

George B. Parker, '08as, of New York City, the first alumnus to deliver the Commencement address, and President Bizzell, just before the start of the forty-first Commencement academic procession into the field-house June 5. The address of the famous editor was characterized by many who heard it as one of the most challenging and interesting Commencement addresses ever delivered at Norman. The address follows below

## Our university

FORTY-FIRST COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

BY GEORGE B. PARKER, '08

**M**Y very dear friend, Walter Ferguson, once delivered himself of an epigram which impressed me as being rivaled only by the saying of Tom Marshall about the five cent cigar.

"What this country needs," said Walter, "is more good listeners. You do the listening and I'll do the talking."

Having attended chapel—by compulsion—for four years on this beloved campus, and having, through all those years, also by compulsion, been among the listeners, it is indeed a privilege and a pleasure to be in a position where I do the talking and you do the listening.

Only by the grace of President Bizzell could this sudden realization of a long suppressed desire have come to pass. I thank him most sincerely. And, in thanking him, I also want to congratulate him on the work he has done and is doing in much larger and more important matters than the selection of commencement orators. Those fortunately combined qualities of kindness and firmness, of common sense and tolerance, that he has brought to bear in guiding this institution through the hurricane that has been blowing through the world for lo, these many moons, will live as long as the history of Oklahoma's education shall be written.

With all credit to all the presidents who have contributed so greatly to the growth of the University of Oklahoma, I think the responsibilities of two have been the heaviest and the hardest—President Bizzell's and those of our first president.

That I should pay tribute to the founder should be only natural in view of the fact that he was in charge during my college days. But that I could find words adequate to such a tribute is impossible. I can only do my best.

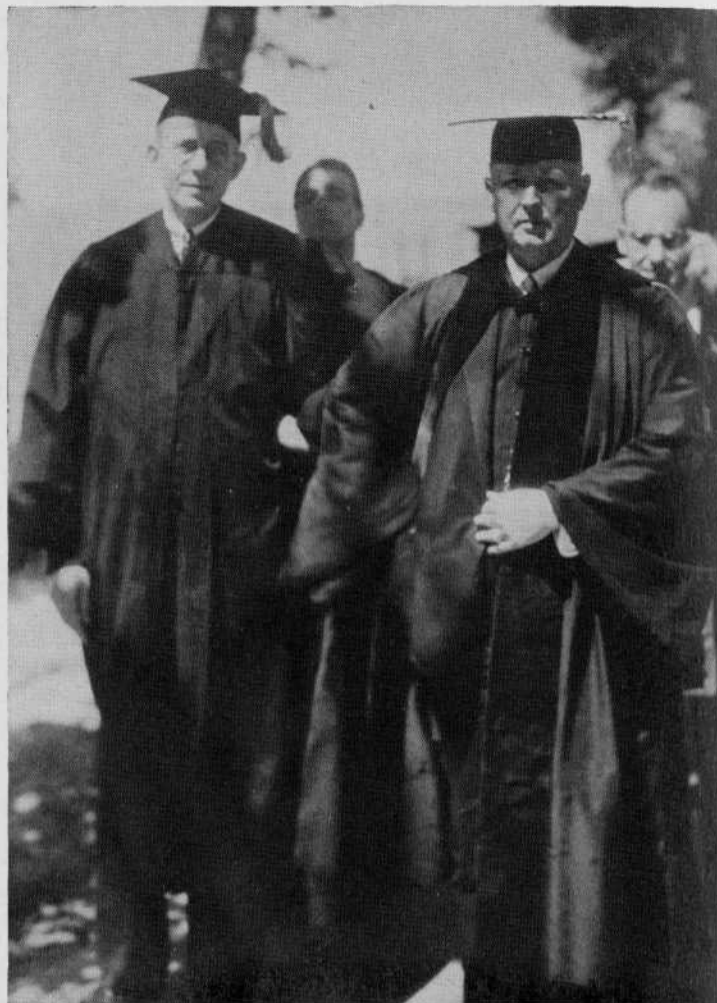
When I arrived in Norman twenty nine years ago, there were more buffalo wallows than sidewalks within the limits of what some facetiously referred to as Athens. Poor, little, thirsty sprouts were the magnificent elms you see today. In a very peculiar sense David R. Boyd had made the University of Oklahoma. It would not be too much of an exaggeration to say that he had made it with his bare hands.

