

**bread
and
butter
plus**



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★ **LIVING DEMOCRACY SERIES** ★
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bread and butter plus

Here's the story of what high school students did "beyond the line of duty." All our communities have civic jobs to do, and all our schools can help. How many citizens in your community are taking hold? Are people leaving more and more to government? Which way, America?

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1. Democracy Gets Organized at Harbor High

Room 123 Goes on the Warpath

"Do you have a minute, sir?"

Mr. Frederick, guidance director of Harbor High School, looked up as Tom Oxley poked his head in at the door of the office.

"Sure, come in, Tom. What's on your mind? Something about Student Council, I'll bet!"

"That's right, Mr. Frederick. I met Jean Dresslar in the library yesterday, and she told me that her homeroom is on the warpath again."

"That's Room 123, isn't it? What's their complaint?"

"Well, sir, you'd think that after two years in high school they'd have settled down. But they're kicking about our Council campaign to buy CARE packages. They say the school is having too many collections. And, what's worse, they've told Jean to bring it up at the Council meeting."

"Is there anything wrong with that, Tom?"

"No, not especially, except that if Jean starts an argument today, what happens to the CARE campaign? After all, every homeroom pledged to pay for one package."

"Tom, I think that if the CARE package idea has been presented in the right way, we don't need to worry about it. But perhaps they do have a right to complain. Have you an answer ready?"

"No, I haven't, Mr. Frederick. But one of the fellows suggested last night that we should call Jean in and read her the riot act — tell her she just can't bring that complaint to the Council. At least until the campaign is over. How's that?"

"Well, Tom, that might be one way. But it hardly seems the democratic way. If I know the boys and girls in 123 — and I've dealt with them in our guidance work — they won't take it lying down."

Tom seldom asked for help on his problems. A bright student and a fine worker in school activities, he was anxious to do the right thing and to work it out by himself. He thought for a minute before replying:

"All right, Mr. Frederick. But what else can we do?"

"I'd say go right on with your meeting, Tom, as though nothing had happened. You know the complaint is coming. But I know you can handle it without hurting any feelings. I doubt if you can lose if everyone gets a fair hearing. And when I'm through here this morning, I'll drop in on the meeting."

The Council Faces the Problem

When the Council sponsor arrived at the meeting, he found Tom presid-

ing over the discussion about CARE packages. Jean Dresslar had just finished making her report on the attitude of her homeroom, and Mr. Frederick slipped quietly into his seat to watch how Tom would deal with it. Tom was, at the moment, trying to decide which of several members he should recognize.

He called on a sophomore boy: "All right, Jim. You talk for your group back there. Have you anything to offer on this problem?"

Jim Blaisdell did. He was frank.

"Well, you see, Mr. Chairman, it's this way. Yesterday I walk into my homeroom, and there's Jane Simpson standing at the door with her hand out. She says, 'O.K., Jimmy, where's your contribution for Junior Red Cross?' I look at her, but it doesn't do any good. So little Jimmy drops two bits into her hand. And then little Jimmy has to eat a chocolate bar for lunch, because he's out of cash.

"And that's not all," he added, as the group began to laugh. "This morning when I hit the room, there's another collection on. This time it's clothes for the County Home. Well, I forgot all about it, but they said I could give money instead. Two bits again, and a chocolate bar for lunch!"

"Well, Jim, do you have a suggestion for us?"

"No, Tom, I don't exactly. All I know is that it's crazy when a guy has to dig up fifty cents in two days. We at least ought to get organized better and spread it out a little."

From the back of the room came Mr. Frederick's voice. "May I say a word, Tom?" Mr. Frederick, as sponsor, seldom gave his opinions to the group unless called upon.

"I didn't get here in time to learn the whole story, but I knew about Room 123 and what they told Jean to bring up at the meeting. And I suppose that her classmates do feel the pressure of so many campaigns. More than that, I imagine that in her room it's the same as in others — not enough pupils are sharing the load. That's another part of the problem, isn't it? And it does make people sore, sometimes, when they do their best, only to see others shirking.

"Now schools all over the country have the same problem. Towns and cities do, too. How they handle it, though, is one of those questions that no one ever settles for someone else. But when a lot of School Councils send members to a conference — like the one we sent Lillian to at Middletown — something ought to pop up. Did Lillian run into any of this last month at the Council Conference she went to?"

"Lillian, do you have anything on it?" asked Tom.

"Well, not too much, I guess," replied Lillian Andrews. "From what I could pick up, especially in the meeting on civic problems, lots of schools have the same trouble. Too many collections, and not enough people in on them. We heard quite a few ideas. One of the fellows from downstate

said he thought giving money was too easy. And a man from the Community Chest agreed. He thought that often it is better to do some kind of service. Maybe it would be more useful, too."

Money or Time?

At this, long-legged Elmer Harper, star basketball player, said, "I can toss in something there, myself. Last Saturday about ten of us went to the School Safety Conference at the Cruiser Hotel. I know some of the fellows gave up their Saturday jobs to go. I lost six hours at the gas station, myself. But I figure it was worth it. Even Charley, my boss, said it's so important he would do without me for the day."

"Now wait a minute, Elmer," put in Howell Everett. "That's just one meeting. Why not ask me about this giving of service? I'm the horrible example. Those kids in 123 are griping about giving a few dimes. But giving time is no cinch, either. I mean taking schooltime or my own time."

Howell looked toward Tom for permission to go on, as the other members of the Council grinned.

"My homeroom teacher appointed me to the assembly committee," continued Howell. "You know what that means. Then you fellows and girls thought I was just the one to be in the City Council during Boys Week. Not to be left out, Mr. McDonald put me on the Thanksgiving Basket Committee. And don't go away yet! Now

the Honor Society thinks I should be their delegate to the state meeting. And when do you suppose the meeting will be? Just during the Easter vacation! How do you think I feel? I don't get a minute to myself. Instead of being on committees and attending meetings all the time, I'd like to have the chance just to drop in a dollar or so and forget it."

Here Joe Slover was recognized by the chairman.

"I guess I can add something," he began. "You people don't see me at all the meetings, because I'm on the senior co-op schedule and working half time at the valve plant. But while I'm there I'm picking up some things, too. For example, while you're contributing to the Junior Red Cross — and I give to it, too — down at the plant they get me for another gift to the big Red Cross. The fellows down there think it's part of their job to keep these things going. That is, most of them do. Of course, some of them kick a little. But I've figured it out that unless the workers can pitch in for the Red Cross and the Chest, and for things like the Salvation Army, the Jewish charities, or the Catholic charitable campaign, what's going to happen to them? These things won't go on at all if only a few folks help."

Then Mr. Frederick spoke again.

"Do you mind, Tom, if I sort of collect these ideas? First of all, we have the complaint from Jean's home-room. Some of you objected to her bringing up the matter. But, honestly,

wouldn't you hate to be in a home-room that didn't have a little spirit? Home-room 123 does have some life.

"Now, as to the problem: that isn't easy. Many people believe that they



are being approached for too many causes — and not only people in schools. Sometimes folks don't mind giving money, if it isn't too much or more than they think they can afford; but they don't like to get out and do anything. I sympathize with Jim, on his two-day diet of chocolate bars; but it seems to me the big question is this: How can we meet Howell's problem and get enough people to pitch in on the extra work that needs doing?

"Money is always needed, but time is needed more. In fact, raising money takes time, and handling it after it is raised takes time. Of course, it's perfectly natural to want to go home after a day's work and take it easy, eat, read the paper, tune in on a program, and go to bed. Yet I'm willing to bet

that Joe knows some of the men down at his plant who do give up spare time for community jobs.”

Joe nodded. “Yes, sir, my foreman is a block leader for the Chest every year, he tells me.”

As Mr. Frederick started to express his approval, he was interrupted by Elsie Bullard, who said brightly, “Well, Joe, I’ll bet that foreman of yours doesn’t have two or three hours of homework to do every night, does he?”

The group laughed. Joe replied with a smile, “I guess not. At least, not the kind of homework the teachers give us!”

“Even so,” continued Mr. Frederick, “it takes a lot of energy to do forty to forty-eight hours of work in a factory or office and then go out on some drive or other.”

Jack McKenzie, a new boy at Harbor High, gained the floor.

“May I chip in with a few remarks?” he asked. “This is my first year at Harbor, and I’ve got to make good, since I’m a senior. Keep my nose to the grindstone, and all that sort of thing. You know — or at least Mr. Frederick does — that I plan to be an engineer. That means math and science, and lots of it. Mr. Frederick sort of put me through the hoops when I came here in September. Said if I wanted to be an engineer I would have to work. I guess I spent half a day in his office taking tests and answering questions. He even had my dad in for an interview.

“Well, I got the impression that Harbor High expects me to produce. And that’s why I’m wondering if we shouldn’t cut down on these campaigns at school, instead of taking on more — or even organizing them. I aim to get my schoolwork first. Meanwhile, I’ll give what I can. But as for time — don’t expect me to help. I can’t spare a minute!”

Mr. Frederick smiled. “Good report, Jack. It makes me feel that my counseling is doing some good. But I’m really disturbed if we’ve loaded you with so many courses that you don’t even have a chance to . . .”

“I’m sorry,” interrupted Jack. “I don’t mean to leave the wrong impression. Some of the fellows know that I play basketball one night a week in the church league; I’m not good enough for the school teams. But I guess I’m entitled to some recreation.”

“Yes, indeed, Jack. ‘All work and no play,’ you know. But I wonder if this isn’t the place to stop and consider something you have brought up. Want to answer a question or two for me?”

Why Chip In?

Jack grinned. “Go ahead, sir, shoot!”

“O.K., Jack. First of all, where are these games played? In the churches?”

“No, we play all the games at the ‘Y.’”

“Good. Now, Jack, how much does a gym cost?”

The boy hesitated. It was Nell Lazarus who answered.

“I can guess, Mr. Frederick. My dad

was on the school committee when the gym was built. He said the school gym cost around \$100,000."

"Yes, but that isn't the same as the 'Y,'" suggested Billy Ransom, a Junior High representative. "The taxpayers paid for the school gym."

