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THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1931

NOTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events which have news value and which are written by persons not connected with the editorial staff of the paper. All copy must be presented before noon on Wednesdays. The right is reserved, however, to make such superficial changes in the work submitted as are necessary to the style of the paper and as are required by laws of the state. Because of a mechanical situation in the composing room, headlines written by those other than members of the staff cannot be used. Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of The Eccentric will be gladly corrected upon being brought to the attention of the publishers.

The Interurban Passes

"So fleet the works of men, back to the earth again. Ancient and holy things fade like a dream." So sang the poet generations ago; the management of the old Detroit United Lines, Pontiac-Detroit division, repeats the song—for last week witnessed the last of the electric cars through Birmingham. Less than a generation ago the first rails were laid, and the first cars rolled over Chief Pontiac's old Saginaw trail; moccasined feet gave way to the iron car, then the horse-drawn wagon, then the electric cars. Now smooth (though expensive) pavements bear the human loads that roll along on pneumatic tires. The world moves along upon its inventive thought. It, perhaps, will all die dying ere it sprouts the promised wings of another world.

Our County Deficit

Oakland County faces a deficit of four and one-half million dollars in its general fund, most of which has been incurred during the past year, County Supervisors were told last week by Pontiac attorney A. L. Moore. Most of this is the result of expenses for welfare work. This offers mute testimony of the inability of modern society to govern itself in keeping with its real abilities. Nothing can take the place of honest cooperation in any worldly movement.

Baseball vs. Golf

Baseball has been an American institution for so many years that lapidaries upon finding a certain rare stone, patterned its form and shape after the scenery of a sandlot, and called it a diamond. If lapidaries didn't do this, then they should have, anyway. Golf, however, is menacing the life of baseball; golf is interfering with the future of baseball because most of today's youth may be found upon a golf course, either playing or caddying. Once Birmingham possessed a baseball diamond; now its recreational activities are confined mostly to a new jewelry setting, the golf links. In both forms of play, though, man is still allowed to expend his pent-up energy via a club. Man (and women, too) is determined to make his mark in this world, high in baseball, low in golf.

Science Creates Jobs

Given time, science will create more jobs, reduce laborious toil, and ultimately solve the age-old unemployment problem prophesies Charles M. Schwab, chairman of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation board, in a frank defense of "the machine age" appearing in the Rotarian magazine for April.

Slavery, he points out, was fundamentally a labor problem, and it was mechanical power developed by science that made it obsolete. Similarly, modern enlavement of the worker to long hours, low pay and heavy toil will disappear as science develops the possibilities of electrical and mechanical power.

"No one," he declares, "has benefited more from our laboratories than the common laborer . . . Cranes and other automatic devices have replaced heavy lifting by human power. Ventilating and blower systems have mitigated the intense heat. Ample lighting and safety devices have made for healthier and safer working conditions. Industrial accidents have declined steadily in the past decade . . ."

Wages have more than doubled within the memory of people living, Mr. Schwab asserts, and still are at levels considerably ahead of the increased cost of living. He cites automobiles and electric lights as two notable "luxuries" that science, aided by large-scale production, has put within the price range of the worker.

"Looking to the future," he continues, "I see in the further acceleration of science continuous jobs for workers. Science will cure unemployment. New industries will arise from our laboratories. That is the basis of progress.

"Many of our most active businesses of the present time are the results of recent inventions. Electrification, cellulose products and new developments in the oil refinery field are examples. Our industrial expansion will continue as long as the scientists develop new processes and products thus creating new demands for employment."

WAYNE COUNTY'S PROSECUTOR, Harry S. Toy, failed to convict the three Italians for the slaying of Jerry Buckley. Now he proposes to go out and get others for trial on the same charges. How paradoxical! To produce another group of alleged slayers for trial on a charge already laid at the door of another group. We do hope that Mister Toy is not that kind of a plaything.