I come back to the trees. For, without them, the charm of this campus could not be. It would still be the wind-swept and sand-swept and sun-baked stretch of prairie that it was when David R. Boyd, provided with practically no money, but urged by the vision of future loveliness that inspires every really great pioneer, made a cut-rate bargain with a northern

nursery, and caused to be set out by the thousand the puny sticks that grew, and grew, and grew, and today shelter and shade and soothe you, and will always make beautiful the memories you take with you as you leave today.

As he changed the landscape, so did Doctor Boyd dominate the building of the university in all its branches. From the beginning he was the controlling force in its creation. Every faculty member, every course in the curriculum, every student, every custom, every stick and stone in the campus, *was* there because of him. Such driving energy, such abundant vitality, such singleness of purpose, such executive genius, are rare in this planet.

Doctor Boyd was the university, and the university was Doctor Boyd. It always will be. Whatever shall be the place in the immortality of the hereafter that his great, white, Presbyterian soul shall occupy, Doctor Boyd has already achieved immortality here. As long as an elm stands, as long as there is one stone on top of another in these buildings, Doctor Boyd is here. He will never be forgotten, nor his work be undone. It is my deep regret that he is not with us today. If he were I should love to recall with him some of the differences we used to have over



HEFFNER

certain matters of discipline and conduct.

At the risk of too much reminiscing, I want to take a minute or two to mention certain other phases of University of Oklahoma life twenty five years ago, and one in particular that meant so much to me.

Our especial advantage in those days from 1904 to 1908 was direct contact with heads of the departments. The reason was simple. Where there are students by the thousands today there were less than hundreds then. So, if you studied psychology, you did all your work under Professor Sole, and were better off for the discipline of his tough and honest mind. If it were math, Professor Elder was your immediate contact; economics, Doctor Barnett, and if you studied harmony against the day when you might become secretary of the treasury, it was under none other than Dean Holmberg himself.

Thus it was in chemistry under Doctor DeBarr; geology, Doctor Gould; Greek, Professor Paxton; biology, Doctor Van Vleet; Latin, Doctor Sturgis; engineering, Dean Felgar. The only spot where the department had expanded to the dignity of an assistant was in history, where Professor Gittinger had just arrived to aid Dean Buchanan. Before my four years were over the same expansion had occurred when that charming gentleman, Professor Humphreys, now dean of the school of arts and sciences of the University of Michigan, came to the English department here.

All of which direct contact with the heads of the departments was my great good fortune.

In my case, and still with full credit to the rest I have mentioned, the most important aspect of this advantage was my association with Professor Vernon L. Parrington. He, more than any other man except my father, was a controlling influence in my life.

You know that homely definition of a university—a full mind at one end of a bench, and a receptive mind at the other.

My first meeting with Professor Parrington was one of those few events that do not dim. I appeared before him as per instructions in the catalogue to consider the matter of curriculum. Since he was head of the English department it was not unusual that he should mention English as one of the courses that an aspiring young seeker after knowledge should look into.

Recalling the recent range of my high school studies, and remembering that high school English had seemed to cover everything from Chaucer to William Dean Howells, I replied, in my modest way, to his suggestion that I might like to take some English, with the remark that I had had English.

"In which case," Professor Parrington replied, "will you please describe for me the elements that particularly characterize

the prose style of Dryden and after having done so, differentiate for me his style from styles of his contemporaries."

Whereupon I yielded and admitted that there might be, after all, certain things in the study of English that I had not mastered.

