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L E G A C Y

By

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IN LOVING DEDICATION

~~DEDICATED~~

~~In Fond Dedication~~

TO MY SONS

~~S T A N L E Y a n d S T U A R T~~

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FOREWORD

My sons, you are little more than children now and your present concerns are only those which relate to the world of children. Nevertheless, the time is not far distant when you will cast aside childish pursuits and assume the responsibilities of manhood, with all the duties and privileges devolving upon that status of adult life. I pray that I may accompany you along the path which lies before you and be of help to you in avoiding the dead-ends and detours which I myself I have encountered upon this self-same highway. ¶ And yet, it is entirely possible that I shall not be with you when you need me most. None of us can foresee the future and though I do not dread the inevitable, prudent practise advises me to do what must be done at the earliest moment so that I may not be forced, by the strange exigencies of circumstance, to hasty and, perhaps, ill-considered expressions of my thought. ¶ It is for this reason that I have now set myself the task of writing the words I might speak to you when you are confronted with doubts and difficulties. I feel this to be the dearest legacy which my love could devise and though I am well aware that teachings are more aptly

imparted through example than by maxim, I urge you, as faithful sons and in remembrance of me, to read my pages as often as you may so my words will remain with you always.

I am certain that most fathers seek to pass on to their sons, aside from any patrimony, some instruction to guide their future conduct. I am no less in this regard and though I may seem overly-zealous in this self-appointed task, it is not because my material possessions are so meager that I must mask my insufficiency by raining upon your heads a torrent of words. ¶ Even if I had untold riches to bestow, I would be undeserving of your love if I did not preface my departure by delivering into your hands the secret combination to my treasure-chest. While these treasures, of which I speak, may not appear substantial in comparison with those material objects which can be bought, sold or exchanged in the market-places, I believe them to be more worthy of your estimation, because they are not subject to the vacillations of the market, which depends upon the material needs of the many to ascertain their price. ¶ Truth, once it is recognized, is constant and abiding. Men and things may suffer alteration, but ~~it~~ Truth alone survives when all else has disintegrated and turned to dust. ¶ My treasures are personal and freely bestowed and have no value except in the uses to which they are put. They must be worn constantly and bound to the heart and mind through an earnest search of

the understanding. They only enhance the wearer who is most befitting to be clothed in their ornament.

I am not learned by any proper standards of erudition. I only write what I feel to be sensible to the circumstance or subject of my writing. If I appear presumptuous in advancing metaphysical findings for which I have been ill-prepared and unlettered, I pray forgiveness from those learned souls who may discover errors in the particular of my discourse although, I hope, in the main body of my writing there may be found grounds for some measure of approval and agreement.

My aim and effort here is to present for your consideration a mode of conduct and an analysis of emotional and intellectual qualities which may best advance your ~~material~~ well-being, as well as promote the serenity of the spirit. As ~~well~~ far as I am able, I wish to inculcate in your minds the idea that life, to be of value, must be lived with purpose and responsibility; that all our deeds are irrevocably adjoined and affect all those who are bound to us by ties of love and association; that the begriming and beclouding which attend our ill-considered schemes must begrime and becloud all those who live with us in propinquity. My theme is that righteousness is its own reward, that honor and probity are practical virtues which accumulate to the credit of all those who practise them and preach their worthiness, that knowledge and understanding are the stepping-stones to a higher destiny.

I am not altogether sorry that my character and my fate have not been disposed to afford me the comforts of wealth. I have found satisfaction beyond price in the evenness and fullness of my days, undisturbed by the anxieties which others encounter in their race to outstrip all competition in the amassing of material things. It is this contentment which I feel, this condition of warmth and well-being, that I wish to pass on to you. You will not necessarily find it where the wealthy reside, neither do the powerful, as a consequence of their authority, bask in its reflected glow. It is only stored up from within and no respect of circumstance can alter or reduce its estate.

My treasures are few and are, for the most part, made up of those principles of conduct which have guided me both in fateful decisions and in ordinary personal intercourse. If I am at all articulate in expressing these convictions of my understanding and you therefrom derive some profit, I will be assured of my rest and reward. Here, with all my love, I tender to you the key to my treasures and pray that you may realize from them all that my labor has contrived in making them lovely and worthy.

The Attainment of Wisdom

"A man cannot be said to think unless he has first read and understood all the contributory thoughts supplied by his predecessors to the subject of his deliberations. When a man has digested all knowledge relating to a particular field of inquiry, then may he presume to proclaim an original thought." These were the paraphrased words of Dr. Partridge, my physics professor in high school. ¶ Being a man of science, the learned doctor was speaking obviously of ~~original and~~ logical considerations which are preceded by a painstaking examination of all elements involved with ~~its~~ their pregnancy and which are usually born only after long and patient gestation. Yet when I look back upon it and reflect upon the lasting impression which his utterance made upon me, I feel certain that it was the most momentous bit of learning I acquired in all my years of schooling. ¶ Of the subject he taught, I have but the faintest recollection. The same might be said of all the other studies which occupied my time, for they slipped easily from my mind through insensate disregard and detachment. And yet if I had had an earlier acquaintance ~~with~~ of Dr. Partridge and seen with him the

importance of education in promoting thought, I perhaps might have made far better use of my time in those institutions of learning I attended.

You, my sons, may have had the idea that education is entirely a business of accumulating information. But that is only part of its function. More particularly, the systematic study which you are now obliged to undertake is designed to discipline the mind and strengthen its faculty for the future rigors of independent activity. While Dr. Partridge, in his statement, made manifest reference to the contribution of thought which one may add to some special field of learning, yet I am sure ~~xxx~~ he would have agreed that any knowledge which is instrumental in sprouting the seeds of thought, whether that thought be original or not, accomplishes the aim of education.

The blessings of reason and perception lie within the reach of all who take the trouble to enter into the thoughts which men of wisdom try to communicate. When we read of authors whose words are potent with meaning and whose concepts excite the intellect, the mind must often pause and stumble before it earns comprehension. And yet the exercise involved in cogitation is just as beneficial to the brain as proper physical exercise would be for the body. Those athletes who undergo the discomfitures of physical training in order to harden themselves for some contest involving their skills may sometimes, through practise, ~~xxxxxx~~ attain such proficiency that

~~xxx~~

new records of achievement for their sport may result. Just so may the mind, through the exercise of thought, grow so in perception that it may eventually build new thought from the stimuli which the thoughts of others may encourage.

We must, of course, place some limitation on our mental exercises in the same way that it would be prudent for us to restrict our physical efforts. Just as the full productivity of our farms cannot be achieved unless the land is permitted to lie fallow for certain periods of time or given new vigor by the introduction of strange or restoring elements to its soil, just so do the mind and body find new sources of strength and fecundity when they are permitted rest and diversion. Constant exercise, without relaxation, may produce the physical string bean, just as too little exercise may promote flaccidity and impotence. Also, any exercise, whether physical or mental, to be of benefit, must be progressive and adjusted to the individual capacity for development. The good cook knows that simmering exalts the flavors of food more than a high degree of heat. In a like manner, the slow process of development achieves its fruition more fully than any intensified study of short duration.

Not all education, of course, is strictly limited to the so-called liberal arts. We find the same progressive development which proper education demands, from the simplest

to the most complex, in the practical trades or the mechanical arts, where the mind that guides the hand becomes more cunning in its skill as it advances in competence. Through education, whether cloistered or secular, the mind is trained to recognize the abstract or concrete patterns of its weaving by the warp and woof of its web. We must be aware of the basic design first before we may attempt the more intricate involutions and devices associated with the highest level of artful contrivance.

All our learning is designed to interpret for us the manifestations of our existence. And yet, strictly speaking, any study of the abstract is of little value if we have not lived intimately with the concrete representations relating to our speculations. A child's mind is filled with all manner of precepts and postulates to guide it, when the occasion shall arise, toward some practical end. Yet, unless that practical end materializes, all of our precepts and postulates shall have been worthless. Truisms can have no deep and abiding meaning for us unless we experience the condition which prompted ~~its~~ their conception and utterance. It is only the act of living and the collation of our learning with it which leaves an indelible brand upon the consciousness.

Knowledge, as Dr. Partridge had stated, precedes thought. Yet knowledge, of itself, is only one element, of an indivisible fusion of two, contributing to the

attainment of wisdom. This other quality which, for want of a better name, I call Intuition, in contrast to the purposeful attributes of Reason, serves to guide us in our emotional dealings with others. It is an insight based upon a rationalization of our first impressions and a faculty which is dulled by too much association. It is most evident in those who have mingled least with the world. In its function, it is comparable to the sense of taste which grows less discriminative as it cloys itself with food ~~or~~drink.

We recognize certain traits in individuals through some prior experience with those of kindred character. We may not fully recollect the incident which shaped our antipathies or affections, yet when a proper circumstance presents itself, the sub-conscious mind will be awakened from its slumber and instinctively ~~xxxxxxxx~~ signal its recognition of those factors which formed the original impression. ¶ We become aware of resentment by noting its expression in the manner and features, even though there may not be any spoken evidence of displeasure. Likewise, we may sense the emotion of love through the eyes and attitude, although no word of affection may pass the lips. When you have experienced an emotion, or been apprised of it in others, and have analyzed its manifestations ~~the thoughts~~ and ~~feelings~~ ~~manners respecting it~~, it will be quite possible for you, in the future, to ascertain, with a reasonable degree of surety, the character of the emotions which are set loose

in analagous circumstances
~~by these same thoughts and feelings.~~

Knowledge bestows upon a man the medium for his expression, or its embodiment; Intuition inspires the creation of its soul and breathes life into its being. One is the instrument; the other is the music. Together they form harmony. ¶ It is the same with Wisdom. There are many among us who are skilled artisans in their trade, yet lack the fire of inspiration which makes for original expression or invention. There are also many who feel the surge of creative impulses, yet lack the means to express them fittingly. Nevertheless, without both these qualities in equal measure -- the outer form of Knowledge and the inner perception of Intuition-- our wishes for Wisdom would fall short of accomplishment.

Some songs are made to appear original through the device of altering a standard melody. Some arts or handicrafts form new designs for themselves through additions upon a basic design. Even thought itself may be advanced, once all previous thought has been absorbed, as a logical sequence to what has gone before. Yet all these gains in art, skill or erudition are quite apart from the quality of Intuition which, in conception and effect, is comparable to the birth of Minerva, fully-grown and armored, from the brow of Jove.

Reason gropes in the dark for remembrance of those things which are testimonial to its thought. But the revelations of the intuitive faculty burst like lightning

upon the brain, revealing in a moment, the picture of its thought in full clarity and substance.

Any logical presentation of thought is studied and self-conscious. It must look forward and backward and, like the tight-rope walker, be ever wary of the yawning void beneath. His impedimenta -- the hoops and twirling balls which he manipulates -- are the devices (the dexterity and degree of difficulty involved with execution) which place him over others in his field. Yet always there are new feats of acrobatics which may cast into the shade the erstwhile heroes of the wire. All such feats are laudatory for the moment or for the few and are comparable to the genres of art or the schools of thought which have their devotees for one era and are disregarded the next. In the final analysis, it is only the most fitting expression of pure insight which holds the stage for eternity.

The most vivid impressions we receive are, quite naturally, our first ones. Yet, sad to relate, too many of us gloss over or forget these experiences and, as the years accumulate, bury beneath their weight the golden memories of yesteryear. While the childish mind is instinctively repelled or attracted by the objects of its environment, the adult mind is constrained in its observation by the obscurations of tradition and common custom and must scrutinize and distrust all things until experience discredits its doubtings.

The odd thing about mental growth is that the sensory organs become less affected by the wonders of the living world as the mind, through the agency of education and the ukases of society, turns, with ever-increasing dependency, upon the pronouncements of reason rather than the awareness of the senses. And yet, if we could only remove from our consciousness the distortions which our ideologies and our emotional attachments impose upon the perceptive faculties, I think we might be able to see, perhaps for the first time, the aspects of nature and our human associations in a truer perspective, in relation to our personal identities. The great poets, the great painters, the great composers would be much less than they were if they had not that quality of observing the attributes of nature with the immediacy and wonderment which a child enjoys when first it is confronted with the phenomena of its existence. In the same way, if a man could maintain the outlook of a child, discarding the dead weight which he heaps upon himself -- the superstitions and fears, the resentments and distrust, stale custom, selfish pride and the provincial fabric of prejudice -- such a man might truly absorb the lessons of life and become profoundly wise.

The faceless and unthinking masses are evident at every hand, confused, insecure and inept. When decisions must be made concerning matters which are vital to themselves, they tend to procrastinate or seek, at best, the

counsel of equally immature minds. With most people life is a gamble and judgment with respect to their problems might be compared to that same category of assessment which is involved in selecting a winning horse at the races. ¶ It is not unusual to see persons endlessly shop, appraise and deliberate upon the purchase of nominal articles which will soon wither upon the vine of neglect, but in those connections which have for their consideration the important ~~xxxxxxx~~ and far-reaching aspects of marriage, children, health or education -- these are undertaken almost impulsively, as though such matters were best disposed of when ~~xxx~~ allowed to drift at the mercy of the blind, unconscionable winds of predestination.

I consider it to be one of the anomalies of existence that man, who has been endowed by nature with the faculty of understanding, makes so little use of his birthright. His mind can absorb the writings of countless volumes and be witness to innumerable experiences and yet, though the meaning of life and its clear direction stand like route signs at every fork of the road, all these things are engraved upon the brain as a stylus upon wax, tracing impressions of intellect and sensation, unchaffed and undistilled in content by the transmutations of reason. All the learning and all the impressions to which he is subjected are merely stored away, as in a repository, and only withdrawn when the occasion warrants, not as data to assist him in comprehending his raison d'etre, but rather

as scraps of information which, in their disarray, furnish him with half-truths and innuendoes instead of facts which lead to enlightenment.

Our motor-car civilization has robbed us of reflection, reducing the life we lead to a race in which the trophy is Time. Time is the essence of our living, but with the abundance of leisure we avail unto ourselves, we seek not for the profits of self-examination but rather seek to close our minds from all assault of thought, as though the vacuum of thoughtlessness, by giving surcease from care, directed the spirit to its paradise.

Man should be self-sufficient in conforming the aspects of his environment to his own self-determined needs. The sediment of countless generations, rolling on with the flood, have deposited their mute instruction upon our contemporary shores. But what use do we make of this fertile instrumentality? When the body is fed and the resources of his intellect are soothed by shallow comforts, man reposes himself and cares not for the morrow. Yet when he is plagued with troubles, he cannot see his way clearly to overcome his difficulties. He will usually turn to drink, to prayer, run away, steal or destroy himself. His only consolation is found in the naive trust that fate, now deleterious in her design, must inevitably, like the pendulum, return to a prior affluence at some later date.

It is my unalterable conviction that wisdom is the

supreme attainment which a man can achieve during his lifetime. I consider it to be a possession more to be valued than wealth or position. While there may be immeasurable satisfaction in the accomplishment of one's ambitions, yet by achieving material success, without the benefit of wisdom, we are apt to lose perspective and commit insult to spiritual values from which all our gain and aggrandizement shall avail us little with respect to happiness. All too often we strain beyond the limits of our strength in search of the almighty, but elusive, dollar and that sinecure of all eyes, success. Yet in our zeal to consummate these ends, we must often weaken ourselves and forego neglected values in direct proportion to the effort expended.

Success and happiness are commonly held to be synonymous. Actually, success implies material reward or recognition for one's labors, while happiness relates to the equanimity of the spirit, and it does not follow, therefore, that one shall devolve upon the other. The lodestone of money may attract innumberable encomiums and the amity engendered by greed. Yet, unless we are guided by the provident regard of wisdom, how may we assess the blandishments and proportion the love so freely extended? Oftentimes success, without a wise provision for the fruits of our toiling, may dissipate both earnings and friends. The man of wealth will always be nettled with doubts concerning the true motives of those who attempt to insinuate themselves into his company. The man without means has little

difficulty in recognizing the trueness of his friends, because he has so little to offer. ~~A man's~~ Our peace of mind is little advanced by the knowledge that it is only ~~his~~ our wealth which assures ~~him~~ us love and friendship. It is very little happiness, indeed, which must depend upon so frivolous an attainment as the accumulation of money. Only wisdom may controvert the patent falsities which surround us and delegate the understanding to their truthful aspect.

"Know thyself," the Biblical injunction, is the keystone of contentment, and perhaps the wisest words ever written. Such knowledge will enable you to assess the capability and direction of your own powers. It is the ignorance of self which lays waste to our energies and strives, with profligate enterprise, to attain ambitions for which we are unsuited and, if achieved, would leave us high and dry on some island of discontent.

Wisdom teaches us humility and endows us with a steadfastness of the spirit in the face of adversity. She gives us pause when we tend to gloat over our achievements and instructs us to prepare for misfortune when the strumpet success has crowned our efforts. When we are buffeted by the untoward designs of fate, when we are beset by mental torture and the agony of bereavement, only wisdom may give us comfort. For no matter how cleverly we may anticipate events, or with what logic we regulate our affairs, we can never foresee the workings of fate

and the unknown forces of the universe which may affect us for good or ill. We may only condition the mind to accept disaster and not break down under the impress of adversity.

Wisdom makes us aware of the inexorable law of the universe: Where we gain in one quarter, we shall surely lose in some other -- that we must compromise with life in order to insure an equal flow to our existence. She teaches us to recognize the truly good and informs the mind of the attributes of prudent practise. She points out what is dispensable and what principles of conduct we should inextricably bind to our hearts.

When you have reached the age of comprehension, my sons, I wish to impress upon you most strongly my earnest belief that the fruits of wisdom are peace and understanding. Once you have her, she will not forsake you. Are you impoverished, she will enrich you. Are you ill, she will lead you back to the path of health and well-being. Are you discontented, she will show you the reason for your discontent and make you happy again. In all things will wisdom repay you. Do not disdain any learning, no matter from what source or which teacher. For each bit of knowledge garnered in your journey through life will enrich you ten times over.

