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Oglebay Institute, silver anniversary, 1955.

ADDRESS DELIVERED ON THE OCCASION OF THE
SILVER ANNIVERSARY OF OGLEBAY INSTITUTE
WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

June 1, 1955

by

Dr. Abba Hillel Silver
The Temple
Cleveland, Ohio

My dear Friends:

I am delighted to be with you this evening and to share with you in the Silver Anniversary celebration of Oglebay Institute. It is hard for me to realize that 25 years have elapsed since I addressed the first public meeting of Oglebay Institute at the Scottish Rite Cathedral. It is gratifying to know that these years have been most fruitful ones for Oglebay, years of expansion of all of its activities and of its varied recreational, cultural, and educational programs. I recall vividly how strongly the Oglebay Park idea appealed to me a quarter of a century ago, and its steady progress through the years has attested to the soundness of this idea. There existed then as there exists today a great need in our country for the type of cultural and recreational center which Oglebay is, where our people can enjoyably and creatively put their leisure time to use and increase the satisfaction of their lives.

This splendid achievement is of the first instance a tribute to the man whose vision and generosity made it possible - Earl W. Oglebay, who left his beautiful estate, Waddington Farm, to the city of Wheeling for a municipal park and a recreational center. It is a tribute to his nephew, Crispen Oglebay, whose unflagging interest and support helped to advance the project. It is a tribute to the city of Wheeling,

which has fostered it and supported it, and to the members of the Wheeling Park Commission who, through the years, administered it in such a way that its facilities have increased and its beauty has been enhanced. It is a tribute also to the many civic organizations who have cooperated and to the hundreds of individual men and women who, as volunteers, gave of their time, devotion, and substance to the Institute.

All these individuals and organizations, singly and collectively, have made and are making Oglebay Institute what it is - a charming and attractive place for the more than quarter of a million people who annually visit it and avail themselves of its facilities, and a place for leadership training for other communities of our nation.



Organized play and recreation constitute, to my mind, one of the truly noble traditions of the English speaking world. And in this regard it is the heir of the older classic tradition of Greece.

Some time ago I read the confession of faith of one of England's great scientists and thinkers - Doctor Haldane - in which the following paragraph occurred:

"Moreover, I am British; and what is more remarkable, though of Scottish origin, I believe in England. At the present moment our country counts for less in international politics than during the last century. Nevertheless, some of our ideas and practices are at present conquering the world.

"In Moscow, which has rejected the great British invention of Parliament, there was a word which I constantly noticed on posters. It was not 'Soviet,' or 'Red,' or 'Revolution,' but 'Football.' The same is happening all over the world. Spanish bullfighters are becoming center forwards. German students are taking to football instead of slashing one another's faces.

"And with British sport goes the ethical code called sportsmanship, which future historians may perhaps consider as a British invention as important as Parliaments and railways. I hope to see British sport conquer most of this world."

Sportsmanship, my friends, is of course one of the finest qualities of character. The boy who plays the game with fairness and enthusiasm is likely to play the harder game of life equally well. In a real game a man shows his mettle. A real game is won on merit only. In a real game ancestry and influence and position and money count for nothing. In a real game one can't cheat and one can't bully and one can't foul. In a real game opponents are equally matched, as far as possible. And when one adversary is handicapped by weight or size or age, due allowance is made for the fact. And, above all, in a real game there are rules of the game which the players are proud to observe. In a real game, one is a generous winner and a game loser. The words,

If men would only carry over into their economic, political, and social life some of these splendid disciplines of sportsmanship, what a cleansing of the Augean stables there would ensue; how much more of justice and fair dealing there would be in our society, and how much less of exploitation and selfishness and cruelty!

The world cannot afford to have its life of sports corrupted, for when once the world loses the integrity of its play life, it becomes completely bereft.

I sometimes think that we have not fully embraced play and recreation in our religious or reverent concepts as we should. There is still a good deal of asceticism left in the religious thought of the Western world. In our religious thought we are still laboring under that peculiar incantation of the early centuries of the common era when a sense of world weariness, pessimism, and other-worldliness took hold overpoweringly of the thoughts and the imaginations of men, and men came to feel that joy is somehow inherently wicked. To this day there are those who are a bit suspicious about the propriety of enjoying life. That work is sacred, we accept as a dogma. Play requires something of an apology. To "die in the harness" is an heroic virtue. To relax a bit, to get out of the traces, to taste the joys of leisure is something that verges in the minds of some very close to wickedness.

In my ministry I have had many occasions to deliver funeral orations, to pay tribute to men who have passed on. I always try to say kind things of them - especially if they deserved them. I speak of the deceased as "upright" and "honorable." I enumerate their achievements. I have yet to have the courage to say of someone who has departed, "This man enjoyed life tremendously. He had a wonderful time here on earth, and judging by his disposition, he is likely to have a wonderful time in the hereafter." I am afraid that the relatives would suspect me of somehow reflecting

unfavorably upon the moral integrity of the deceased.

And yet, my friends, asceticism is only a by-path of religion. It is not its main highway. The main highway of religion is life-affirmation and optimism. When you read the pages of the Bible, especially of the Old Testament, there leaps up from almost every chapter a gladness and a tremendous love of life. "Worship the Lord in gladness. Come before Him with song." Even the gentle cynic who wrote the Book of Ecclesiastes, declared: "It is good, yea, it is comely for a man to eat and to drink and to enjoy pleasure for all his labor wherein he laboreth under the sun, all the days of his life which God hath given him. For this is his portion. Every man to whom God hath given riches and wealth and hath given him power to eat thereof, and to take his portion, and to rejoice in his labor - this is the gift of God! Let him remember the days of his life that they are not many. For God answereth a man in the joy of his heart."

That is a tremendous phrase - "God answereth a man in the joy of his heart."

One of the sages of my people, many, many centuries ago, declared that in the world to come a man will be called upon to give an account for every innocent joy of which he might have availed himself - and denied himself.

Religion, of course, did not countenance self-indulgence, or licentiousness. Religion preached moderation, temperance, and emphasized the virtue of self-restraint. But it never frowned upon dance or song or play or food or drink or pleasure or rest or recreation or the love of nature.

It is of interest to note that the Greeks were seldom joyously lyrical about nature; they never really ceased to fear nature. They never transcended an attitude of sacramental awe towards it. Their poetry was thought, contemplating nature, not life eagerly embracing it, in the ecstasy of confidence and joy. Someone correctly observed that "of the belief in the power of nature to comfort the heart, to subdue

the passions, and to speak peace to the souls of men we find no trace in Greek poetry..."

The Greeks told a story with deep probing and insight. They never sang a faith exultingly. They could not sing: "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all, the earth is full of Thy handiwork..." (Ps. 104.24) In the vision of the Bible, behind all nature and in all nature there was a living, loving God and in the Temple of His world, all nature's voices could be raised in one exalted rhapsody: "Let the sea roar and the fulness thereof, the earth and those who dwell in it! Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills sing for joy together, before the Lord, for He comes to rule the earth." It may well be that only a fervid monotheistic faith in a personal God of goodness can yield great lyrical nature poetry, the majestic orchestration of a doxology to God the Creator of all!

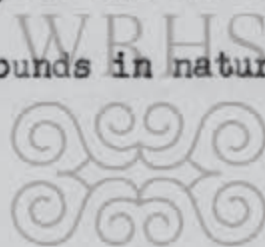
How much the Bible abounds in nature poetry! Here are the flaming constellations reeling in their orbits, the cords of Orion and the chains of the Pleiades, the morning stars singing together and all the sons of God shouting for joy. The seas resound, the great wide seas and the voice of God moves over the deep waters, The floods sweep on, the fountains of the great deep are open and over all the arching rainbows of divine promise. The storms and tempests rage, the riven way of the thunderbolt, the whirlwinds sweep through the sobbing wildernesses,

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this page)

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I think that man today is beginning to lose his distrust of play and joy in life. His problem is not whether he should indulge in recreation, but how to use it to achieve what the term implies, a recreation of himself. He is beginning to explore the most desirable ways and usages of leisure.

We are beginning to learn that we must plan and organize as deliberately and purposefully for the proper exploitation of our leisure time as for the proper exploitation of our working time. We are beginning to abandon the concept of leisure as a sort of recuperative interlude between periods of constructive work, that leisure is only an opportunity to refresh oneself physically so as to be in proper trim to carry on the real business of life. Leisure is part of a man's creative life.

For most people their leisure hours are the only ones which life affords them for real living. Unless the man is one whose work is of a definitive creative character, creative science, or creative art; unless he is one whose very occupation or profession or vocation gives him the opportunity to express himself fully, all the latent capacities and talents of his life; unless he belongs to those relatively few fortunate ones in society today, he will find his opportunity for real living only during his leisure time. In other words, upon the economic competence earned during his working hours, he must build his true world in which he really wishes to live.

Again, we are beginning to learn that we must have leisure, not at the tag end of our lives but periodically and continuously throughout our lives. For a long time there existed the notion in the minds of Americans - a notion which took on the sanctity of a dogma, that a man should work on his job, full force with every ounce of his energy, until he becomes too old for his job. Then he is ready to retire and is entitled to enjoy leisure.

This is a fallacy. A man who is incapacitated by age for work, is also

incapacitated for real creative leisure. If you are too old to work, you are too old to enjoy leisure. By leisure we understand today not a bovine existence of doing nothing, just drifting aimlessly and painlessly along. Leisure is not the opposite of activity. It is only another kind of activity. It is free, unregimented activity, directed not at profit but to the enrichment of life. It is in our leisure that we are able to pass from the necessary to the desirable. But it is activity - purposeful, affirmative, living activity. What we are called upon to do is not to shift the center of gravity from work to lotus eating, but from regimented work which one has to do in order to earn one's bread, to free, eager activities which give scope to our tastes and our imagination, when we do the things for which our fixed jobs or professions offer no scope.

A great deal has been said about the machine and our machine age. It is clear, is it not, that the machine has confronted us with two serious problems. First of all, with the problem of increased leisure, for which we have not yet prepared ourselves. More and more the machine will require less and less of human labor. Our swift technological progress will soon require of us not six days a week of work, but five or less, not eight hours a day - but six or less.

In years gone by men had to struggle in bitter conflicts to wrest the concession of another hour of freedom for the long working day. How many battles were waged for the ten-hour day, and then for the nine-hour day, then for the eight-hour day. Today, the machine is thrusting the shorter day and the shorter week upon our economic system.

What are we going to do with this increased leisure time. Leisure can devastate a civilization. Leisure can bring us nearer to the good society. It is the challenge to social thinkers of our day to point the way to the usage of leisure in life for the widening of the mental and the spiritual horizons of men, and for the enrichment of their daily lives.

And then the machine brings with it a standardization of life.