Unity was the watchword that was stressed in the first English class I had under Parrington. Unity, coherence and mass. But the greatest of these was unity. It was merely a term to me then, a technical, collegiate, term. And it was only as I sat before him in the years that followed that I began to realize the full scope of the emphasis he put on unity. Economics, history, the languages, social science, architecture, all were collected in that ordered mind of his into one creed expressed in a quotation from Keats which he so often employed—"Beauty is truth; truth beauty; that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

He was in every phase of his interest primarily a lover of beauty. A course in literature with him was a course in the history of the time quite as much as it was of the written word. That explains why he could turn our frivolous and primitive minds from poker to poetry.

Our paths separated in 1908. But it was not with any surprise at all that I received news, years later, that his first book had been awarded the Pulitzer Prize.

The book reveals his mind. It is an exhaustive accumulation of facts. It is a study not only of American letters but of American life, the way our forebears lived and thought and carried on—a study whose breadth and depth had never before been attempted, which will stand for many many years as a source-book for every scholar in that particular field. With all that, it has the same beauty of expression, the same logic of organization, the smoothness and finish of prose style to which we were accustomed in his daily lectures. To have sat under such a mind, is it not a reason for gratitude? His death was most untimely. In one sense, it seems an added pathos that he should die so far from home, and lie forever in the lovely low hills of Cotswold. Yet was he far from home? He knew England better than many an Englishman, and his spirit would be at home in the midst of beauty anywhere.

In fact, I think that one of the greatest tributes to beauty ever penned might have been done especially for him. And it was about England, too. "After all," wrote Mark Twain, "in the matter of certain physical patent rights there is only one England. Now that I have sampled the globe, I am not in doubt. There is a beauty of Switzerland, and it is repeated in the glaciers and the snowy ranges of many parts of the earth; there is a beauty of the fiord, and it is repeated in New Zealand and Alaska; there is a beauty of Hawaii, and it is repeated in ten thousand

islands of the Southern seas; there is a beauty of the prairie and the plain, and it is repeated here and there in the earth; each of these is worshipped, each is perfect in its way, yet holds no monopoly of its beauty; but that beauty which is England is alone—it has no duplicate. It is made up of very simple details—just grass, and trees, and shrubs, and roads, and hedges, and gardens, and houses, and vines, and churches, and castles, and here and there a ruin—and over it all a mellow dream-haze of history. But its beauty is incomparable, and all its own."

In the larger sense it is altogether fitting that Vernon L. Parrington should be buried there.

Perhaps you are wondering by now what has happened to the words of wisdom and advice with which the conventional commencement address should be adorned.

I could leave them out altogether, and thereby be unique, and go down in history as a great eccentric. But I can't altogether refrain. Having myself listened to the admonitions that sent me out into the world twenty five years ago, I am entitled today to my fling. So let's take a moment to appraise in a general sort of way what the intervening quarter of a century has brought about, and then look, for another moment forward, to what the next generation may contribute.

As an auditor or a public accountant might size up the assets and liabilities, let me recapitulate:

In twenty five years, we have achieved the greatest material advancement in all the history of the world. That can be checked up to the generation the class of 1908 represents.

But we also must debit ourselves with the worst war in history, and, speaking broadly, the worst predicament, economically, socially and politically, in which the human race has ever found itself.

We have created the tools by which the creature comfort of every living person on this earth should be satisfied. But we have failed to learn how to use those tools.

As we have progressed with almost miraculous speed and scope in the material sciences, we have slid back correspondingly in the social sciences. While we should have eliminated scarcity and substituted plenty, we have succeeded only in instituting sweatshops and headlines in the midst of what ought to be abundance. We have conquered the ether and the depths of the sea, have achieved everything that Aladdin ever dreamed of, from flying-machines to shatter-proof glass, and, having piled those toys high about us, we have knocked them over and they fall upon us and almost smother us. We have invented the magic carpet that should take us wherever we want to go and then we have jumped upon it recklessly and it has slipped from under us like an artificially

(TURN TO PAGE 292, PLEASE)



arts—"The first principle of all human work is reason"—will find reason for humility in an age that scoffs at reason.

