

# "As It Were"

~~(scribble)~~

As a man who has just passed his 70th birthday, I stand before you, ~~as a~~ ~~living fossil~~ as it were, of a historic epoch that is now ancient in the accelerated <sup>ing tempo</sup> ~~pace~~ of worldly ~~affairs~~ <sup>affairs</sup>.

I was <sup>years old</sup> 12 before I actually rode in an automobile. Our first telephone, ordered from Sears Roebuck, was strung up between our house and Grandfather's, 200 yards away, when I was about 9. I well remember my first encounter <sup>S</sup> with a flush toilet and an electric light switch.

I didn't see an airplane until I was 12. They let school out so we could go to the baseball field to see a little biplane, the pilot sitting away out in front, land and take off.

It was 1929 before I rode in a plane, a Keystone bomber, during the first Army Air Corps maneuvers at Dayton. I stood back in the <sup>open</sup> cockpit. The bombs, about the size of hand fire extinguishers, hang <sup>u</sup> in a row <sup>on a rack</sup>. They were ~~simply~~ simply dropped through the hole in the bottom of the fuselage when you wanted to bomb something.

I was grown before I listened to Radio. We sent <sup>post</sup> cards to the station we could get on our crystal set <sup>A</sup> -- "Program coming in fine."

On the other hand, I have no memory of <sup>la</sup> the first time of being on a horse or riding in a surrey. Kids were set on gentle horses early in life, and babes in arms went to church in the surrey.

For five years I attended Pleasant Valley, a one-room country school. One winter there were only 12 "scholars"--as they were called--ranging from McGuffey's first to algebra.

Fifty or 60 years is only a breath in the time scale, but what wonders our generation has seen.

I have two poignant memories of childhood.

Dressed in shirt and overalls, ~~#~~ when I was 9, I delighted to walk barefoot in the moist, cool earth behind the plow as the hired man plowed the back 40 for wheat in late summer. The plow neatly ~~XXXX~~ sliced open a yellow

jacket nest. The bees came out swarming mad. ~~They~~ Some went up my pants legs. They stung as they <sup>y</sup>went. The hired man couldn't help me. He was busy trying to hold the horses who were stung too. I ~~started~~ <sup>ran yelling to</sup> the house, shedding ~~my~~ clothes as I went, <sup>start naked</sup> to get rid of the bees. Mother applied soda poultices and I spent four days in my nightie.

The other memory is of my first encounter with an automobile. I was in a field across the road from the house when I saw <sup>w</sup> and heard a motor car ~~coming~~ chugging up the road. I ran to the fence to see it closer. As it approached I realized I was on the opposite side of the road and instinct told me to run across to our front yard. The two men in the car saw me scuttling across the road, like the proverbial chicken. The driver honked his horn at me and they were laughing as they passed and waved.

I felt mortified. My dignity had been shattered by the honking horn and the dust that swirled in the wake of the red demon. I ran to the barn, climbed to the <sup>quiet</sup> security of the ~~quiet~~ haymow and cried.

A lot of cars have passed since that day, but that first rude notice of change in a quiet world marked the beginning of my awareness that things don't stay long as they are.

My first Kit-Kat paper, in January, 1948, was on "The World's Acceleration". It was about population trends, <sup>and</sup> the fact more minerals had been extracted and used in the first half of the 20th century than in all previous time.

In this, perhaps my last Kit-Kat paper, ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ I only note that there has been a continuing acceleration of pressure on our environment and the biosphere--and we are noticing it more.

Change is literally universal. The North Star moves in a course calculated by celestial mechanics. ~~Its pointers in the Big Dipper are~~ and the shape of ~~x~~ what we <sup>presently</sup> ~~transitorily~~ call the Big Dipper ~~are~~ <sup>was</sup> were in a much different pattern <sup>n</sup> only 100,000 years ago, and will look still different 100,000 years in the future.

