

Josh Lee, '17as, head of the public speaking department, is known to every Oklahoman as a talented speaker and as a poet; few know him as the versatile professor who left painting for public speaking, who writes poetry and fiction and who is making a notable success with a farming project in southwestern Oklahoma, despite the fact that his plans have to be executed from Norman. Mr Lee is perhaps the first Oklahoman to build successfully an adobe house



A professor makes farming pay

BY SALLYE LITTLE BRANDT

IN THE TULSA DAILY WORLD

SEVERAL years ago when Josh Lee, '17as, versatile and well-known head of the public speaking department at the University of Oklahoma, purchased a farm 175 miles north and west of Norman and began supervising its details and investing his savings in its development the interest in his project was mild.

But that was B. D. (before depression).

No group discussion of the depression, the changing values in a changing world or of the future developments of that changing world draws to a complete close these days until someone has told about Josh Lee and his farming project.

Josh Lee is the man of the hour, for Epicureanly speaking he has come pretty near to "licking the depression." He has very nearly disappeared around the corner and that corner was the corner of a big red barn.

Some think he may be President Roosevelt's forgotten man—until Josh Lee told us about the success of his farming project nearly everyone around here had forgotten that a farm could be made to pay and to provide food.

Dapper, genial, collegiate looking Josh Lee—gem of afterdinner speakers whose oratory does not orate but rather sparkles and fizzes—witty Josh, popular legionnaire of the American Legion—able Josh, who has taught many a future legislator and many a budding actress how to make an audience weep or laugh—he a successful farmer! "Of course I don't have a big return financially on my investment just at the present time," Mr Lee explained, "but I do get a big sense of satisfaction and security when I go down there and walk out to a field and meet one

of those big white-faced Herefords grazing in the sunshine. I prefer having my investment on four legs. It seems safer and more secure and a lot more satisfying."

But this 1200-acre farm in northwestern Oklahoma has been more than a purely Epicurean security for Josh Lee. It is a hobby—this farming project where he experiments with his own ideas of breeding stock, of farming land, and of utilizing materials on the farm itself for building purposes.

It is also a retreat where he goes for occasional week-ends and where he takes his family for vacations.

"When I drive down there and lean back in a big armchair in front of a huge flickering log in the fireplace I seem to be able to solve my office problems much better than when I try to sit here in my office and do it. Sometimes things which seem like impassable mountains to me here are solved so simply when I get away and consider them down there that I wonder why they ever worried me at all," and his face lighted eagerly as he described the mental rest he gains by a hard day's work on the ranch.

In only one detail of Mr Lee's plan is there a catch and he has solved that one now. Of course, he cannot work such a project out alone and teach school at the same time. After all his vocation is teaching public speaking and he likes his work. The farming project is a hobby, an investment, an experiment or whatever you choose to call it, worked out on the side. So he had first to secure the proper type of farmer to carry out his ideas on the place.

That snag was smoothed out when he found Joe E. Robinson and his wife. Mr

and Mrs Robinson had both had three years of college work and were mentally equipped to understand what Mr Lee was trying to do and to appreciate his ideas as experiments worth trying at least, even though some of them had not been the accustomed way of doing things.

Now after five years the farm is providing practically all the food used by the Robinson family and the stock on the place and not only that but provides an enviable supply of canned products and fresh meats, butter and eggs to the Lee family in Norman. The Lees spend their Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays at the ranch and the price of turkeys, Christmas trees or Yule logs never worries them.

When Mr Lee took over the farm there was a small loghouse built of cedar logs apparently chopped from the farm and undoubtedly the house built by the original claimer. The farm is located near the old Chisholm Trail and this historical remnant of the old days seemed too valuable to lose. So Mr Lee had more cedar trees cut from the place and built an addition to the house, destroying none of the atmosphere which clung to the dwelling. The logs are placed picket fashion and filled between with adobe made from products from the place. There is a huge fireplace, large enough for a man to walk in. A bedroom is kept furnished and waiting for Mr Lee whenever he can make trips to the farm.