Mr. Frederick nodded his agreement. "That's true enough, Billy. So if we want a 'Y' gym or a Boys' Club gym, where does that money come from?"

"I think I can help out on that," said Alice Ketzell. "My father plays volleyball on the Kiwanis team at the 'Y' once a week. He told me several years ago he helped to collect money to put up the new 'Y' building. I think he said about a hundred men worked for weeks getting donations. And then," she added with a laugh, "he was too tired even to try the showers on the day they opened the new gym!"

The sponsor nodded. "That's the story for any worth-while community project, Alice. If we want them, we must work for them. And if we use them, it is fair that we should know how we came to get them. And you can add to the 'Y', the Boys' Club, the Veterans' Center, and the Elbow Room Canteen, which many of you attend."

Jack spoke apologetically. "I hope you don't get me wrong, Mr. Frederick. I feel that all of us plan to do our share of community jobs when we are older. Like my dad. He works with a Scout troop every week, and no pay, of course. But isn't it true that

schoolwork, our studies, come first for us now?"

"I agree with you, Jack. Of course every high school student must do his schoolwork; the community expects that. But whether we think about it or not, actually the community wants the school to turn out good citizens first, before anything else. Harbor City can't wait until you are twenty-one to see if you will be a good citizen. No more than Coach Boggs could do without a reserve squad in football — boys he knows will be ready for next year."

Tony Parelli, a freshman member of the Council, asked to speak, and Tom inquired, "What do you say, Tony?"

"Well, Tom," said the younger boy, "we have a lot of funny things happen at our house. My father and uncle were born in the old country, you know. Pop — well, he never had an education, and he tells me every day to do a good job and get through school, so I can make something of myself. But my uncle — he can't write his own name — says, 'Oh, what's the good of school? You just get a job and get married, anyway. Anybody can do that. Don't need to know nothing.'"

There were some chuckles at that, because many of the members knew the popular furniture mover who was Tony's uncle.

But one member was not so easily amused. Mary Elizabeth Jenness chimed in: "Oh, yes? I suppose you don't have to know anything to get a

job. Or to get married. It's not that easy, and I'd hate to do either without some kind of training. That's why my dad is so glad the school gives us guidance and that course in family living."

"Take it easy," advised Tom pleasantly. "Nobody's going to get married today. But I guess we'll all be out looking for jobs soon enough."

He turned to Tony.

"Tony, you can tell your uncle that times have changed. Anyway, we were talking about what we can do on things outside our jobs and our families. Seems we have students who want to do less and less, and others who are asked to do more and more. Yet we think everybody ought to be lending a hand somehow. Do you have anything to add, Mr. Frederick?" he asked, as he looked toward the sponsor.

The Plus Idea

"Yes, Tom. As I see it, there are extra or *plus* jobs to be done by all good citizens. I like to think of you as going out from Harbor High ready to earn your bread and butter, either right away or after you get further training. But we don't live by bread alone, you know. In a free country there are many good things we can all get if we work for them together — things we couldn't get if everybody went off by himself and just thought of his own food and lodging. You know what they are — churches and hospitals, for example, and the 'Y' that

we have been talking about. And if we are going to get them without giving up our freedom, every citizen must do his share. Otherwise, government may give them to us — and in ways we might not like. It means working like Joe's foreman — in the factory all day, and then doing still another job with his neighbors in his spare time. That is the *plus* part of our lives."

"I think we all agree to that, Mr. Frederick," said Tom. "We Seniors get a lot of that in our Problems of Democracy class."

"Yes, but look, Tom," said Frank Masters. "After a citizen votes, what else is there to do? We can't carry guns and chase robbers the way we did in our kid games. The city has police for that. We can't play fireman; they won't let you get near a fire. And the city even has nurses to take care of you if you're sick. So why get all excited looking for things to do? Isn't everything under control already?"

"Sure, sure," snapped Walt Koney. "They'll soon be shining your shoes for you. It's all so easy. Nobody will have to do a thing pretty soon."

The group was stirring with interest. This was a new angle.

Tom spoke again. "Seems to me that would be a funny way to do things here in America. But let's get back to the question raised by Jean. Are we or are we not trying to do too much? Or, as Jim said when he told us about the chocolate bars, do we need better organization? Or should

we chuck the whole thing out of the window and forget it? Seems to me we've sort of stuck out our necks, and we'd better do some heavy thinking."

"Well, Tom," quipped Walt, "we might all move over to Russia or some other place where the government thinks for you. That would be soft, wouldn't it? Just get up in the morning, eat your breakfast, go to work, come home, eat, go to bed! Sounds pretty fair — except maybe I'd like to cut out the working and just eat and sleep for my part."

"Let's get back to the subject, Tom," suggested Lillian. "Maybe some high school people still want to play cops and robbers, but most of us are willing to leave law enforcement to the police. But I'm thinking that there are lots of things we can do — and lots of things we'd better do, if we don't want to stop being friendly and helpful. How about last winter when Jack Pringle's house burned down in the middle of the night? Remember how the neighbors took the family in to sleep, gave them meals, and so on? Why, the kids had all their clothing burned. But in no time the people had them fixed up and they were in school again. That's the kind of things good neighbors do."

"You've really hit the target with that story, Lillian," commented the sponsor. "I leave it up to you as to which would have been better — to have had the city welfare department take care of the Pringles for those two or three days, or the neighbors. Most

of us would prefer the neighbors.

"It goes to show, though," Mr. Frederick added, "that it takes effort and time for citizens to do it that way. It really takes work to live in a free society and enjoy its advantages. You have to carry its burdens, too."

"But what about those city nurses, Mr. Frederick?" asked Mary Elizabeth. "Don't we need them, then?"

"Oh, yes, we need nurses, and police and firemen and health officers and garbage collectors — they are the specialists that we citizens employ to do special jobs. But there is so much more to be done that will never be done unless we do it as *plus* workers!"

How to Go at It

"Isn't there something we could do now, about our own setup?" asked Jim Blaisdell. "What I mean is, we've sort of decided that we're not organized right, and our main problem, it seems to me, is to decide which *plus* jobs we want to do and then do them right. And we need more people to share the work. What do you suppose other schools are doing about this problem? I'd sure like to know more about that."

"I agree with Jim," said Jean. "Why, right here in the Council are students from a half-dozen other towns. We could learn something from them. And just the other day Lillian was showing me some books from the Student Council Association. They told what the other Councils are doing. I should think we could get lots of ideas about

how to handle our jobs and maybe do even more than we're doing now."

Joe Slover broke the silence that followed Jean's little speech. He spoke slowly and thoughtfully.

"If we make a study of these plus jobs, seems to me we may learn more than just how to take hold of them, or share the load, or things like that. We may find out what makes America tick. If we don't help enough to do things together — maybe we can't go on being a democracy. I mean our towns and cities, and our schools, too. I'm not just sure what I do mean, but this discussion may be deep stuff. Oh, well . . ." And Joe's voice trailed off into puzzled silence again.

Tom felt the need of something to pull the Council back to the business before it. He was anxious to keep Jean's homeroom from making more trouble.

"But what about Room 123 in the meantime, Jean?" he asked.

"Well, Tom, I guess I can tell them that the Council is going to try to work out a plan that will help all homerooms and all students to do a better job. I'll explain the plus idea to them."

"Thanks, Jean. I think that will handle it in 123. Now, I wonder if we've gone far enough with this to

appoint a committee?"

At a sound of general agreement, Tom continued:

"All right, then. As my dad says, it's a good American custom whenever anybody opens his mouth to put him to work. So here goes! The committee — let's call it the Plus Committee — will be as follows:

"Jack McKenzie, you'll be the chairman. Then Jean, Mary Elizabeth, Jim, Billy for the Junior High, and Joe Slover. Will you be able to get to the meetings, Joe? If so, you can be a big help to us."

"I think I can," responded the husky co-op student. "My boss will be all for it, so it won't be hard to get off. Just give me notice long enough ahead."

"Thursday morning, then, Committee," Tom announced. "Half hour before school. How would that be?"

The Committee agreed, and Tom went on, "We'll see at the meeting what our next steps will be. Mr. Frederick, I hope you can make it."

"Right, Tom, I'll be glad to be there."

Then Ned Carrigan arose and solemnly moved that since it was late and they all wanted to be good citizens, maybe they'd better adjourn and get off to their classes.



2. The Plus Committee Goes to Work

Making Plans

Early Thursday morning the Plus Committee was on the job. Around a conference table sat the members — Jack, Billy, Jean, Mary Elizabeth, Jim, Joe, and, of course, Tom. The Council sponsor took a place near them, as consultant. Jack opened the meeting.

“Well, I guess I should speak first, since Tom made me chairman. I’ve been thinking a lot since I spoke up so strongly in the Council. I discussed it with my dad, and he thinks we are on the right track to get our civic jobs organized a little better. Dad says if we get some planning, we’ll find time to do new jobs, too. He thinks people in town could benefit by hearing about

our problem, also. He belongs to the Value Club — businessmen, you know, who meet once a week at a luncheon. They built that swimming pool for the kids at the housing project last summer. Dad thinks more of us should be interested in such things. So I say, let’s take this problem right by the horns and see what we can do with it!”

“Jack, do you think we need a secretary to take notes?” Mr. Frederick tossed a note pad over to the group.

“I’ll do that job,” volunteered Jean. “Be a good chance to try out my shorthand. Then I’ll type the notes tonight on our old typewriter at home.”

“Thanks, Jean,” said Jack. “I guess you owe us some service after starting

the argument yesterday. Well, where do we begin?"

"I'd like to bring up a thought," said Mary Elizabeth. "I've been thinking about Howell, the horrible example, as he called himself. He said he was overworked, and I believe he is. I'm wondering what we can do to help fellows like Howell, who get loaded down with jobs."

Tom observed, "Looks as if that is related pretty much to the complaint from 123. They kick about too many campaigns. He says he's too busy with extra jobs. I should think he would have trouble doing his schoolwork."

"He does!" exclaimed Mary Elizabeth. "He's off the honor roll this year for the first time."

"And how about this?" queried Jim. "If one guy has five jobs, like this Everett fellow, doesn't that cheat four other guys out of a chance to do something and be somebody? You know, maybe somebody else in that Honor Society could go to a state meeting."

