

AMERICAN EDUCATION PRESS, Inc.

Weekly Texts for
Classroom Use



40 South Third St.
Columbus, Ohio

March 28th, 1936

Log of the S. S. Fellowship:

This issue is sent to all the crew as a memorial to our beloved mate, Harold A. Marks, of Phoenix, Arizona, whose untimely death in an airplane accident occurred this past week.

Two incidents stand out in bold relief.

When Harold was here recently, attending the Board meeting, he spoke of the log issued at the time as a tribute to "Bill" Nash, complimented me on the issue and as I remember so vividly he said "When I die, John, I wish you'd write my obituary in the same beautiful language".

Little did I think it would fall to my lot to carry out this sad duty so soon.

And almost simultaneously with the report of his death came his last letter to me dated March 18th in which he enclosed a check for the Giessenbier Memorial Fund with the accompanying words "It is the least that we, who have derived the benefit from this great man's work, can do".

Coupled with the fact that Harold met his death in line of duty to the cause in which he was so intensely interested - the furtherance of the Junior Chamber of Commerce movement - we have the mark of the man.

Here was a young man gloriously boyish in his delightful way and yet genuinely serious in furthering the cause he loved - full of energy - a most infectious smile - all the enthusiasm of youth, facing the future with every reason for the achievement of his hopes, aims and ambitions.

His whole being pointed to a leadership among the young men of his city, state and nation. As Andy Mungenast so aptly put it, "he died on the way up" for his course seemed to be charted upward.

And these incidents show the nature of the man. Although he was only 31 years old, he had learned the true values of this life - the value of friendships and the values of public spirited endeavor for the community and nation in which he lived. We can only assuage our grief at his passing in the knowledge that he did not live in vain.

I feel unequal to the task of paying him proper tribute, yet may I say that Harold's death which came through his last full measure of devotion to a cause, whose last communication to the crew was its own benediction, who as a member of our crew cherished our friendships and whose friendship we, too, cherished, has left us a memorial in the good that he has done. Of him we may repeat that truth-

"The good that a man does, lives after him"

Sincerely,