



Another



The Making Of An Educator

I. Young Savitz Makes A Discovery

The name Savitz was practically unknown in these parts in 1900 and to mention it was to invite the question: "How odd. What is his nationality?" But now, go where you will with a card of introduction from an educator by that name, and you will be cordially received—"Dr. Savitz! Of course. Pull up a chair."

The reputation of the man is the result of the clarity and vitality of his thinking. Throughout his long career as educator, from boyhood to old age, his course runs straight and true to the mark. So well-considered were his plans, so simple and forthright his methods, that his words and actions carried conviction even to those who inclined to an opposite point of view.

Jerohn Joseph Savitz—known to his associates as "J. J."—is the projection, on a higher plane, of his pertinacious forebears, the Pennsylvania Dutch. He was born in Bushkill Park, three miles west of Easton, on New Year's Day, 1866. His father and grandfathers were millers on the creek that ran through the picturesque village. He had little time for play, but he was naturally studious and resourceful and could make the meanest tasks agreeable by devising ways of doing them that helped him with his lessons. Thus, study became an interesting personal experience.

Before he entered Kutztown State Normal School at the age of sixteen, he taught in the Irish settlement at

Bath. It was a wealthy farming community and in the school of seventy-three pupils, ranging in age from six to twenty-one, were many capable young fellows who afterward became prominent; one, a Bishop of the Methodist Church. The insight and understanding which he gained matching wits with the brightest of them, guided him safely through many a difficult situation in maturer years. A good teacher, he discovered, learns more from his pupils than his pupils learn from him.

A few years later, he was made head of Churchill Academy, an independent district school for boys and girls. One of his pupils, a self-conscious lad of twelve, was unable to define education. "Very well, then," said his teacher, "tell us what you did yesterday after school." The boy stammered, "I chopped wood." "And what do you learn by chopping wood?" "I learn how to handle an axe." The teacher smiled approval. "Johnny," said he, "that is education—learning how to do things!" This thoroughly objective young school master had reached his majority when he entered Lafayette College and (as if to multiply the uses of his instruction) added domestic science to his course by taking to himself a wife.

Education and experience walked hand-in-hand with him. While Superintendent of Schools at Slatington (Pa.), Boonton and Westfield, his Saturdays were reserved for special