War Effort Strengthened By High School Graduates

Armed Services, Industry, Farms Lure 1942 Students; Vocational Training Now Becoming Increasingly Important.

By WILLARD E. GIVENS

Executive Secretary, National Education Association.

IT HAS been estimated that over one million boys and girls will leave high school this spring with their diplomas. It is this same group of boys and girls, the youth of the nation, who were figuratively being spoken to when a commencement speaker said to a group of graduates before him:

"You have seen more history than you have read."

During the first half of 1942, the pages of history have been turning fast, recording the names of men and their deeds in the greatest drama of all ages.

And now today, not only the high school graduate, but all those who have read the story of man's upward struggle from the early dawn of history to the present time, recognize the climax of history in which they are now living. Each and everyone—especially the high school graduate—is seeking to find the proper place, the suitable niche in it.

The Significance of Today.

Only to the man who is in some measure educated is it granted to know what is going on about him and to estimate its significance.

There is an old story of two peasants of Brabant who were weeding their crops on a sultry June day in 1815 when the guns of the Iron Duke greeted those of Bonaparte at Waterloo. One of the peasants lifted his eyes from his hoe and scanned the horizon. "Soule," he said, "it thunders; it will rain today!" As the guns of destiny broke the silence of their fields, these two peasants went on hoeing their vegetables, almost as ignorant as their beets and cabbages of what went on anywhere else in the world but in the limited sphere in which they moved.

The mental isolation of mankind in the not-so-long-ago unhappy days of the human race when one class of men was privileged to enjoy the culture and refinement of wide knowledge, and another class was doomed to live and die in vulgarity and poverty, is banished. Universal education has banished it. The high school, especially, is responsible for making this vastly different world from the one which existed a century and a quarter ago when Europe was rocked as it is today by the clash of arms and ideals—and only a few knew the issues and fewer still had a part in resolving them.

Today, high school students see themselves in the setting of time and events. In their hearts is a stirring that finds its expression in a common question, "What is my place in all this?"

Some of the boys may volunteer at once for service in the armed forces. The army has just announced that volunteers 18 and 19 years old may select training in the combat branch of their own preference—infantry, cavalry, artillery, tank corps, air corps, signal corps, or corps of engineers. Others will wait the decision of the Selective Service system as to where and when they may serve best.

Many graduates will continue their education under the direction of the navy, which has in operation plans by which graduates may go on to college and pursue studies in which they may earn college credits and at the same time prepare for more effective service in the navy. From this group, the huge two-ocean battle fleet now building in our shipyards will secure many of its commissioned officers.

War Industries to Hire Many.

Some thousands of these high school graduates, boys and girls, will at once enter war-industries to help manufacture the guns and tanks and planes upon which the fighting men on far-flung battle fronts depend. The graduates may enter these industries at once, or they may enroll in one of many different types of training for more skilled service in the factories producing the material of war.

These training opportunities range from the elementary vocational schools where the simpler skills of the assembly line are acquired, to the technical and engineering schools of our great universities which are turning out recruits for highly responsible positions both in the armed forces and in industrial ranks.

The high schools themselves in many city school systems, and in some of the village schools serving farm areas, are equipped to offer a high grade vocational training. Some graduates who have taken non-vocational courses in high school will immediately begin such courses, if available, in the schools from which they have been graduated, or they will seek that kind of training in neighboring communities.

The federal government in June, 1940, appropriated $15,000,000 to equip and staff the rapidly expanding vocational departments and schools of less than college grade which had undertaken to train workers for defense industries. The need of workers was so urgent and the plan of meeting it so successful that subsequently other sums were appropriated for this purpose.

By March, this year, approximately 2,463,862 workers had been prepared for the war industries in this manner. This number is in addition to those trained for similar occupations in the vocational courses that constitute the normal service of the schools.

The demand for the graduates of these vocational courses is much greater than the supply and is increasing. According to the War Production board, over ten million additional war industry workers will be needed within the year ahead to staff plants now being built or expanded.

The vocational training activities in Oakland, Calif., are typical of those in many cities near great shipyards or other centers producing the machinery of war. On April 1, 1942, there were 199 classes in "defense training" in the Oakland schools, enrolling 3,901 students. This was 473 less than the number of students the Oakland schools were prepared to accommodate in this kind of work.

During January, February and March an average of 500 trained workers a month were placed in war manufacturing from this school system. There have never been sufficient trainees enrolled to meet the demand for riveters, chippers, caulkers, ship fitters, sheet metal workers, electricians, ship carpenters, joiners and other skilled trades.