"That's true," came from Joe. "Down at the plant one of our men was called on the carpet by the personnel manager. The foreman had complained about the man. Said he was doing too much on company teams. He was in golf, basketball, and bowling. Well, he quit all but bowling. He knows he was trying to do too much."

"That's all good stuff," said Jack. "But let's get back to our problem. We want to plan something for this Plus Committee. What about suggestions?"

Jean spoke first. "I'll say we ought to find out how other schools are handling their drives and campaigns. Surely there must be some system that will take our friend Jimmy off the candy-bar lunches and let Howell have his vacations to himself. That's my suggestion."

"All right," said Jack. "I think we all agree to that. What else?"

"Well, while we're at it," added Tom, "why not find out what these schools are doing besides asking the students for money? There ought to be some things that don't require giving money all the time. I don't think we could go out and build somebody a swimming pool, but the general idea is to give service."

"Good, Tom," said Jack. "We'll put that down, too. That's number two, Jean."

"Then how about this?" suggested Mary Elizabeth. "My dad works for the city manager. At City Hall they are always getting magazines telling stories about what communities are doing to improve themselves. Last year, for example, there was a big to-do about Cincinnati, which was celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the time it licked the 'boss' system. We might get some inspiration out of stories like that."

"Oh, why do that?" asked Jim. "Cincinnati's a long ride from Harbor City. Anyway, no school kids ever get a chance to be cut in on such a big job. That's for politicians and lawyers and so on."

"Don't be too sure," suggested Mr. Frederick. "It's a far better community when every citizen is alert — not just the lawyers."

Billy chimed in, "That means us in Junior High, then. Don't forget us."

Joe spoke in agreement with Mr. Frederick. "Last year when they tried to change our city charter, the men at the plant were handed all sorts of political stuff — papers, leaflets, and so on. About the campaign, you know. For a whole week people were at the gates passing it out. Vote this way — vote that way! I couldn't vote, naturally, but I could have done better than some of the men. They just threw up their hands and didn't vote at all."

"You think, then," asked Jack, "that Mary Elizabeth's idea is good? I guess we all do, so write it down, Jean. And you may as well check your notes to see what we've agreed on so far."

Jean scanned her paper. "I'll give it as I took it down, Jack. First, we agreed to try to find out what other schools do about setting up a system of collections. Next, we agreed to see if we could discover what kind of civic projects other schools are taking on. And third, we thought we might as well see what some older groups are doing. That's about all I have."

"Good enough, Jean. Now, if we can get this typed soon, we'll be ready for the next meeting. How about extra copies?"

"I'll have 'em," said Jean. "But look, Jack, what good is all this going to

do? All I do is write this up like a class assignment, and then what? I mean, don't we get something practical out of this?" And she looked at both Jack and Tom for a reply.

Tom answered. "You're right, Jean. We're almost forgetting that while we're learning about others, we still have our own job to do — that plus job. Maybe we could whip up a plan that would really help us get things done, and still keep the kids happy. That just about answers the big questions."

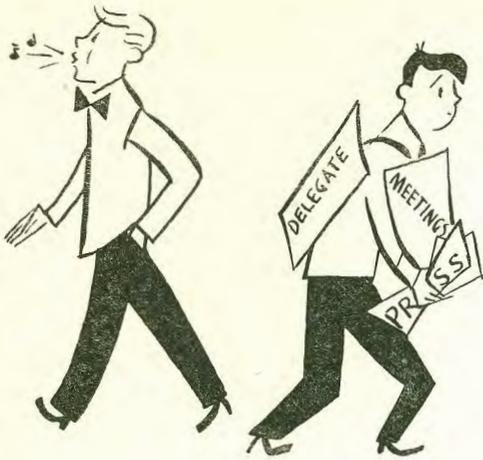
Jack spoke next. "I agree to everything so far. Lots to be done. But how? That's the sixty-four dollar question. I've not been around here long enough to know the ropes. Somebody else is going to have to answer that: how to get going."

"Well, for a starter," suggested Mary Elizabeth, "let's all agree not to load up anybody too heavily. Think of poor Howell, and get as many into our work as possible."

"That's fine," said Mr. Frederick. "And the best place to start is with this committee. If we start out by dividing this job among lots of groups and individuals, we'll really get more interest. Perhaps we can make it an all-school affair."

"Sure," agreed Tom. "I know the Honor Society will want to take hold. We're meeting tomorrow night at Al Zerkal's house. I'll mention it to them. Isn't that the idea, sir?"

"I should think so. And perhaps if Jean can get us the report in the



morning, we can use our copies to help talk it up. Then, of course, we should include our principal, so I'll speak to Mr. McDonald about lining up the faculty. And by the way, Bill," he added, turning toward the Junior High member, "we're counting on you to spread the news at your school."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Frederick. Our Council meets in a day or so. They'll go for it, I know."

"One more thing," added the sponsor. "I think that as you find people asking questions about this, you should invite them to our next meeting. It'll help them to get into the spirit of the thing."

The Plan Picks Up Speed

The meeting called by the Plus Committee surprised everybody, it was so big. Afterwards, several members of the Committee reported to Mr. McDonald's office to confer with him about their next moves. Jack, of

course, was there, along with Tom Oxley and Jean. They sat in the quiet office while Mr. McDonald was talking with several other students in the outer room.

His other business completed, the principal came quickly to the group and remarked, "Well, Plus People, how did the meeting go? Or are you ready to take a rain check on the idea? I'm very anxious to know where the Council and the school stand on the plan you were discussing."

"No, sir," said Jack, "no rain checks for us. We had more people at the meeting than the room would hold. Lots of them standing. I suppose some came just out of curiosity, but most of them seemed to be interested in what was going on."

"That's great, Jack," replied the principal. "Now, is there something that your Committee is ready to report? In other words, what do you want to do, and how can the school administration and the faculty help?"

Tom suggested that they let Jean read from the notes she had taken at the meeting, so that there would be no time wasted.

"Well, Mr. McDonald," Jean began, "I won't read it as I took it. I think I'll just use the notes to get started and to keep me from wandering. First of all, there were not only lots of students there; those who came really represented the school. For example, Bill Jones of the HI-Y said his gang of boys is just aching

to do something besides selling candy bars and soft drinks at the games. They want to pitch in and do something constructive, as he put it. And Elsie Hoffman of the Y Teens said if the boys wanted to take on some work, the girls would, too. Then Elmer Harper said that the H Club would back us, and Tom, here, told us that the Honor Society was ready to do anything possible to make the Project a success."

"That's fine, Jean. Go on." And Mr. McDonald jotted down a few words on a note pad.

"Well, you may not like this too much, sir, but one of the boys, George Bohrmann, thought that his teacher in Problems of Democracy might be willing to have the class take up the matter, and maybe make a whole unit on civic action, or some such topic. George was a little afraid, though, that the school wouldn't like to have students suggesting things to the teachers. What do you think?"

"I'd say that George had been reading some pretty good books on teaching," replied the principal. "After all, you know that the teachers think class work is pretty dull sometimes, too. They want a change."

"That makes us feel better, Mr. McDonald," interrupted Tom, "because we didn't know for sure whether the faculty would resent the Student Council's taking this thing on."

Jean continued: "We had another

problem, though, Mr. McDonald. We want to find out what the best schools are doing, but we don't know exactly where to get materials. Several students at the meeting had come to Harbor City from other places, and they gave us a thought or two. But we do need a lot of materials to read and choose from."

"You're right about that, Jean," said the principal. "I'll make a note of that, too. Of course the library is open to you. There is a whole shelf of books on schools and on education. I know that some of those contain stories you might find helpful. And the Student Council shelf has some good material, too. Why don't you see the librarian soon about that?"

"And one more thing, Mr. McDonald. If we write up these things, we'll need a way of putting them over to the students. Does that mean mimeographing or printing or what? Alice Ketzell was at the meeting. She's on the *Soundings* staff, you know. Alice thought that Miss Lanner might like a chance to publish the Project stuff in *Soundings*. What about that, sir?"

"Fine, Jean. And that means that you people will have to meet with her to discuss ways and means. Suppose I ring her on the office phone now to see if she can see you in her free period this afternoon."

And with that Mr. McDonald put into motion another important phase of the growing Plus Project at Harbor High. After a few more minutes of

general discussion, the group left the office, ready for the next move.

The Beacon Takes Up the Project

Miss Lanner shifted gears and pressed the accelerator as she nosed her car out into the traffic in front of the high school. She had been meeting with Tom, Jack, and Jean and had invited them and Mr. Frederick to go with her to the office of the *Harbor City Beacon*, the town's daily paper.

"It's just as I told you a few minutes ago, Tom," she said. "Our school paper is too slow for this Plus Project of yours. Of course we can carry a story next week about these meetings. But after that, what?"

"We've got ads to sell, copy to write, proof to read and correct. It takes a whole month to get out an issue, and that's no good for your project."

"So that means, I guess," replied Tom, "that we've got to use a mimeograph or something, so all the kids will know what's going on. Is that it?"

"Not exactly, Tom. But let's wait until we go into Mr. Phelps's office. Here we are. All of you come along. Mr. Phelps won't mind a bit. I work here as a reporter during the summers, you know, and he's never surprised at anything I bring in." She laughed pleasantly as she led the way.

Inside the office, Mr. Arthur Phelps, publisher of the *Harbor City Beacon*, was dictating letters. As they entered, he dismissed his secretary

and acknowledged the introductions made by Miss Lanner. She immediately proceeded to tell about the Project and how the committee was "stymied" because the school paper couldn't handle the publicity.

Mr. Phelps listened with interest. "Where do I come in on this, Miss Lanner?"

Before she could answer, Mr. Frederick suggested, "What about your paper's doing the job for us, Mr. Phelps? I think that the community might be interested in what we dig up about civic undertakings. Perhaps the *Beacon* would be justified in publishing the results of our work from time to time. Unless," he added cautiously, "you think the boys and girls can't write well enough for your paper."

"Say, that is an idea, Frederick. Let me ring for my city editor, Bill Walker."

Walker came at once and was introduced to the group.

"Look, Bill," asked Mr. Phelps, "where in the paper could you reserve a column or so a week for some high school news?"

