

I first met Frank Stephens about thirty-five years ago, when he came to live in Arden. We were neighbors, my farm being nearly adjacent to the new Arden settlement (Arden-town). From that time until a little while before his death, I saw him frequently. There was, I believe, a real friendship between us. Certainly, I felt very warmly toward him, and he always manifested a regard for me.

In every contact and relationship, which I had with him, I was impressed by his personal charm, his transparent sincerity, his intellectual integrity, his moral courage, his altruism, his candor, his fairness and his willingness patiently to hear, carefully to consider and honestly to appraise the ideas and views of others.

While I often differed with him in the political views and beliefs held by him, I always recognized in him an honest, sincere and courageous opponent. What Frank Stephens believed to be true, he never hesitated to express and he never flinched from the consequences of such expression.

Outside of the field of economics, in which he was generally most evidently known, there was a field in which we met without conflict. In the domain of literature and art, he was a delightful companion and trustworthy guide. I have always felt it to be a pity that he could not have been secluded from the turmoil of political and economic strife and allowed to express himself solely in his art as a sculptor. And yet I know that in such seclusion only half of his nature would have been satisfied. It took both sides to make up the man, whom all his friends and associates loved and whose loss they mourn.

CHRISTOPHER L. WARD.