FAITH

I

Faith is that repository of the spirit which never admits defeat or enslavement. When all else seems lost, it alone survives and gives us courage to continue. Faith can make a man overreach himself and grasp the stars and find substance therefrom to glorify his own existence. It imparts vision to the blind and for the deaf it enlarges the province of hearing. ¶ True and deep-felt faith has been known to cure the incurable and restore the power of locomotion to legs that could not walk. It has found manna in the desert and from the barren rock has poured forth the spring to parch the thirst of thousands. It has added to man's accomplishments and culture through the undying symbols of art and musical composition which dignify and ornament its expression and by the beauty and grandeur of the edifices erected in its name.

Its instrumentality is exemplified in many ways and it is many things to many men, but in its primary character, it represents a belief in something awful, intangible and wholly apart from self. With most it is expressed in a feeling of reverence toward God as the Father, in

much the same way that children idolize and depend upon their parents for direction and comfort when confronted with the unknown. Some others believe in fate and carry in concealed portions of their investiture talismans to ward off evil or encourage the happy circumstance of good fortune. Still others find in the positions of the planets and the magnetic influences of the sun and moon upon the earth confirmation for their belief that the aspects of the heavenly bodies affect the tides of human destiny. No matter to what point of the compass faith may direct its gaze, its horizons are as unlimited as the universe. Belief in self is finite and therefore incompatible with faith. Those who profess such convictions are compressed into a world circumscribed by the narrowness of their own poor intellectual powers and will never see the wonders of outer space because they have no vehicles to convey them there.

II

From the earliest dawn of recorded history men have tried to solve the enigmas of their existence by attributing unearthly powers to the agency for any incomprehensible phenomena. All those intangible forces which promoted prosperity or the misfortunes of adversity were assumed to be superbeings which could only be appeased through the medium of prayer and sacrifice. This anxiety to conciliate the unknown ministers of ~~their~~ man's fate was the first expression of true religious feeling. As a further

adjunct to this primitive theology, our progenitors designed for themselves idols and fetishes which might represent to all devotees the incarnate attributes of the spirit to be worshipped. There were gods symbolizing fire, rain, the sun, the moon, and so on, and whole liturgies and rituals were instituted in their behalf. Thus it was that religion became an integral part of man's existence.

While there might be some disparity in basic theology, the idols and fetishes which primitive man fashioned and to which he offered supplication are no less a symbol of man's deep concern with the unknown forces of the universe than is our present-day practise of erecting houses of prayer and attending to the customs and observances peculiar to some system of religious belief.

Our notions of God today are based primarily upon the original Hebrew concept of one spiritual entity who is all-seeing, all-powerful and all-encompassing. To Him the universe owes its design and all the inhabitants thereof are beholden to Him for their existence. Most of the religions of the civilized world are dedicated to this one God. However, the diverse expressions of faith and the multiplicity of sects, while assenting in this fundamental concept of the Diety, are divided by the different conceptions of His true nature and of His will with respect to mankind. This would follow naturally, as a matter

of course, since any abstract idea is subject to dissimilar interpretation, depending upon the discernment of the individual. It was just as necessary for primitive man to design a standard image and standard rituals as it was for the more modern beliefs to base their religious tenets upon a standard document, such as the Old Testament and the New Testament in the Bible. To attempt to promulgate a faith dedicated to a diety who impresses its devotees with conflicting notions respecting its true nature ~~will~~ would tend to defeat that unity of worshipful feeling requisite to the formation and perpetuation of a religious hierarchy.

These deviations from accepted systems of faith which men have witnessed through the ages have never been accomplished painlessly. The teachers and prophets who have arisen from time to time, proclaiming a special insight or understanding concerning the will of God in opposition to orthodox understanding or practises, were made to suffer much for their presumption. This was a normal reaction, ~~for~~ since the body would scarcely suffer the loss of a limb without using any means at its command to prevent its removal.

These defections from established faith occur in every age and are comparable to those historical revolts against decadent civilizations which had been too long feeding on the accomplishments of a prior greatness. When the needs of changing conditions are disregarded and

initiative has grown static, men of vision find their opportunity to prod the flabby temperament grown almost insensible through desuetude. In religion, any honest fervor is disenchanting to that false tranquility engendered by empty observances and meaningless lip-service. These new voices, rising up from the unfathomed depths, disturbed this calm of apathy because they attacked the principles of a priesthood too long entrenched in power and grown smug with the ease of its existence.

As a matter of course, these periodic upheavals in the religious state produce cleavages which are almost irrevocable and beyond repair. From the main stem of the basic theology, the adherents, which these revolutionary religious savants attracted unto themselves, formed new offshoots and created for their needs a priesthood and a code of observances. Such events occur in all ages and it is for this reason that most faiths today are so varied and stringent in their separation. What was heresy in former years becomes orthodoxy when its tenets are accepted. It then gradually relinquishes its pristine zeal and is itself subject to the inroads of heretical disaffection.

The chief religion of the western world is Christianity. However, within the framework of this faith are also to be found many different beliefs or sects. All these divisions and subdivisions acknowledge the basic

doctrines of Jesus Christ, but their variance is caused by a divergent interpretation of his teachings and often they are characterized by diverse ceremonies and services.

With all this difference and, sometimes, intolerance between these religious groups, they are all alike in one respect: They believe in the immortality of the human soul and, as a natural consequence and corollary of this premise, profess to believe that the pious are rewarded with the happiness of heaven while the sinful are made to suffer the torments of hell.

This idea of retribution is a difficult one to dispel, especially when it is first impressed upon the childish mind. It is no wonder, therefore, that religious faiths which foster such terrifying dogmas remain relatively secure from ideological assault. In theory, it is presumed to be the love of God which draws worshippers to rededicate themselves anew to the faith of their fathers. Yet, in practise, it is fear, rather than love, which chains the mind to a belief and restrains the waverings of doubt. We fear that which has the power to harm and which, by material standards, is invisible. We can only love what we understand and from which, though not itself discernible, we may receive premonitions of respondent interest through the manifestations of its handiwork, as evidenced by the order and necessity of all creation.

III

As a child, I recall that my first intimations concerning God were imparted largely through allusions or proverbs attesting to the agency of the Supernatural in shaping our destinies. The "will of God" or "It was fated to be" were the stock answers for any untoward circumstance or mishap and this attitude of ~~helpless~~ inept dependence upon the will of the Diety impressed itself profoundly upon my consciousness. ¶ God took on the aspect of a real and personal being who could reward the faithful and punish the wicked. It was inevitable that I should turn to Him for assistance in repelling my childhood tormentors or in accomplishing some ~~earnestly-held~~ ardent desire. ¶ The threat, "God will punish you," became, for me, a standard imprecation ~~calculated~~ designed to terrify the juvenile rowdies who marred the ~~even~~ pleasure of my callow ~~immaturity~~ days. Faith was my armor and prayers the weapon which could prick the ~~subconscious~~ conscience of any offender and confound him.

Coupled to the strength ~~with~~ with which I felt my allegiance to God had invested me, there were also occasions of remorse and trepidation when I became ~~conscious~~ aware of shameful ~~thoughts~~ imaginings which had inadvertently seeped into my mind. Since it was made known to ~~me~~ me that God was ~~familiar~~ privy to ~~with~~ our most secret thoughts, you can well ~~imagine~~ understand my anxiety and ~~my desire~~ almost frantic haste to dispel the sinful visions which had chanced upon my subconscious musings. ¶ The obsession of His omnipresence ~~xxx~~ even made it difficult for me to disregard my nakedness when disrobing. After every

action that might be misinterpreted by God, I could scarcely escape the impulse to utter some prayer or offer atonement in some way so the matter might be set aright in His eyes.

While the childish mind is disposed to accept the conditions of its environment without disputation, it is the nature of adolescence to question all things and dismiss any presentiments concerning the mysteries of existence with ~~a brash and~~ presumptuous disregard for the guidance of elders and the ~~ukases~~ rules of custom, ~~and accept~~ accepting confirmation only from the myopic conclusions of its own limited ~~experience~~. understanding.

I do not recall the exact incidents or occasions which served to wean me from my childish concepts concerning God. It may have been partly ~~ascribable~~ owing to the disillusionment I suffered when I first stumbled upon certain scientific theories respecting the origination of the solar system and the earth as contrasted with the Biblical narration of these events. The nebular hypothesis and the vast eons of time required in its evolution seemed much more probable than the slim interval of seven days required by the Creator in accordance with the Biblical account.

Perhaps the prime reason ~~reason~~ for my estrangement from former beliefs could be ascribed to my observation of the ~~patent~~ evident inequalities of existence and the indiscriminate rewards which fate bestowed with ~~an~~ apparant disregard for the worthiness of the recipient. The good things in life

seemed to attach themselves to those least entitled to its blessings. Power and wealth attracted unto itself more dignity and affluence, while the ~~indigent~~ impoverished multitudes of the world sank more deeply, despite their struggling, into their hereditary ~~xxxxxxx~~ bog of impotence. How could I reconcile these things with the religious concept of a just and ~~ever~~ equal-loving God?

Then there were the little children who were cut ooff from life before they had quite begun to live; the poets and the painters who gave us one ~~tiny~~ small glimpse of beauty and departed; the men of science who enriched our understanding; the men of medicine who prolonged our lives, the savants and the seers, philanthropists, all the benefactors of their race--too many of these gave of themselves unstintingly and were denied the rewards which their services ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~entitled them~~ so rightly claimed. What justice or love could there be, ~~I felt,~~ that would permit death and deprivation to attend the virtuous, yet should allow to knaves a long and pleasant existence? To all this ~~there was only the cold comfort which~~ the ministers of religion could only offer ~~by~~ the cold comfort of their enigmatic explication: The ways of God are too subtle and mysterious for the mind of mere man to comprehend.

As a result of These impressions in my impressionable youth ~~inevitably~~ led ~~me~~ I was to ~~xxxx~~ the inescapable conclusion that God, as represented by religion, did not exist in fact, but was merely an explanation to give answer to what was, by ordinary observation, unexplainable. I then thought, Here was a triumph of intellect over the maudlin and incredible fantasies of fear and

You have not to look about you and you will find that nothing lives without purpose and nothing goes to waste.

ignorance! I felt different, yet superior, from others, because of this new understanding of existence which my genius had discovered. I ~~was like~~ pictured myself as a Columbus to whom it was ~~fated~~ given to survey the panorama of a new world. However, this vanity of perception was short-lived. It came to my attention that many others had likewise propounded this revolutionary doctrine. It seems to be a peculiar trait of the youthful mind, and for that matter, of many an older head too, when it first becomes aware of its ability to reason ~~ing~~ ~~faculties~~, to be radical in its estimations of customs and procedures which the vast majority ~~practise~~ profess.

It is quite possible that you, my sons, may become party to that intellectual group. If so, feel no excessive pride in your achievement or be abashed for your heresy. ~~The~~ Every child must stumble and fall before it learns to walk erectly, and so the intellect must pursue all channels of exploration before it may enter upon a proper course of cogitation. You have but to look about you and note the ordinary, every-day phenomena of daily life to know that a higher intelligence must exist, an intelligence which men refer to as God. INSERT

~~Observe how all species of life and all the manifestations of the physical world are sustained and dependent, each upon the other for their mutual existence and growth; how each organism, from the simplest to the most complex, draws sustenance and regeneration from other agencies or its own unerring instincts. Nothing lives without purpose~~

Begin here

IV

Although we have no strictly scientific evidence to prove the existence of God, neither have we similar grounds for disproving His existence. Because our senses cannot ascertain His Being, we must not conclude, therefore,

that He is non-existent. Our observations of a thing and our impressions respecting the environment in which we find ourselves are inescapably restricted by the bounds of our faculties and it does not follow, as a matter of course, that what we see, we see truly, or what we fail to see does not, per se, exist at all. All our evidence concerning God is circumstantial, but it is so overwhelming, there can be no other possible verdict, after a due consideration of all the facts, except in the affirmative. Just as the society which is unruled by the inhibiting forces of law and order destroys itself through anarchy, the world we know could not have survived to the present time without the rule of reason which must exist.

Look about you and you will find that nothing lives without purpose and nothing goes to waste. All species of life and all the manifestations of the physical world are sustained and dependent upon each other for their mutual existence and growth. Each organism, from the simplest to the most complex, through its own unerring instincts, draws sustenance and regeneration from other agencies beyond and apart from itself.

Living plants exist, not only for themselves alone: They provide food for other forms of life as well. And from the happy circumstance of their being, they greedily absorb the noxious carbon dioxide gases emitted by

breathing animals and, in return, give up the oxygen which permits us to survive. Finally, when their usefulness as living things has ended, they gradually decay and disintegrate, entering back into the soil which gave them being to nurture and enrich its composition so that those plants which continue to live may derive from this last act of their love a more complete existence. In a like manner, animal life reciprocates its indebtedness to the vegatable kingdom by assisting in the reproduction of its members and by feeding them through the elimination of body wastes, of which the piece de resistance is the decomposition of death.

In the midst of this perfect cycle, wherein animal life absorbs the wastes of plant life, and vice versa, giving assistance each to the other in promoting the destinies to which they were ordained, there are also countless bodies and bacteria, in the earth and air, which aid in furthering this process of growth and ~~reproduction~~ propagation. There are, for example, the common earthworms which open up roads for roots and rain and soften up the soil as it passes through their bodies. These humble creatures also carry leaves into the earth, thus helping in the production of humus which is vital to the fertility of plants. We are likewise indebted to those birds which feed upon insects which might, if unchecked, devastate our fields of grain or bring down upon us the pangs and disruptions of disease. A great many species of birds feed upon the

seeds of weeds which, if given free rein, might strangle the beneficial grasses and plants.

Everything in nature is balanced and precise and when the balance is upset, such as by the unconscionable killings of wild life which men sometimes undertake, or by the uprooting of entire forests, or by the overcultivation of farm lands, we ourselves become witness to the retributions of nature. Should we kill off the beneficial birds, insect and pernicious plant life might flourish to our detriment. The fields, no longer fertile, would lie fallow for many years. And when the forests are gone, no longer would there be an instrument for storing up moisture, of giving up pure air, of shielding us from the winds, or of providing us with lumber.

If the composition and workings of the outside world ~~[illegible]~~ sufficient evidence to resolve your doubts concerning God, allow me to present for your inspection the marvel of the human body, which in its complexity and in the interrelationship of all of its parts is representative of the modus operandi of a perfect universe. In this device of His handiwork, the Diety has produced the crowning example of His genius. Nothing is lacking for its use and development in this most perfect mechanism and even in its abuse, implements abound to counteract and correct any temporary weakness. Each organ and nerve, bone and sinew, the glands and hormones, cells and corpuscles, are all designed to perform their functions

through an interlocking dependency upon each other. Observe how each muscle accomplishes the purpose of its connecting structure or ligament, how the network of nerves throughout the body send impulses from the brain which subject the voluntary members of the anatomy to instant response and how the lacework of arteries and veins thread from the pumping station of the heart to impart their life-giving fluid to every remote corner of their dominion. Or consider the vital workings of stomach and kidneys and the intestines and liver which absorb the raw substances taken internally and convert them to their proper uses, eliminating waste and unfit matter or how the lungs transform the chemicals of the air we breathe into fit elements for the toning up of the blood stream. Or witness how the senses of sight, smell, taste, touch and hearing serve to transmit to the consciousness the contiguous curiosities of existence and how excellent is their design and how sensative their signal reception. Furthermore, note the miracle of regeneration which implants the seeds of children in the womb, which forms and nurtures them and then delivers them from the cramped confines of their cell into a world of vast and strange dimensions.

We do not become aware of an object except through its manifestations. We would, none of us, have any regard for the eyes if it were not for their manifestation, which is seeing. Similarly, it is the quality of hearing which we value and which makes us note the existence of

the ears. Again, we could have no assurance of our own existence except by reason of sensory perception and the animation of the body. And it must also follow, although we may not descry through the senses the apparant existence of God, that the contemporaneity and organization of nature and the ordered interrelationship of all her attributes which direct themselves to the maintenance of life and its regeneration does, therefore, through these manifestations, incontrovertibly attest to His Being.

V.

Up to this point I have been almost wholly concerned with those manifestations which prove the existence of God. Yet, if God does exist, as I think has been demonstrated, what attributes does He possess which may represent to the mind the qualities of His true nature? Among orthodox believers the Creator of life is conceived to be a Being of man-like proportions who sits upon a golden throne in the heavens, from which incorporeal and far-seeing perch he directs the destinies of all. Others, who observe in this description of the Diety a striking similarity to the accounts of ancient mythology, prefer to regard Him as the abstract spirit or intelligence which shaped the familiar universe and blew the breath of life in all living things.

Always, it seems, we have sought for testimony beyond ourselves for answer to these questionings. Yet, if the discriminating mind can determine the character of a creative artist through an observation of his works, surely it must be clearly evident that the nature of God may only be ascertained from a study of His creation -- the universe. And since we and the environment in which we find ourselves form an integral part of the universe, it is folly to seek in the heavens for some token of His presence or express unwarranted generalities which seemingly resolve all questions relating to the unknown but leave us in the dark as much as ever.

Science has observed in the physical world an order and organization which is so unfailing and exact that mathematical equations ~~mxyxhm~~ applied to those forces or aspects of life which are substantial and visible may be employed with equal relevancy to express the condition or quality of those things which are measureless or imperceptible. Surely, then, if we can derive axioms and formulae from the tangible which are referable to the abstract or immeasurable, it should be equally capable of demonstration that those objects which are readily apparant are representative of those objects which are hidden from view. Thus, if we wish to envision what we cannot see we may only do so by inspecting its manner of operation and, from the pattern of its imprint, cast a mold which will truly represent its form and give us clues to

its dimensions.

