

of success when the world around me was in the midst of abject failure, and men's minds were filled with the fear of poverty.

This thought came to me one evening while I was sitting in my automobile, in front of the Lincoln Memorial on the Potomac River, within the shadow of the Capitol. With it came another thought: The world had staged an unprecedented depression over which no human being had control. With that depression had come to me an opportunity to test the philosophy of self-determination, to the organization of which I had devoted the better portion of my adult life. Once more I had the opportunity to learn whether my philosophy was practical or mere theory.

I realized too the opportunity had come to test a claim I had made hundreds of times that "every adversity brings with it the seed of an equivalent advantage." What, if any, I asked myself, were the advantages to me of a world depression?

When I began to look for a direction in which I might move to test my philosophy, I made the most shocking discovery of my life. I discovered that through some strange power which I did not understand, I had lost my courage; my initiative had been demoralized; my enthusiasm had been weakened. Worst of all, I was sorely ashamed to acknowledge that I was the author of a philosophy of self-determination, because down deep in my heart I knew, or thought I knew, that I could not make my philosophy pull me out of the hole of despair in which I found myself.

While I floundered in a state of mental bewilderment, the Devil must have been dancing a jig of rejoicing. At last he had "the author of the world's first philosophy of individual achievement" pinned under his thumb and paralyzed with indecision.