Most of earth's affairs are of course on a much shorter time scale. And even that is speeding up. Graphs drawn to show the rate of growth of many things are rising! Population, use of minerals, energy demand, size of cities, pollution of the waters, including the oceans; consumption of fossil fuels, use of drugs, <sup>(brevity length)</sup> ~~length~~ of women's skirts, the national debt, welfare rolls, illegitimate births, ~~an~~ increase in crime, or chemical formulae. Dale Baker is doubling Chemical Abstracts again.

All of these graphs are rising so rapidly ~~they extrapolate~~ that when they are extrapolated not ~~so~~ far into the future they run off the page and out of the range of possibility or probability. In some things we seem to have gone about as far as we can go--or have we?

Dr. Paul R. Erlich of Stanford, one of the chief Jeremiahs of the population menace, gives us a choice of population control or a race to oblivion. A quote from ~~his~~ <sup>the</sup> prologue to his book, "The Population Bomb:"

"Nothing could be more misleading to our children than our present affluent society. They will inherit a totally different world, a world in which the standards, politics and economics of the 1960s are dead. As the most powerful nation in the world today, and its largest ~~consumer~~, the United States cannot stand isolated. We are today involved in the events leading to famine; tomorrow we may be destroyed by its consequences." (end)

<sup>Robert</sup> ~~William~~ Ardrey, in his <sup>books,</sup> "African Genesis" and "Territorial Imperative," studies <sup>of</sup> the behavior of lower animals under stress and ~~relates~~ relates man's reactions to stress to those <sup>of</sup> his lesser brothers in the animal kingdom.

Scare books have become so common that people get bored with them. "Future Shock," by Alvin Toffler, once editor of Fortune magazine, now a visiting scholar at the Russell Sage Foundation, is a fascinating but frustrating book. His thesis: "In the three short decades between now and the 21st century, millions of ordinary, psychologically normal people will face an abrupt collision with the future. Citizens of the world's

richest and most technologically advanced nations, many of them will find it increasingly painful to keep up with the incessant demand for change that characterizes our time.. For them, the future will have arrived too soon.."

"Why," he asks, "do some men hunger, even rage, for change, doing all in their power to create it, while others flee from it?" And, he adds, "I not only found no ~~easy~~ ready answers to such questions, but discovered that we lack even an adequate theory of adaptation, without which it is extremely unlikely that we will ever find the answers."

Ardrey found no answers either, in his African Genesis. He speaks of predatory man being restrained by conventions called civilization or human enlightenment. "But never to be forgotten," he says, "is the inconspicuous figure in the quiet back room. He is the keeper of the kinds.. Who is he? We do not know. Nor shall we, ever. He is a presence, and that is all. But his presence is evident in the last reaches of infinite space beyond man's probing eye."

I interject that some of us call this presence God, others Allah or some other name. Or simply NATURE. As Ardrey says:

"Where bursts the green of the apple orchard, all of a spring-time day, there passes his presence...Where a child is born, or a man lies dead..where men rebuild cities that other men destroy; where tides must ebb as tides have flowed; there see his footprints, there and there. ., He cares ~~not~~ only for order. But whatever he says, we shall do. He is rising now, in civilization's quiet back room, and he is looking out the window."

In "Future Shock," Toffler remarks that the world of today is as different from the world in which he was born as that world was from Julius Caesar's..Almost as much has happened since <sup>he</sup> ~~he~~ was born as happened in all time before."

Toffler chooses an interesting way to illustrate.

"If the last 50,000 years of man's existence were divided into lifetimes of approximately 62 years each, there have been about 800 such ~~lifetimes~~ lifetimes.

"Of these 800, fully 650 were spent in caves. Only in the last 70 lifetimes has it been possible to communicate effectively from one lifetime to another--as writing made it possible to do. Only during the last six lifetimes did masses of men ever see ~~the~~<sup>a</sup> printed word. Only during the last four has it been possible to measure time with any precision. Only in the last two has ~~any~~ anyone anywhere used an electric motor. And the overwhelming majority of all the material goods we use in daily life today have<sup>s</sup> been developed ~~in~~<sup>7</sup> within the present, the 800th, lifetime.