A sound inquiry into the nature of any subject demands a study of the observations which have been noted and expressed by those most qualified in their respective fields. And since we may only ascertain the character of God from a study of His Creation, it becomes necessary first to make a distinction between those who are qualified and who are disqualified from interpreting the manifestations of the universe.

When we turn to the subject of Creation we are confronted with two opposing views. We have, on the one hand, the familiar account related by the Bible and which our orthodox theology is disposed to accept unwaveringly. And, on the other hand, we have those theories concerning the origination of life advanced by science, which are drawn from a study of the composition of all that exists and matched with logical reference to what is unknown, just as the paleontologist can fit together, from a knowledge of bone function and structure, the fossilized remnants he uncovers in the strata of antiquity.

That the views of science and religion should conflict was altogether inevitable, since the methods they employ in interpreting the forces of nature are almost diametrically opposite. Science attempts to keep an open mind in its scrutiny of the phenomena of nature and accepts no force or natural law as fundamental unless it

first has been proven through unbiased and thorough trial and observation. Theology does not have this self-imposed limitation. It proceeds from a basic premise and all its findings are made to conform with those doctrines it already holds. While its conjecture may be given leave to roam along hitherto unexplored paths, it never allows its motivating spirit to lose itself in unbroken trails. In theology, the main highway is always in view and, though it may venture deep in the wilds of its exploration, markers are left at every turn to guide the wanderer back to his starting point.

I presume religion adheres to the Biblical account of Creation for fear that its disavowal may remove those props upon which it properly stands. Why this should be so, I cannot understand. Must we not distrust those props when knots of disbelief are visible on their surface? Is it better to invite doubts by clinging to concepts which may be disproven when the religious proselyte can find more fertile soil for his belief by accepting in their allegorical sense the stories relating to the Creation and the other narratives in Genesis? Surely moral lessons are more in the province of religion than dissertations which treat of the beginnings of the physical world.

Therefore, it must be said, in all fairness that, in so far as the Bible relates historical events, it may be quite accurate, but in so far as its writers presumed

to a knowledge of affairs beyond their experience or treated of matters for which a sound and systematic inquiry was not yet established or in evidence, religion should allow precedence to other sources. Only in this way can the doctrines of science and religion live together. Otherwise, by allowing their considered views to collide and war against each other, all men thereby become divided and confused. We cannot escape the fact that the loyalties inspired in the young by the teachings of religion often clash, upon maturity, with the realistic and rational disclosures of science. How much more sensible is it then to grant tosscience that which belongs to science and leave to religion the realm of the spirit. For science, which deals only with facts which are capable of objective demonstration, may go only so far in its considerations and then it must stop. At that point, all men must transfer to some form of theology for answer to the questionings of the intellect.

VI.

The judgment of our most learned scientific minds has it that the universe and all it contains was evolved from the gravitation and heat expressed upon the clouds of gas and cosmic dust which in the beginning were all that existed in the empty void of the universe. The ionized particles of the air, charged by their electrical

content, drew together the random elements floating in space and compelled them to mass, contract and rotate until, by the pressures and heat inspired by this tempest of seething activity, primary matter was fused and composed.

This view of the Creation by science was derived from a study of the physical composition of the heavenly bodies, including the earth, and by an observation of the finite rotation of the planets about the central sun. Yet, above all else, the unlocking of the secrets of the atom has demonstrated that all matter has an electrical quality and exerts a magnetic force which is duplicated and extended in all that exists.

It is only within recent years that science has discovered the nature of that basic ingredient of matter -- the atom. At first it was thought that the atom was the smallest indivisible and indestructible particle. It is now known that the atom itself is composed of still smaller particles called protons, neutrons and electrons. In form the atom is made up of a nucleus consisting of protons and neutrons about which revolve the electrons in the manner of planets describing their orbit about the sun. The protons in the nucleus have been so named because they have been found to bear a positive charge of electricity, the neutrons are altogether neutral and the electrons carry an equal but negative charge as opposed to the protons. Yet with all this knowledge that science

has uncovered after long and patient years of research is it not curious that the secret of the composition of matter should be as near at hand as the solar system which a man may view with the unaided eye? Here we have the sun which is the nucleus of our universe and there we have the planets, like electrons, which revolve in a fixed orbit about her and, every now and then, we become aware of neutral elements, like the meteors, which seemingly disregard all bonds of attraction and unaccountably visit us from the outer reaches of the atmosphere. Surely, then, the secret of the universe must be closer at hand than we had formerly imagined.

We know that matter can be coverted into energy, as has been demonstrated by the explosion of the atomic bomb. It has even been shown that the elements of which matter is constituted may be transmuted into other and different forms when exposed to the bombardment of neutrons. Yet, while matter may be altered or shaped to infinite ends, the force which compounds it can never be dispelled. We recognize the force but, when we seek to know what induces it, science is abruptly halted. Here, when we come to the force, I believe we come close to the nature of God, for it alone in the constitution of matter is the only thing which is indestructible and beyond our knowing. And yet it is not only as the cohesive instrument of matter that this force is recognizable: We see its work, as well, in those instinctive impulses which motivate all things that live. Evidence of it is

to be found in the attraction of love which impels the positive and negative attributes of male and female to be united. And we see it expressed in the instinct of all living things which intuitively repels them from any thought of their own destruction. Wherever we look we find some force which binds us to something else and at the same time makes us avoid what is harmful to our existence.

All these expressions of life are characteristic of the physical world. Yet when we pass from the material evidences of instinct to the spiritual qualities of intelligence, we become aware that the force which guides the instinct can instruct the senses as well in matters which foster and advance the growth of the spirit. We may even find in science valid grounds for the growth of spiritual qualities. For was it not the theory of evolution which informs us that those things which exist today managed to survive the ordeals and deprivations brought on by the changing conditions of their environment only because they learned to conform with them and that the characteristics so acquired through this adjustment were gradually passed on to succeeding generations through heredity. Is it not, therefore, reasonable to suppose that the human animal evolved from a being almost entirely dependent upon his instinctive faculties to his present dependence upon the powers of the intellect

because he could not otherwise have survived? It seems to me, then, that intelligence, like those other adjustments in physical form which animal and vegatable life underwent in adjusting to environment, proceeded from an instinctve desire to survive and, by the process of evolution, gradually developed and grew through heredity. Perhaps it was because the other faculties of man were so arrested or puny that his intellectual powers came to exceed those of all the other animals. At any rate we can see how spiritual qualities may be evolved from materialistic instincts.

As the intellectual faculties grow more acute and perceptive we begin to find instances where intelligence -- a foreknowledge of the consequence of our acts -- advances to a loftier condition of knowing whereby it is given to some to have a foreknowledge of consequences beyond any known act or experience. This is vision or the revelation of truth to man from a source beyond man himself. Such phenomena have been pictured as divine inspirations and it is from these visions which men have divulged to others that theology has proclaimed moral precepts and declarations of faith. Yet it is not only in religion that the disclosures of vision are evident. You will find that all discoveries and all advances of the intellect have developed from a germ of thought which took root in the brain from some unknown force or vibration which expressed the true and immutable laws of

the universe.

Inspired thought is quite different from the logical progressions of reason. In logic, there are formulae and axioms to guide the consideration. But, when we examine the attributes of vision we find a lawless energy which can be neither directed or prodded to favor us with her inspiration. The mind, of course, must always be open for her entrance. But she only has meaning for those who understand her language. I can only express her nature most simply when I compare her to the noise of waves upon the shore or the whispering of wind through the trees, which, to the mind of musical affinity, has the thematic expression of musical thought.

Vision seemingly comes to those who are endowed with an extrasensory perception which acts like a sensative receiver to vibrations undetected by the faculties of other men. It is as though these receivers in the brain were attuned to the wave lengths of ideas which drift in outer space and, when contact is made, the subconscious mind is awakened unaccountably by their clamor. No other explanation seems to offer a more plausible reason for the occurrence of visions, especially when we draw from them universal laws which are true and applicable through all conditions of circumstance.

Matter has been proved to have an electrical quality. All of space, we know, is charged with electricity. Then

is it too much to believe that, inasmuch as the atmosphere is charged with electrical impulses which continually bombard the earth in a haphazard manner, vagrant thoughts which attach themselves to the intellect have an equal composition? Surely, if the energy expressed by these impulses is accepted as the instrument creative of matter, then the mysterious configurations of vision, being themselves of an electrical character, must be similar or equal in disposition to that force of which all matter is compounded.

Before there was matter, there were electrical impulses which evolved it from the gas and dust of outer space and before a visionary idea fixed itself upon the brain, it must have been an unattached wave of thought. Since both of these impulses appear to have equal attributes, I am led to believe they are one and the same thing. And since there is nothing else beyond the force, its nature must be indicative of the Intelligence which created and guides the universe.

This, then, I am convinced, is the character of God. He is like a tree whose seeds are always seeking fertile soil in which they may take root and grow. More often then not they fall upon barren ground where they waste themselves and die. But where proper conditions are encountered, a seed will eventually take root and grow to express the attributes of both its parents -- God and the

material or spiritual element which He has impregnated. It is important to remember that the blood relationship of all of us and of all ideas makes us kin in one way or another, for the character of God is in all things and in all true thoughts. And while we may only appear to be insignificant segments of a master design, in reality, all things are as relative to God as the sapling is suggestive of the tree.

VII.

It is easy to understand how the belief in a personal God may be diminished or disavowed when those loved ones of tender years are taken from us, when the fine intellects who enhance and dignify our existence are cut down in their prime and all those doers of good are claimed by death before the Biblical allotment of three-score-and-ten.

"Why," cry out the aggrieved, "must this one be taken from us while that evil one lives and enjoys life?" They, like Job, lament, but find little comfort except in the solace of religion which expounds the doctrine of a life hereafter and the reunion of loved ones in a world beyond the grave.

All too often men are led away from a contemplation of the Infinite when they see the finite and tangible

override the visionary presumptions of theology, just as those who seek for succor and salvation in the skies are, all too often, jarred out of their spirit reveries by the materialistic impact of some speeding vehicle.

Evil, they see, is seemingly undissuaded by the penalties of jurisprudence and the lawless enact their depredations with callous contempt for the consequences resulting therefrom. The few possessing power and wealth batten themselves at the expense of the vast and undistinguished multitudes from whom they extract their store. The virtuous, despite their impeccable conduct and despite their reverent professions of faith, find no material benefit overflowing from the plenitude of the spirit, and while hunger and the degredation of poverty wait on fasting and prayer, those who pause not for consultation with conscience or divinity advance to a condition which, by worldly standards, would be considered "a heaven on earth."

Men are given all manner of replies to account for the inequalities of existence. These help to avert the waverings of doubt and disaffection, not because they appeal to the intellect, but more because we cannot easily escape the fears of damnation which have been indoctrinated in us through religious fiat and persuasion. Thus, from the insubstantial element in which we flounder without compass or direction, we accept any straws of

spiritual salvation which float on the tide of our discontent.

And yet we cannot escape the question: Of what value are virtue and prayer when evil and irreverence are seemingly unaffected by their influence? Nor do we find those indispositions and deprivations which afflict us more visited upon the sinful than upon the devout. Fate, despite its manner or incidence, is altogether neglectful of ceremony and undismayed by the elevated authority or contemptible condition of those whom she touches. Like a falling star that brilliantly parades before the eyes, glowing for a moment and then fading into darkness, the force of fate startles the vision with its unaccustomed light and is just as suddenly extinguished, although the impression of its visitation remains long after it has burned itself out in the contiguous atmosphere.

Are we to attribute all the unequal gifts which fate bestows to the purposeful intentions of a Divine Providence? Surely God has too long and uncomplainingly borne the onus for all the mishaps which occur in life. I think, rather, that a more fitting answer to our questions will be found if we study the forces which are at work in the universe, for I believe there are analogies in nature which, viewed with a comprehensive eye, may serve to instruct our doubts and controvert our fears.

Matter, we have noted, is composed of positive and negative elements. We also discovered these same elements

at work in the instinctive attractions and antipathies implicit in all living things. Yet, if we think about it, is it not likewise true that, beyond our recognition of these contending forces in the composition of material things, these same aspects are apparant in those positive and negative forces which influence the spirit? Actually, anything which the intellect may consider is representative of two attributes which are intrinsically apart yet need each other in forming the whole of existence or expressing a truthful concept. We see it not only in the positive and negative elements of the atom; it is expressive of the brain of man as opposed to his body. It is birth as distinguished from death, goodness as contrasted with evil, spirit as it differs from matter, it is God above all creation. Once we accept the existence of these disparate forces, then may we begin to understand the disparate conditions of life.

Under normal conditions of existence these two forces are equal and thereby balance each other. There are, of course, instances when it will be noted that one force increases its sway at the expense of the other. Yet, when this occurs, the one subdued is merely compressed into a smaller area; it suffers no change in its essential character. Thus, when we consider morality, or the question of what is right and just, we must recognize the fact that it is essentially an intellectual determination which men have decreed for the mutual benefit

of all other men and, as such, being a spiritual or positive quality, can only hold in balance or dominate the material or negative aspects of life but can in no wise dispell their force. Morality, therefore, since it is designed to affect the spiritual condition of happiness may contain our material instincts but it can never destroy that primal force of nature which is expressed by "survival of the fittest."

If we accept the foregoing, then may we understand why youthful innocence is fed into the grave and the benefactor is taken from us. It is because health and heredity have nothing whatever to do with morality. That tree which stems from barren soil must perforce bear imperfect fruit, despite the care with which we tend it. Even illnesses, which inappropriately lay us down, will often be found, if we think about it, to result from an injudicious diet or abuse of the body's powers. And those accidents, which we ascribe to the arbitrary designs of fate, could often be prevented, if the mind were alert and simple precautions were observed. For all the other bereavements which we suffer in connection with famine, pestilence and the fratricidal holocausts of war, God, in His omniscient husbandry, has provided checks and balances to maintain the diverse species found in nature, although, more importantly for the human race, these latter occurrences serve as object lessons which point out

the moral instruction that material concerns which overlook the aspirations of the spirit do, by their dominance, reduce the stature of man and make him subject to the same physical laws which rule the lesser animals in nature.

VIII.

The human animal and all the other creatures of nature, in their larger manifestations, are all alike -- they live, reproduce and die, the primary purpose of living things being to reproduce their kind. Everything else is preparation or anticlimatic to the needs of regeneration. The blossom which attracts the bee and butterfly, the character of fruit which invites its ingestion, the nutritive value of nuts which leads the sqirrel to hoard them in some burrowed bit of earth, the special quality of attraction between some man and some women --all these are devices of nature to insure the reproduction of a species.

As we descend the scale of living things, we find the reproductive powers increase accordingly, so that when we reach the bottom rung, where the lowest organisms abound, regeneration proceeds at an astronomical rate. If there were no natural hindrances to these powers of reproduction -- the hostile elements of weather, disease

and beasts of prey -- the lower species of existence might rule the earth. As it is, the organization of nature is so well regulated that there are always natural retardants to prevent such an outcome. There are occasions, of course, when certain forms of life grow beyond their normal bounds. But when this occurs, the natural enemies of their existence will also flourish, due to the abundance of their fare, and delimit any wanton expansion. Thus, while all life depends upon other forms of life for continued existence, it also prevents any particular species from growing beyond the needs for its survival.

Nothing escapes nature's bookkeeper and ~~his~~ her infallible system of checks and balances. Modern man who rides in his automobile believes that science has improved his lot. Yet his use of a mechanical vehicle instead of the legs which nature provided usually results in a weakening of those members and, as a consequence, a debility of the entire body. Our advances in medicine have lengthened the life of man but they have also made more acute the miseries attendent upon old age. No matter in which direction or to what degree we seemingly progress, factors regularly arise to counteract our gains and make more problems than we had before.

Just as there is a balance between all species of life whose scales are not tipped with impunity, just so

is there a balance within ourselves which we must recognize in order to gain contentment. No man can escape the immutable law of compensation which governs all living things. For every action there must be a reaction; for every loss there must be a gain. The man who would scale the heights must beware the depths which grow ever deeper as he ascends toward his goal.

Oftentimes our strivings for accomplishment seem unfraught by any visible perils and the prize, unattached by strings or booby traps, seems free for the taking. Yet it is always April Fools' Day when we snatch the Something for Nothing. Inevitably the gainer must lose something and the loser gain, although we do not usually cancel our debts in equal coin to the tender we have been deprived of. It usually follows that when we gain in the realm of the material there is often a corresponding loss in the domain of the spirit.

IX.

It was the doctrine of self-rejection as promulgated by the prophets which forms the basis for our present-day religious beliefs. Actually, such savants as Christ and the Buddha were the instigators rather than the authors of religion. It remained for their followers to adorn and formulize their words with the rituals of religious faith. If Christ and the Buddha were alive today and had

proffered their revelations through some literary medium, their words might have been read and appreciated by a few but, for the most part, I fear, their wisdom would be disregarded. And yet their teachings are just as timely and vital now as they were then and eminently consistent with the dictates of sound practise. They taught that excessive possessions or power, begotten through selfishness and greed, lead to corruption, war and universal unhappiness; that love for one's fellow man and self-abnegation are the key to that tranquility of the spirit which all men profess to seek; that only by losing ourselves into something greater than self-is it possible to attain perfect peace and contentment.

The idea professed which found most ready acceptance from the cringing and benighted masses of that ancient era was the doctrine of equality for all in the sight of God. Here was the first expression of democracy as we understand it today. Although the Greeks, prior to that time, in their city states, pretended to practise democracy, its form was widely different, since it conferred the privileges of citizenship to only a chosen few. But here was a concept which conferred upon everyone an equal birthright because of a common origin from God the Father. Needless to say, the downtrodden, the indigent and the despised peoples of the earth found here a philosophy which elevated them above the sordidness of their miserable lives and crowned their existence with dignity and

purpose.