Walker spoke rather gruffly. "You'll have to pardon me, Mr. Phelps, if I look sick at the suggestion. Over in Neelyville they tried that sort of thing. Stuff came out in their paper like 'Three guesses who Jeanny Smith is going out with tonight,' or 'What big high school center is sweet on Mary Jones?' No thanks, Mr. Phelps, if that's what you want!"

"Well, Bill, you know me better than that." And Mr. Phelps gave Walker a brief summary of the plan and what it might mean to have the whole town aware of the students' interest in civic affairs.

"Uh, huh! I've got it, Mr. Phelps. And I'm with you on that angle. Maybe it would wake up this *Beacon* bunch a little. Bread and butter, did you say? Sure. They're all anxious for their wages. Most of them make a good living. Professionals, a lot of them. Could get jobs in New York or Chicago any time. But how do they behave around election time? Out of ten on my staff, only three bothered to vote! You had to kick them on the shins to make them come across for the Chest.

"Yes, sir! I'll do it. You can have the space you need every week, at least a column, maybe more. Let the kids write it up, and I'll have a rewrite man look the stuff over, just in case."

He headed for the door, but turned. "And by the way, Miss Laner, you can put me on your committee, too, for this job."

After the door closed, the group waited for Mr. Phelps to speak. He said, with good humor, "That's Bill Walker for you, friends. Quick on the trigger, sarcastic, but sound as a silver dollar! I think you'd better take him up on his offer to help while he's in the mood."

"Take all the help we can get is my theory," said Tom.

Mr. Phelps smiled. "Suppose, then," he said to the group, "we write an editorial when you have your stories ready. We can tell about the Project and perhaps suggest that the school will welcome help. I feel that we might get the Value Club, for example, to get behind it. They have what they call a Service Committee, but right now it's pretty dead. Maybe something like this is the medicine they need."

"I think the idea is grand," said Mr. Frederick. "It's really more than we had hoped for, with the space for our stories, and now this. I suppose we can count you in, too, Mr. Phelps? That would be a *Plus* job, you know!"

"That's throwing it right back at me, Frederick," was the rejoinder. "But I'll accept. You can count on me and the *Beacon*. We've needed a live feature, anyway. So the school does the project. The paper co-operates. And if the town gets a kick out of it, then nobody's the loser. How's that?"

Harbor High Goes to Press

For the next couple of weeks the Committee and the helpers they enlisted had a tough assignment. After school, volunteers on the Plus Project worked in the library or classrooms, as they dug out materials or prepared their notes. Members of the faculty were busy answering questions and giving help to students who needed their aid.

No student was surprised, then, when the *Harbor City Beacon* came

out with a lead editorial about what they were doing. The editorial pointed the way to the stories which were to follow.

BREAD AND BUTTER PLUS

The *Beacon* is happy to announce that it is co-operating with the high school on a very important project. They call it *Bread and Butter Plus*. It looks good to us. These boys and girls have decided that every citizen has to do more than just earn his keep. He has to take hold of the good things going on in town and help keep the community running.

Only in this way, say the students at Harbor High, can a free society stay free. Give up doing things shoulder to shoulder, because we see the need of it—and we give up democracy. But since the students don't have the whole story, they are studying about it in their classes and clubs. They are learning about what others have done. And what they can do themselves.

Because we believe in what they are doing, the *Beacon* will publish student stories each week. We think our readers will like them.

The boys and girls think that when more people become interested, the *plus jobs* will be done better. The willing horses won't be worked to death. There will be more cheerful workers and fewer gripers. That will make everybody happier.

Have YOU done anything recently except to earn your bread and butter?

Friday night was the big night for those students who had been most interested in the Plus Project. It was for Friday that the first *Beacon* article had been promised.

The paper had given hardly a hint of the great amount of work that had been going on in the high school, however. The Student Council and its committee had done a good job. English classes, history and social studies groups, even science classes, had begun to study the matter seriously; and the clubs and service organizations were busy as bees. The Junior High Council was in the picture, too. In Room 30, where *Harbor Soundings* was published, there was a constant buzz of activity, as members of the staff, free from study periods or after school, worked over the materials.

There was a lot of excitement in the homes of the Committee members when the evening paper was delivered. One of these homes was the Oxley residence, where Tom's parents and his brother and sister eagerly opened the paper to find the first article.

3. How They Brought the News

HARBOR CITY BEACON

Friday, March 3, 195-

BREAD AND BUTTER PLUS PROJECT

First High School Story Appears in These Columns

The *Beacon* takes pride in presenting the first of a series of stories by the students of our High School.

These are not ordinary stories, even though written simply. The boys and girls who wrote them haven't got comic-book minds. Here are stories of what citizens have been doing to carry on our democracy in the way it must be carried on—by free and willing effort.

As mentioned in our editorial in Monday's paper, the name of the school project is *Bread and Butter Plus*. We asked at that time, "Have you done anything recently except to earn your bread and butter?"

We ask it again. Think it over. If enough of us leave the meeting of civic needs to somebody else, where do we end up? Will government do more and more? Is that democracy? Think that one over, too.

These stories, to appear each Friday, are based upon real life incidents, learned from the research done by our young high school social scientists. All of the stories have gone through the hands of the school newspaper staff.

Our first story is by Tom Oxley, President of the Student Council.

—*Editor*

INTRODUCTION TO OUR SCHOOL PROJECT

By Tom Oxley, *President*
Harbor High Student Council

Our Student Council hesitated for some time before it went into this Plus Project, because we did not want to give the impression to the students or to the citizens of Harbor City that our school was doing little or nothing on the civic front. As a matter of fact, the school has had a lot of hard workers on civic jobs ever

since I knew anything about it, and they have done a good deal to help others.

But through the years, especially during World War II, so many different calls have come to all citizens, including young citizens, that we feel the time is ripe to reorganize our efforts and perhaps to discover new

jobs that we should be doing. And besides, it has begun to look as if many students had left the heavy demands to be met by those we call the "willing horses." This, too, is a matter that we felt needed our attention.

However, there are a number of activities in which our students have done a lot of work every year. We think you would like to know what some of them are. There is the job being done by the members of our H Club, for example. These boys have been working in the Harbor City Boys' Club, helping in the game rooms, in the swimming pool, and with the hikes and Saturday program. Coach Boggs is pleased to report that more boys have volunteered for this work since the Plus Project has started. He has more than one reason for his pleasure, of course. It keeps his boys busy in off seasons, and it gives them an idea of teamwork for the community.

For many years, some of our girls

have been sewing for the Needlework Guild, in a project which provides clothing for needy people. This is a generous thing for them to do, because it not only calls for work by the girls, but it means they have to buy the materials and do the sewing on their own time.

So when the students of Harbor High and the citizens of our community begin to read the stories that our Committees have written, we hope they will remember that our school and our students have a story of their own to tell.

It will be told, we hope, when the Plus Project stops long enough to count up the score. We aren't in this thing to blow our own horn, of course, though we might. We are pretty certain that the school and the community will sit up and take notice when we find out what more we could do and how we could get more students into the game.

NOW YOU CAN ENJOY THE MOVIES AGAIN

By Billy Ransom and Fred Dupaix
Junior High Student Council

(This true school story tells about one of the secrets of civic progress, which is "Start them young." Everybody will enjoy movies more when good manners are the rule. EDITOR)

Visitors to the Jefferson Junior High School in Dubuque, Iowa, might at any time stumble onto a meeting of one of the Auditorium Civic Classes. These classes meet twice a week and discuss anything they think of that is interesting to the school and the city.

One day not long ago the president of one of these classes was ready to discuss new business. "Now," he said, "is there any new business?" Lots of times there hadn't been any. This time there was.

One of the girls put up her hand. "Well," she said, as the president called on her, "I think somebody ought to be considering the kind of movies we are getting in Dubuque. I think they're pretty bad. What does the class think?"

That seemed a harmless question, until one boy stood up. "Mr. Chairman," he said seriously, "no matter how good or bad the picture is, nobody enjoys the movies any more. There is too much noise and trouble in the theaters."

That boy was Daryl Koch. And not long after that he had the pleasure of standing with Kate Smith on a national radio program, to receive from her the honor of being called the na-



tion's outstanding junior citizen!

How did a junior high school boy rate that? This is how Jefferson Junior High led the whole city of Dubuque in a campaign for better movie manners. We think the story would make a good "short," all by itself.

Daryl did not gain his honor just by talking. That was important, of course. But what followed was more important.

First of all, Daryl accepted a job as chairman of a committee to study movie manners. This committee did several things that got results.

First they called on the managers of the Dubuque theaters. These officials took the boys and girls on a

tour of the theaters, so they could see the damage done by young people. They saw scratched and broken seats, markings in the lavatories, and about everything that "kids" can do to a theater on a Saturday afternoon. Some of the managers said that they could count on about \$50 a week in damage to their property.

Then the committee went back to school. They asked the boys and girls to tell them honestly why they did those things to theater property. They got their answers. Here are a few:

"I get tired of the bum shows, so I do whatever I feel like doing." Or "My mom and pop leave me in the shows all night, and it makes me nervous." And "I peel off the stuff on the seats, just the way some kids bite their nails. I don't mean to harm the property." Another was, "All the other kids are throwing things and kicking the seats, so I do, too."

The next move of the committee was important. They wrote letters to all the schools in Dubuque that had any classes from grade 6 through grade 12. That included a lot of boys and girls. The letter invited each school to send representatives to a meeting to be held on a Saturday

morning in the Avon Theater. Everybody was surprised to see more than 125 pupils show up for the meeting.

This meeting soon was heard about all over town. One of the radio stations had made a wire recording of it and broadcast it for the general public. The Rotary Club invited some of the committee to come to a meeting to discuss the problem with the members of the Club. Then the local newspaper, *The Telegraph-Herald*, headlined: "YOUTH OFFER IDEAS OF CURE — Delinquency problem aired by Jefferson students." By then more people became interested.

Soon many of the civic groups of Dubuque were helping in the campaign to improve movie manners. Later the Dubuque County Guidance Association was formed. It is composed of many adult and youth organizations, like the Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, YMCA, YWCA, church groups, lodges, and clubs.