"This 800th lifetime marks a sharp break with all past human experience...Agriculture, the original basis of civilization, has lost its dominance in nation after nation. In the United States, whose farms feed 200 million Americans and the equivalent of another 160 million around the world, agriculture employs below 6 per cent of the economically active population.

"In our lifetime boundaries have burst..A war in Vietnam alters basic political alignments in Peking, Moscow and Washington, touches off protests in Stockholm, affects financial transactions in Zurich, triggers secret & diplomatic moves in Algiers.

"The Peloponnesian War was little more than a skirmish, by modern standards. While Athens, Sparta and several nearby cities battled, the rest of the world remained largely unaware and undisturbed...Yet the Peloponnesian War altered the course of history. By changing the movement of men, the geographical distribution of genes, ~~the~~<sup>v</sup> values and ideas, it affected later events in Rome~~s~~, and through Rome all Europe. Today's Europeans are to some small degree different peoples because that conflict occurred.

"Now these Europeans influence Mexicans and Japanese. The changes wrought in European stock now ~~is~~<sup>are</sup> being exported by them to all the world.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ The past is doubling back on us. Events of the past, like the Peloponnesian War, the Great Wall of China, the Black Plague--~~and~~ and, I might add--the deliberations at Yalta and Berlin--rise up to haunt and change us today."

Dr. Harlow Shapley, another golden ager now emeritus professor of astronomy at Harvard, wrote a charming book called "Beyond the Observatory." Addressing himself to a comet, he says:

"You comets go smoothly, inevitably, toward ultimate dispersion and extinction, but we, babes that we are, aim toward integration and eternal life. We may be aiming badly at the present time, but the species is permeated with ideals. The human cortex may be top-heavy, and we still do reek of the jungle; we are perhaps rushing upward too rapidly. We forget that our fine brains and soaring spirits must ride in the same coarse body that our unskilled and uninformed ancestors used. . .

"Some say, 'Let's make no change, please; let's ~~remember~~ <sup>preserve</sup> our way of life,' not remembering that the great apes said the same thing a million years ago, and great apes are they still."

Let us hark back to Dr. Paul Ehrlich's prediction that the Standards, the politics and the economics of the past are dead--or at least due for drastic change.

The ~~old~~ law of gravity was believed absolute--until men went into space and discovered weightlessness, and that gravity on the moon is far different from that on earth.

The law of supply and demand is modified by cartels, trusts and labor union monopoly.

As Dr. Ehrlich says, standards are changing, ranging from the area of female flesh ~~exposed to~~ <sup>proper for</sup> public view, through free-wheeling life styles to expectations of ever-increasing freedom, abundance and personal satisfaction.

Conquest usually is thought of in terms of political or military action. While nations and power groups maneuver in the United Nations and the world's chancelleries, culture has become a medium of world conquest.

Our inventions, fads, ~~and~~ music, customs, styles and trinkets, and also the Anglo-American language, are swiftly conquering the world's imagination, desires and admiration.

Street urchins in the casbah of Tangier gleefully shout "Charley Brown" at tourists. Teen-agers in Burma try to emulate Elvis Pressley.

<sup>L</sup>Latin, and then French, once were the common languages of scholars, diplomats and world travelers. French still fights a rear guard action but English is rapidly becoming the common language of the world.

If Communism is trying to conquer the world, western culture already has conquered it, from Tokyo to Buenos Aires.

Politics in some ways seems never to change, but really it does. The once mighty "farm vote" has shrunk to insignificance. Now the voting blocs are in suburbia, the ghettos and the ethnic groups--all of which are hard to please. *But politicians keep trying.*

The demographic pressures of population, <sup>e</sup>nvironment and territorial crowding heavily affect the politics of world intercourse, ~~federal~~ our federal administration, our state governments and local governments.