Plato said that the most ferocious animal is the man without education. I have lived long enough to know that the most dangerous is the man who has an education that fills his heart with pride and his soul with scorn. When Newman wrote his "Idea of a University" he justly put into it his magnificent portrait of a gentleman; for the business of a University is not only to turn out scholars but to turn out gentlemen, in that wide meaning of the word that takes the gender out of it but does not leave it a neuter. The world needs gentlemen scholars even more. And what is the sign by which these shall be known? Even the sign of the star that once led wise men from the East to a manger wherein slept a Babe in swaddling clothes who, as a Man, was the gentlest, the holiest, and the wisest amongst the children of men, the great outstanding pattern of the predominant virtue of the scholar.

That predominant virtue of the scholar is a fertile virtue and its fruit is Justice. How high and holy is Justice may be known by the fact that the mercies of God in dealing with His creatures are in Holy Writ often referred to as His "justices." This attribute of God comes to us out of His infinity, His perfections. Justice in man, however, grows out of Humility. The humble, understanding man is the one most likely to practice the virtue of Justice toward his Maker, his neighbor and himself.

I do not think that ever before, and I speak of the world as a whole, has there been more widespread unrest and misery, more spots stained with blood unnecessarily spilled, less respect in a large way for human life, more callousness before human suffering, and more determination to force dangerous theories on the whole people, with or without their consent, by minorities. It has been popular to attack dogmatism. Never were there so many theories masquerading in the world as truths as there are today. Never was there more determination to force their universal acceptance. They do not claim to be revelations from God. They will not stand the test of the logic of men. They drip with blood and the fat of sacrilege. They have proved in action that they are destructive.

The remedy is Justice. But sermons can only advertise it. It must be applied by men to men. Who shall be healers if not those who have justice in their hearts and know that, to society, they have a debt which only a lifetime of devotion can pay?

The scholar who has the sense of justice that is born of a deeper sense of humility is the hope of Christian civilization; for he alone knows what governments really are, and he alone, therefore, is competent to govern. Political leadership is not a matter of gathering votes—any clever ward-heeler can do that; indeed, he is the expert who usually does it—but a matter of de-

serving the support that the votes represent. We have not yet been chastened enough to see the truth, but it is quite sure that we shall be. Government has no reason for its existence if it is not for the welfare of all the governed. The day of the old-time politician is past, or the day of the commonwealth is past. They cannot live together, for they are mutually antagonistic. One of them is to die. Which one it is depends on the scholar who has justice and humility in his heart.

Did I say *heart*? Yes, that was the word I used. And when I used it I said more than is heard at the first sound of it. When I said *heart* I said God. I do not use the Name and at once proceed to hedge by speaking of God as a vague force in nature, a superior mind, an intangible entity, an unknown thing called conscience, a starting force, an ideal, a casual intelligence, everything, fate or law. When I say God I mean God, a Being and the source of being. I mean not only the Force that put everything into motion as well as existence, but the personal Power out of which it emanates. Without Him my words are chaff, for without Him there is no ideal, no good, no responsibility; therefore no patriotism, no justice, and certainly no humility. If there be no God you are no scholars. You are fools who have been wasting your time when you might as well have been out in the world robbing your neighbors.

Writing of the country around the famous old Abbey of Fleury in France, a famous man said: "This valley, these waters, these trees, these rocks wished to cry out unto God, but they had no voice; the Abbey gave them one." It could not be said that man, always endowed with intellect and will, ever was without an eye to see the signature of the Eternal Artist on His work, or a voice with which to express his homage. Even primitive man knew God. But as it is the trained mind that penetrates into the reasons of things, and the trained voice that chants the highest melody, so it was and is that education and culture may be said to cry out unto God. The Abbey of Fleury stands in the center of the valley of South Loire, which is in the very heart of beautiful France. It is like the conductor of a choir where all nature would sing. The perfect conductor is his choir; for the music of a perfectly trained choir seems to come from the end of the conductor's baton, or the tips of his eloquent fingers. He is a collector of hymned praises who, when he stretches out his hand to guide the last soft notes of the melody to their expressive ending, seems like a priest offering it all in beauty and unity back to the Eternal Inspiration out of which it came.

