

APRIL 28, 1969WILLIAM E. ANDERSON

In our quest for answers and our search for knowledge we eternally strive. We have gone to the moon, and we have dug a mole in the earth. We have found about what we expected to find, namely that the moon is made of green cheese and that the center of the earth seems to be a hot mass ready to explode at any time; indeed, that the earth could explode at any time and throw up other continents out of the sea. This would undoubtedly inundate the continents that now exist such as North America where we all now reside. Admittedly the chances of this happening are remote unless you live in California where some real trouble might be brewing.

The earth, according to the scientists, is some four and a half billion years old. And while we have earthquakes and volcanic explosions fairly frequently continental shifts have only occurred every few hundred million years or so. Man as such has existed on the earth for a comparatively short time, some ten thousand years.

We all like to think with Henley:

Out of the night that covers me  
Black as the pit from pole to pole  
I thank whatever Gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.  
In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody but unbowed.  
Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the horror of the shade  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds and shall find me unafraid.  
It matters not how straight the gate  
How charged with punishments the scroll  
I am the master of my fate  
I am the captain of my soul.

We are masters of our fate and captains of our souls, but so many things can and do happen every day that we must have an ever present God who

is working with us. I certainly have an ever present God who has been working with me.

In 1953 I wrote a paper for The Literary Club entitled "What Can We Expect". This paper had to do with this business of being a father and some unexpected events concerning my children. One of our revered club members, the late Floyd Williams, once told me that the papers he thought were the best, the most interesting, and the ones he preferred, were the ones that the author knew the most about and had personal experience with. We do have personal experiences with our children, and yet the things we do not know about our children would fill a book. In retrospect we know about things that have happened to them and to us. We live in a dangerous world, and no doubt all of us have had some hair-raising (that is if we have any) and unusual experiences that cause us to wonder.

The human animal is a bit complicated in his mental processes and can get so wrapped up in a particular problem (at least I can) that he forgets to take ordinary precautions. Our chief instinct is that of survival and self-preservation, and preservation of the specie - and yet we need a little help to even do that from day to day. Every time I go home during the rush hour on Columbia Parkway I thank God and the other careful drivers we have for allowing me to get home safely. That time in Salt Lake City when I was paying too much attention to a girl and too little to the road was almost fatal. I suppose the bell was ringing and the light flashing but I did not see the light or hear the bell. We and the train arrived at the same time - and I beat it by a whisker. Can you imagine anyone foolish enough to go skin diving, without proper instruction, with no boat in attendance, with a heavy oxygen tank on his back and lead weights fastened around his belt calculated to keep him on the bottom rather than the top? Well, you're looking at such a person. This too, came as close to disaster as I ever want to get.

If I violate one of the "Cardinal Principles" that family secrets should remain family secrets, and maybe a Literary Club rule too, it is on the

theory that if it provides interesting material it is justified, and anyway anything told to The Literary Club is in confidence and not for general publication.

Of my four children the elder daughter did not marry that German in India who spoke no English, and she did not settle in Germany where we probably would seldom have seen her. She did marry an Annapolis graduate who upon graduation elected the Air Force rather than the Navy. He was a handsome boy 6'6" tall with a high IQ, and a pitching arm for the Navy that lead Navy to a championship and that made him think some of going into professional baseball as a career until his father talked him out of it. They met at Columbia University, and after great excitement and a beautiful wedding in 1955 were stationed in Rome, New York. They visited us twice, and the second time on December 1, 1955, on President Eisenhower's Safe Driving Day set out by car for Denver, Colorado. Ted was being transferred to a teaching job at the Air Force Academy. They took the Lincoln Highway to Colorado, and outside of St. Louis hit a frozen slippery bridge. The highway was not frozen, but the bridge, being constructed of steel with no warm earth beneath, was like a skating rink. There were no warning signs, of if there were Ted did not see them. I suppose he stepped on the brake and continued to do so which would have been a natural reaction. The car evidently hit something on the bridge and turned over, not sideways but end over end and landed against a post on the other side of the stream. Fortunately, Kathy was thrown in the back seat and wedged in between on the floor. She came out of it physically with only a broken leg. Ted, weighing something over 200 pounds, was propelled over the steering wheel and through the windshield. The car was demolished, and besides many broken bones he had a severe bump on the head and was unconscious for nineteen days. As his Dad, an old Navy grad himself, described the accident so far as Ted was concerned - "it was like trying to stuff a marshmallow into a piggy bank." He received the best of care in a nearby Air Force hospital. At one time we thought we had lost him, but by a miracle he survived. He has been in and

