
Two Credit Hours In Eggs.

The autumn air may not be crisp as yet, but education is in the air, and ideas on what is education are on the air. We have a certain academic interest in the matter, so let's listen in:

Here is Philip Kinsley, writing up education in Illinois. This particular assignment covers the Chicago schools. "Train for Life," says the headline, "So Costs Rise. Fabrics, Table Settings, Dishwashing Studied." "Train for Life." So far so good. But what is life? We got that in the first grade, and we had a pretty good notion of it before we ever went to school. What is life in the Chicago schools? The sub-head is not so good: "Fabrics, Table Settings, Dishwashing Studied."

But perhaps we shouldn't judge the matter by what the headliner picks out as a selling point in the article. Let's read on: "If they can save on the meat bill, if they know how to fix carburetors, if they can select clothing and furniture with an idea to values, the whole effect on the economic life of the nation will be well worth while, according to one group of educators."

That's sixth and seventh grade stuff, the writer tells us, and it goes on for 120 or 180 minutes a week for twenty weeks, and he gives the opinion of certain authorities in the field of education who argue that a three to six months course would be adequate for the majority of pupils who are thus preparing for life.

We didn't study saving on the meat bill when we went to school, and as for carburetors, they were so new that they weren't for us to monkey with. But we knew enough to tell Jake Steinmetz that his hand weighed as much as a rib roast, although we had to depend on home training for little details like that. As for dishwashing (that ancient and honorable avocation of families to ten or twenty) the laboratory facilities in our outmoded pavilions of learning were so limited that we had to make dishwashing entirely an extra-curricular activity - under maternal guidance.

Let us get back to Philip Kinsley: "The pupils begin with studying breakfast from a health standpoint and go into laboratory work in cooking and serving food..... they are led into marketing and taken on shopping expeditions, where brands and types of stores are discussed and the relative merits of cash and carry and telephone orders learned.... The breakfast problem is further considered with study of eggs."

The Soviet "State Mother" carries on very well. It is amazing how many of us survived the dark ages before there was any study of breakfast from the health standpoint, and we could simply cry our eyes out if we were to dwell on the perils we underwent in our unsupervised shopping expeditions after B.B. shots, fishhooks and jolly beans with absolutely nothing to fall back on but a child's primitive instinct for bargains. As for eggs - we pass over the hayrow and under-the-barn lessons in hen eggs, duck eggs, turkey eggs or what have you, and come at once to the heart of the modern problem. A lady in Detroit went to the chain store with blood in her eye: "I want good eggs this time. Twice I've carried home a dozen and found them all bad." To which just complaint the flunkey made reply: "But lady, you only said 'eggs'."

Turn the dial. That's quite enough for one session on education, coming from a city which hasn't paid its school teachers since last April. Take a look at the statue on the Dome, or pay a little visit to the Grotto. Ask that Lady, who reminds you so much of your mother, what education means.

PRAYERS: John Turley, a freshman, lost his mother recently. Vincent Terloy's mother is ill. A relative of Frank Oberkötter died this summer. Jos. Bongor, an alumnus, underwent a serious operation recently. Stanley Smith, of Carroll, lost his mother Saturday. Jack Wiley's father died during the summer. Three special intentions.