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Kruschman

In the beginning I desire to thank you for this signal honor which you have conferred by inviting me to speak to you this evening. I assure you that I deem it the highest honor to be invited to speak to an audience of intellectuals such as the Bar Association of Pottawatomie County. To be asked by those who are accomplished speakers to speak to them presupposes the fact that there is a merit in the invited guest, that I assure you I realize does not exist.

I am particularly honored to be invited back to this county where I lived and grew to early manhood. Where I loved and won my wife. Every nook and cranny is hallowed ground. Every creek and section line holds some cherished recollection. For here I romped and played in those days of youth when life was just one long Summer's dream. So I feel signally honored at being recalled to address the most accomplished and intellectual body of men in the county, it shows, perhaps, that I had made some advancement, and if so I above all others, am glad.

But I must remind you that I will become puffed up if too many such invitations are extended, I feel my head swelling now, tremendously. I will be like Col. Keys man who died back in Pennsylvania. He arrived at the Pearly Gates in due time where he was accosted by St. Peter, who demanded "who was and what he wanted". He answered "I am John Paul Jones, and I desire to be admitted into Heaven." What have you done on earth of a public nature that would entitle you to the privilege? asked St. Peter. Mr. Jones scratched his head and said "I have never done one thing that I can recall, I was never even mentioned for any public service. The only time I was ever even mentioned was some little service I gave to a family in the great Johnstown flood." "Oh! yes," said St. Peter, "I remember you now, you are the hero of the great Johnstown flood. Come right in we will all be glad to have the hero of the great Johnstown flood with us." And he took him over and introduced Mr. Jones to a group of angels, who all were delighted to meet him and shook hands with and Mr. Jones begin to feel pretty good. St. Peter then took over to another group and introduced him there as the hero of the Great Johnstown flood, and they made much over him, and Mr. Jones begin to feel much better about himself. And when St. Peter introduced him to the third group as the hero of the Johnstown flood, and they made a great fuss over him and assured him

they were delighted to have such a hero among them, he swelled up fit to burst, Just then he noticed a little fellow sitting close by with a sneer on his face, and by this time Mr. Jones was feeling so good that he turned in anger to the little fellow and demanded: "Who are you sir, who are you, that you should snarl and sneer at the hero of the great Johnstown flood?" The little fellow, all shriveled up and insignificant looking, answered " Oh! I aint nobody, I aint nobody, I am just Noah."

I would have been pleased to prepare myself upon some legal subject that would have been interesting to a bunch of lawyers, but knowing that such a subject would demand considerable preparation on my part because of the critical audience and failing to have time in which to go to the very bottom of any such subject I must forego such an enterprise. And on the other hand I would have been delighted to tell you of the wonders of New Mexico and the great southwest. Of a trip that my father and I took through that wonderous land last Summer, where there is things historical, prehistorical and of natural interest. But I realize that that would be out of place and inappropriate at a gather of lawyers, even though I could tell you of interesting things that are almost within your own back yard, and within a few days reach of every member of this bar and their families at practically no expense. Things perhaps that one does not know about except by such a visit. So I will forego that pleasure, at least until some other time. So I have chosen as my subject "Citizenship", a subject that all of us as lawyers, and therefore men of semi public activity, appreciate more perhaps than the ordinary citizen. A subject in which platitudes and generalities can be indulged, which do not require much preparation.

I hope, when I have gotten through that you will not feel about me like the negro janitor did down in Texas. He failed to show up until late one day, and then he was all bruised up, one eye swelled shut, a couple of teeth gone, his arm in a sling and generally in a most delapidated condition. The old Banker said "Where the devil have you been Mose, that you have cleaned this bank up as usual?" Mose said: "I'll tell you boss. Yesterday when I got through work I went down home to see my folks and when I got down there, there was a big yellow negro sitting there talking to my wife and I said to him" What the devil you doin here?

and he said: "None of your business, what you doin here?" and I said "Dis is my home, dats what I is doing here." and just one work brought on another, and I never got so tired of a nigger in all my life".

