I am delighted to be back home again. And, as an Oklahoman who spent many happy days on the farm and who still hopes eventually to retire to the farm, I am especially pleased that my invitation as an Oklahoma speaker should be at the commencement exercises of this Class of 1941.

All of you—Mr. President, members of the Board of Agriculture, members of the faculty, and members of the class of 1941—have been most kind in giving me the latchkey to Sooners hospitality. The invitation, I suspect, reveals why your distinguished president is so brilliantly successful.

He is willing to take chances!

Instead of inviting some famous college president whose acid words appeared in Time, whose photographs appeared at home, at the office, and between Hollywood beauties appear in Life, whose words have the much-quoted ring of Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, you and your president have invited as your commencement speaker the rankest amateur of the lot!

Now, we Oklahomans are gluttons for punishment so far as speeches are concerned. We are the most specified state in the Union. Our public speaking classes are crowded with future statesmen and whenever we see a gentleman dropping his hat, we crowd together to hear the modern Demosthenes.

Seriously, however, I am pleased to be here today, here at Stillwater, in the heart of the Oklahoma country. I hope that your most gracious invitation means much to you, and that this week and next, a thousand commencement addresses which the other colleges of our state are making to the welfare of Oklahoma and our state university, are going to create a new kind of war which is revolutionary rather than rational. I could urge you, were you not already convinced, that there are not the times for lethargy but for action. But I realize that a thousand commencement speakers from coast to coast are saying that this week and next. A thousand ladies and gentlemen are going to point their fingers away from our shores—and rightly, too—and perhaps suggest that you forget the scene at home. But I know in the days to come, it is going to be so desperately easy to forget home, so I am going to venture to talk with you about Oklahoma. Liberty, democracy, England, all are terribly important today—but so is Oklahoma. And if the 48 Oklahomas that make up these United States do not face a revolutionary world with faith, with courage, with respect for liberty, there is no point in defense, in being agitated.

And that is especially why I am so happy to be here today. The future Oklahoma, the Oklahoma you are going to talk about with your grandchildren, is the Oklahoma our educators and their products, the graduates, of our state college and our state university, are going to build. Working together to create a rich farm country, a rich industrial and professional life, we can create here a commonwealth that may well be the envy of much of the world. Working separately, we can dissipate the splendid energies of all of us, while our state flounders because we, the educators and the educated, had not learned how to learn, how to think.

For that is the essence of education, how to learn, how to think. Many of you have already forgotten Newton's law, even though you do remember the Lament Walk. But if you have learned how to listen patiently, tolerantly, and if you have learned to add disagreeable conclusions and arrive at a truth that is satisfying to you, you are educated, educated in a way which is a guaranty that liberty is still something precious to Americans. I am not unaware of the splendid contributions which the other colleges of our state are making to the welfare of Oklahoma but ours is a peculiar and singular task, by its very nature unique.

I know of no state in this Union of ours which is great which does not have a great agricultural college and a great university—either combined in one institution, as at Wisconsin or Minnesota, or separate, as at Oklahoma, Iowa, or Oregon. Without the land intelligently cultivated, a state or a nation soon faces the menace of fascism or communism. For fascism and communism are only possible where the economic system fails to work, where the poor are very poor, and the rich are very rich, and where the middle class is like the head which the sword of Damocles has severed. Oklahoma can be great—it can be very great. If I were running for a political office, I would be at the commencement exercises of this Class of 1941.

I am not going to talk with you today about wars, about revolutions. There is much I could say on that score to you, much that all of us feel most deeply. I could frighten you, if you are not already concerned, with the new kind of war which is revolutionary rather than rational. I could urge you, were you not already convinced, that these are not the times for lethargy but for action. But I realize that a thousand commencement speakers from coast to coast are saying that this week and next.

