

LABOR

The Greatest Chord In Life's Symphony

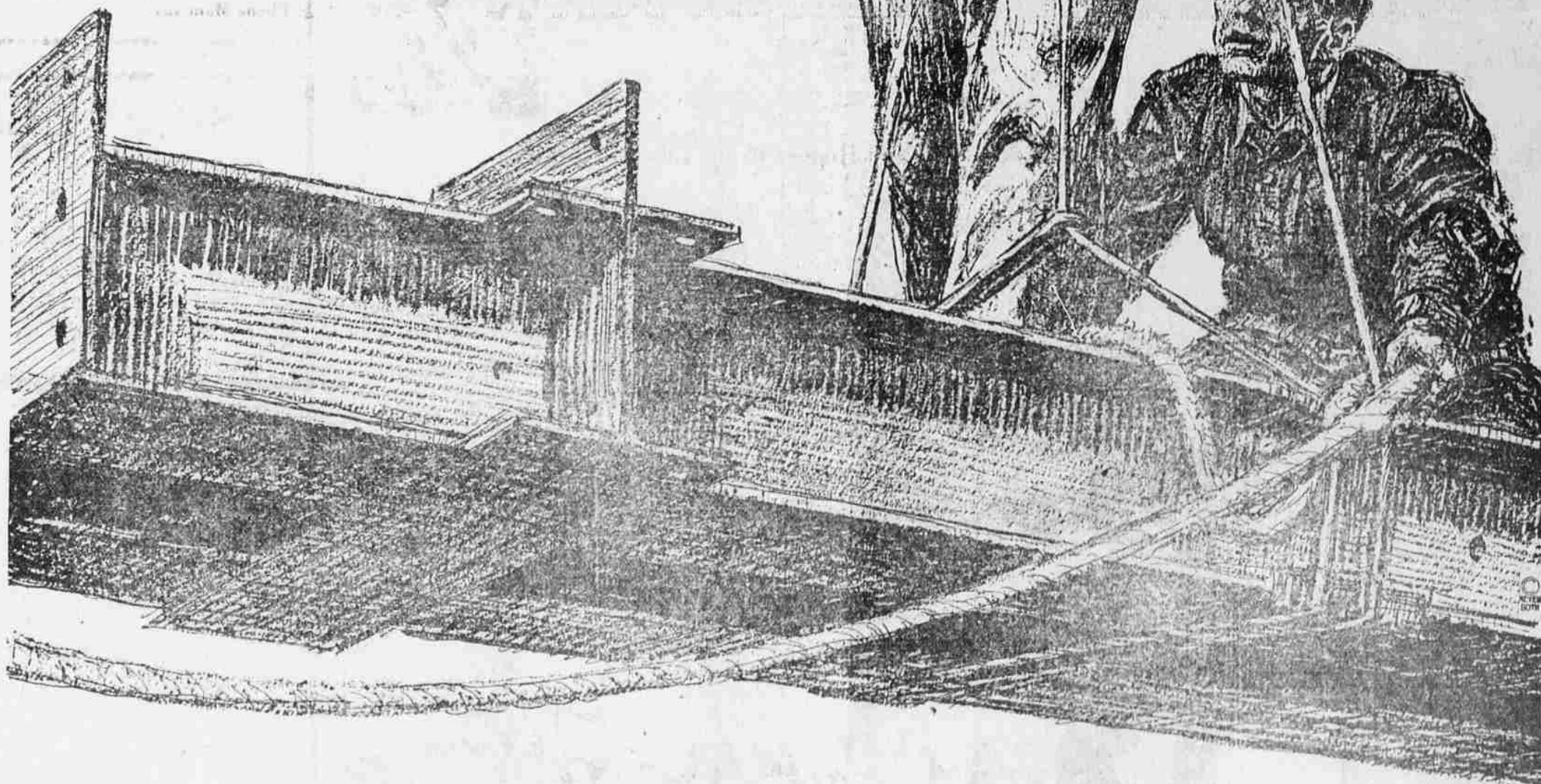
FROM dawn to dusk and far on into the night rises the song of the hammer and the plow in a swelling crescendo—a mighty Anvil Chorus of men laboring to build a civilization, to make a world more pleasant and more habitable.

The staccato tattoo of a million riveting hammers, the humming of a hundred thousand looms, the thundering exhaust of trains and tractors—notes in a gigantic symphony of sweat and steel—find their genesis in the minds and muscles of men shaping ideas into the vast monuments that will long outlive the generations that made them.

It is only by Labor, then, that we can ultimately achieve. Labor, that has raised us from the wilderness. Labor, that will build unto the skies.

It is to labor, and labor only, that man owes everything possessed of exchangeable value. Labor is the talisman that has raised him from the condition of the savage; that has changed the desert and the forest into cultivated fields; that has covered the earth with cities, and the oceans with ships; that has given us plenty, comfort and elegance, instead of want, misery and barbarism.

—McCulloch.



Labor Day --- 1928