I hope on the other hand that you will feel more like the big negro over in France during the World war. They had issued a portion of rum to a colored troop in expectation of their going over the top, but the order didnt come as soon as expected, and one big negro got to feeling pretty good from his dose of rum, and finally he jumped up out of the trench on the German side and shook his fists in the air and yelled "Come on all you Germans, here is one nigger than aint afraid of you. Shoot your big guns, I'se after you". About that time a big shell exploded close by and cover the big negro completely over with dirt and earth. He came scrambling out of there and rubbed the dirt off of his eyes and said: "Dats what I calls service."

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The citizenship of every nation has been its bulwork or the reverse. In every nation in all times the citizenship has meant the continued and enduring prosperity and eminence of that nation or its eminent downfall and degradation. Especially is it true in a government such as ours, a government based upon an intelligent vote. Not a vote of spite, envy, prejudice or sympathy, but a vote of cold judgment which reflects an intelligence looking to the best interest of ones country. It is such a citizen and such a citizenship that makes for the maximum efficiency in every government, and more especially in such as ours where all political questions and service is based upon the vote of the common people. It was the idea of those great architects of government, Adams, Jefferson, Washington, Madison, Hamilton and others, that the individual citizen would always hold the welfare and prosperity of his country first; above all other and more selfish interests. Governments are established for the protection and security of the citizenship. These old students of statescraft recognized this as the basis of government. That therefore every citizen would be vitally and honestly interested in the proper maintainance of such a government, if one could be devised. Those old fellows never realized that when the remembrance of the tyranny of old England had played out, that the people or a great number of

them would for selfish reasons, for sympathy on the one hand or prejudice on the other, seek to exploit the very thing that guaranteed them security and protection. This perhaps was the only fault that can be found with those old framers of our governmental fabric, they placed too much credence in humanity, but that credence much be placed, if we are to have a republican form of government.

So I say that to every one the subject of citizenship must be interesting. We find in all times and throughout all history that the statesmen and scholars have recognized the necessity of having a citizenship capable of giving to the state such support as will allow the state to function at its highest efficiency.

In ancient Sparta a male child of three years of age was subject to inspection under the laws of that state, looking to its classification, physically. If it showed a possible robust, healthy body it was accepted for training by and for the state. If unacceptable physically, it was cast aside and discarded. At the age of seven years the child was taken charge of by a preceptor of the state and his education commenced. He was taught in the games and dances of the day and somewhat in musical education until eighteen years of age when there began the training of the youth as a soldier and warrior. He was trained in the use of the crude weapons of the time, participated in the games, the marathons and the contests of those old times. When he was twenty five years of age he was required to become a member of one of the "Dining Clubs" of Sparta. These clubs were composed of fifteen to twenty five members. They met and dined together each day and there discussed the policies of government and the welfare of the state. No one who was not a member of a club was looked upon as a good citizen. In the full sense of the word he was not a good citizen of Sparta. The Spartan, through such training and drilling felt himself wholly a part of the state. The state demanded his life, if necessary, and it was freely given. His very being, was, first above all property of the state. Such a practice and such a training naturally developed a citizenship in those days that guaranteed to Sparta the maximum efficiency. The state through its rigorous training was allowed to function at its best. For in those days ~~xxxxxx~~ the state was continually disturbed and agitated by the tumultuous confusion of wars. Such training made for the best citizen under those circumstances

Those old Spartans recognized that in the tender youth was the most acceptable time to train the young mind. Realized that in the intensive training of youth ideas and principles were inculcated that in later years, however far one might drift from the beaten path of citizenship, the training of the youth would beckon and call them back again.

