

# The Highland Park Press

**I** AM the printing press, born of the mother earth. My heart is of steel, my limbs are of iron, and my fingers are of brass. I sing the songs of the world, the oratorios of history, the symphonies of all time. I am the voice of today, the herald of tomorrow. I weave into the warp of the past the woof of the future. I tell the stories of peace and war alike. I make the human heart beat with passion or tenderness. I stir the pulse of nations, and make brave men do braver deeds, and soldiers die. I inspire the midnight toiler, weary at his loom, to lift his head again and gaze, with fearlessness, into the vast beyond, seeking the consolation of a hope eternal.

• When I speak, a myriad people listen to my voice. The Saxon, the Latin, the Celt, the Hindu, all comprehend me. I am the tireless clarion of the news. I cry your joys and sorrows every hour. I fill the dullard's mind with thoughts uplifting. I am light, knowledge, power. I epitomize the conquests of mind over matter. I am the record of all things mankind has achieved. My offspring comes to you in the candle's glow, amid the dim lamps of poverty, the splendor of riches; at sunrise, at high noon and in the waning evening. I am the laughter and tears of the world, and I shall never die until all things return to the immutable dust.

• I am the printing press.

ROBERT H. DAVIS