Yet, not content with these glorious ideas and the promises of a newer, brighter world, the disciples who proclaimed these dogmas apparantly found it necessary to impress their hearers with more forcefulness than mere logic could command. This they accomplished by describing miracles and earth-shaking events as coincident with the revelations, as though the inspired effusions of the intellect were not miracle enough. Yet I am inclined to think it was the miracles which drew attention and adherents to the cause more than the wisdom of the teachings. As a matter of fact, when we examine the role which ritual plays in religion, it will be found that men care not so much for understanding and truth as they do for mystery and obscurantism. And, by the multiplicity of religious sects and schisms, and by the controversies which bred them, I am led to believe that men prefer the literature about their religious teachings rather than the teachings themselves.

To me religion is more than just an affirmation of one's belief in God and a dedication to the practises of some particular creed. To me it is a code of natural laws from which a man may derive the greatest satisfaction

and serenity and whose supreme instruction gives us the counsel that rejection of self is paramount and fundamental in attaining the elevation of the spirit.

A man may dedicate his life to the accumulation of wealth and place great store by the comforts which his material possessions afford him and yet, when he has everything he set out to achieve and the mind and body are no longer equipped to carry on his work, he will find contentment can only come through giving. Men build castles of sand and superstructures of smugness to disguise and thwart their feelings of insecurity toward existence. They collect resources as a hedge against the inconstancies of fate, assuming that material riches give aid and comfort to the deprivations of the spirit. And yet there can be no real gratification in the hoarding of wealth because the worthwhile assets of friendship and love may only be bartered through spiritual necessity. When a man's work is denied him and only his wealth remains, he becomes spiritually bankrupt unless he resows the fruits of his labor among those less fortunate or in worthwhile causes or institutions.

In some the quality of giving, beyond it normal application, becomes a virtue extending to those graces which Christ had named Love or Charity, for such virtues depend upon consideration and understanding more than upon material gifts. It is not Charity which gives and then reminds the recipient of his indebtedness or the

lowliness of his estate. For most of us, self-esteem is more regarded than the gift which detracts from it.

I have seen many of my neighbors who were scrupulous in observing the letter of their religious beliefs yet, at one and the same time, were surpassingly ignorant of its spirit. While they kept their holidays and fast days faithfully and attended church with unfailing regularity, the halo of devoutness, so gratuitously assumed, dimmed perceptibly once the portals of the prayer house closed behind them. All those examples of piety and rectitude -- the golden words of the Gospel -- taken so feelingly to heart when proffered from the solemn and majestic surroundings of the pulpit seemingly turned to dross, when exposed to the irreverent area of the outer world.

While all denominations try to impress their parishioners with true religious feeling, the chief quality which draws adherents to their fold is, I believe, the measure of relief extended to those who suffer a sense of guilt for some sinful action. To these the intonation of prayerful supplications in a holy atmosphere lends an aura of assurance and respectability. And yet, although we have vast bodies of dicta reciting the transgressions which men should avoid, we have no positive assurance that these acts are truly inimical to God Himself. I am inclined to think that the passions which sometimes rule the mind and lead the individual to indiscretions are the natural and instinctive impulses of the human animal

and therefore can in no wise be considered as sins against divine law. We must have been intended and constituted for such actions, else nature would have formed us differently.

No man, I feel, sins against God. He sins against himself and his fellow-men, and it is for man himself to rectify his errors and make laws for the common good. It is all one to God -- the sinner and the sinned-against -- for all men and all things serve, each in their proper measure, to compound the sum of universal life. All men and all things have their natural place in the sun and all those qualities of good and evil about which we make such a fetish are all relative to the eye and sense of the beholder. The wolf that steals upon the shepherd's flock to the shepherd is an evil thing, but to the wolf the meat of the sheep is food for his survival, and therefore his conduct with respect to sheep is altogether good and necessary. Evil is as much a part of nature as Good and an indispensable attribute of living, for if there were no Evil, as we understand it, we could never recognize or evaluate the Good.

A man must believe in something. I prefer to believe that all living things have a purpose and significance, no matter how small, in the grand design of nature; that there need be no fear of retribution from beyond the grave, for our misdeeds are adjusted through the living; that we get from life only what we put into it, just as

there is always an ebb to equal the flow.

That pattern of existence which serves to promote happiness and security serves you best. Yet nothing serves better than a clear understanding of the why and wherefore of existence. There can be no fear where is no mystery. We may only know for certain that today we live, and that being is its own justification. We may strive to better ourselves and aid others in accomplishing their aspirations or we may idle away our time and have a care only for our own selfish interests. Whatever we do we are always assured that life will continue. Yet, whatever befalls, there is no doubt that only the good uses to which we dedicate our lives rebound, not only to our own everlasting credit but, as well, to those of future generations who will bear our name.

INTOLERANCE

For you, my sons, the subject of intolerance has little meaning at the present time. Being children and as yet uncorrupted by the dregs of worldly distillation, you tend to accept others at face value. You have not yet learned to seek for hidden motives which screen themselves behind the formal amenities and the dues-paying camaraderie of adult relationships. A child's prejudice concerns itself with relative abilities. He is barely conscious of the disparities of race, creed and social position. Usually his knowledge of these subjects is instilled by its elders when they are observed avoiding and repelling any social propinquity to that strata of human society which is felt to be inferior to their own or when, through moments of exasperation or futility, they give evidence of their bias through chance remarks or choice expletives.

And yet we can learn most about intolerance from children themselves. The child who ridicules the handicapped or infirm, who hoots at or speaks derisively toward the stranger with his foreign ways or different pigmentation, who scorns the weakling in his midst-- the a

conduct of such a child may have been induced by the example of his parents but, more probably, it is only the instrument which serves to relieve his feelings of insecurity and salves his conscience for past failures. Expressions of intolerance are soothing balm to the ego when there is little else to heal its hurt. If a man felt himself to be the lowest of the low, there would be little reason for his living. But if he could say to himself, "At least I am better off than he," he will have found some justification for his existence.

Intolerance may be observed, in varying degrees, in practically every form of human endeavor. It may stem from class differences and the inequalities of wealth and position. Overweening pride in the place of birth, the distinctions observed in disparate standards of conduct, contentious vanity with respect to the culture and history of a race or nation -- all these breed intolerance. And since it is so widely spread, intolerance must be classified as a common attribute of human nature.

Schools and colleges foster prejudice when they permit students to band together into cliques or fraternities which form bars of restraint against the inclusion of outsiders, these outsiders being forbidden to enter their sancrsanct portals because of economic shortcomings, unacceptable social position or objectionable race, creed or national origin.

The phenomena of intolerance may be observed in the combatative civic pride which distinguishes certain inhabitants of cities, towns or hamlets by the loudness of their scorn of other subdivisions of real estate when most miserable in their own. It will be commonplace for you to hear the expression by visitors to your city: "It's nice to visit, but I would never think of living here."

Some residents of certain states within the Union have such an unseemly bias with regard to the advantages found within their borders that they feel qualified to speak condescendingly of the inferior attributes which other states tend to extol. The incontinent bragging of Texans about the glories of Texas is legendary, and Californians boast so feelingly about the weather within their domain one might be led to believe that the climatic conditions outside their borders are unfit for the maintenance of life.

There is, of course, sectional intolerance which has sometimes been characterized by unrelenting and bitter resentment, as between the North and the South. However, most of this feeling seems to emanate from the South, where many of its citizens are still nursing the wounds of their defeat in the Civil War. There is a less vindictive rivalry between the East and the West. The West has magnificent scenery and outstanding football players, but the East may counter with its historic traditions and cultural institutions.

There is the fierce nationalistic pride of some peoples which makes them look down on the attainments and culture of other nations. We of the United States may say, with little fear of contradiction, that we are the richest and most powerful nation on earth and that we practically support the economies of other democratic countries. But even those nations which are most dependent upon us will take occasion to ridicule our "simpering" culture, our "money-grubbing" propensities and those other idiosyncrasies which are foreign to themselves.

There is the intolerance engendered through the disparities of wealth, being most evident in those who acquire riches after being but shortly removed themselves from poverty. These are the nouveau riche, the pretenders to social position, who attempt to raise themselves in caste ~~xxxxxxx~~ and eminence from the unsure summit of their hoard. They feel it to be beneath themselves to associate with the companions of their indigent days yet, on the other hand, they are held to be upstarts by the brahmans in the top echelons of society.

In most of us, intolerance is expressed in a spirit of contention or pride. It is this motivation which makes us boast of our birthplaces, our cultures or our historic heritage. Many men of mediocre intellect and indistinguished achievement seem to find some measure of satisfaction by making invidious comparisons between the talents and accomplishments of their race to the detriment

of others. However, that man must be lowly indeed who, because he has done nothing to boast about or is so little regarded in that segment of earth which he occupies, can only aggrandize his ego by humiliating minority groups of foreign origin, race or creed.

The cancer of hate which intolerance begets reaches its most pernicious form when it is applied to races or creeds. All other rivalries and estrangements are merely symptomatic of the disease. And yet our predilections in this regard, no matter how seemingly innocuous their incidence or composition, intensify and aggravate the infection. We cannot qualify hate because its presence, no matter to what degree, can diminish in equal proportion our capacity for love. We cannot close our eyes to one class ofhuman beings without extending our blindness to all humanity.

If we disdain the lowly of the earth because of their humble origin or poverty, think what the world would be like if they did not exist. Who would perform the servile tasks and accept the slender emoluments which their services claim? If effect, should the despised ones depart, would we not be required to readjust our present economic subdivisions? The public servant at his desk might be made to undertake the task of collecting garbage, the bank teller might be needed in the fields to harvest potatoes, and all those positions which now buoy up our security and our egocentric values would

at such a time, be taken over by others, as they unwillingly descend from the high rungs of their former prominence. We would be down-graded or demoted through this necessity of keeping up the vital work which the lowly would have abandoned. If this should come to pass, all our economic and social assessments would have to be revised and the resultant misery from this retrogression would be both widespread and deserving.

Poverty, as an abstract condition, we can readily accept, but its manifestations of ignorance and squalor we abhor. Most of us evince a vicarious interest in matters which deal with the exotic or unusual, but our interest soon turns to aversion once those objects impinge upon the intimacy of our own environment. We recognize the existence of God but we cannot bear those whose concept of His Being is at variance with our own. The mind, in the exercise of its powers, can observe and accept the attributes of existence with unfettered abandon, but the emotions, which are shaped by our associations, resist any academic intrusions upon its private will. We see, but our feelings blunt our perception and astigmatize its quality. It is when we remove ourselves from the restrictive confines of the shell-like environs which surround us that we learn to lose the inhibitions and delusions which make us intolerant.

There is an element of metamorphosis in everything, whether it be in the seasons or the mutations we observe in living things. We have learned to accept these inevitable alterations and make provision for them when they prove distressing to ourselves. Wherefore, then, cannot we also make provision for those innovations of social significance and learn to accept these with a kindred spirit? Should we fail in this, we assuredly fail ourselves, for it is altogether possible that the world, by its constant revolution, may reverse the tides of our condition so that we ourselves may become subject to the intolerance of those who heretofore we held up to scorn and derision.

WORK

Work is a function which one performs for another and to which a value is appropriated in direct relation to the need and availability of the worker as against the need and availability of the product or services provided by the work. In a general sense, any effort which is useful and productive may be classified as work. Yet, within the narrow economic limits of that term and in its common usage, only that labor which devolves upon itself rewards or honorariums deserves that designation.

By nature, man is an indolent animal. If the requirements for his maintenance could be realized without the undue expenditure of effort, it seems unlikely that he would complain. As it is, the hard facts of economic life force him to the extreme exigency of physical or mental toil.

For most men, the regular occupation in which they employ themselves is a form of drudgery to be endured rather than an undertaking to be relished. Some might exhaust more effort in golfing or gardening, from which no material benefit accrue, than in their usual employment, yet the exertion which affords them pleasure they

regard as a casual hobby or avocation while the labor which pays, however well, is held by them to be a burden by comparison.

There are many who believe that income is the most important consideration relating to work; the work itself, , no matter how distasteful, of minor consequence. I cannot believe this, although I think those who engage in unpleasant tasks, however lucrative, requite their unhappiness through the promulgation of such doctrines. How much more sensible and rewarding is it to employ ourselves in those labors which we love rather than degrade ourselves each day with the drudgery we detest.

My feelings in connection with distasteful pursuits were aroused at an early age and consequently their impression was most profound. I recall very clearly the incident which shaped my convictions. It occurred at a ~~the~~ time when the dark depression of the 1930's had reached its lowest depths. I had recently been graduated from high school and jobs which required no experience were practically non-existent. You can then imagine my happy surprise when, through the agency of a friend of the family, I was offered the then extravagant sum of five dollars for a night's work at a local bakery. I eagerly grasped the opportunity and went off to my employment with high enthusiasm, imagining in my mind the many things I could procure with the wealth that would be mine at the completion of my duties.

At the bakery I was set to work at a table with a group of other men and was assigned the task of cutting a slit in little mounds of dough which would eventually be transformed into rolls of bread after being baked. An elongated mass of dough, resembling a snake, was laid lifeless upon the table, and one hacked it apart into uniform lengths and others shaped them and I administered to each the coup de grase, the final wound, preparatory to placing them upon the baking pan. After some hours of this exercise, the constant standing, to which I was not inured, and the grinding monotony of the task became exceedingly irksome. I tried to train my eyes away from the despicable blobs of yellow dough. I sought comfort from my fellow workers, yet from each I received no recognition as they stood there automatically moving their arms and fingers with a regular and unchanging rhythm, their eyes vacant and fishy, like the unfeeling eyes of an inebriate.

One member of this company, in particular, made a notable impression upon me. He was chewing tobacco with the same untiring compacency of a cow chewing her cud and with unfailing precision, it seemed, he matched the movements of his arms with the tireless motion of his jaws. Intermittently, he spat out of the side of his mouth upon the sawdust of the floor, like the squid ejecting his secretion, and everytime he spat some residue would remain upon his chin to trickle onto the dough. At this sight,

and at the remembrance of it, because I could no longer bear to look him in the face, I felt a dreadful nausea envelope me so that I knew I could no longer continue, although the first yellow streaks of light in the sky gave evidence of an early deliverance from my loathesome task. I think an hour remained, but I had to inform the foreman of my desire to quit. He must have observed my pallor because he readily gave his consent and I was permitted to go home. Quite happily I received all the money I was promised although I did not put in all the time I contracted for.

You cannot imagine the relief I felt once I entered into the open air. Never again, I vowed, would I submit to work of that nature no matter how attractive its inducements. I knew then and forevermore that factory work was not my forte nor any other occupation which required the continuous monotony of a repeated motion.

Forced indenture to an unwelcome pursuit, by reason of economic necessity, may reduce a man to economic slavery. A man cannot rise under such conditions and he surely kills, through their neglect, those talents to which he is more properly disposed. The best worker is the one who enjoys his work and feels no weariness in the performance of it. Conversely, there is nothing more irksome or tiring than the forced bondage to an unpleasant chore. Congeniality in work is the keystone of success. When the time spent on your daily stint is bound

up in the furtherance of the work, rather than in the distaste you feel for it, your progress will be steady and sure.

For most of us, the careers we choose to follow are often decided upon in youth. The bright dreams of the young are rarely restrained by the discouraging detours and the impediments that usually exist to block the road of our ambitions. They fancy themselves in pursuits which are, at once, both pleasant and rewarding and, to the mind of youth, the most pleasant means of employment are patently the most romantic, or from which may flow recognition and honors. Of course, in these ambitions, which we all have felt, at one time or another, the manner of impression is most important, because any ambition once held must be so compelling that it may not falter in the presence of other occupational influences. In practically all instances, our aspirations are formulated through a desire to emulate the success of one who has already achieved wide renown in his field.

I recall that my first ambition with regard to a career was to follow in the footsteps of President Hoover, who was a famous mining engineer. I do not believe I was fully cognizant of the hardships and dangers connected with this calling, but the adventurous aspects of travelling to obscure and distant places and the exotic association with primitive peoples were inducement enough for me. I even went so far as to apply for brochures

from several mining schools. However, the unhappy economic conditions prevailing at the time of my graduation from high school forced me to abandon any further thought of higher education and thus, by a quirk of fate, the mining industry was deprived of another illustrious name.

Failing in my original designs for a career, I next became enchanted with the prospect of becoming a newspaper reporter. This inclination was probably due to the rash of plays which made their appearance at that time depicting the exciting experiences and unconventional existence of "the gentlemen of the press." My imagination became so fired by the subject that I read avidly of any book I could find pertaining to it and eventually I enrolled myself in an evening course in journalism.

In this institution I attended the period of instruction was limited to two sessions a week of some seven or eight months duration and was devoted to the fundamentals of newspaper writing, punctuated periodically by the visits of journalistic dignitaries who favored us with informal addresses relating to the subject. At the completion of this course, I lost no time in trying to put my newly-acquired knowledge to work. I called upon my former teacher at his place of business (He was the real estate editor on one of our local dailies) and directed my inquiries to him.

There were no reportorial openings, he informed me, but there was a night copy-boy position available, if I

desired it. This seemed unsuitable after all my study and the prospect was made further unpalatable when he told me that many of the reporters were no older than I. He spoke of the unhappiness I might feel in performing menial tasks for those who, in effect, were my contemporaries in point of age. Needless to say, I was so disenchanted by his words I felt I should press the matter no further and, with great disappointment, I retreated from my purpose. This, as I later came to realize, was a specious bit of reasoning and should have been disregarded if I had felt any real ambition for this calling. As it was, I was so frustrated by my experience that I never went near a newspaper office again.

What had happened to me is typical of all those who envision careers from which adventure and glory may follow. After a few unsuccessful sorties at the redoubt of our dreams, we doff our armor and cast our weapons into the trash heap of wrecked ambitions. This is so because, although we earnestly desire the end-product, we are not prepared to undergo the labor and disappointments necessary to clear a path to the door of its residence. As a result, for most of us, the work we finally enter upon is usually resolved by the compulsion of accepting any job which promises a living wage or a semblance of security.

