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The Husson Review



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The Husson Review

A Journal of Business and the Liberal Arts

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PROFESSIONAL AND LIBERAL STUDIES

CHESLEY H. HUSSON

The price of early specialization in education is too high. The college man or woman who would plunge into a program limited to engineering, or law, or accounting in his or her freshman year would do so at the peril of training to earn a living instead of training to live a life. Skills frequently become obsolete, but an understanding of one's self and one's fellowman endures.

Go where one will in America today to study the curricula of our institutions of higher learning, he will repeatedly find that technical schools have incorporated into their programs rather extensive requirements in liberal studies. The future engineer, lawyer, or accountant is studying not only metallurgy, torts, and taxation, but also modern foreign languages, philosophy, and Elizabethan poetry. He is rather particularly concerned with learning to write clear, accurate, and forceful English prose.

The necessity for increased facilities is basic to this addition of liberal learnings to the technical curriculum. Libraries and laboratories must be installed and/or expanded. Faculties must include scholars trained in the liberal as well as in the technical tradition. Departments of the humanities must work side by side with scientific and technical departments.

Many leaders in business education have vigorously defended the trend of uniting liberal and technical studies. In 1957, for example, Dr. Clarence Walton clearly stated the reason for including liberal studies in the business curriculum of Duquesne University:

> Reduced to simplest terms, these business and indutsrial leaders (supported by our alumni advisers) asked for a broadly educated man who has merely enough specialization to get his foot in the business door . . . One gathered that these hard-headed business realists more thoroughly prized liberal education than many professional devotees of the liberal arts tradition.[1]

It is interesting to note that the leadership of which Dr. Walton writes should have come from the business rather than the academic community.

Application is the next logical step after a theory has been propounded. Such application was spelled out by the Association of Certified Public Accountant Examiners in its 1962 directive:

> . . . [a] candidate cannot attain technical proficiency unless 25% of total time be devoted to accounting. An additional 25% of the student's time should be devoted, in our view, to the broader functional areas of business administration.[2]

It is obvious that the remaining 50% is to be devoted to general education.

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[1]Clarence C. Walton, "Rebuilding a Business Curriculum," *College News and Views,* Vol. X, No. 4, Duquesne University, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania (May, 1957).

[2]Association of Certified Public Accountant Examiners, *Directive* (January 19, 1962).

Thus far we seem to be speaking about a world of masculine students. Such a limitation would be absurd. As secretaries, women have proved their worth in the business world. As a college woman, the future secretary makes an important choice. Will she limit herself to the routine tasks of taking dictation, transcribing shorthand notes, and keeping the files in order? Or will she acquire the background that will help her to become an executive secretary, a creative worker? The first choice implies earning a living; the second, living a rewarding life.

The creative mind must be enriched by great ideas from the past. Only by wide reading can they be made part of one's own intellectual equipment. This requirement may seem arduous. It is. It is also one of the great privileges of a free society. How extensively should the college woman read? Here is one answer which was directed specifically to executive secretaries:

> Somewhere she must have bumped into Socrates' and Emerson's exhortation to know one's self that one may better understand others. She needs to know Tennyson's belief that one should never rest in use, Carlyle's principle that work is the best therapeutic . . . the Gestalt concept of how we are composed . . . . She needs to know about another civilization if only to know that it is as significant as ours. From science, history, and grammar she should have absorbed order. From Lin Yutang, Horace, or someone else she should have absorbed the need to *live* vibrantly and fully; and from the poets, playwrights, artists, musicians, and astrophysicists, she should have gained clarity and a sense of teleology.[3]

To illustrate further would be to belabor the point; the value of broad learnings is not a debatable issue. The simple fact is that technical colleges today, including colleges of business, are more and more meeting their obligation to their students and to society by offering liberal as well as technical studies. Our economic way of life may be the prize at stake. Now and in the foreseeable future we must compete in business with countries committed to a philosophy of state socialism. On businessmen of keen intellects—intellects sharpened by both liberal and specialized learnings—rests the future of our free, competitive economic system.

President, Husson College

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[3]Frank E. Habson, Jr., "Liberal Arts in the Education of an Executive Secretary," *American Business Education,* Vol. 16, No. 1 October, 1959).

THE NOVEL AS EDUCATION

MORRIS GOLDEN

While professed educational novels like Henry Brooke's *Fool of Quality* are mercifully rare in the English eighteenth century, most of the novelists do wish to teach the nature and use of reality. As a corollary, they all want to unmask contemporary illusions: Richardson attacks irresponsible romancers and vulgarians (like Fielding); Fielding, irresponsible vulgarians and romancers (like Richardson); Smollett, the general conspiracy to disparage Scotland; Johnson, moral, religious, literary, social, and psychological cliché-mongers; Sterne, abstract reasoners, as well as concrete ones; Jane Austen, all these and Emma's Mr. Elton, too. Since satire and comedy are dominant, it is easier to say what is unmasked than what realities are demonstrated. But as the novelists go about inventing the *Bildungsroman,* most of them affirm as well as deny. The Everlasting Yea is, after all, just around the corner.

Though their primary interest is the moral growth of their heroes and readers, many of the novelists directly examine the contents, aims, and processes of formal education. Samuel Richardson, the heir of the etiquette tradition reaching from the Rennaissance to Addison, is fullest of news of genteel behavior. His Pamela, Clarissa, Sir Charles Grandison, and their associates are mannerly patterns for the aspiring middle class; like their creator—an early suburbanite—they are fascinated by the details of education, as in Pamela's endless aboriginal PTA report on Locke's *Some Thoughts Concerning Education.* Among the aristocratic novelists—Fielding, Goldsmith, Smollett, Sterne, Jane Austen—formal education is classical learning, to be taken for granted in gentlemen; and most of their readers are assumed to be gentle (as against Richardson's, whose characters Lovelace and Sir Charles carefully annotate their own allusions). Samuel Johnson, investigating everything which can claim to be real, finds in *Rasselas,* as Koheleth had in *Ecclesiastes,* that learning comes closer than most earthly goods. Its function—and the function of art and history—is to teach us what men have been: "Ignorance, when it is voluntary, is criminal; and he may properly be charged with evil, who refused to learn how he might prevent it." If not quite an absolute good, learning is at least a permitted means of pleasure, as well as a tool which can help lead men toward the moral life. The son of a tradesman, Johnson examines learning and finds it worth striving for; Richardson, himself a tradesman, urges as innovations the substitution of the modern for the ancient languages and the equal education of women; Fielding, Sterne, Goldsmith, and Smollett, gentlemen all, accept classical learning as understood and therefore as secondary to feeling.

For all the novelists, the contents of formal education are unimportant compared to the process of achieving—or finding it impossible to achieve—moral and social education. Sometimes on pain of destruction, their heroes and heroines

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*In slightly different form, this paper was presented to the English VIII session of the Modern Language Association Convention in New York, December, 1966.

try to find reality, reality within themselves and reality outside. As the most perceptive novelists see, these realities are not completely distinguishable, particularly since the dominant Lockean epistemology questions the possibility of knowing anything outide the self. However, the Aristotelian poetic tradition (naturalized in the English novel by Fielding) and eighteenth-century practicality require the inter-action of defined character with defined event. A distinction between subjective and objective must be assumed even where it cannot be proved, and the character must usually learn to support his virtuous impulses and act on their orders.

Often, the novelist brings innocent figures from relative isolation—usually static existence in a country eden—into society, "the world," where they must learn about adulthood, with its accompanying problems of moral choice and responsibility; since the innocents are usually young, sex is a likely symbol of this choice. In the process, the character may need to make decisions about what is permanent and what temporary, what fixed and what fluid, what orderly and what chaotic, what absolute and what relative, what objectively existent and what the product of delusion fostered by unconscious self-interest. Experiencing reality, the character may or may not change, depending on the author's orientation toward both life and literary tradition. For most, like Henry Fielding, a character's development (as Aristotle implied) is the achievement of its ideal qualities which have been present though subdued at all times: Tom Jones' fulfillment of his capacity for responsibility once he has experienced and understood the consequences of unrestrained good nature. For others like Jane Austen, a character may show new qualities, as in Emma's discovery of the human claims of people around her; for others still, like Lawrence Sterne, character is always the same, unaffected by time or place. Hence in *Tristram Shandy* education in the sense of moral change seems impossible; hence also various comments beginning with Coleridge on the closeness of Sterne's comic vision to tragedy, since his Toby and Walter and even Yorick are no more able than Richardson's Clarissa of Shakespeare's Hamlet to compromise with social demands.

As Fielding himself said ,and as his critics have been coming to discover, he is primarily concerned with typical human nature exhibited in society; a professed Aristotelian and a comic artist he is not, like Richardson, pursuing the vagaries of the individual psyche. The disadvantages of such an orientation have been apparent in our morbidly sober Age of Leavis; but it remains true that Fielding's self-conscious distancing in his first two novels, his comments on the characters and events, his avoidance of psychoanalysis, permit him to show the whole world, not two or three special cases. His epic aim in *Tom Jones,* and to a lesser degree in the other two novels, is to educate the reader in the sum of a culture. Fielding says that his function is to show us the world, to bring to us the essences which he has discovered through wide and sympathetic research among humanity. As in Pope's later poems, such an assumption assumes further that a changeless, discoverable order exists underneath the surface flux, that

principles capable of being exemplified underly the formation of human character and of society: Mrs. Tow-wouse, Joseph Andrews' virago landlady, is the consequence of endlessly recurring passions and a specific social context; the world of *Amelia* derives from individual and collective distortions of the permanent pattern—the "nature" of human society.

In learning to understand and to act in society, Fielding's innocents face immense obstacles: the difficulty, advanced in Locke's epistemology, of knowing something which is different from oneself, and the danger of being corrupted by the world. If an inexperienced character like Blifil is suspicious of others, the character is himself probably not good, since his innate evil must be recognizing its like (just as Parson Adams' mind can see only its own good in others). Good women are exempt from this imputation, perhaps largely because society trains them very early to beware lures and does not expect them to fight dragons. Their moral choices are simpler than those of the men, their lives more static, and their arenas for moral action smaller. The male innocent of good will—studied most realistically in *Amelia's* Booth—must learn that the choice is between virtuous action and moral death; he must learn responsibility, the willingness to make moral decisions even in the face of uncertainty. Like Tom Jones, he must learn to limit his natural good will by enough prudence so that those who depend on him will not be destroyed, nor will he. The second problem for the innocents, the danger of yielding to the world's evil, is well illustrated by the parallels to their ordeals which Fielding carefully places at the center, near the climax of each novel: Wilson, in *Joseph Andrews,* who has survived shady experience through the help of a good heart and an even better woman; the Old Man of the Hill, who has been defeated by experience of evil, like Swift's Gulliver or Hawthorne's Young Goodman Brown; Mrs. Bennet, a realistic middle figure, tainted but not destroyed by a rotting society.

As goes Fielding, so, less perceptively, go Smollett and Goldsmith. Oliver Goldsmith's innocents in *The Vicar of Wakefield* face the danger, overt in Sterne and implied in Fielding and Johnson, that adulthood, participation in society at large, entails corruption. Providing they can "shut out the censuring world and keep each other in countenance," the isolated Primroses can remain pure. The family represents values which are eternally true, but which in this world cannot thrive. Because such a group agrees on the rules of social humanity, the inevitable frictions within it remain superficial; but the larger society has less attractive modes of behavior. As in Goldsmith's poems and essays, the alternatives are staying innocent and being destroyed by the world on the one hand, and wandering out into adulthood, like George Primrose, learning to cope with the world, and being partially corrupted by it.

Overtly stressing a theme pervasively implied in the century, Tobias Smollett works in *Humphry Clinker* (as in the less interesting picaresque novels) to make order out of chaos, a chaos objectified in English cities but ultimately reflecting the violence of human passions. Smollett's strange grotesques are animated by frustrated pride, by a kind of yahooism connected with the filth of

reality, by a simple inability to control the dangerous passions. Socially, one can deal with the chaos by reinstituting the distinctions among the political orders; personally, through rational awareness, self-restraint, a sense of proportion, and sentimentalism. But for Smollett (as in another sense for Richardson) the desire for order is always complicated by admiration for certain violent exceptions to order. Like our own acclaimed sentimentalists (Faulkner, Cummings, Albee), Smollett is attracted to the assertive, the resentful, the violent, the quintessentially *dis*-orderly; and from this, I think, comes his appreciation for grotesque characters, those "types" in which the characteristic differentiae, the "humours," are so arrestingly exaggerated.

More simply than in the other novels here considered, Johnson's *Rasselas* presents education in the world as a process of disillusion, famously summed up as "Human life is everywhere a state in which much is to be endured, and little to be enjoyed." One would think that here, if anywhere, the notorious calm of the Age of Reason would be proposed as an ideal. But though life offers no certain answer to the search for reality, Johnson insists that the human mind must have motion, energy, action, or it perishes. In the Happy Valley—a symbol of discouraged retreat and not, like Fielding's Paradise Hall and Smollett's Bramble Hall and Goldsmith's Wakefield vicarage and even Jane Austen's Mansfield Park, of fulfillment—the Prince's demand, with which we are to sympathize, is "give me something to desire." Though Johnson's wandering Prince and Princess prove that all of society, indeed all of civilization, is an illusion founded on illusions, he makes clear that abandoning the search for reality and virtuous action entails great psychological and moral damage. Hermits, monks, abstruse scientists, celibates, stoics, one is even tempted to add corpses in catacombs, all have wrongly chosen to withdraw, though some for the best of reasons. A man must move out of himself: "Do not suffer life to stagnate; it will grow muddy for want of motion; commit yourself again to the current of the world." Unlike Fielding, Sterne, Goldsmith, Smollett, and even Jane Austen, all of whom assume a static ideal and yet urge passion as a good, perhaps even the greatest good, Johnson does not see the static as desirable. He is therefore saved from contradiction, but perhaps also from the fertile truth of paradox.

Where Johnson doubts the value of any earthly good except the resigned mind, the virtuous action, the involvement of the self, Sterne's skepticism sweeps further, seeming to accept no reality except perhaps good will—and even good will is ineffectual. As against a novel like *Tom Jones* which in claiming to follow nature affirms order in the world, *Tristram Shandy* is a demonstration that not even nature is orderly, that such an ideal is a hobby-horse. The characters are notable for learning nothing, possibly because there is nothing certain to learn in a world where the only reality is Tristram's mind. Objective reality, if it exists, cannot be discovered. Whereas a novelist who believes in the possibility of educating his characters or readers would normally show the world as changing comprehensibly, Tristram's world is entirely available at any moment, the question being only how much can be revealed or communicated. Time does not

move linearly, so that learning could not be registered in a character in a simple way; and Tristram repudiates not only progress but all change.

The characters are able to guide no one's destinies, their own least of all. Tristram, the professed plaything of Fortune, could never face the moral imperatives with which Fielding and Jane Austen confront their heroes, since he does not see a meaningful universe. Walter Shandy, who finds meaning everywhere, is nonsensical even in his brother's eyes. His systems, which Sterne's visitation diners would now describe as essays toward an I-thou dialogue with the universe, fail because they do not create in the universe a reciprocal sense of obligation. Even feeling, the modeling glue which intoxicated while it united, cannot shape events in *Tristram Shandy*. Toby Shandy can communicate good will to those psychologically equipped to perceive it, but he cannot help young Lefever to succeed in the world, he cannot modify his brother's acerbity, Slop's pompous pride, Mrs. Shandy's blankness, or the widow Wadman's lubricity.

The whole work straggles brilliantly toward the Toby-Widow Wadman amours, as love, the supreme illusion of the sentimentalist, is exploded with a sisserara. We end with a tale of a cock and a bull (an impotent bull) which has been anticipated by a whole train of off-color jokes. In response to the sentimentalist, "the destructive machinery of corporal Trim," against which "no bridge, or bastion, or sally port" could hold out, speaks for sex, for the animal fundamentals, as the least uncertain elements in life. If anything is true, the urge for sexual union is true, and yet it is necessarily corrupted by the human self-interest which all but the mentally stunted must manifest. Like death, it is the reality from which the novel's men attempt to escape, but which they cannot escape as adults; virginity, as Slop is told, fills only heaven. Sterne's sentimentality is astringent; perhaps he has concluded that there is nothing to choose between the gray reality and the infantile attempts to deny it; perhaps he sees nothing so real as to be impervious to irony. On his father's theory of cursing, Tristam says, "The hypothesis is, like most of my father's, singular and ingenious too; nor have I any objection to it, but that it overturns my own." Here Fielding would say, "nor have I any objection to it, but that it is not true," and the difference is stupendous—the difference between rich, permanent order, created by the Christian God according to Plato's blueprint, and that chaos which denies objective reality. "And who are you? said he.—Don't puzzle me; said I."

For Jane Austen, society and the social order exist, and whoever denies them is a fool. Her most emphatic theme is the contrast between reality—what people and society are like—and illusion, the way we choose to know them. Like Swift and Fielding and Smollett and Johnson, she much prefers a clear view of the flux of life to any illusion; but her opinion of this flux is higher than theirs. Good and well-trained people can live in great comfort in her world, particularly if they realize that no other is available this side of the grave. In such a world, the degree to which one understands what action is possible is central in

determining one's moral condition, as is the degree to which one can evaluate one's own character, condition, and social context.