out of Veterans' Hospitals ever since, and in the hands of all sorts of psychiatrists. Kathy had a bad time of it for a while too, and needed help from either her divine source, or a psychiatric clinic, or whatever else might be available. Even though some fourteen years have elapsed her attitude all along has been to trust in the Lord and make the best of the situation. It is a broken home in the sense that Kathy and Ted have not been able to live together without a mental break on the part of either or both of them. They do have two darling daughters, our oldest grandchildren, now ages eleven and twelve, who are developing nicely - and they are something to behold.

How can anyone say after such a horrible accident that "God's in his Heaven and all's right with the world."

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. There are bright spots and even some silver linings. For one thing we had Kathy, Mimi, and Cindy living with us for a time and this we counted as a blessing and our great good fortune until they left us. After much prayer and cogitation Kathy decided to obtain her Master's Degree and go to work to earn a living for herself and two children - and do it entirely on her own if necessary. This has been her salvation. From a situation of adversity she became inspired. She enrolled at the University of Cincinnati, and instead of just good to average grades which she received in High School and College, she obtained all A's. She and another gal, Sue, have been co-teaching third grade classes in an Anderson Township Public School for the last four years. They average about fifty students in a class, and they have had outstanding success. For some reason or other the third grade is a critical period in the lives of many children. For the last several years their room has been picked as a model, and as perhaps the best third grade class in this part of the country. They have teachers visit from all over who come to observe and try to improve their own teaching methods. Ted has moved back to Cincinnati in the last year and has a job in a book store which he himself hopes he can keep - and he may even get a better one.

Of course, you cannot truthfully say that this accident was anything except what it was. It remains as a great tragedy for both Kathy and Ted and their two children - and for all of us. But the fact is that Kathy would never have had the chance to become the inspired teacher that she is if it had not happened.

To what extent do lady-luck and old man chance figure in our lives? If we had been conceived by our parents on another day we might have been a girl rather than a boy. Furthermore, we could easily inherit the traits of an ancestor with lots of potential, or one with little or no potential.

I count it the greatest of good fortune that my wife was born on the day she was - and even better fortune that on the barest of chances I met her and had sense enough to recognize at least a few of the good qualities she possesses. I also count it as the greatest of good luck to have Tom Brush as my son-in-law. But do you know by what chance or accident I met Marian, or by what chain of circumstances Tom met my daughter, Sally.

Well! I'll tell you. At least Tom was properly introduced. I picked Marian up on a crowded street car in Cleveland. For years this was not even a family secret. We thought it unadvisable to tell the children at least until some of them were of age - and when Marian's Mother found out about it she almost called Pinkerton's and got in touch with the FBI.

Suppose we start with Sally. She had just graduated from college and she and my son Bill, age 16, took off for Michigan in our old second-hand jeep. The jeep belonged in Michigan and never should have been in Cincinnati but that is another story. Near the half-way point around Auburn, Indiana, Bill took his eyes off the road when a yellow jacket bit him on the arm. The jeep ran over an embankment, down into a ravine, and turned over. Bill came out of it unscathed, but Sally had a broken pelvis and spent all summer flat on her back in Michigan. This is how Tom had a chance

to meet her. The Slimmer following his third year at Michigan Tom took a job helping George Anderson run his Northport Grocery Store, as well as the branch store on Northport Point. Tom's duties included his taking orders and making deliveries to our establishment. And after he met Sally he arranged to stop more often. Presumably he was interested in Marian, or at least we all thought so. She would offer him a cup of coffee and converse with him on every conceivable sort of a subject. Sally had planned to go on a western trip with her roommate, Mary Mortimer, from Smith, and was at least semi-engaged to a boy from Amherst who was studying for the Ministry. Mary and her brother visited us for a couple of weeks in Michigan. The boy from Amherst had visited us earlier in Cincinnati, and also came to Michigan toward the end of the season for a call. But by that time Sally was up and about, and had two suitors to contend with right there on the premises. As far as Al was concerned it was too late, and Sally later said she preferred a man like her father anyway. By that I suppose she meant that I would not have made a good minister.