EIGHT HUNDRED SCHOOL TEACHERS from the southern part of Oakland County attended a meeting in the Baldwin high school last Saturday. Well, that's kinda tough on one school building, at that.

This Government Game

Have you ever sat yourself down and really figured out why the average public office in this country is not efficiently administered? If you ever get into the mood for doing so, just trot out this timely bit of comment, taken from a recent issue of our neighboring contemporary, the Royal Oak Daily Tribune. Here is what Floyd J. Miller, its editor, has to say upon the subject:

"When the voters hear charges that corruption exists in this or that department of the government, they should reflect that in so far as such allegations are correct, these faults are due to the habits of our people. The government is not worse than the average of the people, usually it is better.

"No sudden splurge of reform will ever cure such faults. There needs to be a radical change in the ideas and customs of the people, before a government can be developed in which every citizen can take pride as a model of public administration.

"The faults in our government are no sudden development, but something deep rooted. They owe their existence to customs and practices handed down for many years, both in the conduct of politics and in the attitude of the voters.

"As long as public offices are given to people, as a reward for political service, a good many persons will creep into public positions who lack the essential qualifications for the same. This is a difficult matter to regulate. People who do political work are apt to look for some recognition of it. They aspire to careers in the public service, and it is a rather natural thing to give them a chance at some official position.

"Yet this custom is greatly abused. For such reasons, official positions are often given to people who are unfit for them, just because they have done political work.

"There are many temptations that come to those who hold public office, more than come in private business. A person who takes these positions needs to have exceptionally high character and inflexibility of purpose. The root of the difficulties with government is that the people fail to discriminate when they elect their officials. They are often misled by fluent talkers, and will frequently pass by a man of substantial achievement and high worth."

Correct Capitalistic Abuses

The capitalistic system, practiced and well-nigh worshipped in the United States, has nothing to gain in refusing to face facts which reveal its weakness.

That is has defects is apparent to all of us who are not so blind as to believe that we see the millennium. That responsible leaders of the system, as it is, openly admit its weakness and hope for improvement is a sign of strength.

Daniel Willard, for example, president of the Baltimore and Ohio railroads, spoke his mind very creditably when he recently told the Wharton School of Finance, at the University of Pennsylvania, that a system "under which it is possible for 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 willing and able-bodied men to be out of work and unable to secure work for months at a time, and with no other source of income, cannot be said to be perfect or even satisfactory."

Declaring that finance and commerce in this country is based entirely on the principles of the capitalistic system, Mr. Willard asks pointedly, "of what avail would be your studies concerning the details of that system if the system itself should collapse?" He then expressed confidence that "a way will be found to perfect and preserve it."

Utterances such as this, coming from a man who heads one of the most important railway systems of the country, are encouraging to those who are hopeful of better times. It is a sign that capitalism, or what is good of it, will endure, and that the abuses, at present a part of it, will be discarded.

MEMBERS OF THE PROPERTY OWNERS' Division of the Birmingham Real Estate Board should not become disinterested over their failure to obtain great reductions in the recently accepted Bloomfield Township budget. James V. Bayley, clerk, voluntarily reduced his own salary $800.00 per year, and then the Board (big hearted like) made a terrific slash in overhead by lopping $25.00 per month from the wages of hard-working Jimmy Dolan, supt. of Bloomfield Park.

Things We've Said Before

What Do We Know?

That which is nameless is always mysterious. Once given a title it becomes commonplace. We accept the designation as a definition and confuse our knowledge of terms with the knowledge of created causes. We confound the apparent with the actual. To separate and classify the ingredients of matter makes them of more use to us, but they are actually not a whit less mysterious. We perceive their structure and their action, but of their motive we are ignorant and shall always be. The spirit that animates is forever beyond our comprehension.

We talk glibly of that about which we know nothing.

"What makes a leaf green?" asks the teacher. "Chlorophyll," answers the pupil. "What is an electron?" "One of the corpuscles of which atoms are composed." "How is the dissolved sugar in plants reconverted into starch?" "By the action of small corpuscles called leucoplasts." And so ad infinitum. Certain algae are colored by a bluish substance called phycocyanin. On the under side of fern fronds we may sometimes find sori, each sorus protected by an indusium. How instructive!

