

TEN YEARS
IN THE BOOKPLATE BUSINESS

BY

ERNEST MORGAN



A unique tale of youthful enterprise

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Ten Years in the Bookplate Business

"Sure I'll ride—Antioch student"

By ERNEST MORGAN

When Dad became president of Antioch College in 1921 he envisaged, among other things, college industries developing in the village, operated by students, faculty members, friends of the college, or by the college itself. With his usual contagious spirit he spread this idea.

Within the first five expansive years there appeared The Antioch Press, Antioch Art Foundry, Antioch Specialties Company, Antioch Picture Shop, Antioch Landscaping Company, Antioch Shoe Project, Antioch Dairy, Kahoe & Spieth, Antioch Bookplate Company, a contracting firm, and numerous student enterprises serving the student body. The Press, Foundry and Shoe Project were financed to a greater or lesser degree by the college, and are still doing business. Kahoe & Spieth became Kahoe & Company, and later was taken over by the Press. Of all these firms, however, only the Bookplate Company has survived under its original management.

Walter Kahoe and I were the first pair of Antioch co-ops to enter the employ of The Printing House of William Edwin Rudge, Inc. in New York. While there we developed an interest in fine printing which

MANAGER MORGAN



by Joe Scott

... in daytime at school ...

has stayed with us ever since. After about a year and a half Walter shifted to the Antioch Press, while I remained for a time with Rudge, specializing in the work of the Bridgman-Rudge Greeting Card Company. After that I also came to the Antioch Press where I alternated with Walter.

Walter started printing bookplates, making up a few hundred which he printed from type ornaments. Ruth Sinks, who was working for the Antioch Specialties Company was to handle the sale of them. Ruth didn't sell any, so Walter gave her \$2 for her interest in the project and took me in as partner. With the permission of the college we called the business the Antioch Bookplate Company. By way of raising some capital we put on a bookplate sale, and disposed of \$60 worth of bookplates on the campus. With this we bought some more type ornaments, a few cuts, an aged printing press, and some supplies to use in getting out sample sets.

That was in the spring of 1926. At the end of the school year there was not work at the Press to keep me full time, so I quit and went to Cleveland in search of employment while Walter, still employed at the Press, printed up the first sales album for the Bookplate Company. As soon as these albums were done I set out to get dealers via the thumb route.

Rides were scarce, and progress hopelessly slow, so at the end of the first morning I bought a yard of white muslin and dropped in at a country print shop where they let me print myself a cloth sign, which read, in huge block letters:

SURE I'LL RIDE

ANTIOCH
STUDENT

In five and a half days with this sign I had covered a route including Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Ann Arbor, Battle Creek, Michigan City, South Bend, Ft. Wayne, and Lima, had interviewed about 25 dealers, and made sales arrangements with the 20 most desirable ones. The trip had cost about \$10.

Then I went back to Yellow Springs to take hold of the home end of the work and attend college C-special. Walter, whose main interest was then in books, was starting the publishing firm of Kahoe & Spieth, and was glad to turn the bookplate responsibility over to me. Then the manager of the Press died suddenly and Walter was drafted, at the age of twenty and while still a student, to

COMPOSITOR MORGAN



by Joe Scott

at night, at work

take charge of the plant. Under these circumstances he was willing to sell his interest in the bookplate business to me for \$200.

The first winter was hard. I wrecked the aged press and had it welded as well as possible. Orders were few and scattered. Eighteen thousand two-color circulars which I provided free to a big Toledo department store, in high hopes, did not produce a single order. Collections dragged in two or three months behind orders, leaving me without operating capital. Elaborate display cards made of beaver board stimulated sales somewhat, but my 20 dealers were too few.

In the daytime I went to school, and at night I used the equipment of the Antioch Press on a royalty basis, paying the royalty by doing janitor work. It was just a bit grueling. Then the dealers began to demand gummed paper. I was determined to use rough finish stock, but there was no such gummed stock available on the market. Accordingly I had a roll of stock specially gummed at considerable expense with animal glue. This was terrible, for the paper curled up like cigarettes as soon as the air hit it. I put weights on the stacks of bookplates, but it lifted them off, and the curled

bookplates fell on the floor. In desperation I had made a supply of heavy kraft-covered boxes with metal clips to hold the lids on. Before taking bookplates out of a box for imprinting I would sprinkle several gallons of water on the hot air furnace to make the air humid. This kept the bookplates from curling so badly. That was a mighty tough winter, but it was just the beginning. By the end of the year the total sales had reached \$400.