That is as true to-day as it was in those old days. The human family has changed but little in the last three thousand years so far as human nature is concerned. To-day we find youth the impulsive, the eager, the adventurous and ready to take a longchance, the same as it has been in all the history of the human race. If proer ideas and principles are inculcated into the youthful mind all well and good, nine times out of ten, a good citizen is in the moulding. Criminals are recruited from the ranks of the young people. Age gives but little to the criminal life. Youth so eager and adventurous composes the hi-jackers the car theives, the petty thieves and the bandits of to-day. They are so far removed from the ultimate end of life that they do not properly recognize the value and worth of life. Age is conservative. In the forenoon of life there dwells impulse, enthusiasm and the daring adventurous spirit. Quiet and introspective calm comes in the afternoon of life. Toward evening the mind is satisfied and still. The flare and flicker of youth are gone; the soul is at peace like the lamp that sits where the air is at rest. Age discards the ~~superfluous~~ superfluous, the immaterial, the straw and the chaff and <sup>harvests</sup> garners the golden grain. The highways of life are known and the paths no longer mislead. Clouds are not mistaken for mountains. For the old men have long been at the fair and the jugglers in the booths are known to them. His curiosity is satisfied. He no longer cares for the unexpected, the monstrous, the marvelous and the deformed. He looks through and beyond the gilding, the glitter and gloss, not only of things but of conduct, manners, theories, religions and philosophies. He sees clearer. The light of adventure and impulse no longer shines in his eyes. To youth are we indebted for that impulse and enthusiasm that makes for progress and advancement, but age furnishes the balance wheel, the governor, the conservatism that avoids the ~~paralyzing~~ <sup>destructive</sup> vibrations of life's machinery.

The mysterious, swarthy Egyptian, walking along the banks of the Nile, contemplating the irrigation ditches and perhaps studying a way to improve the same was a worthy and good citizen. For by his industry and thought he made it possible in his small way for us today to enjoy the manifold blessings and comforts which we enjoy. These who build the silent Sphinx, who so long has weathered the sands and heat of the desert; the mighty pyramids representing countless years of toil and blood; the great halls of Carnack that stand to-day in silent memento of a great civilization and the ~~mar~~ statue of Memnon, whose marble lips sang when smitten by the morning sun; they were all great citizens, however the world may have demeaned those ancient builders in its day. For by such action, thought and study the following generations were predisposed to a keener intellect and mind more apt to cope with the growing advancement and civilization.

We are not to demand of a good citizen the same pleasing characteristics that we demand in a friend and companion. A good citizen may often not possess a good personality. In fact every one of us possess certain characteristics that are displeasing to many people. Our friends overlook them, as friends should; but nevertheless such distasteful characteristics may develop into a contempt upon too close a companionship. But good citizens from the states standpoint are not made so by a pleasing personality, but by their public works. A man may be an ideal citizen in every way; moral, honest, tolerant, God fearing and a home builder, but ~~he~~ if he dwells too much within himself, and he neglects the public affairs of his community and state, he is not in the great broad sense, a very good citizen.

A little while ago I stood near the excavation of an ancient Indian pueblo in northwestern New Mexico. There the archiologists from the Smithsonian and Rockefeller institutes were uncovering a city that had been covered over for more than thirty centuries. From the various departments relics, pottery, flint knives and a sort of cotton fabric, perhaps woven from the cat-tails of the marshes, were being remove and brought into the sunlight after a sleep of three thousand years.

From one of the departments of the pueblo two or three little mummies were removed, wrapped in their funny little cotton like fabric, with their knees drawn up under their chins, they were representatives of a civilization that had existed in this land of ours when the pyramids of Egypt were being constructed. One little fellow had a scar upon his head that the papers later declared was indicative of a trepanning operation by some old flint knife. That little fellow was no doubt a prominent citizen in his day, because he represented the best there was of his civilization. He was a good citizen then, but to-day if he were living among us he would not be known, or if known he would be recognized as a nonentity. The world had advanced however, perhaps because he lived. Who can tell?

