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Title: "The Choice," by Franklin F. Bond

Format: Commencement Oration

Date: June 28, 1883

Location: OrationsX-1883-B711c

Contact:

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The Choice Threnology is hardly a science; Jet who woner mut have cho? An oracle to speak once. Avoice with a distinct call. An exacting brain weigher whose the is just 160g A faithful finger pointing the tremp ling, weak kneed underder one to the pearly words "This is your way walk be in ch! the would easily be counter chiefest sage coho taking the lay room in. tellectual hegion Cond mank of and reparate the nich soil from the stony places. But all is silent as the sphing, mute as man ble. No vaiel no sount, no sign from without. The fort is born they tell as, and it must be do. I lisper (in numbers and the numbers Came! This is the explanation of one who knew more than the alphabet of poetry. Few me the stock and fewer the born poets Sumpology then being in its infancy and the quiet whisper of the Itell small voice the Inspiration of the Chosen fur; 70

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morement how like her ideal. Hope is high. In ten years Johng manhood decides, decides adversely. The long chericher dream of the fondeet of mothers was Goken. In there years manker succese comes to the now strong man at the bar or in the State. The venerable woman to proud enough of her son's attamment; but she to disappointer - Hewas born to her a bushop. A father is ambitious. To be dis. thenced by his son, his supreme wish. Long has he stood in the shoes of toil. accumulation has been steady but slow. Stratening his now bent form and looking at his toughther muscles and leastery hands he says "my boy shall nevel work as I hand brains shall bring him in a profession what train has failed me at a trade. But somethow or other that boy has a persistent hankering for the shop tinker arount at dos times and despite all efforts to dissuade him takes from

his father, adds to it and the

machinist becomes the dranight I man. There are those who drop down under lucky stars and stay thene. Buth, surrounding aserief of fortunate areum stances dent their own good part rount off the rough edges of the negger war. But how many strike out aimlessly at first? They know not how, they know not why! One of the Class says leverything is crowder, us pick in these times. Chance advertisement put haven in a law office. The study to hard and stale. The time of for pre paratory examination comes and Gres again aux again, but he I doe not present himself. It looks like failure, it would be failure. But he has long finger, he is a natural perman. Taking leave of law, he stands behind the deck of a counting room. Finds feculiar fascination in turning of the dry leaner of the day book and becomes enthu scattie in racing up and

down long columns of figures. In one year his salary is doubler, In find he is worth two ordinary anew to the firm. Of all the principal thing. There is something the tratural de sine to go this way or that way, Chene is much in it. The chirp. lings and carroling of a bright eyer spanish girl were happing interpreter by knowing framents, and the woner today concedes But aptitude does not always mean facility at first. There is a hart shell to break through sometimes. The master workman and Clurisy apprentice would appear to be no kin when fre guently they are one and the Same, Then aphtude most sur prisingly will run out through one line into another. Who would think that the man who ham nienes unshapely iron into house shoes could mould a Community's Cheology? yet the leader of new England or thodoxy at the beginning of this cetahury

starter life a blacksmith. Now there is a forcer adaptation, a kurt of stubborn makefil. It goes by the splender name of bush Push is power, but here'll is powerless. For what are stout arms and leg with out lyes? Tuch in the right line do a miracle worker, puch in the wrong direction is simply butting against the cold, hard Stoned Right here energy is waster; for it is a going around from the stant to the stant again instead of out and one. A man stripped of conecil, severely honest with himself, having the critical eyo continually turner. unvards and a clearly defined purpose fuct ahear of him, racks possibility of stumbling into success has no place in his Close calculations. In his Chrught he has driven down each stake beford he reaches it. Hence he is of all men the least surprises at the out come.

(urran vas an amkerar wich man. It the debating club, his using porroker laughter, but he took the floor in spite of it. He couldn't talk, but he would talk. Curran" was no fool. He trok in the full I measure of his resources, his defects he knew heat. They clung fast to him, but like a skin The sher them. To most persons his Career was a marrel, but to him it was not. He schower that grace might be extorted from the gank, he showed that the stammering tongue might have the very soul of eloquence at the root. F. F. Bons

Commencement Oration of Franklin F. Bond, Class of 1883
Transcribed by Meg MacAvoy, September 2008
Edited by Krista Gray, September 2008

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 in 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.

"Curran" was an awkward irishman. At the debating club, his rising provoked laughter, but he took the floor in spite of it. He could'nt talk, but he would talk. "Curran" was no fool. He took in the full measure of his resources, his defects he knew best. They clung fast to him, but like a skin he shed them. To most persons his career was a marvel, but to him it was not. He proved showed that grace might be extorted from the gunk, he proved showed that the stammering tongue might have the very soul of eloquence at its root.