Each maturing heroine must learn what exists both inside and outside herself. On one level, Elizabeth Bennet of *Pride and Prejudice* and Fanny Price of *Mansfield Park* must catch husbands, but on another and more important one they, like Ann Elliott of *Persuasion* and Emma Woodhouse (*Emma*), are seeking knowledge, integrity, self-fulfillment. Each achieves a thorough understanding of the surface of life, with strong hints of awareness of the subsurface as well. Each must find her way, without violating the major rules of convention—a significant innovation which had appeared in elementary form in Fanny Burney's *Evelina*—through a precarious, predatory world apparently ruled by money and appearance. Each must maintain integrity and develop clear vision in the face of both.

For Jane Austen, social approval—not, as for her predecessors, yielding to the appetites—is the great temptation, and while succumbing is never condoned, in all the novels but *Mansfield Park* it elicits our sympathy. As in the Puritan tradition inherited from Bunyan and Defoe, these temptations must be faced with a minimum of outside help—note the absence of fathers and the universal idiocy of mothers in the eighteenth-century novel.

To Vanity and Hypocrisy, the already familiar obstacles to seeing others clearly, Jane Austen adds the complexity of some characters, those made up of motives and responses not predictable on the basis of the heoines' knowledge and experience. Such are the people who see or are capable of seeing, who may develop in unexpected ways. As against earlier novelists, whose characters are combinations of certain fixed passions which can manifest themselves more or less but cannot become fused into new compounds, Jane Austen's use of simple and complex allows her a new flexibility of effect. Sophia Western occupies a more attractive position in Fielding's world than does her father, but she is almost as uncomplicated; Emma Woodhouse inhabits the same house, but not the same plane, as hers. Where reality for Fielding is moral action, it is character in action for Jane Austen: individual, responsive, introspective character, which can only develop and mature in relation to other characters in society. Tom Jones is everyman, or everyboy, more or less; Emma and Elizabeth and Ann grow into women, different from each other and from everyone else.

Despite such differences, Fielding and Jane Austen show that the writer feeding the tradition of the educational novel necessarily holds certain positive assumptions about reality and human character. Primarily, he believes in the objective existence of reality, in the possibility of moral action, in distinctions between reality and illusion, important and trivial, good and evil: *Trstram Shandy* and Beckford's dreamily grotesque *Vathek,* while instructive to the reader in more or less negating these distinctions, cannot teach their characters. The author assumes some ideal of the good life and thinks it possible to approximate such a life in society, a combination which suggests that comedy rather than tragedy or tragi-comedy—*Pamela* or *Tom Jones* or *Emma* rather than

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Clarissa or *Amelia* or *Mansfield Park*—is the form suited for the educational novel. He is hopeful about instituting order, as Sterne and Beckford, for example, are not.

Fundamentally, the author must believe in the possibility of affecting the environment through voluntary action, which Sterne and Goldsmith seem to doubt. He must further think that character can change either through altering the proportions of evident qualities or through developing latent ones. He must have some faith in youth's capabilities, as in *Pamela* or *Pride and Prejudice* but not in, say, Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto,* where the action depends alternately on Providence and on machinations among the sordid middle-aged. Conversely, if he provides heroes who know reality from the beginning, as in *Grandison* or *Mansfield Park,* there is patently nothing positive for them to learn. Rather, his heroes must begin ignorant and innocent, face experience with all its moral dangers, and develop a conquering synthesis. Similarly, the most effective educational novelists of the eighteenth century see reality as a viable synthesis of the central qualities that history has assigned, respectively, to their past and their future: order and energy.

University of Massachusetts

IN PURSUIT

WILLIAM M. POLISHOOK

I

It should be said at the outset that all of us, young or old, are constantly looking for the millenium. I have never met a person who had "arrived." Yes, I have met many who are enthusiastic and delighted with what they are doing, but few who are satisfied or regard their work as the ultimate of their hopes. The difference between goals and status in the life of one person and another is largely a difference in kind and degree. All, rich-poor, young-old, beggar-business executive, still strive for something else. No one has found the millenium, and everyone seems to be in pursuit of it.

Pursuit is defined in the dictionary as the "act of pursuing." Pursue is to "employ measures to obtain or accomplish" something. A pursuit is also "an activity which one engages in as a vocation." This double meaning is typical of many words in the English language, but in this case it lends another dimension. It is necessary now to limit the direction of our thinking to career objectives and omit other life goals such as personal happiness, family adjustments, and religious beliefs.

One of the first notions which needs attention is the oft-stated finding that "80% of the factors which make for success may be generalized as getting along with people." The implication is that if you can get along with people, such incidental items as ability, training, and productiveness are incidental. Nothing is further from the truth. One needs only to analyze what causes people to have difficulty in getting along to see that getting along is the result of other human phenomena and not an independent characteristic of its own. Most of the people who do not get along are those who can't do the job, won't do the job, and are frustrated in their personal life, which has an effect on their work. These or other such factors influence getting along. Conversely, when one does good work, receives recognition for it, and enjoys a good personal life, more than likely he will get along. We must rid ourselves of the notion that success in life comes about because of "good luck" and such generalizations as "ability to get along." Success comes about by hard work, drive, ability to overcome failures, on top of a good sound basic education in one's chosen field.

Another oft-repeated element in successful pursuit is the expression, "'It isn't what you know, but who you know." No one denies that friendship is important in any walk of life. We must deny that friendship alone is enough. It is possible to get an opportunity through friendship, but from that point on it takes much more. The implication of this observation is clear.

All of this leads to the main point as we pursue our life's goals. We can rule out two helpful but nondetermining factors. To rely on "getting along" is not of lasting value, and to depend on "who we know" is not strong enough to build on for life's hopes. In effect, the first factor leads to the more positive conclusion that in pursuit of our vocational goal solid and useful learning and apprenticeship is of prime importance. The second factor merely substantiates the first, for unless one has a good, usable, and salable skill, opportunities which result from friendship are but an invitation to disaster.

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IN PURSUIT

Many recent studies in the area of cultural deprivation and poverty have revealed an important factor which might be useful in this discussion. These studies showed that a poor and uneducated person has a low aspiration level, and a poor and uneducated person will rarely leave his present social level because he does not aspire to leave it. Interestingly enough, when his sights are raised, he is on the first step toward progress. There is a lesson in this observation that applies to all pursuits. The lesson is that at whatever level one finds himself, he will remain at this level unless his aspirations guide him upward. Too many Americans have low aspiration levels. Too many Americans lack ambition. Too many Americans are more interested in social security than career adventure. To many American are content with a job which *guarantees* them a living wage. Safe jobs usually are at a low economic level. Too few Americans are willing to sacrifice security for greater rewards.

Still another stumbling block in "pursuit" is the lack of satisfaction with the kind of work in which a person engages. You will find a doctor who is overworked by long and unsettled hours who would like to be a teacher and have holidays and summers off. The teacher, on the other hand, looks at the doctor's new car and expensive house and he wishes he were a doctor. You hear of young people who change vocational objectives each year and when they finish, if they do, are not ready for anything. This situation applies not only to the young, but to all of us. It is important to know that because of our active minds and an abundance of opporunities for everybody, such doubts are normal. What we must guard against is shifting from one thing to another. There are two reasons for this. First, in this country a person can get economic satisfaction in any kind of work. Second, after thought and deliberation, jumping to another course of action may lead to failure.

When you hear: "Why didn't I think of that?" just say, "I have already chosen a way." In the end, more satisfaction will be the result and more success. It should be cautioned, however, that those who are in a field which is beyond or below their interests and abilities should make adjustments. Aiming too low or high is bad. What is just as bad is hopping from one field to another unwisely.

The world is changing too fast for us to take a complacent view of the future. Formal education cannot do the job it has done for so many years. Things change too fast. In fact, the best definition of formal education is the one which places it as the foundation for learning after the "commencement." Education goes on at all times from womb to tomb. Not long ago six years of "schooling" was all a person needed. It went up to eight years, then to high school, now it is at the college level. A college education (two or four years) is a bare minimum to meet the challenges of change. This minimum provides tools for learning and opens doors for the pursuit. Today, schools will be available from age 3 to life's end. There is no time for us to stand still. Jobs will become obsolete and new ones created faster than ever before. In order to meet this kind of challenge, one must be prepared for it. We are in a world when in a short time we are knocking on the door of the moon. Perhaps by the time this is read, we will have a man on the moon. Before the huge "jumbo" jets have been launched, the

supersonic jet is on the drawing board. Before a piece of sophisticated electronic computer hardware has been sold, both the buyer and seller know it will soon be obsolete.

Business and government are experimenting with a new technique in managing complex problems. It is called systems analysis. This is a decision-making technique which involves multiple influences on a problem. It is a study in detail of objectives, alternatives, inputs, outputs, costs, benefits, sequence, schedules, and then it makes a decision and takes a route which is best. As problems get more complex, vastly superior techniques for analyzing the problems are found. Most important problems are solved by teams of experts. Often each is a specialist in his own area. This is a radical change over the method used to solve the simple problems of business or government of just a few years ago.

We will live longer. When one of our internal parts wears out, we'll just stop long enough to install a transplantation. A "new" kidney, heart, liver, eye, or what have you, will be available for those who need them. In addition, diseases are being eradiated one by one. There is some talk of biochemical wonders which will modify genes and develop a new kind of human engineering. Psychologists have set aside their rat cages and are working with people, young and old. The prospects of what is happening are frightening.

All of this implies that the pursuit of a meaningful life is not a simple undertaking.

II

There is a lesson for us in the lives of some people. Fortunately, we must look to the present for an illustration of dedication to faith in man and in the future coupled with ambition and willingness for adventure. The life of James Cash Penney, founder of J. C. Penney Company, is a case in point. Mr. Penney is over 90 years old. He has not lost his interest and vitality yet. He inspires others. He believes in ambition, goals, and determination. He always did.

Mr. Penney started as modestly as one could. He worked for $6 a week in a dry goods store. His ambition was to be worth $100,000. When he achieved this goal, he felt a "temporary satisfaction" and promptly raised his sights to $1,000,000. The great depression ,beginning in 1929, "sucked J. C. Penney economically dry." He was $7,000,000 in debt. "He was flat broke." He was 58 years old.

In spite of personal problems, the loss by death of his first two wives, J. C. Penney never lost faith and with untiring zeal rebuilt his fortune until today he is one of the wealthiest men of our times—in money, faith, and dedication. All of us should read about this remarkable man as an inspiration and guide to follow.

III

Most of us are in pursuit of many things. We set our sights and work toward our goal. Faith, perseverance, and ambition, coupled with principles of fair play, both legal and moral, ought to make the pursuit fun and the end worthwhile.

Associate Dean, Graduate School, Temple University

THOREAU'S THE MAINE WOODS: AN ESSAY IN APPRECIATION

VESTA M. PARSONS

Maine's most famous tourist visited her northern wilderness more than a century ago. As was his custom, he kept a daily journal of what he saw and thought and felt. Today his posthumously published *The Maine Woods* is being advertised as the most contemporary of his writings. As far as Thoreau's reputation is concerned, times have indeed changed. He is no longer the eccentric visionary of Walden but a man of vision whose *Walden* is a great American classic and whose *Civil Disobedience* has had international political influence. His *The Maine Woods* is less well known, but it probably deserves to stand close to the two great ones.

The Maine Woods is more than a travelogue. First it is a tribute to the grandeur of our northern wilderness, a tribute expressed with the same enthusiasm which today annually draws thousands of travelers away from the complexities of urban life. Second it is a plea for and a prophecy of conservation. Thoreau realized that our vast natural resources were not inexhaustible and urged the importance of preserving portions of them from commercial exploitation.

Had *The Maine Woods* offered nothing more, it would have been a worthwhile book. But observation and cataloging do not necessarily add up to living portrayal. It is through a third quality, the quality of poetic prose, that Thoreau opens the Maine woods for many of us. It is through the power of metaphor and imagery that he makes us see the "bear-haunted mountains" and the "rivers shod with rocks," makes us hear the "soughing of the pines" and the primitive language of Eliot's Indian Bible. In short, Thoreau has communicated his wilderness experience so vividly that *The Maine Woods* is the wilderness.

Thoreau as Tourist

As a tourist in Maine, Thoreau reported on topics that have been popular with thousands of other travelers in other times and other places: spectacular scenery, native customs, and interesting people.

His reaction to scenery is more vigorous and moving in the Katahdin essay than in either of the other two. Because the Katahdin trip gave Thoreau his first glimpse of our northern forests, perhaps his impressions were sharper, more startling than they were at Chesuncook or Allagash Lakes.

The account of Thoreau's climb up Maine's highest mountain makes absorbing, almost sensational, reading. Such an adventure was still relatively untried. It had been only forty-two years, according to Thoreau, since the first white man had climbed Katahdin. He listed other ascents made in 1804, 1836, 1837, and 1845 and to "two or three" other climbs following his own.[1]

The party camped at the mouth of Murch Brook "broad off from Katahdin and about a dozen miles from the summit."[2] First, there was a considerable area

[1]H. D. Thoreau, *The Maine Woods,* Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, 1961, p. 4.
[2]*Ibid.,* p. 69.

of burnt land to cross. Then Thoreau, as leader, set his course directly for the peak, "leaving a large slide" on the left. At least one earlier commentator has sharply criticized this decision, but today's reader can well overlook what may have been a poor choice of routes for it provided material for one of the most fascinating bits of writing in *The Maine Woods.* The course followed for seven or eight miles the bed of a mountain stream, marked by traces of moose and bear. At noon, one of the guides, who distrusted a compass, climbed a tree to sight the peak and reported that they were still moving in the right direction. At four o'clock the party camped for the night while Thoreau used the remaining daylight to climb alone. Up a "deep and narrow ravine" and up the sides of a twenty-thirty foot waterfall, Thoreau pulled himself along the "giant's stairway" to the nearest peak. At times on all fours, he scrambled "over the tops of ancient black spruce trees, old as the flood from two to ten or twelve feet high."[3] So firm, so thick were these tree tops that Thoreau actually walked erect "for some rods" on them. Particularly exciting is the moment when he slumped through and could see what lay beneath.

> I looked down ten feet into a dark and cavernous region, and saw the stem of a spruce, on whose top I stood, as on a mass of coarse basket-work, fully nine inches in diameter at the ground. These holes were bears' dens and the bears even then were at home.[4]

On the tree tops of a Katahdin ravine, Thoreau's "bear-haunted mountains" become stark reality.

Nor was danger from this tree top trail much relieved when Thoreau emerged upon a rock-covered hillside away from the bears' dens. His words capture the cold bleakness of granite, the sullen hostility of the mountain. "They [the rocks] looked at me with hard gray eyes."[5]

In spite of difficulties, in spite of choosing the wrong area of ascent, Thoreau did reach the summit—alone. He did stand on the table land of Katahdin. From this point he gives us not the expected triumph of viewing miles of forests and lakes but the disappointment of the traveler who is robbed by fog of his great panoramic view.

> Now the wind would blow me out a yard of clear sunlight, whereon I stood; then a gray dawning light was all it could accomplish, the cloud line ever rising and falling with the wind's intensity.[6]

Perhaps this failure to conquer Katahdin completely brings Thoreau a bit nearer to his reader. Suddenly he is just another vacationer whose holiday is too much at the mercy of the weather.

From the mountains to the lakes! Here again let us confine our commentary on Thoreau to his reactions which any interested tourist might make rather than attempt to assess Thoreau as a father of limnology.

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[3]*Ibid.*, p. 79.
[4]*Ibid.*, p. 80.
[5]*Loc. cit.*
[6]*Ibid.*, p. 83.

Looking over eighteen miles of Lake Chesuncook, Thoreau paid homage to the liberating vision offered by a great forest lake in contrast to the severely limited vistas within the forest itself. Again man can see the gulls, the distant mountains, and the sky. Again he remembers his fellow human beings, remembers human activity and escapes the danger of becoming a forest savage. "They [the lakes] are forest schools already established—great centers of light."[7]

Twice Thoreau startles his reader of *The Maine Woods* by calling the lake region an archipelago. The first such statement grows out of a romantic setting. On a mild September evening, Thoreau and his party decided to row five miles across North Twin Lake just after sundown lest the water should be rough by morning. A sense of flatness pervades the scene. There is a lack of extremes in the contours of the surrounding hills and even in the shapes of the shores. He even uses the word "plateau" and "high table-land." He reminds us that the northern side of this area is drained by the St. John and the Chaudiere; the southern side, by the Penobscot and the Kennebec. Even with a rudimentary knowledge of the geography of northern Maine, we know that he is talking about the height of land. Then he adds, "The country is an archipelago of lakes." But the scene is some 250 miles from the coast. Perhaps *archipelago* is merely poetic description. Perhaps the author is symbolically reversing his images of land and water. We read on. With Thoreau we pass from one lake on to another, and we even accept the anecdote of a gang of experienced woodsmen who with incredible hardships found their way back to the Penobscot after being lost for a week in the wilderness of lakes.

But we still are not finished with this word *archipelago* as applied to inland waters. On his visit to the Allagash Lakes, Thoreau presents a bewildering list of interlocking lakes, bays, and streams: up to Moosehead Lake, past the mouth of the Kennebec River, over the Northeast Carry to the Penobscot, up Pine Stream, across the Northwest end of Lake Chesuncook, down the Caucomgomac River, on Chamberlain Lake (still Penobscot water) to the Allagash River, to Heron Lake, to Telos Lake. Read with a map at hand, and trace this journey. The map supports Thoreau's statement.

