

them into the rinse water as she went. It was always easier when she sang, so she started singing and kept it up till she was done. She had plenty of time to get through all of the popular tunes, The Largo, The Lost Chord, and finally Die Lorelei in German. Die Lorelei was the best of all. She had memorized it in grade school, and singing it now always left her feeling proud and self-satisfied.

The dishes were all washed and ready to be dried now. That part of the job wasn't so bad — except that the towel was always too damp toward the last. Anyhow it gave her a chance to smoke. She lit a cigarette, took a few drags, put it on the shelf above the sink, and then alternately dried dishes and smoked. Smoking always made her feel a little weak and dizzy, but it was something to do besides dry dishes, so she always did it.

Finally the last dish was wiped and stacked with the others in a box. Now all she had to do was scrub towels. She changed the water in the sink, poured in a half a bottle of chlorox, and started scrubbing. After only a few scrubs, the chlorox had penetrated the old blisters on her hands, and they broke open and bled. It's a good thing this can't last forever, she

thought. Now that she was so near the end of her job, she could even be philosophic about the blisters. And then she really was through.

It didn't take long to put on fresh make-up and hurry back to the soda fountain. And when she did get there, Pete still sat where she had left him. Good old, patient Pete, she thought, "Say, what's this I hear about your inventing a soda?" he asked. "I guess you can make me one. I'll try anything once."

Kitty picked up a shiny glass and grinned. "Sure, I invented a soda, and you needn't worry because you won't be taking a chance." She jerked just the right amount of vanilla syrup into the glass, tipped it sideways, and ran a thin, hard stream of carbonated water clear around the edge of the syrup until it nearly bubbled up to the rim of the glass. Two dippers of raspberry salad sherbet, a little more fizz, a dash of whipped cream topping, and her masterpiece was done. Proudly, she surveyed the pale lavender in the glass and the white froth standing high above it. As she handed it across the counter to Pete, she said, "I call it Lavender and Old Lace — with arsenic for the customers I don't like," and made a face at him.

FAVORITES --- I HATE THEM

ISADORE CAMHI

It's a natural and very common prejudice, I think. Possibly you foster the same one. In me, however, it amounts to an obsession, a *supreme* dislike for — favorites. It doesn't matter what kind of favorite it may be; a favorite book, a well-known actor, a famous food, a highly-touted athlete, or possibly even a favorite teacher. I'm against all of them — before I know exactly why. Perhaps it is due to the fact that I, like most other human beings, have a hidden desire to be different, to stand out

from the crowd. Perhaps it is that I am simply too hard-headed to bow down in respect for the favorite of the throng.

Anyway, my prejudice doesn't worry me because it is a normal reaction in that most people sympathize with the underdog. They root for him, and in so doing, automatically pull against the favorite. It is really a "see-saw" affair. It might even give one the impression that it is the favorite who needs the sympathy since so many people want to see the underdog win. But I shall not change horses in "mid-theme."

I'm still prejudiced against the favorite, any favorite, all favorites.

The first time I actually became conscious of my then embryonic resentment toward favorites was during my first week in grade school. The teacher had just finished telling us of the misfortunes of the Ugly Duckling. I was surprised by the story, to say the least. It was so starkly realistic — in a way. Yes, it was so true! The less colorful, more ordinary creatures in the world were looked down upon by unsympathetic and often cruel eyes. Favorites were respected. One simply had to be a white, normal duckling, not a clumsy, ugly duckling. Oh, *Little Red Riding Hood* and *The Three Bears* were very nice stories too, but they did not present the problems that *The Ugly Duckling* did. As I went home that day, I made a secret vow always to boost the underdog, to supplement this glory with scorn and contempt for the favorite. I was to be at least one atom on the right side of the scales of justice. What ambitions for a six-year-old!

Since then, I have had thousands of opportunities (but never enough nerve) to champion the underdog and condemn the favorite. Fortunately for me, I have restricted my utterances to occasions when I knew for certain that I would not be looked upon by my audience as an eccentric wind-bag. You see, I have no desire to be an *underdog*. But deep within me is that meek little voice which says, "Stick to your opinions, even if they are prejudiced opinions."

I am particularly prejudiced against best-selling novels. I have read several so-called best sellers with extremely disappointing results. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was far below the standard which everyone said it attained, in my opinion. Whenever I go to a library in search of a good novel now, I pass the best sellers and

scout around for a book about which I have never heard before. If the book looks fairly interesting, I attempt to read it. It is a grand feeling to discover a book and to tell people of your find. On the other hand, if the book turns out to be rather dull, you have lost nothing because you didn't really expect anything. But did you ever have that disappointed feeling I had after reading a best seller? It makes one feel as though he is out of step with the rest of the nation. Gradually it develops into a prejudice against so-called favorite books.

I have had that same disappointed feeling from seeing movie epics and enjoying the newsreels more than the billion dollar production. Don't you feel a spark inside you when you watch a "sleeper" movie; that is, a movie for which nobody predicted great success, but which *you* know *will* be a great success? Did you ever see a "bit player" show a tremendous amount of talent in just a small role while the highly-publicized star, the idol of the nation, amateurishly goes about his acting chores?

Point-getters in athletic contests are not as important to me as the men who make it possible for them to score. In football, it takes a capable line; in basketball, there must be fast and accurate passers. The point-getters get the publicity and the hero-worship, while the others must stand in the background. Is it no wonder I'm prejudiced?

Harboring a prejudice against favorites may also have its profitable side — sometimes. I'm referring, of course, to betting on that 50-to-1 shot, refugee-from-a-milk-wagon nag. My poor underdogs will never get that type of sympathy from me, though, because I am afraid that it would merely be an expensive way of finding out that my prejudice against favorites is unjust and impractical.