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UA36I/2 Standards

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The term standard ordinarily means an arbitrary amount used to compare and measure. I wish you if you are not familiar with such a frame you would visualize in your mind. The purpose of the standards was to hold the load of hay wheat etc, in place and avoid slipping from there. I traveled over rough ground across gullies or along sloping hillside.

Just as the hay frame standards were of arbitrary length and spaces apart so the human frame standards we hold civilization. They will be found to differ in separate section of the world. The human frame standards were not to be replaced after a number of years of use. Some of coarse lasted longer than others. One day the worm eaten and had to be discarded. Others seasons well and became more valuable with the years of use. Occasionally a severe storm would snap one and the load might be made more secure. In such a case we found one standard just as useful as the other.

Sometimes it became necessary to make a tie from one standard in order not to let the load might be made more secure. In such a case we found one standard just as useful as the other. The term standard back to that of yesterday because ties are stronger, both in both and we need an old standard. If the tie is made from the strength of one to the strength of the other then the load is safe but

The first of these standards that I wish to discuss are of course, courageous of the physical courage of the mental courage of the spiritual. I can say that we must do something more than the ability to meet another face to face and exchange blow for blow without flinching. It is courage that is marked as courage. It may be foolhardiness.

I mean the courage of the man that ponders an unknown country or an unknown man by courage by courage the man that stands by his convictions as did Martin Luther as did Paul and Peter through the gaol. Some gable death and worse than death, I mean the courage that a young woman is called upon to show in the face of a man who refuses to lower her moral standard for fear that she all may have been placed under such great stress as cause it to break allowing us to make a tie. Thus certain standards are to be passed for a former period. But some of these standards are as old as the human race and have grown better and more necessary for us.

Sometime this is a tie made from one standard in order not to let the load might be made more secure. In such a case we found one standard just as useful as the other. The term standard back to that of yesterday because ties are stronger, both in both and we need an old standard. If the tie is made from the strength of one to the strength of the other the load is safe but

The weakness of either is found there is danger of the load slipping. The next idea I mean. Some time ago I stood in the stadium of a great school at one of its foot ball games as a waiter for the drinks off some standing . The alumnus by my side spoke to me and at once began to lament that the students of this college don't know what they used to be that they had in a large measure lost the nerve and courage of his day that they no longer have in strength the tie that left many bruised beaten and sore unable to attend classes for days and in some instances smaller for life. They no longer has the freshness in short he longed for the good old days and this was his idea of the good old days. He wanted to tie the weakness

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back turned and takes that for which he does not pay. We may not feel that this same person will not hesitate to have the courage along life's path without a clue from placing the black magic and insidious character or entering into a shady business deal. I shall call my next stations in life. I place it in the frame at this point because I believe without faith there would be little need for courage or any other qualities. If we are to do our part in keeping civilization from slipping away from the human race we must have faith that the great majority of people are earnestly and sincerely striving to make this world a better and more livable place. The question then arises: is the present world growing better or worse?

11 I do not know but I am doing all that I know how to do. We may not wonder why, are you? We must have the kind of faith that makes us allow the other fellow the same latitude we take for ourselves. I am quite certain that in the past the military heroes have had the largest monuments and the most space in the histories of nations. But many years from now your life and mine will be standing with folded arms and stern countenance trying to see through the smoke and fog of the fact, which pile of dead was the largest or the doctor that submitted to the bite of a fever infected mosquito in order to eradicate yellow fever. One has the faith of destruction the other the faith of service. One meant the ultimate destruction of all that really lived but loyal or un loyal to the non-essential small things of life. You have known of people having been killed and much hatred engendered over a few of coins that should have been only briars and briers. Today we are still allowing the small things of life to make us unhappy and miserable. We are not nearly so much as flies bina men went to see the elephant. But I get a different angle on the word with great truth and cling to our narrow conception claiming that the other fellow has not seen the truth because he did not see our same view. I heard a man tell a story of a dog-just a dog a foxhound. This hound had grown old and could not keep up with the pack in the chase as was left at home. But one beautiful moonlit night with the front in the air the owner decided to go for chase when the dogs were being turned cut as the master said "Old Texas looked into his eyes and said let me go tonight. No Texas you are too old you will only be in the way but let me go pleased Texas I'll do what is gets to be a good sport. It is such a beautiful night. Master let me go. So Texas was allowed to go. After a while we heard a shot on the trail. We listened while they chased the fox. A deep note indicated that Texas was coming along but behind. As we stood on a little rise we saw a fox running by and soon the hounds came along in hot pursuit.

12 After they passed I listened to old Texas coming up behind. True to his very training and traditions following the trail he came into the moonlight of the little clearing I could hear him breathing heavily. He pushed on but staggered. The dogs stiffened and went ahead stumbled over a little hole and kept still. I ran to him and gathered him in my arms but old Texas had his last chase I buried him there. I never pass that place without stopping and going to his grave I stand with my bow and shoot "Oh God make us faithful and as loyal to the things for which we were intended as Old Texas was to make a noble sport of" only a dog-a foxhound-but faithful and loyal.
to the best in life as he had known until death. One day—a strange day—thirteen years old my brother sent me with the wagon and team to the west for what I don't know now of standards. I made a good with all it seems until I came to the last one. For this one I picked a bit more paint to a bit splatter and cut it down. Since it was such a nice long straight one I cut it quite a bit longer than I marked it, and others gave it an extra measure so to speak. When I arrived at the field I had to enter through a gate with high posts and a cross bar at the top. Imagine my consternation when this last standard struck this cross bar and tore it from the posts. You may imagine that I never heard the last of it. When my mother even today still laughs at me about this occurrence. I never think of this standard of service now without wanting to make it better. Not because it tore down a useless cross bar but because of the extra measure I had put into it. Just in this same way would have you cut the standard of service in your life as long as it is straight.

We placed the standard of service last but just as I cut the whole set at the same time so must you few your standards. This is the final standard by which your life will be tested. We hear at this time of year a great deal about success and what it means to some it is the gaining of fame. To some it is the accumulation of money etc., but to me a life is successful only when it has served humanity. Count that life a failure that passes this way and leaves no more than it found.

I stood one afternoon at sunset a look up a familiar scene—one that I had known in childhood. The sun set in the west, leaving a picture across the western sky. As I watched this wonderful panorama I heard a soul crying from a pain when the tears fell. I heard the doctor try with words and deeds to soothe and make easy the few remaining days. I went with this man in medicine over roads almost impassable and dangerous to minister to a blood poisoned man.

I saw him take a mangled hand of a man blinded and old and work with it so that even the few remaining years might be made more joyful. He did this not so much for the money he received as for the service he could render. Here they stand tonight. Of course you take a pride in them. They have their standards well on the way to completion. They are the ones to take the place of responsibility in the future. You have guided them in the making of their standards and let them real it. I heard the cloak of responsibility it will fall upon their shoulders and be accepted as the cloak of which when it fell upon the shoulders of Elisha in the olden days.

James Barry in the "Little Minister" says that a dairy is book into which we expect to write one story and end by writing another and the humblest hour of our existence is when we consider what we have written with what we expected to write. Let me paraphrase this—Your life is a new book into which you will write one story and you will end by writing another. But may I plead with you to make the story such a one that when you look back and compare it with the one you had expected to write that no blush of shame will tinge your cheeks or regret lay at your heartstrings.