It is folly to rave against the machine and the machine age and to maintain that it has brought no blessings to mankind. The machine, to my mind, has conferred inestimable blessings upon mankind, particularly upon the working classes of the world. It has given them higher standards of living, higher wages, better conditions of employment than at any time in the history of the world.

The machine has lifted the curse of drudgery from the shoulders of the working people. And in the long run, the machine brings greater security and greater comforts into the lives of men, and slowly but surely it is knitting mankind more closely together.

I am an optimist about the machine. But I am not blind to its dangers. The very machine which makes possible mass production and distribution because it standardizes the product also has a tendency to standardize the producer. Man is absorbed in the process. The machine demands a machine-like organization of human servitors around it. These human servitors - and all of us in a sense are the human servitors of the machine - must work with the alignment and precision of pistons, or the machine cannot function properly, with the result that the thoughts of men are in danger of being driven into grooves; in danger of becoming over-disciplined and over-organized; of carrying over from their machine world into their social world, their economic world, their intellectual world, the same passion for organization, for uniformity, for discipline, which are indispensable in the realm of the machine, but baneful in the world of ideas, in the world of real human living. The machine can make robots of men.

Our reactions are becoming mass reactions, our judgments corporate judgments. Life is in danger of becoming stereotyped, uniform. But real living, my friends, is possible only if every child of God is given an opportunity to live his own life, to

worship at his own shrine, to fulfill his own destiny, to express his own vision, his hopes, his dreams. The regimentation of life, the pouring of all people into one mould so that they will all emerge looking alike and acting alike and thinking alike, spells the doom of culture, the twilight of civilization.

How is man to save himself from this standardization effect of the machine complex? Not by smashing the machine. He can't do it. He is caught in it. He can escape it only by living his own free life fully in his leisure hours. Society must give man two worlds in which to live. The machine world, in which he must earn his living, and the leisure world, in which he can live his own life, in which he can say to the machine world, "Thus far shalt thou come and no further."

To salvage our souls we must begin to build a strong leisure life for mankind.

I believe that some day men will tire of the stupid pursuit after the many things which they do not need. It is, of course, altogether proper for a man to strive to provide himself and his family with all the requirements of a decent, civilized standard of living. There is no virtue in poverty. Poverty has never ennobled a man, and I dare say it is just as difficult for a poor man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven as it is for a rich man. But beyond the things that he really needs for a decent standard of living, man ought not to spend his precious days and his precious enthusiasms upon the accumulation of things for which he really has no use.

Wise men have always realized how many things there are in the world that a man can get along without, and how frequently the superabundance of things makes of men slaves more abject than poverty ever can. Man does not require much of things to be happy. It is in his passionate pursuit after the more than he requires that the roots of all his unhappiness are to be found.

The great Russian, Tolstoi, illustrates this truth in one of his "Legends" called: "How Much Land Does a Man Need?"

Pakhom was a muzhik - a peasant who was not rich but who had enough. He was satisfied. But one day he visited a richer relative in the city and envy made him dissatisfied. His few acres were no longer enough. He wanted more. So with his savings of a hundred rubles, with selling of a colt and half his bees, with putting his son out as a laborer and with borrowing, he succeeded in buying some more acres. He sowed his land and prospered. He was happy. He thought he knew now how much land a man needs.

But soon the rumor spread that people were moving to new places - down the Volga - where there were rich, fertile acres free for the asking. Pakhom reasoned: "Why remain here in straightened circumstances? I can sell my house and land, and with the money I can buy many more acres down there in the Volga region and together with the free land which I will obtain there I would have a real establishment." And so he did. He settled in the new place and again he prospered - on an even larger scale. Now he knew how much land a man needs.

But again glamorous rumor reached him of land most good and nourishing in the territory of the wandering Bashkirs which could be had for a song - thousands of acres of it. Pakhom was fascinated by the prospect. So he again gathered up all of his available capital and travelled five hundred versts to the land of the Bashkirs. He was well received and he was told that he could have all the land he wanted. The price was one thousand rubles a day - all the land that a man could go round in a day was his for one thousand rubles. There was but one stipulation. If he did not come back within the day to the place from which he started his money was lost.

Pakhom was delighted. He knew that with his sturdy peasant legs he could cover a good deal of land in a day - in fact all the land a man needed.

Early at dawn he arose - and with the Bashkirs watching him, he set out upon the steppes. He walked about a mile, halted and dug a little pit and piled turf in it

to show where he had passed and went on. He quickened his pace. He stopped and dug other pits. It began to grow warm but still he kept on in a straight line. It was too early as yet to turn around. He saw in front of him beautiful black soil covered with lush, green grass. No, he could not forego that. So he continued in a straight line. The farther he went, the better the land became. He began to feel weary. He thought of turning - but no, he must not miss this land. "Endure it for an hour" he said to himself "and you have a whole life-time to live." But the sun was now high in the heaven. And so he turned sharply to the left and went on a long distance again in a straight line. He knew that he should be turning again to the left - but the land was so rich and the soil so moist and fertile. He walked on and then he turned the second corner. When he started on the third side he knew that he must hasten his pace. The sun was already far down in the west. He must now hurry back to the starting-point - which was now full ten miles away. But his legs began to fail him. He felt a desire to rest, but he dared not. His money was at stake. The sun was sinking lower and lower. He took to the double-quick. He threw away his blouse, his boots, his flask. He hurried on, weary and staggering. His breath began to fail him. His mouth was parched. His heart was like a mill beating. He was afraid of dropping dead, and yet he could not stop. He ran and ran. He was getting nearer. Now he could see the starting-point. The Bashkirs were waiting. Pakhom exerted his last energies. He threw himself forward with his body, reached out his arms to the starting-point and collapsed. A stream of blood poured out of his mouth and he lay - dead. A Bashkir took a hoe, dug a grave, made it just long enough, from head to foot - seven feet - and buried him.

And this was all the land the man needed...

How much land, my friends, do we need for lives' fulfillment? Not much. But

I will tell you what we do need. We need whole continents for our spirit. We need whole worlds in which our minds can roam.

Do you know what we need for real living? We need beauty and knowledge and ideals. We need books and pictures and music. We need song and dance and games. We need travel and adventure and romance. We need friends and companionship and the exchange of minds - mind touching mind, and soul enkindling soul. We need contacts with all that has been said and achieved through the cycles of time by the noblest of the human mind and hand and soul. We need, above all, health and well-being.

That is our real world. And that world, my friends, we can fashion, ourselves, largely in our leisure hours. This splendid Oglebay Institute is helping men to discover and to enjoy this real world. As such it is conferring inestimable service upon our people and our country.



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vision, what such a gift could mean, and whom
I know of no more beautiful way for a man to perpetuate his name in the grateful remembrance of his fellowmen than by making a valuable gift for generations to come. I have seen the wide acres of gardens and fields in this city, and I know that the best part of it is the best part of it.

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the flaming constellations reeling in their orbits, the cords of Orion and the chains of the Pleiades, the morning stars singing together and all the sons of God shouting for joy. The seas resound, the great wide seas and the voice of God moves over the deep waters. The floods sweep on, the fountains of the great deep are open, and over all ^{are} the arching rainbows of divine promise. The storms and tempests rage, the riven way of the thunderbolt, the whirlwinds sweep through the sobbing wilderness, and the tumult of the clouds as if the Lord of Hosts were mustering armies for battle. The mountains loom, the flaming mountains of revelation, the guardian mountains round the City of God, the mountains and hills that ^{break} burst forth into singing, praising the name of the Lord. Day and night, uttering speech, the calm noonday and the nights of solitude and vision. The seasons come and go, seed-time and harvest time, cold and heat, summer and winter, fire and hail, snow and frost. Spring when the winter is past, when the flowers appear on the earth, when the time of singing is come and the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in the land. Summer and the smiting sun, the dry water-courses, the heat and the whirling dust in the desert wastes, and the cool shade of a great rock in a weary land. Cool winds are here, blowing through scented gardens, and dew as of light upon the tender grass, and quiet brooks running through pastures green and still waters where God refreshes the heart of man. All the beasts of the field are there, and the winged birds of the air, and the fish of the sea and the flowers of the field, all flocks and herds, all living things teeming and fruitful with life. All the color of life is here, its every voice and word and fragrance. its song and ecstasy, its hunger and its beauty. "Mountains and all hills, fruit trees and all cedars! Beasts and all cattle, creeping

things and flying birds! Let them all praise the name, the Lord Hallelujah!

I think that man today is beginning to lose his ^{earlier} distrust of play and ^{recreation and} joy in life. His problem ^{to see} is not whether he should indulge in recreation, but how to use it to achieve what the term implies, a recreation of himself. He is beginning to explore the most desirable ways and usages of leisure.

We are beginning to learn that we must plan and organize as deliberately and purposefully for the proper exploitation of our leisure ~~time~~ as for the proper exploitation of our working time. We are beginning to abandon the concept of leisure as a sort of recuperative interlude between periods of ^{hard} constructive work, ~~that~~ of leisure ^{as needed only} is ~~only an opportunity~~ to refresh oneself physically so as to be in proper trim to carry on the real business of life. Leisure is part of a man's creative ~~the~~ ^{real business of life.}

For most people, their leisure hours are the only ones which life affords them for real living. Unless the man is one ^{one's} whose work is of a definitive creative character, ^{with the field of} creative science, or creative art; unless he is ^{one's} whose very occupation or profession ^{affords} gives him the opportunity to express himself fully, all the latent capacities and talents of his life; unless he belongs to ^{these} ~~those~~ relatively few fortunate ones in society ~~today~~, he will find his opportunity for real ^{expression} living only during his leisure time. ~~In other words, upon the economic competence earned during his working hours, he must build his true world in which he really wishes to live.~~

Again, we are beginning to learn that we must have leisure, not at the ^{very} ~~tag~~ end of our lives but periodically and continuously throughout our lives. For a long time there existed ^{anyway} the notion in the minds of Americans ^{which had taken on} a notion which took on the sanctity of a dogma, that a man should work ~~on his job~~ full force with every ounce of his energy ^{at his job} until he ~~becomes~~ too old for his job. Then he ^{is} ~~is ready~~ to retire and ^{is} ~~is~~ entitled to enjoy leisure, ^{whatever is left} ~~whatever is left~~ his spent life and with ^{his} ~~his~~ energies remaining. This is a fallacy. A man who is incapacitated by age for work, is also

incapacitated for ^{leisure, for} real creative leisure. If you are too old to work, you are too old to enjoy leisure. ^{For} By leisure we understand ~~today~~ not a bovine existence, ~~of doing nothing~~, just drifting aimlessly and painlessly along. Leisure is not the opposite of activity. It is only another kind of activity. It is free, unregimented activity, directed not at profit but ^{at} to the enrichment of life. It is in our leisure that we are able to pass from the necessary ^{materially} to the desirable. But it is activity - purposeful, affirmative, living ^{activity}. ^{one cultural and spiritual} What we are called upon to do is not to shift the center of gravity ^{from} from work to lotus eating, but ^{rather} from regimented work which we ^{have} ~~one has to do in order to earn one's bread~~, to free, ^{our living} ~~eager~~ activities which give scope ^{and range} to our tastes ^{and} ~~our~~ imagination, when we ^{can} do the things for which our ~~first~~ jobs or professions offer no ~~scope~~ ^{outlet}.