As an outgrowth of the work done by Jefferson Junior High, this Association is devoting itself to work with boys and girls in all parts of the city. It proves that sometimes young people can start public movements without waiting for older ones to lead.

HERE'S MUD ON YOUR SHOES

By Tony Parelli and Marilyn Fenster

Ninth Grade

(The sad thing about this triumph in Salt Lake City is that some of the neighbors of the school did not take the hint. The adults refused to do their share. More credit to these high-schoolers, who worked on regardless. EDITOR)

Why will boys and girls, and even men and women, go to school or to work day after day through neighborhoods that are dirty and disorderly? Fortunately we do not ask this question of Harbor City, because in general our town is pretty well cared for.

But the boys and girls of Jordan High School, Salt Lake City, had such a problem—the dirty and unkempt banks of the Jordan River. This river ran through Jordan High's back yard, so it was, in a way, the school's problem. At least the students had to look at the river every day. That should have been enough.

The river itself is not much to talk about. Forty miles long, it is used mainly to supply water for irrigation ditches in the area between Utah Lake and Great Salt Lake. In fact, the *Encyclopedia Britannica* does not even mention it.

Why worry about such an unimportant stream? And people didn't worry. Rather, they used the river banks for a dumping ground. It certainly didn't look like the place for a fine high school.

One day the students swarmed over the banks of the Jordan carrying spades and picks and hoes. Some



pushed wheelbarrows. They were the boys and girls of Jordan High, who had been sold on the idea that the best way to get a cleanup on the Jordan was to do it themselves.

It was dirty work. In fact, it was so dirty that the fellows and girls (yes, girls worked, too) were warned by their principal that they should not begin the job unless they were willing to get mud on their shoes.

Tons of rubbish—the reeking kind—rotten vegetation, old bedsprings, tin cans, dead animals, ashes, and the usual household trash were dug out

and carted away by these willing high school workers.

In due time the Board of Education took notice. They were astounded at what had been done. So they hurried to co-operate by offering to furnish the materials for a complete landscaping of the area. In this way they rewarded the efforts of the students and encouraged further civic interest.

Soon the dirt was flying again. The students built a beautiful bridle path along the river. They prepared the land, rolled and seeded it for spacious lawns, and planted shrubs and shade trees.

Today the banks of Salt Lake City's Jordan River are no longer something the city is ashamed of. In good weather young and old can be seen using the area for picnicking and other recreation. Artists now sit by the river to sketch or paint their impressions of its beauty.

Here was spare-time student work that wasn't wasted. If the students got mud on their shoes, that was just part of the job. The hardy pioneers who named that stream in honor of the Jordan River of Biblical fame would have approved the work of these modern boys and girls.

SERVICE THAT'S SERIOUS

By Joe Slover, Co-op Student
and Sylvia Achord, Honor Society

(What can boys and girls do about bad schools? Well, at least they can stimulate the interest of wise and willing grownups to do their stuff. This story tells about a city where the older citizens at last woke up. If the youngsters had needed them about the schools, would they have waked up sooner? EDITOR)

How many times have you heard this statement, "I wouldn't touch that thing with a ten-foot pole"? Some people feel that way about certain things. According to the news and magazine stories about East St. Louis, that Illinois town used to have several such things. In those years, people heard mostly about the politicians in East St. Louis and how the city had become filled up with gamblers and racketeers. Much was said about poor law enforcement.

But while the gamblers grabbed the headlines, the public schools needed as much attention as anything else. Everybody knew that the schools were so bad they couldn't get good teachers to work in East St. Louis. The State of Illinois even considered cutting the schools out of the \$300,000 state aid, which they needed badly. The schools were not able to afford the services that other schools had, such as counseling and guidance, home visiting, a good lunch program, and a variety of courses for boys and girls of different interests. It was even whispered that some financial tricks were being played by persons not interested in good schools.

Most towns, no matter how poor

or run down they are, have some "Service" Clubs. In Harbor City we are proud that we can support such clubs as the Altrusa, Kiwanis, Lions, and Rotary. The big question, though, about these and other "service" organizations is what they do for the betterment of their towns.

East St. Louis had its share of these clubs. They met regularly for lunch or for dinner and enjoyed good food, fun, music, and inspiring speeches (or dull ones). One such group was the East St. Louis Business and Professional Women's Club.

Several years ago this Club received word from its national organization that if possible the members should find a good citizen to support for a public job. They said that it should be a job that involved making important decisions for the public good. The East St. Louis Club was willing. So they looked around for a cause.

They soon found their cause. Although many of the members were unmarried professional and business women, they knew that the public schools were most important to the welfare of the city.

Their chance came when it was time to nominate people for the local Board

of Education. It took only fifty signatures to place a person's name on the ballot. That was easy. But how easy would it be to get anyone to run for the Board of Education, taking the risk of personal abuse and criticism that would come from people in power? There was no pay for the job, and it took lots of time. Besides, it seemed so hopeless!

It turned out that one of their own members was the right person. The school board needed a woman's touch, they thought. And the Business and Professional Women's Club had the woman with the touch.

Miss Bernice Goedde was the right one to nominate, because she was well-educated herself, was a professional architect, ran a business, and was greatly interested in civic problems. Without children of her own to benefit by improved schools, she still thought enough of her neighbors' children to tackle the job.

Miss Goedde knew she was up against it. She took on the shrewdest, dirtiest influences that East St. Louis had to offer in opposition. And they say that East St. Louis politicians used all the tricks of the game.

But she already knew where she stood. Instead of getting fifty signers for her petition, the Club had found more than a thousand voters who wanted her to run. She had the support of the city's daily paper, the *Journal*, which gave her lots of space to write her own news stories about the needs of the schools.

The people liked what they read in the *Journal*. Miss Goedde pleaded for a business administration of the school system. She asked for new courses in the high school, so that all boys and girls would not be forced to take college-preparatory work, when only a few ever went to college. She told them that no other city in Illinois had such a high drop-out rate in the schools. And she promised that when she took office, there would be some changes made.

The voters evidently thought she had the answer to their problems, because in the largest election ever held in East St. Louis the voters elected Miss Goedde. And they elected not only Miss Goedde, but her running mate, Mr. Earl Pollock. Next year the Club and its backers got out even more voters who knew what it was all about; and more candidates of Miss Goedde's type were elected to the Board of Education. By the time of the third election, the public was ready to put a real majority of good people into office.

We have not followed closely what has been happening in the politics of East St. Louis. We know, however, that the schools have been improved. They have the lunch program that was so badly needed. Better teachers now come to East St. Louis, and they stay longer. Old buildings are being junked. Boys and girls now can take courses that meet their personal needs, as well as the employment needs of the city.

It has been said that a town can be "clubbed" to death. This is not true if the clubs in a community take on real jobs, as did the East St. Louis Business and Professional Women's Club. Clubs can go places if they really want to. And many of them have found the time and the energy to give real service. It's a good idea for us in the high school to look forward to membership in such clubs, especially if we can carry the "Plus" habit with us.

This is our first story about a Plus job that was done by grownups and

we want our *Beacon* readers to give us credit for looking beyond our own high school noses in our hunt for good things to write about. We know there are hundreds of such stories. If it wasn't so, we young people would be working in the dark, with no models to go by. We will have a few more such stories in the series, just as samples of what we hope we may do ourselves in a few short years. Please don't think we're getting too stuck on ourselves! Maybe we can be serious without letting our heads get turned.

HELP THY NEIGHBOR

By Angela McCord and Martha Murphy
Grade 11—Journalism Class

(The student writers were afraid that most of our readers had seen this story in The Reader's Digest. We convinced them that it wouldn't hurt anybody to read it again. Anybody who wants to do a little thinking might ask himself how many folks like Mrs. Savino there would be if this country went Communist. EDITOR)

We think Harbor City is little different from other cities and towns. Neighbors are friendly. When the snow and ice come, you can often see the man next door having his car pushed by his neighbor. And many a family will help another when sickness comes or disaster strikes. But not many of us really make a career of helping our neighbors. Not many have that much time.

This is why our English class was interested in the story of Mrs. Savino, which we found in the magazine that so many of us take. Our teacher, Miss Weller, thought the story was good enough to rewrite for the Plus Project. The class thought so, too. Perhaps the readers will agree with our decision.

Mrs. Savino is only slightly different from most Americans. She was born in Italy, and she still has a little trouble with her English. But as Harry Franklin, our editor of *Harbor Soundings*, says "Who doesn't?" Mrs. Savino lives in a poor and crowded neighborhood of Chicago. Regardless of these facts, she is an American who loves her neighbors.

And so thought the Chicago committee which selects annually the woman to be called "Mother of the Year."

When the names came in from all over Chicago, about 600 women had been nominated. But Mrs. Savino's name, like Abou Ben Adhem's, led all the rest.

Before we go too far into this story, we should say that one of the things Mrs. Savino learned early was that a woman must never neglect her family to do community work. She says that she raised her family first, then started her second job, her *Plus* job. That sounds like good advice for those who may be tempted to take on too many outside responsibilities.

She does her work through the Erie Street Settlement House. This House exists for the purpose of helping the people of that neighborhood, young and old. The House likes to get volunteer helpers. It likes them especially if they will work regularly and steadily. It could depend upon Mrs. Savino.

In one recent year she gave up almost 1600 hours of her time to helping others! We figured in class that she used about 200 eight-hour days during that year for community service. No wonder the committee called her "Mother of the Year."

What can a woman do for her neighborhood that takes 200 workdays



a year? She helped in all sorts of ways. Some of them must have been boring, like cleaning up a house for a sick mother. Some were exciting, like the time she stopped boys from throwing rocks through the windows of the house a colored family had just moved into. Some cost her money, like the time she made a down payment on

rent to help a family find a better place to live in. But the greatest cost to Mrs. Savino is her time, which she gives freely and without thought of repayment.

She must enjoy it. Some people say that is the way to be happy, and Mrs. Savino is a happy person. She also is a modest person. When she sat at the dinner table on the night the award was to be given, she thought she was there just as one of the invited guests.