> You are only realising once more that all nature distinctly remembers here, for no doubt the waters flowed thus in a former geological period, and instead of being a lake country, it was an archipelago. It seems as if the more youthful and irresponsible streams can hardly resist the numerous invitations and temptations to leave their native beds and run down their neighbor's channels.[8]

This inland waterway appealed to Thoreau, not only for its continuity but also for the size of its major lakes. Let us in imagination stand with Thoreau on Katahdin to see with him what is spread out before us.

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[7]*Ibid.*, p. 260.
[8]*Ibid.*, pp. 323-24.

> Moosehead in the southwest, forty miles long by ten wide, like a gleaming silver platter at the end of a table; Chesuncook, eighteen long by three wide, without an island; Millinocket on the south with its hundred islands; and hundreds of others without a name.[9]

Again in the Allagash region, Thoreau like many another tourist catalogues size in some detail. He lists Lake Umbazookskus as four or five miles long, Chamberlain as twelve miles, Telos as eight and Heron as ten.

These northern Maine rivers and lakes had their share of thrills and terrors to offer the tourist from Massachusetts and so, too, did McCauslin and Fowler, his batteaumen on the Penobscot. Caution and safety dictated carrying the *batteau* around the falls and rapids, rough and exhausting as the portage might be. The skilled *voyageurs,* however, preferred if possible to stay on the river, hazardous as the course might be. At first it was merely a matter of "poling-up" with the exhilarated Thoreau serving as trimmer. This feat was merely a prelude to "warping-up" when the boatmen "wound" and "bolted" among the tumultuous rapids "until the bow was actually raised two feet above the stern at the stepest pitch."[10] Perhaps these men *were* showing Thoreau a thing or two for they admitted that they had never known a boat to ascend these falls—the worst place on the Penobscot. It would seem that the passenger was sufficiently impressed with the fate which one error could bring, for the rocks were

> lying in wait, like so many alligators to catch them [the poles] in their teeth and jerk them from your hands, before you have stolen an effectual shove against their palates. The pole is set close to the boat, and the prow is made to overshoot, and just turn the corners of the rocks, in the very teeth of the rapids . . . Frequently the boat is shoved between rocks where both sides touch, and the waters on either hand are a perfect maelstrom.[11]

Other waters—other dangers! What the current and rocks could do on the Penobscot, the wind and the waves could do on the lakes and bays. The method might be different, but the ultimate effect was the same. Thoreau's second and third expeditions were made by canoe, rather than *batteau;* and it was the great Indian guide Joe Polis who showed the canoeist's skill at its finest. The rules were simple: never cross a huge lake directly when the bind is blowing; never meet the waves at right angles. The rules were simple, but the execution was complex. Standing in the canoe, the Indian by strength and skill managed for more than a mile to meet wave after wave on or near its crest. An artist has a right to be proud of his skill and Polis' reply to Thoreau's compliment has a refreshingly honest evaluation of his own ability. "Ver few men do that. Great many waves; when I look out for one, another come quick."[12]

The possibility of drowning in these rivers and lakes is, of course, obvious. Another danger lay in following the trails on the carries. Being lost on a carry

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[9]*Ibid.,* p. 86.
[10]*Ibid.,* p. 63.
[11]*Ibid.,* pp. 64-65.
[12]*Ibid.,* p. 245.

was comparable to being lost in the deep forest itself as Thoreau painfully learned on the carry from Umbazookskus Lake to Mud Pond. The Indian had gone on in the canoe, having instructed his two passengers as to path and trail.

Confused by numerous logging paths, beset by black flies, weighed down with baggage, the two men floundered hopelessly through a cedar swamp until they were found and re-directed by the guide. New directions, however, were apparently of small comfort to Thoreau. He needed tangible markers. To solve the problem, he proposed like a modern Theseus to leave behind him a thread, a thread of boughs as a blaze through this labyrinth of trails.[13]

Thoreau recognized and generously acknowledged the competence of all his Maine guides, but he saw the woodcraft of Joe Polis as something truly remarkable. Apparently the Indian just could not be lost. He could not, however, explain his abilities to his employer. "Great difference between me and white man."[14] The way the trees grew on a side hill, the varied appearance of bare rocks—in either case the effect of sun or lack of it—told Polis his directions. Joe lamented the fact that many present-day Indians had lost the old skills of woodcraft, but boasted that he could find his way through the woods from the Allagash to Old Town in three days—"to Katahdin, west side . . . to Millinocket, the Pemaduncook, then Nickatou, then Lincoln, then Old Town."[15]

Readers of *The Maine Woods* will always remember a particularly stirring word picture of Polis, the superb guide, at work. The setting was the carry between Telos Lake on the St. John and Second Lake on the East Branch. As usual, Polis was to bring the canoe down the rapids while Thoreau and his companion carried the baggage. After the Indian has beached the canoe, he came into the forest to find his passengers. It was on this quarter-of-a-mile trip back to the canoe that Polis furnished the most spectacular illustration of his genius.

> I had the curiosity to look down carefully, and found that he was following his steps backward. I could only occasionally perceive his trail in the mass, yet he did not appear to look down nor hesitate an instant but led out exactly to his canoe.[16]

Thoreau unhesitatingly admitted his surprise at such a feat and his admiration for a skill which far surpassed his own.

With the completion of the Allagash trip, Thoreau saw no more of Joe Polis. Yet such was the relationship which in a few days had grown between tourist and guide that the *Dictionary of American Biography* lists Polis, along with John Brown and Walt Whitman, as "late life" friends of Henry David Thoreau.

Thoreau as Conservationist

Thoreau's visit to Katahdin occurred in 1846, to Chesuncook in 1853, and to the Allagash in 1857. First and last, he condemned waste of natural resources,

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[13] *Ibid.*, pp. 289-90.
[14] *Ibid.*, p. 243.
[15] *Ibid.*, p. 310.
[16] *Ibid.*, p. 331.

a view which was more twentieth century than nineteenth. He immediately saw lumbering of the great white pines as "war" against the pines.

The tone of his commentary became critical by the time he was a dozen miles north of Bangor, then the lumber capital of the world. Lumber mills at Stillwater and Old Town told the story, for it was here that the great logs after their Penobscot River voyage were turned into "two- and three-inch stuff . . . the destiny of so many prostrate forests."[17] In the emotional overtones of the words "stuff" and "prostrate," today's reader senses not only the sharpness of Thoreau's disapproval but also the enormity of his own loss to the wood choppers, the log drivers, and the lumber barons. The contrast between what was and what is is skillfully epitomized in Thoreau's contrast between the majesty and beauty of the living pine and its mean destiny as friction matches.[18]

We may now romantically picture the *voyageur* in his wooden *batteau,* but Thoreau saw even this intrepid explorer as an enemy of the pines. His craft had to meet two requirements: it had to be large enough to slip over the rocks, and light enough to be carried on men's shoulders over the portages. The width and lightness of the largest pine boards provided ideal material.

> . . . they (the *batteaux*) are of the clearest and widest white pine stuff, of which there is great waste on account of their form, for the bottom is left perfectly flat, not only from side to side, but from end to end.[19]

A *batteau* might last two years; it might wear out in a single trip. To this use of the pines, we must add the irony of the fact that the *batteaux* were the craft of men who were searching for more pines to be cut down.

Sixty miles above Bangor, Thoreau was able to see the expediency with which settlers cleared the land. There was never a thought of the forests of the future. The forests of America still seemed inexhaustible. With axe, fire, and hoe, man turned a forest into a potato field. Nor was this accomplishment on a small scale. In 1846, there were relatively few settlers "up-river," yet very soon on his voyage up the West Branch of the Penobscot, Thoreau reported seeing a clearing operation of more than a hundred acres.

> The trees lay at full length, four or five feet deep, and crossing each other in all directions, all black as charcoal, but perfectly sound within . . . soon they would be cut into lengths and burned again.[20]

Not all the destruction of the forests, however, was wrought by the lumberman and the farmer. Everybody contributed, including Thoreau's own party. The camp fire was of generous proportions; "ten feet long by three or four high."[21]

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[17] *Ibid.*, p. 4.
[18] *Ibid.*, p. 6.
[19] *Ibid.*, p. 7.
[20] *Ibid.*, p. 22.
[21] *Ibid.*, p. 51.
[22] *Ibid.*, p. 53.
[23] *Loc. cit.*

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Summer or winter, the great wall of fire burned, as much for cheerfulness as for warmth! At dawn the party left, "leaving our fire blazing."[22] According to Thoreau, this was no isolated example of carelessness; it was custom. Men depended on "the dampness of the primitive forest" to extinguish the fire. And what if these men were wrong? It was Thoreau's belief that they did not care, for the forests had little value now that the white pine was gone.[23]

It was on his Katahdin trip that Thoreau became aware of this attitude and eleven years later on his Allagash trip he saw the fearful results of great forest fires. To the desolation of these "great shells of trees" was added that of barren earth giving nourishment to patches of fireweed and raspberry vines. Most of the soil, however, has disappeared and the river which "found its way through them [the rocks] was rapid and obstructed with falls."[24]

To see an original stand of the great white pines had been one of Thoreau's major goals in coming to the Maine wilderness. He repeatedly sought them, but he never more than faintly realized his quest. On his first trip, a guide pointed some as "yet inaccessible forests" on the side of a distant mountain. On his second, or Chesuncook trip, he saw, "a small grove of slender sapling white pines."[25] He learned, too, that the standard for selection of trees for cutting had sharply declined: trees that were presently considered "tip-top" would have been scorned twenty years before.[26] Reports also stated that by 1853 one must go all the way to the Allagash to find the former giants of the Maine forests. So scarce, in fact, had the white pines become that timber thieves had already stolen some "particularly fine" specimens from the public lands. "Surely," muses Thoreau, "stealing pine trees in this way is not so mean as robbing hen roosts."[27]

Even though Thoreau did not actually see an untouched stand of pines, he saw enough evidence to enable him to picture these vanquished giants. He learned, for example, that a chopper's concept of a good tree was one on whose stump "a yoke of oxen stood."[28] From his canoe on Webster Stream, Thoreau also learned something of the height of the pines from the dead trees edging the banks ". . . monsters there nearly destitute of branches and scarcely diminishing in diameter for eighty or ninety feet."[29]

The Maine Woods again and again characterizes man's interest in wild life quite simply as the desire to destroy it. The pines were gone and the moose could become extinct. This realization caused Thoreau to speculate scornfully on how natural it may be at some future time for man to wonder at the fossil remains in a museum.[30] He noted two types of men who prey on the moose: the sportsmen who use the horns for ornamental hat racks and the Indians who make a business of the hides. In either case, much of the meat is wasted with what many people see as typical American extravagance.

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[24] *Ibid.*, p. 338.
[25] *Ibid.*, p. 141.
[26] *Ibid.*, pp. 189-90.
[27] *Ibid.*, p. 191.
[28] *Ibid.*, p. 301.
[29] *Ibid.*, p. 332.
[30] *Ibid.*, p. 115.

Thoreau's revulsion against the slaughter of the moose came from firsthand experience. On the shores of Pine Stream, Thoreau's companion wounded two moose, a cow and her calf. He had fired excitedly without knowing what the animals were. Joe Aitteon's hatchet and knife did the rest of the work. Disgusted, first by the gruesome details of skinning, and second by the knowledge that most of the meat was simply left behind, Thoreau wanted no more moose hunting. Sport had become tragedy and man's relation to the forest a deplorable thing.

> But this hunting of the moose merely for the satisfaction of killing him—not even for the sake of his hide—without making any extraordinary exertion or running any danger to yourself, is too much like going out by night to some woodland pasture and shooting your neighbor's horses.[31]

For the Indian hunters, killing the moose was a way of making a living. That the number killed could run to considerable size was made clear to Thoreau on his trip to the Allagash. Another moose was killed. This time the hunter-guide Joe Polis discussed moose hunting as a livelihood. The dressed hide was worth seven or eight dollars. As a skilled dresser and hunter,

> Joe said that he sometimes earned fifty or sixty dollars a day . . . and had killed as many as ten moose in one day. The Indians smoked much moose meat for future use but like the white man they also wasted much.[32]

Concerning waste of life in the waters, Thoreau makes no critical comment. He simply states that a guide reported catching trout by the barrelful on Lake Kateps Ronegan,[33] and that on Murch Brook the trout were caught so fast and were thrown ashore so fast that "they fell in a perfect shower."[34] To fishermen accustomed to a legal limit such a catch may seem unjustifiable, but to Thoreau no such thought seems to have marred his admiration for their beauty or his enthusiasm for their size and profusion.

As a naturalist, Thoreau studied and listed hundreds of specimens of birds and flowers—an interest which was not shared by his companions. They may have regarded his botanizing with indifference, but he dismissed such indifference with scorn for peoples' materialism.

> Unless they [the plants] are of white pine, they are treated with as little respect as mildew, and in the other case they are all the more quickly cut down.[35]

All Thoreau's days spent in the Maine woods totaled less than a month, but that was time enough for his critical vision. He saw a need to which other men were still blind: the need to protect natural resources. For the clarity of his

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[31] *Ibid.*, p. 156.
[32] *Ibid.*, p. 352.
[33] *Ibid.*, p. 65.
[34] *Ibid.*, p. 70.
[35] *Ibid.*, p. 169.

vision and the specificity of his recommendation, we must rate Thoreau as a pioneer conservationist.

Evidence to support this contention is easily established.

Thoreau made his recommendation for national parks in 1846. Let us place this statement in its proper perspective by remembering that the idea for the first national park, Yellowstone, dates from 1870 and that President Grant signed the bill authorizing the park in 1872. Thoreau had been to Katahdin; he was returning from Chesuncook. He saw that rapacious men had destroyed the pines and were destroying the moose. But much remained, including men who might come to the woods with "a more liberal culture." With this realization in mind Thoreau penned a statement which deserves far more attention than it has ever received.

> Why should not we, who have renounced the king's authority, have our own national preserves, where no villages need be destroyed, in which the bear and the panther, and some even of the human race, may still exist and not be "civilized off the face of the earth" — our forests, not to hold the king's game merely, but to hold the king himself also, the lord of creation, not for idle sport or food but for inspiration and our own true recreation? Or shall we like villains, grub them all up, poaching on our own national domain.[36]

Thoreau's earnest wish that the northern wilderness be saved may not be known to so many Maine citizens as it should; but other citizens of "liberal culture" did follow him. Through the generosity and foresight of a former Governor, Baxter State Park now exists. Through the votes of the people, the Allagash is to be saved. If we sometimes doubt that dreams come true or that prayers are answered, we would do well to remember Thoreau's prayer expressed in his own magnificent metaphor, a metaphor inspired by the sight of logs piled "high and dry by the Great Freshet," logs which in time would be claimed by their owners.

> Methinks that must be where all my property lies, cast up on the shore of some distant and unexplored stream and waiting for an unheard of freshet to fetch it down. O make haste, ye gods with your wind and rains and start the jam before it rots.[37]

May we not say, "It came to pass"?

Thoreau as Poet

Thousands of vacationers since 1857 have followed Thoreau into the northern forests. But much of his wilderness no longer exists. To experience it as Thoreau saw it, one must go to the poetic prose of *The Maine Woods*. We must experience the woods in terms of Thoreau's metaphor, imagery, and symbolism.

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[36] *Ibid.*, p. 205.
[37] *Ibid.*, p. 69.
[38] *Ibid.*, p. 55.

In his use of metaphor, Thoreau makes the wilderness comprehendible, for he shows a strong tendency to draw the forest in terms of civilized life. Thus he communicates not only his actual experiences but his imaginative and emotional reactions to these experiences.

One of his early and more powerful metaphors describes a sight which, actually, he saw only in imagination: the spring log drive down the Penobscot River. All winter the great piles of trimmed trees had grown, trees which the explorer had located and the chopper had felled. "Come spring . . . his faithful dogs, Thaw, Rain, Freshet, and Wind, the whole pack in full cry"[38] drove the quarry down the river-road to the mills. The connotations of "faithful dogs" and "pack in full cry" suggest, first, the sense of fierce relentlessness with which man follows the hunt to destroy his prey and, second, the inevitable catastrophe when man uses the forces of nature to destroy nature itself.

In a happier mood, Thoreau reduces the northern waters by seeing them as common household articles. Thus Moosehead Lake seen from Mount Katahdin is a "silver platter at the end of a table."[39] There is a strong connotation of plenty in this image, the suggestion of a feast prepared and waiting. Nor is the image unduly extravagant. Surely the miles of forest reaching down to the gleaming lake did represent abundance, prepared and waiting. To speak of the *declivity* of the Penobscot on its way to the sea, is to speak accurately. But to see the river as "inclined plane for several miles, like a mirror set a little aslant"[40] is to enable others to share the vision in common household terms.

Among Thoreau's sensory images, those of darkness seem particularly important. To the explorer or the hunter, the darkness of unending forests is a menace. Man's old, old fear of the darkness is stated again in Thoreau's metaphorical description of Katahdin as "a permanent shadow" which "deepens the approach of night." This passage warns man of the indifference of nature to man's desire for light and creates a threatening tone comparable to that in Hardy's description of Egdon Heath. A second darkness image stresses the awesome mystery of the extent of the forest, stretching for miles on all sides of the camp site. The trees close in on the venturesome one who moves even a few rods into their midst and entrap him in primitive darkness. "The trees are a standing night."[41] To some readers the "dark seam in the forest" may well be the most exciting of Thoreau's images of darkness, for this "dark seam" was the bed of a mountain torrent which Thoreau used as a landmark on his ascent of Katahdin. There is an interesting reversal here. We normally associate the idea of darkness with the idea of danger but in this case the threat becomes promise, promise that a man will find his way down the mountain again, back to the companionship of men and the light of the campfire.