In 1927 I got myself a new partner, Jesse Emerson Rice Shelton, a spirited, happy-go-lucky youth, part Cherokee, five feet four inches tall, handsome and irresponsible. I never knew for sure whether he flunked out of Antioch or just ran out of money. But it didn't matter. We rented the little building which now houses Onderdonk's electrical appliance shop. It was then two rooms with the street door in the center and an ordinary dwelling house window on either side—an attractive bit of architecture, albeit rotten and leaky. We painted this a deep, brilliant blue with orange trimmings, much to the amazement of all who passed by. I still think it was good-looking.

By way of equipment we invested (with borrowed money and time payments) in a good rebuilt job press, a fair layout of type and miscellaneous supplementary equipment. Jess acted as scout, hitch-hiking all over southwestern Ohio in search of second hand equipment. After a few days he had a notebook filled with descriptions and prices of used printing equipment available in all manner of towns and villages. Chartering a truck we set out on a tour, buying the things we needed. At the end of two days we had a complete print shop, which we installed in the tiny back room of 222 Xenia Avenue, having first poured concrete under the shaky floor in the place where our presses were to stand.

That shop was a marvel of compactness. The paper cabinet was hung from the ceiling above the paper cutter and we sawed off the ends of the press drive shafts to get the presses closer together. There was mighty little cubic space, not to mention floor space, wasted in that shop. The longest stretch of clear floor space, in the middle of the shop, could not have been over six feet, yet there were times when three printers worked in that tiny space all day long without getting in each other's way.

We were pretty hard up. I had learned to feed myself on \$2 per week. Beans in the bottom of the double-boiler and oatmeal in the top did for supper and breakfast, with cabbage and potatoes for dinner and milk for vitamins. I longed for the distant day when I might draw \$20 a week, but I didn't realize how far distant it was going to be.

Patiently, and by every imaginable means, we got in touch with bookstores and gradually extended our dealer list. In this we co-operated with Kahoe & Spieth, and later

sent Jess on a long tour, again via the thumb route. We were forced to this tour because the handsome scamp had gotten himself engaged and there was nothing for it but to get him out of town until he cooled off a bit. He would never write a letter and any separation of more than a week or so was enough to end one of his engagements.

Despite poverty and vicissitudes we enjoyed ourselves immensely. I was still in college, though doing a rather sorry job of it, and we went in for "scoutmastering." Miscellaneous boys of all ages were to be seen congregating in the Bookplate Shop at all hours of the day and night. We served spasmodically as deputy marshalls, getting into various interesting situations. One afternoon, as a result of some of my "detective" work, a gentleman with a reputation for expert pistol shooting stepped into the bookplate shop to clear up a little "misunderstanding." Jess, unknown to him, covered him from the back room with a .38 automatic, "just in case." It was somewhat to Jess's disappointment that an understanding was reached with good will on both sides.

Jess's romantic fondness for his .38 finally ended our partnership. A big advertising billboard had been erected at the corner of North College Street and Xenia Avenue. Students had twice taken down this sign and the third time Jess attempted the job single handed. He took his gun along to "scare away possible intruders." It so happened that the new town marshall came upon him and not only refused to be scared, but started blazing away himself. Jess believed that his identity had not been discovered, but was indiscreet enough to brag about his adventure to a girl-friend. On the following evening the law was after him.

For a couple of days it was nip and tuck. The law and his deputy held down full time jobs and had to do their hunting after 4:30. Jess also worked until 4:30, at which hour the fun began. Obviously this couldn't go on, so we mapped out another sales trip and two of us worked all night getting my old 1920 Model T tuned up for travelling. At 4:00 a.m. Jess left, with the car loaded with bookplate samples, food, clothing, bedding, books, and violin.

In a period of a few weeks the marshall was ousted for alleged tolerance of gambling and bootlegging and I wrote Jess that the coast was clear. After a while he returned again, following a scrape of some sort that he had gotten into in Boston. While he was in jail in Boston the car had been smashed by hoodlums and Jess drove home, 900 miles, through sleet and snow with no windshield and no window glass, the radiator leaking like a sieve, and the hood battered in. I will say, however, that I never heard the car run smoother.

