

Margins for Tomorrow

Adam, when he left the Garden of Eden, had no prospect of social gain, no capital, and no tools, knowing but one creed: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Between his needs and his capacities was the narrow margin of desperation.

Through the centuries since, Adam's descendant had that sweat of brow, necessary ingredient though it may be, will alone produce poor loaves, and few. HE had learned the way to multiply his own puny efforts with the powerful engines of his own ingenuity. He has learned to reinstitute some portion of his being as capital, to employ capital effectively to provide new and better tools, and with them he had fashioned a margin of social gain beyond the dreams of man since the beginnings.

Today, we identify this relationship of man to his labor, his capital, his techniques, his tools, and his dreams, as technology. And wherever technology has flourished, social gains have followed as a matter of cause and effect.

Technology is the great multiplication table. It is the margin between pint and bushel, between ounce and pound, between dozen and gross. In America, it

is the margin between homespun and nylon, between the pot on the hearth and the eye-level oven, between root cellar and deep freeze, between plow and tractor, between wagon train and jet liner, and, because the means must precede the fulfillment, the margin between Lincoln's lonely study by the dying fire and the scholarly haven of the Harvard Yard.

In these achievements, men have found the way to the standards of life, of dignity, and of aspiration toward which they have struggled for centuries, with the goals always just eluding their outstretched hands. Technology providing that strength, has produced the trust of energy that today we see measured in the margin of cessitum the margin of knowledge over ignorance, the margin of knowledge over fear and perhaps, in perilous times, the margin of survival over disaster.

In technology's wake have come the order of law, the amenities of culture, the tender hand of charity. For only as the head once bowed with toil can be raised up can man lift his eyes toward those broad and hopeful margins of tomorrow.

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