Now as to Marian. I hail from Utah and she from North Dakota. What were we both doing in Cleveland in 1926? Well, after graduation from Smith College she attended Winona State Teachers College, and then started teaching kindergarten at the Ludlow Schcx in Shaker Heights. I had been practising law in Cleveland for a year and had had enough of it. I was really out of a job except for a temporary one of clerking in a drug store at night. Because my friends had and my brother, Floyd, did, I joined The Black Horse Troop, part of the 107th Cavalry. The troop had been escorting General Pershing on Armistice Day in a parade in downtown Cleveland. My brother and I had both boarded the Euclid Avenue Street car at 105th Street. As usual I was in a cheerful mood, and for some reason was whistling "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi". Marian looked up and asked if I was a Sigma Chi. I told her "No - I am a Sigma Pi," but before we arrived at her stop on 55th Street I had her name and address and telephone number. In those days some of us had the old fashioned idea that a

man should not marry until he could support a wife, so while I courted her steadily we did not marry for three years; and then to tell the truth she, great gal that she is, had to convince me that we could make a financial go of it. I often wonder however, what would have happened if I had not been escorting General Pershing; if I had not boarded that particular street car; if she had caught the one ahead, or if I had not been whistling that particular tune.

Lately we have had a helping hand with my son, Bill's affairs; and I am hoping for some additional help with David.

Dave has many if not more admirable qualities and abilities than any of the rest of us. He is something of a sleeping giant however, who has not yet found out where he wants to go or set any particular goals for himself. He has been plagued with allergy all his life, and for this reason the Armed Services refuses to take him. He has something of a weight problem, mixed up with other problems, and sometimes when we have problems we eat too much. In grade school he was much interested in football, and was elected Captain of his team. After one summer in Michigan he found he needed to take off twenty pounds to be eligible to play - and had only a few days to do it in. On a number of occasions he has demonstrated that the abilities are there - if coupled with the necessary desire. With exercise and diet he did it. He is still in college, having changed schools three times - and whether he graduates or not I have every confidence that some day soon he will awaken, will set some reachable goals, and when he does, be able to attain them.

After graduation from college my son, Bill, joined the Navy to see the world, or perhaps I should say to keep from being drafted in the Army. He did not exactly see the world. After some intense training at Officers' Candidate School in Newport, Rhode Island, most of his time was spent in the Atlantic around Key West studying and perfecting electronic equipment. The idea was to be able to distinguish submarines from a whale, other marine

life or pinnacles, and wrecks on the ocean floor. Once, south of Guantanamo Bay near Cuba they did literally run into a whale and that was bad for the whale and not too good for the U.S.S. Peterson either. He did learn about navigation and how to bring in and moor a destroyer and take it out again almost without scratching the paint. We visited Bill a couple of times at Key West. We also visited him in the Mediterranean, and it was there that he made the mistake of asking my advice as to what he should do when his three year term with the Navy expired. Part of the fleet was in the Mediterranean, and I suppose he felt complimented to think that we would pay him a visit in such a distant place. Actually, the shoe was on the other foot and a favor to us because his being there was just the excuse his Mother needed to get me to Europe again. I said "Bill, even though you are 27 I think you should go to Law School." He said "Bad, my first love is in the air. I like flying and even if I ended up being an airline pilot the pay would be better than it is in the banking business - except for the top job in a bank. Besides, a pilot flies only about half the time, and gets free passes on other airlines both at home and abroad." He then told me that a pilot friend of his, with Belta Airlines, had just spent eight days skiing in Voss, Norway, at a total cost of \$150. I said "Bill, maybe you could do both. After all, as you say, if an airline pilot flies only about two weeks of every month, the other two weeks you could practice law, or put your legal training to work doing other things." He must have thought this was good advice, but said "I'll take the national Law School aptitude tests which all law school applicants have to take. If I do well on the tests maybe I'll do it." He did take the tests and came out with an unbelievable percentile grade of 98.. Bill had thought seriously of flying for the Navy. This would have meant signing up for five years rather than three. The flying business Bill has done on his own. It started during his summers when as a boy in Northport, Michigan, he would hop on his bike and pedal to Woolsey Airport which by a short cut was less than a half mile away. It was a grass field then and still is; and of course the only planes that could get in and out were the

small planes of summer residents or charter planes that could land or take off over the treetops. He learned all the planes and probably could tell by the sound whose plane was coming in or taking off.