A great deal has been said about the machine and ^{the} ~~our~~ machine age. It is clear, ~~is it not~~, that the machine has confronted us with two serious problems. First ^{of} ~~is~~ ^{fully} all, with the problem of increased leisure, for which we have not yet prepared ourselves. More and more the machine will require less and less of human labor. Our swift technological progress will soon require of us not six days a week of work, but five or less, not eight hours a day - but six or less.

In years gone by men had to struggle in bitter ^{social} conflicts to wrest the concession of another hour of freedom ^{from} ~~for~~ the long ^{hard} working day. How many battles were waged for the ten-hour day, and then for the nine-hour day, then for the eight-hour day. Today, the machine is thrusting the shorter day and the shorter week upon our economic system.

What are we going to do with this increased leisure time. Leisure can devastate a civilization. Leisure can bring us nearer to the good society. It is ^{a real} ~~the~~ challenge to ^{our} social thinkers of our day to point the way to the ^{proper exploitation} ~~usage~~ of leisure in life for ^{that it will be useful and not harmful} ~~the~~ the widening of the mental and the spiritual horizons of men, and ^{so that it will contribute to} ~~for~~ the enrichment of their ~~daily~~ lives, ^{and the elevation of cultural standards.}

Again
And ~~then~~ the machine brings with it ^{*the problem of the*} a standardization of life.

It is folly to rave against the machine and the machine age and to maintain that it has brought no blessings to mankind. The machine, to my mind, has conferred inestimable blessings upon mankind, particularly upon the working classes of the world. It has given them higher standards of living, higher wages, better conditions of employment than at any time in the history of the world.

The machine has lifted the curse of drudgery from the shoulders of the working people. And in the long run, the machine brings greater security and greater comforts into the lives of men, and slowly but surely it is knitting mankind more closely together.

I am an optimist about the machine. But I am not blind to its dangers. The very machine which makes possible mass production and distribution because it standardizes the product ^{*and the process*} also has a tendency to standardize the producer. Man is absorbed in the process. The machine demands a machine-like organization of human servitors around it. These human servitors - and all of us in a sense are the human servitors of the machine - must work with the alignment and precision of pistons, or the machine cannot function properly, with the result that the thoughts of men are in danger of being driven into grooves; in danger of becoming over-disciplined and over-organized; ^{*Man is in danger*} of carrying over from their machine world into their social world, their economic world, their intellectual world, the same passion for organization, for uniformity, for discipline, which are indispensable in the realm of the machine, but ^{*fully use all*} ~~benefit~~ in the world of ideas, in the world of real human living. The machine can make robots of men.

Our reactions are becoming mass reactions, our judgments corporate judgments. Life is in danger of becoming stereotyped, uniform. But real living, my friends, is possible only if every child of God is given an opportunity to live his own life, to

worship at his own shrine, to fulfill his own destiny, to express his own vision, his hopes, his dreams. The regimentation of life, the pouring of all people into one mould so that they will all emerge looking alike and acting alike and thinking alike, spells the doom of culture, the twilight of civilization.

How is man to save himself from this standardization ^{big} effect of the machine complex? Not by smashing the machine. He ^{cannot} do it. He ^{cannot} escape his steps. He is caught in it. He ^{isn't better a for whom we are in the electric and the atomic age, and} can escape ^{standards} it only by living his own free life fully in his leisure hours. Society must give man two worlds in which to live. The machine world, in which he must earn his living, and the leisure world, in which he can ^{make his} live his own life, in which he can say to the machine world, "Thus far shalt thou come and no further."

To salvage our souls we must begin to build a strong leisure life for mankind.

I believe that some day men will tire of the stupid pursuit after the many ^{material} things which they do not ^{really} need. It is, of course, altogether proper for a man to strive to provide himself and his family with all the requirements of a decent, civilized standard of living. There is no virtue in poverty. Poverty has never ennobled a man, and I dare say it is just as difficult for a poor man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven as it is for a rich man. But beyond the things that ^{man} he really needs for a decent standard of living, ^{he} man ought not to spend his precious ^{& moment} days and his precious enthusiasms ^{solely} upon the accumulation of things for which he really has no use.

Wise men have always realized how many things there are in the world that a man can get along without, and how frequently the superabundance of things makes of men slaves more abject than poverty ever can. Man does not require ^{many} ~~much~~ of things to be happy. It is in his passionate pursuit after the more than he requires that the roots of all his unhappiness are to be found.

The great Russian, Tolstoi, illustrates this truth in one of his "Legends" called: "How Much Land Does a Man Need?"

Pakhom was a muzhik - a peasant who was not rich but who had enough. He was satisfied. But one day he visited a richer relative in the city and envy made him dissatisfied. His few acres were no longer enough. He wanted more. So with his savings of a hundred rubles, with selling of a colt and half his bees, with putting his son out as a laborer and with borrowing, he succeeded in buying some more acres. He sowed his land and prospered. He was happy. He thought he knew now how much land a man needs.

But soon the rumor spread that people were moving to new places - down the Volga - where there were rich, fertile acres ~~down~~ free for the asking. Pakhom reasoned: "Why remain here in straightened circumstances? I can sell my house and land, and with the money I can buy many more acres down there in the Volga region and together with the free land which I will obtain there I would have a real establishment." And so he did. He settled in the new place and again he prospered - on an even larger scale. Now he knew how much land a man needs.

But again glamorous rumor reached him of land most good and nourishing in the territory of the wandering Bashkirs which could be had for a song - thousands of acres of it. Pakhom was fascinated by the prospect. So he again gathered up all of his available capital and travelled five hundred versts to the land of the Bashkirs. He was well received and he was told that he could have all the land he wanted. The price was one thousand rubles a day - all the land that a man could go round in a day was his for one thousand rubles. There was but one stipulation. If he did not come back within the day to the place from which he started his money was lost.

Pakhom was delighted. He knew that with his sturdy peasant legs he could cover a good deal of land in a day - in fact all the land a man needed.

Early at dawn he arose - and with the Bashkirs watching him, he set out upon the steppes. He walked about a mile, halted and dug a little pit and piled turf in it

to show where he had passed and went on. He quickened his pace. He stopped and dug other pits. It began to grow warm but still he kept on in a straight line. It was too early ~~as~~ yet to turn around. He saw in front of him beautiful black soil covered with lush, green grass. No, he could not forego that. So he continued in a straight line. The farther he went, the better the land became. He began to feel weary. He thought of turning - but no, he must not miss this land. "Endure it for an hour" he said to himself "and you have a whole life-time to live." But the sun was now high in the heaven. And so he turned sharply to the left and went on a long distance again in a straight line. He knew that he should be turning again to the left - but the land was so rich and the soil so moist and fertile. He walked on and then he turned the second corner. When he started on the third side he knew that he must hasten his pace. The sun was already far down in the west. He must now hurry back to the starting-point - which was now full ^{five} ~~ten~~ miles away. But his legs began to fail him. He felt a desire to rest, but he dared not. His money was at stake. The sun was sinking lower and lower. He took to the double-quick. He threw away his blouse, his boots, his flask. He hurried on, weary and staggering. His breath began to fail him. His mouth was parched. His heart was like a mill beating. He was afraid of dropping dead, and yet he could not stop. He ran and ran. He was getting nearer. Now he could see the starting-point. The Bashkirs were waiting. Pakhom exerted his last energies. He threw himself forward with his body, reached out his arms to the starting-point and collapsed. A stream of blood poured out of his mouth and he lay - dead. A Bashkir took a hoe, dug a grave, made it just long enough, from head to foot - seven feet - and buried him.

And this was all the land the man needed...

How much land, my friends, do we need for lives' fulfillment? Not much. But

I will tell you what we do need. We need whole continents for our spirit. We need whole worlds in which our minds can roam.

Do you know what we need for real living? We need beauty and knowledge and ideals. We need books and pictures and music. We need song and dance and games. We need travel and adventure and romance. We need friends and companionship and the exchange of minds - mind touching mind, and soul enkindling soul. We need contacts with all that has been said and achieved through the cycles of time by the noblest *artists* of the human mind and hand and soul. We need, above all, health and well-being.

That is our real world. And that world, my friends, we can fashion, ourselves, largely in our leisure hours. This splendid Oglebay Institute is helping men to discover ^{*this part*} and to enjoy this real world. As such it is conferring inestimable service upon our people and our country.



~~"game loser"~~ are significant.

~~Now~~ If men would only carry over into their economic, ~~life, their political life,~~
~~and~~ their social life, some of these splendid disciplines of sportsmanship, what a cleansing
of the Augean stables there would ensue; how much more of justice and fair dealing
~~and square dealing~~ there would be in our ~~economic organization,~~ ^{society} and how much less of
exploitation and selfishness and cruelty!

~~Seemingly~~ The world cannot afford to have its ~~game life~~ ^{of sports} corrupted ~~as it has had~~
~~its economic life corrupted,~~ ^{in so many instances} for when once the world loses ~~its play world,~~ ^{the integrity of life} ~~its game~~
~~life,~~ it becomes completely bereft. ~~One need not, therefore, dwell at any length on~~
~~the moral significance of creative play in the lives of children or in the lives of~~
~~adults.~~

~~I sometimes think that~~
~~As yet, we have not, to my mind,~~ ^{as we should} fully embraced play and recreation in our
religious or reverent concepts. There is still a good deal of asceticism ^{left} in the religious
~~thought~~ thinking of the Western World. (We are still laboring in our religious thought under
that peculiar incantation of the early centuries of the common era when a sense of
world weariness, ~~of pessimism,~~ ^{and other weaknesses} ~~of depression,~~ ^{overpoweringly} took hold of the thoughts and the
imaginations of men, especially during the centuries of the breaking up of the Roman
Empire. ~~and men came to feel~~

~~The whole monastic system which dominated the religious thought of Europe for so~~
~~many centuries is predicated on the philosophy of other worldliness, on the philosophy~~
~~that poverty is a virtue, that celibacy is an ideal, that joy is somehow inherently~~
~~wicked, that esthetics are the machinations of Satan.~~ ^{To this day there are those}
~~who believe are~~

~~The whole world picture of the European for centuries was this - that this mundane~~
~~world is somehow only a sad prelude of what is to come later on in the other world.~~
~~And a survival of this is consciously or unconsciously in the mind of the modern man, too.~~
~~The man of today is still a bit suspicious about the propriety of being joyous.~~ ^{enjoying life} To,

~~That~~ work we regard as something sacred, ~~we~~ ^{is} accept ~~that~~ as a dogma. ~~To play is something~~ ^{is an heroic virtue} which requires a bit of an apology. To "die in the harness" - ~~that is meritorious.~~ ^{is an heroic virtue} To relax a bit ~~and to get out~~ ^{the shoes}, to taste the joys of leisure ~~To retire and spend one's declining years in just living is something that verges in~~ the minds of some people very dangerously close to wickedness.