Jess, while on the road, had gotten himself engaged again. This time, he told me, it

was the "real thing." But he never wrote to the girl and, as usual, the affair blew over. However, he didn't wish to stay in Yellow Springs any more, so I took over his personal debts in exchange for his share of the business and he stepped out of the picture. After that I had no more partners.

By this time there had been a number of developments in the technique and resources of the business. We had issued a new and enlarged line of bookplates, the core of which was a series of ten designs by Robert Whitmore. The problem of curly stock had been overcome through experimentation and close cooperation with a manufacturer of gummed paper at Springfield. The dealer list had been increased to nearly 200 and a third press had been added. A small bank debt had also been accumulated.

At about this time I yielded to an old urge to try my hand at bookselling. Accordingly, I purchased for \$100, sight unseen, a library of a thousand volumes which had belonged to a young man killed in the World War. I hadn't quite realized what a thousand books would amount to, and when they arrived, packed in a lot of soap boxes, I hurriedly built a number of additional standard shelf units, seven feet high and five feet long, which were moved into the front room and filled with books. After that the front part of the Bookplate Shop was as tight as the back and when the weather was pleasant we would set racks of second hand books out on the sidewalk marked "Your choice, 25 cents" or "Your choice, 15 cents" as the case might be.

The books sold pretty well and to augment them and bring in student trade we started a consignment service for used books. At the end of the year we would gather up from the dormitories all the textbooks and other volumes which were no longer wanted by their owners and offer these for sale the following year, remitting to the owners (less 20 per cent commission) at regular intervals for all books sold. This brought a stream of student trade and helped us turn our second hand library. I think, too, that it saved the students a lot of money, both the buyers and sellers, and should be a regular feature of any college bookstore despite the racketeering way in which textbooks are forever changing editions.

The bookselling interlude didn't last, however, for we kept pushing away at the bookplate business and presently rented a larger place next door which was unsuited for retail selling. Accordingly we closed out the books except for the Kahoe publications, which we continued to stock and to push whenever opportunity offered. We also took pains to retain our bookseller status with the services and privileges which pertained to it, and are still listed as an active member of the book trade. I say "we" because, while I had become sole owner of the business, I em-

ployed one or more helpers almost from the start who shared in making policies and carrying them out. It was a very youthful business, I being just over voting age and the help uniformly in their 'teens. Some were local folks and others students. Among them was Freeman Champney who quite inadvertently got sucked into the printing trade at the age of sixteen while visiting his brother, Horace, then a student.

The combination of students and printing presses bore fruit in a luxuriant crop of guerilla journalism. We helped my brother, Griscom, then in high school, to publish the *Academy Owl*. *The Blaze*, started shortly before the Bookplate business began, tended increasingly to center its activities about the presses on which it was laboriously printed by the staff, and the shop became a sort of rendezvous for rebel intelligentsia. The *Blasé* followed and *The Turret*, and some lively pamphleteering. The late Dr. Broda's heroic

"League for the Organization of Progress" saw much of its activity there including the printing of *Political Letters* and sundry leaflets. During this period, which included my final years in college, the Bookplate Shop was a unique campus institution but of little comfort to the college authorities.

The influence of the student body upon the art work of the Bookplate business was important. There was hardly a student artist for quite a period who did not try his hand at bookplate designing, and we made it a point to try to get at least one design from each student artist whose work came to our attention. From some we got several. From the talented but happy-go-lucky Gus Uhlmann we extracted art work by dint of persecution, even going so far as to drag him out of bed and stand over him while he drowsily, yet swiftly drew the bookplate which appeared in the last issue of the *Antiochian*. Gus always collected for his art

work in advance, at a moment of financial stress, it being up to us to collect the art work afterwards.

We promoted the bookplate business doggedly and as the line improved and the number of dealers increased, the sales volume doubled, going from \$400 in 1926 to \$1300 in 1927, and \$2600 in 1928. In 1929 we laid down a barrage of advertising with new samples, dealer helps, window displays and a direct mail campaign. In addition we served as producer for a very exclusive series of private Christmas cards which were being sold to wealthy Dayton people. Then came the crash, just at the beginning of the six-week period in which we do nearly half our year's business. Fifty dollars worth of Christmas card cancellations in a single day! All orders from New York and Philadelphia stopped! What business we got came from west of the Alleghenies, where the paralysis came more slowly.



