew that there was no use to pursue the subject another minute.

What would I do? My life would be ruined. Joe would think I was a complete mental case, and he was sure to tell all the other boys. I was doomed if he came; but if I told him he could not come over Christmas morning, he might think worse things of me. Thus, I knew the situation must be faced; I was a victim of circumstances. It was the first Christmas Eve of my life that I lay awake thinking of anything other than what was under that beautiful Christmas tree. All I could think of was that my social career was soon to come to an abrupt end.

With a heavy heart I watched everyone, including Joe, gather around the Christmas tree that morning; however, I had noticed that Joe did not change a single expression as he was introduced to Aunt Stella and Harold. There was not even the slightest quizzical look as Joe said, "How do you do?" As we gathered around the tree, Harold took his usual standing position to play Santa Claus, and my heart sank. Harold was so short and fat that he actually looked like the little elf we had always described as Santa; all he needed was a red suit, boots, and a beard. Harold went on passing out all the packages under the tree as my mother handed them to him; he was completely unaware of my mental torture, but I did receive a reassuring glance from my mother. No doubt Mother had survived a similar situation.

Eventually all the packages were delivered, and most of them unwrapped. As I looked about the room, I began to realize that with all the rest of my wonderful family no one could possibly think there was anything amiss. No one in the world ever had a finer family. I glanced toward Aunt Stella and Harold, who had sat down beside his little ninety-year-old mother, who was dwarfed by age to his height. I saw Aunt Stella pat Harold's arm, smile kindly and say, "Isn't this wonderful? Aren't we grateful to be here with those who love us?"



I stole an ashamed glance at Joe, who was also looking at the kind little woman and the grotesque little figure by her side, smiling at them, as if he were really glad they were there also. I knew then that I had learned a part of the real meaning of Christmas, and I suddenly felt much older and wiser.

## Greatness

Don Wall

THE NIGHT after former President Kennedy's assassination, newspapers around the world acclaimed him as a "truly great man." More recently, President Johnson referred to Winston Churchill as a great individual. Greatness implies an outstanding accomplishment and a marked superiority over contemporaries in the same field. Abstract and somewhat arbitrary, this quality of greatness conanates from the lives of a relative handful of history's multitudes.

The first necessary quality is an avid interest in a certain subject in which one aspires toward success. Without this most elementary ingredient, one neither thinks of nor devotes time and energy to an area of endeavor. Great men of this century furnish a primary indication of the importance of interest. When Felix Frankfurter, former United States Supreme Court Justice, landed in New York from Austria, he was fascinated by law. Overcoming a complete ignorance of the English language, he finished law school in his seventh year in this country. His interest in and knowledge of law recently caused Chief Justice Earl Warren to comment that Frankfurter has done more than any other one person in the last sixty years to interpret the law for a changing nation. Arnold Toynbee, the eminent British historian, would never have written his twenty-four volumes on the development of civilization if he had not been intrigued by the history of man's existence and the characteristics of civilization. In the same manner, Charles Hard Townes' maintaining a dedicated interest in high-energy light beams enabled him to receive the Presidential Medal of Freedom last year for research in maser and laser devices. Other great men have been engrossed in several fields; Aristotle's pen recorded religious, political, biological, and economic interests. Those who lack this inquisitive concern glide over the surface of education, never diving below the easy, the apparent, to the real challenges of deeper thought. Every evening they flop into an overstuffed easy chair and digest their least soluble mental meal of the day—the nightly weather report. His most profound interest being in how much he still owes the finance company for last year's Christmas presents, Mr. Average America cannot achieve greatness.