But, to her surprise, she was called out to stand with the chairman of the meeting and heard him tell what the city thought of her. She glowed as she received a handsome medal from the Mayor of Chicago. And tears came to her eyes when Girl Scouts presented her with beautiful roses.

A reporter asked her, "Fifteen hundred and eighty-nine hours' work! How do you get the time, Mrs. Savino?"

Her answer was, "You gotta live till you die. So you live good."

JINGLE BELLS IN MILLBURN

By Elinor Cohen and Lillian Andrews
Problems of Democracy Class

(This story turns the tables; here the adults hand a big job over to the schools, and the pupils do a lot of the work. Young citizens co-operate with other citizens. We think that is a fine way to handle some of our civic tasks, if the work is well organized. EDITOR)

We of the Harbor High Basket Committee were a little bored when somebody told us about a high school that prepares and delivers food baskets to the needy. One of our committee said, "Say, what's so good about giving out Christmas baskets? I don't see anything to write home about in that. Lots of schools do it!" And we agreed; but when Bill Jones, who picked the story out of a book of community projects, heard that, he said, "Well, let's write to the school and see what makes it so good."

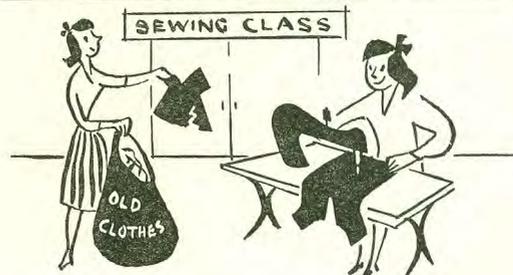
We did write to Millburn, New Jersey, and received a very friendly letter from the principal of the high school. He told us much more about the welfare work done there. The committee feels that we should tell something about it for the *Beacon* series.

One different thing about the Millburn arrangement is that the town has officially appointed the school to be its welfare agent at Christmas time. With that in mind, the boys and girls begin early in the fall to collect toys and clothing and other items, some of which need repair and reconditioning. They call their program "Kris Kringle Day." But it lasts more than one day, for the school shops and

home economics rooms are kept busy all the fall with the work required to get things ready.

Meanwhile, the town authorities have been checking on the needy families, and when the big day arrives, everything is ready for Kris Kringle. Boys and girls work on city trucks that day, delivering the things to the homes most needing them.

One of the good points about this program is that a central committee handles the selection of the families who are to receive gifts. That is better, we think, than having just any Sunday School or lodge or Scout troop try to do it alone.



Millburn High does not stop its work when Christmas is over. In recent years the girls have done a fine job at the Town Day Nursery, taking care of the youngsters as part of their training in home economics.

When the Red Cross drive comes along, the high school divides the work with the women of the town. From 9 until 3 the women canvass, and then the boys and girls take over. Usually the job is completed by 9 o'clock in the evening. Thus in one day, they say, the entire canvass is carried out.

The letter we received from Millburn told about another project they have taken on. It is the adoption by the school of the village of Bergues,

in France. Millburn High, aided by all sorts of Service Clubs and other groups in the town, has sent tons of clothing and foodstuffs to Bergues, as well as important amounts of school supplies and other necessities that Europe has needed so badly.

One thing Harbor High students will appreciate is the fact that in this story we have a "man bites dog" situation. Instead of the young folks helping the adults, we have found the adults helping the "kids." That's putting responsibility where people often are a little afraid to put it—right in the laps of younger citizens. Millburn ought to have some pretty wide-awake adult citizens as the years go by, we think.

THEY WOODS AND TEMPLED HILLS

By Art Cissel, Vocational Department
and Frances Wolper, Journalism Class

(As Harbor City views its stragglng parks and its lone parkway, we can look with honest respect at these young people who keep 600 acres going. This is a true story about conservation. EDITOR)

Everybody in school gets a kick out of planting a school tree or some shrubbery on Arbor Day. It is fun to see hundreds of students from the high school and other schools carrying home little trees to plant in their yards. It is a good project in conservation.

But it was not until the "Ag" class got to discussing conservation that our boys realized what some schools are doing about trees—and in a big way. Just about the time this *Plus Project* got under way, the class learned about Ladysmith, Wisconsin, and its high school.

We have tried to find Ladysmith on the maps. We know that it is a small, rural community in the region of Wisconsin where the trees are thick. It has been difficult to try to see in our mind's eye how a school as small as the Ladysmith High School must be can operate a school forest of six hundred acres as a conservation project. That is what Ladysmith High does.

What is more, these boys are the "stand-by" crew for fighting forest fires. They may be summoned at any hour of the day to go into the woods at the call of the forest ranger.

It all came about in 1936 when the senior class of the High School was

searching for an idea for a memorial to a boy who had died while he was the class president. We know enough about high schools to guess what went on. One student wants to buy a bust of Abraham Lincoln or George Washington. A girl thinks an encyclopedia for the library would be nice. A teacher puts in a plug for a sundial in the front yard of the school.

Then one of the boys in the agriculture department speaks up: "Look, fellows and girls. We can be smart or dumb about this. We earned our money with our Senior Play, so we could get a nice memorial. But I don't see plaster of Paris statues or books as a memorial for that boy. He loved



trees. We live in a tree country. Why couldn't we buy some land somewhere and create a living memorial of trees?"

That appealed to the senior class and to their principal and teachers. Soon plans were under way. Land was cheap, since many acres had been turned back to the state because of unpaid taxes.

The class bought forty acres of abandoned land about four miles from the town. Then the work started. From what we have read about it, it was not all fun. Working all day on your hands and knees or handling a spade or a pick does not have the thrill of football or basketball. The thrill came later, as these boys and girls saw the little trees they had planted grow into big pines and spruce and balsam.

This program at Ladysmith is a going affair. Since the first year, each senior class has bought additional acres. They have in their 600 acres

a complete nursery, where they grow little trees for planting; and at the other end of the process they cut wood for lumber and for firewood, which they sell. Their principal states that they duplicate in their forest the complete wild life of the area. Here they are able to study the animals, plants and plant diseases, and conservation.

They usually have enough material at Christmas time to donate to the town of Ladysmith all the greens used in street decorations, as well as the community Christmas tree. They sell hundreds of Christmas trees, too, in addition to the wood they cut.

Most important, they are teaching a whole community the value of renewing natural resources. A number of the boys have gone into conservation work and some into college teaching of conservation, thus proving that the project has a vocational result, too.

MOSQUITO SWATTING À LA MODE

By Dale Kennedy and Gene Barts
Tenth Grade Biology Class

(Only as our public schools make full use of the talents of our boys and girls, are they worth what they cost. "Book larnin'," old style, is good; but it isn't the only way to get young folks to exercise their brains. If this story sounds like "progressive education," maybe we should have more of it. EDITOR)

Most of us in Harbor City know about malaria only from what we read in school textbooks or from what some veteran of World War II has told us. It is lucky for us that none of the students can even remember when anybody in our city has had the disease.

But how would it be to live in a town in which 38 per cent of the high school pupils have had malaria within five years?

We thought this situation was interesting, and we thought that our readers might enjoy knowing what the boys and girls of that school did.

A student in our Biology class found this story in a magazine in the library and asked Mr. Grandel, our teacher, if he could read it to the whole class. The students thought it was very good. Some one suggested that it would be a good story for the *Beacon*, and also it would be an inspiration for us in our Biology class.

The high school in the story is in Robersonville, North Carolina, in the Roanoke River valley. A small town, it is not to be compared in size with our own city. And, as we have hinted, there was some malaria.

Mr. Grandel told us that for almost

two hundred years after the first white people settled our country, nobody knew what they could do about malaria. Hardly anyone could have guessed that it was connected in any way with the mosquito.

In Robersonville in recent years, things had not been too bad. That is, the worst part of the malaria came just in the fall. But even in the summer people were driven in off their lawns by the mosquitoes. In their houses or on screened porches, they were safe because of the screens.

They did have some standard reliefs for malaria. One of them was quinine. It was a rare family that did not have some experience with malaria, and with quinine, and with the aches and pains that came with the fever.

The story really starts with the Biology class that was just in the midst of working out a unit called "Communicable Diseases." They had invited the county doctor to talk to them, and one of the things he mentioned was malaria. One thing he said stuck with them.

"The worst shame about malaria in this county," he declared, "isn't the fact that it is so bad. It is the fact that, even though our people know

what to do about it, they still accept malaria.”

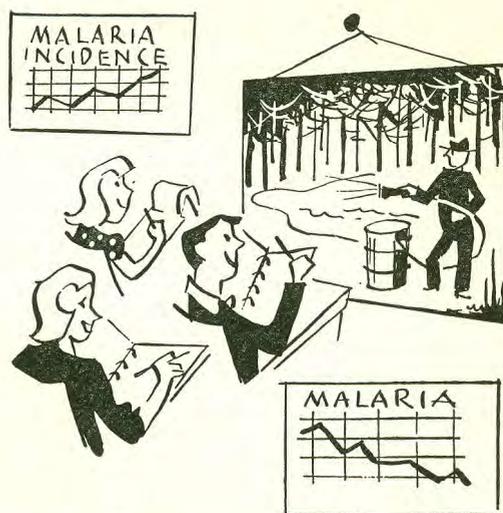
The class was puzzled. If the people knew what to do, what was holding them back? So the class began to specialize on the study of malaria as a part of their unit on Communicable Diseases.

They divided the class into committees, each taking a part of the job. One committee worked on the history of malaria, another on the causes of it, another on symptoms, another on treatment, and another on methods of stamping it out. They sent members to the local doctors to learn about caring for patients at home and how to administer medicines.

This Biology class must have been special, for they went everywhere for information. When they were well started, their table and shelves were filled with State Health Department publications, books, pamphlets, reports of committees, and so on. They even made charts showing the development of the mosquito, picturing the habits and home life of that little pest. Around the classroom were pictures and charts and specimens, all made in this study.

Finally came the day when the class had learned all it could, and it was time now to go on to something else. But some of the members had another idea.

“We know enough about malaria and the mosquito,” they said, “to do something about it right now in Robersonville. Why quit here?”



The class felt the same way about it. So did their teachers and principal.