If you have gained anything worth while here it is this: the right and duty to be one who, knowing the hidden things that are beyond the grasp of untrained intellects, gathers together the unspoken and unsung hopes, faith, and aspirations of the

multitude, joins them together in beauty and unity and lifts them on the wings of the mind and the heart, even to the Throne of God. "Education is diffusive of itself." The choir gives, but loses nothing in the giving. Even so the educated man gives and keeps, empties himself, and yet has always abundance. He alone of men scatters seeds from a bag that never needs to be replenished. His word carries weight and his example is potent. In him virtue may multiply its values and goodness its charms. But with it all he has been given a responsibility that no one here on earth ever can measure.

It is with the scholar's virtue that we must face that responsibility, for knowledge is more than power; it is danger. You go out of this hall today with the strongest explosive on earth in your hands. You can use it to destroy or you can use it to save. Education can blow to pieces the finest achievement of mankind, or it can blast from off the path of human progress every rock that obstructs it.



## OUR UNIVERSITY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 285)

lubricated banana peel. We have out-Frankensteined Frankenstein.

A week or so ago I took a train from New York to Washington. It was the first hot day of the season. The train was air-conditioned. But the air-conditioning apparatus wasn't working because the sudden spurt of hot weather had not been expected. The windows were sealed, there were no fans in sight, and all the ordinary forms of relief had been eliminated by the technocratic genius who had circumvented nature and defied the elements. It was therefore of little solace to me to hear from the porter that everything would be working fine "tomorrow."

The experience was symbolic. The generation that spans the first portion of the Twentieth Century has concentrated so sharply on how to devise the air-conditioning contraption that it has failed to plan how to have the contraption in operation when the contraption is really needed.

It is unnecessary that I should elaborate on all the unpleasant details that have been the result. I only want to make my point, which is this—that the opportunity for the next generation is great in precise ratio to the failure of the present generation to complete its job. You, who are the next generation, can get all the joys of perfect coolness and laundered air, hot though the day may be, if you will only take the thing over and really make it work. For you are the ones who will be riding the train tomorrow.

And one more point.

It has to do with an element that must be added to any consideration of purely material advancement. Without it, the creature comforts men set their hearts upon

will turn to ashes again and again as they have in the last three years.

Call this element the social sense, for want of a more precise term—the sense that impels a child to share its toys with another and less fortunate child; an impulse that seems to vanish as the child grows older.

It has become somewhat hackneyed to say that our present difficulties arise from the improper distribution of wealth—but the more you analyze the causes of the terrible depression into which a whole human race, endowed with all the tools necessary to produce abundance, has plunged itself, the more that maldistribution stands out as the basic cause.

Therefore, without being too preachy, but instead by resting my theme on nothing more highly spiritual than enlightened selfishness, I say that an impulse to share, as contrasted with an unrestrained impulse to acquire, is necessary if future and more devastating chaos is to be averted. I will try and be concrete:

You may recall the story of "Brewster's Millions." The class of 1908 will, I am sure, for it was a very popular novel and play in the early years of this century.

Monty Brewster's grandfather and uncle hated each other. Grandfather died and left Monty a million. Then Uncle died, leaving Monty seven millions under a certain condition. The condition was that Monty must spend the first million within a year. If he failed, he wouldn't get the seven. Certain rules were set up to assure that the million should be actually spent, not gambled or given away.

Monty went to work. Without going into all the details of how he got rid of the million, he did it. But he was a wan wreck at the end of the year.

In 1929, over 500 men in the United States had net incomes, each, larger than the million that Monty labored so hard to dispose of; thirty six had incomes of over five million each; and several thousand rich men throughout the nation had incomes greater than any human being could spend without long and painful and intense struggle. But there the concentration of wealth stopped.

What happened? Not having either the ability or the desire to spend such accumulations, those exceedingly rich men ploughed most of their incomes back into the further expansion of the businesses from which the incomes had been acquired. And what happened then? More factories than there were customers to support, more office buildings than there were tenants, more oil wells than there was a market to consume, and so on along the line.

