

The President's Reading List

BOOK 1

Authors Name

Title of book

Harris, Sudney J. The Authentic Person: Dealing With Dilemma

Niles, Illinois 60648: Arqus Communications, 1972

Place of publication/Publisher

Date of Publication

BOOK 2

Authors Name

Title of book

Sheen, Fulton John On Being Human: Reflections On Life and Living
117 of the best of more than a thousand "Bishop Sheen Writes" cols.

Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1982

Place of publication/Publisher

Date of Publication

BOOK 3

Authors Name

Title of book

Chesterton, G(ilbert). K(eith). Come to Think of It!

New York, New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc., 1931

Place of publication/Publisher

Date of Publication

BOOK 4

An Anthology

Compiler's Name

Title of book

Cook, Roy J. One Hundred and One Famous Poems w/a Prose Supplement

Library of Congress Cat. Cd. #: 60-9006

Chicago, Illinois: Henry Regner Company, 1958

Place of publication/Publisher

Date of Publication

2

BOOK 5

Authors Name

Title of book

DeGregorio, William A. The Complete Book of U.S. Presidents (Ed. 4)

New York, New York/Avenel, New Jersey: Wings Books, 1993

Place of publication/Publisher

Date of Publication

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O-BK

Now and then you and your guests mention books. All of these authors or compilers had or have what G.K. Chesterton (BK 3) in his essay "On Abraham Lincoln" points out was the answer to the mystery of A. Lincoln... "he had a native love of the truth!"

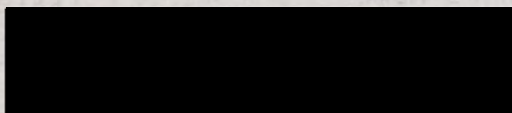
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JUL 17, 1996

This list is from a piece which discusses
the intention of the list and some acquaintance
with the authors. In each case these books
entered my life without specific intention or
planning on my part. They are my most prized
possessions...I. sunshine after the rain; the
pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

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not copyrighted.

JUL 17, 1996



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"The book is
a masterpiece of the human
mind" - The New York Times
(over)

To:

PITTSBURGH, PA. 15210

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

The measure of a man, which follows, is as good as any we can find without going too deeply into theology or any other philosophy. So, let's measure a man we know better than anyone has ever been known, who has been in his estimable position. The measure is "If".

** IF **

- Rudyard Kipling -

(Bonn December 30, 1865; died January 17, 1936)

If you can keep your head while all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
(I think he does.)

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
But make allowances for their doubting too:
(He may, if he doesn't.)

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
On being lied about, don't deal in lies,
(I think he has; and he doesn't not really)
On being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise
(The first, I don't think he has. As to the
second, I would only ask as of anyone that he
be true to himself.)

If you can dream and not make dreams your master;
If you can think and not make thoughts your aim.
(I believe he is sane and real enough to avoid
these common pitfalls.)

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
And treat those two imposters just the same:
(As to those, I believe he has been tested
more than many.)

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
(We have seen much of this and will see more.)
On watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop to build 'em up with worn-out tools;
(I think he has.)

If you can make a heap of all your winnings
And risk it all on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
(You can be sure he'd check the odds and the
worth of the gamble.)

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them: "Hold on!"
(He is this sort of man.)

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
On walk with kings non lose the common touch,
(Many crowds must have seen his virtues, but if
you're looking for a king forget it. We have had
enough of kings.)
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count, with you but none too much:
(Yes he can be hurt, but he can rise above that
hurt. As to any one counting too much; when is
too much, too much?)
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds worth of distance run,
(In this regard, most would admit he is a
"Dunacel Man".)
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it
— And which is more you'll be a Man, my son!*

COMMENTARY:

So, take your own measure of this man, but be careful you
don't betray your own littleness, when you use your own
measuring stick.

Rudyard Kipling saw much death and destruction around the
world in his day; observing and reporting on world affairs
for the British Empire. He knew of many heroes some very
humble some very proud.

If you have a measure better than this and a person who
measures better than this;... **LET HIM STAND UP AND BE COUNTED!**
"Youse can call 'm dis' and youse can call 'im dat'",
but I prefer to call him "Just Plain Bill" good friend
and fellow citizen, who rose from what is arguably one of
the most humble states in the Union, to the highest office
in the land.

Feb 9, 1994

Philosopher/Poet
Gypsy Scholar
Amateur

H. Kichta
7/17/96

Retired Technician
[REDACTED]
With WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORP.

SELF APPOINTED WHITE HOUSE FELLOW (At-Large) Counselor/Consoler

The National Library of Poetry

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September 29, 1994

Pittsburgh PA 15210

Re: Seasons to Come

*This publisher's proof represents your poem as it is now scheduled to appear in print. Please carefully review the publisher's proof. . . check carefully for typographical errors . . . indicate any changes directly on the proof, and return it to us in the enclosed envelope. If your poem is correct as is, please initial the proof, and return it without changes. Please note that you must certify the accuracy of this proof by making appropriate changes. **ONLY INITIAL THE PROOF IF EVERYTHING IS CORRECT.** * NOTE: Poems must be 20 lines or less. Only one entry per contestant.*

Who's Who In America: The American

When Man first came to this land,
Though he may have forgotten why,
They must have been searching for
A common dream, beneath that primordial sky.

Were they hiding from God or other men
Whose hearts were ravenous even then
To feed on the red of their brother's blood;
Predators all, with souls of mud.

Over the frozen waste of the Arctic North
Or past the mysterious world of the briny deep
There must be a land where the heart can rest;
Where you can close your eyes in peaceful sleep.

When the long search was over
And all the struggle was behind
Here was a land of the rarest kind,
With such beauty it dazzled the mind.

The cons passed; the sky stayed blue;
The mountains stood still, as mountains will do.
Other seekers and searchers began the same quest;
Some of the worst and some of the best.

Please return this proof within 4 weeks so we can make our scheduled publication date.