We, all of us, dream of romantic adventures or picture ourselves as heroes or leaders of important enterprises. Sometimes, to realize these dreams, we make strenuous and

studied efforts. But most often, through some fear of our own ineptitudes, we are plagued with the paralysis of inaction. Procrastination is a habit we all fall into because the dream of accomplishment is so much more pleasant than the reality of the labor requisite to its achievement. Yet once the dream is done and we buckle down, at last, to the business at hand, we eventually find unexpected satisfaction and rewards from those labors which are dull or routine in comparison with those we dream of.

The work we set ourselves does not always beat in time to the measure of our purposes. Each day we rise expectantly, like the sun, seeking to dissipate the darkness of our hidden anxieties and, all too often, our resolutions decline with her setting. Each new day sees us venture forth to assay the battlements of ambition and each fresh assault sees us blunt our arrows against her adamantine counterscarps. And yet, if we remain zealous for our cause, we eventually learn that the secret for securing the prize, so strenuously sought, is not through haphazard hammering but rather through assiduous chipping at one fixed position. A thousand men cannot, through weight of numbers alone, overthrow a wall of stone, but a single man, through constant application, can dislodge one unit of many to permit his entrance.

Accomplishment requires work more than the talent which predisposes us toward its goal. The habit of work

is the most important habit you can acquire. Once you have it, success is possible in almost any field of endeavor. While the efforts of the dilettante are subject to long gestation and painful labor, those for whom work is an integrated attribute of character deliver up the fruits of their toil with ease and abundance. It is as if an athlete who has perfected his play with many years of application and study were pitted against a raw amateur. There is no comparison with regard to their performance. And the work spells the difference.

When the mind is soothed by the ease of its existence its energy grows soft, just as indolent living tends to weaken the sinews. Do not fear contention and adversity for they roil up the mind and trigger the latent charges of insight and introspection. Just as the muscles of the body may grow through graduated exercises involving weights and motions so may the faculties grow in cunning and wisdom through use and experience.

Despite the values you attach to your present work -- whether you see in it no visible opportunities for advancement or whether you feel it to be only a temporary means of employment -- perform the task which has been set before you with the same concern you would demonstrate if your future course depended upon it. I sincerely believe that all performance and experience is valuable, for the expenditure of effort and the accumulation of knowledge, no matter how irrelevant they may seem to the

purposes of the career you mean to follow may, quite necessarily, serve as an apprenticeship for some glorious mission of the future.

LEADERSHIP

He alone who has learned to serve deserves the right to lead. As with any craft or practise, there must be a period of apprenticeship to prepare the tyro for his calling. While there is such a thing as an aptitude for leadership, leadership without knowledge might be likened to the captain who has never been to sea. No man is born to the helm. He must swab decks before he can sight stars. He first must know every part of his ship, all practises connected with navigation, all uses and combinations of labor requisite to smooth and team-like execution and all instincts and superstitions connected with the sea.

It is only when we understand the ~~problems~~ circumstances of the worker -- his limitations, his impulses and the generic attributes of his breed -- that we may best direct him in his task. Although you may have prepared yourself for leadership by attending universities or other special schools, the practical matters concerning the work in which you intend to specialize will escape you until you have entered into and observed actual operations, from the most elementary to the most complex, and have been associated with the human beings involved in the operation.

The day is past when men were considered to be in the same category as the machines they manipulated. While both men and machines are subject to obsolescence, a machine equal in efficiency to one removed may be easily found, but a valued worker, once lost, cannot be so quickly proeure cured. Yet there is one regard in which men and machines are alike. Considerate treatment and attention to the requirements of their upkeep will be more rewarding, from the standpoint of service, than the abuses of arbitrary direction.

A machine has set procedures to which it unfailingly responds and the functions of an enterprise may be formulated with almost scientific exactitude, but the study of men never permits of strict analysis, their only sure quality being the unlimited variety of their natures. Machines are not given to temperamental embroilments or the constitutional prerogatives associated with human frailty. Disease and the deprivations of death do not trouble them, neither does love affect them with careless distraction. The whims of weather do not change their constancy and the positions of the heavenly planets cannot be said to influence them for good or ill. For the purposes of leadership, the understanding of men -- their quirks and character -- is more important than any knowledge we possess appertaining to the service or product to which they lend their skills.

There are a species of men who need to be led. While these conform easily, yet they must be under constant supervision, for any slight deviation in normal practise must be explained and demonstrated if the work is to be properly done. On the other hand, there are those who esteem themselves so highly they cannot bear to be shown an alternate course other than the one they have set upon. With such, if they are too valuable to lose, it is best to allow individual initiative in minor operations so that good will may be gained for an entire undertaking.

Most men hold themselves dearly and often a mere word or look of recognition directed toward a worker may so buoy up his ego that the drudgery connected with his task may fade into insignificance. The highest compliment you can pay a man is to recognize his presence among a multitude or single out some measure of achievement for approbation.

The practical end for which a man bestows his labor is, of course, the reward or monetary consideration devolving from his efforts. Yet money in connection with work is not altogether valued for itself alone; it also represents a standard of performance which may be altered in relation to proficiency. Thus the man who is paid a higher rate of wages than another for his work must inevitably assume his worth to be that much greater.

Yet you will find, as you become more familiar with the ways of the world, that work is not always rewarded

in accordance with the effort expended. The highest-paid executive does not necessarily come by his position of eminence because he has served longest or been most persevering in his job. Rather, his emoluments are measurable by the returns achieved under his direction or by the prestige which he lends to an establishment. Such a man need only speak to a few people through the course of a day's business and perhaps recline, with feet upraised upon his desk, the balance of the time to earn his pay. How can we reconcile such a palpably inequitable distribution of wealth with our common understanding of the indemnities associated with labor?

To be sure, a man must be thoroughly acquainted with all phases of the enterprise he represents. But knowledge of this sort is frequently a common commodity. Furthermore, a man must have an understanding of the motives and methods by which others are governed in their dealings. But this also may be found in others with kindred experience and background. Seek where we will, we must inevitably turn to the intangible attributes of character for our answer. There must be some power of personality which sets such a man apart from others and which, by some inscrutable mechanism, makes of him a loadstone, so luring and dazzling, that others must do his bidding.

In the baseball world it is the home-run hitter or the outstanding pitcher who is most rewarded, although less noteworthy players may have been equally instrumental

in the winning of games. We also find this to be true in more practical affairs. That man who can gravitate to himself the public gaze through some extraordinary act or exploit or who can sublimate to his sway the emotions of the masses -- such a man is prized above all others and compensated accordingly. It matters not that others, exposed to similar events or conditions, might have earned for themselves equal accolades. Potentiality and aptitude ~~are~~ have little ~~regarded where service is evaluated.~~ weight upon the scale of value Only accomplishment can command its price.

Leadership does not always confer upon itself honorariums and gratuitous ease. Its demands are often incompatible with its recompense. There will be occasions when actions, prompted by the purest motives, may be questioned or misinterpreted by others. A kindness may be taken for favoritism. Good will may be mistaken for grovelling. The very words you speak may be twisted and malformed into malicious slander. No matter what you do, those who work under your direction or above you will invariably ascribe to your actions or words intentions which they themselves might harbor in analogous contingencies. When subjected to any such experience you will best serve the interests of all by bearing your hurt in silence rather than ~~give~~ giving it release through diatribes or contentious debate. Silence, at least, implants the seed of doubt, whereas remonstrances and argument tend to aggravate a ~~prevailing~~

prevailing misconception and exaggerate its worth. In any case, the weapon of logic used against an untrained mind has no more effect than cotton pellets upon a rock. Where the emotions join in contest logic is disqualified as the umpire.

You will avoid disharmony in labor relations if you dislodge from any position in your employ those persons who constantly harp and cavil about working conditions or who put on the false face of defiance before any one who, in their minds, exhibits an attitude of superiority. Undealt with, they may usurp authority or instil in others the seeds of rebellion. Wherever they are placed they sow distrust and resentment and, though they may be good workers inherently, their deleterious influence more than offsets their value.

Aside from the aforementioned impediments to the free and productive flow of work, there are yet other workers who have an obstructive effect upon the dynamics of production. These you will recognize by their habit of shirking duty and their tendency to tardiness. Such employees seem to find all sorts of reasons for excusing themselves for brief periods of time and, almost without exception, they appear disposed to look forward or backward on their sleep. If you have ever been delegated to an unpleasant chore you will recognize the symptoms common to the worker who hates his job. The poor worker is not only unhappy himself; he transmits his ineptitude to others as well.

If one man will not do his share, then all others involved in an operation may feel it to be expedient to limit their own output in accordance with the efforts expended by the slacker and, as a result, the entire esprit de corps of a work force may suffer.

It is of little use to try to bend a difficult employee to your will through the power of position or economic necessity; he will only nurse and fatten his imagined wrongs within his bosom until they may be given vent, with all their blemishes and deformities, at some moment inauspicious for their ~~sire~~ instigator. For the success of any operation, it is always best to employ those who conform easily to a task and to the directions of superiors.

When you are training men to assist you in an enterprise, seek out those with a broad background of qualification rather than those who have set and preconceived notions about the work. With the first you may find loyal and diligent servants, but the latter will have difficulty in resigning the direction of their skills to any one who strays from the path of ordinary procedure.

Yet if you are placed in charge of an undertaking which is already established and has experienced men in its employ, the best interests of all will be served if you enter into your position modestly and try to achieve good will before you attempt to institute novel practises in connection with the work. While you may be in a position

of authority, you would do well to observe the functions of the worker, no matter how lowly. By such study you may learn much concerning details which will assist you in formulating programs of improvement. Sometimes even the simplest operation can be improved upon and the saving realized therefrom may be passed on in the form of a lower price for the service or the product.

In any case, do not propose reforms with the ulterior intent of catching the eye of those beyond your immediate superiors.so that your fitness for a higher post may be emphasized. Any success you achieve at the expense of someone else is a hollow and pyrric victory for oftentimes the empire we think we gain is, in reality, without friends, an uncharted atoll in a vast and lonely sea. You will climb readily enough in your chosen field if you commend your ideas for improvement, not with the view of advancing your own status thereby, but of advancing the lot of all. Honors that you desire for yourself, at the beginning must be shared. In the end, your credits will accumulate, like bread upon the waters, and be returned to the giver in tenfold form. If you help others, they will help you. If you go beyond them, you will only obtain their enmity, and little else besides.

When you have been entrusted with the supervision of others never let your conduct fall below those standards set by your superiors. Nothing defeats the purposes of

of authority as inconstancy in command. Any slight deviation in the conduct of your affairs, though you may be motivated by the best of intentions, will, in the end, be detrimental to your rule. To depart yourself from set procedure, no matter how slightly, will encourage a disregard for regulations by those who work under you. Never let yourself be misled by any qualms of compunction concerning the severity of rules in connection with duty. By being derelict yourself in minor practises, you will only compromise yourself in the eyes of those who work under your direction and may give them a sense of immunity with regard to future performance.

Just as baseball umpires are required to be a race apart from the athletes whom they judge, just so does any executive position require a certain degree of remoteness to properly perform its function. Impartiality and constancy are its outstanding attributes. With these in evidence, men feel drawn to contribute their energies unstintingly to a given task. Lacking these, all performance will suffer through resentment and its concomitant slackness.

Leadership is a trust and a profound obligation. On the one hand, it binds itself to safeguard the vested interests of the ~~employer~~ entrepreneur and, on the other, it must be ever alert that the norm of production by the workers shall be kept firm and unwavering through all manner~~s~~ of disaffections and dislocations. It is a whipping

boy that bears the brunt of abuse from above and below. It is a buffer state which serves to separate two warring factions and, when it is overrun, innocently suffers more ruination than is inflicted on the lands of the contending parties.

The leader, by the nature of his position, must be a lonely figure. Yet solitude need not be accepted as an unwelcome condition of his responsibility; it may give him a greater perspective in analyzing the values of his existence. While the common man is constrained in his thinking by the mass conscience of the multitude, the man who stands alone may search into his heart and mind without restraint for those motives which shape his conduct and be guided by their teaching. Once a part of the mob we cannot think; we can only feel. The standards we may have set ourselves when alone are often effaced by the flood tide of emotion let loose by the multitude. It is the masses who conform with tradition and are reluctant to change. It is the leader, alone, although among many, who sets the standards and leads the way.

A R T

Art, to me, is the indispensable attribute of accomplishment, whether we see it demonstrated in the world of painting and poetry or in the more practical affairs of business. Its instrumentality sets one man above another by the same method of evaluation which makes us prize beauty more than ugliness. We would much rather eat those insalubrious foods we enjoy than ingest comestibles, however rich in nutriment, which are displeasing to the palate. Similarly, the words we speak, although we understand all things and are versed in a thousand volumes, are as nothing if we cannot communicate to others in a form and language which may claim from them their attention and interest. We ourselves can never rise above an undistinguished mediocrity unless we learn to gravitate to our persons the gaze and regard of others.

It is not the object but its manifestations which are esteemed. It is not the rose we admire, but the color, design and aroma of its blossoms. We ourselves remain nonentities unless we have the art to project ourselves through individual and intimate means. We detour from

this purpose when we mistakenly put on the mannerisms of another instead of wearing those vestments which are tailored to our dimensions. It would be equally absurd and unavailing to offer as food the artificial fruit instead of the real ones.

The faculty which makes an individual stand out from the crowd may be applied with equal reference to the fine arts. Like the individual, art, to be valid and vital, must claim the "interest and attention" of its audience. And this, for the discerning, may only be accomplished when the distinctive character of the artist may be identified through his work. If there were nothing unique in the work, if it were merely imitative of another's efforts, there would be no special reason for its existence. If we have the original, why bother with second-rate facsimilies?

However, there are many artists who, in their anxiety to be noted, descend to the bizarre or ridiculous in order to attract the eye of the viewer. There are also many who have artistic inclinations yet have skills quite incommensurate with their aptitudes. These, for fear ~~their~~ of being betrayed by their ignorance, assume a habit of mysterious intention or attempt through implication to convey a theme which one, tutored in his craft, may portray with exactitude.

When a subject is obscured or exaggerated, no matter how pleasing the pattern or the effect, its very strangeness

may inhibit or distract the casual viewer and so antagonize his senses that the intention of the artist may be disregarded. Those who concern themselves overly with the manner of presentation by attempting grotesque or incongruous treatments of any conception will make the viewer concentrate more upon the method than upon the matter, thereby thwarting any motivation however noble or worthy in design.

The esoteric art which depends upon symbolism or inexact impressions, rather than literal representation, can never be appreciated by the masses. Only the few may cherish those flowers which are hidden from the common gaze by the high walls of vanity. Yet when those who loved and tended them have departed only weeds will remain to mark the spot where once they flourished and nothing more. To be significant for all, art must speak in terms which are understandable to all and project images which have a common appeal. Beauty which is there for all to see will never lack for care. Death will never remove its gardener and every weed which arises to defile its grace will always find a hand to extract its harmful growth.

Art, if it is to be recognized as art, must conform to certain standards of appraisal, just as there are certain standards which enable us to differentiate between the attributes of beast and fowl. The bee is not long deceived by colorful replicas of the plants it feeds upon.

In a like manner, art in any form must be true to its definitive composition if the substance which gives it life is to be extracted. And, as in the intercourse of the bee with the bloosom to which he is attracted, each derives a mutual benefit thereby -- the bee his nectar and the flower a diffusion of its seed to all the other blooming denizens of the meadow.

All those who labor in an artistic medium have for their immediate object the gratification of the senses in that audience to which they direct their efforts. In music this is accomplished through an agreeable combination of sounds which may affect the emotions and influence the mind to produce images representative of those sounds. In the imitative arts of painting and sculpture which portray the familiar forms and aspects of those things which surround us this feeling is induced by the atmosphere with which the scene is charged, by the dumb show or emotional alterations which qualify the features of its cast. We discover it in the art of the story-teller who can devise a tale in which the reader can see himself as a palpable character and suffer or enjoy with its player a kindred, although vicarious, adventure. We also find it in poetry and the field of <u>belles lettres</u> where the weaver of words must try to produce a pattern of symbols and sounds infinitely varied in design, concise in meaning and adorned with the emphasis of allusion -- all to be fitted to a framework of enduring

permanence.

Ideas and images of novel beauty and interest often creep upon the senses in the unlikeliest places and stir the understanding to regard and wonderment just as we express surprise and delight at the visitation of the flowers which rise and show their fresh new faces in the spring. The first sign of a budding blossom makes us scurry about for all manner of paraphernalia attendant to their needs and we gorge their roots with food and water so we may hasten and invigorate their growth. At every available moment we inspect their development and as each new bloom reveals itself we revel in its discovery. And yet when summer comes and the garden is overrun with the color of the flowers, we become somewhat weary of the rush and pervasiveness of their beauty.

A painting of a landscape will, if it is done with feeling and fidelity, at first, be appraised with pleasure, but it, like the flowers of spring, will be divested of charm when the prolific summer has immersed the fields with her progeny. What is pleasant or affords diversion we esteem, but after it has served its purpose and nothing more remains to interest or attract the senses, we seek the sweets of more exotic flavor.

In art it is not beauty alone which lends an undimmed lustre to its ornament but rather it is those beauties which are not subject to the apathies of the intellect or the estrangements of age and time. And what is timeless,

if it is not truth? What is forever applicable, if it is not that exposition which defies all passing fancies and all fashionable motifs?

That art is deathless which stirs up the minds of men and has meaning for everyone through intimate and personal standards of appraisal. We do not treasure the Mona Lisa alone for the consummate skill of her creator or the religious nature of the subject. Rather is it because of the inscrutable smile which the artist has placed upon her lips and whose expression will forever make men ponder the reason for her quiet and deep-felt satisfaction. Again, we are not enamored of the portrait of Whistler's Mother because of its subject or pictorial qualities. Above all else, we love it because in the attitude and aspect of the character portrayed we experience the loneliness and frustration of all old ladies. We can see through her all the attributes of old age. Even in the art of the written word, such as in the soliloquy of Hamlet, there are qualities which lie beyond the outer reach of reason. Because it is so heavily weighted with apprehension and bewilderment, it will always be a trying vehicle for the actor who attempts to catch its mood from the circumstance of its utterance. Yet by its reading, every man may identify his own dismay and disillusionment and find in its apt expression some meaning and release to fit his own experience.