Christmas Cheer from Antioch



Greeting cards - - - a local sideline

Ten Years in the Bookplate Business

PART 2—"We had an inspiration"

By ERNEST MORGAN

Our 1929 campaign had been financed, not alone by myself, but by the crew, who had agreed to defer a large part of their wages until after Christmas on the understanding that if we came through with flying colors they would receive, not only their deferred wages, but a stipulated additional return as well. On the other hand, the failure of our season would mean the direct loss of their deferred wages. The worst was realized and the crew were left to console themselves with the thought that at least they still had their jobs. The business for 1929 increased to \$5300, far less than we had expected on the basis of our expansion program; a substantial gain, but not enough to meet the debts incurred in the sales promotion. Had the gamble of this expansion not been shared by the crew, we would probably have gone under. As it was, I never even heard any grumbling afterwards.

In 1930 we had an inspiration. There was to be a church bazaar at the Yellow Springs Presbyterian Church and Mrs. Swinnerton called at the Bookplate Shop to see if they could arrange to offer Antioch Bookplates for sale. I loaded her up with package goods and told her to return the unsold remainder and pay for the ones sold, less 40% commission.

To my utter amazement the church sold over \$20 worth. It looked like a gold mine. Hurriedly we placed consignments with nearby stores, and with another church bazaar. Again good results. We got down to business and prepared a very elegant brochure offering our very fine bookplates to any and all who might take a notion to ask for them. No cash required, just sign a little business reply card and the merchandise comes to you at our expense. Return the unsold balance at the end of 30 days, along with your remittance for goods sold. All very simple!

About 50 consignments went out in the first batch, 50 boxes of bookplates in each consignment, with 18 designs. At the end of the month we eagerly prepared to collect our fortune. But things hadn't gone quite right. There had been sales to be sure, but a month wasn't long enough. We thought it over and decided to make the consignments

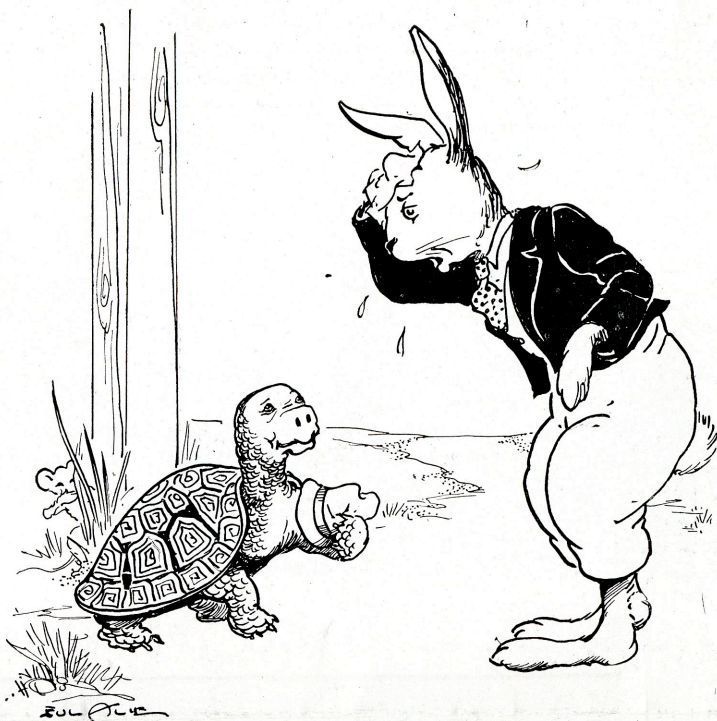
leasing the shipments arrived our front room was converted into a substation of the post office. Erny Shaw's biggest truck, with its tall sides and end gate up, barely held the sacks. The clerk on the mail train was speechless. It was a glorious day, and we borrowed money from the bank to pay the postage as well as the paper bill.

