

It takes the combined experiences of many lives to make up the material for one good novel. The author weaves his story in a convincing and logical manner and the reader is ^{all} oblivious ^{to} of the source of the material upon which the ~~story~~ plot is built. The author draws upon his imagination for the details and paints the word picture of the images which his mind sees behind the moving figures. Human experience makes History. The leading figures may overshadow all the myriad of lesser figures without which the scene could not take place. Our life today is the same. We have our prominent people who strut and fret and take the law. It is their duty and if truth were told

they like the sensation of having people pay their tribute. They love the sense of power. They feel exalted by flattery. The only way to get along with some of them is to tell them they are great and that they will go down in history. They love ~~But~~ to see themselves in picture or in print.

But in reality unless they have a sense of security, unless they have the joy of real accomplishments, then they are but the empty bubble of a wind blown time and place.