When Alexander the Great led his ten thousand immortals through the wastes of Asia Minor, capturing here a tribe and there a tribe, overthrowing this kingdom and that monarchy, finally weeping because he found no other worlds to conquer; and at last falling the victim of the poison of an envious associate, he was ruthless and murderous and ambitious. No good, we say, could come out of such ruthless, warlike conduct. But from that wellknown campaign came out one of the really interesting epochs of the world's civilization. The captured territory was distributed among the generals of the dead conqueror. To the lot of one Ptolemy fell northern Africa. There he went and with the wealth accumulated by the campaigns of Alexander he founded the city of Alexandria. In that city he established a great library, going out all over the then known world and purchasing books and had them transcribed and translated in the Greek and other contemporaneous languages. Paying as high as fifteen thousand dollars for one volume. Having a mentality that possessed vision of a thousand years beyond his time, he also endowed a pension so that all those throughout the world who were interested in research and study might come and in Alexandria be provided for without the necessity of striving for a sustenance for themselves and their families. Out of that flowed a great literary period. Students and scholars came from all over the world. Alexandria became the seat of all learning. Intensive thought gave to the world much enlightenment and brought the best minds of the times together.



And while our forebears were struggling through the dark ages the Saracens brought down and preserved those treasured thoughts and volumes for the time when our present civilization might need them. It would be useless for me to endeavor to tell you the great good and tremendous advantage that came out of that incident in the worlds history. It speaks in thundering tones for itself.

We, to-day, are living in an age of legislation. We seek to direct our deportment, energy, thrift and industry by the law. Its fallacy appears on every side. Those subjects are matters for education. With our national laws numbering more than fifty one thousand individual acts that have to do with the conduct of our people, and with the legislatures of the various states enacting laws continually and never repealing any; with the courts handing down opinions that have the effect and import of the law, and with countless laws in the statutes of the differnt states running far into the thousands; I say that we are a law ridden people. It is my opinion that such multiplicity of laws only makes for the contempt of the same. It cannot be that industry, conduct, morals, and thrift can be legislated into a people. Those are matters for the educators. The fireside, where proper principles of morals, conduct, tolerance, thrift, honesty are freely discussed and expounded in the presence of little minds; is place where such errors must be corrected. The home, with a good mother, is the greatest factor for building a fine citizenship. When the cold blasts of winder are whirling about the home, and the fireside is bright and cheerful, and little children sit at their parents knees and gaze wide eyed in the fire, principles of morality, honesty, tolerance and industry can be inculcated into little minds that will accomplish more good than all the legilsatures and all the congresses that ever met.

We dont have to be rich to be happy, we dont have to be famous or renowned, to be happy, or successful. The greatest success in this life is the good man and the good woman who establish a fine home, thatched with sunshine and love, and rear a fine family of children who are taught to be truthful, honest and to respect and love their country. The rich man in the somber solitude of his mansion, giving neither of his time or his money that his community or his city may be the

better for his having lived in it, finds that envy, hate and discontent is wearing his very heart away. His is not a success, neither has he found happiness. The finest, bravest thing I can well imagine is to see a young man and a young woman unite themselves in marriage and take up the journey down the pathway of life. Disconnecting themselves from the comforts and conveniences of their parents home, pioneering out into the unknown to establish and build a fine home from their own resources. I say to you that those young people are the bravest to be found in our land. The home is the unit of government, and when it is good and fine and great, the government will be the same, and when it degenerates and goes down, your government is bound to degenerate in the same proportion that we find in the homes of our country.