And thus did that rugged individual, the temporarily successful rich man, hoist himself on his own petard; thus did his apparent success invite more and more competition against him; thus did he find what he considered tremendous assets transformed suddenly into massive liabilities for want of people who could buy;

thus came the crash; and therein, to pick an example with which you all are familiar, lies the explanation of why the militia gets into the oil business.

Confining the argument, as I have said, strictly to no other than enlightened selfishness, how much better it would have been for the rich man himself as well as society as a whole to have paid more in wages, or have devoted more to the arts, or to education, to parks and recreation, or to any other of the hundred different outlets which, had imagination been brought to bear, coupled with a highly developed social sense, would have increased consumption and have worked toward that better balance of production and consumption which, if and when achieved, will make the sky the limit so far as the future comfort of the human race is concerned.

And let us make no mistake in our understanding of those terms, over-production and under-consumption, about which there has been so much confusion of thought. This is not a depression due to over-production. It is a depression due to the lack of balance to which I have referred. So long as there is a slum in a city, so long as there is an unpainted house on a prairie, or, to carry it farther, until every home as well as every railway car is both air-conditioned and operating, so long as there is ugliness anywhere on any landscape, so long as a peon in Mexico ekes out a sordid existence on a few pesos a day, or a Chinese coolie subsists on his pitiful ration of rice, the human market for mass-production is there, eager to consume, but as yet not possessed of the wherewithal to buy.

A dollar a day added to the purchasing power of every inhabitant of two countries alone, China and India, would add nearly a billion dollars a day to the demand for those things which the inventive and productive genius of this generation is able to supply, and put every factory in the world on a 24-hour-a-day production schedule.

But, instead of that, the factories are idle, their owners are broke, and the industry that should thrive so prosperously is paralyzed. All because of that maldistribution. All for the want of a far-sighted social consciousness. All because of an overgrown materialistic philosophy which did not have the vision to see that you cannot sell unless people can afford to buy; that wealth cannot expand and at the same time be ingrowing; cannot live off its own fat; cannot have health without balance, and cannot have balance without paying as much attention to the other fellow's capacity to purchase as it does to its own capacity to produce.

Not until we are all Monty Brewsters need we worry about the problem of not being able to consume enough.

Lack of the kind of social sense to which I referred has been characteristic of what undoubtedly has been the most material-

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istic quarter of a century in all modern time. Individual acquisitiveness has been the code. Wealth for wealth's sake instead of wealth as a symbol of a world-wide social purpose—that has been the watchword. And see where it has brought us!

We have been witnessing within the last few days how that code has been applied. We have seen a momentous investigation into the use of wealth under a creed that contends that the thing which is legal must therefore be ethical. How wealth, directed and organized and regimented by such a creed perverts itself and taints the taker of it is today being exposed. And the class of 1933 can read if it will its graduation lesson in the lines of that testimony in Washington which reveal how the money changers of the generation that is passing have polluted the temple.

And you can read more of the same lesson in the new type of leadership that is appearing in public under the pressure of this crisis. The substitution at the helm of the ship of state of the so-called brain trust for the practical politician is not an accident. It is a significant sign of the times.

One of the worst consequences of our materialistic tradition has been the tendency that has grown up within us to look with scornful and distrustful eye at men who work with theories. In the minds of too many of us there has developed an association of ideas between a high IQ and a low income. We have been wont to esteem the intellectual man less than the man we call practical. But practicality, and its first vice-president, greed, have had their day. They have been weighed and found wanting. And so, upon the scene, born of the misery of a system that has failed, appears, exalted unto high estate, the idealist.

The cue for a new act in the human drama is being called. It happens that it is sounded at a time when you too are to take your place upon the stage.

Let us who are on our way to the wings see how you can play your parts.

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## TO EAT IS TO REJOICE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 279)

anywhere has ever shown the same appreciation of a difficult situation as we have had here. The loyalty and good judgment of 5,000 student and 300 faculty members who have been kind and helpful in the past year, have touched my heart.