Then came the shambles. True, a lot of the bookplates were sold, hundreds of dollars came in at the close of the Christmas season, and we had virtually wiped out the competition, but every insolvent dead-beat of an alley bookshop had a consignment and the churches were the worst of all. We wrote and wrote and wired for reports, for our merchandise, for some word from the dealer, for anything. And when they did report, many of them never bothered to pay.

Then, to make matters worse, the ocean of bookplates, neatly packed in pretty little boxes, began to get soiled. That is, the bookplate on top of each box got shopworn and people quit buying them. That almost killed the consignment business. The consignments began coming back, slowly at first and then faster and faster, all of them dirty. We bought some cellophane and the young woman who runs our bindery began cleaning up the boxes, putting new

bookplates on top and wrapping each box in cellophane. But she couldn't keep up, and the stack of dirty consignments soon reached the ceiling, and then the next stack, and so on. Not until 1936 did she finally catch up, and even today, now and then, an old, dirty, unwrapped consignment comes drifting in from Portland or Atlanta.

But this fiasco was not all loss. Whereas previously we hadn't made any headway in selling the bookplates unimprinted, after the consignment experience we had the market pretty much to ourselves, and today are able to sell large quantities outright. Also, we



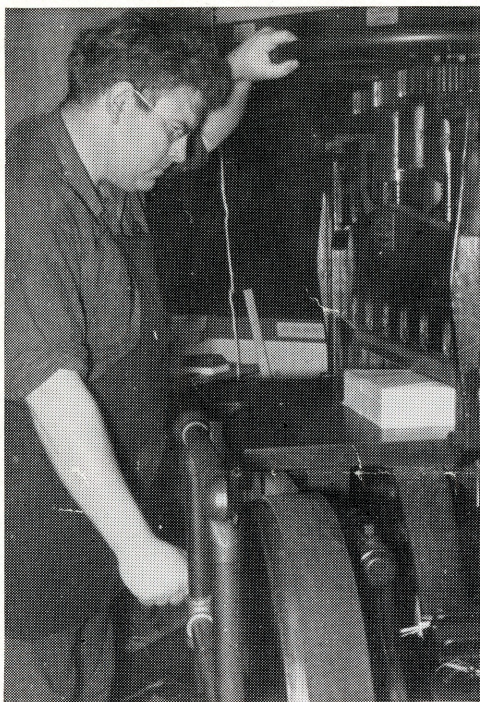
then said the tortoise

"plodding wins the race"

continuous with a report every 30 days. We fell to and printed thousands more brochures, handsomely illustrated, in three colors, on beautiful duplex letter paper. These, in various versions, were sent to dealers and to churches.

The response was instantaneous. "Send us bookplates!" shouted the nation. We ordered a big shipment of paper and hired the printing done at the Antioch Press. Thirty-eight bookplates to a sheet, 40,000 sheets to be imprinted. Bookplates in terms of tons!

A crew worked night and day cutting, boxing and packing, and when the day for re-



by Joe Scott

DAVID SALLUME

Bookplate Pressman; Socialist Secretary

know our way around now and have a pretty clear idea as to who gets a consignment and who doesn't and we have developed a routine for making consignments practical. But the lessons came hard.

In 1930, due largely to our consignment splurge, our sales hit a new peak of \$8467. In 1931 we brought out our bi-annual sales album and extended our dealer coverage still more and recorded a sales increase to \$9804, again due in large measure to reports from consignment sales made in 1930. In 1930-31, however, I was drafted to manage the Antioch Press during the absence of Walter Kahoe and this brought a slowing down in bookplate promotion.

While managing the Antioch Press I had a bit of phenomenal luck. I was able to sell 225,000 copies of Magruder's Household Budget Book to the Piggly Wiggly Corporation and cleared \$3,000 for the Press plus a nice royalty for Mac. Only a shift of internal politics in the Kroger company, which controlled Piggly Wiggly, kept us from selling them a whole new advertising layout, much larger than the budget book job.

In handling this job I got a bit inflated, thinking that it was my planning and selling that did the job, and not realizing how much the Antioch College name and prestige had to do with it. Accordingly when I finished my year at the Press I set up a new "letter-head front" in the name of Ernest Morgan & Company, through which I intended to carry on my various promotional ideas. A number of splendid inside leads, plus some very good sales and advertising plans, finally came to naught. Without the backing of the

Antioch College name and prestige my enthusiasm was not enough to carry through.