Neither do we have to have renown or fame to be happy and contented. Fame within itself does not mean success. Renown neither. In the French revolution names became famous that to-day are known in every home. Danton, Murat and Robespierre. But what about their success. When the lion Danton stood upon the platform of the guillotine and thundered forth his challenge to the mob there screaming for his head, he said: "I am Danton, just the age that the Christ was when he died. When you have been forgotten in your graves, the world will remember Danton, the great Danton." And the guillotine clanged and he was no more. And then came Murat, the bloody, squatty Murat. After the guards at his doors has twice turned the murderous Charlotte Corday away, Murat came to the door and feeling the beckoning of the finger of fate and change, reproached the guards for their conduct and admitted the maiden into his chamber. And as he turned to fasten the locks on his chamber door, she plunged into his side the knife that freed the world from the second and bloodiest of the terrible triumvirate. They carried the broken body of Robespierre on a stretcher to the Tuilleries, after it has been rescued from the angry mob. There they placed him among the other prisoners in the Pavillion Marsan, where he had dined the night before. They provided him with a pistol case for a pillow. He lay there perfectly still not uttering a sound. Only his eyes which were still bright like the eyes of a wounded animal, followed and observed all that was going on about him.

The guards laughed and talked in his presence about his mutilated condition, and of the fate that awaited him at the guillotine. For five interminable hours he lay there, never murmuring, never complaining, although the doctor probed and removed his broken teeth. <sup>At</sup> Once did he break the silence and that was when he sought to reach his garter which had become twisted and bound and numbed his leg. One of the guards, more kindly than the rest, assisted him and adjusted it for him. He rested his bright eyes upon him and said: "Thank you, sir." Equality was surely dying. And then the tumbrils came and he was dumped in and conveyed through the streets of Paris where the mob cursed and spat upon him and finally when they removed the bandages at the guillotine he screamed ~~in~~ with pain, and as the vengeful knife fell, ~~his head rolled into the basket,~~ and a cloud of powder from his hair arose and the head fell into the basket. And so perished the little lawyer of Arras. Can it be said that his was a successful life? Can it be said that he had found peace or happiness. No, <sup>he was</sup> ~~was~~ just the last of the murderous Committee of Twenty two, the last of the bloody Triumvirate. Robespierre has passed, and the world perhaps, is no better for his having lived in it.

Why my friends I would rather be the poorest farmer living in Pottawatomie County, living in the humblest hut on your red clay hills, with a gourd vine growing over the door and the cotton growing <sup>like</sup> ~~with~~ in the kisses of the autumn sun, with my family about me and with the respect and affection of my community and friends, and ~~gone~~ go deep into a forgotten, unmarked grave, than to be such monsters as those. A good citizen is one who gives to his community something of his time and property, that that community may be better therefore. We get out of life, just what we put into it. If we want fame and power and wealth strong enough we can and will get it. But there are few who will make the sacrifice. And so out of it all I have come to a certain philosophy of life, best expressed in a few lines I have cribbed from our friend, Edgar Guest:

" I might have been rich, had I wanted the gold  
Instead of the friends I've made  
I might have had fame, had I wanted renown  
Instead of the hours I've played.  
But I'm standing to-night on the far edge of life  
And I only look backward to see  
What I've done with the hours and the days that were mine  
And all that has happened to me.

~~xxxx~~

I havent built much of a fortune to leave  
To those who shall bear my name  
And nothing I've done will entitle me here  
To a place on the tablets of fame.  
But I've loved the great sky, with its azure of blue  
And I've lived with the birds and trees  
And I've turned from the splendor of silver and gold  
And enjoyed such pleasures as these.

I have given my time to my family and friends  
Together with laughed and played  
And I wouldnt recall a glad hour spent there  
For all of the money that's made  
I chose to be known and be loved by the few  
Have turned from the paths of gain.  
And I'd make the same choice, were the chance given me  
To live my life over again.

I've lived with my friends and I've shared in their joy  
Known sorrow, with all of its tears  
And I've harvested much in my acres of life  
Tho some say I've squandered my years.  
And much has been mine in this life to enjoy  
And I think I have lived to its best.  
And I have no regrets, as I'm nearing the end  
For the gold I might have possesst.

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Dec. 16th, 1927.