

Build a personality for yourself.

My dear Boys and Fellow Americans

This very day Americans are dying on foreign soil in order that you may live free on your own soil. Those brave hearts that have ceased to beat once throbbed and came alive to the thrilling notes of a bugles call, to the glorious sight of a flag unfurled, to the conscious thought that life was good. Americans they lived and Americans they died. In their death, as in their life, they reach across trackless wastes and, as the Roman gladiators on their way to death, they repeat the traditional fighters' words: " we who are about to die, salute you ".

To become worthy of that salute, to carry on the glorious tradition of our nation, to approach as nearly as we can the ideals for which American blood is spent on alien ground, we must and we will dedicate our lives. That their sacrifice may not be in vain, that their flag and ours may not be trampled upon, that their land and ours may ever endure as the home of the free and the land of the brave, that their ideals may thrive and prosper, we must and we will prepare ourselves.

No ~~better~~^{better} way of serving God, country and the family can be produced than our American way of life. We are not going to be citizens of Canada or France or any other nation. We are Americans, living by American ideals, trained in American thought, using the magnificent gifts of nature that America contains. Other countries may be content with their way of life, other lads in other climes may be satisfied with what they have. May they remain satisfied and at peace. They can have theirs but for us the only satisfying thing is America and what it has to offer, America and all its demands of us.

Life, no matter where you go, no matter what you do, will make demands.

Everything good will make demands on you. America, also, makes its demands.

But, what our country demands is nothing more than can be accepted by reasonable people. Of its fighting men it demands sacrifice, even the supreme sacrifice of life; of its citizens it demands loyalty and support; of its lawmakers it demands honesty and justice; of its leaders it demands courage and direction; of its youth it demands only love and fidelity.

At this tragic period of our nation's peril, how ~~little~~ small is this request! In truth, it is small but, like all small things in life, it call for an immense display of character. Love and fidelity form the foundation upon which patriotism depends, just as it is the foundation upon which the family is based. If love for our parents was uprooted the family would fall apart; if fidelity to our parents and to our brothers or sisters was to end this day, the family would disappear before the morning's sun had travelled its path from East to West and had faded over the far horizon. And, without the same love and fidelity, our country would come apart, be sundered from North to South, from East to West.

If this is so there should be some very fine method of proving that we do love our country and that we are faithful to it. At home, when you wish to prove that you love your folks, you are not content to tell them that you love them; you want to do more; you look around to find some way to prove that love. In the end you find a million things to do. First, you are obedient and you do what you are told. Secondly, you help around the house and do the jobs Mother or Dad gives into your care. Thirdly, you save your pennies to buy a gift as a visible proof of your love. I could go on to mention many other ways you have of showing Dad and Mother that you love them.

The same is true of your country. Its not enough to say you love America; you have to do more. Thousands of things there are that await your attention and these are a few. Learn your lessons well in school because your country needs men with brains. Live good lives because happiness comes to the man who lives

a good life and a nation of good people is a nation of happy people. Play your games hard and get plenty of fresh air, for this will help you to have a strong and healthy body. Don't play when you are supposed to work nor when it comes time for homework and school work. Be considerate of your neighbor and you can be sure that your consideration will bring good results. Success in life will be yours if you do these things and your country will not fear the future when its destiny lies in your hands. Success will not be measured by what you do but by how you do it.

Money will not be the main purpose of your life; nor will you be forever bothered with having many possessions. Be content with your lot, if, as you face the evening of life, you have done good all the days of your life. The poet has said:

I've always argued that success
Should not be measured by one's gold,
The size of salaries or of fees,
The goods that one has bought or sold.

I want to know how much of time
A man has spent along the way
In doing deeds that cheer sad hearts
When hope seems gone and skies are grey.

I think one way to win success
Is helping someone in distress.

In the dim future that faces the country its success or failure will depend on you. If brave men die their blood will have no meaning for us-if the country for which they shed their blood becomes worse than it was before they died. They have died in order to give a firmer hope to the generations of Americans to follow. In death they look to you to carry on life-giving traditions that have made our country what it is. In death they have confidence that, lifting your heads to God and squaring your shoulders for the ~~the~~ job ahead, you will deserve their highest praise and they will know that what they have died to save, you will live to defend and save. You can do it if you want; all it takes is a man and his courage and his will to win.

Listen to the same thought expressed in verse:

I'm proud of the chap who believes in his job
And puts his best licks in the fight
Who hasn't the time to whimper or sob,
Who believes that the future is bright;
The fellow who's giving the best that he can,
Tho' the skies may be cloudy or clear,
Who turns to his task with a well defined plan -
He's the lad I am ready to cheer.

The world owes its praise ^{Job} to the fellow with pluck,
No matter the ~~niche~~ he may fill;
Who never wastes time bemoaning his luck,
Whose confidence gives us a thrill.
Who faces the future with confident step,
A smile and an uplifted chin;
The fellow with vim and with vigor and pep -
He's the fellow I'm backing to win.

For somebody said that it couldn't be done
But he will with a chuckle Replied
They maybe it couldn't But he would be one
Who would not say so til he tried
So he buckled right in with a bit
Of a grin,
If he worried - he tried it
And started to sing as he tackled
The thing
That couldn't be Done - But Heed
Dit It