

Scrapbook



Gales' Abandoned Club House, where it was set up on the bowling alleys. In spite of a leaky roof and other minor inconveniences, the story burst into flaming headlines in the regular weekly edition, published on schedule, three days later.

In the course of time, the scribe learned that he couldn't write about the folks on Broad St. as he had written about the folks on Broadway. Metropolitan journalism is impersonal; you can say what you please about anything or anybody provided its news. Country journalism is personal; be careful what you say about your neighbors! The municipal tree is a tender plant; it is nurtured by the encouragement of intelligent public service. The editor may use the pruning knife occasionally but never the broad axe.

From scribbling on the home lot, the scribe returned to the city, this time to edit a class magazine, devoted to country life and the science of intensive agriculture and livestock breeding. He traveled about the country, visiting nearly every state in the union in the interests of the publications which he represented. He remained in this field for twenty-five years.

Since then, he has devoted his entire time to historical research and writing. He is the author of books about his own town and state, and has others in preparation—one of which, a Quaker Sketch Book, he hopes to complete before the government takes over everything. He writes in narrative form because he believes that it is an agreeable way of interesting people in history. And he writes about the home town because that is where human history began. The pattern of representative republican government was set in old communities such as Westfield. When it breaks down, you can say good-bye to "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Meanwhile the world gets dizzier and dizzier. They call it evolution. In the beginning, our simple-minded ancestors dropped coconuts on their unsuspecting adversaries and occasionally scored a direct hit; today, their enlightened Christian descendants drop an atomic pellet out of the skies upon a city and 100,000 human beings disappear from the face of the earth! These are terrible times, indeed. But it is good to be alive, and enjoy work and play, and hope that there is something better in store for all of us, just around the corner.