Economics always has been based upon growth and exploitation of natural resources. A new note is creeping in. When growth graphs run off the top of the page or ~~begin~~ level off, what do we do then? When zero population growth arrives, as it must some day, ~~we~~ and economic wellbeing no longer can be based on increasing numbers of subscribers, customers or automobile <sup>users,</sup> ~~buyers,~~ other goals must be substituted. These can be higher quality, wider and more equitable distribution of goods among all peoples and perhaps changing of life styles and aspirations.

The fortunate thing about the future is that it comes only one day at a time. Another fortunate thing is that things usually turn out far~~y~~ different from what we predict or fear they will. Foresight is good, but often blurred or delayed.~~xxx~~

My grandfather was a pious, conservative man. He owned a good farm, a ~~gr~~<sup>saw</sup> mill, planing mill and threshing outfit in Guernsey County where our family had lived since they<sup>ancestors</sup> arrived in wagons ~~xxx~~ a century ~~xxx~~ and a half ago. Grandfather used to inveigh against the extravagance of men who paid a whole nickel for one cigar, only to burn it up. So what did grandfather do? He got the Arizona fever in 1912, sold his farm and went to homestead in, of all places, Scottsdale, now a high-price suburb of Phoenix

Grandfather predicted the prosperity that would come with development and irrigation water in the desert valley. It did ~~xx~~ come--but long after grandfather died poor in the early 30s, having mortgaged his homestead to buy still more land and losing it in the depression. He and grandmother lie in Camelback Cemetery,<sup>for</sup> which he contributed the land,<sup>now</sup> a little piece up the road from Barry Goldwater's house. *He never wasted a nickel on a cigar.*

I transferred from Fort Worth, Texas, to Columbus in 1945, in the closing months of World War II. The chambers of commerce in both cities were getting ready for the shock that would come when millions of ~~boys~~<sup>men</sup> came home, seeking work and probably psycho-neurotic from their war experiences

In Columbus the Metropolitan Committee for Jobs and Progress was busy making plans with multiple purposes, to catch up on delayed maintenance of our city, start some much-needed capital improvements, but above all to ~~create~~<sup>provide</sup> jobs for the multitude of returning service men.

It didn't turn out quite as expected. Industry and business also had plans. Instead of men out of work, skilled workmen were hard to find. The bond issues were passed and building started. So did inflation. The wage, price and civilian material freezes that had held down activity and wage levels for several years burst like a bale of hay.



There was competition and pirating for manpower, housing and materials. The need to cut back capital improvement plans to adjust to spiraling costs began and goes on to this day.

The building programs that seemed so large and daring only 25 years ago--the inner belt, the court house annex, a few new school buildings, airport improvements---have long since been dwarfed by always bigger and more costly projects.

Amon Carter, the famed Fort Worth publisher--and my competitor--used to say, "They never built anything big enough in Texas!" It's true of nearly all places, including Columbus. It took the National Road a century and a half to evolve from a gravel turnpike to two blacktop lanes in World War I, widening and elimination of S bridges and sharp curves, to the divided interstate 70 we travel today.

The slow winding down of the Vietnam war recalls two curious episodes at the annual convention of the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Washington, <sup>several years ago</sup> ~~when~~ the free world was beginning to worry about the new Russia-China axis, and where Communist aggression was most likely to break out next. The editors were treated to a map analysis of the Communist perimeter by a uniformed general just back from duty in the European theater.

Analyzing the potentials in Europe, the Near East and the Orient, the general aimed his pointer at the long Indonesian peninsula, where the French were beginning to have difficulties with their colonies.

"There's one thing sure," the general said, "that's an impossible place to fight a war." The general's name was Dwight D. Eisenhower.

