

I can do none of these things. I offer few answers and many challenges; possibility, not panacea; direction, not directive. When you write to Dear Abby, you write with the attitude of humility in the quest of hope. But when you write to Dear Agnew, it is usually with the attitude of the man on the mountain looking down at the shepherd who has lost his flock . . . *you* can see the lambs but the poor man holding the stick cannot. There have been times when I have been tempted to write to Dear Abby myself. After I had been installed as governor for a few days I felt like writing: "Dear Abby: I just moved from a small house into a very large one and I know I should be grateful for the change. But the heat worked fine in the small house and nothing works right in the big one. Should I move?" I never wrote that letter because my contract with the landlord calls for a minimum of four years and doesn't specify in the contract whether they are to be cold ones or hot ones.

At any rate I am delighted to be with you and after seventy days of stag nights during the General Assembly session in Annapolis, I think I have richly earned the reward of attending Ladies' Night in Allegany County. Like the man on the desert island I have grown weary of coconuts and berries and if the pulchritude before me tonight is only a mirage, I intend to enjoy it to the fullest.

Some people said I was seeing phantoms and courting visions on January 25th, 1967 — the day of my inauguration as governor — and they were right. For indeed, the phantoms of fear, prejudice and complacency have been driven from the house of state and the vision of a progressive, enlightened, and action-minded Maryland delights the eyes of all who would read the record and see the result.

In three short months we have moved Maryland out of the past, into the present and even several paces into the future. And if in the process some have experienced an ounce of pain, I am here to assure them and you that the expected pound of pleasure will be soon forthcoming. For the pain is more imaginary than real, and the pleasure of doing what is right by all of the people is something to be shared and valued by governors and citizens alike.

I remember that inauguration day well, the feeling of the freshman speaking to the alumni, the new boy on the job addressing himself to the board of directors. Some of you were there that day and as I looked across the lawns of Annapolis I could see that you were intent on my message and involved with its meaning. There were other people, other faces, on that day too that were less encouraging and less appreciating. These were people too set in their ways to welcome