One incident in the "Emco" episode may be of interest. I conceived the notion that a series of little 16-page books, illustrating the Aesop Fables, to sell at five cents, might prove very popular. "Aesop Animated" I called it. I contacted a considerable number of artists and selected the one ("Eulalie") who seemed to have the best style. She illustrated a sample job, "The Hare and the Tortoise," which I printed up in a small edition. I hope that a responsible publisher will some day take up the idea. The Bookplate business would have been much better off if I had let "Ernest Morgan & Company" alone.

At the time that my service to the Press was ended I had come to the conclusion that the Bookplate Company was far enough advanced to permit me to get married, especially since I had finally located the right girl. Accordingly the Bookplate building was purchased on a time basis and the upstairs was remodeled to make a cozy, modern apartment.

By this time the depression was at its worst and Dad conceived the idea of a barter clearing house, both retail and wholesale, which would enable productive resources to function. Accordingly the Midwest and Yellow Springs Exchanges were organized and the Bookplate Company moved to Dayton Street to give the new enterprise a favorable location. After nearly a year of struggle, during which the Yellow Springs Exchange made good headway, the Midwest Exchange just couldn't seem to get going, despite the hard work of the staff. The monthly deficit got to be a serious matter, and finally Dad suggested that Elizabeth and

I, who had been criticising the general principles on which it was being run, take charge of the works. So we went to work with all the Midwest staff gone but the bookkeeper and stenographer.

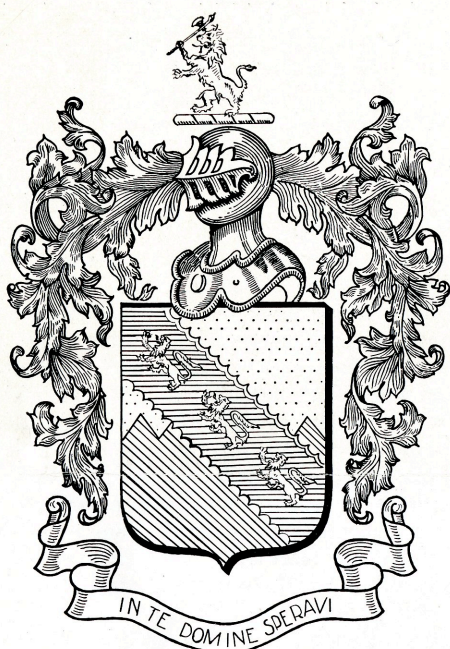
We used the Bookplate Company to prime the pump by placing orders with member firms for several hundred dollars worth of goods on exchange. This started the ball rolling and the volume began to rise. Then along came the T.V.A. and the N.R.A., the former taking Dad out of the picture and the latter outlawing exchange operations. So we closed out and I resumed full time management of the Bookplate business which had again been suffering from neglect. Later we moved back to our old quarters next door to the Antioch Press. The lessons we learned in practical economics while in charge of the Exchange make an interesting story but one that has no place here. The front room of our building we now set aside for a Socialist meeting room.

The Bookplate Company sales in 1932 were \$7360. In 1933 they fell to \$5295 and in 1934, when for a considerable period I devoted nearly half my time to my duties as Executive Secretary of the Miami Valley Socialist League and to my candidacy for Congress on the Socialist ticket, the business sank to \$5016, and the debts went rapidly up. During this year two young socialists lived at the Bookplate Shop on a subsistence basis, doing Socialist printing at cost and helping with organization work.

In 1935 we pulled ourselves together to face the situation. We were in debt to the ears and our equipment was so limited that we could do very little job printing. We had more than 1000 dealers, but the sales



"the one union man in the shop"



Emerson

per dealer were so small that the cost of providing samples and displays ate up the margin. Furthermore our current albums had about come to the end of their two year life span and the time had come to bring out a new and improved edition. On top of this was the expense of feeding, housing and clothing a growing family. The outlook was not pleasant.

At this point I again focussed my main attention and energy on the Bookplate business. To improve our sales materials and cut the cost of samples we needed permanent loose-leaf sales albums to which new sheets could be added each year at small expense. To speed production and make way for job work we needed machinery and lots of it. But our credit was about stretched to the limit and sales were scanty.

