

# The Individual and Spiritual Values

BY HORACE THOMPSON, '30

A rank tenderfoot upon first seeing a bit of Nevada desert sand, grew excited and exclaimed: "Gold! Acres and acres of gold!"

"Fool's g—," grunted an old prospector, whose words were interrupted by the expressed ecstasy of the tenderfoot. "Gold! Gold! Gold!"

He was a chastened tenderfoot who later gazed sadly and wearily at his scooped-up pile of dry, glistening sand. He had come to know at last that his labor had gone for nothing; that he had acquired much glittering substance without value; that the shining particles were of sulphur compound—fool's gold!—and that he was a laborer cheated of his hire by his own false estimate of value.

Its citizens constitute America, and America is today remarking through its citizens, its government and its press: "A laborer is worthy of his hire." The tenderfoot among historic nations is demanding remuneration for his work. America has begun to see much shining dross in its institutions. No expression is so significant of the fact that America is awakening from a dream of false wealth than that which appears almost daily in the press: "We must raise spiritual values." Not values on religion; not values on theology; not values on denominationalism. What is meant is value of character, culture, morality and ethics; value that can be measured in the common actions of humanity; value that is purchaseable only with truth, love, wisdom and justice.

More is heard today about the ethical and moral right and wrong of business practice and government administration than since the days of Lincoln. A propagandized electorate has come to the threshold of recognizing some forms of political demagoguery. A top-heavy, elaborate, man-eating monster of artificial economics is already regarded by many as a beast of prey. The depression has shaken the foundation of individual apathy just as an alarm clock at an early hour shakes the dreamer from his sleep.

Will America yawn, cuddle closer in-

to the cloak of her institutions, and go back to sleep after the insistent demands of the depression have been met? The answer to that question will depend partly upon the steadfastness of those who are now calling upon the individuals of the nation to improve their morality, to increase their capacity for wisdom and justice, to analyze their glittering baubles before they stake their lives and the lives of their children upon false values; and partly upon the sincerity of those individuals who heed the call.

The question of true value is not an economic one. Logically and naturally, we have been misled. We have, in times past, assumed a value where no value existed. We have had paraded before us the abstract idea that there is some great and non-explainable difference between material pleasures, vanities, and values, and cultural pursuits. We have been told by parents and teachers that cultural values are the only real values; that no scholar can be robbed by any but himself of his education, his character, his honesty, or his virtue. True, he may lose these virtues, but the danger of the loss lies within his own conscience. No outsider may take them from him. We have always been taught that objective and material values have little or nothing in common with wisdom, justice, truth, love, and virtue. As a nation, we believe, in fact, that there are two kinds of value, one material and objective and limited in existence; the other spiritual, abstract, and unlimited in existence. And we believe that these two kinds of value, and the motives prompting their manifestation, oppose each other; that they are constituted of opposing qualities.

That notion of there being things of value which oppose each other has left us in a quagmire of quandary and speculation. Our reason, guided by conscience, advises us of moral right and wrong; our practice, guided by immediate physical necessity, selfishness, or greed, leads us into actions against both reason and morality. Some of us try to compel these opposites or opposing qual-

ities to coincide by striking what we may see as a "happy medium," but in doing this, we are adopting the foolish and vain policy of trying to make equals of unequals; of trying to find some common ground upon which objective selfishness and personal desire can stand on an equal footing with justice, morality, decency, and common humanity. We are forever engaged in trying to justify the morality of the things we do by the usefulness of the effect produced. It is difficult to determine just how far this is a mere matter of habit. Consider some of the more commonplace differences between moral or idealistic teachings as compared to commonplace practices and acts, and we find that a mild antagonism between teaching and practice is engendered in our minds from earliest infancy, and that, with age, the antagonism thus instilled, becomes a species of bitter warfare between the ethical and practical in every human mind.

We are taught that we, as individuals, are created equally with all men. Yet our environment is at once cited as a birthright having distinctive advantages which, by inference at least, convince us even before kindergarten age that we are just a little better than most of our playmates or fellows.

When older, we are taught on Sunday that the meek inherit the earth. Yet, on Monday, we are instructed to be prideful students in school in order that parents, teachers, and friends may acclaim us.