When Senator J. C. Looney, '21 law, of Wewoka, who is now a member of the Board of Regents, was introduced he commended President Bizzell heartily on his co-operation with the Board in attempting to restrict expenses at the university. He said, "Your board of regents with its three new members have

done their best to maintain a great university here for the benefit of the people of our state and with your support and the friends of the university scattered throughout the country, I believe that no action will be taken by the board which will affect adversely the welfare of the institution."

Stratton D. Brooks, former president, made an enjoyably humorous, short talk in a delightfully serious manner. He said, "I could not run the university now. When I was president my duty was to decide how high the salaries of the faculty members should be raised. I could not take Doctor Bizzell's place today. I would have no way of knowing how to run a university in reverse! I extend my most sincere sympathy to President Bizzell. In the beginning, when I left the university, I felt sorry for him for I thought I was leaving him a wreck. I felt that when I left many things would fail to operate. I found that the captain can go down, but the ship goes on. Doctor Bizzell is right when he says that these difficulties and anxieties are only temporary beside the permanence of such an institution.

"The Indian tribe which roamed these plains had a problem that is still facing us today. Their job was to train their young to hunt and to fight or they would have gone out of existence. We must train our young people to find themselves and their work in these complicated times. This university is our way of doing that very thing. And they must be taught to fight for the right. They are going to have to fight to keep the ideals of this university before the people of this state. Have the alumni of this state the integrity and courage to stand behind this university? Are you going to stand by the ideals of higher education?"

Doctor Brooks ended his talk with a remark which created an uproar. He said that in the sandwich of presidential history, Doctor Bizzell and Doctor Boyd had been a couple of pieces of dry bread, while he was the meat in the middle.

Wilda Griffen, '27 voice, who has studied for the past few years abroad and who is returning to France this year, sang "Mimi" from *La Boheme*. Mr Ferguson had asked Mr West, a few minutes before, if he was going to sing in English. When Miss Griffen came to the piano she turned to Mr Ferguson and apologized for singing in Italian. Mr Ferguson answered that that was perfectly all right because he was familiar with one Italian number, the "Sextette from Lucia."

The principal speaker of the luncheon, George C. Smith, general traffic manager of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas

Railroad, made a plea for a dismissal of the old "rugged individualism" built on competition. He asked that a new future for the country as a whole be built, even at the cost of losing some present comforts.

"While on a scholarship at the University of Wisconsin," he said, "I was asked to do some teaching in economics. In the space of a few short weeks the class attendance grew and grew. We had to move to larger and larger class rooms until I was quite impressed with the ambition of the Wisconsin students. I grew curious about just what they were finding in my lectures and after getting acquainted with a few of the boys, asked them to tell me why they thought so many were attending. One of the answers I got was, 'Why Smith, we never heard any of this Southwest slang up here before!'"

Speaking of why he studied in the East, Mr Smith told the following tale. "One of my good friends suggested that I go East in search of polish in order to get more enjoyment out of life. Well, do you know, the most enjoyable thing I did while in the East was show Deke Parker Coney Island! I found that polish is a mythical thing which can't be found in any certain section of the country and I came back to the West to the country I love the best."

"In examining the state constitutions of some of the early colonies, such as Virginia," Mr Smith continued, "one finds that provision was made for state universities and among the reasons for such provisions was stated the purpose of making those states more respected among the other states. I wonder if this university has done its bit toward making the state of Oklahoma respectable? Can you sit here and feel that you have devoted your life fully toward aiding this institution in following the ideals set up for it?"

"America is undergoing a revolution now. She has been in the process since 1917. Since then the government has been passing measures to try to improve the unemployment situation and form some kind of scientific improvement in production. . . . But there is something America must learn. It is to use her leisure time in such a manner that socializing problems may be worked out. . . . The whole American attitude of competition must also pass through this revolution. America has learned to use her leisure time in golf. She has turned it from play to work. She has made a science of it. But outside of golf nothing has been developed to help the average working man of America find a constructive pleasure for his leisure hours. . . . A fraction of our production process takes care of the wants of our na-