~~East, the general moved his pointer to the long Indonesian peninsula where the French colonies were getting into difficulty.~~

~~"There's one thing sure," he said, "that's an impossible place to fight a war." The general's name was Dwight D. Eisenhower.~~

A few years later, when Eisenhower was president, and the French were in deep trouble in Vietnam, his vice president, Richard Nixon, addressed <sup>(as editors at)</sup> a luncheon ~~meeting of some 600~~ <sup>It was</sup> ~~off the record~~ which meant that American papers and press services, whose <sup>600 editors</sup> ~~officials~~ were present, were bound not to ~~report~~ <sup>publish</sup> ~~publicly~~ what Nixon said.

He released a trial balloon, to test <sup>the editors'</sup> opinion as to possible intervention of American troops in aid of France. It was more of a bomb than a balloon. Most of the editors were horrified.

~~Some editor had invited~~ <sup>A</sup> ~~as a~~ <sup>(was)</sup> guest at the luncheon a British correspondent, Alastair Cooke, <sup>as I recall,</sup> who did not consider himself bound by the American off-the-record ~~convention~~ <sup>understanding.</sup> He reported ~~to his London paper~~ <sup>what Nixon had said</sup> and within hours American newspapers <sup>whose editors</sup> ~~had listened to Nixon~~ <sup>quoting</sup> ~~were reporting~~ <sup>second hand</sup> what the London ~~papers~~ <sup>said</sup> ~~were reporting~~ <sup>Nixon said to their editors.</sup>

A lot of water has flowed under the bridges since then. First hunches are often better than second thoughts. Ike was right about Vietnam as a theater of war. The editors were right in their reaction to Nixon's trial balloon about intervention, <sup>in Vietnam</sup> ~~in Indonesia~~

The editors were treated to another bit of dawning history at their convention in April 1959. Fidel Castro had ~~x~~ taken over Cuba three months before. He had come to the United States to enjoy the plaudits of those who hailed him as a great reformer who had overthrown an admittedly corrupt and oppressive dictatorship. He was lionized by the editors, spoke from <sup>our</sup> ~~their~~ platform and assured ~~us~~ <sup>view</sup> us of his good intentions. It seemed to bear out the ~~reportage~~ <sup>view</sup> of the New York Times that land reform and a better life were in store for

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the Cubans. Of course it was not long before Castro showed his true colors, boasted of his Communist alignment <sup>with Russians</sup> and started the adventure that almost led to ~~the~~ <sup>open Russian</sup> takeover of his island, ~~the~~ ~~Bay~~ ~~Pigs~~ ~~fiasco~~ ~~the~~ Kennedy-Khrushchev confrontation and the Bay of Pigs fiasco.

Now Castro has been hailed as a hero in another American country, Chile, the first to freely vote for Communism. Where it will lead, ~~to~~ in a South American continent all too ripe for revolt and change, is anyone's guess.

The great depression came like Armageddon to people who had not read enough history to know that panics are endemic in human affairs. The bears frolicked in the New York stock markets and ~~the~~ <sup>traders</sup> margin ~~buyers~~ were leaping from windows. I was a reporter on the Cincinnati Post when ~~the~~ Speaker ~~&~~ Nick Longworth came home from Washington one day in the winter of 1930. The city editor told me to call up Mr. Longworth and ask him how much longer the stock market doldrums would last.

Mr. Longworth was very reassuring. "We definitely have turned the corner," he said. "By next summer things <sup>will</sup> ~~again~~ be back to normal."

The depression was bad, but not for me. I was named editor of the Kentucky Post in January, 1931. My salary was \$75 a week for the next five years. My <sup>first</sup> two raises consisted of not getting a salary cut twice when across-the-board 10 per cent slashes were made. Those who had jobs could have some fun. If wages were low, so were prices. I recall a grocery ad of 1933: A pound of bacon AND a dozen eggs--25 cents. Many did not have the 25 cents.

We saw marching in the streets of Covington. Jobless men often held meetings of protest or to petition public aid, and reporters covered and reported them.