I have had on my ministry many occasions to deliver funeral orations, to pay tribute to men who ~~have~~ ^{have} passed on. I ~~have said many~~ ^{always try to say} kind things of them - especially of ~~those who~~ ^{they} deserved them. I ~~called them~~ ^{speak the deceased as} "upright," I ~~called them~~ ^{and} "honorable." I ~~spoke~~ ^{expressed} of their ~~great~~ achievements. I have yet to have the courage to say of ~~one who~~ ^{some} has departed; "This man enjoyed life tremendously. He had a wonderful time here on earth, and judging by his disposition, he is likely to have a wonderful time in the hereafter." I am afraid ~~to do it lest~~ ^{that} the relatives would suspect me of somehow ~~secretly~~ ^{unfairly} reflecting upon the moral integrity of the deceased.

And yet, my friends, asceticism is only a by-path of religion. It is not the ~~its~~ ^{life-affirmation} main highway of religion. The main highway of religion is prophetic, optimistic, ~~and~~ ^{and} when you read the pages of your Bible, especially the pages of the Old Testament, ~~almost~~ ^{from almost} from every chapter there leaps up a tense, passionate, ~~life-craving~~ ^{life-craving}, a tremendous life-affirmation. - "Joy be." "Worship the Lord in gladness. Come before Him with song!" Even the pessimist or the gentle cynic who wrote the Book of Ecclesiastes, declared; "It is good, yea, it is comely for a man to eat and to drink and to enjoy pleasure for all his labor wherein he laboreth under the sun, all the days of his life which God hath given him. For this is his portion. Every man ~~also~~ ^{to} to whom God hath given riches and wealth and hath given him power to eat thereof, and to take his portion, and to rejoice in his labor - this is the gift of the ~~Lord~~ ^{God}. For let him remember the days of his life that they are not many. For God answereth a man in the joy of his heart."

That is a tremendous phrase - "For God answereth a man in the joy of his heart."

One of the sages of my people, many, many centuries ago, declared that in the

world to come a man will be called upon to give an account for every innocent joy of which he might have availed himself - and ~~didn't~~ ^{denied} himself.

Religion, of course, did not countenance ~~it~~ ^{first}, carnal, what we choose to call ~~pagan pleasures~~ mere self-indulgence, ~~mere~~ ^{or} licentiousness. Religion preached moderation, temperance, ~~it~~ ^{and} emphasized the virtue of self-restraint, ~~of man-building and power-conserving, the virtue of continence.~~ But it never frowned upon dance or song or play or food or drink or pleasure or rest or recreation, ~~Never! Nowhere in~~ ^{on the love of nature.} ~~the Bible do you find that a man should die "in the harness."~~ ^{add 4/a, b, c, d} ~~Nowhere in the Bible do you find that a man shall consume himself in labor.~~ In fact, if you will recall that phrase that "a man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow" - that was a curse pronounced on man for disobedience.

The Bible denounces idleness, indolence, living off the labor of other people - but never joy, pleasure, play, happiness. In fact, it was only very late in the history of our religions that that sharp dichotomy was established in the minds of men between body and soul, between the physical and the spiritual. It was very late that that sharp line of distinction was drawn between the material and spiritual in man.

The great religious thinkers proclaim that the soul is thine and the body is thine. They anticipated the findings of modern psychological sciences of the close interplay and inter-relation of mind and body and of the ideal of establishing an equilibrium, a beautiful balance - "Take hold of this but also of this do not withhold thy hand."

~~Now~~ ^{then to-day} I think that ~~the American business man~~ ^{his} is beginning to lose ~~his~~ ^{his} distrust of play and joy in life. ~~His problem from now on~~ ^{to us it to a degree what the term implies a recreation} is not the problem of whether he should indulge in recreation, but how he shall re-create himself. ~~And he is beginning to learn a few things about this subject which is uppermost in the minds of thinking men and women today - the subject of leisure.~~ ^{He is beginning to explore the most desirable ways of and usages of}

In the ~~first~~ ^{we are} place, he is beginning to learn that ~~a man~~ ^{we} must plan and organize as deliberately, ~~and~~ ^{and} purposefully, for the proper exploitation of leisure ^{on time} as for the

R It is interesting to note that

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these were powerful and without mercy and not at all interested in the ^{aspiring} life of man. They did not nurture man's optimism, ~~or sustain him~~ in his predicaments. The Greeks thought much about Nature, but they had in mind the operations of nature's inexorable laws, not the lyric beauty of a world which "day to day pours forth speech, and night to night declares knowledge." (Ps. 19.2)

"All the trees, as it were, converse with each other. They converse with mankind. All the trees were created for the enjoyment of man." (Gen. R. 13.2)

→ The Greeks were ^{seldom} ~~never~~ joyously lyrical ^{about} ~~with~~ nature; they never really ceased to fear nature. They never transcended an attitude of sacramental awe towards it. ~~They were never quite at home in a physical universe wherein dwelt so many wilful spirits and beneath whose surface there always lurked dread and death. Their poetry was thought, contemplating nature, not life eagerly embracing it, in the ecstasy of confidence and joy. The ancients, remarked Santayana, in writing of Lucretius, were not particularly poets of landscape. "Still nature is rarely presented to our view" in the Iliad of Homer..." writes George Soutar. "In Greek poetry we find no forest-sentiment, nothing worthy to be called forest-description..." "The Greeks of the classical period do not apostrophise trees. Hesiod did not treat of trees. "Homer, therefore, has little flower sense. Not a single epithet of form or of colour is attached to any flower..." "Homer does not indulge in mountain description or in mountain sentiment..." "The sentimental, moral and spiritual views of nature which constitute the very breath and spirit of the poetry of Wordsworth and other nineteenth century poets were unknown to the Greeks..."~~ ^{But} ~~But~~ of belief in the power of nature to comfort the heart, to subdue the passions, and to

speaking peace to the souls of men we find no trace in Greek poetry..."
 ("Nature in Greek Poetry" (1939) p. 2: 146; 154; 158; 47; 176; 191;
 194)

The Greeks did not commune with nature, or with nature's God. Nature never exalted them spiritually or moved them to sublime meditation. Professor Butcher remarks: "No people has ever received such profound impressions from the beauty of the world as the early Greeks. But the humanized forms into which outward phenomena were resolved intercepted their view of nature as a whole. The Gods absorbed in themselves the landscape." (S.H. Butcher, "Some Aspects of the Greek Genius" (1929) p. 250) He calls attention to the gradual change which took place in later times, especially in the Alexandrian Age, as the belief in the old mythology began to crumble away and "the human form no longer projected itself across the whole field of vision" (ib. p. 252) He believes that the first cause "which prepared the way for a new view of nature was the dissolution of the ancient polytheistic creed." (ib. p. 254)

The Greeks told a story with deep probing and insight. They never sang a faith exultingly. They could not sing: "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all, the earth is full of Thy handiwork..." (Ps. 104.24) In ^{the Bible} ~~Judaism's~~ vision, behind all nature and in all nature there was a living, loving God and in the Temple of His world, all nature's voices could be raised in an ~~ex~~ ^{exulted} rhapsody: "Let the sea roar and the fulness thereof, the earth and those who dwell in it! Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills sing for joy together, before the Lord, for He comes to rule the earth." (Ps. 98.7-9) It may well be that only a fervid monotheistic faith in a personal God of goodness can yield great lyrical

nature poetry, the majestic orchestration of a doxology to God the Creator of all! In such a faith there can be no fear of nature, which surrounds man, or of nature which dwells within him. They are all the handiwork of God. There can be no cause to suppress the love of life within men's soul or to wage war upon his natural instincts. There can be no reason to wish to flee from this world, as if it were the creation of some one other than God. Nowhere in ancient literature does one find anything comparable to the enraptured contemplation of creation which one finds in the Bible in the Book of Job (Chapters 38-41), for example, or the exalted nature psalms, (Ps. 8, 19, 29, 65, 104, 107.- ^{with ones} ~~in a comparison between Ps. 104 and the Hymn to Ikhnoton~~ see Moses Bottenwieser, "The Psalms" (1938), pp. 158-161: "Its dependence upon the Hymn to the Sun notwithstanding, Psalm 104 is poetically incomparably superior to it, being in fact, a new creation which bears throughout the stamp of the distinct genius of Israel". It is noteworthy that this one approximation to a great nature hymn comes from one who most closely approximated monotheism) or the exquisite nature vignettes of the Song of Songs, or Ben Sira's descriptions of the beauty of the world (Ecclus. chapter 43) or the exultant Bendicite of "the Song of the Three Children" (vv. 35-68), wherein all nature and the works of the Lord, animate and inanimate, are called upon to sing God's praise and highly to exalt Him. The ^{Biblical} Jewish spirit was enthralled with the pageant of life, with the breathless panorama of nature. In all its glowing splendor, ^J ~~Judeans~~ saw God, Who created all beauty to gladden the heart of man, so that the human heart could cry out: "I will sing to the Lord as long as I live." (Ps. 103.33)

How much the Bible abounds in nature poetry!
This is reflected in almost every book of the Bible. Here are

proper exploitation of ^{our} working ^{time} hours. We are beginning to ^{abandon} ~~give up~~ that concept of leisure as a sort of ^{recreative} interlude between periods of work, that leisure is only ^{an} ~~for~~ a man to refresh himself physically so that he will be in ^{as to} ~~better~~ trim to carry on his ^{proper} ~~work~~ ^{real business & life}. Leisure is part of a man's creative life.

I say we are surrendering that concept, because for most people their leisure hours are the only ^{ones} ~~hours~~ which life affords them for real living, ^{the man is an} ~~unless an individual~~ ^{definition} ~~be one~~ whose work is of a creative character, a creative science, a creative art; unless he ^{is} ~~be~~ one whose very occupation or profession or vocation gives him the opportunity to express himself ^{fully} ~~his inherent self~~, all the latent capacities ^{and talents} of his life, his longings, his hopes, desires; unless he ^{belongs to this category} ~~be among~~ those few fortunate ones in society today, the average man will find his opportunity for real living only ^{during} ~~on his~~ leisure time. In other words, he must build his life upon the economic ^{foundations} ~~constructed~~ ^{earned} during his working hours, but his life is the super-structure in which he ^{writes to} ~~really~~ ^{lives}.