The adobe used for construction is one of Mr Lee's experiments. He wrote for information to university experimental stations in the states where adobe is used and compared their various mixtures. Then he concluded that Oklahoma has

(TURN TO PAGE 330, PLEASE)

grade school that provision must be made for individual differences of children; the emphasis must be removed from credit and promotion and placed on achievement; the time element for promotion must be subordinated to the various factors that affect promotion—these may comprise elements ranging all the way from the innate ability of the student, length of school term, school equipment, quality of instruction, to actual achievement accomplished.

Mr Shepherd illustrates and illuminates his article with telling charts, and concludes by urging that we face the need to make the simple distinction between paper credits and education. We need to insist that prospective college students finish their grade school and high school training before they enter college, or that they do not enter at all. We need to give schools and colleges the right to determine their own standards in the student material accepted and in the quality of work done. Otherwise the high school becomes a grade school and the college becomes a high school.

▲ ▲ ▲

OKLAHOMA'S GOLF CHAMPION

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 311)
AFTERNOON ROUND

OUT									
Bliss	4	4	3	5	4	4	6	3	4
Emery	5	4	4	4	3	3	5	3	5
IN									
Bliss	3	4	3	*	4	5	3	6	
Emery	3	4	4	5	4	4	4	5	

Emery wins, 2 and 1.

*Bliss picked up.

EMERY'S RECORD IN MATCH PLAY

	HOLES	SCORE
d. Johnie Banks, Notre Dame	18	3 and 2
d. Oliver Transue, Yale	18	4 and 3
d. Bob Cochrane, St. Louis U.	36	8 and 7
d. Charles Yates, Georgia Tech	36	4 and 3
d. Rodney Bliss, Cornell	36	2 and 1

NATIONAL COLLEGIATE QUALIFIERS

(These 36 survived original field of 77 in medal play.)

1. Henry Kowal, Coalgate	73	72-145
1. Johnie Banks, Notre Dame	73	72-145
3. Sidney Noyes, Yale	73	73-146
3. Charles Yates, Georgia Tech.	77	69-146
5. Neil White, S. Calif.	75	72-147
6. John Fisher, Michigan	78	70-148
7. C. T. Birch, Dartmouth	77	72-149
8. D. Nittinger, S. Calif.	73	77-150
9. Rodney Bliss, Cornell	76	75-151
10. Walter Rothenburg, Lafayette	79	74-153
10. Joseph Lynch, Georgetown	76	77-153
10. Ed White, Texas	77	76-153
10. Law Weatherwax, Yale	76	77-153
14. Richard Paxton, Ashland	78	76-154
15. MAURICE HANKINSON, OKLA.	77	78-155
15. M. P. Warner, Yale	83	72-155
15. A. H. Hicks, Dartmouth	79	76-155
18. Oliver Transue, Yale	78	78-156
18. Jack Tinnin, Texas	77	79-156
18. Isiac Merrill, Rollins	78	78-156
21. Edwin Dayton, Michigan	80	77-157
21. George David, Michigan	80	77-157
21. John H. Brewer, Lafayette	82	75-157
21. Dixie Gray, Yale	77	80-157
25. J. Montedonico, Notre Dame	83	75-158
25. Bob Cochrane, St. Louis	82	76-158
25. W. F. Marks, Princeton	81	77-158
25. Berrien Moore, Georgia Tech.	74	84-158
25. WALTER EMERY, OKLA.	84	74-158
30. W. A. Cremin, Princeton	81	78-159

30. Vincent Fehlig, Notre Dame	80	79-159
30. J. N. Powers, Lafayette	78	81-159
30. John Payne, Texas	80	79-159
30. J. St. Clair, Williams	76	83-159
30. Richard Snider, Texas	79	80-159
30. Charles Glavin, Howard	77	82-159

▲ ▲ ▲

AN O. U. ALUMNA IN SPAIN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 318)

considered a compliment on my pronunciation; others said French or German or English. I told them I was from North America and a pretty little girl said "that is where the movie stars come from"; another asked if I lived in a skyscraper. I asked if they had little sisters and brothers, and each immediately began to boast about the number in his family. They expressed sincere sympathy because I have no children. If I would marry so I could have some little children I'd be much happier, etc.

