

HERE ARE A FEW TID-BITS OF AMUSEMENT

Gathered up over the Years and for no better reason, Placed here.

DRIVEN TO DISTRACTION

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This I plan,
yet That I do;
So That I plan,
for This to do.
That, I did not
 want to do anyway,
But I did.
This, maybe later.

Kipling's Law for our Racial Survival

Now this is the Law of the Jungle —
 As old and as true as the sky;
And the Wolf that shall keep it
 may prosper,
But the Wolf that shall break it
 must die:
 ‘One shall be as All,
 And All shall be as One.’
As the Blood flows on from these,
The Law runneth forward and back.
 For the strength of the Pack
 is the Wolf,

And the strength of the Wolf
is the Pack.

Rudyard Kipling, Poet, Nobel Literature, 1907
“The Law of the Jungle,” Lines 1–4, edited.

Soon we shall live in an Asphalt Jungle. To merely survive and live, Whites must be “as One.”
Deny this, and you deny your life and all those you know.
—Our strength is in the individual, and the individual, in our Race—

A FEW SOMETHINGS ON THE SUBJECT OF “BOOKS”

When the Author is ready,
The Book Appears;

When the Book is Ready,
The Author appears.

Writing a book is like an adventure:
First, it begins as an amusement;
Then it becomes a mistress;
Then a master;
And finally, a tyrant.
— Winston Churchill

NOTHING makes a man more reverent than a library.

'*A few good books,*' which was Lord Morley's definition of anything under five thousand, may give a sense of comfort and even of complacency. But a day in a library, even of modest dimensions, quickly dispels these illusory sensations.

As you browse about, taking down book after book from the shelves and contemplating the vast, infinitely varied store of knowledge and wisdom which the human race has accumulated and preserved, pride--even in its most innocent forms, is chased from the heart by feelings of awe not untinged with sadness.

As one surveys the mighty array of sages, saints, historians, scientists, poets and philosophers whose treasures one will never be able to admire--still less enjoy, the brief tenure of our existence here dominates mind and spirit.

The Rt.Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H., M.P.
Amid These Storms, Thoughts and Adventures
(Chp.) Hobbies, pp. 299-300
Chs. Scribners' Sons, New York, 1932

'READ THEM,' sobered the questioner.

But if you cannot read them, at any rate handle them, and as it were, caress them. Peer into them. Let them fall open where they will. Read on from the first sentence that arrests the eye. Then turn to another. Make a voyage of discovery, taking soundings of uncharted seas.

Set them back on their shelves with your own hands. Arrange them on your own plan, so that if you do not know what is in them, you *at least know where they are.*

If they cannot be your friends, let them at any rate be your acquaintances. If they cannot enter the circle of your life, do not deny them at least a nod of recognition.

The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H., M.P.
Amid These Storms, Thoughts and Adventures
(Chp.) Hobbies, p. 300
Chs. Scribners' Sons, NY 1932

FIGHT “PRIME TIME TV”: *READ A BOOK!*

NOTICE.

HOW TO OPEN A BOOK.

From “Modern Bookbinding”

Hold the book with its back on a smooth or covered table ; let the front board down, then the other, holding the leaves in one hand while you open a few leaves at the back, then a few at the front, and so on, alternately opening back and front, gently pressing open the sections till you reach the center of the volume. Do this two or three times and you will obtain the best results. Open the volume violently or carelessly in any one place and you will likely break the back and cause a start in the leaves. Never force the back of the book.

“A connoisseur many years ago, an excellent customer of mine, who thought he knew perfectly how to handle books, came into my office when I had an expensive binding just brought from the bindery ready to be sent home ; he, before my eyes, took hold of the volume and tightly holding the leaves in each and, instead of allowing them free play, violently opened it in the center and exclaimed : ‘How beautifully your bindings open !’ I almost fainted. He had broken the back of the volume and it had to be rebound.”

The above text was reproduced from an insert in an antiquarian book

Devour me
Digest me
Dog-ear me
Divest me
Adore me
Or Spurn me,
But durn ye...
RETURN ME !!

Let me die peacefully in my sleep,
with a good book in my hands,
recently borrowed from The
Library.

“Many things which are false are transmitted from book
to book, and gain credit in the world.”
— James Boswell, Esq.

*The Life of Samuel Johnson, L.L.D., Comprehending an Account of his Studies and
Numerous Works [etc.], Mowbray Morris, Ed., London, MDCCXI., (Thomas Y.
Crowell & Co., Boston, c.1910), Vol. II, p. 35.*

**"A GENTLE CYNIC,¹
"Indulging in a General Fling
at the Unceasing Production of Literature."**

"At the close of the Book of Koheleth² [Ecclesiastes] some reader or commentator has added the warning:

Beware, my son, of the writing of many books without end,³ as though to caution us against taking too seriously the teachings of a book, which seemed dangerous from the point of view of conventional morality. The warning sounds a challenge to every writer to justify himself in adding another to the more than three million books that have been produced [up to 1919] since the literary impulse—Koheleth would call it "a sorry business"⁴—first seized hold of man on this little planet of ours. Koheleth himself would, no doubt, echo the suggestion contained in the warning that books follow one another in endless succession, because it is a part of the 'nature of the beast.'⁵ Man writes because he cannot help it. The point is not what man writes, but that he writes and that he goes on writing as naturally as he goes on living...