^{We are beginning to learn} Again, man ~~is learning~~ that he must have leisure, not at the tag end of ^{our lives} ~~his life~~ but periodically and continuously throughout ^{our lives} ~~his life~~. There used to be a fiction ^{in the minds of American business men} ~~in the minds of American~~ ^{a notion} ~~business men~~, which took on the sanctity of a dogma, that a man should work, full force, with every ounce of his energy, physically and intellectually, ^{he becomes too old for his job} ~~all the days of his life until he gets old and is ready to retire~~. And then he is ^{ready} ~~to retire and is entitled to~~ ^{warranted in enjoying leisure}.

^{this} Well, that is a fallacy, because ~~A~~ ^{real} man who is incapacitated by age for work, is also incapacitated for creative leisure. If you are too old to work, you are too old to enjoy leisure, ^{to day} ~~because~~ ^{part} ~~by~~ ^{ambush and passively along} ~~leisure today we understand not a static, bovine~~ existence of doing nothing ^{but drifting}. ~~Leisure is not the opposite of activity.~~ It is only another kind of activity. It is free, ~~voluntary~~, unregimented activity,

directed not at profit but ^{to} the enrichment of life. It is in our leisure that we are able to pass from the necessary to the desirable. But it is activity - purposeful, affirmative, ~~interesting~~, living activity. ~~So what we are called upon to do today~~ is not to shift the center of gravity from work to ~~lotus eating~~, but from regimented work which ^{one has} ~~you have~~ to do in order to earn ^{one's} ~~your~~ bread, and ~~better~~ ^{dearer} to free ~~activities which~~ ^{activities which} enterprise which gives you the opportunity to adventure into undiscovered continents of the world, to give scope to ^{our tastes and our} ~~your~~ imagination, ^{where we} ~~to~~ do the things for which ^{our first} ~~your economic~~ sphere offers no scope.

A great deal has been said, ~~my friends~~, about the machine and ^{and our machine age.} ~~its implications as far as leisure is concerned.~~ Well, ~~it is clear~~, is it not, that the machine has confronted us with two serious problems. First of all, with the problem of increased leisure, for which we have not yet prepared ourselves. And ~~secondly~~, with the ~~standardization of life which makes the proper use of leisure impossible.~~ More and more the machine will require less and less of human labor. Our swift technological ^{progress} ~~development~~ will soon ~~not~~ ^{not} require of us ^{but five or less} ~~six~~ days a week of work, or eight hours a day of work - ~~perhaps~~ ^{but} only five days will be enough, ^{six or less} ~~perhaps only five hours a day.~~

In years gone by men had to struggle through ^{in bitter} ~~terrible economic~~ conflicts to wrest the concession of another hour of freedom for ^{the long working day} ~~the workingman~~. How many battles were waged for the ten-hour day, and then for the nine-hour day, then for the eight hour day, ~~of work.~~ Today, the machine is thrusting the shorter day and the shorter week upon our economic ^{system} ~~organization~~, because much of our economic ~~disorganization~~ of today is ~~due to the overproduction for which a concomitant larger consumption on the part of the masses has not been created.~~

What are we going to do with this ^{in a word} ~~leisure time~~, which is coming to the masses of the world? Leisure can devastate ~~civilization~~. Leisure can bring us nearer to the ^{good} ~~thing~~. It is the challenge ^{to} ~~of~~ social thinkers of our day to point the way ~~how we can~~

At the same time

~~use the increasing~~ leisure ^{and} purposefully in life for the widening of the mental and the spiritual horizons of men, ^{lives} for the enrichment of their daily life, ~~for giving them~~ greater freedom for higher disciplines in life.

And then the machine brings with it a standardization of life.

It is folly to rave against the machine and the machine age and to maintain that it has brought no blessings to mankind. ~~I question that altogether.~~ The machine, to my mind, has conferred inestimable blessings upon mankind, particularly upon the working classes of the world. It has given them ^{higher} standards of living, higher wages, better conditions of employment than at any time in the history of the ^{world} ~~laboring masses~~ of the earth.

The machine has lifted the curse of drudgery from the shoulders of the working people. ~~I read not long ago of a New York power company that had built for a California power company a turbine generator which will develop twice the muscle power of all the slaves who lived in the United States before the Civil War. One turbine generator equal to all the manual muscle power of all of the slaves who lived in this country before the Civil War - in fact, not only equal but twice as great.~~

Think of the moral implications of that! Think of the lifting of the load of drudgery, of back-breaking drudgery, from the shoulders of men and women! And in the long run, ~~my friends,~~ the machine brings greater security ~~and greater stability~~ and greater comforts ^{into} in the lives of men, and slowly but surely ^{it} is knitting mankind more closely together.

I am an optimist about the machine. But I am not blind to its dangers. The very machine which makes possible mass production and distribution because of ^{it} ~~standardizing~~ ^{so} the product also has a tendency to standardize the producer. Man is absorbed in the process. ~~Man is mechanized.~~ The machine demands a machine-like organization of human

servitors around it. ~~And~~ These human servitors - and all of us in a sense are the human servitors of the machine - must work with the alignment and precision of pistons, or the machine cannot function ^{perfectly}, with the result that the thoughts of men are ^{in danger of} being driven into grooves; ~~with the result that men are~~ becoming over-disciplined and over-organized; ~~with the result that men are~~ carrying over from their machine world into their social world, their economic world, their intellectual world, ~~that~~ ^{the} same passion for organization, for uniformity, for discipline, which are indispensable in the realm of the machine, ~~in the realm of production and distribution,~~ but baneful and menacing in the world of ideas, in the world of real human living. *The machine can make robots of men.*

Our reactions are becoming mass reactions, our judgments corporate judgments. Life is ^{in danger of} becoming stereotyped, ~~drab~~, monotonous, uniform. But real living, my friends, ~~as I see it~~, is possible only if every child of God is given an opportunity to live his own life, to worship at his own shrine, to fulfill his own destiny, to express, ~~if need be with bleeding fingers,~~ ^{an} his vision, his hopes, his dreams. The regimentation of life, ~~the standardization of life,~~ the pouring of all people into one mould so that they will all emerge looking alike and acting alike and thinking alike, ~~that is the~~ ^{spells} ~~down~~ *the twilight of civilization.* ~~decadence of culture, and the beginning of cultural sterility.~~

How is man to save himself from this standardization ^{effect} ~~tendency~~ of the machine ~~complex~~? Not by smashing the machine; ~~not by escaping from the machine world.~~ He can't do it. He is caught in it. He can escape it only by living his ^{his} ~~own~~ life in his leisure hours. ~~In other words,~~ Society must give ~~man~~ ^{most} ~~two~~ ^{living} worlds in which to live. The machine world, in which he ~~earns~~ ^{must} his economic competence, and the leisure world, in which he can live his own life, ~~develop his own individuality,~~ in which he can say to the machine world, "Thus far shalt thou come and no further."

To salvage our souls we must begin to build a strong leisure life for mankind. ~~And that is the second great problem of the future, as I see it.~~

I believe, ~~my~~ friends, that some day men will tire of the stupid pursuit after ~~the~~

~~many~~ things which they do not need. It is, of course, altogether proper for a man to strive to provide himself and his family with all the requirements of ^{stand} decent, civilized living. There is no virtue in poverty. ~~Involuntary~~ Poverty has never ennobled a man, and I dare say it is just as difficult for a poor man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven as it is for a rich man. But beyond the things that ^{he} really need for a decent standard of living, man ought not to spend his precious days and his precious enthusiasms upon ~~the~~ increasing and accumulation of things for which he really has no use.

~~The~~ ^{have always} wise man ~~is beginning to~~ realize how many things there are in the world that a man can get along without, and how frequently the superabundance of things makes of ~~men~~ slaves more abject than poverty ever can. Man does not require much of things to be happy. It is in his passionate pursuit after the more than he requires that the roots of all his unhappiness are to be found.

X The great Russian Tolstoi tells ~~this~~ beautiful legend, which illustrates this simple ~~truth~~ ^{truth} of ours. The legend is called, "How Much Land Does a Man Need?"

~~There~~ ^{Pakun} Back home was a Russian peasant who was not rich, but who had enough. He was satisfied. One day he visited a rich relative in the city. And envy made him dissatisfied. And so, what with selling his beast and his horse, what with the one hundred rubles ~~he~~ had saved up, and ~~what~~ with hiring out his son as a day laborer, he got together enough money to buy more land. He planted and he prospered, and ~~he~~ was happy. He ~~thought he knew~~ ^{now} how much land a man ~~required~~ ^{needed}.

But before very long, rumors reached him of very fertile and beautiful acres of land down in the Volga region which could be had ^{for very little money} ~~just for the asking~~. ^{Pakun} And ~~Josef~~ reasoned with himself, "Why should I remain here in straitened circumstances when there are rich, fertile acres, ^{rich} ~~back~~ soil, ~~fruitful~~, that can be had ^{about for a large for so little money} ~~just for the asking~~?" And so he sold his possessions and moved down to the Volga region and acquired many more acres, and planted them. And again he prospered and was happy. He now knew how much

land a man really needed.

But - soruns the legend - not very long thereafter word was brought to him of untold stretches of marvelous land which could be had in the interior, hundreds of miles away, almost for a song. And again he said to himself, "Why should I remain here? I will go there. That will be my last stopping place. There I can acquire hundreds and hundreds of acres. There I can ~~build for myself an estate.~~ *have all the land I really need.*

And he did. He went there, and he was welcomed, and he was told that he could have all the land that he wanted. ~~There was but one stipulation. The price of all the land that he wanted~~ was a thousand rubles - that is, all the land that he could cover in a day was his for a thousand rubles. There was but one condition. If he failed to return at sundown to the place from which he started, he forfeited his money.

And ~~Josef~~ *Pakun* was happy. He knew that his sturdy peasant legs would carry him far, would enable him to cover, oh, every so many miles of land - ~~in fact, all the land~~ *and he would come out with more* that he really needed.

So early the next morning he started out. He traveled in a straight line. Every once in a while he stopped, dug a little pit, filled it with turf to mark the place he had passed, and walked on and on in a straight line, mile after mile, as far and as fast as his sturdy legs could carry him.

Hour after hour passed by. He knew that he should be turning to his left. But then he reasoned to himself, "Oh, this piece of land right ahead of ~~me~~ *and looks* is so black and rich and fertile and the grass is so green, I can't forego that."

So he carried on in a straight line, mile after mile. The sun was now high in the heavens. ~~Josef~~ *Pakun* turned sharply to his left, and again he carried on in a straight line, mile after mile, ~~as far and as fast as his sturdy legs could carry him~~. By this time he was weary. ~~He~~ wanted to rest. But he said to himself, "Endure it for a while and you will have a whole lifetime in which to enjoy it. Carry on."