Chlorophyll means "green leaf"; corpuscle: "a minute particle"; proteoplasm: "first formed"; leucoplast: "white molded"; phycocyanin: "seaweed blue"; sorus: "a heap"; indusium: "a covering." How much, then, have we learned? Only to translate English into Greek! Some people are great sticklers for superficial explanations which they call "reasons." If you say you love, they must know why. If you say you don't know, they will insist that there must be a reason for it. Yes, there is a reason—a chemical reason or a mathematical reason, if you choose—but beneath all such "reasons" as man can decipher, lies the one inscrutable and Supreme Reason which makes such reasoning as ours appear puerile. Back of every reason lies a "Why?" and to answer it reveals but another "Why?" We say that the tympanum of the ear vibrates under sound and thus we hear. Is hearing less a mystery for that? Does anyone know what causes color? Electricity? Light? Life? No! We drown ourselves in "thought waves" and quiver under our ocean of learning, surrounded by monstrous word-fish that grin at us from the depths!

..EX-NTRIX

"Stiffer requirements for admission to the bar in New York now in effect"—News item.

Probably candidates for admission to the bar now will have to know more than the bartender.

Ditty No. M-1782

Because of national prohibition
Rules are stricter for admission
To the New York bar.
At the secret blind pig doorways
Now you must in twenty-four ways,
Show just who you are,
In the old days leniency
Was displayed with much frequency
To the liberty mortals.
Now, however, it's the ruling,
Look-outs won't permit of fooling
Outside of the portals.

* * *

Was King Alfonso of Spain just the unlucky thirteenth? Only 12 more kings in the major group are left.

Spain apparently wanted not just a new deal, but a whole new deck.

* * *

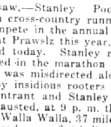
"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," no matter how secure. But more uneasy still, the tooth that wears a crown, that's loose—it can't endure. (Adv. unsolicited by dentists).

* * *

And for your own information, in case you didn't know, the 12 who remain are: Ras Tafari of Abyssinia, most recently crowned; Prajadhipok of Siam, Boris of Bulgaria, Hirohito of Japan, Carol of Rumania, Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, Christian of Denmark, Haakon of Norway, Gustav of Sweden, Albert of the Belgians, Victor Emmanuel of Italy and George V of Britain.

What an exclusive club they could organize!

All To No Avail or In The Wrong Pew



Warsaw.—Stanley Podolinski, veteran cross-country runner, will not compete in the annual bunion derby at Prawsla this year, it was announced today. Stanley recently competed in the marathon at Zontaa, but was misdirected along the route by insidious rooters for another entrant and Stanley wound up, exhausted, at 9 p. m. the next day, in Walla Walla, 37 miles from the agreed upon finish line. And what's more, the populace of Walla Walla was not expecting a sprinter to dash into their town and the marshal locked Stanley up when he mistook Stanley's track suit for underwear.

* * *

Mary Pickford, we understand, is buying up all her old motion pictures because she doesn't want future generations to misunderstand her because of the inevitable change in costume in the next few years. Not at all, original, Mary. Many a would-be poet who turned out to be a genuine writer of prose, is now seeking all the originals of his early verse.

* * *

According to an Associated Press dispatch, Babe Ruth's left leg "gave way while chasing a fly." What was the other leg doing, Babe? Swinging at it?

* * *

"A return to prosperity is around the corner. Business prospects never looked brighter. I foresee an era of general prosperity exceeding even the most optimistic forecasts of a year ago."—Charlie Schwab.

Perhaps you're right,
But Charlie, my boy!
Are you always,
Filled with joy?
But, somehow, I sorta wish,
You'd be sad—you're disposish
Really quite upsets me.
Years go by, times are tough.
You are never, never gruff,
Trouble never gets thee.