There is opportunity of some kind today for youth everywhere. All can join in the "great adventure" in some capacity. This is true for girls as well as for boys. Many girls are taking their places in the war industries. The great expansion of offices in Washington and other centers of administration of the war effort issue calls for typists, stenographers, clerks and secretaries. Many girls are enrolling in nursing courses which lead to direct or indirect service, for some of which officer's commissions are available, in the armed forces.

The kinds of military work for girls to choose from are numerous, and announcements of further opportunities are expected from time to time.

Ofttimes the impulse to seek service far afield is ill advised. There is also the home front. Whole states must be prepared to resist invasion from land, sea or air. Civilian defense is vital. First aid, air raid duty, auxiliary fire and police service must be manned and administered.

In hundreds of agricultural communities high school graduates will immediately lay aside their diplomas for cultivator handles and hoes. There is much truth in the slogan that "Food will win the war." The provision of food stuffs and the use of foods dictated by modern knowledge of nutrition for both civilian and soldier are of vital importance.

Many of the opportunities may be seized without leaving home or community. The alert and eager high school graduate will look about him for unfilled places in the ranks, step in where he is best qualified and serve.

The student selected by fate for graduation in 1942 faces towering handicaps as well as opportunities. For many of these graduates, school days are ended. In any case, educational careers will be interrupted or diverted from original purposes.

The Test They Face.

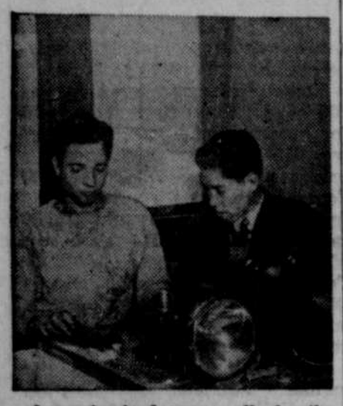
Ambitions must be modified, new emphasis placed upon ideals and duties. The high school graduate of 1942 faces the severest kind of test which can be given to individuals—the test of flexibility, adjustment to untoward circumstances. This applies to the minor as well as to the major enterprises of life.

The contrast is still greater if we compare this generation with grandfather's as an illustration of change in our national life. To that elderly gentleman now toasting his slippered heels in retirement by the fireplace, Horace Greeley's advice, "Go West, young man," was an inspiration. There was an immeasurably wealthy West to conquer. Grandfather saw the finishing touches given to the world's greatest economic empire, as the ingenuity, energy, and determination of a New world, assembled from the tribes from the Old, trimmed off the last frontiers from the American wilderness.

Looking beyond the present strife, there is the citizen-in-the-making getting ready for the years ahead. Complete and final victory would be unavailing if we lost in peace what we had won in war. There is a tremendous task of reconstruction ahead of all the world. There is the rubble to clear away; but much more important there are new structures to take the place of the old.

The vision and capacity of today's youth will determine whether they live in the ruins of a past or in new edifices builded upon the ideals of freedom and liberty.

Many high school graduates, such as these at the Hannah Penn, junior high school, York, Pa., will be able to take their places without much further training in the ranks of those who are planning to defend their communities from death dropping down during air raids.



A mechanized army calls for the utmost inventive and operational skills which the American people can produce. These Denver high school boys will know how to operate an electric semaphore if they should serve in the signal corps of the army.

Problems of Education Aired at Conference

At an annual meeting of the American Council of Education, Chicago, Ill., the following statements were made by educators:

Roscoe L. West, president, State Teachers college, Trenton, N. J., said: "People know intuitively that education must focus on getting folks ready to live better in their community than they would have lived otherwise. And by community I mean the nation and the world."

William J. Hamilton, superintendent of schools, Oak Park, Ill., spoke on this problem which faced education: "There is evidence that during the post-war period, conditions pertaining to the support of the public schools will not be improved. The demand for social security is already being given much consideration as the principal factor in the new social order and may supersede education in importance . . . public education will become involved in a confusing mass of legislation."

Victory vs. Luxury

"John's older brother who finished high school in 1941 burned up the tires of his old jallopy on the highways at sixty miles an hour, either pleasure or business bent. John will ride a bus or walk to "go places and do things." Susan who graduates in 1942 will find that permanents, fluffy evening dresses, silk and nylon hose were luxuries that her older sister of 1940 did not bequeath to her. Youth, like the rest of us, must sacrifice some of the refinements of existence, and before the struggle is over, may forego some of the necessities."