And so he did. Mile after mile. But now the sun was setting in the West, and he knew that he should be turning again to return to the starting point. And he did. But as he turned on his third line back to the starting point, he realized that he was fully ^{five} ~~ten~~ miles away from it. The sun was sinking rapidly, and he was very, very tired. So he took to the double-quick. His mouth was parched. His heart was beating inside of him like a trip-hammer. But he rushed on. He couldn't rest. He thought he would drop dead unless he rested, but he dared not. His money was at stake.

And so, blindly ~~and staggeringly~~, he rushed on. He threw away his blouse, his flask, his boots, and rushed on and on ~~and on~~, until finally he came within sight of the starting point. ~~He~~ ^{He} threw out his hands, threw himself forward, a stream of blood rushed from his mouth, he collapsed - and lay dead.

One of the bystanders took a spade and dug a grave and made it just long enough from head to foot - seven feet - and buried him. And that was all the land that the man really needed.

How much land, my friends, do we need for our lives' fulfillment? Not much. But I will tell you what we do need. We need whole continents for our spirit. We need whole worlds in which our minds can ~~relax~~ ^{relax}.

Do you know what we need for real living? We need beauty and knowledge and ideals. We need books and pictures and music. We need song and dance and games. We need travel and adventure and romance. We need friends and companionship and the exchange of minds - mind touching mind, and soul enkindling soul. We need contacts with all that has been said and achieved through the cycles of time by the ^{noblest} ~~aristocrats~~ of the human mind and hand and soul. We need, above all, health and well-being.

That is our real world. ~~That is our inner world.~~ and that world, my friends, we can fashion, ourselves, largely in our leisure hours. This splendid Osblay Institute is helping men to discover and to enjoy the real world. As such it is conferring irreplaceable service upon our people and our country.

Address

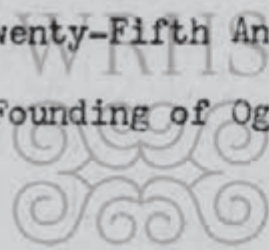
by

RABBI ABBA HILLEL SILVER

June 1, 1955

at

The Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Dinner of the
Founding of Oglebay Institute



1930 - Twenty-Five Years of Service - 1955

Preface

The Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the founding of Oglebay Institute was observed on Wednesday evening, June 1, 1955, in the Pine Room of Oglebay Park. Following dinner, some 400 persons heard Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver speak.

Rabbi Silver's address has been reproduced in this form and copies are available to the many friends and members of Oglebay Institute.

In existence since July of 1930, Oglebay Institute, through its program of educational, recreational, and cultural activities, has followed well the admonition delivered by the late Crispin Oglebay upon the founding of the Institute:

"You have the vision of a fuller cultural life for the 250,000 people of this area, and you have the will to realize your vision....Let me urge that you....put your faith in the future. That, with faith in yourselves and faith in your public, will bring your great plans through successfully."

(We are indebted to Radio Station WKWK for the tape recording of this speech and to Mr. William N. Zimmerman who transcribed it.)

Speech by Rabbi Silver at Oglebay Park

I am, of course, profoundly grateful for this most generous and altogether undeserved introduction which I have just received at the hands of your toastmaster.

These high words of praise remind me of the time that a husband in an off moment called his wife "Angel" and she was taken aback for a moment and turned to her husband and said, "Now, Hubby, why did you call me Angel?" "Well," he said, "in the first place, Dearie, you are always up in the air; in the second place, you are always harping upon something; and the third place, you are eternally in need of clothes."

I am, of course, delighted to be with you this evening and to share with you in this Silver Anniversary program of Oglebay Institute. It is hard for me to realize that twenty-five years have elapsed since I addressed the first public meeting of Oglebay Institute at the Scottish Rite Cathedral. It is gratifying to know that these years have been most fruitful ones for Oglebay, years of expansion of activities and of its varied recreational and cultural programs.

I recall most vividly how strongly the Oglebay Institute idea appealed to me a quarter of a century ago. We all entertained the highest hopes for it and great expectations indeed, and they have all come true. They have all come true.

I am reminded of that old Rabbi in a small community in eastern Europe at the turn of the century who had spent his life with his people and spoke time and again and on all occasions of the beauty of the Holy Land. He had never been there but he spoke of it, of the natural beauty of the country, of its flowers and its vegetation, and of the sanctity, of course, of the land.

When he was seventy years old the people of the small town collected a fund and decided to send their old teacher and Rabbi to the Holy Land for a vacation. He went and spent a few months there and he came back to his town. On the first Sabbath he ascended his pulpit to report on what he saw in the Holy Land, and the first thing he said was this: "My dear friends, my dearly beloved friends, all the lies that I told you about the Holy Land for so many years are true."

All the things that you have dreamt of, that you wished for for this most unique institution in American life have come true. The steady progress of Oglebay Park through the years has attested to the soundness of the idea underlying it. There existed then, as there exists today, a great need in our country for the type of recreational and cultural center which Oglebay is, where our people can enjoyably and creatively put their leisure time to advantage and increase the satisfactions of their lives.

This splendid achievement, of course, in the first instant, is a tribute to the man whose generosity made it possible, Mr. Earl W. Oglebay, who left his beautiful estate to the City of Wheeling for a municipal park and a recreational center.

I know of no more fitting way for a man to perpetuate his name in the grateful remembrance of his fellowmen than the making available for the enjoyment of generations of men, women and children, many of them living in crowded industrial cities under the strain and the tension of modern life, one's own wide and peaceful acres of gardens and fields in one of the most beautiful corners of our great land.

This institute is a tribute also to his nephew, Crispin Oglebay, whose vision of what this park could become as well as whose unflagging interest and support helped so magnificently to develop the Oglebay idea.

It is a tribute to the City of Wheeling, an industrial city seemingly centered in thoughts of industry, a city which nevertheless had the foresight and the courage to make this park its own, and to foster and support it through the years; and to the members of the Wheeling Park Commission who administered it in such a way that its facilities have been increased and its beauty enhanced. Of course, it is a tribute also to the many civic organizations who cooperated and to the hundreds and thousands of individuals, men and women, who have given and are giving of their time, their devotion, and their substance to this institute.

All these individuals and organizations, singly and collectively, and a very competent and devoted staff have made and are making Oglebay what it is--a charming and attractive place for the nearly four hundred thousand pilgrims who come here annually and who avail themselves of its facilities, whose lives are made a little sweeter and a little finer, shall we say, because of it, who here catch glimpses of beckoning horizons.

My dear friends, organized play and recreation constitute one of the truly noble traditions of the English-speaking world, a tradition which the whole world is now emulating.

Some time ago I read the confession of faith of one of England's great scientists, Doctor Haldane, in which I chanced upon the following paragraph, which struck me: He said, "Moreover, I am British; and what is more remarkable, though of Scottish origin, I believe in England. At the present moment our country counts for less in international politics than during the last century. Nevertheless, some of our ideas and practices are at present conquering the world."

"In Moscow, which has rejected the great British invention of Parliament, there was a word which I constantly noticed on posters," he writes. "It was not 'Soviet' or 'red' or 'Revolution,' but 'football.' The same is happening all over the world. Spanish bullfighters are becoming center forwards. German students are taking to football instead of slashing one another's faces." (At least that was the case before the Nazi madness swept over them.)

"And with British sport," writes Doctor Haldane, "goes the ethical code called sportsmanship, which future historians may perhaps consider as a British invention as important as parliaments and railways. I hope to see British sport conquer most of the world."

My friends, sportsmanship is one of the finest qualities of character. The boy who plays his game, whatever it is, with fairness and with enthusiasm is likely to play the harder game of life equally well. In a game a man reveals his true mettle. A real game is won on merit only. In a real game ancestry and

influence and position and money count for nothing. In a real game one doesn't cheat, one doesn't bully, and one is not permitted to play foul. In a real game opponents are equally matched, as far as possible, and when one adversary is handicapped by weight or size or age, due allowance is made for the fact. Above all, in a real game there are rules which the players are proud to observe. In a real game one is a generous winner and a game loser.

Now, if men would only carry over into their economic, political and social life some of these splendid disciplines of sportsmanship, what a cleansing of the Aegean stables there would ensue; how much more of justice and honor and fair dealing there would be in our society, and how much less of exploitation and selfishness and cruelty and injustice! Our world simply cannot afford to have its play life, its game life corrupted, for when once the world loses the integrity of its play life, the spirit of man will become completely bereft.

I sometimes think that we have not fully embraced play and recreation in our reverent or religious concepts as we should. There is still a good deal of asceticism left in the religious thought of the Western world. We are still laboring under that peculiar incantation of the early centuries of the common era when a sense of world weariness and pessimism and other-worldliness took hold overpoweringly of the minds and the imaginations of men, and when men came to feel that somehow joy, delight is inherently something wicked. To this day there are those who are a bit suspicious of the propriety of enjoying life, but work we accept as sacred. We accept as a dogma "Laborare est Orare" -- to labor is to pray.

To "die in the harness" we hold to be an heroic virtue, but to get out of the harness, to taste the joys of leisure, to get acquainted with this exciting world of nature all around us, to explore the latent talents and interests of which we may be capable which have little to do with material production or material profit, that is somehow something that in the minds of some people verges on what they choose to call pagan, or what they imagine to be pagan.

In my own ministry I have had many occasions to deliver funeral orations, as have my revered colleagues, I am sure, here on the platform. I have had occasion to pay tribute to men who have passed away. I, of course, always try to say kind things about them, especially if they deserved them. I speak of the deceased as "upright," "honorable," "hardworking," and I enumerate their virtues and their achievements. I have yet to have the courage to say of a deceased whom I am eulogizing, "This man enjoyed life tremendously. He had a wonderful time here on earth, and judging by his disposition he is likely to have a wonderful time in the hereafter." I am afraid that the relatives would suspect me of a flippancy or of somehow reflecting unfavorably upon the moral integrity of the deceased.

And yet, my friends, austerity and asceticism are only a bypath of religion, only one of the moods of religion. It is not its principal highway. It is not a dominant mood. It should not be the dominant mood. The main highway of religion is to be seen in its strong life-affirmation, in its great optimism, in its prophetic mood.

When you read the pages of the Bible, especially if you read the pages of the Old Testament, there leaps up from almost every chapter of it a gladness and an exquisite love of life: "Worship the Lord in gladness, come before Him with song." Even that gentle cynic of the Bible who wrote the Book of Ecclesiastes, declared: "It is good, yea, it is beautiful for a man to eat and to drink and to enjoy pleasure for all his labor wherein he labors under the sun all the days of his life which God has given him, for this is his portion. Every man to whom God hath given riches and wealth and hath given him power to eat thereof and to take his portion and to rejoice in his labor--why this is a gift of God! Let him remember the days of his life that they are not many. For God answereth a man in the joy of his heart." Oh, that is a magnificent phrase, this last one: "God answereth a man in the joy of his heart."

