Title: “The Choice,” by Franklin F. Bond
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The Choice

Phrenology is hardly a science; yet who would not have it so?
An oracle to speak once more with a distinct call. In exacting
brain weights whose this so justly
faithful finger pointing the true
long break knelt, underlet one
the keenly words "This is your
way walk life in it." He would
boast be counter chiefest sage
who taking the lay of four in
intellectual regiononda mark of
and separate the rich soil from
the empty places. But all is
silent to the sphinx mute as ma
able. No voice, no sound, no
sign from without.
The poet is born they tell us,
and it must be so. I figure
in numbers and the numbers
came. This is the explanation
one who knew more than the
Alphabet of poetry. Few are the
poets and fewer the born poets
Bumpology then being in the
infancy and the quiet whisper
of the still small voice the
inspiration of the chosen few,
What will the many do?  
All experience lays bare two facts:  
one that no man can exalt 
beast at everything, the other that 
choice is not a matter of 
indifference.  
A great mother is partial. She 
Thinks to choose for the cherub 
in the crib. Deep religious convictions fix fact that choice. The 
Preeminence of the U.S. that long 
lane which to so many has 
ever had a turn to best of all 
her concerns. Among the children 
sees but one, drawn to it let by 
it she finds herself at Bethlehem.  
To the Prince of Peace pays her 
woman and dedicates her dearest 
treasure. The child then is a 
preacher long enough before thought 
awakes. The keenly sensitive ear 
of the mother detects the 
infancy of the sweetest eloquence 
in his childish iepings. Dawn 
Gives place to morn. The child 
Grows apace. In ordinary boy to 
be sure, but to the mother not 
ordinary in voice, in look in
movement flow like her ideal. Hope is high. In ten years young manhood decides decides
adversely. The long cherished dream of the fondest of mothers is broken. In thirty years man succeds comes to the now strong
man at the bar or in the State.
The venerable woman is proud enough of her son's attainments, but also disappointed. He was born to her as bishop.
A father is ambitious. To be disappointed by his son, his supreme wish. Lord has he stood in the
shoes of toil. Accumulation has been steady but slow. Shaping his now bent form and lodging
at his tougher muscles and
leathery hands he cap "my boy shall
never work as I have. Temis shall
bring him in a profession what
trades has failed me at a trade.
But somehow or other that boy
has a persistent hankering for
the shop tinker around as times and despite all efforts
to dissuade him takes from
his father, adds to it but the
machine becomes the draught man. There are those who drop down under lucky stars and stay there. Birth, surrounding accidents of fortunate circumstances and their own good part round off the rough edges of the rugged road. But how many strike out aimlessly at first? They know not how, they know not why! One of this class says 'everything is fodder, as pick in these times. Chance make the choice, a newspaper advertisement put the boy in a law office. The study to har, and tall. The time for prep. The previous examination comes and goes again and again, but he does not present himself. It looks like failure, it cannot be failure. But he has long fingers, he is a natural penman. Taking leave of law, he stands behind the desk of a counting room. Finds peculiar fascination in turning of the dry leaves of the daybook and becomes entranced in raving up and
down long columns of figures. In one year his salary is double, I find he is worth two ordinary men to the firm.

Attitude is the principal thing. There is something the natural desire to go this way or that way, there is much in it. The chirping and carolling of a bright little prairie girl, ever happily interpreted by knowing parents, and the cradled today inclined to Patti the first place in song.

But attitude does not always mean facilit of first. There is a hard shell to break through sometimes. The master workman and duny apprentice would appear to be no kin when frequently they are one and the same. Few aptitude most surprisingly well run out through one link into another. Who would think that the man who hammers unheated iron into horse shoes could mould a community's theology? Yet the leader of New England orthodoxy at the beginning of the century
starter life as a blacksmith. Now there is a force of adaptation, a kind of stubborn make-believe. It goes by the splendid name of Puck. Puck is power, but deceit is powerlessness. For what are stout arms and leg without eyes? Puck in the right line is a miracle worker, puck in the wrong direction is simply batching against the cold, hard stone. Right lead energy is wasted, for it is a going around from the start to the start again instead of out and on.

A man stripped of conceit, genuinely honest with himself, having the critical eye continually turning inwards and a clear, definite purpose just ahead of him, has no fear of failure. The bare possibility of stumbling into success has no place in his close calculations. In his thought he has driven down each taking before he reaches it. Hence he is of all men the least surprised at the outcome.
Curran was an awkward Irish man. At the debating club, he raised proctor laughter, but he took the floor in spite of it. He couldn't talk, but he would talk. Curran was no fool. He took in the full measure of his resources, his defects, he knew best. He clung fast to him, but like a skin he shot them. To most persons his career was a marvel, but to him it was not. He showed that grace might be extorted from the gant, he proved that the hammering tongue might have the very soul of eloquence at its root.