The parks are full of children with their maids or governesses or mothers or fathers; the streets are full of children; the street corners, subway passages and church doors are full of beggars with their children; a majority of the showcases are full of children's wearing apparel and of toys. Spain is probably facing a graver depression than has come to some other countries. How can she go on indefinitely, living slowly, contentedly, peacefully (except for continual uprisings and revolutions that are necessary outlets for the Spanish temperament), with her class distinction—her intellectual minority in control and her servile class illiterate?

Illiteracy, however, has a certain charm. The maids, for instance, seem so innocently trusting, trustworthy and happy. Every night our sweet-faced, kind-hearted, faithful "Gregoria" accompanies me to the foot of the stairs and bids me goodnight with "Hasta mañana, si Dios quiere." One morning when I went down to breakfast she had the dining room furniture disarranged, she—having divined my impatient disposition which I've tried to hide while I am a guest—served my breakfast in the study where I had sat down to read while I waited. She is always dressed neatly with her hair well combed. The Spanish woman, whether she be beggar, maid, or mistress, always wears a handsome coiffure. In Andalusia it was not unusual to see a scrub woman on the hotel lobby floor wearing a posey in her well arranged hair.

The girls are plump and the women are fat at forty. They are not insulted to be greeted with, "How well you are looking—you are so much fleshier than when I last saw you!" Most of them are dark, and they have dainty aristocratic hands and feet and an erect stature.

We live to eat. The food is excellent: four square meals a day and the heavy one at 9:30 or 10 at night. I do miss, however, our American bread, our pie, our fruit salad, and our coffee. I have often heard that the Spaniards drink strong coffee. Maybe it is strong, but it

is either not a good brand, not fresh, or not made right. The Andalusian oranges are delicious for dessert twice a day. Of the many, many kinds of cookies and pastries, the kind I like best is the famous "Mazapan de Toledo," a cookie made of almond flour with an egg-yellow filling.

My last and probably most unusual adventure was attending last night, May 13, from 10 P.M. till 1 A.M., an actual Spanish "tertulia" in Ramón Gómez de la Serna's cafe "Pombo." The unusual adventure lay in finding myself the only woman in a group of *literati*, and occupying the seat of honor beside Ramón and his pipe. The literary cafe is typically Spanish. Such an institution could not live where time, money, and material progress are of primary importance. No speaker "has the floor." All talk vociferously at once, or heated dialogues drown the hum of the electric fan until Ramón orders the latter stopped (thoughts are more important than physical comfort) or one voice dominates long enough to launch an idea. A permanent record is kept with each visitor's signature in a large leather-bound volume of "Pombo."

These of you who are most interested in antiquities—in a land rich with artistic remains of former civilizations—break away from the beaten America-Europe path for tourists and see Spain!

▲ ▲ ▲

WHERE ALUMNI CAN HELP

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 309)

and more on cultural foundations as well as strict technical training.

The first few years in the university are golden years when the whole horizon of learning is visible. The opportunity facing the young college student in his first years in college is greater than at any other time in his life. A college degree means nothing if it has not trained a student to be intellectually curious, to be an inquiring reader throughout his life, to be alert and interested in the affairs of his state and nation.

Consequently, you should discuss with students this phase of education, which is so rarely considered. Students should not come to the university solely so that they can make a higher salary when they have completed their education. That is important but not the only element. You should encourage the student who sees the opportunity of the university to become an educated citizen, and therefore a more valuable citizen, in his state.

