

I WALKED a THOUSAND MILES

and learned that footwork could build brainpower

by Carlos Greenleaf Fuller

WHEN JACK BINDER, trustee of the country school district, said, "How would you like to be our teacher for the coming school year?", my eyes must have reflected my amazement. The way Jack Binder grinned made me think he was joking.

I had just finished a post graduate year at high school and would not be 18 until late August, the week before the rural school would open. I had no training, I felt, for teaching every grade from the first through the eighth, which the position required. I was startled at Jack Binder's suggestion.

"How could I?" I asked. "I wasn't even a good student in high school. I was lucky to graduate."

But Jack Binder slapped me

warmly on the shoulder and said, "If you'll take the job, we'll take the risk!"

Then I saw that he really meant it. Jack Binder's faith in me flung wide open a new door of faith in myself. To my complete astonishment, suddenly I heard my own voice say, "I'll do it!"

Instantly, Jack Binder laid before me a contract, and handed me a pen, "Sign this," he said. I grabbed the pen and signed my name.

Those were the days before centralized schools and paved roads. The six mile daily journey to and from the school was over a winding dirt road, in winter covered with a heavy blanket of snow. Sometimes, when the road was dry, I rode a bicycle. But a major part of the

time I walked each way, six miles a day, about a thousand miles during the school year. In the winter months, often at every step I plunged into snow above my knees. Many days the temperature was way below zero. But I could stand the deep snow and the bitter cold better than the challenge of the bright faces staring at me daily for inspiration and guidance.

That year a country schoolroom provided me with a greater education than it did any of the children. But those six mile walks five days a week, led me to establish a life-long habit of even more educational significance. What at first seemed tedious unending miles of sore feet and tired shoulders, turned out to be a gold mine of future resource.

I took myself in hand and began to organize my thoughts along the miles of that country road. Instead of gritting my teeth and plodding painfully along through the dust or mud or snow, I began to concentrate on ideas of special interest. Books I read held thoughts by great writers which I wished to retain. I copied many excerpts from those books into a pocket notebook, to carry with me. As I walked along, I committed to memory statements that challenged me with their clarity and vision. I pondered methods of study which had proven helpful to others. I learned poems that fired my imagination.

This fertile occupation of the mind made what, at first, had

seemed unusually long miles, seem very short. I was walking up and down that dirt road with some of the best minds of the ages. While my mind was on a happy pilgrimage with some great thinker of the past, or while I was on a thrilling mental voyage with a contemporary leader whose ideas captivated me—the journey came to an end quickly.

YET, IN SEASON, the mating songs of the birds never went unheeded. The fragrance of wild spring flowers always filled my nostrils with delight. I rejoiced to see the trees don new garments of green in spring. All the ebb and flow of nature moved my senses with an unending stream of joy and beauty.

Through it all I learned to drive away dull hours by establishing the habit of harnessing my thoughts to life-giving ideas. The fund of knowledge that filled those miles with happy memory, still abides with me to this day. Many times through the years that followed, I used in public speeches and written papers, material which I grew to understand or had memorized on that country road. It was valuable beyond any year of formal training.

When I went to college, the habit I had established as I walked to and from that schoolhouse, offered a pattern for study. In my freshman year, I had room and board in the small college town. The campus buildings where classes were held were over a mile away, and much

of the road was uphill. My mind had opportunity to cover a lot of territory in the walk back and forth. Since I worked at odd jobs to earn my way, that time going up and down the hill to classes was too valuable to waste.

To get an Arts degree, I began to study Greek, not having enough credits in Latin to meet the requirement in that subject. This adventure with Greek language provided a stiff battle for me.

I copied laboriously into my pocket notebook the parts of speech of many a Greek verb, along with their companion nouns. As I trudged up and down the hill, I gave my mind a workout with the substance and background of ancient classical Greek. As I went along, often I spoke aloud. Shades of Demosthenes!

When the going got tough, a science degree began to hold out more alluring possibilities.

At the worst stage with the language, I was so discouraged with my low progress I was about to throw all of my Greek books in the college lake. One of my Greek pro-

fessors got wind of my intention and he took me in hand. He pointed out, none too gently, the qualities of a quitter. I went on with the Greek!

SO I MARCHED painfully along, harnessing my thoughts to Greek. On frigid mornings in that severe winter climate, thoughts of sunny Greece helped me forget the sub-zero temperature!

Both then and now, my respect for the Greeks has never wavered. Any people who could master that kind of a language, had qualities that deserved to exercise the abiding influence upon mankind, which the Greek mind, and its creative expression, has exercised. If my mastery of the language had only equalled my admiration of the people of Greece, I would be a Greek scholar today.

However, as a result of my efforts, I managed to pass my courses in Greek. I recommend the method heartily. For my educational years, it was a Rock of Gibraltar, and I found it useful throughout my life, whenever I have a problem to solve.

Foundations Undermine The U.S.

Documents prove that the large foundations are controlled by the International Bankers. They have worked against the interest of our people. Some have promoted wars, undermined our institutions and warped our educational system.

Therefore, the Congress should take over and nationalize all of the large foundations and liquidate them. This would enable our country to lower our present crippling taxes. It would also greatly improve the health and happiness of all our people. We urge you to write your Congressman to take this constructive step at once.

AMERICANISM or COMMUNISM

THERE IS NO MIDDLE WAY

by E. F. Hutton

THE BASIC issue facing us today is just this . . . AMERICANISM or COMMUNISM! That is the crux of all political, social and labor issues; all governmental controls and mandates. One system, not two; AMERICANISM or COMMUNISM, will gain strength. Only one will survive.

Does Communism give freedom of religion, or does it abolish churches? Does Communism give the right to trial by jury, or does it abolish justice? Will Communism give us the right to labor at what we choose, the right to save our money and place it in the Free Enterprise System, the right to own a home, worship as we please, have freedom of speech and freedom to vote as we please?

If AMERICANISM versus COMMUNISM isn't a life and death matter to all Americans, then we the people have rejected our own heritage.

Here in our country the machinery of production and wealth crea-

tion is in the hands of millions of people. Under Communism it is in the hands of the police State.

Who among us can say this is not the basic issue of today? Everything we do as a free people, every hour of the day and night, is ours to do or not to do, by Constitutional Right. From our Constitution, and from no other source, do we obtain sanctity of the home, the guarantee of right to trial by jury, protection from cruel and unjust punishment from excessive fines, from engulment by a centralized power. Our Constitution has chains only for the criminally-minded among us, fetters only for those who would steal our liberty.

The Giant Shadow of Communism, a political system designed to enslave all peoples, threatens our country. Step by step, over the past years, Communistic ideas have been injected into our Constitutional Way of Life. If this is lost, what have we left?

Today there are many people