All art mediums draw upon the lesser cantles of their

subject -- the vast and untold ramifications of existence representing the perfect craft of the Supreme Artist of the universe. Nothing we see in His creation is extraneous or alterable. Great art, on a smaller scale, has an equal quality. Yet, above all else, is an air of mystery about the scene. No matter how preoccupied we become with the small concerns of our petty lives, the scene is always with us and we return again and again to note its subject matter. It will always intrigue us and be forever lovely through the contrast of its moods and in the forms and colors of its being which change and then return to their former element. True art is like nature -- ever-changing and ever-new, always there to pique and delight the fancy, but never giving up her store.

The great man is equal to the greatest art. There are depths in him which have never been plumbed and attributes which are only brought to the surface through the exigency of events. None may know of him till he be tried and none may judge of him except his peers. Only those can perceive his method who can evaluate his intent. Beyond that, only God holds the mirror in which his soul is reflected.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

Love is a term which is often used loosely in reference to that feeling of attraction between the sexes which motivates the mating impulse. Actually, there are two wholly separate forms of strong attachment by which male and female are drawn to each other and, while both forms may be known by the same generic name, they are, in reality, widely different in character and effect. One emotion is instinctive and has its roots in the libido; the other arouses no erotic response. One is almost indiscriminate in seeking an outlet for its ardor; the other fastens itself upon the object of its devotion as with a recognition of one long absent and, in meeting, reacquainted and recovered.

With one, the fervency evoked may reach a high state of excitation and all manner of giddy aberrations may accompany its onset. Yet, once its ~~maximum~~ longing has been spent, the object which fanned the flame of ardor becomes disenchanted of that mystery which made it once alluring. It is the inherent nature of passion to be elusively nebulous and flighty. To bind it is to dissolve its true identity. For that quality of magic with which, in freer

moments, it was endowed, once ~~caught~~ and coted, is resultantly exorcised.

The tender feelings of true love are not diminished thus through usage and affinity. Rather, they grow and accumulate as each experience shared by lovers serves to bind them more closely together. While the luster of a mid-summer romance grows dim with the waning season, the gem of true love shines brighter as each facet of its being turns to view.

Passion hungers till it be sated and will even degrade the emotion which sponsors it by seeking novel and fanciful devices to uplift its sagging impetus. Love needs but a touch of the hand, a smile, a look of recognition, to launch the lover to the clouds. Passion is blind to all considerations except its own and would, if necessary, trample over all who try to hinder its haste for release from the unconscionable desires which bedevil it. True love finds its greatest happiness when it can gratify the needs or desires of the object of its adoration. It offers itself up as a sacrifice upon the altar of its devotion and even pain, suffered in love's service, arouses more ecstacy in the lover than any thrill which baser motivations may realize.

The incidence of true love in the life of anyone is not so rare. What is truly unusual is that two souls, emerging from the welter and crush of onrushing and unconcerned multitudes, should meet and recognize in each other the

qualities requisite to their mutual fulfilment and thereafter should cleave to each other through all assaults whatsoever -- a Castor and Pollux apart in the galaxies of the universe.

All other human matings, no matter how pleasant and rewarding their association, are based upon such expediencies as friendship or congeniality or those one-sided unions where one is loved and the other is loving. This last condition for matrimony, to my mind, is the least desirable of all, being fraught with elements of misunderstanding and disillusionment. Marriages based upon mere affection or compatibility supply to its participants infinitely more satisfaction than can be evoked through an arrangement which has in it the seeds of disquietude and the fertile soil of unrequited love to nurture their growth.

And yet, the experience of love, whether consummated or not, has its compensations. Its emotion levels everyone to a common kinship through that common understanding we share with others in the universal trials and delights of the spirit. It is the latchkey which opens all hearts and derogates from malice its insidious intrusion. Maturity and wisdom succeed to its enlightenment. Its spark has set aflame the intellect of painters and poets and revealed to sages and seers a rare glimpse of heaven. With it indelibly etched in our hearts, we may encompass the universe and become as one with its being, compounded and sanctified to the ways of God.

I have told you how to recognize true love. It hungers not for the intimacies of sex; it rather caresses with the eyes and feels embraced through propinquity. It wishes to serve, not to enslave. It seeks to give, rather than receive; to suffer, rather than induce suffering; to renounce self in the interest of another. True love is selective; the sex urge is not. Sex perpetuates the race, but love breeds the eugenic -- the higher race of man.

Seek love, my sons, but failing in that, fear not that all hope of connubial joy will be denied you. I do not mean by this that you should marry merely because it is the custom or because you have reached a marriageable age. Even though love may not be present to impel you toward matrimony, there will come a time in your life when a state of singleness will have lost its appeal and life itself will have become meaningless without the rooted stability and attachments inherent in family ties. No man can relish an existence dedicated to himself alone. The plaudits appertaining to success are empty and hollow unless they are shared and when a man has reached the pinnacle he has striven to attain, the summit would be cold and comfortless without the warmth and genuine regard which the dear ones of his heart would hold for him. Even the bitterness of failure becomes softer in its austerity through the medium of mutuality and, indeed, love, like the finest wine grapes, ripens best in the barren soil of adversity.

The impulse to mate, next to the instinct of self-preservation and the satisfaction of hunger, is a force which, if unrestrained, might reduce the relationship between the sexes to that level of association common to the beast of the field. Unregulated, the rule of the jungle might replace the jurisprudence of civil government and, in the struggle for supremacy through strength, internecine strife might decimate the ranks of men. Women and children would face and uncertain and hazardous future as the shifting prize of contention or, at best, be relegated to a bleak and loveless existence as vassals of the state. Indeed, all our democratic ideals and the civilization which we cherish might be overrun and buried by the dank and wanton growth of unwarranted license and anarchy.

Society, to harnass these impulses, has arranged the instrumentality of marriage. It binds together a man and a woman in accordance with the laws and customs of a community and forbids them to seek others. It imparts to their issue a legal status and a name and in countless ways are these two held together and forged by the device of marriage.

It is not as simple a thing to dissolve a marriage as it is to enter into one. Legally, it involves a great expense and much attention to the details of the division of property. But this is of minor consideration compared to the disruption of family ties, the loneliness

and frustrations, the whisperings and scandalous innuendoes and, where children are concerned, the guilt and blame for blemishing their youthful lives.

I trust this will impress upon you the importance of choosing well when contemplating a venture into matrimony. Of course, mutual love is the best motive for marriage yet, as I have pointed out, it is altogether exceptional. Still, many marriages are happily consummated which have for their basis only affection or congeniality of temperament.

If you have searched for love and have not found it, and the loneliness of your life becomes oppressive, do not resign yourself to the dreary role of a celibate but, instead, venture out among the females of your acquaintance and observe them carefully for those qualities which will most enhance your own happiness. With each consider carefully her background. Is she a member of a happy and well-regulated household? This is vitally important, because each person is essentially the product of his upbringing. The child who has been party to disturbing influences in the home will be apt to carry over its feelings of insecurity into adult life and, when married, may roil up the relationship through emotional instability.

National and racial origins, religious affiliations, education, customs and culture should be as closely similar as possible because it follows that equal heritage offers more likelihood of mutual understanding. The

essential differences between a man and woman are great enough without further encumbering or magnifying those differences through added inequalities. The less adjustments you have to make to each other the better will be your chances for happiness.

Try to determine if the girl you might marry would help or hinder you in the future. Does she have habits of cleanliness about her person and in her home? Would you be proud to be seen with her and would she be an asset to you in your career? Does she have domestic traits? Is she sound and well? Are there any hereditary ailments in her family?

If you can avoid it, do not marry above your station in life because your partner, of a right, will expect those accouterments and comforts to which she was formerly accustomed. There is nothing so disenchanting in marriage as the bickerings inspired by the lack or need of those things which are beyond your means to acquire. Make certain her standards are equal to your own or you will find yourself forevermore being pushed or prodded to acquisitions for which you have little will or the ability to attain.

Do you feel a strong sexual attraction toward one another? This is of utmost importance if a happy union is to be established. Without equality of desire or by an overt disregard for the natural impulses inherent in the relationship all other differences which may exist between you may be magnified out of all proportion to

their true worth.

Lastly, I strongly advise against marrying for money or in order to enhance your own position or prestige. All honor and pride in yourself may be destroyed through such an arrangement, for you are apt to be reminded, at the most inopportune times, of your own insufficiency.

Even in the case of a marriage where both parties share a mutual love, the foregoing disparities may kill love altogether. However, love makes us bear many things, while mere affection or sexual attraction are not strong enough by themselves to withstand assaults upon pride or self-will.

Marriages, as the saying goes, are sometimes made in heaven. Yet, most often, their happy continuance depends more upon intelligence and sympathy than the love which fused them together. The initial impetus of love provides the common denominator by which differences may be readily resolved in the early years of marriage. When a couple have achieved a common understanding, the fuel of love banks its fire and glows quietly upon the hearth, allowing its tenders to relax in warmth and comfort.

FATE

The invisible forces of fate ring us around and stupefy the senses lest we inadvertently peer beyond the arras of their prerogative. We minister to them like to ancient templed gods, contriving doctrine and ritual from the form and practise of activities during a prior affluence. Sometimes, a significance, far beyond its intrinsic value, is attached to any object which was upon the person during some prosperous period. Indeed, the vagaries of fate often beguile us into actions which have no connection whatever with the outcome of our intentions.

Portents and hidden meanings are found in the least likely places and we would rather believe the testimony of an irrational dream than trust to the wisdom of our senses. Some will scan tea leaves, follow the lines of the hand or gaze in crystal balls for a glimpse of the future. Even the heavenly bodies are sometimes enlisted in discovering an appropriate time for important ventures.

We cherish a rabbit's foot because it is believed to insure good fortune. Yet we never consider the unfortunate circumstance in connection with the rabbit's loss. The coin we find by chance in the street is immediately

pounced upon as a symbol of good luck. Yet was not the same coin unlucky to the loser? Most people shudder feelingly when a mirror crashes to the floor, are constantly wary of black cats which might cross their path or walk around ladders instead of under them. All these traits give evidence of the insecurity we feel toward the inestimable designs of fate and the measures we employ to thwart or appease her influence.

Although we may strive mightily to accumulate wealth and honors, yet we can never know when a desultory gale might, in a moment, blow away those possessions we have sedulously struggled to collect. Thus, our wishes for good fortune and the happy intervention of destiny in achieving it tends to encourage the static disposition of our tempers. We become much like the Hindu ascetic who feels himself to be one with the universe, in the sense that he is not himself a free agent but is, instead, acted upon rather than acting. He will not feed himself unless food be given him; will not go in out of the rain unless shelter is provided; will accept all adverse manifestations of nature with that same equanimity exhibited by the unfeeling rock.

There is no doubt that everyone, at some moment of life, has been struck by the seemingly feeble impotence of his own powers. There are times when every effort bent in the direction of a chosen goal is thwarted by

some untoward circumstance, giving rise to the feeling that no effort at all would have born an equal result to all our vain and protracted endeavors. Yet, should we allow these considerations to be illumined by the perspective light of disinterest, we will discover that it was not the effort which was at fault but, rather, the fallacious presumptions of intellect which concentrated our labors upon an area which would not, in any case, have proven fruitful to our means or talents. Too many of us dissipate our energies in unworthy pursuits and stop our ears against the calls of conscience. Instead, we strain with might and sinew to prove to our subconscious selves that what we do will, in the end, prove valueless and undeserving of effort. Such an unwarranted outcome would thereby indicate that fate controlls our lives and that, inevitably, there is no choice or regard in connection with our survival.

As a result of this attitude, we find, among most of us, a distrust and blindness toward Truth and the demonstrations of logic. Instead, we seem to prefer that never-never land governed by incantation and superstition and all those creatures of our fancy, the elves and leprechauns who are invisibly attendent upon us, become more real than living beings.

This acceptance of our own inadequacy fosters in us the ineptitude which filches from inventions its fecundity.

We would rather labor in someone else's vineyard and be secure in our poverty than till the fields we own and chance an uncertain harvest. We fear the offerings of fate, yet we woo her constantly, not with confident cajolery, but with the amorous indecorum of a callow swain directing his advances to a female sophisticate of the city. A mutuality of interests and equality of response might presage a happy association but, needless to say, where there is an unbridgeable gap between the object and the seeker of it, prudence would dictate an abandonment of the hopeless venture in favor of a more accessible prize. We can, none of us, have all the things we set our hearts upon. To permit the bitter pangs of anguish to torture us for every deprivation and disappointment might impinge upon the delicate balance of sanity and eventually distort its function.

There is no comfort to be found from our cause when we plead immunity through ignorance. Harsher penalties wait on those who falter through their own neglect than those struck down in the midst of battle. Let us, then, look to our conveyances and cannon for their defects at the outset of our purpose or the panoply of ambition may needs be abandoned by the wayside to oxidize and rust in the atmosphere.

What calumnies, what fears, what retrogressions respond to the sorely-tried shibboleth of fate! Yet, no epithets are reserved for destiny's designs when fortune

smiles. Then we bask in our own self-sufficiency. We are cordial and condescending with the indigent and undismayed by the wealth of those above us. The riding pulse of our regard beats blatantly for all to hear. We choose to forget the precedent of former humilities, but positive and unabashed, we lash out in all directions for undeserving benefits and reverently trust in fate for their accomplishment. And yet, when the clouds of disaster blot out the cheering light of day, we choose to extinguish the spiritual light that burned within so brightly only yesterday. We become ~~light~~ like the Hindu ascetic and turn, chameleon-like, dingy-grey and drab, conforming to the general despair.

Civilization, as we know it today, did not depend on fate. If it had, men would have been little further advanced than the lower animals who through countless eons have remained unchanged by the conditions of their environment. Neither are we indebted for our progress upon the malleable and yielding masses who conform and retreat with the tides ~~and whims~~ of fortune. The civilization we acknowledge has been the work of single, solitary men who, when all others fled the impending doom, by themselves diverted the raging flood and instilled in wavering multitudes the will to resist. Were it not for a Columbus, who withstood the whimperings and mutinous whisperings of his men, the new world today might have remained undiscovered. Were it not for a Washington heartening the

irresolute will of his men in that trying winter at Valley Forge, our country might today still be vassal to the British crown. All throughout history, wherever progress has been recorded, you will find strong, indomitable men, who depended upon reason rather than fate, upon knowledge rather than superstition, upon courage rather than incantation, have led the way.

My sons, when the onus of adversity has bowed you with her weight, call not upon fate for deliverance from your burden, for fate is the shibboleth of sluggards and the tool of ignorance. In all times, both good and bad, go forward unhesitatingly to enrich your lives. Never waste your time bewailing your losses and misfortunes, for the good things in life come only to those who work for them. The lap of the gods is ample for all but those ill-constituted ones who are light of rump and leaden of wit. The tempestuous elements of wind and rain may dislodge the insecure, but those who have made provision for the onslaughts of adversity will remain unmoved.

He who trusts in fate depends, in reality, upon the largess or good will of others. When you trust in others, your fate will always be uncertain. Trust in yourself and you will never let yourself down.

ADVERSITY

ADVERSITY

There is a definite pattern in connection with the rise and fall of our fortunes although the thread-like contortions of its fabric do not conform to any finite composition nor can we be assured of its future outline by any tracing of its present form. All of us have, at one time or another, been witness to the cycle of events. There have been periods in my own life (and for most men, I imagine) when all my energies seemed to find practical use and fulfilment. I advanced in position and wealth and every venture was stamped with the imprint of success. I rode toward the beach of my Eden on the long, unbroken crest of fortune's wave. Yet, somewhere between the shore and the full-blown tides that bore me breathlessly landward, I came upon a calm and ebbless sea. Here I languished, without wind or motion, like driftwood washed upon a sandbar. This was the interlude of the stalemate where no one wins and no one loses. At such a time, the only suitable course of action which presents itself is one of passive submission to the will of circumstance for the swift currents that skirt the

distant shore may, once entered, have swept me to disaster. Finally, the sea, impatient with its own inertia, or so it seemed, burst loose from its bonds and overran its land-locked limits, spreading havoc in its wake. When the fury of the sea had been spent, I found myself stranded on some desolate shore, reduced in means and despairing of rescue. Then, like a shipwrecked Crusoe, I found it necessary to start rebuilding anew those fortunes which the elemental forces of nature had reduced with one devastating blow. Here was the lowest point in the erratic arc of our economic diagram. The dark days that followed contrasted vividly with our former prosperity. There was little comfort except in recalling the eminence to which a prior and more pleasant era had exalted us.

Everyone who has known the depths of despair and the airy altitude to which we are elevated by the happy outcome of events is acquainted with the cycle of existence. While the course of its turning cannot be charted with mathematical precision and the time required to accomplish its orbit may be as short as a day or as long as a lifetime, yet are we all in some way subject to its unfailing rhythm. Everything that lives, from the invisible atom to the all-encompassing universe, has influences which circle it in a self-containing orbit. And while each is distinct and indivisible in character yet are they all interdependent in forming the whole of existence.

We cannot easily escape these unascertainable vacillations of life. We can, however, make provision for their incidence. Men build themselves shelters against the cold and the rain. They store up provisions ~~xxxxx~~ as a hedge against hunger and thirst. But for the disasters and dislocations which nature deals out with seeming disregard too few of us take note or warning. And yet it is only when we keep one eye cocked to observe any sign of impending danger or when we batten down the hatches in anticipation of some onslaught of weather that we soften the blows of calamity.