So they went out into the town and the surrounding territory. They got permission to pry around yards and buildings to find the breeding places of the mosquitoes. Members of the Camera Club went along with the biologists as they went through the countryside, taking pictures of the breeding spots as they were found.

Soon the word got around that the pupils in the high school had something valuable. The local newspaper began to write up their study. Various adult groups said, “Why let the kids do all this work? Let’s get behind them. Maybe together we can do a real job!”

Well, as a climax, the town Commission invited the Biology class to bring the matter before them in a formal meeting. Lots of people went to that meeting out of curiosity. Some of them sniffed at the idea of boys and girls in school being able to do

anything that adults had not been able to accomplish.

To the surprise of many, the class put on a really fine performance at the meeting. With their charts and pictures and their quotations from the health authorities, they were able to show Robersonville that malaria was one disease the town did not have to put up with. And the Commission agreed. It voted to begin a campaign at once.

Soon the town and county authorities began to find the breeding places that the class had spotted, and they put on a spraying campaign. They bought oil and sprayers and hired men for the work. They really cleaned

up the spots, and at a low cost.

Then, to make it stick, they passed a law compelling property owners to eliminate breeding places each year. This was another good step.

Of course, we cannot figure the value of the work done by the boys and girls in terms of dollars and cents. Nor can we tell just how much fun the students had. We just believe they enjoyed it a lot.

And the pay off? When the next autumn rolled around, and malaria began to drop immediately, the doctors and the parents and the boys and girls realized that there is more to biology and citizenship than just reading a book.

SUPPOSE IT WERE MY BROTHER

By Walt Koney, Grade 11, and
Alice McDermott, *Harbor Soundings* Staff

(Jails, asylums, and reformatories often do a good job, a necessary job. But sometimes they are not the best places for human beings — even for criminals. And in the democracies we really care about human beings, all of them and each of them. This is a story about what one group of men actually did about some of these institutions that took care of humans in dire need. Happily, Harbor City long years ago cleaned up its own places of detention and reform, thanks mainly to the women of our community. EDITOR)

It is pretty easy to let things go along without thinking much about them, even if the things are bad. We all know that. And most of us don't have brothers in jail, or even distant relatives. So we go past the jail and merely point it out to our friends: "There is the town jail."

Even such stories as we studied in our American history, like Dorothea Dix's campaign a hundred years ago to wake up the country on the subject of the insane, are just tales from the past, we think. That is, we did think so until one of the girls in Home Ec turned up with a stack of women's magazines in which were many stories of present-day civic progress and public problems. We were struck by the sincere work told about in the story on Louisville's Committee on Institutions. So this *Plus* story is about the work that goes on in Louisville, Kentucky.

We guess that Louisville's institutions were no worse or no better than those in many other cities. The difference seems to have been that somebody in Louisville cared about the

treatment of prisoners and other inmates of the state's institutions. It happened that the Council of Churches in Louisville had a committee charged with just that duty—improving such institutions.

The Committee really got to work when a businessman named George Stoll became chairman. Mr. Stoll assumed that the Committee was appointed to do something, and he went about his job with that understanding. Luckily his Committee was a good one. They were men of brains and gumption.

They began by setting up study groups around the town. To these groups they invited experienced prison experts and college professors who knew their stuff about institutions. They listened to what they were told. They discussed the problems of prisons—such things as cleanliness and hygiene, meals and a balanced diet, activities for the men while they were in prison, opportunities for learning some new job skills or taking some new studies, good advice from counselors on the subject of how to solve

their job and home problems when they got out. The groups studied so many problems of prison life that the men became almost experts themselves.

One good thing about the whole program was that they decided right off not to start out by criticizing the officials in charge of jails and prisons. Rather, they decided to go to them and ask what they could do to help at the prisons. "Light, not heat" was what they were after, as one of the men said.

They must have succeeded in this, for one official said of the Committee, "This is the first time in twenty years that I have had citizens actually ask what they could do to help instead of trying to boot me out of my job!" And another said, "It is a fine thing to know that these men are substantial citizens and not merely ward heelers out to make a killing."

Well, having studied prisons from books and talks, what's next? That's easy! They asked for permission to visit the jails and prisons. More than that — they decided to move into the jails and live with the prisoners, eating prison meals, using the prison beds and prison toilets, and generally getting the real life of the real prisoner.

So it wasn't out of a storybook at all when one day a well-dressed man said to his minister at the conclusion of a church service, "Well, Dr. Williams, wish me luck! Tonight I go to jail." Neither was it a joke. He and

many others did just that.

They discovered just what you might guess if you had been studying conditions under the leadership of experts. First of all, jail life was not doing anything constructive for the men. There were no books or magazines to read in their spare time — not even mechanics' magazines, that men like so well. There was no trained man, either chaplain or counselor, to whom the inmates could take their special problems with the hope of getting sound and helpful advice.

These men were turned out of jail when their terms were over with little idea of what they could do or wanted to do. And nobody on the outside was willing to help them to land jobs and keep out of trouble.

The Committee on Institutions worked on these problems. They saw to it that the jails offered cleaner beds, better food, more hygienic conditions. They arranged for counseling and for chaplains. And most important, when the inmates were dismissed after serving their terms, the Committee members were waiting with jobs, clothing, and temporary living quarters for them!

By now the work of the Committee was well known, and soon it was receiving the support of some 400 churches, members of the Council, men and women of all faiths. This work was important.

Then they turned to problems of other institutions, such as conditions at the State Reformatory, the Lake-

land Mental Hospital, the Louisville Home for Aged and Infirm. Everywhere their good intentions had been known, and their help was gratefully received.

But probably their best effort was that of helping to keep the prisons empty. The Committee had decided that the best way to do this was to look into the matter of juvenile delinquency, that is, crimes and misdemeanors by boys and girls of the community.



They did this in a scientific way, too. First they discovered, by asking police and courts in Louisville, just where the worst kids came from. They soon found it in a downtown part of Louisville, where broken windows, broken heads, gang fights, thievery, and other crimes were the style, and where young boys took part in them.

When the Committee members had looked into all this, they went to work again. They found an old house in the neighborhood, which they rented from its owner for \$1 a year. This they turned into a recreation center, with a skilled Salvation Army boys' worker in charge. This center now has more than 1,000 members, who have a place to go to have fun, as all kids should have. And the police report that the rate of delinquency in that area has gone down so low they hardly have a call any more.

This story isn't about what high school pupils did, but it's about what they might do later on, if they found it was needed. We hope Harbor City won't call on us for quite such a hard job, but we hope we could do it if we saw it was necessary.

ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

By Zella Montgomery and Gerhard
Killinger of the Student Council

(We can hardly believe that the student stories are at an end. And when we think it over, we see now how foolish we were to doubt that high school students could do such he-man jobs in their schools and communities. Our hope is that the Plus Project is only the beginning for Harbor City young people. The American way is toward better planning for more self-help. EDITOR)

As we close our series of articles, we want to give a little recognition to the work done by the thousands of Student Councils and other student groups in the schools all over the nation. At the same time, we want to say that even though a Council is often the group to start a community-service project, the good plan always includes as many students as possible. In Harbor City we have tried to make our Plus Project an all-school affair.

From a publication of the National Association of Student Councils we have selected just a few activities to show the quality of civic work that high school groups can do.

Let us look at the high school in Helena, Arkansas. The Council in this school has taken part recently in a "Get Out the Vote" campaign. They also arrange to have the school commencement program broadcast by radio, so that the entire district may tune in on this fine school activity. The Council has a welfare committee, which handles collections of funds and their distribution to agencies. One big thing they do in Helena is to take the school census, by means of which the Council earns about \$200.

The big result of this for the school, however, is that the boys and girls—about a hundred of them—meet the people of the community. Indeed, some of them have to ride horseback to get to the districts assigned to them.

Staying in the South, let us go to Tallahassee, Florida, where the Council of Leon High School had the problem of bring to the attention of business and professional people the matter of school needs. Their bright idea was to invite to the school each of the many Service Clubs of Tallahassee. When the men arrived, they were served the regular school lunch (plus coffee) and then were taken on guided tours over the school. The Council claims that this has been a fine way to bring citizens to school.

Students in the Teachers College High School at Silver City, New Mexico, co-operated recently in a broad study of the needs of the youth of Silver City for playgrounds and other facilities for sports and games. In this job they worked closely with civic bodies, as well as with the City Council, in drawing up a practical, city-wide recreation plan for young people of their own age.

We like the plan of the students at Manhasset High School, in New York State, in creating a Service Committee which is a clearing house for all the social-service work done by the school. This Committee directs the activities of hundreds of busy students. The program not only touches local needs but goes far afield by means of contributions of funds and materials for the mountain regions of the South and also for European countries.

The Student Council at Glendale, Arizona, went into a "Get Out the Vote" campaign seriously. They not only gave speeches but had 5,000 handbills printed, calling upon the citizens to vote. After these were distributed, the students telephoned many citizens to urge them to vote. They had good co-operation from the local newspaper and radio station. Of course, no one was told *how* to vote. But all were urged to be good citizens, to vote "with their brains."

Hartford, Connecticut, presents one of the best plans for the study of international co-operation. The public

High School in that city led the way in a project on the United Nations. In co-operation with two other public high schools, they sponsored resolutions concerning the United Nations, obtained more than 4,000 signatures, and then persuaded the State Legislature to pass the resolutions. While this was going on, many schools in the city were having study groups, contests, and other activities to stimulate interest in the United Nations. Finally fifty of the students visited the General Assembly and Security Council.

These are just samples of activities which prove to us that wherever you have communities, you have civic problems. And wherever you have alert boys and girls in the schools, you have an opportunity to give them a share of the jobs to be done.

We of the Harbor High School Council are glad that we have made a start, and we hope that for many years to come we may be able to say that we are doing our *Plus* jobs sincerely and enthusiastically—and every student in our school has done his bit.



4. The Pay Off

Room 123 Makes Peace

The tardy bell clanged noisily through the corridors of Harbor High, and the boys and girls not already in their homerooms scurried back, hoping to beat the roll-call deadline. It was the last Friday in May, the last homeroom period for Student Council reports. But even so, the students acted just as though it were the first Monday in September. Noise, hurrying, chatter, a bell, closing doors, and then silence reigned throughout the corridors.