In talking to Bill about his early flying experiences I find they have not been all whipped cream and applesauce. He obtained his Private Pilot License in 1959. Before doing so he went to the airport (if you can call it such) in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. They told him there was no one there qualified to give flying lessons; they only pumped gas for planes and did not have a flying school. When Bill persisted and kept asking questions they admitted there was a Mr. Pickell in town who sometimes taught people to fly. Mr. Pickell turned out to be a diminutive tough old hombre, approximately 70 years of age, who owned a Black Aeronca LC3, once used as a military observation plane. He took Bill up in it, and after Bill had flown on level flight for a while he said "pull the stick back." Bill applied some back pressure to the stick. Mr. Pickell repeated "I said pull the stick back" and Bill did as far as he dared. He said "God damm it, I said pull the stick back" at which time he grabbed the stick, pulled it all the way back, and put the plane into a spin. Just before they hit the earth he had it straightened out. After they landed he said "Now, do you still want to learn to fly?" Pickell's pilot license was No. 6880 obtained by him in the mid twneties. This means that in 1920 only 6880 licenses had been issued. Bill's first instructor's license obtained in 1956 was 1,452,791. Since that, in the last ten years almost 500,000 new pilot's licenses have been issued, so that now it is up around 2,000,000.

At Lunken he joined the "All Aces Flying Club". The Club owned five single engine planes. Ifhe could find the money he could have the use of one of the planes ifhe signed up in advance. To make a long story short, from flying himself he graduated to the task of teaching flying. For about a year and a half he taught flying for Cincinnati Aircraft to any and all interested candidates who had the requisite eighteen dollars per hour to take

the lessons. He has now logged about 1600 hours in the air, and about 1000 of those hours have been logged while he has been enrolled at Law School. When I told him I thought he could do both flying and law I did not realize this might apply to Law School as well, and it might mean there was little time left to attend Law School classes. With me, Law School turned out to be a full time job, and even so I received just average grades - and that was not easy. Bill takes his law seriously, but he also takes the flying seriously. It is just impossible to be in two places at the same time. Good pilots are in demand, but there is also an ample supply of them. If when a pilot gets a call and is not available, the next time they may call someone else on whom they really can depend. Since acquiring his instrument rating and his multi-engine license, so far as I can make out he can fly anything. Lately, he has been flying as co-pilot on a Lear Jet. His pay is \$50 per day which has been a welcome supplement to his student income. Sometimes they fly freight and other times passengers. During one period when General Motors was changing models in order for an assembly line not to close down they would fly strategic parts from one place to another. On June 10 at 8:00 P.M. for example, they flew from Lunken to Detroit; from there to St. Louis; then to Youngstown; back to St. Louis; then to Atlanta; back to St. Louis; and went to bed in a St. Louis motel at about 8:00 A.M. the next morning. In about an hour the phone rang and they were in the air again at 10:00 headed for Atlanta; from there to St. Louis; then to Flint, Michigan; from there to Atlanta; and then back to Lunken - arriving about 10:00 that night. The usual charge for a Lear Jet is \$1 .00 per mile but this is a drop in the bucket as compared to the cost of shutting down an assembly line in an automobile factory. It is estimated that shut-down costs approximately \$10,000. Then \$1,000 per every minute that the plant is idle. Last Thanksgiving they flew an Indianapolis family from Louisville to Orlando, Florida, which cost this banker friend of mine \$1,600 - 800 miles down and 800miles back, which at \$1.00 per mile is \$1,600 - even though the plane was empty on the way back.

How Bill does it and manages to be in the two places at once, I'll never know. He has been in the upper third of his class all through Law School. Just before exams he does give up the flying. Apparently it is not unusual for him to stay at the Law School Library till four o'clock in the morning - or all night if need be. In one course last fall I happen to know that he only attended two classes. You can imagine that I had more than a little interest as to the result because I have been underwriting him to a certain extent. His latest grades were a C; a C+; two B+s; an A; and an A+ in the course he only attended twice. This betters his class standing, and for the first time not only puts him on The Dean's list but puts him at the top of the Dean's list because his name begins with an "A". His good friend, Hank Kassen, who was in the Navy with him and is Editor of the Law Review is quite disgusted. When he walked into Hank's office after the grades were out Hank said "Get out of here - we do not want you around and would be happy if we never saw you again." He did not mean this of course. Hank has been getting phenomenal grades right from the start. This is how you get to be Editor of the Law Review. Hank, I take it, has been attending every class, putting in long hours of study, and keeping his nose to the grindstone. It was a note of envy that caused him to appear to be unfriendly. He was jealous of the fact that while he was slaving away his good friend (who has taken him twice to Michigan on skiing expeditions) might be on a junket to New York, to Texas, to Oklahoma, or spending the week-end in Nassau - as Bill has done occasionally. They go to Nassau because the owner of the plane happens to have a business in Nassau and likes to spend his week-ends there. In the Lear Jet it takes just 2 hours and 40 minutes.