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[39] *Ibid.*, p. 86.
[40] *Ibid.*, p. 331.
[41] *Ibid.*, p. 362.
[42] *Ibid.*, p. 135.

Another conspicuously good sensory image is Thoreau's description of the sound of a tree falling in the forest. Perhaps strange sounds *are* more startling in the night than in the daylight. In that case, Thoreau's scene is perfect—a windless moonlit night with three men silently paddling up the narrow Moosehorn stream. Then

> faintly echoing or creeping from far, through the moss-clad isles, a dull, dry, rushing sound with a solid core to it . . . like the shutting of a door in some distant entry of the damp and shaggy wilderness.[42]

There is notable connotative power in several of these terms. In "moss-clad isles," for example, one feels a discomforting sense of stealth. An enemy could tread silently on moss, could approach undetected, could be ready to spring upon an unsuspecting victim. This sense of danger is deepened in "solid core." Here is the intensity of a heavy blow! Certainly the words "the shutting of a door in some distant entry" are admirably suited to complete the total pattern of fear. This would be the sound of an intruder leaving a supposedly untenanted house.

Contrast is a powerful literary technique. Thoreau employs it skillfully. when against nameless imagined horror, he juxtaposes the calm assurance of knowledge. "Tree fall," said the guide.

Other sounds produce other effects; for example, the cadences of an unknown language may be a meaningless jumble of noise, or they may be a powerful stimulus to a receptive mind. In the wigwam of Indian hunters, Thoreau first heard the Abnaki tongue. For one of his sensitive imagination, this "wild and primitive American sound" had compelling evocative power. He could not understand a word, but the sound itself became for him a symbol of the continuum of time. These sounds, he realized, were the speech of New England before Columbus, the speech of Eliot's Indian Bible, the speech of the Penobscots whose shelter he was sharing. Thus, through the sound rather than the meaning of speech, Thoreau shared the experience of other men approaching and influencing the inhabitants of the New World. "I felt that I stood or rather lay, as near to the primitive man of America, that night, as any of its discoverers ever did."[43]

This deep sense of history also brought a living meaning to other symbols. Joe Polis' hymn and McCauslin's report of oaken crosses still standing in the wilderness spoke clearly of the efforts of Catholic missionaries among the Abnakis. Even the humble mountain cranberries brought to Thoreau's mind tales of hardships on Arnold's ill-fated expedition against Quebec. The great river also became for Thoreau a symbol of time: past, present, future. For nobody knows how many centuries, it had been known only by the Indians. Then the loggers harnessed its down-flowing current. Tomorrow other men would conquer the Penobscot, and its ultimate fate would be to provide a passageway for civilization's relentless thrust into the wilderness.

Husson College

[43] *Ibid.*, p. 179.

TEACHING FOR CONCEPT DEVELOPMENT

VERNON A. MUSSELMAN

J. ALVIN DICKINSON

The highest goals of teaching basic business subjects are to help students develop competence in making business decisions and become worthy citizens in our democratic way of life. These highest goals may be achieved only by giving attention to the formation of attitudes and practices through concept development and problem-solving.

Students must have practice in analyzing problems, breaking them into meaningful interrelationships, and reaching their own conclusions related to their everyday business experiences. Teachers must teach the applications of facts as well as the facts themselves. They must give pupils guidance, set up meaningful practical problem situations; but permit pupils to seek out and discover their own answers, working individually and in small groups.

This method requires more time than that of more mastery of facts per se. But pupils respond to the challenge of it, bring more interest to class, participate more freely, and utilize supplementary materials to a greater degree. They feel "free" and "safe" in the learning situation, and the results obtained are most important and longer lasting.

A scientific approach to problem solving is of considerably greater value than knowledge of facts. Specific learnings about social security, labor unions, and government may become outdated within a single decade but the use of a logical, organized approach to problem solving can be adapted to new situations. When students are permitted to approach learning as a task of discovering something rather than "reading about it," they receive a reward that can never come from just memorizing factual information. This reward, which comes from honest inquiry, is observable growth in one's competency in finding solutions to problems.

Basic business subjects are abundant in opportunities for students to practice decision-making relative to present and future business problems. Students must learn to interpret fundamental business data and develop broad, meaningful concepts that are not readily forgotten. Teachers must set up pseudo and real problem situations that require students to reach decisions and to defend them.

To obtain maximum benefit from problem-solving, every possible effort should be made to utilize the local community as a laboratory. Actual happenings in the business life of any community are reported regularly in the local newspapers. The teacher must know the resources available in his community and develop suitable problems and projects for investigation and study. Most business and governmental organizations will cooperate fully and enthusiastically with teachers. Many ideas for student problems and projects can be found in current professional business education journals.

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CONCEPT DEVELOPMENT

A concept is a "mental image of a thing formed by generalization from particulars—an idea of what a thing in general should be."[1] This means that it is a thought or opinion derived from an interpretation of facts. And the concept developed will be determined by the accuracy and completeness of the facts as well as the reliability and truthfulness of the generalizing done by the students.

Pupils must be motivated to apply the facts they learn in their personal everyday activities. What value is there in learning that a good investment must be safe, yield an acceptable return, and be available when needed, if this is merely memorized or learned theoretically? Since students' interests, knowledge, experience backgrounds, and situations all vary, each student must formulate his own generalizations. Each one needs to broaden his thinking by working from specifics to general principles. The teacher's responsibility is one of encouragement, guidance, coordination, and supervision of individual and group projects. Teachers must remember that sound concepts are formulated only when accurate and appropriate specifics are applied. *The more specific the concept and the closer its relationships to the facts on which it is based, the easier it is to develop.*

THE PROBLEM-SOLVING PROCESS

Concept development and problem-solving are quite similar and follow almost identical steps. The first essentials to problem-solving lie in (1) a recognition that a problem exists and (2) the presence of a desire to find its solution.

The Formal Steps or Procedures

1. *The first step is to state the problem clearly and analyze it into various aspects and sub-problems.* This helps to get the problem in mind and understand what is needed to get started. For example, how does one go about choosing an insurance agent? The sub-problems are: What are the qualifications of a good agent? How does one locate a good agent? Whose recommendations should one accept? How can I tell whether a particular agent is the right one for me?

2. *Determine what you already know about the problem.* Before one starts looking for new facts, he should first exhaust his present knowledge of the general problem and its component parts.

3. *Decide what new knowledge is needed and gather new facts.* We have already seen that concepts are based on facts. These are not bits of information learned for their own sake but facts to be used because of their bearing upon the problem at hand.

4. *Sort through the facts and assimilate them to find their interrelationships.* A clear perception and knowledge of significant truths comes from a study of interrelationships of relevant facts.

When studying life insurance, for example, a student learns that there are different kinds of policies—straight life, limited payment, term, etc.—and that

they vary from one another in their basic features, uses and cost. Only by relating these bits of information to one another and to the problem as a whole does the student realize that there are policies available to meet widely varying individual needs and circumstances. By assimilating related knowledge he gains an understanding of the problem and is in a position to seek its solution.

5. *Interpret and reflect upon relationships and seek plausible solutions.* Here is where students search for ideas, reason from facts that now have meaning to them, put related facts together to formulate concepts, and reach conclusions.

For example, the pupil learns that through life insurance he spreads the costs of a risk over a period of years by sharing that risk with others; that by paying his first premium he creates an estate for himself and his family; that there are different types of policies to meet varying needs; that a young person cannot afford during his early work years all the protection he and his family will ultimately need; that these needs will vary from time to time.

He generalizes by putting all of these interrelated learnings together and reaches several conclusions. He first concludes that buying life insurance is an important and integral part of his overall financial planning. He also concludes that buying life insurance is not a one-time operation, but something that should be planned, reprogrammed from time to time; that he needs the help and guidance of an insurance agent who has made a detailed study of the topic; that he should choose an agent of experience—one who has had contact with many problems similar to his and one who would be available during the years ahead. All of these generalizations are based upon specific facts, facts related to one another, and properly interpreted in light of a person's understanding of his problem and its various components—a problem important to him personally, and one he needs to solve.

6. *Test conclusions and solutions, choosing the one or ones that seem best under the circumstances.* Actually, in our example, we have posed a double problem. The first one is the choice of insurance coverage and the determination of an amount to purchase. The intermediate problem is the choice of an agent to help in making the former decision. One's banker and one's business associates (or those of his parents) can suggest the names of insurance men of experience and good reputation. But among them is the best agent for a particular person. By choosing an agent and talking with him, a person can tell whether he is the correct agent for him. Thus one tests out the decisions he has reached.

The steps that have been discussed here might be stated in the form of a series of questions as follows:

1. What is the true problem stated in its present form as I face it?
2. Do I really wish to know the answer to the problem?
3. What is the background of the problem?

4. What are the different aspects or sub-problems involved and how are they interrelated
5. Where can information be found that will aid in its solution?
6. What are the various possible answers?
7. Which answer seems most plausible in terms of the supporting evidence?
8. Do I honestly believe the conclusion I have reached?

EXAMPLES OF PROBLEM SOLVING

Teachers may utilize problem situations in all of the various phases of studying a lesson: when launching a new unit of study or a particular sub-topic within a unit; to reinforce learning as the study progresses; or as a summary or culminating activity.

When introducing the unit on credit, for example, instead of assigning the lesson to be read, a problem might be posed in the form of a question or a case situation. One such situation would be the student without any lunch money. Another might be the housewife who discovers as she approaches the check-out counter, that her wallet is missing. Through the ensuing discussion of how these persons might work out their situations, the idea of credit needed by the student or the housewife is extended to the use of credit in the business world—by individuals and by businesses. Thus, the three C's of credit are developed by the pupils themselves as they discuss the problem and proceed later to discover the answers they need. They come to have much more interest and meaning than is the case when they are memorized as part of an assignment.

Another example of the problem-solving method is given in the booklet: *Let's Educate Youth For Effective Business Life,*[2] as follows:

Subject:

Business-government relationships

Problem:

A local sales tax is about to be increased. Students wish to find out if they are getting their money's worth for their tax dollar.

The teacher and students prepare a check list designed to reveal what pupils think about sales taxes and their attitudes toward such taxes. Once these check lists have been completed by the students, the teacher can discover what misconceptions should be corrected and how the students should be guided in studying this problem.

Because tax problems are usually controversial, a panel of pupils with a student moderator can discuss the question. To prepare for the panel discussion, the class can be divided into committees to gather information. For instance, one committee should visit local tax offices. Another could poll some consumers

and businessmen. A third could prepare visual aids such as charts and graphs to show the relationship of tax increases to personal income or to the increased cost of local government. Other students will check the library.

As a culminating activity, panel members are chosen by the class, and discussion is held. At its conclusion all class members have an opportunity to express their opinions.

Then students respond to the check list given earlier. Thus, they see what changes have occurred in their ideas and attitudes on taxes.

CASE SITUATIONS

Student respond to a challenge and the use of case situations is an excellent way to present such challenges. There are four basic patterns used in case situations. The first one is simply to describe the problem situation and ask students for their solutions. This is the most common pattern.

A second procedure is to describe the problem situation, then assist the student in his analysis by asking specific questions. The following two examples are of this type.

Example Number One

Helen Carson had completed her secretarial course and applied for a position at the Jasper Company and also at the Rogers Corporation. She was first interviewed by the Rogers Corporation for a very desirable position at a good beginning salary. The personnel man at the Rogers Corporation told her that he would let her know by phone if she were to be employed.

While waiting to hear from the Rogers Corporation, Helen was interviewed by the Jasper Company and was offered a position immediately with the understanding that she would report for work in one week. She accepted their offer and agreed to start work the following Monday.

Three days before she was to begin working at the Jasper Company, the personnel manager at the Rogers Corporation called to inform her that she had been selected for the secretarial position with their company. As the salary at the Rogers Corporation was considerably higher than that at the Jasper Company, she was tempted to change her mind and renege on her agreement with the Jasper Company.

1. Does Helen have any obligation to the Rogers Corporation? If so, what is the extent?
2. Does Helen have an obligation to the Jasper Company? If so, what is it? Is it a legal or moral obligation?
3. Does Helen have an obligation to herself? If so, what is it?
4. What would be the best thing for Helen considering only the present and the immediate future?

5. What would be the best thing for Helen considering a long period of time? Why?

6. What would you do in a similar situation? Why?

Example Number Two

David, who works in the Payroll Department, is in charge of writing all salary checks and distributing them to the employees. In delivering the checks last month, David made an error and handed the wrong check to Mr. Howard in the Public Relations Department. After opening the envelope, he realized that the check did not belong to him, but belonged to Harry Smith.

Mr. Howard was quite surprised to discover that Harry's salary was considerably more per week than his, as their responsibilities appeared to him to be equal.

1. What should Mr. Howard do when he first discovers that an error has been made in delivering the check?

2. Do you think Mr. Howard is justified in complaining to his department head about the difference in salary? If your answer is yes, how should he approach the department head?

3. Should Mr. Howard say anything to Harry about the difference in their salaries? If so, what should be say? If not, why not?

4. Does David have any responsibility here? Is there anything he can do about this situation? If so, what can he do?

A third pattern is to describe a case situation, then suggest various alternate solutions. The student chooses one of the alternatives and then gives reasons why he made that choice. An example of this pattern follows:

A Personal Services Decision

Jane Wager, a tenth grader at Madison High School, is a producer because she is providing a service by baby-sitting. She is employed regularly on weekends by Mr. and Mrs. Larson and receives 75 cents an hour with her average monthly income being about $15. She also receives various fringe benefits such as permission to raid the refrigerator, use of the telephone, and use of the Larsons' new colored television set. Jane can usually study if she wishes to because the baby goes to sleep early. Jane has a steady job with the Larsons.

One evening about two hours before Jane was to baby-sit at the Larsons', Mrs. Quill called and asked for her services. When Jane told her that she already had a job for the evening, Mrs. Quill appealed to her emotions by saying that she just had to have her because some of Mr. Quill's business associates arrived in town unexpectedly; they had to take them to dinner, and their 18-month-old baby could not be left alone. She continued, "We'd be willing to pay you $6 for the evening, and we'll be back within two and a half hours."

What Should Jane Do?

1. Jane should accept Mrs. Quill's offer of $6 for the evening.
2. Jane should fulfill her obligation to Mr. and Mrs. Larson.
3. Jane should refer Mrs. Quill to one of her dependable girl friends and fulfill her previous commitment.
4. Jane should simply tell Mrs. Quill that she is not available that evening.
5. Jane should tell Mr .and Mrs. Larson that she wants more money because she has been offered more than 75 cents an hour.

Explain your choice, giving your reasons for selecting it.

A fourth pattern is similar to that just described except that several possible reasons are stated as well as alternative solutions. The student chooses the reason from those supplied which is compatible with the solution alternative that he has selected. An example of this type is given here.

An Employer-Employee Wage Decision

Al Isaacs has worked for a local department store for two years selling men's furnishings. At the end of six months he received a small increase in wages and another small raise at the end of his second year of employment. Al thought he was doing a good job because his work had never been criticized, and he seemed to be well liked by his supervisor and fellow workers. He thought that under these circumstances he should have received a larger raise at the end of his second year than the one he received.

What Should Al Do?

1. Al should not ask for a larger raise because his employer apparently feels that he does not deserve it.
2. Al should go to his employer and explain that he needs more money to meet his obligations.
3. Al should ask his employer what he thinks his opportunities are with the company and what future he might expect.
4. Al should take inventory of other employment opportunities for which he is qualified and then decide whether to ask his employer for a raise.
5. Al should make a list of his assets in terms of his contributions to the firm and discuss them with his employer.

Reason(s)

1. Employers should raise their workers' salaries every year.
2. Employers make money on their employees' services and should be willing to give them a large share of it.

3. Well-paid employees produce more than those who are poorly paid.
4. Wages are governed by the law of supply and demand.
5. Wages are influenced by the productivity of workers and the efficiency of management.
6. Competition is the controlling factor in wage determination.
7. Employers generally pay their workers what they are worth without being urged to do so.

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THE WANDERLUST OF JOSEPH HUDSON

A Silver Prospector of Territorial Colorado
Collated from the Original Correspondence

JOHN CONSTANTINE

This fascinating cover, unfortunately without contents, was mailed from the vicinity of Centreville, Colorado Territory before August 1, 1876 [when Colorado achieved Statehood status]. It may well be the earliest item in this series for it is addressed to Joseph Hudson at his home in Elgin, Illinois. This early date [note "Territoriel Cold Mail" in mss] may well mean that this letter was a glowing description of the silver-prospecting opportunities in virgin Colorado Territory. It may have come from a prospector who had preceded Hudson into the Territory and may have influenced him in going there himself on his ill-fated wanderlust trips.