At Oklahoma A. and M. College

By JOSEPH A. BRANDT

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS DELIVERED AT OKLAHOMA A. AND M. COLLEGE

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PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 28

SOONER MAGAZINE
visions to run for their money. One A.

light and give Herr Hitler’s Panzer di-

Griffith’s tough hombres would see the
both D. C. and I would be glad if Mr.
mat in white tie and tails. Of course,
we abandon our rivalries. I can’t con-
state, I am not for a moment suggesting
of Oklahoma for the future welfare of the

Naught!

the Class of ’41 or the Class of Naughty-
or I can be excused for a moment from
itiative, the educations we have, we might
you and I had not the opportunity to se-

But you and I know better. We have to
chambers of commerce but through re-
search, through the laboratories. If the

the taxpayers, they ought to give some-
thing to let those states earn the money that
waning opportunity, because we ship our

fertile government has been that the people
of the great reasons for England’s success-
my friend had no doubts whatever. One
when I got through with him, “When I got
through with him, the governor said, “Why
the state.” When I got through with him,
states.

I F we want to cease being a colony, we
have to do a number of things in the
realm of economics. We have to begin
marketing more things here and not sell
elsewhere. Our oil and our coal and our
zinc will last a long time, it is true, but
naturally we don’t take hourly temper-
atures the way a doctor does; and before
we realize it, we may find ourselves fac-
ing the sheriff with an attachment order.
The only real way to promote industry is
to gather the facts—and facts are gathered
not through glowing announcements of
chambers of commerce but through re-
search, through the laboratories. If the
Du Pont corporation can afford to spend
eighty million dollars a year in research
for one single American enterprise, a
state with two and a half million people
to feed will have to become research con-
scious. A state, after all, owes as much
to its citizens as does a corporation to its
stockholders and its employees. Industry
flourishes in the east because it hires
scientists to develop new products. At Mad-
son, New Jersey, the American Telephone
and Telegraph Company is now complet-
ing a four million dollar building just
for research.

You, at A. and M., have been doing
magnificent research to benefit the farmer.
Now, at the University, we are going to
compliment your work in the field of in-
dustry, and together we may create in
fifteen or twenty years, a more stable econ-
omy. And just as you have aided the
individual farmer, as well as the
farmer as a class, so do we propose to
aid the individual business man as well
as the business man and industrialist as
a class. Some of you may have been
beseeched by the magnificent outlook of
defense industry—but don’t be deceived
for a moment as to its permanence. While
it is true that the present war may very
likely last for ten more years, when that
war is over you are going to witness the
most awful readjustment economically in
the history of mankind. And I insist
that if we are intelligent in this country,
if we make our individual states sound
and solvent economically, when peace does
come we can meet it without fear.

I think we have had in Oklahoma en-
tirely too much suspicion and hostility
between business and education. After
all, we are all of us working toward a
common goal—a better Oklahoma. Why
can’t we work together? Many of you of
the class of ’41 will be going into busi-
ness or into farming—part of your job, I
insist, is to utilize your knowledge of
education’s value in fostering and cer-
menting a mutual understanding between
industry and education.

A business friend of mine once re-
marked to me that the faculty “lived off
the state.” When I got through with him,
my friend had no doubts whatever. One
of the great reasons for England’s success-
ful government has been that the people
realize that working for the government
is an honor and a responsibility, not an
act of charity. I don’t think the business-
man is solely to blame for the misun-
standing; I have known faculty members
who were afraid to talk to businessmen
because they didn’t have enough ten-cent
words in their vocabulary. But that
group is very, very small. I have many
business friends who have ten-dollar words
in their vocabulary which would put many
a professor to rout. While some of my
friends in business have questioned this
or that phase of education, I have always
found them reasonable and their ques-
tions shrewd and pertinent.

