

# Editorial

By JOHN L. MEYER

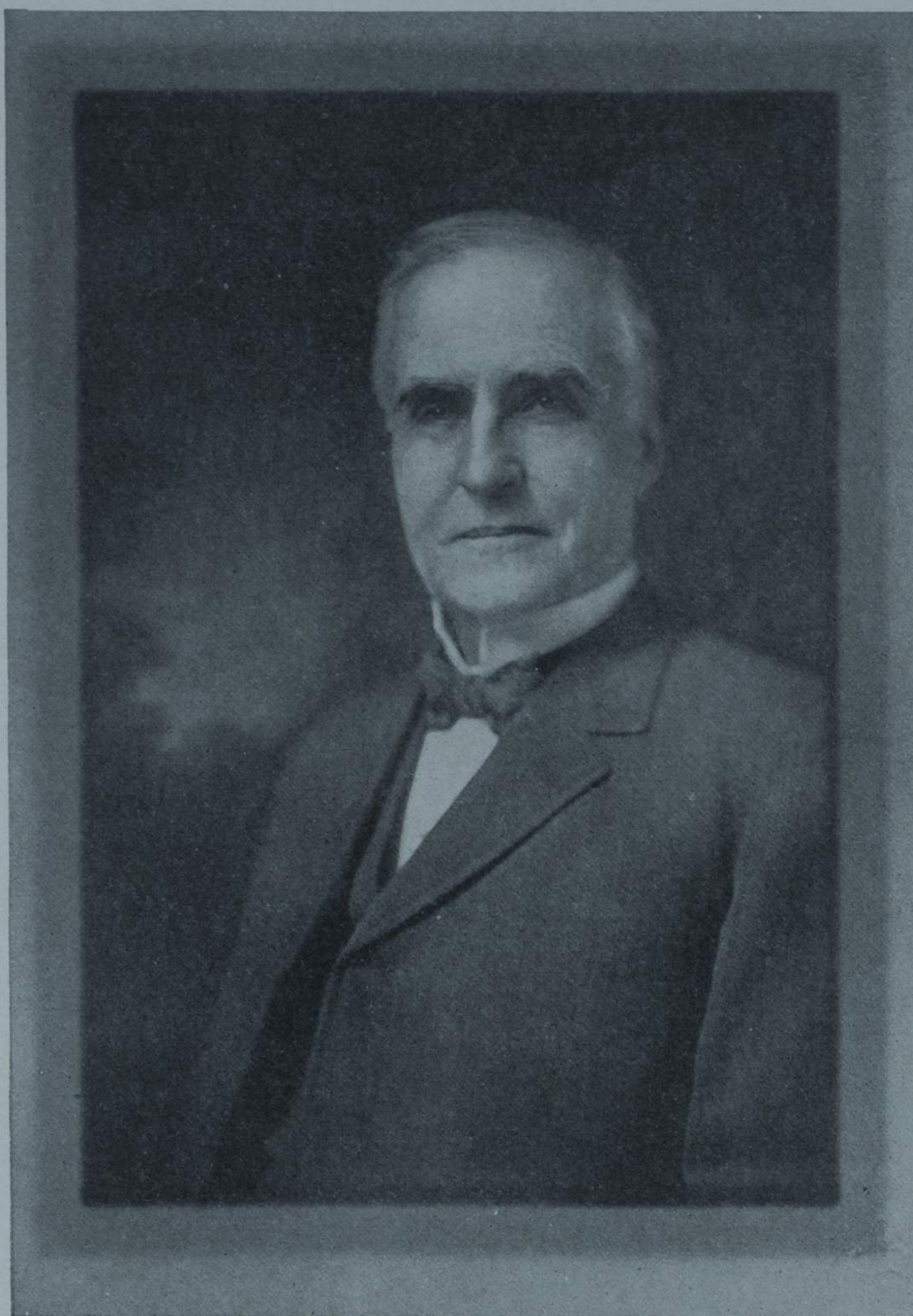
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IT IS given to some to leave monuments which shall shine down the centuries in the forms of pictures; to others, in the poetry or prose of grand ideas; to others, in the granite of achievement and material contributions of unending value in the present and to posterity.

Records are made of these things. They are never complete. They never can satisfy those who had good acquaintance with the Founder and with the Builder. They can't satisfy the reality, the innermost. The printing press, at least in these past 400 years, is the World's recording tool. The tool is adequate enough. Men's thoughts and words and tongues are never adequate enough. Without the tool—would they not be even far less?

IRVING L. STONE, founder and builder of the Duplex Printing Press Company, Battle Creek, Mich., was one who enjoyed—and he surely did enjoy it—the rarest opportunity of all: His monument is, at once, that which Did and Served, and that which records; that which will continue to Do and to Serve, and will continue to Record.

"This man *understands*." "He understood *me*." The men and women who reflect that wise as they hear of Irving L. Stone's passing — at 84 — number hundreds and hundreds. I count myself as one of them. Born in Vermont, coming west in an ox cart, teaching school within a pebble's throw of the great physical legacy he leaves, inspiring and founding a great business of concrete service to mankind, he was always a Scholar of Experiences. He not only knew his classics, traveled, met up with great lights of American and foreign life,



1841 — Irving L. Stone — 1925

Founder and Builder of the Duplex Printing Press Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

but he was at heart a Friend—the kind that never starts with self, or criticism, or resistance; but, the open, inviting, listening and bearing kind of a friend. Not to a chosen few, either. But, to as many as came for friendship, openly and frankly. Then, "he would *understand*." *Always* understand. Gently, interestedly and interestingly, and with integrity.

Seeking truth becomes less of a task, is less discouraging,—indeed, becomes a pleasure—with such ensamples as Irving L. Stone. It may be that truth is self-existent. It may be that truth is ever in the making; yet what of that? This man helped another, and yet another and another, to search, and listen,—and DO!