* * *

New Ventilating System Started In White House

"The system takes in air from a secluded spot on the White House lawn, washes it and cools it, and pumps it into the various offices . . ." news item.

Is it's young air, sir, how do they find it? Who guards the secluded spot? Is the job of washing it given to one or more people? Are you sure they do clean behind the ears before you pump it into the various offices. How do you know the air will go to the right offices? Why?

APRIL RAIN

It is not raining rain for me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.

The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town;
It is not raining rain to me
It's raining roses down.

It is not raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
Can find a bed and room.

A health unto the happy,
A fig for him who frets!
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

—*Robert Loveman (1864-1923)*

From The Eccentric Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Only nine Ypsilantians and most of them former Birmingham people, ate 72 eggs Easter morning—an average of 8 each.

Mr. Day wants it known that he charges a certain price for filling a tooth, and that a cavity in the tooth does not include the whole tooth as some people erroneously imagine.

Fisher on the Pontiac Commercial lays an awful and totally wrong accusation against our junior editor. He says Mitchell belongs to that terror of peaceful citizens—the B'ham brass band.

The following new books have been added to the Ladies Library the past week, "Only Girls," "Stephen Dane," "Samantha at the Centennial," "Biography, 3 Vol., "Sidney Adriance," "Claudia and a Woman's Word and How She Kept It."

Mrs. Rhoda Skinner of Warren recently sent a very nice present to her son, Grant Race, who is a messenger on the Ebo Fuller representatives at Lansing. It consisted of an elegant stem-winding silver watch and gold chain in a Elite case, and Grant will smile or we'll smile ourselves.

The new local telegraph line has six instruments working in fine order as follows: John Faurot, teacher; at the desk with the following pupils: Julian Leet at Ira Slade's office, Rob Herbison at the baggage room near the depot, our senior editor at Whitehead and Mitchell's, Eugene Brooks at the post office, Willie Taber at John Jones' residence, while Chas. Bigelow is just acting to get a line established in his room at his grandfather's residence in the south part of the village. The system has been christened "The Jerkwater Line" and the students are all making flattering progress under Mr. Faurot's competent and good natured tutelage. Of course the rapidity with which they advance is graduated by the amount of leisure time they may have to devote to practice, and their various capabilities for learning. Success to the Jerkwater Line!

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Charles Millis of Pontiac has a successful invention of a speed indicator combined with a chronograph. It is wonderful and will make his fortune.

The home of the Truaxes is the most handsome in town, exterior and interior. Nothing in the state we will warrant can exceed the handsome decorations. Flemish oak prevail and the large dining room is beautifully decorated with hand painted bunches of grapes in artistic groupings and the ceiling is made beautiful by water lillies in profusion, all the handwork of the hostess, Mrs. L. Lee Truax.

This is just the sized town to settle down in and enjoy life. Everything for the comfort of life can be bought here and $10 will go as far as $25 will in larger cities. When you want to leave the farm, come to our town and build a nice comfortable home and be among the best people in the world.

The very first settlers of Birmingham arrived in 1819. After Messrs. Hamilton and Hunter arrived, close on their heals came Elijah Willets, Amasa Bagley and family, Wm. Morris, Ezra Baldwin and family, Dr. Swan and family and Sidney Dole. Wish they could see the result of their judgment and selection today, truly care and all.

Sometime since the woman's club of this village invited its diffident clergymen to preach a sermon on "Dress and Arbitration." Last Sunday morning Dr. Jamieson of the Presbyterian church complied with this request and delivered a great sermon on "Grace." The Woman's Literary Club, 23 in number, attended in a body and the church was nicely filled.

FIVE YEARS AGO

"We never miss the sunshine until the shadows fall" is part of a song familiar to most people. To reverse the words and apply them to Birmingham's relation to its beautiful trees would read, "We never miss the shadows until the sunshine fall." Every tree, like a beautiful character, has a place in our community.

