



*by Harry Zirkelbach 24 July 2017
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At some point in every life, this question, "When did I learn to think?"
I wish I had a firm grasp of those events.

For seventeen years I occupied a seat in one Catholic School after another
learning this and that

I have mentioned before that the 1930's Erie's Prep High School had a 200 seats
Study Hall, limiting total enrollment. No prior class had a Yearbook, and neither
did the Class of 1939. And then two year of College in Erie.
Again, No Yearbook.

My third year of College began in September 1941 at the University of Detroit.
The school had an active Liberal Arts College. Those male and female students had
as extra-curricular tasks; the collection of names, dates, faces, honorarium for that
year's Yearbook. Cost to student was included in tuition.

The University of Detroit's Year Book was called The Tower. In 1942, it was
leather bound, contained 296 pages. This would be my only school Yearbook.

In the following two years, WWII depleted the enrollment of all Colleges of the
University, removed available material, advertisers and creative students needed.

Occasionally I have searched the names of friends from the UofD, particularly
those I believed destined for Industry leadership. Nothing. It is odd.
Some who had immediate name recognition early in that city's Industries
are not coughed up in today's questioning. Time, cruel to the deceased.

Our family had another Year Book, shared with others. Published annually. Was free. In fact, for several years Barbara and I used our VW Bus to deliver that Year Book to neighbors, for a small reward.

Another fact, my employer, had been bought by Times Mirror Publishing, the Year Book publisher for Los Angeles. To add to their world, they bought Denver's Smith Brooks Printing, then publisher of the Denver Year Book.

All went well for a time. Yet though it was not Steve Jobs's introduction of the cell phone ten year ago that killed this business, the shadow of his skill was involved.

The Year Book in mind was published in every metro city. Small communities published them too, sometimes with a listing of no more than two pages of useful information, the remainder ads making it profitable for the publisher.

You surely have understood that I am referring to the then ubiquitous, invaluable **Phone Book**. It still exists. Now it's reduced to an invisible segment of every cell phone through the simplicity of the binary code, the "0" and 1"

Another topic. Please, no show of hands. But do you keep a Phone Book as antique? I do. It is dated 1950, Denver Colorado, has 459 pages of individual listings, and 500 pages of ads, the data that made the publication free.

None here are mentioned.

It proudly announces itself as a product of the Bell System. Gone too.

It is with some pride that I observe that the University of Detroit still exists in that city of troubles galore, and the ever decreasing vocations to the Jesuit Priesthood.

Everyone should start a list of other men and events that changed our world, made industries and words obsolete.