One day a call came that a meeting would be held at 10 a.m. in a downtown park. A reporter and photographer were sent. Fifteen or 20 men talked among themselves for a few minutes, then headed across the street to an A&P store. They went quietly inside, took large paper

bags, filled them with groceries, then walked out, without paying. Our photographer ~~got~~ <sup>snapped a</sup> picture which ran with a story in the afternoon edition. ~~But~~ The store called police, <sup>they</sup> arrested some of the men. In court they ~~said~~ <sup>told the judge</sup> their families were hungry so they decided to take ~~an~~ an order of groceries each. The judge hemmed a little, gave them a talking to and put them on probation.

We almost lost the A&P advertising account. in cash  
The bank holiday came just as we had ~~xx~~ paid all employees for the week. We told them to make <sup>the money</sup> it last as long as possible, ~~as~~ we would not have ~~the~~ cash the next week if the banks still were closed.

Merchants also were wondering how they would do business without banking. We arranged to exchange advertising for store scrips which we could give our employes instead of cash. Fortunately FDR got the banks open before the next payday, so we <sup>e</sup> never failed to meet ~~the~~ <sup>our</sup> payroll.

We did kill <sup>The</sup> a Sunday paper which the Kentucky Post had <sup>published</sup> ~~run~~ for several years, because of shrunken <sup>n</sup> advertising. The challenge to business then was ~~to~~ to keep solvent and stay in business. *Some didn't make it*

An editor during the depression ~~could~~ listened to a host of panaceas, complaints and pleas. Men offered to work just for food. ~~and~~ ~~feeding. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~~~ "Coffee and cakes," ~~as~~ it was called. I never hired one on that basis. ~~&~~ Pay had to be low but we paid as much as we could.

<sup>Some</sup> <sup>People</sup> One ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup> tried to promote ~~a~~ barter system <sup>s</sup> so goods could be exchanged without money. The <sup>dollar</sup> chain letter flourished for a while, with the tempo ~~of~~ reaching such a point that vacant store rooms were used <sup>to</sup> ~~as~~ exchanges <sup>The letters</sup> to save the time and postage of the mails.

One man had himself buried in a grave in a vacant lot next to our office, with a stovepipe furnishing air, food and hopefully coins from passersby. ~~&~~ Flagpole ~~xx~~ sitting was another stunt adopted to get publicity and ~~hopefully~~ a little cash.

Marathon dances, ~~in unused ballrooms or warehouses~~ attracte

young people and some not so ~~young~~ young. They were dreary and sordid, but ~~expressed~~ held a little hope for jobless people. C. C. Pyle

~~Some~~ *Union derby - Billy Rose - Cary Auld.*  
Gambling, always endemic in northern Kentucky, drained off a

lot of money that should have gone for bread. Now and then we crusaded and closed them up. Once, after we had run pictures and a story on a

Covington gambling hell, I was summoned <sup>oned</sup> before the grand jury ~~where the~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ district attorney, an old ~~friend~~ political friend, said,

"Mr. Weaver, this grand jury wants to know what you can tell it about gambling." "Well," I replied, "the last I heard, a straight still beats two pair."

~~The~~ <sup>By</sup> ~~xxxxxx~~ In northern Kentucky protocol, <sup>the</sup> gamblers <sup>always</sup> closed down when the county grand jury <sup>was in</sup> ~~had its~~ session, out of respect and perhaps a little prudence.

One time I ~~learned~~ <sup>was told</sup> that a certain <sup>gambling</sup> hustler was getting ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ shakedown money from some ~~xxxx~~ gambling proprietors, on the <sup>promise</sup> ~~ground~~ he could hold off the Kentucky Post from exposing them. ~~xxxxxx~~

The trouble with anti-gambling crusades is that between <sup>crusades</sup> ~~times~~ the gamblers and the public may think the fix is on. ~~xxxxxx~~

~~xxxxxx~~ Since a dog that will fetch will carry, I sent word back through ~~xxx~~ my informant that any gambler who ~~xxxx~~ paid anybody anything for protection from the Post was wasting his money.

