

My Definition of Intelligence

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INTELLIGENCE is made up of many different parts. Under the definition of intelligence, one may write: the ability to see the relationship between ideas; clear, logical thinking that enables one to arrive at the best conclusions; the ability to adapt oneself to society and to realize that one has a responsibility to society to fulfill; and the ability to apply what one has learned to life.

In order to understand more fully what one means by defining intelligence as the ability to see the relationship between ideas, one may consider an example of the difference between a monkey and a man—the monkey representing the unintelligent, and the man representing the intelligent. A bowl of food is placed in such a way that the monkey is not able to reach it. A stick is also placed near the monkey. The monkey does not have the intelligence to realize that by using the stick he may turn the bowl of food over, or draw it toward him so as to obtain the food. The man, however, when placed in the identical position, will be able to see a relationship between the stick and the bowl. He may obtain the food with the help of the stick. This does not mean that because man is able to see this relationship, all men are intelligent. There are different degrees of intelligence, of course, but in order to be considered what society has termed intelligent, one must meet the specifications that have been listed.

Another of these specifications, the ability to arrive at the best conclusions by clear, logical thinking, can be shown by an illustration used in the essay "Moronia." The characters, Flora and Chuck, were asked the standard example in arithmetic which every fourteen-year-old is supposed to be able to solve: if two pencils cost five cents, how many can you get for fifty cents? Flora's answer was twenty-five, because two into fifty was twenty-five. Chuck answered ten, because "You get two for five, and two times five is ten." Both of them could see a relationship of ideas in the problem, but neither could arrive at a logical conclusion.

One can easily see that, without the ability to arrive at correct decisions, a person cannot adapt himself to society. This ability to adapt oneself to society is defined as the individual's abiding by the rules and regulations that society has established. This definition means that one must not only refrain from breaking the law, but must also meet all his financial obligations, family obligations, and the social obligation of getting along well with people. This adaptation by itself, however, is not enough. A truly intelligent person is a person who realizes that he has a responsibility to society to fulfill—that he has, in some way, a talent to use or a job to do that will benefit mankind. This realization, moreover, is yet not enough, for what good is realizing one's responsibility if one does not fulfill

that responsibility? An intelligent person, then, is one who adapts himself to society by abiding by the rules and regulations society has set forth and by fulfilling his responsibility to society.

Fulfilling one's responsibility calls for preparation, certainly. Therefore, an intelligent person is one who prepares himself for his life's work. Likewise, an intelligent person learns all the other requisites: how to adapt himself to society, how to think clearly and logically, and how to distinguish the relationships between ideas. With the learning of these, then, only one requisite of an intelligent person remains—the final one. An intelligent person will apply what he learns to his own life.

The Trembling Hand

Elizabeth Simpson

A MOST vivid and descriptive expression, to me, appeared in the short story "The Egg." The sentence described the deformed chickens which die soon after birth, and stated, "They go quickly back to the hand of their Maker that has for a moment trembled." An interesting parallel may be drawn between these creatures and humans who are deformed at birth, humans in whose making the hand of God has trembled.

An acquaintance of mine had been married for twenty years. Her life, as well as that of her husband, was busy and seemingly happy, but both wished for children which they never had had. Finally, after many years, when the couple had entirely exhausted their hopes, the doctor gave them the news for which they had waited so long—the news that they would have a child before the year was ended. Husband and wife both began immediately to buy baby clothes, furniture, and books. They remodeled their basement, which was already beautiful, for a time in the future when their still unborn child would want to have parties. All available medical care was lavished on the wife, and for nine months her only tasks were to shop for the baby and to take care of herself. At last she entered the hospital, and the next day the happy father announced, amid cigars and hearty toasts, the birth of a boy. Until almost the end of the first year, the baby appeared to be normal, but then to the parents it became obvious that something was abnormal about the baby. He responded to nothing; he was uninterested in the activities going on around him; he engaged in no physical exertion such as crawling or walking. His worried parents took him to several pediatricians who pronounced the same verdict: the baby was a Mongolian idiot. The first reaction of the husband and wife was to keep the child and to hope that the love which they gave so whole-heartedly would make the child as happy as was possible under the circumstances. As the child grew older, however, they realized that this arrangement would never be successful, that the child must have more than just love, that he should be placed with other chil-