

dren of unemployed parents whose food budget has been reduced to a minimum, or below the amount required for proper growth and health protection. For many of the children in Minnesota and elsewhere, the school lunch is not only the best, but sometimes the only adequate meal of the day.

To further this work of overcoming malnutrition and preventing its further progress, certain public tax-supported bodies in Minnesota have sponsored allied projects for which the WPA has supplied the labor. In some instances, milk stations provide mid-morning lunches for the needy; and in several poor districts, where children are known to leave home on almost empty stomachs, milk and graham crackers are served at school before the beginning of classes.

In New York City alone, one WPA project employs 2,346 persons who serve free lunches to thousands of pupils in over 1,000 schools. Health records show uniformly marked improvements in the children's physical condition, and scholastic records show a parallel upward trend. Teachers state that pupils, who once exhibited sullen unresponsiveness, have become alert, interested, and in many cases, above the average in intelligence.

Dr. Louise Stanley, Chief of the Bureau of Home Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture, expressing, in a recent letter to the Director of the Division of Women's and Professional Projects, her appreciation of the work performed under the school lunch program, declared:

"I have been very much impressed with what this has meant in making available to school children much-needed food. . . The meals, where I have seen them, have been attractive, well-served, and palatable, and have contributed much in setting food standards and good food habits for the children."

Through the daily service of warm, nourishing food, prepared by qualified,

needy women workers, the WPA is making it possible for many underprivileged children of the present to grow into useful, healthy citizens of the future.

ELLEN S. WOODWARD

WHAT PRICE FACULTY APPROVAL?

Edward was a leader. He was president of his class. Recitations with Edward present were never dull. He was one of those annoying people who would utter a cynical wise-crack just when the rest of the class seemed ready to accept the teacher's doubtful judgment of some contested point. He offered to argue with his classmates or teacher at the slightest excuse. He was active, and changed his seat now and then—and his frequent remarks to those nearest him may have been about the lesson—but the teacher suspected otherwise.

Though Edward did frequently compete with the teacher for the attention of those nearest him, he never was a rowdy. Classes with Edward in them could polish off a good deal of work. His non-conformist questions were challenging. It took an intelligent scholar to answer them. If Edward were in charge of a committee, a good report could be expected. However, the committee might wind up by asking if there were any truth in what the books said because Edward had observed something entirely different. All of this might make Edward appear to be promising material for a college to work over. When he asked for a student loan—what happened?

He didn't get it! Why? Let us consider the weighty opinions of his teachers—"Edward is bright but he's always trying to act 'smart.'" "If he were sent to college, he might be fresh to the professors." "He needs to learn to be more respectful to his teachers." "Edward needs a good lesson." So the Fates in their infinite wisdom sit in judgment on mere man.

What has happened to Edward? He

has been digging ditches. On the first of the month he was made a foreman. A gang with Edward in it always turns out a good deal of work. While he is full of wise-cracks, he is not a kicker.

He is young but he will be a popular foreman. The gang he is in will always follow Edward, even though they may have another boss—on paper. He will be a good man to have on your side of an argument.

Certainly, it is a good thing for young men to begin at the bottom and work up. But whether ditch digging or even being a boss of ditch diggers was the best investment of this last year of Edward's life, is another question. If education really means search for truth, and if the future of Democracy depends on the degree to which truth is allowed to prevail—one may doubt the wisdom of the Fates, and be a little impatient with the smugness of their reasoning.

Edward is born to lead. The more *real* education Edward has, the more chance there is that he may lead wisely.

—U. S. Department of Education.

ENIGMAS

The dull boy and the genius are still enigmas. Rare indeed is the teacher sufficiently skilled to reach them. Too often instead of understanding them, we condemn them. Let us not forget that Napoleon stood forty-second in his class. Linnaeus, who later revolutionized the science of botany, was admitted to the university by his director only on the desperate chance that "if transplanted into different soil" he might progress. "During my whole life," said Charles Darwin, the father of modern science, "I have been incapable of mastering any language." Robert Fulton was a dullard. Lord Byron stood at the foot of his class. Edison, Ford, and a hundred leaders of today were called misfits in

school. While it is freely granted that only rarely will the seeming dullard actually prove to be a genius, yet whether *genius or dullard, each will play his inevitable role in the pattern of our democracy. And that democracy today stands imperilled.*

—J. L. STENQUIST

THE THREE R'S

When the last tooth is filled,
And the last nit is killed,
The ears excavated,
The parents placated,
The intelligence ranked,
The last penny banked,
The suspects all schicked,
And the last special picked;

When the last lunch is eaten,
The worst sinner beaten,
The last test is given,
The last truant shriven;
All the adenoids gone,
All the spectacles on,
And we've tested the ears,
Noted rash that appears;

When we've made out the blanks
For the over-age cranks,
And the last neck is whitened,
The muddy shoes brightened,
And marked those who stutter,
Taught some not to mutter;
When we've preached self-control,
Pointed every known goal,

Then let's thank our lucky stars,
We can teach the three R's.

—*Author Unknown, But Appreciated*
From *The Grade Teacher*

The real test of civilization is the proper use of leisure, just as the use of one's diversion is a true key to the character of a man.—Professor William Lyon Phelps.