One of the few <sup>terrible</sup> ~~payoff~~ offers I ever received as an editor was from ~~x~~ the owner of a big gaming emporium. He wanted to meet me for a ~~xxx~~ talk, so we met in the lobby of the old Sinton Hotel. My witnesses, and I noted his, were skulking behind the palms.

He asked if I liked the races. I said I went to Latonia every Saturday afternoon in season. (Going to Latonia on Saturday afternoon in northern Kentucky was equivalent to going to ~~xxx~~ OSU football games in Columbus.)

He asked if I bet and I allowed I did ~~lay~~ <sup>risk</sup> a few dollars now and then. Then came his suggestion. He handled bets and got good information

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from most of the tracks. Why not let him handle my wagers for me. ?

I missed probably the only sure way of winning racehorse bets by blandly saying <sup>that</sup> I only bet when I was at the track and could see the horses run.

Drawing the line on favors and gifts can be sticky. Northern Kentucky was generous at Christmas--~~sent~~ a \$10 goldpiece ~~present~~ in a pretty little red box from the county auditor. Two bottles of good bourbon--despite prohibition--from the president of the electric company. A pair of fine leather gloves from a county prosecutor. I still have a pair of white pigskin <sup>gloves</sup> I've never worn. As a footnote, I learned after I had left Kentucky for Texas that the donor of the \$10 gold piece had been indicted for getting his own and the public's money <sup>mixed</sup> ~~confused~~.

In my first year as editor we got into a head-to-head fight with <sup>Key, The Times-Star</sup> ~~the Paper~~ over the city election. We backed the council slate that would retain <sup>the</sup> the new reform city manager. The other paper backed the slate that wanted to restore the old gang.

It was a hard campaign and our side won. After ~~we~~ they had been sworn in, the council members and the mayor--who was <sup>a</sup> ~~our~~ leading jeweler--called at my home one evening to thank me for supporting <sup>them</sup> and to present me with a <sup>nice</sup> ~~fine~~ watch heavily engraved with my name and an inscription. I was grateful. It was a post-election gift, not large enough to <sup>presume</sup> ~~expect~~ future favors. No one minded, I guess, but the famed Ohio Examiner, edited by Grover Fleming, got hold of it. ~~It~~ <sup>a vigorous muckraking & scandal sheet</sup> ~~the~~ modest \$75 watch became a \$500 watch and I of course, was pictured as being bought off by the councilmen.

Nothing came of it, as the Examiner was not <sup>so</sup> ~~so~~ much respected <sup>small</sup> ~~scandal sheet~~. But it made me forever leery of accepting even gifts from Greeks, gamblers or politicians.

A man passing the three score and ten milepost on life's superhighway and beginning to look for the exit signs, can be pardoned for looking back over his shoulder now and then as well as trying to keep his eye on the road ahead.

As Toffler ~~xx~~ asks in "future shock", why do some men rage for change, while others long for the past? He doesn't know, nor do I.

I do not know whether to envy or pity my grandchildren who will live ~~through~~ into the 21st century. A great many things--<sup>challenging, rewarding,</sup> ~~thrilling, exciting~~ chaotic and dangerous--<sup>so</sup> await them. Just as <sup>so</sup> many once-unknown things have come to us who have lived through the first 70 years of the 20th century.

All of us will just have to wait and ~~see~~ <sup>see</sup> what--harking back to Ardrey's metaphor--<sup>what</sup> that presence in civilization's back room, rising now and looking out the window, *tells us to do.*

~~To look a~~ <sup>30</sup>

As a seasonal postscript, I suggest there is not one but three personages in that back room of human awareness. One wears a red suit--as traditional as the black garb of Kit-Kat paper readers. He is not only looking out the window. He is harnessing a team of reindeer.

The third is another golden ager, with fashionably long white hair, dressed in flowing white robes. He carries an hour glass in one hand and a remorseless scythe in the other. He too is looking out the window and will soon appear to tear the last page off ~~xx~~ Herschell Stephan's Kit-Kat calendars.