You can easily say that the Lord has no hands in this. I disagree. Certainly to be a pilot you need reliable equipment and half-way decent weather. I am certain he helped us that summer when Bill was flying co-pilot for Ebby Lunken and I was a passenger on the week-end summer run to Harbor Springs. Bill had rented a small single engine plane just to fly us across the water from

Harbor Springs to Woolsey at Northport for the weekend. After dinner Sunday night, at Northport, Marian and Dave were seeing us off at Woolsey for Harbor Springs - Bill to get back in plenty of time to perform his duties as co-pilot and I to join the other passengers. It was raining, the clouds were low, and visibility was down to the bare minimum. Except for a radio there were no instruments in the small plane. Bill had agreed that he would waggle his wings if we decided to go after we were airborne and had a chance to look around. We never did waggle our wings because we never did know whether we were going to go. Instead of heading to Harbor Springs Bill took off heading south down the shore line. As I soon learned this was because even though he could not begin to see the shore on the other side of Grand Traverse Bay he thought he might be able to see Old Mission and other points of land halfway across if we flew down the shore some ten miles or so. As a matter of fact, we could not see Old Mission until we were less than three miles away, and after leaving Old Mission we could not see land on the other side until we were halfway across. From there we tried to follow the shore line around to Charlevoix. It was just pouring. We almost made it to a cement plant used as a landmark - but could not see it. It was not only the rain - it was lightning. It got so bad Bill made an about face and headed back down the shore from whence we had come. I thought we had had it. He, however, has eyes in the back of his head and thought he detected a slight opening or bit of lightness in the clouds in the direction of Charlevoix - so after a few miles we turned around again and this time we made it, not only to that cement plant but to Harbor Springs as well. We forgot to call Marian at Northport, and she was frantic. We soon received a call from her, and after profuse apology on our part she forgave us.

Is there really a guiding hand that has more to do with our destiny than we realize regardless of how much effort we put forth? Is it perhaps a little teamwork that always goes us one better if we try hard, or one worse if we do not? I definitely think it is a matter of team work, and the smarter we are the more intuitive we are, and the

more faith we have the nearer we get to that Divine Presence.

Just by way of example and to illustrate my point. For years I have wanted to win the golf tournament at the Reserve City Bankers Association meeting in Boca Raton. It is a low gross tournament as well as a low net or handicap one. The chances on low gross were always slim. I have had a respectable round or two in the low 80's, but recently Charles de Brettville and one or two others have joined the ranks and shoot in the low 70's. So my only chance to win was low net on a handicap basis. To be fair to everyone each player's handicap is based on six unknown holes selected by the Tournament Committee in advance, and no player knows (or is supposed to know) which holes they are. This is called the Peoria System. I was playing with my good Cleveland friends, George Karch, President of The Cleveland Trust Company, and Harry Burmeister, President of the Union Commerce Bank, as well as with Frank King, Chairman of the Board of the United Bank of California, in Los Angeles.

I had played with George the day before. We had a Nassau bet with presses, and I not only won the front nine, the back nine, the eighteen, and a press on the back nine - but other presses as well. For the benefit of the non-golfers, a Nassau bet is an individual bet with any individual in the foursome. The stakes are usually \$1, but may be more or less. The first nine, the second nine, and the eighteen holes are involved. So without presses \$3 are involved. The original bet is that at match play you can win more holes than he does on the first nine holes, the second nine holes, and on all eighteen holes. Any time an opponent is two down on either nine, or on a press, he can press, and this means that another \$1, or whatever the stakes are, is involved from the point of the press to the end of the nine. The back nine holes, or second nine, can also be pressed. With several presses I would say I won eight or nine dollars from George.