▲ ▲ ▲

A PROFESSOR MAKES FARMING PAY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 313)

more rainfall than most of these states so it would be necessary to mix more straw and manure with the adobe here. This

makes it more tenacious and durable.

A shelter shed has been built for the stock and everything which went into the construction of the building came from the farm. Labor being cheap just now the shed cost very little. Mr Lee took willow, oak and coffee bean trees and built them into supporting posts two rows of them one foot apart. The spaces were filled in with smaller posts and this space then filled with the home made adobe. Poles were laid across the top for roof supports and over these cheap chicken wire was tied. Corn with the tassel pointing down was bound over this with binder twine. Kaffir corn was placed on top of this and woven in with twine and Johnson grass which had been bundled into uniform sized bundles was laid like shingles over lapped on top. Thus there is a thatched roof which will last indefinitely and which is thoroughly insulated as are the walls from heat and cold.

That is an example of what Mr Lee means by working out experiments of his own on the place. This one worked.

Another experiment which worked is much simpler but shows how intelligence helps around the farm.

The soil around the place is sandy and Mr Lee wanted a pond. The little stream had been dammed off but the water seeped away and would not stand in the pond. Mr Lee noticed that water stood in the hog wallow in the windmill pool. Investigation showed that the hogs created a waterproof slime. So the pigs were turned for a while into the future pond. The slime soon created a waterproof pond which has stood full of water for two years now. Later Mr Lee plans a larger pond so that he can have fish.

Clover and sudan grass are used for pasture and hay and also improve the soil. Wheat is used also for pasture and the grain wheat is mixed with kaffir for feed. Only enough wheat is sold to pay for threshing expense since this is primarily a stock farm.

Broom corn and cotton are raised for a cash crop.

Mr Lee has a riding horse which was a Kentucky Derby winner and which he uses for breed purposes with grade dams. There is a blooded Percheron sire for draft and breeding.

White faced Herefords are used for range cattle and Mr Lee expects to specialize for the market in baby beef. He does not keep the calves through the winter to sell in the spring because the expense of feed is not worth the difference in price they bring. In order to have them ready for the market when they are weaned he turns the calves out to pasture with the mother so they get milk as often as they want it. When the mother brings the calves to the watering place there is a crib, where the calves are taught from the age of two weeks to feed on grain. Thus they get milk and grain all along and are fat and ready for the fall market.

IMAGE IS NOT AVAILABLE ONLINE DUE TO COPYRIGHT RESTRICTIONS.

A paper copy of this issue is available at call number LH 1 .06S6 in Bizzell Memorial Library.

He has worked out an interesting experiment in his dairy herd. At first he had Jerseys and Holsteins, the accepted dairy cows. One time he had five dairy steer calves for sale and one roan calf. The purchaser offered him \$35 for the five dairy calves and \$35 for the one roan calf.

"Even a college professor could see there was something to be done about that," he chuckled and then proceeded to tell what he did do about it.

"And that worked too," he added with a tone which implied that he has none

too frequently been told by the old heads at the game that "it won't work, Josh. We just don't do it that way."

So he sent to Iowa and got a registered shorthorn bull which he bred with his best reds and roans from the range herd. He sold his Jerseys and Holsteins, except a registered Jersey cow which he brought to Norman to provide milk for his family here, and put in a herd of Herefords.

"It works," he explained, "because we have a hardier cow, a cow which produces

not so rich a milk as the Jersey, not so much quantity as the Holstein, but a rich milk and plenty of it—just between the Jersey and Holstein in quantity and quality, I should say, and our steer calves are not worthless. The steer calves from the milk herd are turned out two calves to a cow and fed grain and milk just as the calves on the range are and when it comes time to sell them I get just as much for them as I do for the range steers whereas before they might as well have been knocked in the head when they were born for they weren't worth feeding."