One of the sages of my people, many, many centuries ago, declared that in the

world to come a man will be called upon to give an account for every innocent pleasure of which he might have availed himself in life but did not.

Religion, of course, does not countenance self indulgence or licentiousness. Religion preaches moderation and temperance and emphasizes the virtue of self-restraint, but it never frowned upon dance or song or play or food or drink or pleasure or rest or recreation or the love of nature.

It is of interest to note that the Greeks were seldom joyously lyrical about nature; they never really ceased to fear nature. We are inclined to associate with the Greeks always sweetness and life. The Greeks had no sensitive appreciation for the phenomenon of nature as such; they never transcended an attitude of sacramental awe toward it. Their poetry, and they have, of course, noble and magnificent poetry, was always thought, contemplating nature, not life-embracing it in the ecstasy of confidence and joy. Someone correctly observed that "of the belief in the power of nature to comfort the heart, to subdue the passions, to speak peace to the soul of man, you find no trace in Greek poetry..."

The Greeks told a story with deep probing and insight. They never sang of faith exaltingly. They could not sing: "Oh, Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all, the earth is full of Thy handiwork..." In the vision of the Bible, behind all nature and in all nature there was a living, loving God, and in the temple of His world all nature's voices could be raised in one exalted rhapsody: "Let the sea roar and the fullness thereof, the earth and those who dwell in it! Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills sing for joy together, before the Lord, for He comes to rule the earth." It may well be that only a fervid faith in a personal God of goodness can yield great lyrical nature poetry, the majestic orchestration of a doxology to God the Creator of all nature!

Have you ever stopped to ask yourself how much the Bible abounds in nature poetry? Do you ever read the Bible for its sheer beauty, for its sheer poetry

apart from its ethics and theology? Great literature! And when you read the Bible you will find that here is nature revealed in all of its moods.

Here is an appeal to man to open his heart to the beauty of nature. Here are the flaming constellations reeling in their orbits, the cords of Orion and the chains of the Pleiades. Here the morning stars sing together and all the sons of God shout for joy. The seas resound through the pages of the Bible, the great white seas, and the voice of God moves over the face of the deep waters. The floods sweep on, the fountains of the great deep are open, and over all are the arching rainbows of divine promise. The storms and the tempests rage, the riven way of the thunderbolt, the whirlwinds sweep through the sobbing wilderness and the tumult of the clouds as if the Lord of Hosts were mustering armies for battle.

The mountains loom up, the flaming mountains of revelation, the guardian mountains around the city of God; the mountains and hills that break forth into singing, praising the name of the Lord. Day and night, uttering speech, the calm noonday and the nights of solitude and vision. The seasons come and go, seed time and harvest time, cold and heat, summer and winter, fire and hail, snow and frost, spring when the winter is past and the flowers appear on the earth and the time of singing is come and the voice of the turtle dove is heard in the land. Summer and the smiting sun, the drywater-courses and the heat and the whirling dust in the desert wastes, and the cool shade of a great rock in a weary land. Cool winds are here, blowing through scented gardens, and dew as of light upon the tender grass, and quiet brooks running through pastures green, and still waters where God refreshes the heart of man. All the beasts of the field are here, and the winged birds of the air, and the fish of the sea, and the flowers of the field, all flocks and herds, all living things teeming and fruitful with life. All the color of life is here, its every voice and word and fragrance, its ecstasy and song, its hunger and beauty. "Mountains and all hills, fruit trees and all cedars! Beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying birds! Let them all praise the name of the Lord! Hallelujah!"

Those are the chords that you hear when you listen closely to the voice of the Bible. Nature speaking to men. And you would like to teach the myriads who come here to listen with open ears and open heart to all that nature can tell them and teach them.

I think, dear friends, that men today are beginning to lose their earlier distrust of play and recreation and rest and the joy of life. Man's problem today is not whether he should indulge in recreation but how to use it to achieve what the term implies, the re-creation of himself. Man is beginning to explore the most desirable ways and usages of leisure.

We are beginning to understand that we must plan and organize as deliberately and purposefully for the proper exploitation of our leisure as for the proper exploitation of our working time. We are beginning to abandon the concept of leisure as a sort of recuperative interlude between periods of hard work and as something that is needed only to refresh ourselves physically so as to be in proper training to carry on the real business of life. Leisure is part of the real business of life.

For most people their leisure hours are the only ones which life affords them for real living. Unless one's work is of a definite creative character within the fields of the sciences or creative art, unless one's very occupation or profession affords him the opportunity to express himself completely, all the latent capacities and talents of his life, unless a man belongs to this relatively small circle of fortunate human beings, in our society man must find his opportunity for real expressive living in his leisure time.

We are also beginning to understand that man should have leisure not at the very tag end of his life when he is spent and exhausted but periodically and continuously throughout his life. For a long time there has existed among us a notion that has taken on the sanctity of a dogma that a man should work full force and with every ounce of his energy and his being at his job until he is too old

for his job, then he might retire and may enjoy whatever is left of his spent life, and with whatever feeble energies remain. This to my mind is a great mistake and a gross fallacy.

A man who is incapacitated by age for work is also incapacitated for any real creative leisure. If you are too old to work you are too old to enjoy leisure, for by leisure we must understand not just a bovine existence, not just drifting aimlessly and painlessly along the few remaining years of our lives. Leisure is not the opposite of activity; it is only another kind of activity. It is the free, unregimented activity directed not at profit but to the enrichment of one's inner cultural and spiritual life. It is during our leisure time that we are able to pass from the materially necessary to the culturally desirable. But it is activity--eager, purposeful, affirmative. Leisure summons us not to shift the center of gravity of our life from work to lotus eating but rather from regimented work, by which we have to earn our living, to the free, stimulating activities which give scope and range to our tastes, aptitudes, and imagination; to the things which we can not do during our working hours, for which our jobs and professions offer no outlet.

A great deal has been said, dear friends, about the machine and the machine age. It is clear that the machine has confronted us with two great problems. First is the problem of increased leisure time for which we have not yet prepared ourselves fully. More and more the machine will require less and less of human labor. Our swift technological progress will soon require of us not six days a week of work but five or less; not eight hours a day of work but six or less.

In years gone by, men had to struggle in bitter conflicts to wrest the concession of another hour of freedom from the long, hard working day. How many battles were waged for the ten hour day, then for the nine hour day and then for the eight hour day. Today the machine is thrusting the shorter day and the shorter week upon our economic system.

What are we going to do with this increased leisure time? Leisure can devastate a civilization. Leisure can bring us nearer to the good society. It is a real challenge to our social thinkers and planners to point the way for us to the proper exploitation of leisure so that it may become useful to us, and so that it may contribute to the widening of the mental and the spiritual horizons of men, the enrichment of their lives, and the elevation of their standards. That is our first problem--what to do with the abundant time now left to us by the machine for our free use.

The second problem is this: The machine brings with it the problem of the standardization of life. It is folly to rave against the machine and the machine age and to maintain that it has brought no blessings to mankind. The machine to my mind has conferred inestimable blessings upon mankind, particularly upon the working classes of the world. It has given them higher standards of living, higher wages, better conditions of employment than at any time in the history of mankind. It has lifted the curse of drudgery from the shoulders of the working people. In the long run, the machine will bring greater security and greater comfort into the lives of men, and slowly but surely it is knitting mankind more closely together.

I am an optimist about the machine, but I am not blind to its dangers. The very machine which makes possible mass production and distribution because it standardizes the product and the profits also has a tendency to standardize the producer. Man is absorbed in the process. The machine demands a machine-like organization of human servitors around it, and these human servitors (and all of us, in a sense, are the human servitors of the machine) must work with the alignment and the precision of pistons, or the machine cannot function properly, with the result that the thoughts of men are in danger of being driven into groves--in danger of becoming over-disciplined and over-organized. Men are in danger of carrying over from their machine world into their social world, their economic

world, and their intellectual world, the same passion for organization, for uniformity, and for hard discipline which are indispensable in the realm of the machine, but full of menace when applied to the world of ideas and the world of real human living.

The machine can make robots of us, efficient robots. Our reactions are in many ways becoming mass reactions, our judgments corporate judgments. Life is in danger of becoming stereotyped and uniform, but real living, my friends is possible only if every man, if every child of God is given the opportunity to live his own life, to worship at his own shrine, to fulfill his own destiny, to express his own vision, his own hopes, and his own dreams. The regimentation of life, the pouring of all people into one common mold so that they all emerge looking, acting, and thinking alike spells the doom of culture, the twilight of civilization.

How is man to save himself from this standardizing effect of the machine complex? Not by smashing the machine. Man cannot retrace his steps for better or for worse. We are in the electronic age, in the atomic age, and cannot return to the age of the handloom. Man can escape being completely standardized only by living his own free life fully in his own leisure hours. Society must give man, therefore, two worlds in which to live--the machine world, in which he must earn his living and produce the things which society needs for her sustenance, and a leisure world, in which he can make his own life and in which he can say to the machine, "Thus far shalt thou come and no further." To salvage our souls we must begin to build a strong leisure life for our people. That is what you are doing here at Oglebay Institute in a real and profound sense.

I believe that some day men will tire of the stupid pursuit after the many material things which they do not really need. It is, of course, altogether proper for a man to endeavor to provide himself and his family with all the requirements of a decent, civilized way of life. There is no virtue in poverty. Poverty has never ennobled a man, and I dare say that it is just as difficult

for a poor man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven as for a rich man; but beyond the things that man really needs for a decent standard of living, he ought not to spend his precious and numbered days and his God-given enthusiasms solely upon the accumulation of material things for which he really has no use.

Wise men have always realized how many things there are in the world that a man can get along without and how frequently the superabundance of things makes of men slaves more abject than poverty ever can. Man does not require many things to be happy. It is in his passionate pursuit after the more than he requires that the roots of all his unhappiness lie.

I always recall that perfectly amazing story that the great Russian, Tolstoi, tells in one of his "Legends" which he called, "How Much Land Does a Man Need?"

Pakhom was a muzhik, a peasant. He was not rich, but he thought he had enough and was satisfied. One day he visited a richer relative in the city and envy made him dissatisfied. His few acres were no longer enough. He wanted more. So with his savings of a hundred rubles, the selling of a colt and half of his bees, the putting of his son out as a day laborer, and with borrowing, he succeeded in buying some more acres. He sowed his land and he prospered and lived happily, and he thought he knew how much land a man needs.