My Dear Mother

Your letter was received today, and now I will come to the most important part of my letter at once. I received a letter from Uncle Jo (Joseph Hudson the silver prospector in the Colorado Territory) which I send to you in this letter. He says he is very glad to hear that I am to go with him. He is going to start the 20 of April [1875—this gives the only clue as to the first time Hudson entered the Colorado Territory] now just make a note of that. Now for your plan you want me to stay here two months longer and that will bring me to the first of

April. Now for the next put those two together and this is the result or sum—I am to stay here two months more then go out West [to the Colorado Territory] with him in the Spring. That is just what I make out. Oh Mother please let me go just see what a splendid chance I have. Read the portions of his letter very carefully that you find marked out [by Henry] and make up your mind to let me go. You remember what you said when I was home. I have set my mind on going with Uncle Jo and now that the chance has come—and such a chance—what I have been waiting for so long. You promised me that I might go and now Mother are you not going to keep your word? Just see what an interest he takes and see what he offers me [probably a percentage of the mines and silver to be discovered]. He says this—"I am glad to hear that you are going with me." When he speaks thus can you disappoint me? Mother dear I want to go. I am very happy to think so. Oh so happy that I can hardly wait for the time to come.

I do not know exactly how much it will cost but I can tell very near it will cost $60. And if I take music $70. That is about what it will cost. I will find out in time and let you know. I am quite well, now. You say you noticed some difference in my last letter—I did not notice it.

Yes I am contented to remain here for two months more *only* providing I go with Uncle in the end and I will do my very best in everything. Become a regular saint for a time. Anything oh anything to go.

Write very soon

Your affectionate son

Henry

[This is the most difficult letter to collate; yet it is the temporal keystone of the whole series, for it establishes the date, April 20, 1875, when Joseph Hudson left his family in Elgin, Illinois, for a series of silver-mining adventures in the vicinity of Alpine and Centreville, Colorado Territory, that ended in his untimely death by a snowslide near Alpine in December, 1878. This letter was mailed by Henry Stephens, probably a student at Notre Dame University, to his mother at neighboring La Porte, Indiana. It enclosed a letter from his uncle, Joseph Hudson, inviting him to go silver-prospecting in the Colorado Territory. Although Mrs. Stephens had previously committed herself on this matter to her son Henry, she was not in favor of the idea of interrupting his studies on such a risky business. Therefore, ten days later, on February 3, 1875, she sent Henry's letter to Joseph Hudson who was still at Elgin. Although we do not have "Uncle Jos" original letter, this remonstrance must have had its intended effect; for, despite Henry's impassioned pleas, we find no mention of him ever having made the trip—on the contrary, in Sister Martha's April 7, 1879, letter to her sister, Maggie, after Hudson's death, she appends, "Henry & Kate send love" (from La Porte). At least in this case a mother's premonitions were wise!]

Colorado Springs, May 2nd, 1876

Dear Wife

You will be surprised no doubt to receive a letter from me at this place. I am down from the mine this week—got here yesterday and will start back again this afternoon. I have stopped work on our mine on Chalk Creek at present on account of water—can't do anything more up there until August and in the mean time I am going over into Lake district 200 miles west of here and prospect for a month or so. The mines over there are very rich and ready sale for them. I think I can do better over there until the water goes than by trying to work at such a disadvantage and expence. I came here to see a man by the name of Hunt who outfits me for one half. I will be able to write you every week now for several weeks until I get into the mines. Write to me still at Centreville and I will have my mail forwarded from there for a while as I don't know what my Post Office address will be yet and I can get mail sooner from Centreville than from home. Kind love to all. A kiss for Alfred and self.

Your loving Husband

Jos. Hudson

[This fascinating letter from Colorado Territorial days mentions two ghost towns—Chalk Creek and Centreville. It is a revelation of pioneer western hardships in search for quick fortune.]

Oct. 12, 1876

Mr. J. Hudson
Centreville
Colorado.

Dear Sir.

We have at present no contracts to let on the Hortense and shall in all probability close work for the season as soon as Mr. Gordon finishes the contracts now on hand. If we see fit to do any more work I shall let you know and will give you an opportunity to bid.

Very Respt.
Keyes, Merriam & Co.

By George D. Merriam
Gen'l Manager

[This is a very intriguing epistle; for, in a few short words, it pictures the hopes and fears of the early western silver prospectors and miners. The Hortense silver mine, one of the several that Hudson was connected with, was owned by the Merriam's (of the Merriam-Webster Dictionary Fame)—a very erudite and bibliophilic family of Boston, Massachusetts.]

This letter arrived in Colorado a short two months after she was admitted to Statehood.

J. A. MERRIAM, E. W. KEYES, G. D. MERRIAM.

HORTENSE MINE.

Keyes, Merriam & Co.

Centerville, Lake Co., Colorado.

G. D. Merriam,
West Newton,
Mass.
187

Oct. 12. 1876.

Mr. J. Hudson
Centerville
Colorado.

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Very Resp't.

Keyes Merriam & Co.

By George D. Merriam
Gen'l. Manager.

Through the Green Plain
They Marching Came

Measureless spread like a table dread
For the wild grim dice of the Iron game
Looks are bent on the shaking ground
Hearts beat loud with a knelling sound
Shift by the Brests that must breathe [brunt]
Gallops the Major along the front.
Halt
And fettered they stand
At the sharp command.
And the warriors' silent halt,
Proud in the blush of morning glowing
What on yon Hill'top shines in flowing
See you the foemans banners waving
We see the foemans banners waving.
God be with you children and wife
Pray for us all in this' terrible strife.
Brothers God grant when this life is [ore]
In the life to come that we meet once more.

The Battle
By
Schiller

Translated by
Bulmer

Mr. Hudson,

Dear Sir,

I have written this from memory and may have lost a word or two. I do not remember the remainder of the piece.
Please excuse poor, penmanship.

Sincly yours
George D. Merriam

[What a priceless missile! Merriam ,finally venturing to inspect his holdings at the Hortense silver mine during Colorado Territorial days in 1876, does not neglect his Boston culture. In his talks with the less fortunately educated Hudson, he must have impressed the latter a great deal with the pleasures of knowing the muse of poerty; for Hudson kept this letter in almost pristine condition throughout his difficult "knapsack days."]

Lake City, Col., Jan. 29th 1877

Mr. Jos. Hudson,

Dear Sir

Yours of Jan. 4th duly rec'd. We are not dealing in potatoes this winter and are not posted as regards the market but I think there would be a good demand in the spring. I will make a few inquiries as Re quantity on hand &c. I understand one firm are selling at 7¢ [per pound] but may be mistaken. I shall be glad to answer any questions you may wish to ask. Your letter enclosing $2.50 was rec'd—many thanks.

Yours

G. S. Smith & Co.
R. R. S.

At Home In Grizzly Gulch Oct. 5, 1877

Dear Wife

I promised you in my last that I wanted to write you a good long letter but did not have the time then but in my next I would do so. Being all alone this evening I am ready for the duty for duty it is. I know darling that I have seemingly neglected you in this respect—but I could not help it—I have been hard run this summer—most of the time in camp on the mountain where I could not write, but I certainly hope and trust and do believe that one more season will let us out. Mining is a business that when you do win you win in an hour. Our new discovery will alone give us all that we want—but it is too late in the season no [now] to work it. It is above timber line and to work there now a cabin is necessary the material for which will have to be taken up on Jacks [pack mules] which will cost $100 not counting firewood. The mine is in the region of eternal ice. The Tilden Lode about 790 feet East of us was found last fall. It as [has] taken the owners nearly all the season to get everything in shape to work it comfortably. Last Friday and Saturday they took out $500 worth of ore and will take thousands out of her this winter. We have several days work to do on ours this fall Surveying it and posting it on record—want to do it next week, if the weather will permit. I dread it—for it is winter up there now away above the clouds. Tell father that a man named Walker and myself have found a large lode on the big mountain East of the Cabin that carries gary [?] copper. Say nothing to any one about it for the present. I have timbered up the Minnatonka and Clinton [mines] so that I can work them this winter if I feel like it. If I had the mony I could come home this winter for God knows I want to so much but to tell you the truth darling I am having a tough time of it—but I keep my health and I know that I will win in the end. Never fear but that you will see me again but it will be when I have got all that I want to make us comfortable for the rest

of our lives—not till then. You blame me for not bring [bringing] you out here —let me tell you the reason. In the first place I must have all of my time to put on the mines until they pay but the weightiest reason is this—that the altitude is aaginst woman—it effects menstrauation—stops it on most of woman [in most women] and if they dont die in the first attact they have to leave. There are no medicus or skilled physicians nearer than Farpley [another ghost town?] 80 miles away. The healthiest and strongest woman in Alpine died last week from the above cause and two more escaped with their lives—and are going to leave for the States so soon as they are able to travel [though Colorado became a "state" on August 1, 1876, it was even in 1877 still considered a "territory" by these rugged pioneers]. There is no society and more than half the time not half enough to eat. I'll bring you out just as soon as I can make you half as comfortable as you are at home and when I have the means to let you return home when you wish. You may doubt a portion of this but let me assure you darling that it is Gods truth and not half told. Last winter families suffered for the commonest necessaries of life. Twice when husband and wife were both sick I waded 20 miles through 18 inches of snow to get food for their starving children. The family of the woman who died last week her husband is one of the owners of the Tilden Lode that is turning out so much rich ore now—had she been at home in the States [a second reference to Colorado's territorial status] she might have lived many years to enjoy it. This is only on [one] *case*—there are others.

I expect that I will have to get a contract somewhere for a month to get provisions for [to] keep me this winter. If I conclude to work the Minnatonka, and I ought to do so for I feel certain that I will strike pay in her within 40 feet, and then I need a rest—am undecided what to do as yet—must have a week or two rest—anyway will go down to Mr. Polson's [?] I guess. The machinery for the maid of the mist [mine] tunnel as [has] not got in yet—it is on the way between here and Colorado Springs. Some trouble at the Springs about freight delayed it. Tell father that a company from Topeka Kansas is at work now erecting concentrating works at the mouth of Grizzily (Gulch)—will be ready to run by next spring. Jinnia [?] as [has] never answered my two last letters—I will remember them when I come into my kingdom [facetious play on striking ore]. If father will help you through this winter I will certainly be able to pay him next summer [asking his father-in-law's financial help]. No more this time. Kind love to all. A kiss for self and dear Alfred. Good night darling. Your loving husband.

Jos Hudson

[This is the most fascinating letter of the lot, for it portrays the true hardships of pioneer western mining. It contains a most interesing section on the effects of high altitude on menstruation patterned on medieval superstition but effective enough to keep Hudson's wife Maggie from trailing after him to live the hardships of camp life.]



Office of the Kansas City Mining and Smelting Co.,
Alpine, Col., July 13, 1878

Dear Wife

Yours of June 30" came to hand last mail but two late to answer. I am well and pleased to hear that your health is improving. You dont get all of my letters from some cause or other. I wrote you in my last that Bullenstine the person who lost one of his hands last summer by the explosion of a cartridge had struck a pocket of very rich ore on one of his lodes on the creek between my cabin and the lake that runs 23800 oz to the ton. It set the camp wild. I am pretty sure that I am on the track of something pretty near as good—will know by the time I write you again. One ton of such ore is all I want. I have been over the range the past week. A big excitement over a rich find of carbonate of silver and lead—it is 12 miles west of Alpine. I made two locations one of them I think will prove valuable—the top one runs well. A person by the nam of Walke and me are in together on them and he is over there now at work. Chapman as [has] gone to Kansas City [office of the Kansas City Mining & Smelting Co.] again—something wrong with the mony matters. I wish to God he would get sone [sic. money] so he could buy one [sic. mining site] as he says he intends to. Tell dear Alfred I have no more paper [an indication of the true rarity of this illus-

trated note paper & envelope] or I would answer his letter but will do so next time. Kind love to Father and Mother. A kiss for self and Alfred [his son]. Good night.

Your loving husband
Jos Hudson

[An important letter in every way. Hudson's undemonstrative love for his family ran as deep as the silver lodes he sought in his rugged existence for he pathetically says he would be content with one small good strike to make enough money for his family.]

Elgin, July 29, 1878.

Dear Husband

I reseived your last letter a week a go but have not head time to anser it before. I have got so much sewing to do just now. I have been sewing Night and Day for the last two weeks but I am going to stop it now for I cant stand it. I am going to try and go up to Sarah in a week or so. I hope you are well. We are all quite well. Father he is still doing nothing. He don't like it very well. Mr. Fish was over yesterday to see if I had got a nother letter. He says he dont see what ails you. He says he wold [would] like to go out their but he dont know wither [whether] you wont [want] him or not so he wont go. He says he thinks you act very strange. He says he dont know what to think of it. He says he wold like to go out their and have father go with him. You know you wrote you would write and tell father what to do but you have never said any more about it. Every letter I git he thinks you will say something a bout it—just keeps me in hot water all the time. I do hope you will make something soon. How is the Tunnell Company giting a long? You have not wrote any thing about then [them] latley. We are having very plesent wather heir at present and it is quite halthey allso for this time of the year. You say I do not git all of your letters. I have not head meney I know but I don't see what becomes of them. I write and ask you a good meney things but I don I dont never git any anser to them. I have become haaden [hardened] to it now but at first I felt prity bad a bout it. Nither I dont git your letters on what I dont know. I have got over feeling bad for everything. I look opon life in a difrent way what I usto. I am going to make the best of it has I card long for me dont stay heir very long any way at the longest [my life on this world is short?]. Alfred is well and injoying [enjoying] hisself. He just plays all the time. I hope this will find you well. Mother and Father sends their love. Alfred and my self sends you kisses. Good by for this time. Write soon and often. Your trim and loving wife

A M Hudson

[Cover missing. Hudson's "trim and loving wife" loved and missed him very much as can be seen by the pessimistic attitude in this letter mailed to him at his camp in Centreville, Colorado. To support herself and her spirited son Alfred while her husband was off to satisfy his easy treasure fever, she had to take in sewing. But she was willing to wait for him till his wanderlust subsided.]

Elgin Sep 30 1878

Dear Huband

I reseived your letter yesterday. It is just five weekes since I head one before. I was just wold. I did not know what to make of it. I dont see what can become of my letters that I dont get. It seemes by your letter that you have wrote me three weeks ago but I have never got it. I think sometimes I will git a nother letter [?]. We er all well. I was very happy yesterday till evening thinking about you coming home but Mr. Fish came over last evening and read his letter to me and that did not sound so much like it. It maid me feel prety bad for a short time. But it is just like this if you dont come home this fall on [and] do something for us I have got to do something [myself] for I will never go op to Fathers to live agin has [as] I have don [done before]. And another thing they dont wont me to. I am not very strong but I will strike out and do somthing for my self if I die in the attempt but I hope you will have som good luck before cold wather sets in. It is strange so many others ar having good luck and you cant have any and you war the first one their [a typical feminine dig hoping to inspire greater effort by causing jealousy]. I am glad to heir [hear] that your finger is better. Alfred goes to school. He has wrote you a letter [enclosure]. I dont think you can make it out for he was so sleepy he said when he wrote it. Father has bought 160 acres of land in Nebraska, Bone Co. [County]. It is next to Mr. Gables land. He says he is going out their egin next Spring. Mrs. Gable is better but Mr. Gable had to come home agin.She was very bad for a short time. I hope this will find you well. They all send their love. Alfred and myself sends you kisses. Write me soon. Good By.

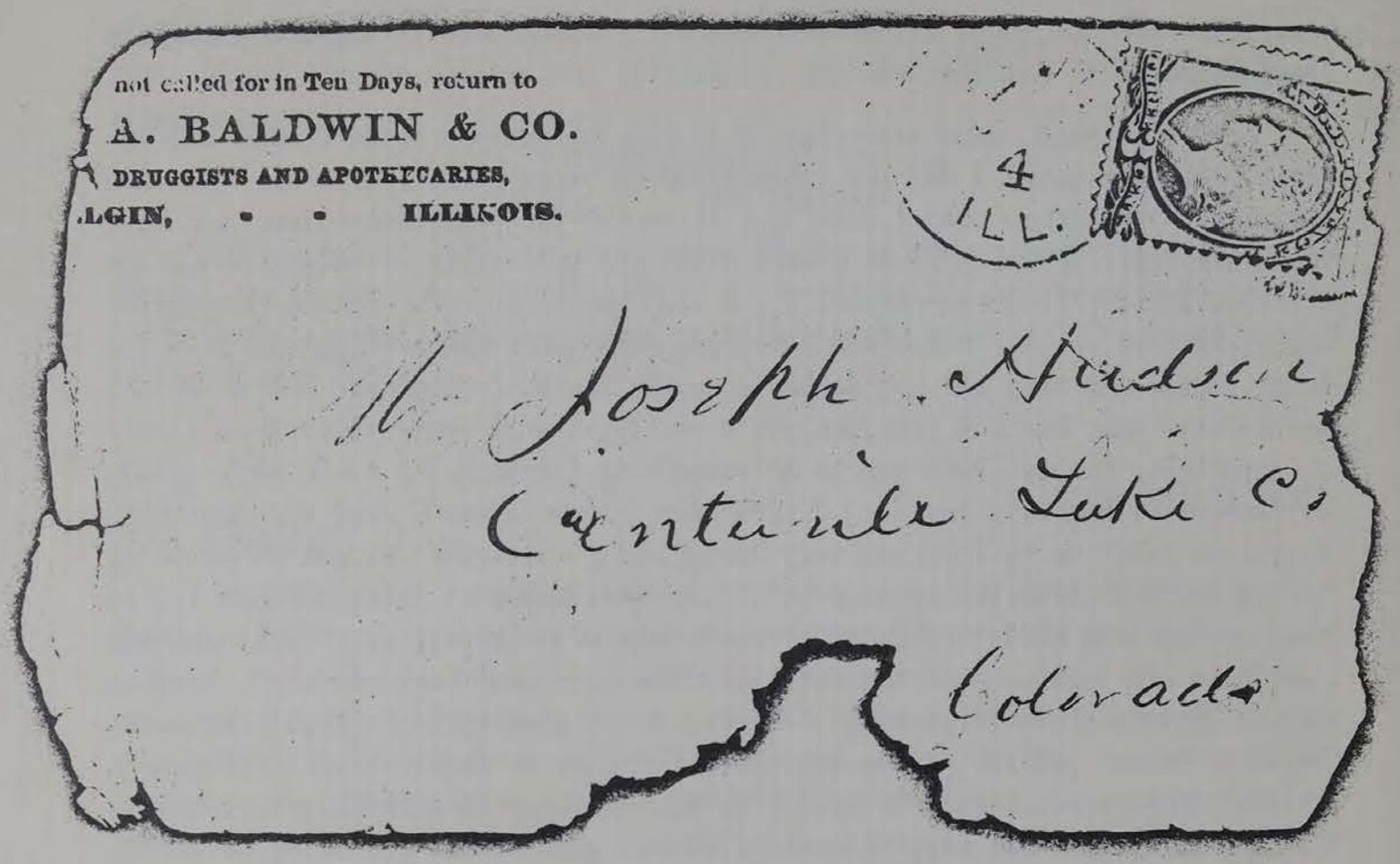
Your trim [?] and loving wife
A M Hudson

[And the enclosure was this charming, nostalgic letter from his little son, Alfred.]