There are misfortunes which are thrust upon us and there are those which breed from our own ignorance or intemperance. Whatever form misfortune takes, no one, be he rich or poor, be he king or peasant, is immune to its affliction. In nothing else are men more equal than when they "suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." No manner of wealth is proof against the inroads of its disaffection and naught we can devise can shield the body from its hurt.

Disappointments and disillusionments are found at every hand and those who mingle most with the world encounter it most often. The wounds of frustration are especially bitter and slow of healing in the young. That first ambition, to join the football team, is sidetracked after great and unremitting effort. The position with a business firm which was promised is filled by another.

That first story or poem, from which vast hopes of fame and fortune stir the imagination is, after much anxious waiting, returned with a formal rejection. Or love infects the body with its first ecstatic stimulation, but, by some unaccountable misconception of intent, the object of its fancy is unresponsive to the ardor it excites.

It is only when we have experienced much and suffered much that we learn to bear the buffetings of fate. Our hearts, through countless encounters, eventually become callous to the pangs advanced through its own indiscretion, just as the boxer, after many fistic engagements, developes scar tissue upon his features from a multiplicity of prior bruises which will inhibit the flow of blood from future cuffings.

That man who has never known adversity has never known life. His character will have no more attraction for us than an unmarked mass of clay. The etchings of adversity give form and meaning to the mass and, from the lines and contours of its design, those of common circumstance may find symbols which relate themselves to a common understanding.

We cannot truly sympathize with afflictions unless we first have suffered them ourselves. Neither can we truly enjoy the heady wine of opulence unless we first have tasted the bitterness of poverty. The ornate friezes and facades of our existence depend upon the opposition

of light and shade to bring into bold relief their beauty. Thus, goodness would never be considered a virtue unless evil existed. Neither would we appreciate beauty unless it was offset by ugliness. Even the emotion of love would be unnoted if there were no hate. Life is full of contrasts and the unwelcome advent of adversity is merely a representation of those negative forces to which we all must submit in order to assure our recognition of the positive.

Yet, when misfortune does strike and deprives you of those comforts and emoluments you had come to cherish, do not take flight from reason or stretch your grief unduly beyond the decent bounds associated with bereavement. You will find gains of the spirit to compensate for all your material losses. If you are made idle through loss of your job, take stock of your aptitudes and replenish the inventory of the mind with new substance. Now is the time to advance your mental fortunes. The weaving curve, when it has found its lowest level, must inevitably turn upward. Will you prepare yourselves, through study and reexamination, for the full and busy days ahead or will you merely languish and lament? Life without learning is a static existence. There is profit in every moment, and when we feel our fortunes have reached their lowest ebb, just then may a turning point arrive which will bring upon the morrow rewards and fulfillment far beyond our vaunting hopes of the past.

Countless instances abound whereby it may be demonstrated how the forces of adversity have proven themselves to be blessings in disguise. I am reminded, in particular, of the story of Glenn Cunningham, the track champion, who, in early life, was burned so severely about the legs that it was feared he would never walk again. Yet his determination to regain the use of his limbs was so great that, instead of resigning himself to the life of an invalid, he taught himself to walk and, finally, to run. As a consequence of this early training, and the patience and fortitude of his character, he attained in time to that cynosure of all boyish dreams -- the championship of the world. Or consider the poet, Milton, who composed his great epic, Paradise Lost, when blind. Although denied a glimpse of the light of day, yet the inner light burned all the brighter, enabling him to search into the farthest recesses of the soul and extract therefrom the gold of beauty and truth. There are many more in the annals of history, great men who became so through the strength of their wills. Demosthenes, the early Greek orator, was afflicted with a speech defect which he learned to overcome. The conqueror, Julius Caesar, was an epileptic. The late President Roosevelt was paralyzed from the waist down. Wherever you peer in the pages of history you will find the men who made that history, through all manners of afflictions and deficiencies,

found the means to turn their shortcomings into assets.

Just as the loss of one of our senses may increase the power of those which remain, just so may our material losses represent a gain for those possessions of the spirit. My sons, mingle much and experience much and your lives will be countlessly enriched thereby. Do not fear misfortune, for she is the handmaiden of happiness. She is the winter's snow which warms the tender seedlings of spring. She is the labor pains which the mother undergoes in giving birth to her young. She is the war which makes us love the peace; the body ills which make us prize good health; the black clouds which make us appreciate the blue skies thereafter. Adversity broadens our base of understanding. It makes us more sympathetic toward others in their time of trouble and more tolerant of their imperfections. Our entire outlook may, through the experience of adversity, become more wholesome and bring with it the treasures flowing from a full life -- wisdom, wealth, honors and love.

BOOKS

I am sure there will be many occasions, in connection with your studies of English composition, when your teachers will present to you for perusal and study books which the testimony of time and the critical intellects of all ages have applied the term "classical." As I recall my own forced acquaintance with these volumes, I imagine you will ingest their words with as much relish as you would express in downing a medicine you intensely dislike. It is unfortunate that the young should have "required reading" presented to them with a sense of compulsion. For what should be a pleasant experience becomes, thereby, a dull and oppressive chore. While some, I am sure, profit from these obligatory introductions, more, I feel, are driven to that unhappy and opposite extreme of freely choosing for their moments devoted to reading those writings which are comparatively light and trivial and which the mind may enjoy without taxing itself.

It is this forced literary feeding of minds unwilling to assimilate its food which, I feel, has led the tastes of the reading public away from the piquancy of

the exotic to the unmistakeable flavors of conventional fare. Although our literacy, as a people, is considered to be among the highest in the world, yet I believe it to be a sad commentary upon our culture that so much of our reading is almost violently opposed to any thought-provoking matter.

Wherever the American is found, there you will find reading matter; but it is the reading which fills in the gaps of an otherwise material existence. In public conveyances you will find the child with his comic book, adolescent females and working women with their novels, horny-handed laborers with their tabloids, students with their studies and business men attentive to the reports of the day and the fluctuations of the stock market. Seldom is it that anything classical is found on a street car, bus or subway, unless it be the Bible in the hands of a clergyman.

In our libraries the only ones seemingly concerned with reading of a cultural significance are those students in search of required reading matter from whose content the answers to a category of questions or material for synopses may be found. All other visitors to our public libraries seem only to be there in search of facts and information or the current best-seller, whether fiction or non-fiction.

In our homes every properly furnished domicile has a bookcase filled with classical volumes. These are

easily identified by their ornate bindings, but they are usually there to enhance the decor of a room rather than improve the mind of its inhabitants.

There are all manner of books presented to the reading public, inspired by a great diversity of demand. Some have for their only aim the imparting of information, some discourse upon current affairs and their implications, more are offered as a means of diversion, few, very few, have for their avowed intent the advancement of thought. And yet, no matter which branch of letters is preferred, it will be found that a tendency exists, even among the most devoted bibliophiles, to gloss over the mechanics of the writing in order to grasp the theme or pertinent data which motivated its composition. This impatience with extraneous details probably has its roots in the national consciousness which inherently deplores any condition wasteful of time and we find this utilitarian consideration being employed in our moments devoted to leisure as well.

The ideal style of writing, from the American viewpoint, is the manner of relating events in use by our newspapers. This is to place all important facts concerning an incident in the first paragraph of a report and, in succeeding paragraphs, develope details leading up to the occurrence. This arrangement is designed so that those who are too preoccupied with other matters or

pressed for time may glean the news at a glance and be no less informed than those with more time at their disposal.

This business of digesting written matter as rapidly as possible has become thought of so highly that many authorities associate relative speed in reading with relative intelligence. Obviously our present-day writing has fallen into such disregard that anything outside of the central idea itself is considered to be mere adornment and the means to fill a page. It is even conceivable that a man might learn the contents of a fair-sized library in a matter of months by disregarding the seemingly redundant sentences within a paragraph or page and seizing only upon phrases which appear to be pertinent to the theme. Many readers have even become so impatient with words that they only seek for books or periodicals which are replete with illustrations or pictorial representations of their content. At the present rate, it is not beyond the bounds of conjecture to imagine that future communication may be achieved almost entirely through the use of substantives alone.

Reading for the purposes of information or diversion is perfectly proper in its place, but it should be supplemented more fully by a wider acquaintance with those writers whose individual sentences serve to amplify and encourage thought. With such, thought is not merely a barren statement of fact, but by their artistry it is

made to seem countlessly varied so that it relates itself to the consciousness in a form forever relevant and new.

In literature, that author who most fittingly and forcibly relates ideas to the intellect is thought of most highly. While our greatest philosophic writers might, by this determination, appear to have reached the acme of written expression, yet we do not venerate their words half as much as we do those of the great authors who disguise their purpose in the fabric of a story. Abstract ideations, such as our philosophers treat of, are difficult for the lay mind to comprehend and, because of the esoteric manner of their writing, they have little appeal for the masses. Thought, to be commonly understood, must be presented in a form easily digestible for all, much in the manner of the physician who imparts his curative medicines to a patient through the medium of sugar-coated pills. Art, therefore, is like the pill, and those who prepare and administer these pills are considered to be artists, because they have that talent which makes sweet the most bitter truth. The artist who works with language, just as the artist who works in other mediums, has a special insight into natural objects and human associations which enables him to harmonize the abstractions and fit their melody to the concrete representations of every-day life.

A true book is a record of its author's thoughts, feelings and experiences. It is the testament of his faith. It becomes a work of art if his faith is not obviously bespoken so that even the most casual reader may find pleasure from the tale he unfolds or be delighted, as in poetry, by the melodic construction of his words.

The aim of any art is to please the senses and gratify the spirit. However, no literary work can have real permanence or be considered purely classical unless it has the widest acceptance in the thoughts and feelings of the reader. All writers to whom we append the term "classical" have had a basic moral incentive which impelled their writing. They had not written to be merely entertaining, although in this respect they outshine all others. We return again and again to these authors because their message is always timely and appropriate. Their figures are always alive for us and, although their words may be outmoded and the customs of which they relate obscure, inreflecting the basic attributes of mankind, which are unchanged by time and the advances of culture, they remain supreme.

The good writer possesses the ability to make articulate the unlettered emotions and aspirations of his readers. He is essentially a man who has discovered himself and his motivations and, together with a high means

of expression, can impart his revelations in a manner most impressive to all.

The characters who people his story might be recognized conceivably at any street corner and the emotions which affect them are so truly translated that the reader becomes vicariously affected by their feeling. The poor writer sets off his characters by attaching to each some singular attribute, as a manner of speech, habit of dress or physical impediment, so they may be instantly recognized, not as individuals akin to living humanity but, rather, as a race more native to our comic cartoons. We may wonder at the author's dexterity in ravelling and unravelling the strands of his story and at his deftness in manipulating the wooden creatures of his play, but our emotions are unaffected by his clever calisthenics of wit or his artful interplay of actor and scene.

A poor book has had no moral incentive for its writing and, at best, insinuates itself into prominence through imitation of another's triumph or attempts to capitalize upon the current taste in public reading. Nothing in a poor book is personal or endemic to its author. It has no integrity or purpose. Its only virtue extends from the vehicle of its operation, which incongruously runs without driver or motor.

The good writer inspires thought and self-analysis. When we read of him, we elevate our tastes beyond their former level and the designs of his intellect serve to

illustrate and compose all those vagrant evaluations untethered by the mind.

Besides cultivating thought, good books bring to the reader the best possible examples of the uses of language. Although you may have been grounded thoroughly in the uses of syntax and have the ability to parse sentence structure with infallible certitude, yet if you have no knowledge of the manner of the best writers, you will be as inept in your medium as the student of music who has never witnessed the techniques of the acknowledged masters. It is only when we have a standard of excellence and an understanding of the ingredients which make for excellence that we can draw comparisons to guide our efforts.

The principle use of language is in the communication of ideas. And since the communication of ideas is dependent upon the use of words, it must be apparant that only those who have facility in their use can express thoughts so that others may fully understand their meaning. Moreover, you will find that the criterion most employed in assessing the relative intelligence of anyone is in the proper uses of language. He who stumbles over his words, utters malpropisms or stilted metaphors stamps himself with the aura of an inept and illogical mind. The man who can speak or write clearly and unhaltingly, even though he be discussing the vagaries of weather, cannot fail to impress his listeners.

Anyone who is not well read must depend, at best, on the writing inscribed in magazines and newspapers. There is far too little imaginative writing in such publications and he who copies his use of language from such mediums can hardly expect to rise above the commonplace in his speech and writing. It is only when you read good books that you rise above the majority, who seek only for information or diversion, to that lofty atmosphere of thought to which we are elevated by the truly great writers. A steady diet of such reading may impart to you a delivery in speech and a manner in writing which will advance you in the regard of others and assist in bringing to the fore those talents you profess and the aspirations you cherish.

TRUTH

There is a truth which relates to the intrinsic nature of an object and there is a truth with respect to our observation of a thing. One may be exact in definition; the other may be many-sided, depending upon the knowledge, experience and perception of the viewer. In the exact sciences we have formulae and axioms to supply evidence for our reasoning; in all other inquiry and consideration a man may promulgate his views with compelling logic while others may propound an opposite exposition with equally strong conclusions.

Just as a blind man perceiving of an object only through the sense of touch may tend to distort the object so perceived because of his sensory limitations, just so are the impressions of nature we formulate restricted by the bounds of our faculties. And yet the perception of touch in the blind usually has a more sensative discrimination as compared to those who can see, so that they may feel certain attributes of an object which others, enjoying the full use of their vision, may overlook. In the same way, our truthful observation of a thing is constrained by our limitations with respect to

perception and, it does not follow, as a matter of course, that what we see, we see truly, in the sense that what we apprehend shall be commonly apprehended by all. Form and content vary with the viewer and the excellence which exists for one insults the discrimination of ~~the~~ an other.

It is often a thankless task to attempt to insinuate our views upon ~~another~~s. Neither are we justified in discrediting opposite beliefs merely because they do not coincide with our own. There is merit in every man's contention and we may best further comprehension of viewpoints ~~assist understanding more by seeking to discover the background which injects the viewpoint rather than attempt to understand a belief which we hold not ourselves from the distant vantage point of self-interest~~ contrary to our own by investigating the cultural background and self-interest of those who advance such beliefs.

Truth demands a high degree of tolerance which many of us are not apt to share. Our individualities reject a pattern of sameness and the condition of our deep-seated instincts tends to exalt self to the detriment of fuller understanding. Those who are proud are familiar upon warrantable occasions and digress from the insolence of their ways when it suits some inner purpose. And yet our ~~truthful~~ search for the truth will always remain an illusory enterprise unless we first learn to abandon our arrogant and egocentric evaluations and seek to understand the motives and inhibitions by which others are led. Only in this way may our conceptions, seasoned and

fermented by the catalyst of human understanding, evolve into something close to a truthful conclusion.

Actually, if we but pause to consider it, it is the young or unsophisticated who unerringly attach themselves to the elementary truths regarding life. Conversely, those who have lived too long with the world, have seen all things and seemingly understand all things, are the victims of the sophistry of living.

For example, take the everyday business of dining. To a child, the satisfaction of hunger is a simple and gratuitous operation. But to an adult, indoctrinated by the fads and fancies expounded by doctrinaire authorities, there are all manner of restrictions and formalities surrounding this basic biological function. He has his set and prescribed time for the eating of meals, which for the strong-minded permits no variation, although the pangs of hunger might call out for earlier satisfaction. He is often inhibited, in his selection of food, by the bugaboo of a "balanced diet" and the necessity of absorbing a certain amount of calories commensurate with his occupational standards. He is limited by the rules of polite society to a definitive use of utensils, by the constraint of keeping his mouth shut while his food is in the process of mastication, and of arising when a lady approaches his table. A belch during the course of his repast is accepted with as little grace

as more solid extrusions and, no matter how ravenous the appetite, a person, by polite standards, is required to peck at his food as though he were bloated from satiety. In these and other ways relating to the province of dining, it is no wonder the man of sophistication usually suffers from the pains of dyspepsia and ulcers.

Modern man believes himself to be independent and only circumscribed in his actions by the limits of law and the considerations of prudence. The rule of reason is for him the only government which he deigns to recognize. And yet this authority of the intellect which he acknowledges is not of itself impervious to admissions of error. The fundamental precepts upon which he builds his empire of reason may, quite possibly, be based upon notions which are only relevant to the time and place of their propagation and totally invalid when applied to different standards.

Through the vanity of pedantic rectitude it is conceivable that a man may be taught, in his porous youth, to believe that black is white, so that, at maturity, when his brain cells will have "sealed their sense," the color-blindness instilled in him by his early instruction will have been permanently established. This perversion of the truth, because it rejects any examination of its basic principles, is a form of hypnosis in which the subject is made to conform to the will of a master by the

repitition of specious doctrines which have for their only purpose the perpetuation of an existing order or hierarchy. When men are educated in this fashion, those few who have doubts or attempt to deviate from the norm of popular acceptance usually find themselves hissed down from their stand or even excommunicated from the community of false believers. And yet all those who serve the purposes of a society which maintains that black is white do, by their conformity in the acceptance of an untruth, diminish their growth and cancel themselves from consideration in the annals of enlightenment.

It is only when a man stands alone and thinks alone that he grows in stature above his fellows. This does not mean that the requirements for understanding the truth are only found in solitude. Alone or among many the truth will become self-evident when you have thrown aside the external wrappages which have obscured it through the accumulations of time. You have but to ask yourself, "Why is this so?" and "Who has promulgated the belief?" These magic words once uttered will cause the veils of darkness to become diaphonous and reveal the form of their wearer in sharper outline and clarity.

FEAR

Fear is an emotion common to all. When the lurking figure in the shadows creeps upon the consciousness, stark terror grips the heart and drains the countenance of its color. In the stillness of the night, the systole and diastole in the blood sound like savage tom-toms. All the senses are alerted to the ~~kimiest~~ slightest movements of the intruder. The body, fearing to betray by any movement its awareness of the interloper, becomes quite rigid and the motion and breath of its being is seemingly bound up by their disquietude. Yet, after a time, the mind attempts to dispel its forebodings by dint of logical persuasion. Those stealthy footsteps that seemed to emanate from the hall were, in reality, the frisky antics of the wind playing football in the street with some discarded scrap of paper or the creaking of the stairs could be attributed to the normal settlement of the house. And yet the ear strains for reassurance for the reasoning of the mind. Ah, but there it is again -- a newer and more alarming note has been added to the nocturne and again the body becomes petrified with its fear.