But soon a rumor spread through the village that people were moving to a new place down the Volga where there were rich fertile acres free for the asking, and so Pakhom reasoned with himself, "Why remain here in straitened circumstances? I can sell my house and land and with the money I can buy more acres down there in the Volga region, and together with the free land which I will be able to obtain, I will have a real establishment." And so he did. He settled in the new place, and again he prospered--on an even larger scale. Now he knew how much land a man needs.

But again before long glamorous rumors reached him of land most good and most nourishing in the territory of the wandering Bashkirs which could be had for

a song--thousands of acres, and Pakhom was fascinated by the prospect. So he again gathered up all of his available capital and traveled five hundred versts to the land of the Bashkirs. He was well received, and he was told that he could have all the land that he wanted. The price was a thousand rubles a day; that is, all the land that a man could walk around in a day was his for just one thousand rubles. There was but one stipulation. If he did not turn back within the day to the place from which he started, his money was forfeited.

Pakhom was delighted. He knew that with his sturdy peasant legs he could cover a great deal of land in a day, in fact, all the land that a man needed. Early at dawn he arose, and with the Bashkirs watching him, he set out upon the steppes. He walked about a mile and he halted and dug a little pit and piled turf into it to show where he had passed and went on. He quickened his pace. He stopped and dug other pits. It began to grow warm but still he kept on in a straight line. It was too early yet to turn around. He always saw in front of him beautiful black soil covered with lush green grass. No, he could not forego this, and he could not forego that, so he continued in a straight line. The farther he went, the better the land became. He began to feel weary and he thought of turning--but no, he must not miss this strip of land. "Endure it for an hour," he reasoned with himself, "and you have a whole lifetime to live." But the sun was now high in heaven, so he turned sharply to the left and again went on a long distance in a straight line. He knew that he should be turning again to the left to return to the starting point, but the land was so rich and the soil so moist and fertile. He walked on, and then he turned the second time, and when he started on his return home he knew that he must hasten his pace.

The sun was already far down in the west, and he had to hurry back to his starting point, which was now a full five miles away. His legs began to fail him. He felt the desire to rest, but he dared not. His money was at stake. The sun was sinking lower and lower. He took the double-quick. He threw away his blouse,

his boots, his ask. He hurried on, weary and staggering. His breath began to fail him. His mouth was parched, and his heart was like a mill beating inside of him. He was afraid of dropping dead, and yet he could not stop. He ran and ran. He was getting nearer. Now he could see the starting point. There were the Bashkirs waiting for him, and Pakhom exerted his last energies. He threw himself forward with his body, reached out with his arms to the starting point, and collapsed, a stream of blood pouring out of his mouth, and he lay dead. And the Bashkirs took a hoe, dug a grave, and made it just long enough, from head to foot--seven feet--and buried him. This was all the land that the man really needed.

How much land, my friends, do we need for life's fulfillment? Not much. But I will tell you what we do need. We need whole continents for our spirits, our minds, our souls. We need whole worlds in which our minds can roam. Do you know what we need for real living? We need beauty and knowledge and ideals; we need books and pictures and music; we need songs and dance and games; we need traveling and adventure and romance; we need friends and companionship and the exchange of minds--mind touching mind, and soul enkindling soul. We need contact with all that has been said and achieved through all the cycles of time by the noblest artists of the human mind and hand and spirit. We need, above all, health and well-being.

That is what we really need. That is our real world, a gracious world that God has granted to us if we ask for it, and that world, my friends, to a large extent we can fashion ourselves largely in our leisure hours. And this splendid Oglebay Institute is helping men and women and children to discover that fact and to enjoy this real world. As such it is conferring inestimable service upon our people and our country.

May God prosper the work of this great and beautiful institution and of all the men and women who labor here. Thank you very much.



OGLEBAY INSTITUTE

Silver Anniversary Observance



WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1955

Oglebay Park

Wheeling, W. Va.

VOLUNTEERS AND DEMOCRACY

"If the volunteers were to disappear from American Society, if men were to cease, either from necessity or choice, to exercise their right to have active roles in the life of their community, then only the shell of democracy would remain. When men have surrendered the right to give of themselves, their money, their time, generously and voluntarily, to the causes which are dear to them, the heart of a free society has ceased to beat."

—EDUARD C. LINDEMAN

OGLEBAY INSTITUTE — DEMOCRACY IN ACTION

ANNIVERSARY DINNER

Pineroom - Oglebay Park

Wednesday, June 1, 1955, 6:30 P. M.

Dinner served by Oglebay Park Restaurant

PROGRAM

HENRY S. SCHRADER, Presiding

INVOCATION..... Rev. Charles J. Bauer, Pastor
St. James Evangelical Lutheran Church, Wheeling

INTRODUCTION OF SPEAKER

ADDRESS..... Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver
The Temple, Cleveland, Ohio



(Dr. Silver was the speaker at the first public meeting of Oglebay Institute,
December 9, 1930)

PRESENTATION OF GUESTS

BENEDICTION..... Very Rev. Lawrence R. McHugh
President, Wheeling College

The program will be broadcast over Radio Station WKWK beginning at 7:45 EDST

Silver Anniversary

Crispin Oglebay, assisted by a group of interested and enthusiastic citizens, with the cooperation of the Wheeling Park Commission and the Extension Service of West Virginia University, in 1926 inaugurated a demonstration program designed to convince the Wheeling City Council that Earl W. Oglebay's magnificent gift of Waddington Farm to the citizens of Wheeling for recreational and educational purposes was not a "white elephant."

This demonstration program resulted in the incorporation of Oglebay Institute in June 1930. At a meeting of the Wheeling Park Commission, July 15, 1930, the following resolution was adopted—"Resolved, that the Wheeling Park Commission hereby unqualifiedly approves and endorses the formation of an Oglebay Institute, as presented this day by Dr. Paul M. Pearson, as it is believed that the consummation of this idea will promote the best interests of Oglebay Park, especially as to its cultural and educational activities. The Wheeling Park Commission pledges its cooperation and support."

INCORPORATORS OF OGLEBAY INSTITUTE—Robert Lee Boyd, D. A. Burt, Kent B. Hall, Sarah D. Paull, A. C. Spurr.

MEMBERS, WHEELING PARK COMMISSION (1930)—Otto Schenk, Chairman; W. P. Wilson, Oglebay Park Chairman; L. F. Haller; J. Sumner Jones; A. C. Stifel.

OFFICERS, OGLEBAY INSTITUTE (1930)—D. A. Burt, president; Crispin Oglebay, first vice-president; Louis Horkheimer, second vice-president; Mrs. A. Singleton Paull, secretary; J. D. Merriman, treasurer.

PRESIDENTS OF OGLEBAY INSTITUTE—D. A. Burt, July, 1930 - November, 1937; Dr. Ivan Fawcett, November, 1937 - October, 1941; John C. McConnell, October, 1941 - December, 1946; Paul Nesper, January, 1947 - April 30, 1947; Irvin J. Koehnline, April 1947 - December, 1949; Henry S. Schraeder, January, 1950 - .

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION DIRECTORS—Nat T. Frame, January 1914-1933; F. D. Fromme, July 1933-1938; J. O. Knapp, assistant director from 1933, became director, July 1938.

DIRECTORS AND EXECUTIVE SECRETARIES OF OGLEBAY INSTITUTE—Elizabeth Eckhardt May, secretary, August, 1930 — January, 1937, assistant to Dr. Frame, January-May, 1937; Dr. Nat T. Frame, director, May 1937 - April 1939; Frank P. Sanders, secretary, May 1939 - October 1941; Ford Shepherd, director, September 1941 - October 1942; Dr. Paul N. Elbin, part-time director, March 1944 - March 1946; Edwin M. Steckel, music director, July 1936, program director, 1943, executive director, January 1948 - .

STAFF MEMBERS OF OGLEBAY INSTITUTE (1955)—Elizabeth Steinbicker Faris (7 years); Charles J. Milton (15 years); Philip Maxwell (9 years); D. Arden White (8 years); Anne C. Blake (8 years); George H. Breiding (5 years); Robert H. Porter (6 years); Martha Black (2 years); C. J. Randolph (1 year); Gladys Wallace (5 years); Elizabeth Bartok (5 years); Phyllis Coleman (2 years); Esther H. Biggs (2 years).

TRUSTEES OF OGLEBAY INSTITUTE (1955)—Henry S. Schrader, President; Lee C. Paull, Jr., Vice President; Mark H. Kennedy, Secretary; Robert Lee Boyd, Treasurer. Dr. Edward C. Armbricht, Mrs. F. L. Barrett, Miss Edna Bowles, Mrs. Joseph H. Bruning, D. A. Burt, Jr., Don J. Byrum, William P. Dieckmann, Dr. Ivan Fawcett, Dr. Martin L. Gerhardt, D. Milton Gutman, James M. Hawley, Wilbur S. Jones, Arthur E. Junkins, Wade H. Kepner, Gordon T. Kinder, Mrs. R. T. McCoy, Malcolm E. McGowan, Mrs. J. O. Pearson, Mrs. Lewis McC. Steenrod, Albert C. Whitaker, Jr.

HONORARY TRUSTEES—Courtney Burton, Allen Eaton, Dr. Paul N. Elbin, I. T. Frary, Dr. Perry E. Gresham, Miss Kate Oglebay, Eleanor Steber, George M. Sutton, Ralph H. Weir.

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN—Frasier Smith, Arts; Mrs. Harry S. Grotz, Jr., Camping; George G. Bailey, Children's Day Camp; Courtland V. Smith, Conservation; Mrs. Lewis McC. Steenrod, Crafts; Dr. S. Arthur Rybeck, Jr., Folk Dance; D. A. Burt, Jr., Investments; Miss Margaret Boyd, Junior Theatre; Mrs. F. L. Barrett, Memberships; Mrs. S. H. Fizzell, Mansion; Miss Edna Bowles, Nature Education; James M. Hawley, Opera; Arthur E. Junkins, Public Relations; Dr. Martin L. Gerhardt, Religious Activities; Mrs. Marion Pyle, Rural Activities; Don J. Byrum, Summer Entertainments.

LIFE MEMBERS—Robert Lee Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot L. Harris, Dr. and Mrs. W. C. D. McCuskey, Miss Clara L. Hodgson.

WHEELING PARK COMMISSION (1955)—W. P. Wilson, chairman; Sam L. Good; Kent B. Hall; W. S. Jones; Arthur M. Scott; Homer Fish, superintendent.

The purpose of Oglebay Institute as shown by Section 3 of its charter—"to provide and conduct educational and recreational activities at Oglebay Park and elsewhere"—* * * "to cooperate with, assist and supplement the activities of the Wheeling Park Commission, the Extension Service of West Virginia University and such other organizations as may undertake to establish and conduct educational or cultural courses or activities within the sphere or activity of this corporation." This purpose has been faithfully followed, with splendid public cooperation. It is the intention of the Trustees to continue to enlarge the scope of operation. We look forward to the next 25 years with high hopes.