We learn that learning is a priceless possession. Yet we see a scholarly school superintendent or university president the victim of political intrigue, and a far less scholarly but politically favored man replace him.

At church, we agree with the minister that we should love our brethern. Yet we see one faction of our brethern split his congregation over some mundane matter of organization, and the minister is discharged in the interests of harmony after years of his ministry.

In universities we learn that our reputations are so sacred that the government will protect our good names by means of libel laws. Yet, because of the guaranty of free speech, we discover that we cannot invoke that protection until after our reputations are damaged or ruined.

We are taught that life and liberty are fundamental rights of man, bestowed by God. Yet we find God's benevolence challenged by a social order which demands conformity to its laws as man's first duty.

We are taught to admire justice and to fight for it. Yet we vote for the most popular candidate for judge, regardless of his merit or attainment, and then rely on him to jeopardize his popularity

by administering justice independently of popular emotion.

We are taught that death is the gateway to immortality, and yet we struggle with might and main to hang onto a life that is far less than immortal.

From the cradle to the grave, at home, at school, at church; in politics, business, religion or profession, we occupy the position of a dog chasing his tail; we are insanely endeavoring to make opposites coincide; we are idiotically trying to draw a straight line whose two ends will meet. We go through life preaching ideals, but practicing expediency.

Occasionally there is one who glimpses these paradoxical differences between teaching and practice. But upon expressing even a mild challenge to this "orderly" disorder by which the human mind appears to have agreed with itself never to agree in reason and activity, the challenger is given a remarkable explanation, presented as a justification, if you please, of this condition of the human mind eternally at war with itself.

He is told that his life is shrouded in such hypocrisy because ideals are not always practical in life's daily affairs; that ordeals are only for guidance along the pathway of good morals and common decency; that they are as an anchor to human passions, selfishness and greed; that ideals may be departed from for purely practical reasons provided the departure is not too gross; and this attempted justification is remindful of the lady whose child was of doubtful parentage, who said she thought he might be excused because he was "such a little one."

In any equation, both sides must be equal. Opposites cannot coincide, either mathematically, logically or reasonably. But the practical man challenges that proved mathematical certainty by the statement: "A thing may be right for one purpose and wrong for another;" or, "one thing may be right for one purpose, and an opposite thing right for another." His practical mind, having adopted that premise for practical, objective things, he makes it a general rule and applies it to ethics and morals as well as to things he does with his hands. He entirely overlooks the motive for the goal, or purpose, toward which he is striving.

It is obvious that this answer of the practical man is an answer produced by a mind which has succumbed to the habit of thinking in terms of opposites,—that is, in terms of utility, or practicability of results, from his own individual standpoint, as opposed to the moral or ethical rightness of result. And to such a mind, what is considered the practical thing becomes the right thing. The thinker makes himself the judge of right and wrong. His habit of thinking induces him to believe that whatever

will best serve his purpose is the right thing. Taking such a position, he finds himself, whether he admits it or not, believing in a general rule of conduct that "the end justifies the means,"—a wholly illogical, invalid, epigrammatic conclusion which has never been and can never be supported by intelligent reasoning.

Yet, by adopting that slogan, in practice if not in words, we, as human beings, have made antagonists of teaching and practice. We are beginning to see purpose lost in use. We are seeing pride replacing meekness, and witnessing the murder of modesty by ambition. We have allowed things to replace ideas, and we have apathetically taken up residence in a mechanical world, moving about as robots controlled by constantly opposing positive and negative charges of dynamic energy, without the control of reason. Education has become shrouded in propaganda. The popular notion becomes law. The loudest exponent of the popular notion becomes the office holder. He retains office, not by adhering to sound principles, but by subversion of his inherent and natural sense of justice to the fickle demands of an emotionally reacting constituency.

All of us have, at times, been faced with the age-old problem of choosing between the practical or "necessary," and the moral or just or wise, action. Our reason points the way to the wise and just decision, but our physical necessity or desire leads us in most instances to choose the self-serving course of action. We choose a course which forces us to live within the confines of our own lives, and thus to place a narrow limit upon our own world—a world which is, to us who so limit it, destined to perish with our demise.