In this emergency the old barter technique we had learned in the Exchange work stood us in good stead. The N.R.A. was out of the way so we went to work. We contacted every manufacturer of loose-leaf binders in the United States and finally closed a deal by which a large supply of handsome embossed four-ring binders were made for us in exchange for half cash and half paint credit, the paint credit being obtained in exchange for printing. At the same time we put through a similar deal for an automatic printing press, the cash part of the deal being distributed over a period of months. The following year we installed a folding machine for 100% paint credit and a stitching machine for cash. This new equipment was installed, piece by piece, in the Socialist meeting room until there was no longer room to meet there. Meetings were shifted to the front office.

One cause of our sales slump had been competition from a line of bookplates which retailed at 10 cents per package. These bookplates were sold entirely through one large jobber. Early in 1935 this jobber wrote us, asking to be allowed to handle our merchandise. We had never sold through jobbers, but agreed to do so in this case if the jobber would discontinue the 10-cent line he was handling and let us manufacture a 10 cent line for him. We said further that if he didn't, we would put out a 10-cent line anyhow and compete with him. He accepted our terms and tossed the competitor overboard.

Then we revised our merchandising policies, increasing the discount differential between consigned stock and outright sales, supporting this with large amounts of advertising material printed on our new press. At the proper time we released the handsome new albums, financing the shipments by the initial burst of sales resulting from our new 10-cent line. This was the turning point and sales for the year mounted to \$6,918, an increase of nearly 40% over the preceeding year.

During 1935 and 36 we systematically developed job printing. This was and still is mainly out-of-town work, though in 1936 the Antioch Press terminated an old reciprocal arrangement by which we had from the early days avoided most local printing and in return were permitted the use of some of the Press equipment.

My personal activity in the Socialist Party and allied movements was by no means discontinued, but brought into a more tenable ratio with business activity. After all, the original purpose in building up the business was to gain freedom.

The increasing demand for printing by the party and allied labor organizations led to the setting up of a "letterhead front," known as the "Miami Valley Socialist Press" which is now official printer for the Workers Alliance of America, a powerful union of W.P.A. workers. We helped in the launching of this organization with several hundred dollars worth of printing credit. Included among the other labor and radical organizations served by the Miami Valley Socialist Press are the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, The American Student Union, the War Resisters League, the Labor Defense League and the Socialist Party. In 1936 job printing totalled over \$3,000 of which by far the larger part was for Socialist and other labor organizations.

Bookplate sales promotion was greatly accelerated during the latter part of 1936, along with the promotion of our new product, die-cut "Phonoplates" (name plates for phonograph records). Thousands of display easels were mailed out to book and music stores all over the country and over a hundred thousand advertising circulars produced on our automatic press. This, combined with the rising tempo of economic activity in the country as a whole, plus the work of the Miami Valley Socialist Press, gave us an increase of about 50% over the preceding year, or about \$10,000 sales for the year. We have been gratified, also, by the increasing recognition throughout the country of our craftsmanship.

Nineteen hundred and thirty-seven started off very auspiciously with the systematic reduction of debts, with the shop staff working at full capacity, new accounts coming in, and the acquisition of a power driven paper cutter. Elaborate plans are in process for producing and merchandising other specialty printing and these should bear fruit within the year. But we are in no position to boast. We have had important financial aid from the family. Debts are still large. The help are not paid as much as their skill and efficiency warrant. Much of our work, especially the Socialist and labor work, has been taken at prices less than should be charged. We have a contract (the only union contract of any kind in the county) with the Typographical Union to employ only union compositors, at union wages, but I am the compositor, the one union man in the shop besides an apprentice, and the only one getting union wages. (Such are the workings of craft unionism, which permit us the use of the union label.) All this leaves much to be desired, and offers a drastic antidote to any complacency which might threaten us.

I have been told repeatedly that the amount of energy and patience and sacrifice required to build the Bookplate business would have carried me a long way on the road to "success" in the employ of some large established firm. But beyond a modest living and reasonable security I didn't want "success." What I did seek in the Bookplate business was freedom to mature and carry into action the ideals which I developed as a student at Antioch. To a large degree I have achieved this freedom, though I have not yet learned to make effective use of it. Perhaps, in another decade, I shall.