Lost and Found

By VIC YARDMAN

Associated Newspapers—WNU Service

THE first thing that made Norma angry was her inability to find the right trail leading back to the ranch. Secondly, the handsome, bronzed cowboy who was descending the slope, ostensibly to rescue her, was Fletcher Carey. She hated Fletcher Carey because he was so good-natured and popular and likeable, yet so wholly indifferent, because she was so free and easy with all the other cowboys on the ranch. She was, he thought, not decent.

She wondered how Fletcher Carey would have acted if he but knew her apparent free and easy attitude toward the other cowboys was merely a means of taunt, an assertion of independence and lack of interest at what Fletcher Carey thought of her.

Thirdly, Norma was angry because of her present helplessness; because it was fast growing dark and she was afraid and she'd have to depend upon Fletcher Carey to bring her safely back to the ranch. This third reason for her anger fairly made her boil inside. It was going to be difficult, having to depend on a man she hated.

Fletcher Carey came loping along the trail, sitting on his horse in that casual western fashion that is the very personification of grace, and grinned at her. Actually grinned. Norma's face flamed.

"Hello," he said innocently, bringing his black horse to a halt. "Lost?"

Norma glared at him icily. "No," she said, her words dripping with sarcasm. "I have a date with

"I—I guess I'll ride, if you don't mind." She looked up at him.

the big bad wolf. He's due any moment."

Fletcher Carey arched his brows in the faintest of surprise gestures. "Oh," he said. "Well, well. Forgive my curiosity." He made a clucking sound with his tongue and the black moved ahead.

Norma waited, without looking around. She felt sure he'd come back. He'd never dare to leave her alone out here. Why, even a stupid cowboy like Fletcher Carey must have known she was kidding. Perhaps the idiot had misinterpreted her wisecrack. Perhaps he thought by "big bad wolf" she'd meant one of the ranch cowboys.

Impulsively Norma turned and rode down the trail in the direction taken by Fletcher Carey. She rode slowly at first, half expecting to meet him coming back. But she didn't, and it was growing dark, rapidly. Somewhere up on the slope of the mountain a bobcat howled, and a little shiver ran down her spine. She touched spurs to her horse's flank, and the animal leaped ahead.

And all the while Norma was fairly boiling inside. Of all the rude, ignorant, conceited men she'd had the ill fortune to meet, Fletcher Carey sure took the prize. She'd see that he lost his job for this. Then, bitterly, she remembered that he owned a half interest in the Double 6, and it would be rather difficult getting him fired.

Something stirred in the bushes beside the trail. Her horse shied, nearly upsetting her, and went racing down the trail. Norma's heart began to thump. They entered a grove of evergreens, which shut out the last remaining vestige of daylight. Ahead there was nothing but black stillness.

Suddenly the horse stopped short, and Norma went sliding up around its neck. She pushed herself back and clucked frantically, digging in her spurs. Something swept past her head. She sensed, rather than felt its presence, and her breath caught.

In the next instant her horse was rearing on its hind legs, striking out in the dark. The air was suddenly filled with a strange, unpleasant odor. She went hurtling into space, struck with a sickening thud—then a gray curtain of nothingness closed about her . . .

When Norma opened her eyes she was lying on a bed of fir boughs. There was a fire a few feet away, over which a man was stooped, laying sticks on crosswise. She sat up with a start, remembering. The man turned and grinned.

"Hello," he said. "Remember me?"

"I remember everything but you," said Norma, self-possessed once more now that Fletcher Carey was there to protect her. "What happened?"

"Your horse shied at a skunk and threw you. Pesky things, skunks."

"I can agree with that," said Norma meaningly, and immediately hoped he wouldn't get her point. "There was something overhead."

"An owl," said Fletcher Carey. He came and sat down beside her. Your horse went back to the ranch. We'll have to ride double."

"I'd rather walk," Norma said coldly.

Fletcher Carey shrugged. "Suit yourself." He stood up and moved off in the darkness. "Douse the fire before leaving," he called.

Norma got to her feet in a hurry. "Oh! — Wait! — Mr. Carey!" She started running, frantically, and almost collided with Fletcher Carey coming back. "Whoa!" he grinned. "You'd better not start by running. It's a long ways."

"I—I guess I'll ride, if you don't mind." She looked up at him, meekly, almost cringing, fear of the dark in her eyes. The grin vanished from Fletcher Carey's lips.

"Sure," he said. "Wait here." He went away again. Norma watched the spot where he disappeared until he came into the light, leading his black. "Up you go," he said cupping his hands.