Three hundred new houses are being built in Birmingham at the present time, as many more will be constructed before the next snow flies. This means something more than just so much building material is being erected in our village. It means that 600 new families each with its hopes, ambitions and ideals, will locate here.

Although the weather on Wednesday was not the kind that is generally considered necessary for a successful birthday party, the April face presented by the sky, alternately cloudy and fair, and the chill wind only served to make the long room of the Community House unusually inviting to the many people who dropped in during the course of the afternoon and evening to wish it a happy birthday.

Saturday, May 15 is the date set for the removal of the village offices from their present location at Woodward and East Maple avenues, to the remodelled house at the corner of Martin and Pierce streets. This house purchased a few months ago has been completely done over and will house the commission, manager, clerk and treasurer's departments. The police and fire departments will still operate in the old building under the Baldwin Public Library.

Manager Stare this week announced that Birmingham's annual "clean up day" will take place within the next two weeks. Gain definite details of the annual week. Eccentric will continual event.

Sleep

We lay upon our beds to rest and sleep,
Not knowing if the darkness of the night
Will ever change for us to morning light.
The angel forms who constant vigil keep
May guide our timorous steps across the steep
Abyss, or wing our way upon that flight
That leads to realms of Paradise forthright;
Or we may wake again to laugh and weep.

Sleep, precious haven for the weary one,
Sweet sanctuary when the day is done,
A desistence from weariness and care,
All peaceable, all quiet and all fair.
Whether to waken with the dawning day
Or in death's fast repose to sleep for aye.

—BEATRICE MCDONALD.

Just A Minute . . .

—ABOUT POOR HOUSES AND PENSIONS

From the Detroit Bureau of Government Research

Irvin Cobb once inquired why poor houses were always "over the hill"—as if alms houses were not bad enough any place.

County alms houses have always borne an evil reputation—equalled only by that of county jails. Unprejudiced studies of this national institution have usually turned up an unsavory mixture of the poor, the diseased, the insane, filth, starvation, and politics. There are exceptions, of which Eloise is one.

Recently bills have been introduced into several state legislatures seeking to care for the aged poor by means of pensions rather than by county institutions.

One of these bills is before the Michigan legislature—which suggests this discussion of the subject.

Like much social legislation, old age pensions are of foreign origin. Germany adopted a system in 1889, Denmark in 1891, and England, Wales, and Canada in 1908. Nearly every country in Europe has some pension system applying to wage earners or the entire population. In many of them employers, employees, and the state contribute to the cost. In others the state alone contributes.

Several American states have enacted similar workable legislation—Kentucky, Alaska, Wisconsin, Wyoming, New York, Virginia, California, Nevada, Maryland, Delaware, Minnesota, and Montana.

The governors of 14 states have urged consideration of old age pension bills upon their legislatures, and it is reported that bills have been introduced in Illinois, Oklahoma, Indiana, Ohio, Kansas, Nebraska, North Dakota, Texas, Oregon, Washington and New Hampshire.

Federal aid is being sought in a bill before Congress to appropriate $12,000,000 as a subsidy to states granting such pensions.

Existing pension acts vary materially in their operations. Only one, that of California, is mandatory. Usually the application is optional with the local district which bears most of the cost. For example, the State of New York pays one-third of the cost, the local district, two-thirds. When pensions are given they range from a few dollars a month to a dollar a day, rarely more.

Some time ago the U. S. Department of Labor, in collaboration with interested groups, drafted a so-called standard old age pension law.

This standard law provides for a maximum pension of a dollar a day to applicants over 70 years old, not having a private income of an equal amount. The beneficiary must not own property in excess of $3,000, must have resided in the state for at least 15 years, have no children able to maintain him, not be in a state institution at the time of application, nor have been imprisoned for certain offenses within ten years preceeding.

What such a law would cost Michigan is problematical. There is no way of knowing what counties would adopt an optional law, nor of the precise number of persons that would be eligible.

