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and handed down from class to class among students—even being told by students to their parents and friends in the world outside the campus.

Occasionally those outside had an opportunity to hear and enjoy him. We remember an occasion when he was conducting an extension course in Detroit. His lecture finished, those present were being served with some sandwiches, of a kind which Dr. Wenley had never tasted before. The writer, noting that he was apparently enjoying them, asked Dr. Wenley how he liked the sandwiches. Quick came the reply, "It's a damstie" better than my speech" and he took another bite.

The remark might lead some to believe that the noted professor with his well-known freedom of speech, was profane, yet his student would be ready in an instant to do battle with such a suggestion. Dr. Wenley was a perfect example of the saying that "it's not so much what's said, as who says it, and how that matters." It is certainly not the smallest tribute to him that while he might use explicit terms to shock his audience into mental alertness, no one of his students, even the young ladies who might have blushed at some word years ago, ever considered his language profane.

As he used words which expressed his meaning, so he also spoke as freely his thoughts, without fear or favor. At the beginning of one semester at the University a number of years ago, some officer of the University, the Registrar, if memory serves correctly, announced a new plan for attendance or keeping records of some such purpose. "Wenley" whose classes were by far the largest in the University, knew instinctively that it wouldn't work. And he hesitated not to so inform his students. Standing before his largest class, numbering some five hundred, he outlined the plan, which, he said, "would keep us here till midnight." Then he added the caustic comment, which was all over the campus in an hour, "The Registrar, of course, is a fool!"

The mere matter of a few days proved that "Wenley" was right. He knew his classics as few men know them, but he knew his students, too.

Nor was he confined in his criticism to mere officers of the University. He hesitated not to apply his keenest sarcasm to even the Board of Regents of the University, if he thought they deserved it. And at least in the case of Dr. Wenley, if not in that of Dr. Little, the Regents accepted the criticism, apparently realizing that perhaps he knew more than they did. And they made him the highest-paid professor at the University.

Not all the students appreciated him, of course. We heard a student asked once, what he thought of "Wenley". "Oh, Wenley", he answered in an indulgent tone, "He's crazy." Perhaps he was, but the school of business administration of which the young man was a student would undoubtedly have approved at least one aspect of "Wenley's" attitude to be the first professor at Michigan to receive a salary of ten thousand dollars a year.

There were reasons, too, why even those students who didn't understand "Wenley" had affection for him. The story went around, probably every year at examination time, that "Wenley" doesn't ever read the blue-books. His method of marking, it was said, was to take the hundreds of "blue-books" and standing at the bottom of a stairway, throw them toward the top. Those resting at or near the top were marked "A", the next group "B", the next "C", and the few remaining perhaps a "D". So far as it known, no "E" was given, not even to football players.

The story may or may not be true. Certainly it is true that those seeking, as they sometimes do, to make an athletic star "eligible" on short notice, hesitated to approach other faculty-men much more than they did "Wenley". It was often told about the campus that when Michigan was suffering a scripus slump in football prowess about nine years ago, and a star lineman simply had to be made eligible, "to help beat Chicago"—well, it is said that they went to "Wenley" to ask for a special examination for the "star". "Wenley", without the slightest hesitation, and even

without imposing a pledge of silence, promptly changed the athlete's "C" to a "B", sans examination, making the man "eligible" a few hours before the game.

Perhaps that was "Wenley's" way, if the story is true, of showing his contempt for the "marking system" in education. His aim was to teach his students to think for themselves, rather than to excel in merely remembering and recording the thoughts of others.

And he did make them think. One of his devices to impress them with seriousness, and perhaps to appease the University authorities, was an assumed expression of severity. Almost always his face was stern—on occasion his deep-set eyes would flash, his bushy eyebrows gather, and his words would crackle.

But he failed—perhaps his only failure, though a glorious one. He didn't fool the students—possibly he didn't even fool himself. Even his photographs in the newspapers used a remarkably kindly expression, that no austerity could hide! No one but a dunce could have been afraid of "Wenley".

It is a bit of rare irony that "Wenley" sharply criticized our modern materialistic civilization, with its mass production, its turning away from the individual craftsman, yet his own department was an unusual example of that very tendency. His classes at the University were not only the largest on the campus, but among the largest at any university in the entire United States. Some numbered several hundred students, making individual teaching impossible.