Perhaps the unaccountable visitor who has trespassed upon our peace from beyond the outer reaches of the dark may be frightnened off if it is made known to him that the sleeper is not so deeply immersed in slumber as he might have been led to expect. But the body is so depressed by the weight of its terror that it seemingly takes a superhuman effort for it to dislodge its fears for the moment and turn itself over. Again the ear strains itself to hear some token of the marauder's presence. No sound ensues. From this the heart takes courage and again the body reverses itself, making unwarranted noises during its orbit. Finally, reassurance having soothed his anxious brow, quietness descends upon the sleeper and prepares him once more for slumber.

The emotion of fear is symptomatic of our concern with the unknown or imperceptible. We fear the unfamliar and those who appear, from their aspect, to be harmful. Or a frightening experience in childhood may lurk in the recesses of the memory for a lifetime and, when a forbidding object or experience is unhappily remet, some monster in the blood lets down the sluice gates and we are numbed by the fixed infirmity of our fears. Try as we may to circumvent the occurrence of these unbecoming proclivities by the application of logic to the circumstance of our fears, all too often, when we are least aware, this demon leaps upon the senses and taunts our

tremorings from some invisible and incorporeal perch.

Although we try to make provision for our fears by the bolting of doors and the shuttering of windows, even these precautions fail to secure us from the denizens of the dark. When the mind is so disposed, all those evanescent creatures which inhabit the region of the fancy become superhuman beings with powers of strength and contortion beyond any known experience. Even walls of stone are not proof against the monstrosities of the imagining. A keyhole becomes a portal through which a giant may gain admittance. An innocent shadow can lengthen and distort any image into frightful proportions. The faintest rustle bears an unconscionable relation to the subject of our delusion. And so we lie or sit, abject and immovable, enthralled by some inscrutable eye and intent whose purpose and position is unknown because it is unseen.

While it is true that fear is a disease most evident in those who have had some small experience or deceptive knowledge in connection with the object of their misgivings, yet a fuller understanding of a dreaded object does not necessarily secure us from its hurt or overcome our incarnate apprehensions. A person may have an absolute terror of dogs and, although experience may inform him that a wagging tail is a sign of friendliness or he has the assurance from the age-old adage that "a barking dog never bites," still is he wary of their

presence and discreetly keeps his distance from them. Thus it would seem that antipathy is closely allied to fear. We cannot, nor do we wish to, understand what is for us inherently repulsive. We may steel ourselves to the incidence of pain or to what is instinctively distasteful, but we cannot overcome our fears entirely because we cannot, inconscience, dispel our deep-seated dislikes.

And yet, all manner of infirmities, including the infirmity of fear, may be cancelled out through remedial procedures. The person who enjoys reasonably good health does not usually seek to further his salubrity. On the other hand, he who suffers from sickness and has the will to overcome his deficiencies may, through effort and constant exercise, outstrip the norm and become, in effect, a paragon of health. In the same way, given our fears and the will to overcome them, we may gain in courage what others only hold through lack of discernment.

The quality of courage requires an intelligent understanding of incidents which may try the soul. When we can assess the consequences of an action and proceed in accordance with the realities of a given situation, then only may we overcome our fears.

Consider the subject of your fears. The lurking figure that lies in the shadows, what hurt can he inflict that you have not suffered on other occasions?

And even if death has you marked for her victim, is it not more fitting to give blow for blow and leave a memorable account of your departure, rather than lie abjectly in the dust, like a beaten cur, waiting for the axe to fall?

When we must undergo the surgeon's knife, only the comprehending mind can steel itself for the tortures it must endure and bear the pain inflicted, while the patient who lies on the table quaking with fear at the foreboding prospect of surgery will suffer a pin prick with as much tolerance as the severance of a limb. Fear heightens pain through its anticipation and devolves all senses upon that portion of the anatomy which is to be injured. On the other hand, the mind can, through concentration, allow the feeling of pain to envelope the entire body instead of the small area of its entrance and by its extension thereby dull its effect.

Once you have endured pain and have not suffered unaccountably, fear, as such, may be relegated to the background. Actually, I believe, if pain were not associated with those experiences which men seek to avoid, the emotion of fear would no longer exist. The soldier on the field of battle, the murderer doomed to die for his misdeeds, the passengers on a sinking ship, the trapped occupants of a burning building -- all those who face death or with whom danger ~~wit~~ is ever present are, I think, more fearful of the agonies associated with the

snuffing out of life rather than in its demise. It is not so much the fires of hell we fear or the glories of heaven anticipated as the strange and painful interim when we hover between life and death. Indeed, although we may experience a sense of deprivation at the prospect of leaving those who are dear to us or abandoning the work and accomplishments of a lifetime, yet if we are not petrified by the fear of pain or the consequences of a forbidding situation we may be galvanized into action to preserve our possessions or the life we hold dear.

There is yet another fear which is more widely current in our midst than its physical counterpart and that is spiritual timidity. It is, perhaps, the most common fear of all: that our acts will be found wanting or unorthodox and thereby be held up to ridicule. Fatuous doctrines delude and possess us, not because they are meaningful but because they are in fashion.

Perhaps it is the basic interrelation of all society which begets this form of cowardise. And yet it is this fear of being different which confounds the intent and direction of our talents. By it we are transformed into faceless and undistinguished masses common to the forest and not the lone unyielding tree.

How much better is it to let loose those attributes we are disposed to project and, at least, have the reward of inner satisfaction by their liberation than to

put on the aspect of unfamiliar graces in the interest of tradition. By attempting to conform with popular conclusions which run counter to the grain of our own convictions, we cannot fail to do ourselves disservice. We rid not ourselves of what we, at heart, disdain and, through living a lie, antagonize our own innate aspirations.

Courage is, in more respects, a distinctive feature of the independent mind than a symbol of swashbuckling braggadocio. It takes more courage to hold to one's sincerely-held beliefs in the face of widespread antagonism than it does to overcome a rival by physical force. If you preach a radical dogma, your friends may fall away from you for fear of being infected by your disease; your employer, in order to keep those customers he has, may discharge you; your family, in order to preserve its dignity, may disown you. The probability is that you may be left with nothing except your own passionate convictions.

In physical combat, on the other hand, you can wipe out the stain of insult or injury by raining blows of righteous wrath upon the instrument of your moritification and, win or lose the fight, the odds are you will shake hands with your antagonist or, at worst, remain enemies. Still you will have offended only one man and not many, as is likely in the field of moral disputation.

Nevertheless, fear of being different from others makes most of us conformists. There are very few of us who can withstand the taunts of ridicule and, once our heresy is made known to us, we hasten to defer to the popular sway. Yet how few of us realize that it was the nonconformist of some prior generation who "bore the slings and arrows" of outraged public indignation in order to advance some novel belief -- a belief which today is considered to be orthodox.

All too often, in ill-considered circumstances, we permit our liberties to fall from our prerogative like leaves from a hibernating tree with the expectation that, at another time or another spring, we may be clothed again with their livery. While the inanimate and uncomplaining tree may be disfigured or subjected to the pruning hook, yet beneath the surface her roots are alive and responsive to the needs for her resurgence. How different are men without courage. They are like trees without roots -- easily shifted with the changing scene like mere articles of stage property -- dead things although they are not aware of their demise.

Courage is the indispensable attribute of the man of vision and integrity. For him there is no compromise because for him there is no fear. Truth is for him what he believes to be the truth, not what someone elseehas proclaimed. Let the world call him heretic or iconoclast,

his knowledge of the truth, his sincere convictions, are more indicative of his worth than the vacillating and unresolved questions of right and wrong.

HONOR

Honor distinguishes the gentlemen from the lackey. In nothing does a man differ more from the lower animals or the vainglorious masses than by this attribute of high purpose which disdains the immediate gain or the immoderate resolve when they conflict with the principles of conduct which guide him.

A sense of honor aids a man to rise above his surroundings and endows him with an aura of competance and indivisible nobility. Lesser men may be swayed by incontinent approbation or inconsiderate contempt, but one who lives by an unswerving code cannot be detoured by malice or overwhelmed by the inconstancies of fate. Honor implies an evenness of temperament and unfailing application to principle. It bespeaks fortitude in the face of disaster and adherence to truth when all else smacks of pretense.

Just as a state without the written conscience encompassed by its laws or an incorruptible constabulary to enforce them is a government of orderless purpose, in the same way, a man unreined by moral inhibitions

might be compared to anarchy within the body politic. The man with an unflinching code of conduct to guide him is a law unto himself and, indeed, plots the course by which lesser men may follow.

When one has a sure understanding of his objectives and a fixed agenda in mind for achieving them, the diversions of bypaths and byplays that usually lead to some blind-alley may be avoided. For such, the seasons alter not his purpose, neither can the inappropriateness of weather cancel for him a plan of action once it has been launched. Unswerving devotion to duty and an equal and unfailing response to the demands of office are part and parcel of honorably dealing. And indeed, while a sense of honor may not afford us wealth, the awards of deference which it gravitates unto itself are more gratifying and permanent than the shallow lip-service accorded men of unprincipled means.

The gentleman may be taken at his word; the inordinate groveler and the unconscionable dissembler can never be trusted to be faithful to their promises. The honorable man is unchanged by circumstance, while others are chameleon-like and alter themselves to conform with changed surroundings. The edifice of his character is composed of permanent materials and required long years for its erection; other abodes may seem equally durable, but when one observes them closely, they will be found

to be flimsily constructed of building elements which are only artificial replicas of the real and reliable structural units.-- designed only to impress the casual viewer or the fly-by-night tourist, those who try to see everything and see nothing.

I honor that man who, though he be pilloried and badgered for his views, divested of his means or made subject to the basest depravities, yet, when he is offered release and promised the gilded emoluments of position and power, would refuse to alter his stand or his principles. No man can be content with the substance of another if he must yield something of himself in exchange which would forever circumscribe the freedom of his movements. Any articles of restriction, accepted as consideration in such a contract, even though they be fashioned of the purest gold, are still shackles upon the soul. And yet we witness such commerce being consummated at every hand where ideologies of long standing have been surrendered in the interest of some temporary material gain.

The only thing which is real and permanent is the state of a man's soul. If it permits tampering through moral indiscretions, it admits impurities and cancers which cannot fail to disfigure the spirit. What may seem small or inconsequential at the outset of our purpose must inevitably grow and propogate through the diet

which the logic of our actions demand and the strain of adjusting to standards commensurate with our newly-purchased opulence. Eventually we must become divided personalities, subject to warring factions within the soul which seek to destroy each other and which, incidentally, may usurp the crown of our prerogative and invest us, instead, with the cap of a fool.

Honor may be fallible and the prospects which it has in view may be distorted, yet whatever qualities it does possess are unalterably and unequivocally its own. Take him for what you will, the man of honor is his own man and no one else's. His good-will cannot be bought, neither can you enlist his services in false crusades. He respects the innate aspirations of all, just as he yearns for the consummation of his own capacities. He is humble because he cannot be proud; he is secure because his convictions are inviolate; he is at peace with himself and with the world because he is one with the world. The man of honor is essentially a man who has found himself. He can never be lost because his compass always points true north.

WEALTH

In the Bible we are told that Moses went up unto Sinai to receive from the Lord His commandments. But down below the children of Israel, grown weary and restless with waiting for his return, had turned, in their anxiety, to Aaron and begged him to make for them a god which they might worship. And Aaron, noting the disquietude of his people, hearkened to their pleas and instructed them to bring him gold. Thus it was, from the trinkets and rings which he collected, that Aaron fashioned the golden calf. When the people saw the calf, mounted upon its pedestel, they forgot their distress and the ~~lmaliness~~ loneliness of the desert, and they offered up to it burnt-offerings and they feasted and made merry.

But the Lord upon the mountain, perceiving this iniquity, told Moses to go down. And when Moses came upon the camp, bearing the tablet of the laws which the Lord had engraved in stone with His finger, and witnessed the defection of his people, he grew so angry that he raised the tablet above his head and, with great force, crashed it upon the rocks below.

Here then the parallel presents itself: How much more real is the material in our lives than the insubstantial concepts of the spirit. We fashion for ourselves fetishes of wealth and worship them while the true god of the spirit is permitted to languish and lapse from the consciousness through desuetude. And yet the golden calf of the material takes from all and gives nothing in return. It stands unmoved and remote from its benefactors, eating its fill of their offerings while they wait in vain for transmutations of beneficence to flow from its being.

What is this wealth which we pursue as though it were the only object of existence? First it is mine; then it is yours; later, it belongs to another. It is a billiard ball that caroms from cushion to pocket, directed by the driving force of a cue ball whose director is Fate. And if one of us should win the game, what rewards are our due? There is a temporary jingle of an accumulation of coins in the pocket and a pat on the back in recognition of our skill. Yet we must always face another round in which the vanquished, nettled by his defeat, will redouble his efforts to win back his losses and, perhaps, if Fate should be so disposed, diminish the initial assets of his adversary.

Incongruity

~~It is a common trait in most of us to seek for more than we have and desire those things which cannot be~~

How can anything built upon so flimsy a foundation be so prized? An untoward onslaught of weather can overthrow it in a moment. A vacillating tide or a possible contest of arms can topple it from its perch. Indeed, this idol of wealth which we worship is built of such impermanent materials that it must be constantly shielded from harm or destruction.

And yet those who are noted for their wealth are so assured of their possessions and the powers flowing from them that they will fight to the death to hold them and even defy the elemental fury of nature in guarding them. Humility can only gape and stare at the spectacle of elevated vanity. The awkward and unnoted entities of the world sit, open-mouthed, on the sidelines and observe the antics performed by those brilliant satellites of their contemporary orbits as they rise like flares to illuminate the heavens for one small, brief interim and then fade into darkness.

Humility exacts no deference. No loud salutes or ornate calling-cards make known its existence. No gold-plated catalogues recite its accomplishments. Awe-stricken, it gazes at the bankrupt levees which parade themselves, in carnival fashion, before the doors with a great riot and a downing of inumbrable spirits -- all with the object of shading the gilded frippery of their kindred Vanities.

It is a common trait in most of us to seek for more

than we have and desire those things which cannot be easily attained. This overriding compulsion to rise above a common destiny makes us tempt disaster at every turn. We venture from snare to pitfall, entranced and enchanted by the tinklings of fortune's bellwether, never distracted from our goal by those vexing indispositions and unceremonious deprivations -- the thorns that dissuade and assail the eager snatcher of the rose.

Those who have least will seemingly chance the longest odds. "Nothing ventured, nothing gained" is the tacit shibboleth which prompts the poor to risk their meager earnings on one single cast of the dice. Somehow obstacles never dim the incandescence of the spirit when the net result of our losing is a return to unqualified poverty. We never doubt for a moment that the circumstances which have enriched another can, upon some unexpected occasion, confer equal benefactions to us. Thus, lending logic to our uninstructed voices and disallowing the inadequacy of our aptitudes, we falter and fall, yet raise ourselves anew, forever seeking the rainbow's end just beyond the horizon.

Is the race worth the reward? This goal which we have set ourselves -- to accumulate as much material wealth as the limits of ingenuity will allow -- does it truly salve the conscience for past failures and give us peace?

No, I say to you. It is only the recompense of the spirit which serves as earnest for a man's fulfillment, for of all the assets which ennoble existence they alone remain constant and abiding. Everything else, like the value of commodities which rise and fall in the market-places and exchanges, suffers alterations. To have food, clothing and shelter sufficient to our needs and, perhaps, a small surplus for unforeseen emergencies -- these are wealth sufficient to any man. To go beyond these is to trespass into the realm of the spirit and derogate from its sway that which devolves unto it by right. For to that extent to which we extol the material, to that degree do we degrade ourselves spiritually, and thereby deny to ourselves that ultimate treasure -- the rest and haven of our dreams.

The only wealth worthy of the name is that which enriches all and not its recipient alone. The miser who accumulates his hoard by denying himself the comforts which his gains afford him is more poor in his possessions that those who live upon the dole. At least the poor are not fearful of any dimunition of their means, neither can their status abate materially beyond that finite bed-rock of poverty which our enlightened standards of decency will permit. Each day, for them, may be an adventure where the spoils of endeavor must be a gain beyond any futile attempt of the past. Or if the struggle "nought availeth" him, he may dream of a glorious tomorrow. How

different is the lot of those who have abundant resources but are so fearful of losing them that they lose all initiative and become, in effect, imprisoned by their store. They must disguise their wealth by assuming the habit of poverty and dress in rags lest some thief become advised of their riches. The light of day becomes a beacon behind which acquisitive eyes are searching for the secrets of the treasure-house. Only the concealing robes of night afford them release from the prison they have built for themselves.

How like the golden calf of the Bible are those of us who accumulate wealth only to serve our own selfish interests. Riches are extracted from the soil of their endeavors and nothing is introduced into it to restore its strength for future harvests, Where once were fertile groves and verdant pastures a bleak desert appears and the arid wounds of erosion are visible throughout the land. Even the granaries where our surplus harvestings are stored serve no useful purpose if no need exists for their abundance. Even so, wealth unemployed, like wasted produce, becomes mildewed from disuse and eventually infects everything that exists by its side with the ravages of blight and decay.

That wealth which is hoarded beyond any need for sustenance does not advance the condition of its owners or the source from which it is taken. It must be plowed

back into the soil of its derivation to replenish and give root to its growth lest the land become barren and denuded.

In the final analysis, the only wealth is wisdom and courage. For then we are not closed in by our fears and our freedom of action is uninhibited by a plenitude of possessions. We may lose tomorrow what we have today, but the tools will always be at hand to fashion new and greater fortunes.