F. F. Bond
83
The Choice

Phrenology is hardly a science; yet who would not have it so? An oracle to speak once. A voice with a distinct call. An exacting brain weigher whose lb. is [just?] 16 oz. A faithful finger pointing the trembling, weak kneed, undecided one to the pearly words “This is your way walk ye in it.” He would easily be counter chiefest sage who taking the lay of our intellectual region could mark off and separate the rich soil from the stony places. But all is silent as the sphinx, mute as marble. No voice, no sound, no sign from without.

The pact is born they tell us, and it must be so. “I lisped in numbers and the numbers came.” This is the explanation of one who knew more than the alphabet of poetry. Few are the poets and fewer the born poets. Bumpology then being in its infancy, and the quiet whisper of the still, small voice the inspiration of the chosen few;

What will the many do? All experience lays bare two facts; one that no man can succeed best at everything, the other that choice is not a matter of indifference.

A good mother is partial. She thinks to choose for the cherub in the crib. Deep religious convictions fix fact that choice. The Presidency of the U.S. that long lane which to so many has never had a turn is least of all her concerns. Among the stars she sees but one, drawn to it led by it she finds herself at Bethlehem. To the Prince of Peace she pays her vow and dedicates her dearest treasure. The child then is a preacher long enough before thought awakes. The keenly sensitive ear of the mother detects the sweet music of the sweetest eloquence in his childish lispings. Dawn gives place to morn. The child grows apace. An ordinary boy to be sure, but to the mother not ordinary, in voice, in look, in movement how like her ideal. Hope is high. In ten years young manhood decides, decides adversely. The long cherished dream of the fondest of mother is broken. In thirty years marked success comes to the now strong man at the bar or in the [State?]. The venerable woman is proud enough of her son’s attainments; but she is disappointed-- He was born to her a bishop.

A father is ambitious. To be distanced by his son, his supreme wish. Long has he stood in the shoes of toil. Accumulation has been steady but slow. Straitening his now bent form, and looking at his toughened muscles and leathery hands he says “my boy shall never work as I have, brains shall bring him in a profession what brawn has failed me as a trade. But somehow or other that boy has a persistent hankering for the shop, tinker around at odd times, and despite all efforts to dissuade him takes from his father, adds to it and the machinist becomes the draughtsman. There are those who drop down under lucky stars and stay there. Birth, surrounding a series of fortunate circumstances and their own good parts round off the rough edges of the rugged roar. But how many strike but aimlessly at first? They know not how, they know not why! And of this class says “everything is crowded, no pick in these times.
Chance makes the choice, a newspaper advertisement puts him the boy in a law office. The study is hard and stale. The times for preparatory examination comes and goes again and again, but he does not present himself. It looks like failure, it would be failure. But he has long fingers, he is a natural penman. Taking leave of law, he stands behind the desk of a counting room. Finds peculiar fascination in turning of the dry leaves of the day book and becomes enthusiastic in racing up and down long columns of figures. In one year his salary is doubled, in five he is worth two ordinary men to the firm.

Aptitude is the principleal thing. There is something in the natural desire to go this way or that way, there is much in it. The chirpings and caroling of a bright eyed Spanish girl, were happily interpreted by knowing parents, and the world today concedes to “Palle” the first place in song. But aptitude does not always mean facility at first. There is a hard shell to break through sometimes. The master workman and clumsy apprentice would appear to be no kin when frequently they are one and the same. Then aptitude most surprisingly will run out through one link into another. Who would think the man who hammered unshapely iron into horse shoes could mould a community’s theology? Yet the lead of New England orthodoxy at the beginning of this century started life a blacksmith. Now there is a forced adaptation, a kind of stubborn makefil. It goes by the splendid name of push. Push is power, but here it is powerless. Too what are stout arms and legs without eyes? Push in the right [line?] is a miracle worker, push in the wrong direction is simply butting against the cold, hard stones. Right here energy is wasted; for it is a going around from the start to the start again instead of out and ine. A man stripped of conceit, serenely honest with himself; having the critical eye continually turned inwards and a clearly defined purpose just ahead of him, rarely meets bald failure. The bare possibility of stumbling into success has no place in his close calculations. In his thought he has driven down each stake before he reaches it. hence he is of all men the least surprised at the out come.

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