Elgin, September 30. Dear Papa.

Dear Papa—I will write to you again before you come home. Are you well——[?]. When you come home will you bring me home a pony. We have a place all ready in the barn for him. We have some hay in the barn and I have some pigens in the barn and we have a little maal tea [maltese?] kitten home and it plays like everything. And friends is all rite. And Willie is still living. And I gotto [two] chickens up to binder [?] from May. And may I have a pair of rapbits [rabbits]. If I will by [buy] them. I am so tired that I can not hardly hold my eyes open long en- [enough]. Good night dear Papa. I send a kiss to you

[From these loving letters, we learn that Hudson was the first prospector at Centreville.]



A very interesting cover front only to the silver-prospector Joseph Hudson in Centreville, Colorado, dated October 4, 1878. The contents would have been very interesting, but unfortunately Hudson was killed in an accident in December, 1878, and this front was recovered from his effects by his wife.

Centreville Colorado Oct. 21" (1878)

Dear Wife

Your two letters one of Sept 16" and the 30" are received. I hope that you are all in good health. I have been away on a prospecting trip up towards Leadville or I should have answered your letters sooner. I dident find anything—am going to start again in the morning for Silver Cliff 50 miles South of here—There is a big excitement over very rich discoveries down there—I will be absent about two weeks. I have moved down into the valley—I had to leave the mines—I was getting the rheumatism—had it so bad when I came down that for several days I could scarcely move—I had been up too high too long [this is medically extremely interesting for he was suffering not from "rheumatism" but from "high altitude sickness" as it is called today]. I did want to work the Minnatonka [mine] until near Christmas but Fish thinks otherwise [Fish had returned to Centreville for he is mentioned Mrs. Hudson's letter of July 29, 1878, as pining away in Elgin, Illinois, wondering when they would hear from Hudson in Centreville, Colorado] and has left me in rather a bad fix but I sopose I will pull through someway and after this what I get is mine alone. I want to get home

this winter and must if possible, and am making every effort to sell a certain intrest for $500. I think I will succeed in a few weeks. One party that is trying to purchase I got a letter from last evening, he had been unable to raise the money and wanted more time which I gave. Maggie no one in my circumstances can do more than I have done, and if I fail I am not to blame—these two last letters of yours that are before me have hurt me more than all of my misfortune and dissapointhen. I am completely brok down in spirits since I received them for I have done more to soon [?] then any dozen men hev since I have been here. I am now batching living on dry bread and tea. I have no mony and I am owing sixty dollars. I can live on that but cant work on it. I have intrests up in Alpine that are valuable but it is going to take time for me to be benefited by them. Buttenstine's property is the same as mine. He was fortunate in getting grub to go on and the result is that he is taking out ore that is solid silver negociating a sale of the mine for $112000 while I have got to come out for want of something to eat and wate another winter. I was offered $10000 cash for a deed to the Baallbeck [mine] four days after I found the rich pocket but my intrest was only 1/6 and I could not sell that—they wanted the whole or none. Well I must close with kind love to all and a kiss for self and dear Alfred. Good night. Your loving husband

Jos Hudson

[A most pathetic and downhearted letter from the poverty-stricken silver prospector and miner to his unsympathetic wife, Margaret; no doubt for many years after his accidental death, these sorrowful details of his plight must have been a constant source of remorse to her. The interesting dated blue Centreville cancel is used with an mss stamp obliteration in this case, while a neat crossroads cork cancel is applied to the stamp on the cover of the April 8, 1879 letter.]

Elgin Nov. 18. 1878

Dear Husband

I dont git any letters from you but thought it best to write you a few lines to let you know that we ar still in the land of the living and I hope and trust that you are the same. Saturday I looked for you to come home when I did not git a letter at noon but neather came [neither you or the letter—ironically speaking]. Alfred lookes for you every Day but I dont look for you only Saturday for that was the day you came home on the last time. I got a letter from Martha a few Days ago. She had a grand party and she wrote for me to come. She says she is coming out this fall. She is waiting for you to come home. Jennie and Caill was down Saterday. Caill hase been very sick agin and Ethel too but they ar better agin now. Well all father talks or thinks about is Nebraska but I am afraid it will kill mother for she wores [worries] all the time about it. She says she hopes you will come home before she goes [dies]. I wish you could make anough [enough] so that they wold [would] not have to go [to homestead their 160 acres they bought in Nebraska]. Father have [has] paid for his land—it come to

$220. Dollars and Mr. Rudd the same so they ar not oblige to go on it in the Spring. Alfred says he is going with them to take cair of the Stock. Father is going to work in Jimes Mill agin this winter. He is to have $20 Dollars and his bord [board]. That is the least he has ever worked for [$20. for a whole winter's wages!] But he says it is better than nothing. Well I hope this will find you well. We ar having very plesent wather heir at present but it is cold. I hope I will git a letter soon [from you]. It is three weeks and over sinse I got a letter. Mother and Father sends their love. Alfred and my self sends you kisses. Good by for this time. Your trim and loving wife

A M Hudson

[Joseph Hudson's "trim" wife had ample cause for complaint as evidenced by the above. Cover lost.]

Clarksville, Mo., Feb. 3rd 1879.

Jos. Hudson, Esq.

Dear Sir.

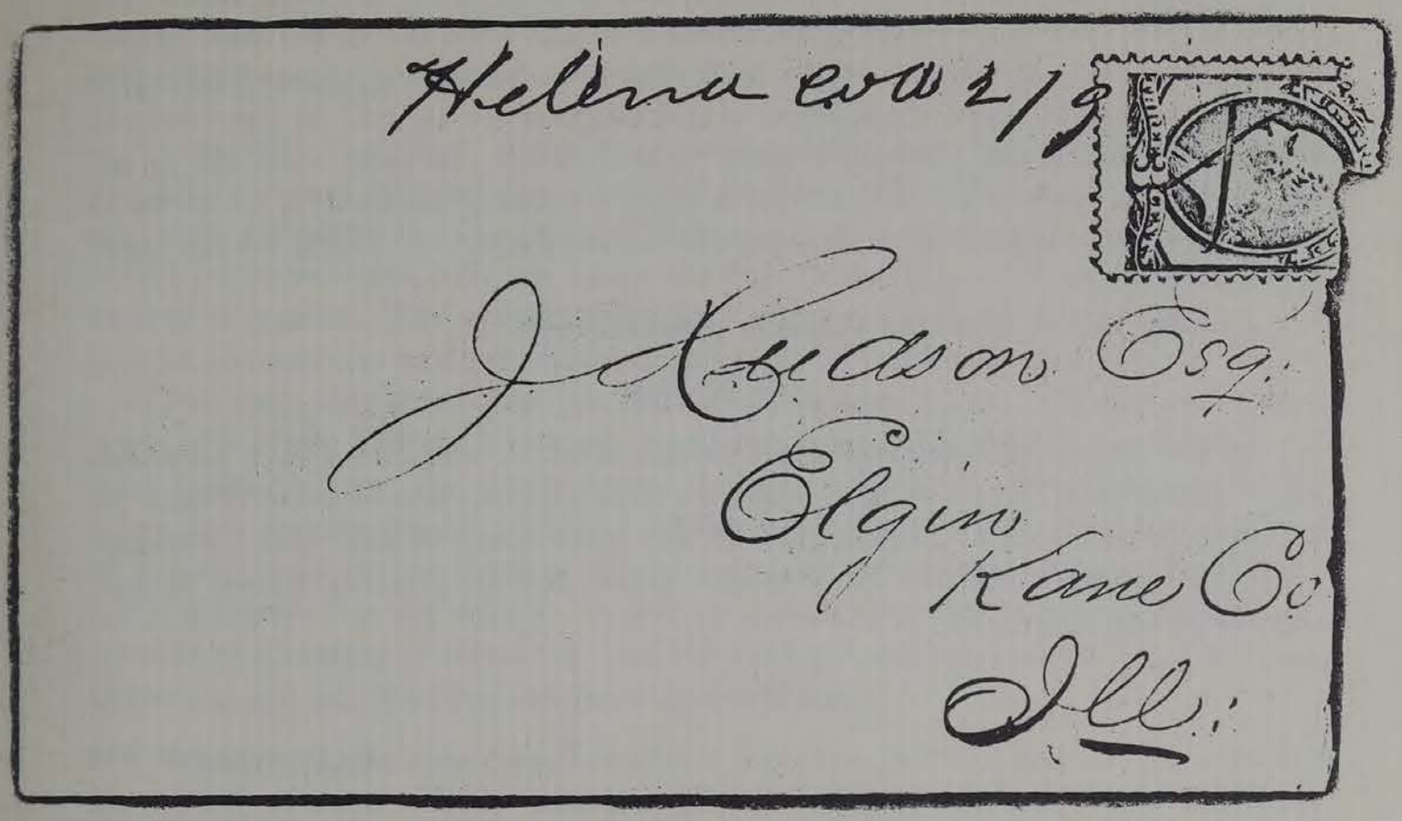
I enclose two pages of my friend's letter, received this afternoon. It explains itself. I have not told Mr. Bryan that I get a ½ interest in the scheme, because I did not see the necessity of volunteering the information & he never asked me. I consider that it is worth a fourth to work the matter to a successful termination.

You will please send me an agreement for Mr. Bryan giving him one-fourth in all you find for $200. In case of death or some accident to you or me, perhaps it might be better to give me an agreement also giving me one-fourth for services rendered—anyway you chose [choose] to fix it up. I suggest that as it concerns us alone let it be between us that you offered ½ to me for $200, although I shall not hesitate to tell my friend when I meet him. I should like a clause in the agreement as to the time you will prospect, and want your promise to keep me posted of your whereabouts & success whenever it is possible for you to do so. Of course Mr. Bryan & myself will be anxious to hear from you.

Bill made a run Saturday and did well. Will make another this week & finish all the iron work of the Stamp Hill. Please give me all the news when you write. Web, has not been over yet & we don't when he will be over, as his folks are sick, & the river cannot be crosed safely now. Yours, &c.

Jim G. Anderson

[Skulldugerry by Shylock Anderson who for $200 offers to tie up one-half of all of Hudson's future earning—but Hudson was sick and desperate for money (See letter to his wife Maggie of December 21, 1878), and he no doubt had contacted Anderson in an effort to extricate himself from his financial morass and gain an impetus for more prospecting. This letter was forwarded to Hudson from Centreville to Alpine, Colorado.]



An interesting cover from the ghost town of Helena, Colorado, to silver-prospector Joseph Hudson—addressed to him at his home in Elgin, Illinois. Contents are unknown but were probably on mining matters. This letter was posted on February, 1879, and was opened posthumously (Jos Hudson having been accidentally killed in Colorado in December, 1878) by his widow Maggie.

Centreville, Col. April 30, 1879

Mrs. Hudson

Dear Madam

I rec yours yesterday—I was up at Alpine digging in the Snow for the body of your Husband—we have spent at least one Hundred days work so-far diging in the Snow but without Success as yet—will try again next Monday if I can get any help—men have got tired of it & dont like to go up anymore .I will do the best I can—You Say that you want a list of his intrests here. I sent one to Mr. Wilcox—I will give you the best I can—they are as follows—the Minatinka, Clinton, Arbelu and Malta belong to him & me along, ⅓ of the maid of the mist—¼ in the Hays, ¼ in the Alamo—this last he has no title but the man's word but I have seen him & he says it is all right—he has ½ interest in the Tecumseh—the last-named interest is Bonded with Chapman & Riggins mill property & will probably be sold with their property, if so they want the title at-once, you will get-rebaten [viz. be rebated]—he Bonded it for the amt I dont know but the Bond will show for it self when it comes to light—Now Maggie I am here to sell

our property—here & now is the time to sell if ever there has been some sales made & men coming in looking for mines & if you want me to sell you interest here I must have the Power to do it—& that soon because the time [to] sell is when they want to by—I think what would be good for me will be good for you & they will sell better altogether than ½ interest—if you dont want me to sell for you say so at once & I will sell my interest & come home for it is no desirable job to stay here & hoping the above will be satisfactory to you & let me know at once

Hoping to hear from you I remain yours for ever

G W Fish

[This tragedy struck, and poor Joseph Hudson was killed in a snowslide while prospecting in December, 1878, at Alpine, Colorado—a poor reward for all his heartaches and reverses. But he did leave some sizeable mine holdings, which his ertswhile partner G. Fish lists above, for his grieving widow Maggie and young son Alfred.]

La Porte April 7-79

My Dear Sister Maggie

Yours of the 4th received—I will take Alfred with the greatest of pleasure, and I think he would be happy and contented with me, how soon will you go out-their—I sopose the sooner the better. I should think the proposition the chisolms make you [for the disposal of her husband's mine interests] would be the very best thing for you [better than G. Fish's offer in the preceding letter] to do what close [viz. astute or sharp] Mr. Wilcox say[s] about it—I should feel like taxing his advice in the matter—if you should decide the Chisholms the one alf interest how would that affect Mr. Fish's interest—would he give his consent to that and how would his intrest come in—would he have to get his intrest out of your alf? If you go out thair [to Alpine, Colorado] how long do you think of staying thair. do you expect to go alone. shall you dispose of the mines to Mr. Chisholm before you go (if you do at all)—well write me just today[?]. I trust you are intending to go out their, and when Poor Jos boddy is found to bury it there so that it can be moved at any time, and to return to me all that is left of the two hundred dollars [she apparently loaned Maggie this money] after paying the burial expenses. Please anser soon and tell me what you think of doing and how soon you will start. You will bring Alfred down here and make me a little visit before you go, wont you? Kind love to you, Father and Mother, love and kisses to self and Alfred. Henry & Kate send love.

Sister Martha

[In Maggie's bereavement her sister Martha of La Porte, Indiana, comes to help with a loan of $200. and an offer to take Alfred while Maggie goes to Alpine to settle her husband's affairs. Martha offers some sound financial advice and perhaps Mr. Fish will be left out on a limb.]

Alpine April 9th/'79

Mrs. Hudson Madam

I rec your kind letter a few days since—glad to hear from you—will write to you all that may interest you in regard to the affairs here—we have not found the *body* [her husband's]—going to look again to morrow. It is uncertain when it will be found—and I do not know whether it can be sent home or not—it will be sent if possible. The propert you speak of that I have an interest in Mr. Fish says he has nothing to do with it except where he has an interest—he will not attempt to undo any thing that Joe has done. For that reason I shall do all that is possible for *you*. If I get anything out of the leads I will send it to you. Most of these leads gave me, the shares I now claim, I only claim them because I think it my duty to help you all I can not knowing whether they are good for anything or not. Most all the property is not in danger of being jumped for some time so far as I know—*You ask advice*—my advice if such you wish to accept, though not capable of dictating or adviseing, but I should sell the property as it is if I could. If you can not sell than you can have the work done.

My opinion the time to sell is within next two or three month. This mining business is so uncertain the sooner a person can get money out of it the better for them I think. Mr. Fish can sell part of the property as soon as he has the power to transact the business.

The lode that is included in that sale of the smelter I do not know much about. I heard Joe speak of it being put in with this property but never inquired the particulars. I think the sale is made from what I can learn. The parties have not come to take possession. I am very grateful to you for the confidence you place in me though I may not deserve it. I do not think I ever deceived my friend that is gone [Joseph Hudson]. I pray I may never deceive any of *his* friends. Please give my kindest regards to your soon [son Alfred]. I have so often heard his father speak of him—nights when we come home from work though tired and hungry he never would forget his family.

Hopeing to hear from you soon I remain yours

Respectf'ly

James Walker

P. S. I do not think it necessary for you to have any come to work on the property you speak of untill Mr. Fish tries to make the sale.

Yours &c J. W.

[A very fine and genuinely heart-felt posthumous letter to Mrs. Hudson from one of Joseph Hudson's mining buddies in which he offers advice and help.]

La Porte April 16 1879

Dear Maggie

Arrived home safely and their [viz. they are] all well and every thing all right. Enclosed you will find an order from me to have Mr. Fish pay you the $200 I sent him.