But an industrial civilization and modern health methods combine to bring a considerable proportion of the population to an indigent old age—and even at a small rate pensions are expensive.

Michigan's population is 4,842,325. The actuaries calculate that 271,170 of these are 65 years of age or older, and that 154,954 are over 70 years. When the population becomes stabilized—births equalling deaths—the relative proportions of the population at these ages would be about double. One-sixth to one-third of eligibles would be wholly or partially indigent.

The number of applicants for pensions varies. The ratio is 2 per 1,000 inhabitants in Montana and Wisconsin; is estimated at 3.3 per 1,000 in Pennsylvania; 4.6 per 1,000 in Massachusetts; and 4.5 in New York.

If one-sixth of the 150,000 persons over 70 years of age are indigent, the possible applications would be 5 per 1,000 population. Perhaps 3 per 1,000 would be a reasonable estimate of actual pensioners. At $20 a month the cost in Michigan would be about $3,500,000 a year.

This estimate is something less than that for New York, which state calculates an annual cost of about one dollar for each state inhabitant, or $12,500,000. A similar cost in Michigan would be $4,800,000. Other estimates range as high as $40,000,000.

Several methods have been suggested for financing this cost—a tax on minerals, a tax on utility bills, or a poll tax on all adults.

Proponents insist that this cost would be saved by the elimination of charges now made upon community funds, welfare departments, and poor houses for present care of indigent aged.

Out of 3,064 counties in the United States, 1,085 have no poor farms. In these latter counties the poor are "boarded out." In the others the institutional cost no doubt is more than would be the cost of pensioning the aged.

But old age pensions will not eliminate county alms houses. The aged constitute only a percentage of the motley crowd of dependents that gather in the county institutions.

The Detroit Department of Public Welfare already has in operation an old age pension of its own. Forty-four aged couples now receive city aid which permits them to live in home surroundings, at an average cost of $50 per month per couple. The cost of caring for indigents at Eloise is reported at $1.10 per day per resident, plus overhead.

All of which is presented as a statement of fact, and without prejudice to either side of the argument.

All of Us

—By Marshall Maslin—

YOU WANT to do something, but you don't know where to begin. You want to do it just right, but you're afraid you aren't big enough for the good task. That's how I feel about this.

I want to write about Mary Bulkley of Carmel, in California. She's been here for 75 years and she spent 64 of them in St. Louis. When she lived there she says she was "in the thick of all sorts of causes, mostly unpopular enough to make them worthy." They kept her on her mettle, no matter what happened to the "causes."

She used to be a bookbinder until the work became too difficult for her. Now she lives in her own "little hut among the bushes," and does beautiful work and silver jewelry with semi-precious stones and has a grand time and is "not only able but entirely willing to live quite alone."

* * *

She writes poetry. And for the first time in her life she has had it published. She says, "I am now rich enough to believe that, now I have something to say." I've been reading her poems and that's why I want to write about them—because it's not often that one who has lived that long can tell so well what the harvest of the years has been. Most of the poems about old age or death that I have read were written by young people—like Bryant's "Thanatopsis" or Burrough's "Serene I Fold My Hands and Wait." But here's a happy woman who sits down at 75 and writes:

Vigor is mine to meet sweet day's task
And love to greet the morn with kindly heart
Met since I passed mid-journey. Should I ask
For more than strength and love? Soon I will part
From strength—but to the last hour, let me keep
The power to love, though they who taught me so
Are only cherished visions, dim with sleep.
Have I a word to say before I go?

* * *

Power is a plague; much helpfulness a curse;
Most hours are wasted; little comes from less;
Knowledge is vain and art is something worse,
Though beauty hides—and beauty is redress.
Let me forget the follies: I have wrought,
I have loved much. Besides this, there is naught.

* * *

When we are 75, will we be able to say as much? Will we be as able as Mary Bulkley to gather the corner of our lives together, to knit up its ragged edges, and to see so clearly where we have failed and where we have come through, and what is best and what is trivial in living? Will we be as happy? Will we be as wise?

