

And then there are fellows who lack courage, who whisper evil things about men. They whisper things that are not true and they know it, but they do it because they are jealous, and they are jealous of something the other fellow has. Or, they have self-pity in their make-up. They want somebody to feel sorry for them. They want to feel that they have been abused and when a law is administered that interferes with their so-called freedom they rebel against it.

You will remember in the early days of our country when our pioneer forefathers settled in New England, John Smith said "Those who do not work shall not eat." He meant that everybody had to struggle for a constructive purpose and those idlers or fellows who did not care to make progress could not loaf around an active group.

That is exactly what you have got at Culver, Bob. You have got some boys who care, others who want to feel that the whole world is designed to be of service to those people who do not want to work, do not want to conform but are thinking only of themselves as being the ones who should be fed, sheltered and pampered.

Do you know the life history of old Colonel Culver? He was a very poor boy. He worked very hard and met many discouragements. But, Bob, doubtless the pangs of hunger, of association, of fellowship and of leadership that Colonel Culver had led him to desire training for young men who would receive the things that he lacked in boyhood and early life. And he gave his vast fortune for this Culver-Foundation so that other boys coming on would know the meaning of loyalty, patriotism, cooperation and friendliness. To make friends is one of the great achievements of young manhood. Don't forget that, Bob. And don't make friends with boys who figure that you are getting gypped every time an inhibition or law is encountered by some of the boys who figure the law should not apply to them but should apply to everybody else.

I am wondering after you read this letter if you will read a brief sketch of Colonel Culver's life, and then try to imagine that you are a young boy who could be as successful as Colonel Culver and have all the money and then try to figure what you would do with it in trying to make the coming generation of boys happy. Horses, water, drill grounds, sport of all kinds in which you indulge, shower baths, restful places to sleep, and good food, Bob.

Of course, you don't get the kind of food that Mother bakes for her own son - none of these boys do, but neither do the boys at Guadalcanal or in Sicily and all the tough places in the world where older boys than you are dying. And they are dying because they were trained to not kick on food that wasn't as good as what Mother baked.

It would be a pretty tough go if you would lose your Mother, and yet you know that if you look ahead the time will come when you will be without her and without your father. Therefore, Bob, you have got to conduct yourself in a way so that you can take over when that