In haste but with much love

Sister Martha

[Maggie Hudson's sister returns to her Indiana home safely after visiting in Elgin, Illinois, and taking Maggie's son, Alfred, with her for care while Maggie goes to Alpine, Colorado, to settle her husband's affairs on a loan of $200 from Martha.]

Elgin Dec 2nd '79

Dear Maggie,

I have been down to your fathers to day and the things are ready to be sent in the morning.

Bruce Chisholm will not be home for five or six weeks. Terry has had a letter from him in which he says that the Tilden mine was sold for $150,000 dollars a few days ago. And that he could sell the four leads that Fish is conserned in for $10,000, giving Fish $5,000 and you $2,500.

Your father told P Chisholm that you would not be willing to do that. They thought you could do better than that last spring and now that mines are selling so well there he thinks it queer that they should think of selling for that. Mr. Anderson thought you had best write to Brit—you know he asked the prices of the Minnetonka and Clinton [mines], perhaps they are making a mutual interest concern of the four now. Fish says he will sell for $5,000. He told your father he sent lots of money out there [to Colorado] that was sent back to you, and Mr. Anderson told him it was a damned lie.

I think I should write to Walker [see his helpful friendship in letter of April 9, 1879] if I was in your place, and see what I could find out.

Have you written to Bruce Chisholm? Grant is here—intends to spend the winter I hear. I think that is all of your business that I know.

You wrote about Emma, we took her to the Insane Asylum last Friday. She got so bad that it was not safe either on her own account or the childrens, to have her at home. The last week she was at home was the saddest week I have known for a long time. I hear from Myra two or three times a week. She seems

very happy with her *old goose*. She wrote for them to take em out there for this winter but she had no idea how bad she was. We would be afraid to stay alone with her a minute.

She had to be watched to keep her from going to the river, she took what Laudanum there was in the house, and at last seemed to hate the sight of her mother, would strike and take her by the hair any time that she was near enough. It has been just awful. Mrs. S. [?] looks like she has lost her whole family. And poor Charlie feels just as bad as she does. Your Father and Mother send love to all.

Give my best love to Martha. . Tell Alfred the old cat is all right, I saw her sitting in a chair to day.

Will says remember him to you and Mrs. H. [Hudson]. I think this will last you for reading for some time. Good bye from your friend

M M Kove

If you ever send me another stamp I'll never write to you again *so There.*

[And so ends the fascinating real-life tragedy of rugged mining life in Colorado Territorial days. Did "Trim" Maggie go to Alpine, Colorado, in April, 1879? And did she ever find Joe's body? If so, was it returned to Elgin for burial in the family plot? How long did Maggie live with her sister, Mrs. Martha Stephens in LaPorte, Indiana, and did she ever marry again. At any rate, we know that Joe Hudson's struggles and privations did not go unrewarded, for when our piece of postal history ends, we leave his "Trim" Maggie with at least a good promise of financial posthumous security!]

Harrisville, Michigan

PROFESSIONALISM AND THE MANAGEMENT ACCOUNTANT

LAWRENCE N. EATON

During the past decade, the role of the accountant as a member of the management team has increased appreciably in importance. In today's business world, no major and few minor decisions are made without first seeking the counsel of the firm's financial arm. There was a time when much of what the accountant now does in a systematic manner was done by the local manager (and perhaps owner) on the basis of intuition or "feel" for the situation.

As the complexity of the business world increased and each move grew more costly, the manager came to realize that his percentage of correct decisions could be increased remarkably by the development of better decision-making techniques. He started relying more heavily on his public accountant to supply information and to evaluate alternatives. This was natural because he was already consulting him on the tax consequences, and the manager was sure of the accountant's professional ability and integrity. This relationship and need grew in intensity in direct proportion to the ever increasing complexity of business activity.

Yet, even as this relationship was blossoming, both the manager and his outside accountant began to rely more and more on figures and judgments developed from within the firm. The internal accountant was coming into his own. Some of the reasons for this were:

1. There was more familiarity with the problem
2. There was easier access to and greater familiarity with the historical data related to the problem
3. The internal accountant could address himself directly to the problem without concern for third party reliance on the figures
4. It was less expensive—in many cases he sandwiched the work in with his normal routine
5. The answers were available sooner because priorities within the firm were easier to establish than between firms.

For these reasons and others, the management accountant has become an important member of the management team.

This leads to what it seems the management accountant needs to do in order to further the professional status he is now being accorded. He must find a measure or criterion by which others can judge the degree of professionalism for which he stands.

It is not enough that the management team, of which he is a member, places a high degree of confidence in his ability and integrity. Others with whom

he, his firm, or his work will come in contact, should also have a criterion which can serve as a guide in placing reliance both on the figures presented and also the judgments made.

There are numerous unfortunate incidents in today's business world where reliance has been placed on figures that were subsequently found to be incorrect and perhaps even fraudulently presented to others. A recent occurrance was highlighted in the *Wall Street Journal.* In this instance, recently acquired subsidiaries had falsified information used as the basis for acquisitions. The parent company is now seeking redress in the courts.

Many accountants engaged in management work have become Certified Public Accountants in order to equip themselves with credentials sufficient to acclaim a high degree of proficiency and ethical restraint in their profession. While this has served adequately as an answer for these people, there are weaknesses in this approach and, in some instances, it works hardships on the aspiring candidates. Five obviously undesirable characteristics are (1) he is tested in areas he will not use in his work, (2) important areas of proficiency are not tested, (3) he may have to leave his chosen field and serve an apprenticeship in public accounting, (4) the ethical code of the CPA does not meet the needs of the private accountant adequately, (5) the governing body is not sensitive to the problems of the management accountant.

Although the American Institute could also atune itself to the needs of the management accountant, it might have difficulty meeting the needs of two distinct although related professional groups. Management accounting has a vehicle more suited to its needs in the National Association of Accountants. It is not only the largest accounting group, but it is already a management accounting organization.

Three areas of major importance that need immediate attention from the organization that accepts the challenge are, (1) the development of a test for the measurement of the candidate's proficiency, (2) the development of a code of ethics to guide the professional conduct of the members, (3) consistent legislation to protect certification at the state level.

First, let us deal with the matter of proficiency. It would seem that an examination could be developed that would measure the knowledge and technical proficiency of the management accountant. This test could be on the order of the examination now being used in the public accounting profession. It would recognize techniques for measuring return on investment, forecasting balance sheets, developing of long-range plans, budgeting and control, as well as many of the areas such as internal control and auditing now given emphasis in the CPA examination. Generally speaking, less emphasis would be given to measuring the candidate's ability to develop useful information pertaining to both the past and future for management decision making. A test of this type would eliminate the need for the candidate to spend time preparing for areas of an

examination for which only a remote possibility of usefulness exists while areas in which knowledge and ability are far more important go unmeasured.

It seems apparent that it will require careful study and evaluation of ideas to come up with an examination that can properly cover the diverse areas with which the management accountant must be familiar. If it were determined that the areas were too broad to expect high proficiency throughout, it is possible that the test would have required areas and elective areas. There might even be an appropriate designation for a specialty of the successful candidate. The successful candidate could be called a Certified Management Accountant (CMA) and his specialty, if need be, could be designated in the following manner: CMA (F) might be used to designate finance while CMA (DP) might indicate a data processing specialty.

The second major problem area is the development of a code of professional ethics. It would seem that the successful candidate should also ascribe to an ethical code which would serve as a guide in the day-to-day conduct of his work. While it is obvious that great difficulties exist in the policing of internal ethics, it does not seem that the problem should be considered insurmountable. There would always be those who would violate the code just as there are those who violate most man-made rules. However, most professional people who have, of their own free will, ascribed to a code of ethics as a condition of being elevated to professional status feel strongly about their obligations and honor their pledge. This means that having an ethical guide will bring an obligation to uphold the guide; pressure to conform to the guide and support from group membership will be powerful influencing factors in bringing about conformity. This same group pressure can be used to help in the policing of violations.

It is a generally accepted fact that figures can be interpreted in many ways with widely varied results and conclusions to be drawn from the varied interpretations. Whereas the management accountant is generating, assembling and interpreting this information for use in the decision, it is essential that he have no bias, and, in fact, that he develop for consideration all logical alternatives, or if this is not feasible, he should at least spell out the limitations of his study, outline the major variances from the proposed solution, and discuss why these did not appear to be as acceptable.

It is essential to the management accountant that his ethical conduct in business reflect the same degree of reliability which he expects to have placed in his figures. Those at the top of the profession have already demonstrated both their proficiency and ethical soundness, and from those previous actions most of their fellow professionals have already assigned a professional rating to the individual (perhaps unconsciously, but nevertheless true).

The individual further down the ladder does not have this advantage. It may take years for his reputation to become known. This recognition could be hastened considerably by giving this individual an opportunity to acquire credentials that would entitle him to professional recognition. While recognition

comes hard in the area of proficiency, it is even slower coming to the professional in the area of ethics because at this lower level he is not making the decisions and is generally supervised. His ethical conduct is often influenced considerably by his superior.

Business ethics can be defined as the way the businessman conducts himself in his decision making role. Ethics is basically a question of propriety of conduct or integrity. Needless to say, the ethical conduct of a society is considerably dependent upon the social and political background of its people. As customs of a society change, so also will change the mode of ethical conduct. At one time in our society, slavery was accepted as a matter of course. George Washington and many of our finest statesmen owned slaves. To change this custom, as is often the way, government action was required. Certainly, we as participants in the business world do not want our ethical codes legislated in our behalf—at least no more than they already are.

The management accountant must recognize and accept the challenge, as the other professions have, and come up with an ethical code that can serve as his guide in the conduct of his professional duties. He must let it be known that he is a man of integrity, high moral standards, and a sense of fair play.

It would not only be impossible to cover every fact situation with a formal rule in a code of ethics; but, also, a code of this type would not have the needed flexibility. The Constitution of the United States is an example of a document which has existed for many years with relatively few changes. It is difficult to visualize what would have resulted if this had been a rigid document of do's and do nots spelling out answers for all types of situations. A listing of general statements of conduct could be very effective as a guide. Many of these could be of an affirmative nature rather than a listing of "Thou shalt nots". Basic to the formation of such a code is more open discussion of the problem, more articles on the subject, more individual views of the members and the acceptances of the responsibility of national organization for the shaping of the final document.

We ask other professional management people to conduct their activities in an ethical manner in today's business society. It seems particularly important that we make this same request of the private accountant because of the potential pressures associated with his responsibilities. Most top accounting people and many at lower levels have their own codes of ethics to which they ascribe and by which they conduct themselves in the business world. Needless to say, these codes are materially influenced by the personal views of the individual and vary considerably. It would seem that a consolidation of these many views could do much to insure a well-balanced code.

In the June 17, 1961, issue of *Business Week,* Professor Robert W. Austin of the Harvard Business School spells out what he considers to be a positive code of conduct for the businessman:

> The professional manager affirms that he will place the interest of his company before his own private interests.

> He will place his duty to society above his duty to his company and above his private interest.
>
> He has a duty to reveal the facts in any situation where his private interests are involved with those of his company, or where the interests of his company are involved with those of society.
>
> He must subscribe wholeheartedly to the belief that when business managers follow this code of conduct, the profit motive is the best incentive of all for the development of a dynamic economy.

Certainly, this approach to conduct would serve well as a starting point in defining any professional code in the business world.

An indication of the importance of high ethical standards, not only to the individual himself, but also to his fellow workers, is indicated in the following discussion:

Mr. John J. Brennan, Jr., Vice President and Treasurer of Electronics Corporation of America had this to say about ethical standards for management:

> The pattern and level of corporate ethical standards are determined predominantly by the code of behavior formulated and promulgated by top management. The rest of the organization, almost perforce, will follow these ethical operating precepts and examples; but, in the absence of such norms, the same organization will be motivated by individual, and possible inconsistent, codes of behavior.

It is critical, therefore, that each individual comprising top management, including the management accountant, have a well-defined ethical code as part of his repertory. This will give him a clear, objective, and consistent yardstick against which to measure the ethical import of his decisions.

The accountant whose concept of ethics is vague, and possibly even vacillating and inconsistent, is in constant danger of yielding to expediency and even pursuing unethical practices. Also, perhaps more important, he provides an undesirable environment from which his subordinates will develop. Their decisions will be based solely on their own personal ethical principles, with no frame of ethical reference from the top.

The importance of consistent ethical guidance from the top is underlined by looking at the degree one is influenced by one's fellow executives at the same management level. Studies have shown that one's peers have little influence on ethical behavior, but peers are relatively important in influencing unethical conduct. In other words, an executive's fellows are more likely to drag him down than to lift him up.

There is considerable pressure for higher ethics in the business world today, not only for the accountant but also for other management people. Much can be learned from the ethics and activities of these various groups and organizations. In 1961, a group of business men, educators, clergymen, and journalists were organized by the Department of Commerce in Washington, D. C.,

to form the Business Ethics Advisory Council. After some period of study, they issued a statement which began as follows:

> The ethical standards of American business men, like those of the American people, are founded upon our religious heritage and our traditions of social, political and economic freedom. They impose upon each man high obligations in his dealings with his fellow men, and make all men stewards of the common good. Immutable, well-understood guides to performance generally are effective, but new ethical problems are created constantly by the ever increasing complexity of society. In business, as in every other activity, therefore, men must continually seek to identify new and appropriate standards.

Monsanto Chemical Company has set forth the following principles as being indicative of the company's philosophy:

1. To act on all occasions according to the dictates of ethical principles, unquestionable honesty and complete fairness.
2. To address the company's total mental and physical facilities to the task of transforming matter, by applied chemistry, into more useful compositions and making these available economically through the world.
3. To study continuously and improve the practices and accomplishments of our organization, in keeping with accepted standards of excellence in American industry.
4. To settle for nothing less than technical leadership in the chemical industry world wide through use of the best minds and the best facilities available.

While one recognizes from the foregoing that there is pressure for reform, one would be naive not to also recognize that there are other pressures on the individual. As one looks around the business world, he sees evidence that executives of many firms have impaired or compromised their ethics for more immediate and tangible goals. It may at times be difficult for the management accountant to resist the efforts of others within the firm to have him compromise his position. If he has a professional code and a professional organizational structure that will back his efforts, he may find it easier to maintain his position of integrity, and in so doing this, could have a marked influence on the whole business community.

The third major problem area which would be encountered is that of getting consistent legislation governing the issuance and control of certification at the state level. This would seem as essential for the management accountant, as it is in the other professions, in order to prevent other organizations from springing up and issuing certifications on a less professional basis. The organization that accepts the responsibility will have to be prepared to work with the various state legislative groups in planning, drafting, and implementing protective legislation.

In summary, the management accountant could gain professional status sooner in his career and in most instances of a higher caliber if a measure of his

professional ability could be established. He would be helped in his efforts to develop and maintain high ethical standards by having an organization backing his position when matters of ethics become an issue.

The acceptance of this responsibility for certification of the management accountant by an accounting organization could minimize the possibility of federal legislation and control. The accounting group that accepts this challenge, and seeks to formulate and establish an organization along the lines discussed in this paper, may find that it is not only helping to mold a high professional organization in the accounting field, but in fact, as a by product, it may find that it is upgrading the professional ethics of the whole business community.

Controller, Dead River Company, Maine

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FROM THE POETRY FELLOWSHIP OF MAINE

FEW WORDS

Austin West

Though leaves may wither,
Bare boughs
Survive.

RETRIBUTION

Ina Ladd Brown

You are a cold and bitter month,
gray November,
Jealous of October's flaming beauty.
With the hatred of a woman,
unwanted, scorned,
you strike and kill every lovely thing,
and then, unmoved, await
your own frozen death.

THEY KNOW

Marion Porter Powers

Blueberries thrive in soil the weightier fruits
Disdain—burnt-over, frequently thin, hugging
The granite underneath, yet blender of sun
And rain for painting indigo with sky
Unblemished by a cloud.

Blueberries grow in richer, alien soil,
But minus the heavenly bloom, and minus too
The flowery sweet this native earth enjoins.
Blueberries know where they belong;
Down East in rugged, open ground.

THE PUDDLE-LAKE

DAVID STILL

It was one of those events, like most events, that occur, then sink into the vague, general past, that become an impression or part of a larger impression of things past. Few childhood events can be vividly recalled at will by the adult, once child participant. The golden-green childhood day, as well as the dreadful dragon, is a later remanifestation of the impression, not the actual event which is usually lost. The adult, who can only feel that he was once the child who played and cried, rarely recaptures the original. Mankind's memory as a whole functions similarly; history is an impression of all events, whether lost or recorded. Jesus and Hitler undoubtedly did exist as historical figures, but what is important to the human race is the total impression of these figures left to us.

When the human mind does regain an actual event, it is by sheer accident rather than conscious effort, the conscious effort bringing only the impression. A true recall of events occurs suddenly, unexpectedly, often triggered by a stimulus similar to the original; and almost as quickly the event fades back into impression. For this reason I write as rapidly as possible, hoping to omit little before the impression, rather than the event, becomes dominant. I fear I am already losing.

It opened, the whole green world reopened only this morning as I sat on a park bench which itself held many impressions in the form of initials, hearts, and arrows, and scratched out four letter words. It didn't even happen this season; buds are now just beginning to push their pale green grotesqueries from their brown twigs, the full green leaf promised by the folded yellow-green—so fragile, yet irrepressible.

