

Halpen, Rosa (1928, July). Early impressions of 'Georgie.' *Silent Worker*, 40, (10) pg. 423. [One of a number of sketches of George Porter when he became editor of *Silent Worker*].

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THE SILENT WORKER

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was the final objective. "I can't run that press," I quailed. "YOU CAN," snapped back Porter. And under his expert guidance I mastered that too.

Then came the linotype. I had finished the first half of my last year at school when this marvelous machine made its initial appearance. Unless I am mistaken, I was the first to be put on it. Everyone clamored to learn. Porter had spent some weeks at the factory in Brooklyn, and had sufficiently mastered the intricacies of its mechanism. I felt I must take a post-graduate course, which I did. Even then I found it impossible to get ample practice, as all the boys were eager to take turns on it. Today the SILENT WORKER has a battery of eight linotypes, and the opportunities to specialize on and make a success of that line of work are far better than in my time. But to return to the master.

Porter is a stickler for the practical side of things. He emphasizes the "do" rather than the "know" part. He seldom, if ever, teaches via books or the blackboard. Most everything in the shop is labeled, thus enabling the pupil to acquire a technical vocabulary as he works. To be able to turn out a job with unconscious dispatch requires long practice. Manual dexterity is what the shops in the outside world demand. You may "know" your job from A to Z, but if you lack ability to "do" it quickly, smoothly and accurately you do not measure up to standard. Two hours daily in the shops is hardly sufficient. Apprentices in union shops are required to work 8 hours daily for five years, which is equivalent to 20 years in the school shop at 2 hours daily. One can therefore appreciate Porter's insistence on maximum practice and minimum blackboard learning. He starts you on actual work and you learn as you do.

No sketch of Porter is complete without mentioning his photo-engraving activities. Few know that the first outfit which turned out cuts for the SILENT WORKER was Porter's own, and that it was many years before the state finally recognized the feasibility of the thing and gave the SILENT WORKER its present modern photo-engraving equipment. Porter is thus the first man to introduce photo-engraving to the deaf world, and that at a time when the art was in its infancy. Soon after Porter began his photo-engraving work the SILENT WORKER took rank as the world's premier magazine for the deaf, which reputation it still maintains. The profuseness of its illustrations enhances its popularity, and the color work it has been lately exhibiting lends added lustre to its reputation.

I wish I had the time and space to go on relating more about George S. Porter; only I feel that I must not intrude upon the rights of his host of other friends and admirers, who doubtless would like to have their say. Permit me, however, to add that although during working hours Porter sometimes appeared to me a severe taskmaster, he was at all other times a prince of good fellows. We have had some little differences in the past, but I do now hereby consign them all to oblivion, and renew my appreciation for his services in connection with my learning the printing trade, which is still my means of living. I am certainly proud to be numbered as one of Porter's boys.

### Early Impressions of "Georgie"

IT WAS about the year 1874 that he and I were fellow students at Fanwood and had the good fortune to be pupils of that dearest and best of teachers, the late Miss Hattie E. Hamilton. One day she placed a picture of a lion before the class, telling us to write as

many sentences about it as we could. Being decidedly weak in orthography all of my sentences were about a lion. When my turn came to submit my paper to the



Little "Georgie" as he looked when he first entered the Fanwood School

teacher she looked it over and then turned a reproving glance at me.

"Is that the way to spell the name of that animal?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," I replied meekly, whereupon she looked over the class and selecting the youngest and smallest member, who was no other than the now distinguished editor, she said, "George, can you tell Rosa how to spell the name of this animal?" whereupon the future editor raised a small hand and spelled slowly and confidently l-i-o-n. He was rewarded by a smile of approval from the teacher, who then turned to me saying, "Now, you may return to your seat and correct your paper," which I did, feeling exceedingly cheap, for I was at least a year older and some inches taller than the one who had instructed me.

Not long after this incident the beloved teacher and I took our departure from Fanwood to enter the newly opened school for the deaf in Rochester, N. Y., she as a teacher and I to continue as her pupil. In the years that followed I lost track of "Georgie," but when in time I learned that he had attained to the editorial chair of the SILENT WORKER I said to myself, "Well, the spelling in that paper will be sure to be correct!"

ROSA HALPIN.

A new clerk, dictating a few days ago, was in doubt as to the use of a certain phrase, so he said to the stenographer, "Do you retire a loan? And the wistful eyed one interrupted rather sheepishly, "No, I sleep wth mama."