



Thanks

ALL of a sudden it hit me just now, how lucky I am. *Nine-tenths of the world is afraid—but I haven't got anything to be afraid of. A lot of the world is hungry—I don't really know what hunger is.*

Where my grandfather lived, he could never hope to "rise above his station". Nobody decides what my "place" is, and best of all, nobody wants to . . . I can rise and grow as far as I'm willing to pay the price, in hard work and self-denial.

What I have is mine—I can spend it or save it, and if I save it I can keep it, for myself or my children; no man dares take from me what I have earned.

I can be lazy and just get by, or I can work and be paid more and more as I produce more. Or, I can go into business and be my own boss.

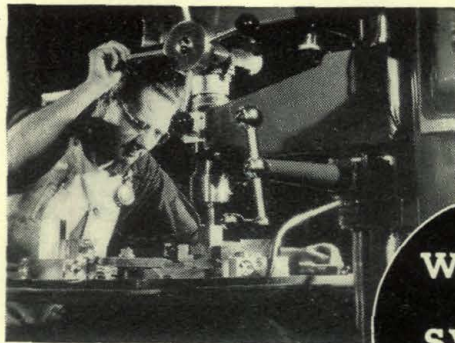
My children will start where I leave off; they can keep on, and go farther and farther, better and better.

I can think and say what I want. I need never shrink in fear of anyone. No one commands me, no one will command my children.

I don't much care what you call all this—free enterprise or the American way, or democracy; names don't matter: It's America. I like it. Don't let anybody dare try to change it. I like it this way.

I fought for it once. My boy fought for it this time. Both of us will fight again if anyone, from outside or in, tries to cheat us of this we love. It isn't perfect but it's the best there is.

I like it. I'm grateful. *Stop monkeying with it.*



YOU CAN MACHINE IT BETTER, FASTER, FOR LESS WITH WARNER & SWASEY TURRET LATHES, AUTOMATICS AND TAPPING MACHINES