

recreation grow stale by repetition, lest it become itself a monotony, demanding still another escape, our trained leadership, the product of a special professional curriculum, must lend new inspiration endlessly. We must devise new challenges, fresh explorations, higher levels of achievement. Above all, our 300 leaders need a capacity for independent creative and contributive thinking. They must be inventive. They must generate novel ideas. They must be recreational producers. But our greatest difficulty is in discovering that ability. There are plenty who can teach the old stuff, but few seem able to think up new devices.

Why should this be so? There is surely more satisfaction in creating than in repeating. Capacity for original thought is of the essence of ability to do any thinking at all. Natively, the child appears to have a creative imagination. His varied use of the same playthings testifies to that. The broomstick which is a hobby-horse one minute, a sword the next, an airplane or the wall of a house a moment later, proves the fluid and flexible nature of the child's imagination. He even insists upon using his imagination. He flees from things which limit its freedom. In my home my daughter had a doll rejoicing in the name of Susy Polly. Susy Polly was a rag, without bone or hank of hair. To adult eyes she was graceless, a most unlovely domestic chattel. When the door bell rang we hurried to conceal her. My father visited us. He was shocked that his granddaughter should have no worthier object for her affections. He bought her a marvelous doll, beautiful to behold, real hair, articulated joints, eyes that closed, a complete and intriguing wardrobe. For a day or two the newcomer held sway. Then Susy Polly resumed her reign. Why? Possibly the perfect doll was too perfect. She left nothing to the imagination. She demanded nothing from her possessor. She was a picture completed and hung on the wall, while Susy Polly was an open window inviting the vagabond imagination to go wandering to remote and unexplored horizons. Whatever clouds of glory trailed after her were the contribution of an active fancy which her very poverty in attractions summoned into operation.