Democracy and education, the other
side of the triangle which make up the
good state as opposed to the bad state,
really complement each other. The his-
tory of nations is in reality the history of
their educational systems. The Balkans,
Spain, Italy, Russia have little or no edu-
cational systems. Democracy will never
flourish in those countries during our life-
time, because you simply can’t have de-
mocracy without education. But if you have education, much depends on the kind of education it is. Consider Germany and England, for example. The Germans had in some ways an admirable educational system, so admirable that much of our present American educational system is based on it, unfortunately. But the defect in Germany's system was twofold. Great as was their education in science, yet the Germans worshipped fact rather than ideas. And in the humanities, the Germans misread into their classical education a false worship of Caesar. It was no accident that their emperor was called Caesar, or that Hitler can assume, even though representing a minority of the German people, absolute authority as a Caesar. The essence of German education was to train people in mass thinking rather than in individual thinking. And frankly, this is the one thing that alarms me about our state educational systems in this country—we've borrowed too liberally from the German system and we tend entirely too much to deplore the brilliant, individualistic genius. Now, England was different. England trained people to think as individuals. It is true the English did not educate the masses but they did educate people to be interested and concerned with the welfare of the masses. And it is because of the great and abiding strength of this form of education that England, in the midst of the bitterest war of her existence, can afford to allow a wide measure of freedom of expression to all her people. And it is because of the English educated for tolerance. They realized, thanks to the slow revolution of their history, that free inquiry was an enriching thing, that the untrammeled exchange of ideas was like the blessed rain which stimulates new life in the plant world. And even though we have tended to the German-in this country that we are beginning to move away from the democratic process, to curb freedom here and there.

The English educated for tolerance. They realized, thanks to the slow revolutionary nature of their history, that free inquiry was an enriching thing, that the untrammeled exchange of ideas was like the blessed rain which stimulates new life in the plant world. And even though we have tended to the German-in this country that we are beginning to move away from the democratic process, to curb freedom here and there.

Each of you, of the class of '41, should be a beacon of democracy in your communities. You should resist with your whole being anything that takes away from democracy. Our country and England today remain the sole hope for a world in which individuals can live as individuals, where free thoughts may flourish. To preserve that life of freedom is worth any and all sacrifices—except freedom itself.

Army Draws Athletes

(continued from page 17)

“I don’t think he’ll come back for the half-mile,” the impudent little Cornhusker told a teammate, after he had congratulated the Sooner and climbed into his warmups.

Polo Pony Types

Jim Hester rolls his own cigarettes, speaks softly and articulately, practices a little law and coaches the University of Oklahoma polo team on the side. He contends that polo ponies have whims and personalities just like polo players.

In other words, Jim contends that horses, just like human beings, are sulky, dependable, smart or dumb, and furthermore he can name you examples from the R. O. T. C. string now playing in all Sooner polo games at Norman.

But let’s put Jim up in the saddle and give him the reins.

“The orneriest pony on the Sooner string is a 10-year-old dark brown blazeface called Dr. Pepper,” Hester asserts, "If Dr. Pepper doesn’t agree with his rider, he will go anywhere he wants to and you can’t do anything about it. He’s hard to handle. His favorite pastime is breaking loose at the South Canadian river and running every step of the two miles in.

"He is stubborn and headstrong. Once this spring when somebody in a riding class rode him across a highway, Dr Pepper ran over an approaching car, knocked it off the highway and demolished it to the extent of $190 damages.

"The steadiest and best-behaved pony on our string is Betty Co-ed, a little 950-pound paint. She’s not fast nor brilliant, but she’s gentle and reliable and experienced and always ready to go. She’s never missed a game that I know of. Betty is the favorite of all the girls in the riding classes although she’s so much smarter than the average rider that sometimes when an especially dumb one mounts and tries to ride her off, Betty refuses to leave the picket line.

"Snuzzle is the dumbest pony we’ve got. He’s even dumb looking, a big bulge-faced, roman-nosed, pig-eared bay. He won’t run when you kick him or whip him, he turns the wrong way and when you try to ride off an opponent he may shy away.

"The smartest and best horse is War Chief, a big 13-year-old brown. He’s handy, rugged and can take it. He does everything well. He’s fast, turns quickly, rides off well and can run in so small a circle you can write your name on him and dot the i.

"The clown of our string is Promenade, a long-legged bay. If you touch him a certain way with the reins, he will suddenly stop on all fours, causing his rider to sail over his head. His pet stunt is leaving the field without permission.”

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