Mr and Mrs Robinson raise apples, grapes, cherries, plums, apricots and have a large vegetable garden. Mrs Lee provides some of the canning needs and Mrs Robinson cans great quantities of food stuffs for both families. The Robinsons use sorghum which they prepare themselves and grind their own whole wheat flour and crack wheat for cooked breakfast food. In fact there is very little they need to buy from a grocery store.

The farm is operated just as if it were a mercantile establishment. There is an invoice made the first of each year and books are kept by the month so that Mr Lee has complete monthly records on the whole place for the five years and can make comparisons from month to month and year to year. An auction is held annually.

Mr Lee figures that he is making about 3 per cent return on his investment not to mention that good food, the security of his investment and the fun he is having.

Josh Lee is perhaps one of the best known if not the best known University of Oklahoma man to his fellow statesmen. He is one of the most popular afterdinner speakers of the state and has spoken at convention dinners of almost every organization that has convened in Oklahoma City or Tulsa, at one time or another.

He is a veteran of the world war and has been active in the American Legion. He was reared on a ranch near Lindsay, Oklahoma, and has had an interest in farming ever since.

But when he went to school some teacher saw his ability in public speaking and interested him in the subject. Then another teacher saw an ability at drawing and Mr Lee followed that field for a time. He has a stack of excellent paintings chucked back in the corner of his office on the campus. They are covered with dust and stand as a memorial of what he might have done if he had not discovered after he had taught painting for a year that "people liked to hear me talk better than they liked to buy my paintings and I liked one just as well as the other so—public speaking it has become."

He is now experimenting with writing short stories and for some time has written poems. His afterdinner speeches sparkle with wit and humor and his unassuming genial manner make of him a well-beloved character over the state and on the campus where he has become a sort of tradition.

He is a rather dapper collegiate type of man with an ever youthful expression about his face. No one would suspect him of an interest in farming but his farm project as it stands and his book of plans for its future are enough to convince the most hardened skeptic that his interest in farming is genuine.

Who knows, Josh Lee may really be Mr Roosevelt's forgotten man—every one around here had forgotten until he had made his project public that a farm could be made to pay and provide food.

▲ ▲ ▲

SUNDOWN IN VENICE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 320)

contrivances such as the vaporet, motor boat, trains, and automobiles by the new giant causeway, has been able to rob it of its songs and oars and its human feet as a means of locomotion. To walk, to sing, to row, the fundamental verbs in the Venetian dialect. I had almost said "language" for a Venetian speaks his dialect by predilection and only learns Italian by education, still speaking his dialect except when actually forced by circumstances to abandon his native tongue. Cut off from the remainder of the world, ensconced in proud isolation the language so developed that it really deserves to be dignified with the name language.

What does one miss about Venice? The total lack of vegetation. Usually the remotest islands are overcharged with vegetation if the island is more than a rocky promontory, but the islands of Venice have been gradually absorbed and claimed by architecture to house the inhabitants, and the former public places and private gardens have resigned their glory in favor of the one great public garden and the sight from time to time of some hardy tree projecting its branches above the top of a garden wall near the door of a house that the government forgot to confiscate to the benefit of apartment dwellers. Even the verdant piles of cabbage and lettuce on the quays of the Riva Alta are a balm to the eye that looks at water and architecture all day. Shipping quietly down the canals one all too infrequently catches a glimpse of a high-walled garden or the greyish green of a tree top fed by the salty Adriatic.

There are four hours when the piazza is most interesting: early morn when the low eastern sun gives a pleasant warmth and glow to the cathedral, the library and the Doge's Palace, when the pigeons fly in greatest numbers and in long uninterrupted swoops across the open spaces. Hungry after the night's fast they greet with greater familiarity the early riser who comes to feed them. The busy hour on the piazza is noon. All business suspends for the two hour pause,

IMAGE IS NOT AVAILABLE
ONLINE DUE TO COPYRIGHT
RESTRICTIONS.

A paper copy of this issue
is available at call
number LH 1 .06S6 in
Bizzell Memorial Library.