A puddle a few feet in diameter lay at one end of the bench so that only the other end of the bench is usable. It shouldn't be there at all; the walk was designed properly with the right amount of slope for drainage. But the concrete beneath the iron legs has sagged under years' weight and grass has grown high and thick along the edge, preventing the spring rain's escape into the soil. Elementary life has begun to live within the puddle; a miniature, yet very real saga of life and death has evolved. I watched a black beatle-shaped creature swim from surface to concrete bottom to surface and back below. It swam over an earthworm, white and lifeless, which chose the wrong entrance to the earth's surface, died in a puddle that wasn't meant to be. Within a month or so the puddle will have dried up and faded into its own place in life's impression, with perhaps only a little dried sand around the perimeter to mark where life had been.

And so, too, life had been in another accidental puddle, my lake of some years before. To the child's mind, my mind, it was as much a lake as could be desired. It was left to me by a construction crew that had cleared a meadow for a road bed, pushing the loam back toward a nearby swamp in three huge connected mounds. For some reason the crew abandoned the project until the fol-

lowing year. Meanwhile, spring rains came and because the mounds and ridge prevented the run-off into the swamp, a long, wide puddle was formed on the hill side of the loam. I was delighted to find this puddle—my lake—late in the spring. Already occasional shoots of grass and more minute vegetation grew around the edges. It became a daily habit for me to come home from school, change into old clothes and boots and run through the old orchard, into the low brush, under the high pines down the hill to my lake. From behind the loam barricade I fought off armies of Japs and Russians. The barbarians were unable to cross the moat to the dark brown ramparts, unless I was their leader and let them easily up the castle walls. This lake was mine alone; I asked no one to share it with me. If I wanted company, I would play baseball after school or go fishing with Elwin, then my closest friend for quite some time. But the lake I did not share even with Elwin, at first by chance—other boys did not often come way out to my house—but later by design.

By the time school let out for summer, the lake became populated by real inhabitants—frogs. No tadpoles had lived in the lake; the frogs just appeared. Undoubtedly the several earlier life processes took place in the swamp, but magic was the reason I held for their appearance. The first ones were thin, small and fast; they could change directions rapidly. Brown or green, their colors were fresh and clean. But these lesser frogs were precursors of a greater frog. Although slower of movement, a result of his greater weight, he was terribly accurate: in jumping over a stone or onto a floating board, a smaller frog might graze the obstacle he was supposed to clear or slide off the slippery wood; but the late arrival never missed. Accuracy approaching perfection, he had fulfilled his apprenticeship somewhere in the swamp and appeared at the lake a master of his species. But he did have a blemish (or so it seemed), a blemish in appearance rather than action. A red blotch extended from throat to mid-belly and from just across center chest to the edge of his back, including his right fore-leg. The frog was even more remarkable as he had not lost the natural sheen of a younger frog; his green should have dulled with his age, but it was as brilliant as that of any of his lake companions. The bright green was even more pronounced when juxtaposed to the red, there being no blending of the two colors, rather a line which neither crossed. The red, while not actually crimson, appeared so in relation to the youthful green. So distinct and wonderful was this frog that he became general of the frog armies, leader of the rebellious downtrodden or king of the faithful frog followers.

As my childhood summer wore on, I spent even less time with school friends and Elwin. With the frogs, especially the large red-armed kind, the lake became a special world, a world without the pressures of being the best or worst ball-player, or living in the woods instead of in town. Frogs had nothing personal for or against anyone. If they were frightened by something, they would avoid it; if they were not frightened by something, they would accept it into their environment. I did not frighten them. The smaller frogs were shy of me at first but soon accepted me as part of the lake world. From his first appearance, the

large frog trusted me. By midsummer I spent most of my waking hours in the world of puddle, tall pines, warm sun and primitive life, my only human contacts being at home during mealtime and bedtime, that is until Elwin came for his week visit.

Elwin's visit was an annual event which had started some three or four years earlier. The first year it was for only a week-end, but it had been for a week each following summer. Early in the week we played baseball, went fishing, ran through the apple orchard and through the woods. Once we even went by the lake-puddle on the back way to the dump, through the swamp. I didn't mention to Elwin what the lake held, especially the frogs. At that time it was more a feeling than a rational thought that Elwin didn't belong. Elwin and I had played with frogs before, but differently; it hadn't at all been the way I played with these frogs. When I was with Elwin, the relationship was between boy and boy, not boys and animals. The frogs were things with which we only amused ourselves. When I was with my frogs at my lake, the frogs accepted me as a creature if not similar, at least equal. So we passed the lake at the beginning of the week.

By midweek two-man baseball had yielded what enjoyment it had to offer. The mystery of orchard, field and wood grew less with frequent visitation. Even young fishermen tire of sunfish, the larger pickerel and bass having gone to deeper, cooler pools. Even the dump was inaccessible after the grisly caretaker chased us back into the swamp. We tried to think of new activities, but without inspiration. My mother asked why I didn't take Elwin to the big puddle over the hill where the meadow used to be. There must be something there of interest to have occupied so much of my time during the past few weeks. I couldn't exactly say no as I wasn't certain of my reason. Besides, after having searched for other ideas, the puddle-lake did offer something to do.

My first thought on the way through the orchard was to convert Elwin to a different type of relationship with frogs. Then I told him that there were frogs at this puddle, that these frogs were friendly, and that we shouldn't throw stones at them as we had at the river frogs. To my delight Elwin agreed and even liked the idea of frogs that would sit in his hand without jumping away. I was relieved that I had misjudged Elwin, that all I had to do was show him a better way to act for him to change. We emerged from the tall trees to the lake. I was still apprehensive, now because maybe the frogs wouldn't react to Elwin as they had me. If they didn't, if they jumped away from him, they would have stones thrown at them as did other frogs Elwin had met. Then I would probably join him. I couldn't know whether my friendship with Elwin or my feeling for the frogs would be stronger if there was a showdown. I think I was more concerned with losing either relationship than of the frogs' being stoned; we seldom could hit a moving creature.

We approached the lake cautiously, careful not to frighten the frogs. They didn't move; they lay in the water or sat as if no one or only I were there with them. I picked up a slender brown frog and held it in my open hand, stroking

it between its large eyes. I then handed it to Elwin. It did not move. He set it back in the water and picked up another; it sat in Elwin's hand as did the first. I scanned for my king, but I couldn't see him. Perhaps he sensed something different in the situation and was hiding. I hoped he hadn't gone back into the swamp. We played with the smaller frogs for a while, setting them in rows in a floating board and along the shore. Occasionally one would hop back into the lake, but most of them stayed where placed. They seemed to have little mind of their own. Only my king was uncooperative, and he by his absence rather than open rebellion. After awhile, however, he also appeared, moving with two long, smooth strokes from a patch of grass and debris at the end of the lake. Apparently, he had to prepare himself for the meeting; but once he had, he entered magnificently, two beautifully clean strokes. I picked him up. Elwin looked hard, stepped back, and with the uncontrolled restraint of astonishment said, "It's diseased."

The blotch was no longer crimson: a bluish-gray glaze had subdued the brilliance so that the blotch was a lavender that had depth rather than surface brilliance. The green of the rest of his body was as bright as ever. "He's not diseased! Really!" I said, but I knew that it was already too late. The quiet, friendly frog spell was broken. The more natural, more violent boy emotions were about to erupt. Elwin reached for a stone.

I stopped him and tried to think of a way to salvage the situation. I told Elwin I could take the large frog back into the swamp; but he argued, probably correctly, that the frog would only return. The only other possible way to keep Elwin placated and not destroy the lake world was to get rid of the king—to kill him. It was a sacrifice that would save most of what I had, a calculated loss rather than a total one. Elwin agreed to it. How to do it, how to kill even a part of the lake world, was another matter. Neither of us would bash the frog, as if there would be guilt involved if we applied the death-force directly. We considered hanging, but a frog's throat is not built for a noose. Then we struck on the perfect method: we would burn him.

Elwin went to the other side of the loam mounds to find a suitable stake while I brought the largest of the frogs to the top of the center mound. The frog did not resist. I pulled some thread and elastic from the top of my sock to tie the frog to the stick, but we couldn't tie him so he would stay. Elwin went back down the once castle wall and returned with another stick. I tied it to the first in the shape of a cross. It was easy to secure the frog to this. I thrust the upright stick into the mound. The fire materials were gathered and we placed first the dry leaves, then the tender pine twigs, and finally some larger pine sticks around the bottom of the frog. It was clumsily done—we worked in haste. At that age I seldom went without matches; a whole box of wooden ones always hung near where the wood stove used to be in our kitchen. I lit the leaves. Elwin and I moved down the mound to the other side of the lake to watch.

My first feeling was regret that I had not tied the frog's large back legs which he kicked at the rising flames. Then a new awareness seized me, something

I had never felt before. I had killed before. I remember stomping out a red ant army on the concrete outside of Elwin's Italian grandmothers' doorsteps when the red ants were battling an army of black ants. When I had finished with the red ants, I stomped out the blacks also. I had seen death before too. I remember going to the big white house where Annie, Aunt Annie, was lying down in the middle of all those flowers. We stayed only a minute and I wondered why I had to dress up if we stayed for only a minute. But this was not like with the ants or Aunt Annie. It was dread as well as anguish, dread that if I did not act at that very moment, there would be no more moments—that the whole of life, past, future, all was at that one moment to be dealt with. I rushed ino the puddle-lake toward the mound, tripping over something at the bottom of the water and falling into my hands. The smaller frogs jumped in several directions, all away from me. I lifted myself from the water and climbed the mound, grabbed the cross with frog and threw it as hard as I could. I couldn't have thought of direction because I threw the tied frog back across the water toward Elwin. He looked at the frog, then me. He looked at me longer. The frog still squirmed and another wave of dread surged. I ran back down the mound and across the puddle. The delicate frame crushed easily under my weight.

I stared at it for a moment. I was shivering now, but it was over. The carcass was scarcely five inches long. With a flick of my foot, somewhat controlled, I kicked it into the water and turned toward the hill, away from the puddle. I did glance back from among the tall pines. The fire still smoldered atop the mound which looked much smaller from this perspective. I couldn't even see the frog, although I didn't search for it. The whole scene—puddle, mounds, frogs—was already fading into impression.

Husson College

THE WARP IN TYPEWRITING DEVELOPMENTS

ALAN C. LLOYD

Two years ago I fell into a sort of educational Time Tunnel. I got a jolt.

It is worth mentioning in the context of this professional journal because, I fear, American typewriting teachers are encountering similar jolts, for similar reasons.

• • •

I was in the British Isles. I was there for several weeks: Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Inverness, Liverpool, Birmingham, Blackpool, Cardiff, Bristol, Killarney, Belfast, Dublin, Galway, Cork, London, Plymouth, Sheffield, and scores of other cities—just about everywhere that a hundred or more persons who cared about typewriting instruction could be gathered together.

I was a talking tourist. I toured the Isles, at last getting my fill of ancient Roman camps and Hadrian's Wall and old castles, and paying my way by conducting workshops for typewriting teachers. To reduce the "What does he know about our problems?" feeling, I always taught a class or two in one or more neighborhood schools before meeting with teachers. Altogether, I taught in more than sixty schools or colleges preparatory to conducting more than forty workshops of three or more hours each.

The audiences were wonderful; no jolt *there*. No evidence of any "Yankee go home" spirit. When I asked for volunteers to serve as learners in my demontstration group, the teachers hesitated no more nor less than teachers do in the same setting here in the United States. And those teachers could type, believe me! Every bit as well as, and many better than, our American teachers. The questions flowed freely, pens wagged swiftly, applause was generous. The level of professionalism was in every instance as high as the best I have ever experienced in America.

The jolt?

In those schools, where I taught nearly two thousand children, there were only a half dozen boys in the classes.

In all those schools, which included showcases of British education, every class was a vocational one. There were no personal-use typing courses.

In the United States, the era of "Typing is only for vocational purposes" ended with the close of World War II. Today 53 percent of our total typewriting enrollment is nonvocational (that is, the learners are taking the course with the intent of typing their own words, rather than the words of someone else). In the British Isles, typewriting is a shovel for white-collar girls.

What was jolting about it was that in other regards the British and Irish teachers were right with us. They, too, give timed writings and believe in selective practice and developmental skill cycles and sprint spurts and all the other leger-

demaine of the American typewriting teacher. But to them typewriting was a girls' subject, and for working girls at that.

It was like a warp in the steady advance of time and history: the teachers were 1965 but, in comparison with the evolution of Things Typewriting here in the United States, were still in the 1920's philosophically.

"What," you ask, "was the reaction when you told them that they ought to have nonvocational typing, too?"

Laughter. Simply laughter.

I was fortunate enough to be invited to an interview program on BBC-TV and, later, to a similar program on the commercial TV circuit. Both invitations had come as a result of newspaper stories. "American Typewriting Specialist Actually Recommends Typewriting for Boys!" was one headline. In both programs, the interviewer asked leading questions about my opinion of the schools I had visited (good, of course!) and teachers I had observed (great!), then got into this For-Boys? matter.

Inetrviewer: Is it true that you think boys should be taught to typewrite?

Lloyd: Quite true—

Audience: Laughter.

Interviewer: Are you serious?

Lloyd: Quite—

Audience: Laughter, sprinkling of applause.

Interviewer: Whatever would they do with typewriters?

Lloyd: They would typewrite—

Audience: Hysterical laughter, sustained applause.

I explained how useful the skill was to any who would become office workers, writers, junior executives, and so on (including TV interviewers, an aside that brought down the house); and I called particular attention to the language arts gains that rub off on the typist. I succeeded on both TV programs in making a good case for personal-use typewriting and for typewriting for boys, but I sensed that both audiences were let down by my "winning," as it were. I think the audiences had really expected some surprise ending, as though the matter were a hoax. A 1928 philosophy in a 1965 environment. Really jolting. So ultramodern in so many ways, yet so far behind the horizon.

• • •

And now a similar situation is developing here in the United States.

Item: Did you know that there is evidence (not final, not absolute, but spectacular and impressive) that children of ten can learn typewriting easier and better than high school sophomores and juniors? Jolt.

THE WARP IN TYPEWRITING DEVELOPMENTS

Item: Did you know that a roomful of learners progress faster and farther when each learner advances at his own rate (via taped instruction or via programmed instruction) than when you, the teacher, have all the learners do the same things at the same time? Jolt.

Item: Did you know that there is evidence that every marginal comment and every grade that you write on a typewriting paper retards the student instead of helping him? (In other words, instead of feeling like a martyr when you waste a weekend afternoon on a briefcase full of typing papers, you should feel like a criminal.) Jolt.

Item: Did you know that you can get just as good results if you have 50 in a class as you can with 25; and, if you have multichannel tapes, you can get just as good or better results with 75 or 100 in a class as you can with 25? Jolt.

I walk into a typing room in London and am jolted to see superb instruction—but exclusively for girls. I walk into your room and see superb instruction—except there are no little children, or except you are still having all the learners do the same drill at the same time, or except that you are still marking and writing on lots of typing papers, or except that you have just 20 or 25 learners in the room. Jolt?

• • •

Let's try another aspect.

Each semester of a standard typewriting course, an average learner pumps 70,000 (give or take a couple thousand) words through his fingers, eyes, and brain. He spells them letter by letter. He uses them in typing drills, in sentences, in context. There is a rub-off: even if he and you make no special effort, he will read and spell and write *a little better* than would be the case if he had not taken typewriting. If you and he do make a special effort, he will read and spell and write *a whole lot better* than would be the case if he had not taken typewriting.

That's why elementary school pupils leapfrog a whole semester's gain in reading, spelling, word knowledge, etc., when they take a typing course in which the spelling-reading vocabulary of the intermediate grades is practiced. That's why junior high students make comparable gains if they take a typing course that is language-loaded.

Now, then: Don't you think your high school learners ought to have spelling and reading and composing, etc., drills in their typing class, now that we know how to do this kind of practice without hampering their typing skill? Or do you really believe that every letter, table, report, and form called for in your textbook or in your course of study is so valuable that none of these production exercises could be sacrificed to make time for a little language-arts drill? Jolt?

I walk into a typewriting room in Belfast and am jolted to learn that the excellent instruction going on in that room is exclusively for vocational purposes

and exclusively for girls. I walk into your typewriting room and am jolted to learn that, while your class is superb in all other regards, you have not yet accepted any responsibility for the spelling, reading, and other language skills that your learners should and could possess.

• • •

When there are warps in the ordinary sequences of things, when there are jogs in the straight-line evolution of new ideas, men and women who served in the Navy during World War II are reminded of a saying that was eminent, "There's always someone who didn't get the word."

This is the person who gives others the jolt.

I visited a school a little while ago in a Let-it-be-nameless city in Maine and found one of the most attractive schools I had ever visited. The corridors were spotless, the bulletin boards were lively and happy, the children were cordial and grand. It was a jolt to find the school had no electric typewriters. It was a bigger jolt to learn that the principal did not know that electrics are recommended for instructional purposes. The biggest jolt of all, however, was to find that the typing teacher "did not believe in them," as he said to me. There is always someone who didn't get the word.

I visited a school in a Boston suburb; the teacher had the finest speed charts and other motivational gadgets on the classroom bulletin board that I had ever seen. The tables were all adjustable in height, oh the classroom was beautiful. But all the typewriters had blanked keys. There is always someone who didn't get the word.

• • •

It may seem curious to you, but I must confess that I get a remote pleasure when I find one of these warps, one of these "didn't get the word" situations: I have some world's work to do, you see. Do you, too?

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