So what if he can't spell? He'll get a secretary

By DENNIS ROSENBLUM

A couple months back someone in the office distributed copies of a spelling test to the assembled motley crew of journalists. Everyone offered a copy various writers and editors — was only too willing to give it a try. Except one.

The executive editor politicly declined to take the test, saying he'd be embarrassed.

I only mention this here to show that even the worst spellers in town can get to be respectable internbers of society. Including lawyers.

Which brings us the recent hubbub over some nameless law school grad who doesn't know how to spell "defendant" and recently became part of a large number of people who failed the last Michigan bar exam.

"If they did that to me after three years. Id he up.

bar exam.

"If they did that to me after three years, I do be up no top of (Wayne State) Mackenzie Hall with a gun, says my friend the law student.

"What's that got to do with knowin' the law? They aren't gonna be spelling anyway: they're gonna have their secretary do it.

In case you blanked the bad news from your mind, 43 percent of the 463 law grads who took the state bar exam in February failed it. That's a new record.

Some folks are charging that the state board which administers the test decided to make it tougher than normal to hold down the number of lawyers competing for business. The board members deny this, and say this was the worst bunch of

MY OWN FEELING is that the gods of the edu-cational system haven't done their fair share. A few years back I had a part-lime campus job correcting papers for a business administration professor. The class was a senior level course in business communications. I went into the assignment with the thought of helping out my peers in their struggle against the tyranny of the university/oppressor. But when I started reading some of the illiterate

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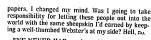
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ing a well-thumbed Webster's at my side? Hell, no.

I'VE NEVER HAD much trouble with spelling it dook second place in my fifth grade spelling bee because I hyphenated "picnie"), but I still find it a bit hard to comprehend not knowing how to spell bit hard to comprehend not knowing how to spell "defendant" after three years of law school. If all the people in the work who have to write can be divided between those who are naturally good spellers and those who are lowly spellers, then the lowy spellers can be divided between those who kep a dectionary handy to look things up, those who ask somebody else how to spell things, and those who just don't care. It sounds to me like a law grad who can't spell "defendant" is one of those who doesn't care :nuch. And I sure don't want him for a lawyer. And I sure don't want him for a lawyer. And what about the executive editor, a fellow who is getting up in the years but still writes on occasion?

How do you spell "defendant," Ton?

occasion?

How do you spell "defendant," Torn?

'Well, it starts with a 'd' and ends with a 't,'" he
says. "Isn't that enough?"

I guess so. His secretary can spell just fine.

My friend the law student rests his case.

The writer is a reporter for the Observer

The Stroller

Memorial Day memories

By W.W. EBGAR
Every year when Memorial Day
rolls around The Stroller likes notified
petier than the Stroller likes notified
petier than the Ram back in his easy
chair, close his eyes, and live in memory for a discovery of the control of the Colonel.
The Old Colonel happens to be The
Stroller's grandfather and many were
the good times we enjoyed together
back in the little town in the Pennsylvania Dutch Country.
None of the great moments coualled

back in the little town in the Pennsyl-vania Dutch Country.
None of the great moments equalled those of the annual Memorial Day peri-od when the town turned out on masse to per tribute to those who gave their to period the period to the country of the tween the states, now known to ages of history as the Civil War.
You see the Old Colonel was what he termed 'a foot soldier' in the great con-flict and he always considered the in-fantify the highest and most important part of Gen. U.S. Grant's army.

WHEN MEMORIAL DAY arrived

know that he was ready to do his part.

know that he was ready to do his part.

AS THE COMMANDER, the Old Colonel was the grand marshall and had to ride astride a horse as the parade headed up the street and turned onto the bridge.

For years, Capt. Joseph Matchett had been the commander and had the privilege of riding the horse. But this morning when the Old Colonel arrived at the stables to get his horse he was told that the white horse belonged to Capt. Matchett and that he would have to take the black hay-belij that was anything but attractive.

That was the start of what proved to be a bad day in the Old Colonel's life. His usual smile was missing when the Parade headed up the street. But are bridge he looked back and saw Capt. Matchett and his horse stumble. Not a bit shaken he turned and thumbed his nose at the former commander as if to say, 'so there'.

Things went along all right when he

Say, 'so there'.

Things went along all right when he left his 'hay-belly' long enough to drop the flowers in the river. He did it with unusual grace.

And the Old Colonel handled the ser-vices at the little chapel masterfully

And the Old Colonel handled the services at the little chapel masterfully. The huge gathering was impressed with the program he presented and the placing of a flower on each of the graves in the veterans' plot.

He seemed proud when he introduced The Stroller to deliver the Gettysburg address and the Old Colonel was at the height of his pleasure as the services ran off smoothly — until just a few minutes before the close.

Then, with only a few minutes warning, dark clouds appeared over head, lightning flashed and we were driven back into the small chapel as the rains descended.

The hightning struck. But it hit the spire on the chapel.

The lightning struck. But it hit the soldier's monument and of all things, it caused a crack in the marble right through the Old Colonel's name.

To the day the died, he kept asking, why did it have to crack through my name? He always felt it was the result of a curse put on him by his old rival — Gapt. Matchett — and not an act of

of a curse put on him by his old rival — Capt. Matchett — and not an act of God.





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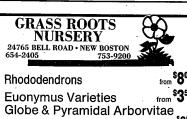
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