It is noteworthy, too, that one of Dr. Wenley's favorite illustrations before his classes, in trying to bring them to an understanding of what is worth-while in life, aptly describes his own career. Standing impressively, almost dramatically, before the hundreds of young men and women, he would say:

James Burrill Angell died
Thousands of men and women in every country who had gone out from this University, mourned the loss—and was in sorrow."

Then, placing his hands on his hips, palms outward, Dr. Wenley would lean forward and say: "Five years ago, a millionaire died in Ann Arbor. Can any one of you tell me his name?"

Unconsciously, Dr. Wenley was writing an epitaph for himself too. For, we predict, the world in years to come will look upon his career in somewhat the same light. Years hence, it will not be necessary for any but the greenest freshman at Michigan to ask, "Who was Wenley?"

He will be missed, as he is being mourned.

He will be missed, as he is being mourned.

Random Hits
By Contributor

A Story Partially Told
Early this week Detroit papers carried an interesting story of the transfer of over \$800,000.000 in cash and negotiable securities from the vaults of an old trust company to vaults in a recently erected trust company building in the financial district of that city.

This third of a billion dollars in personal property is considerably in excess of the combined assessed real estate value of Oakland, Macomb and Wayne Counties, exclusive of the City of Detroit.

What a much more interesting and instructive story those papers could have told had they gone still further into facts concerning this vast accumulation of wealth and shown the amount of taxes paid on it and compared same with the amount of taxes paid on an equal real estate assessment.

We opine there would follow a still louder howl about unfair distribution of the burden of taxation.

Fear Of Taxes
A Farmington taxpayer whose total taxes for 1928 were in excess of \$48,000.00, recently told the writer that the great fault with a large number of owners is an unreasonable fear of taxes. Public improvements, they admit, are absolutely necessary to an advancement of property values, but when it comes to getting behind some progressive movement and pushing it forward, fear of taxes seizes them, causing their legs to wobble at the knees.

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Editorial

THE ELECTION
Farmington's election Monday was so much like most others nowadays that any comment which might be made would be commonplace.

The polls opened at seven o'clock in the morning, were open all day, and closed at eight o'clock in the evening. About one-third of the electors took the trouble to come to the Town Hall to vote.

That is all. Except the prediction, of course, which came from those who didn't vote will be the first and biggest "kickers" when things don't go just exactly to suit them.

ONE "WEEK" WORTH WHILE
There used to be 52 weeks in the year, and there still are. But there are also dozens of "weeks," so many that we tend to become tired of "weeks" that are concocted on the slightest possible pretext and "run off" with the greatest possible to-do.

However, the "Bird Week" which is to be celebrated April 8 to 15 is rather different in kind and aim, and deserves the attention of every Michigan citizen. We venture to say that its chief aim is not the selection of a State bird, but rather the calling to the attention of everyone of the value of birds, and the enjoyment to be derived from protecting birds of every species.

Numerous Farmington men and women are interested in the maintenance and increase of bird-life in our midst. We have an Audubon Club in the community, and it is to be hoped that birds will not be confined to membership of the Club.

Certainly anyone who had the enjoyment a few weeks ago of seeing the beautiful pheasants, to speak of but one species, in our yards and fields nearby, cannot but be glad that there is a reawakening of interest in birds in Michigan; particularly that the City of Farmington has an ordinance which prohibits shooting within the city limits.

"WENLEY"

Michigan lost one of its outstanding personalities as well as one of its real intellects in the death last Friday of Professor Robert Mark Wenley, of the University of Michigan.

His 33 years at the head of the Department of Philosophy have, of course, been the occasion of much comment. And it is a record remarkable enough. But the significant thing is that Dr. Wenley could not have been upon the University campus thirty-three months, or three months, before his unusual qualities were noticeable—before it became apparent that here was a man who was different—who stood distinctly apart, even from professors, who are supposed to be quite "individualistic" people.

That much recorded it is difficult to choose the first among his many attributes. He was, of course, extremely learned. And as everyone knows, or ought to know, he was absolutely fearless. With these he combined a rare understanding of human beings, particularly students, and a pungent humor. His zeal for learning and his fearlessness made him probably the most respected man on the campus, as his understanding and humor perhaps the most beloved.

Legends grow up about many men after they are dead, but rarely during their lifetimes. But even while Dr. Wenley (to students, of course, he was always "Wenley") was conducting classes and teaching, stories about the things he had said and done were being passed around