Room 123 was no different from the other homerooms. Miss Edwards had always encouraged the members to be cheerful and informal. But at her "Ready, now, class, for roll call" they

settled quickly into their seats. Home-room 123 was ready for the business of the day. Miss Edwards nodded absently as George Melody poked his head in at the door, asking if he and Bill Jordan still had time to wash their hands before coming in.

Then she looked up, a question on her lips. Jean Dresslar answered it for her. "Those boys were working on the playground, Miss Edwards. You know, that's the Student Council project — getting it ready for the summer season."

Roll call completed, Miss Edwards then turned to Jean and the class.

"This is Student Council Day, as you know," she announced. "Today we're going to have our chance to get a final report from the Council on

some important matters. Our representative, Jean, is to go to another room to make a report—and in return another member is to come here. But I'll let Jean explain that." And she turned to Jean and nodded.

But Miss Edwards had to wait while her class gave Jean a noisy greeting—mixed with applause and rumbling cheers. It was a typical 123 greeting. And Miss Edwards didn't mind at all. She liked the young folks in 123. They were lively and energetic and sometimes did unexpected things. If they gave you a "dirty" look when you played a trick on them, they would stand by you through thick and thin if you played fair.

"I suppose I don't need to tell you about the Plus Project," began Jean. Again the laughter and applause.

"Well, I'm going to let another member give this report for me, since the Council agreed it would be best to have us members visit other rooms. So, as I told you yesterday, our friend, Jim Blaisdell, will do the job here. I hope you'll treat him well, even though he is a Sophomore."

At that Jim Blaisdell arrived, out of breath, but peppy as ever. He stopped abruptly, as if expecting something, then went quietly to Miss Edwards and spoke to her in an undertone.

If Jean had expected a noisy welcome for Jim, she had been disappointed. For once in their lives, 123 was quiet. Jim was sitting in a front seat, quiet as the class.

"Well, here's Jim," said Jean. "I'm leaving now, but you take over, Jim, and tell them about our Council program for next year."

Up popped Frank Smith. "Miss Edwards, before Jim starts, may I say something? You see, our class likes Jim very much. We're sorry he has to be a Sophomore—we'd like him for a member of 123. So before he reports, we have a committee to make a presentation to him. May we do it?"

At Miss Edwards's nod of agreement, Frank continued, "To you, Jimmy, who served so valiantly through the Plus Project, even to eating chocolate bars as lunch every day, we give this token of our regard." And he solemnly passed over to Jim a beautifully wrapped package. "And, say, Jim, you're supposed to open it now."

Slowly Jim unwrapped the package, revealing a shiny brown wrapper—an over-sized chocolate bar. He flushed for a moment, then looked around the room and laughed. Everyone laughed with him, then cheered him as only 123 could do. Jim looked at Miss Edwards, and then stood up and faced the class.

Using a notebook for reference, Jim proceeded with his report from the Council.

"Well, I guess I don't need to explain how I got caught in this Plus Project. Your class started the ball rolling, you know. Then I jumped in, and for my pains I got a job on the Committee. So here's what has come out of the whole thing.

"First of all, right here at school, we'd like to do two things, with your approval. Right now the boys are working on the cleanup of the playgrounds. This is a job that has to be done each year, and the Council wants to take it over. The Council also wants your approval on its idea of a Welfare Fund. There's a school in Upper Darby, Pennsylvania, that works it this way, and other schools do, too—with everybody making a small pledge and collections being made each week in homerooms. Well, that looks like something we want to do. It will make it possible for everybody to give, but no one will be able to say he is giving too much."

A voice from the class: "Yes, but who's going to decide where the money goes? Just dropping nickels into the homeroom box each week sounds like dropping a penny into the blind man's hat."

Jim replied, "We've thought of that, too. A faculty and student committee will budget our money so that every cause we want to help will be helped. There will be a budget meeting. Students who have special ideas are welcome to come to the meeting and make suggestions. This doesn't mean that any one of you can't give any amount of money you want to to any good cause you specially want to help. We're not trying to make a monopoly out of this thing. We are simply trying to get the thing organized. I hope that answers your question."

"You'll all recall the big job the

Public Speaking class did, going out into the various clubs in the city to speak about our Project and about civic activity. Well, one of the men's clubs started a move to invite high school students to become junior members of the club. That's gone so far now that both men's and women's clubs have organized a Junior Membership Plan. Now it will be possible for about a hundred boys and girls to meet with these clubs and to share their civic jobs. The Council likes that idea, too. We like it especially because the Council will have a say as to who will be members. And the faculty will, too. So, that's another item for you to consider.

"And now, I can answer some questions, if you want to ask them. You'll say, perhaps, 'Is that all we're going to do?' and I'll say that our regular program goes on just the same. Students will have a chance to serve the various institutions in town, only now we'll register in the Volunteer Bureau. We'll still have our campaigns for selling the school annual and the *Harbor Soundings* and season tickets for athletics and so on. These things I've told you about are the things that come under the heading of 'organization.'

"In short, we're going to do about the same civic jobs in school and out, only we're going to know how to do them better, and we're going to get more people into them."

Jim was quiet for a moment. "Now, is there a question? I've talked

long enough, I think, and should give someone else a chance.”

One question came from a girl. “What about those stories, Jim, that ran in the *Beacon*? My dad says they’re impossible, that no school could do projects like those without a lot of help from teachers and maybe even paid help.”

Jim looked very serious. “I’ll tell you my idea on that. I know they are all true, because the Committee I served on checked every one. But you have to remember that no one school did all of them. If one school can do one good job, that should satisfy them and the rest of us, I guess.”

Miss Edwards then spoke quietly. “Jim, I think Room 123 has never turned down a reasonable proposition. And I’m pretty sure that after hearing your explanation they will be one of the first rooms to favor the whole program. However, it’s not for me to say that. In our room, the boys and girls make the decisions on things like this. I’m just one of the girls, as they say in 123. So I’ll leave it up to the class. Perhaps they’re ready now for a vote on the Council program.”

For a long half-minute there was

quiet. Then Beryl Antonio stood, asking for a turn to speak. Miss Edwards called upon her.

Beryl began, “I can say this for the girls in our class. We’ve had a long time to think this over, because we knew what was going on from Jean. Now I think it’s time our room got rid of its reputation—you know, about being the ones who kick about things. We’re going to be Seniors next year. And I think that if we do get behind this program we’ll be telling the whole school that they can count on 123 to make Harbor High really count for something next year.

“I’m going to make a motion, then. I move that Room 123 approve the whole Council program, including the Junior Memberships, and the Welfare Fund, and the annual work projects, and all the rest. So if you’ll take that as a motion, I think the class will O.K. it.”

The class did. Room 123 had proved that when it kicked about something, it was willing to do something about the matter, too. Every homeroom in Harbor High agreed, and the Student Council program was a real thing for the next year.

Looking Backward—and Forward

As the last of the students left the school at the end of the day, there were left on the front steps just a handful of people, grouped informally and talking quietly.

Mr. McDonald was standing at the bottom of the steps, and sitting were Tom Oxley, Miss Lanner, Mr. Frederick, and Jean Dresslar.

Mr. McDonald was speaking. "Well, Tom, in a week or so you'll be a graduate of Harbor High, and I presume you'll look back on this Plus Project as one of the highlights of your senior year, won't you?"

"Yes, sir, and I'm more or less puffed up about our Student Council and the rest of the students. We really took hold this time, and had very few kicks. I think that the big thing, as far as most of the kids were concerned, was the idea that we were not out to load the school with a lot of new jobs, particularly, but that we wanted to sort of spread the load a little more evenly. Do the job more efficiently, in a sense."

"I think you'll have to remember something else, too," suggested Miss Lanner. "You know, our newspaper articles have put the spotlight on the school for next year. Somebody's got to perform next year, even if Tom and some of the others won't be here. Lots of people enjoyed the whole series of articles, and they'll be looking for some big things from the school."

"Tom's got that all fixed up, Miss Lanner," said Jean. "He's got some of the best kids in the junior and sophomore classes all lined up to start right out in September. And the downtown clubs will be calling for their Junior Members, too. Those clubs don't stand around waiting for something to happen. They'll be sending for our high school members right off the reel. Don't worry about us. We're not forgetting that we have to carry the thing on."

"That's fine, Jean," said Mr. Frederick. "And I know the Student Council really is ready to go on. Our first big project will be setting up the Welfare Committee, so we can get our pledges in. After that, we'll take on the civic activities as they come. By the way, how did you people like the job the boys did on the playgrounds?"

Mr. McDonald spoke up. "The whole School Board is ready to pat the boys on the back for that, Mr. Frederick. And the Recreation Board is as pleased as they can be. The playgrounds are practically ready to go now, two weeks before the opening date. And I think, too, that the boys who worked on it gained much more than they would have by merely giving money for the playgrounds. There's something about getting up a good sweat on a job that makes you feel better about it somehow!"

"Well," said Tom, "there's a good

feeling about doing a job you don't have to do. I guess the fellows liked that hard work on the playgrounds better than most of us do an assignment in history. For my money, Mr. Frederick hit it right on the nose when he told us that life wasn't complete unless we added something to our regular jobs. And I remember something Joe Slover said at our first meeting. He was sort of groping around for the meaning of this Plus business, and he said maybe it was what makes America tick. I see now what he was trying to say. If we give up the Plus idea, there won't be much democracy left."

Mr. McDonald nodded seriously, and then Miss Lanner quietly closed the little confab with a remark taken from the richness of her reading. "This idea of helping out where we can is part of religion, too—part of a simple faith put into practice. I once mem-

orized a verse that someone discovered over the fireplace in a little old English inn in Lancashire. It went like this:

"Give us, Lord, a bit o' sun,
A bit o' work and a bit o' fun;
Give us all in th' struggle and
splutter

OUR DAILY BREAD AND
A BIT O' BUTTER.

"Give us, Lord, a chance to be
Our goodly best, brave, wise,
and free,

Our good best for ourself,
AND OTHERS,

Till all men learn to live
as brothers."

Poetry said out loud sometimes makes further conversation seem unnecessary. The group on the school steps separated, each thinking his own thoughts.

