

Its German apparatus work, its Swedish exercises. But they didn't catch the imagination, and they didn't click. However scientific they might be, with their progressive day's order, their symmetries, their provision for the whole body, the fact remained that the pupil went through them stolidly and stupidly. Physical education solemnly tried to be scientific and presently found itself dead. Thereupon it accomplished a resurrection. It began possibly to sacrifice science somewhat for the restoration of life. It began interpreting activity not in measurements, but in sensations - in the zests of living, the thrills of endurance, of combat and conquest. It stressed the exuberance of abounding vitality, rather than the facts of muscular development. It began to deal with things of the spirit - with progress in accomplishment more than abstract health or posture. Posture came alive only when it was interpreted in terms of beauty. Lately weight lifting is undergoing a revival, not to merely raise so many pounds, but symmetrically to develop the body beautiful. Physical education's curriculum began to stress running for the joy of it, sports and games for the tingle of intensity of living. It took to itself vital emotional motivations, and it came to life again.

Now, in doing that, it is doing more to provide emotional cultivation than any other subject in the curriculum, in my opinion. In the old formal physical education days, when I was a student, inter-school rivalries ran uncontrollably into hatreds in our football contests. Walter Eckersall was one of our detested contemporaries. We sang lustily, "Eckie, Eckie, break his neckie!" Out sportsmanship was deplorable. Our passions - we called them school spirit - were unrestrained. We had no emotional brakes. Today, I officiate in track athletics. Out on the field I see continuously, rivals offering helpful counsel and encouragement to each other. Student bodies applaud outstanding plays by their opponents.