We live objectively, both in action and in thought. Is it not reasonable to believe that we do so because we fail to comprehend the value of the ideals that we vainly preach? Ideals are abstract. One cannot barter, buy, sell, see or feel ideals as they can objects. Objects have definite limits. We cannot apparently, give expression to anything abstract, for by giving expression to an abstract idea we place the abstraction within the limits of the expression, and so objectify it.

In this light, our actions, which after all, are merely modes of expressing some thought, are objectified. Objects have nothing in common with abstraction, and it is small wonder that we, in dealing almost exclusively with objects or objective things, have forgotten many ideals, and see small use in practicing those ideals of which we are conscious.

In judging objective things or ideas, we have made little or no effort to improve either material or spiritual ideas of value. We have been engaged in producing things, and not ideas. We gauge value by utility of effect. To us

nothing is valuable unless it has utility. Unless we can find the utility of some spiritual value, is it not futile for editors and statesmen to cry out that spiritual values must be raised? Are not these admonitions produced by those who are crying in the wilderness? And if so, would it not be better far for them to cry: "Give us a basis of real value, that we may adhere to it?" If any one propounds that request, may we not refer him to the codes of ethics of the professions, to the codes of ethics of our national dinner clubs, to the Ten Commandments, to the entire New Testament? If he is sincere in his request, he will adhere to the ethical, moral and just doctrines he finds there. He still will be the judge of his actions. He still will be an individualist, just as Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln were individualists; just as Socrates and Solomon were individualists. He still will be the interpreter of his own morals; he will become in truth, instead of theory, the sheriff of his own conscience, and the governor of his own mind.



## FREE NIGHT SCHOOL

A free night school for young working women offering accredited high school and college courses has been founded on the University campus by University alumnae members of the Elizabeth Seaton Club of Norman.

Only women who are unable to attend day school are admitted to the classes which are taught primarily by alumnae of the study club, all which are alumnae of the University.

John Vaughan, '24as, '27M.A., state superintendent of public instruction, and Dr. W. B. Bizzell, president of the University, have inspected courses offered and the teaching personnel of the school and have agreed to allow all work to be counted for credit, according to Mrs. Katharyn Buchanan '16as, '25M.A., director of the school and widow of the late James S. Buchanan, formerly president of the University.

"We are organizing the school to afford educational opportunities to young women who have had to seek employment before they have completed their educational training," Mrs. Buchanan said.

The mothers' club of the Elizabeth Seton organization have offered their cars to convey young women to the class sessions which are held each Tuesday night in the Education Building. They bring students to the campus from Oklahoma City and other settlements near Norman.

"Since all the alumnae of our organization have university degrees and sev-

eral have advanced degrees, we are selecting the school faculty members from our own ranks," Mrs. Buchanan said. "Two persons not connected with our club have offered their services and they also will teach courses."

Alumnae who are in charge of high school study are Eloise McManus, '32bus, Oklahoma City; Eleanor Hanson, '33as, Oklahoma City; Helen Knebel, '31ex, Oklahoma City; Theresa Flanagan, '33bs, '33M.S., Norman; and Margaret Eisenbeis, '33fa, Oklahoma City.

The three instructors who will have charge of the college courses are Miss Frances K. Hunt, '29as, editorial assistant, school of journalism, an alumna of the Elizabeth Seton club; W. A. Willibrand, assistant professor of modern languages at the University; and Miss Morrison Williamson, instructor in physical education for women at the University.

Four University students, who are ac-

tive in the Elizabeth Seton organization now, will be assistant to the regular faculty. They are Katherine Esch, '34as, Tonkawa; Mrs. Maxin McAfee, '34as, Roff; Elizabeth Hustmyer, '34fa, Alexandria, Louisiana; and Helen Jorski, '34bus, Harrah.

Courses in journalism, German, English, short-hand, typewriting, bookkeeping, history, and hygiene are on the program. Extra-curricular activities in piano and glee club work also will be offered.

"The night school courses will be the permanent project of the club," according to Mrs. Buchanan. "We hope in time to expand its scope and enlarge the courses."