When he went to douse the fire, she had an impulsive desire to strike the black smartly and race off, leaving him there. But she didn't. She waited, and Fletcher swung up behind her, grinning once more, and they started ahead.

He guided the black, with his arms about her waist, which made her resentful at first, and later sent a little tingle of pleasure coursing through her veins. Suddenly she was regretful for everything; she wanted to be friends, wanted to know the man better. She wanted to tell him so, but her pride suppressed the longing.

And so they rode along in silence. Norma leaned against him, feeling safe and protected and curiously happy. His voice, coming out of the blackness, startled her. Fletcher Carey said:

"I guess I've treated you pretty mean. I'm sorry. We don't ordinarily treat our guests like this. But —with you—it was different."

"Different?" she asked, her heart beginning to pound.

"I fell in love with you—a month ago." His voice was apologetic. "Sorry. Didn't mean to. Just one of those things. Figured you had no use for me, so I steered clear. Kinda got under my skin, the way you played around with the hands." He paused. "Fact is, I been following you all afternoon. Hoped you'd get lost so's I could have this chance. Sorry now, though."

Norma felt the tenseness of his body. His tone was casual, but she knew it had taken an effort to speak at all. And it wasn't because she was a guest either. The Double 6 had a waiting list. It was—it must be—

Suddenly she laughed, a little silvery laugh—contented, happy. "Fact is, cowboy," she said, trying to sound as casual as he, "I knew you were following me, and got lost on purpose."

The black stopped, then went ahead again. Its reins hung loose, but the lights of the ranch house showed ahead and the animal was hungry.

'Kathleen' a Kentuckian, Not From 'Green Island'

Despite the fact that the song, "I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen," tells of a home "across the ocean wild and wide," the fact is that it was written by a native of Virginia, Thomas Paine Westendorf.

"In the fall of 1875," states James J. Geller in "Famous Songs and Their Stories," "he (Westendorf) and his family were residing in Louisville, Ky., but the sudden death of a son brought illness to Mrs. Westendorf and caused her physician to prescribe a change in surroundings.

"While reading to her one evening, Westendorf suddenly laid down his book and both began to discuss their future plans. His wife indicated a desire to join her mother in New York, but dreaded the long winter journey and the husband tenderly promised to accompany her there in the spring. Having thus assured her, he continued with his book until she retired for the night. In the stillness of the following hours, Westendorf began slowly to improvise at random on the piano. Suddenly his eye lit upon a frayed copy of an old composition written by one George Parsely and titled, 'Barney, I'll Take You Home Again.' The title of this song yielded the very sentiment and thought talked over earlier in the evening. In an hour he had written the words and music of 'I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen.'

". . . The new ballad went off to a Cincinnati publisher . . . Westendorf's song was introduced in Macaulay's theater in Louisville at a benefit for a Catholic church by a local tenor singer. The words and sentiment of the ballad revived fond memories of the Emerald Isle in most of the parishioners, who were of Irish extraction, and their countrymen soon adopted 'I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen.' "

Nine Ohios

While Nova Scotia province is about half the size of the Buckeye state, yet there are nine Ohios within its boundaries, three of them served by Canadian National Railways.

PATTERNS

SEWING CIRCLE

THERE are few fashions which do quite as much for the figure as the dress which looks like a suit, an appealing version of which is presented in Pattern No. 1560-B. In this style you get a smooth fitting top which whittles the waist, trimly outlines the feminine curves of the bosom and controls a slim effect through the hips. You will like the neat detailing too, in the low cool neckline edged with ric-rac, the row of tiny buttons for the front closing and the prettily shaped pocket flaps. The skirt has panels, for slender fitting through the hips and across the back.

If a touch of white near your face is especially flattering you can finish the top with a round white collar—it would be most effective if the frock were dotted swiss—or gingham of a tiny check.

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Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1560-B is designed for sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Corresponding bust measurements 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 12 (30), with short sleeves requires 3¾ yards 35-inch material. Contrast collar and cuffs, ⅝ yard, 2 yards ric-rac for trim.

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Part of Ponderous Duelist Declared Out of Bounds

TWO Irishmen arranged to fight a duel with pistols. One of them was very stout, and when he saw his lean adversary facing him he raised an objection.

"Bedad!" he said, "I'm twice as big a target as he is, so I ought to stand twice as far away from him as he is from me."

"Be aisy now," replied his second. "I'll soon put that right."

Taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, he drew two lines down the stout man's coat, leaving a space between them.

"Now," he said, turning to the thin man, "fire away, ye spalpeen, and remember that any hits outside the chalk lines don't count."

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