"The written word must not be regarded as having the same value as the spoken one, for a man speaks when he has something to say, whereas a man may write because he is anxious to say something. There are so many books in the world, presenting the same subject from different points of view, that they surely cannot all be right;...[t]here is no final book—no last word. Why, then, add another to share the fate of gathering dust on the shelves of libraries or of being ground to pulp to form the material for some successor... only to be offered up as a sacrifice to bring into existence the next one, a process which gives to book making some of the aspects of cannibalism? The warning against the making of endless books comes with special force, if the book in question is to be a new translation of an ancient one... Are there not enough commentaries on this [same subject]?

"Therefore—do not take books too seriously, and be careful before you decide to add another to the endless list."

NOTES FOR THE ABOVE QUOTATION

1. Jastrow, Morris, Jr., *A Gentle Cynic, Being a Translation of the Book of Koheleth, Commonly Known as Ecclesiastes, Stripped of Later Additions*, Philadelphia & London, J.B.Lippencott Company, 1919, pp. 27-28, 96-97, 241.
2. Koheleth has been alleged by some Bible historians to have been the author of Ecclesiastes, correcting the error that Solomon the King (considered to be the accepted writer by most Bible readers, students, and scholars) was the author. Jastrow, *Cynic*, Chapter 1.
3. See, Ecclesiastes 12:12, *The Holy Bible*, (King James Version), and other Biblical translations, which may satisfy equally as well.
4. Ecclesiastes 4:8; "a sore travail" (KJV); "a grievous vexation," Lamsa, *The Holy Bible from Ancient Manuscripts*; (1933,1968); "a sorry business," Moffett, *The Holy Bible, A Translation* (1922,1954).
5. Eccl. 3:18. (KJV).

“REFLECT ON THIS”

“In the practice of everyday life and every kind of work, there is a state of mind called that of the deviant. Even if you strive diligently on your chosen path day after day, if your heart is not in accord with it, then even if you think you are on a good path, from the point of view of the straight and true, this is not a genuine path. If you do not pursue a genuine path to its consummation, then a little bit of crookedness in the mind will later turn into a major warp. Reflect on this.”

Miyamoto Musashi, *The Book of Five Rings*, c.1643, translated by Thomas Cleary (Shambhala, Boston, 1994), (Chp. 1, §5) The Earth Scroll, (§) On the Composition of This Book in Five Scrolls, p. 19.

*Benjamin Franklin's
first little Prayer
for Daily use*

O' Powerful Goodness!, bountiful Father!,
merciful Guide! Increase in me that Wisdom which discovers my truest
interests. Strengthen my Resolutions to perform what that Wisdom dictates.
Accept my kind Acts towards Your other Children, as the only Return of
Thanksgiving in my Power, for bestowing Your continual Favors upon me.

*Benjamin Franklin's
second little Prayer
for Daily use*

Father of Light and Life, thou Good supreme,
O' teach me what is good; teach me your Self!
Save me from folly, Save me from vanity;
Save me from vice, and from every low Pursuit;
Fill my Soul with Knowledge,
Fill my Soul with conscious Peace, &
Fill my Soul with Virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-ending Bliss!

“RESPONSIBLE ANARCHY”

To prove how much someone loves
everyone else, the greatest gift to give them
would be to leave them alone.

“Anarchy” should be defined thusly:

It's like people carefully walking on a busy sidewalk.

“Chaos” should be define like this:

It's like driving an automobile furiously upon a busy sidewalk.

DUEL

Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, Lord Lauderdale, attended by the Right Hon. C.J. Fox, as his second, and General Arnold with Lord Hawke as his friend, had a meeting in a field near Kilburn wells, to terminate a misunderstanding which it was found impossible to conciliate.

The Duel was occasioned by Lord Lauderdale having said in the House of Peers, in the debate on the Address to the King for the Proclamation, that "the Duke of Richmond was the "greatest Political apostate his Majesty had in his "service since General Arnold had left it."

Lord Lauderdale received the General's fire unhurt, when his Lordship declining to return the shot, the seconds retired for about ten minutes, and the result was the finishing of the affair. The Nobel Earl, upon being desired to fire, observed that he did not come there to fire at the General, nor could he retract the offensive expressions—if General Arnold was not satisfied, he might fire until he was.

General Arnold then desired Lord Lauderdale to make him an apology, which he refused, and as he refused also to fire, the parties went away, without any thing being concluded on.

Mr. Moore, the Surgeon, attended on the ground.

(From: The [London] Times,
(Tuesday, July 3, 1792, p. 4).

I had too much to do today,
So I decided to go back to bed.
Try it.

Finish the Day,
in an
Orderly Way.

(ha ha. Good luck!!)

(All this, as of January 19th, 2010 — “Oh-Ten,” right?!).