The Elizabeth Seton club was organized two years ago in Norman for Catholic women students. The night courses will be non-sectarian and several persons not connected with the club will be used as teachers.

ber whens" and all that sort of thing so don't miss this party.

The always colorful homecoming parade will start at the campus Varsity Shop corner about 9 Saturday morning. The Ruf Neks always do a good job on this parade and Harry Kornbaum, Chief Nek promises more floats, more color and clever ideas than ever this year so come down early for this event. And be sure to register at Alumni Headquarters in the Union so that your friends may be able to find you. If you want help in finding some former professor whom you would like to visit call on the Alumni Office.

The Alumni Executive Board meets at noon for their semi-annual business meeting. Informal luncheons will be under way by noon at the Union, the campus shops and the latch will be out at all fraternity houses for their alumni.

Between luncheon and game time, which this year is 3 o'clock, make a tour of the fraternity houses and do your own judging as to which has the best and most original decorations. Your decision may be biased by your membership and may not agree with the judges or it might even happen that your "Fong" hasn't given much time and energy to house decorations this year. If this happens, don't fail to stop in and tell them so, and also how it was done in the good old days—that's the old grad's privilege.

The kickoff this year is at 3 p. m. but don't wait until that time to get out to Owen Field—things will begin to happen much earlier and the earlier you come the more "howdies" to former campus friends you will get in and after all that's a large part of Homecoming.

Then it isn't all over when the gun fires at the end of the fourth quarter for there is going to be a big get-together dansant and what-not in the Union Ball Room right after the game. The Norman alumni invite you to be their guests for an hour or two after the game and have another "session" over a cup of coffee or a dance with the old girl—the one who almost took your pin—or perhaps did along with a number of others. Just follow the band off the field and come right on up to the Union Ball Room. Everyone will be there and if you have missed seeing anyone this is the opportunity to find him—or her and pass the time pleasantly while the traffic clears away.

Then if you haven't had enough you can come back to the Homecoming Student Council Dance starting about 8:30 p. m. There's not a dull moment on this program and when the last Boomer Sooner is played and you start for home under—we hope—a clear November moon you will make a solemn vow never, never to miss Homecoming.

## Homecoming, Vintage 1933

BY ALUMNI SECRETARY FRANK S. CLECKLER, '21

**H**OMECOMING is one of the greatest days of the year in Soonerland. The University—faculty and students—invite all the grads—old and new to return to the campus this year and participate in the varied program which has been planned for you.

For nearly twenty years—nineteen to be exact—Homecoming has been celebrated by the return to the campus on an early week end in November, of thousands of Sooners of other years. There is every indication that Homecoming this year will be the greatest ever.

Of first importance there is the game—the excuse if we need one for it all—and what a game it promises to be. Ad Lindsay, former O. U. coach brings his Kansas Jayhawks to do battle with Lewie Hardage's Sooners—the 31st annual game between these two great teams. It is not necessary for me to tell you what a great team we have this year and if you follow the Big Six Conference teams in the sports sections you know that Ad's Jayhawkers recently out played Notre Dame to a scoreless tie—and that is something.

But to go back to the Homecoming program in its chronological order—first there is the parade of Oklahoma's 100

piece band in their snappy red and white uniforms and the always colorful Ruf Neks and Jazz Hounds in downeown Oklahoma City starting at 3:30 p. m. at Broadway Circle, Oklahoma City. Alumni who get to the city in time are invited to join in. The evening festivities start about 6:45 p. m. Friday, November 3 with a famous Biltmore Hotel dinner in the Civic Room of the Biltmore. Plates are only a dollar and your dinner ticket admits you also to the dance which follows. The dinner program will be short and snappy—Roy Williams the Ponca City spark plug will lead the songs and cheers in his inimitable manner. Judge Earl Foster will preside as toastmaster—Doctor Bizzell, Bennie, Lewie, and Bo will do the honors for the University.

The dance with Tacketts eleven piece orchestra will start about 9. There are only five hundred places available for the party so you must get your tickets early to be assured of a place. Glenn Faris at the Chamber of Commerce in Oklahoma City will make your reservation for you or if you are in Norman, call the Alumni Office, 900 University station 7. Between dinner courses and dances there will be plenty of "Remem-