I wish I could put into words how much I respect, how much I envy, anybody who can do what Mary Bulkley has done . . . But I can't find the words, they've wandered away and I can't call them back. However, there's her poem.

The "Big Shots" Say:

Jack Dempsey, former champion: "Break your opponent's morale and he is whipped before he starts."

Lee Shubert, theatrical producer: "No matter how unprepossessing a woman may be there is always somebody who thinks she is, if not beautiful, at least 'good looking.'"

Arthur Compton, professor of physics, University of Chicago: "Light is perhaps the darkest of physical problems."

Alfred Sutro: "Man-catching is to some women what salmon-catching is to men."

W. G. Fern, British author: "America is a land where, if you receive the count, the crowd doesn't want to hear your groans."

Ellen Glasgow, author: "After all, it takes not only a writer but a reader to make a book."

Arthur Hird, Englishman: "If either the military or the money barons maintain control, man will be higher than the fodder level—cannon fodder for the machines on the battlefield or in the factory."

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

The Eccentric is pleased to receive communications for the column. All communications must be signed, but signatures will be kept confidential upon request.

To the Editor:

In the columns of the Birmingham Eccentric dated Feb. 5, 1931 appeared an editorial entitled "For Our High School Graduates." It was a message to the 23 girls and boys who had just graduated from Baldwin High School and contained this significant statement. "We suggest to them, as they continue their lease upon life, to divert a portion of their time to the deeper study and application of those useful attributes which the modern school seems to find almost unnecessary in its curriculum; these subjects include loyalty, honesty, honor, humility, kindliness, faithfulness, trustfulness, reliability, courage and similar allied virtues. It is fine to know many things about this world and to be encyclopedic in a certain manner—but it is infinitely more valuable to be able to live in peace and harmony with yourself and your neighbor." Some day pupils will be schooled to become useful citizens. Today students demand higher learning. Speed that day!

In the issue dated Apr. 23, 1931 we find an item in the column entitled "This and That" relative to a statement made by a Baldwin High School senior followed by this caustic comment—"Which causes This and That to ask: what is wrong with an educational system that allows a boy to reach high school graduation without imparting to him some sort of concept of ethics and idealism?"

Both of these references of course imply that the school is sorely remiss in its obligation of character training in its student body. It seems like rather a serious charge to make against a group of teachers, than whom there is none finer in the state, who are constantly taking time within class and without to inculcate in the minds of youth those qualities named above. Such charges give little heed to the work done in such organizations as Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, Girl Reserves, Hi-Y, student council, athletics, and in many other school clubs and organizations all of which are founded upon ideals of character and service. Our senior classes that have made annual pilgrimages to Washington, D. C., have established enviable reputations in and about that city for their general conduct, their courtesy and thoughtfulness of others. "Some day pupils will be schooled to become useful citizens," the article reads. Yes, Mr. Averill, that day is here. At the end of each five-week period a pupil is marked in citizenship along with his mark in scholarship and those qualities of good citizenship are being constantly stressed. We are working on the established fact that people "learn to do doing," and that education is not "preparation for life but life itself." These desirable qualities woven into the lives of our children by understanding parents and teachers become a part of their beings—never to be obliterated.

MELVIN C. HART
(President, Baldwin High School)

(Editor's Note: Mr. Hart's criticism is partially justifiable. The editorial in question did not mean to imply that our school teachers are unmindful of the necessity of teaching character values to our growing men and girls; what we did mean to say is that the school system itself fails to include in its curriculum a course of study essentially based upon revealing directly to young minds the value of real character in life. As we have observed the situation, too many fine boys and girls are taught a smattering of superficial human events—mere records of man's comings and goings. Too little emphasis is placed upon those qualities of life that, after all, are the only foundations for permanent success. There is something else in football, for instance, besides merely winning the game. The real human victory that attends any sport is the attitude of sportsmanship it creates in the minds of those who play—and to lose cheerfully is far better than to win bitterly.)