On the day of the tournament George got even with me and won his money back. The more I

tried the worse I became. But do you know where I really did badly? It was on the six blind holes on which everyone's handicap was based. My gross score was 100 but my handicap figured out to 35, so the net score was 65, and I won the tournament going away as well as a very beautiful silver wine cooler. This experience is a good example of what I am talking about. George was fit to be tied, and will never get over it. He thought it was worth at least \$100 to keep quiet and not to tell people what a scoundrel I am.

It is difficult to believe that I did not know which the six holes were. My guardian angel did, and this is what I mean. We worked it out together. He not only knew which the blind holes were, but saw to it that I looked up, or put too much right hand, or did something else wrong on each of these holes.

During one of my three years in Cambridge I had the rare privilege of living in the home of Professor Austin Wakeman Scott. Every lawyer knows "Scott on Trusts". He is the great authority on the subject, and also taught our course in "Trusts". Dick Ames, our good friend and Secretary of the Law School at that time, was responsible for this good fortune. I was supposed to be a good influence on Professor Scott's two sons. In addition to a place to stay I had breakfast each morning with Austin, his wife and two boys, Austin and Gordon. It afforded me an opportunity to get well acquainted with Austin Scott the man, as well as Austin Scott the superb teacher and authority on the subject of Trusts that was later to become my chosen profession. In my opinion Austin Scott was not a religious man. He was always busy teaching, writing articles, and doing research. He questioned everything, and after the finest kind of critical analysis always wanted, if possible, to arrive at a black or white answer.

I often think of a conversation I had with him in which he quizzed me about the hereafter, about God, and the supernatural. I guess my answers were vague and non-committal. On the other hand, he was not volunteering much himself or answered many of my questions. Curiously I came out of the session

with the feeling that he was pretty much of an agnostic and non-believer, and this has troubled me ever since. If one so intelligent as he did not believe in God, why should I or why should anyone. Admittedly he did not have time, or take the time, to go to church. Perhaps I do him an injustice. Maybe the truth of the matter is that lawyers as a group are more inclined to question a doctrine that by the rules of evidence cannot be proved. I never listened to one of his sermons but have always been interested to know that Joey Beale, another of our stalwarts and most revered professors at the Harvard Law School, was an Elder, a lay preacher, and often ascended the pulpit to give the sermon in his church in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Marian and I are both staunch Presbyterians and go to church on Sunday when we are in Cincinnati. She is a Ruling Elder of Seventh Presbyterian Church, and so am I.

At a Lenten Dinner gathering the other night Bill Durrell and his wife spoke of their experiences in Czechoslovakia on the subject "Escape to Freedom". He showed some pictures and gave a good account of himself. We were early, and in the Church Library I picked up a book by a Scottish Highlander, Ernest Gordon, entitled "Through the Valley of the Kwai". Gordon's home is in St. Andrews in Northern Scotland where we are going in June - I think I'll look him up. The book is more of a factual account of atrocities, sickness and disease and unbelievably bad conditions than the other book "The Bridge of the River Kwai". The book is well written, especially the first part about an attempt to escape when the Japanese overran Singapore. It is also a great testimonial of faith that had to be developed in the Author, and was suggested by two of his fellow highlanders - one a Methodist, and the other a Roman Catholic. He had been on the verge of death after malaria, dysentery, beriberi (a queer blood infection), an appendectomy; and on top of that a bad case of diphtheria which had left him without the use of his legs. Some of his fellow prisoners slowly brought him back to life and to a faith where he was helping other prisoners, and they all were helping each other rather than stealing

from each other and hastening the day when it would be the end of them all. In the midst of this when Gordon is questioning whether there could possibly be a God with such awful conditions as exist in their prison camp are two bits of poetry worth quoting. They do ring a bell. Perhaps one of you can identify the Author. They, just like folklore, seem to have arisen out of the atmosphere of the prison camp.

The first poem reads:

No one could tell me where my soul might be  
I sought for God, but God eluded me  
I sought my brother out and found all three  
My soul, my God, and all humanity.

The second one:

What shall I think when I am called to die?  
Shall I not find too soon my life has ended?  
The years, too quickly, have hastened by  
With so little done of all that I'd  
intended.

There were so many things I'd meant to try  
So many contests I had hoped to win  
And lo, the end approaches just as I  
Was thinking of preparing to begin.

William E. Anderson

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