Why We Teach

Teachers who were enrolled in summer school in '56 offer their reasons.
Some teach because of a sense of duty; some because it offers long vacations;
and we’ll be able to spend them together.” She took a look at her children with her
family on a teacher’s salary. I’m a widow,
you see.”

Another teacher, arms folded, rocked back
forth on his feet as he complained about
the “vacations” of the profession.
“We seldom have time or money for a vaca-
tion. Instead, we spend the summers going
to school, and often we have to borrow
money to do that. Sometimes I wonder
why I continue to teach. It doesn’t offer
me any great satisfactions. The work’s get-
ing heavier, harder all the time. We have
to put in more and more hours and effort.
But”—his voice took on resignation—“it’s
a job I can handle, and since we need the
money, I do it.”

“It’s fun,” exclaimed a middle-aged wom-
an between sips of coffee. She had described
some of her “problem” students; one girl
had even been in the habit of throwing
books at teachers who refused to let her
have her own way. But the woman shrug-
ged away the dark moments of the job as
being less than important. “If you enjoy
the work, then you have fun doing it be-
cause of the kids. It’s most fascinating to
watch their little minds work, to watch
their ideas and opinions change day by
day.”

Standing beneath a tree on O. U.’s
south campus, a man dug into the pocket
of his sport shirt and pulled out a cigare-
tte. He looked about him, at the students
and buildings, and one of his eyebrows
raised itself as he carefully considered his
answer.

“The economic gain,” he said, “has little
bearing. In recent years I’ve learned that
what really matters is this: I have an edu-
cation, and now it’s one of my duties to
transfer it to someone else.” He lit his cig-
arette and blew some smoke at a cloud. “It
inspires me to see that transfer take place,
and it amazes me to see just how much of
it I’m able to transfer and to watch it put
to use. That keeps me teaching.”

Point-blank, a young woman said that
she believes when people feel they’ve some-
thing special to offer children, then they
should become teachers. Her face was very
sober, and her answer came so quickly that
one was inclined to feel she reminds her-
sen of it every hour on the hour. “Previ-
ously I’ve worked for a natural gas com-
pany,” she said. “It paid a better salary
than I’ll ever make as a teacher. But I’m
going to teach.”

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Marriage News
Pours in From Class of 1956

MARRIAGES: Miss Ramona Annette Cooley, Oklahoma City, and Richard Edward Waddell, '56eng, Kansas City, Missouri, were married September 1 in Lexington. Mrs. Waddell attended Lexington High School, Oklahoma College for Women, Oklahoma A&M, and O. U. Waddell graduated from Westport High School in Kansas City, receiving his degree in electrical engineering at O. U.

Miss Carole Jean Gundoll, '56gsl, Enid, and Dr. John W. Drake, Oklahoma City, were married recently in Enid. Mrs. Drake was a member of Pi Beta Phi sorority at O. U. and attended Monticello College in Godfrey, Illinois, for two years. Dr. Drake is employed in the laboratory of pharmacology and toxicology.

Miss Ina Beth Lane, '56, Shawnee, and Ensign Victor R. Schuelein, '56eng, Oklahoma City, were married June 10 in Shawnee. Though recently living in Oakland, California, their permanent home is Oklahoma City.

Miss Beverly Imogene Ezell, '56, Oklahoma City, and Joe Perry Sanders, '56, Stillwell, were married June 4 in Norman. He is a Marine lieutenant. They live in Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Miss Patricia Ann Pastuek, '56bus, and Ensign Grey Wilson Satterfield, Jr., '56, both of Oklahoma City, were married August 3 in Oklahoma City. They live in San Diego, California, where he is stationed with the Air Force at Wright-Patterson Air Base.

Miss Sheila Louise Harmon, Tulsa, and James Polk Luton, Jr., '56bus, Oklahoma City, were married August 26 in Oklahoma City. They live in Normal, where both attend O. U.

Miss Mona Lou Griffin, '56bus, Maysville, and Philip Earl Albertson, Norman, were married August 18 in Maysville. They live in Stillwater, where he attends Oklahoma A&M College.

Miss Mary Ellen Hipp, '56journ, Bartlesville, and Charles Thomas Doyle, '56bus, Oklahoma City, were married June 26 in Oklahoma City. They live in Oakland, California, where he works toward a master's degree at O. U. She is a teacher in the Noble public schools.

Miss Winfred Theresa McCaffrey and Robert J. McCall, '56gsl, both of Oklahoma City, were married September 1 in Oklahoma City, where they now live.

Miss Mary Roberta Cole, '56ba, Muskogee, and Fred Foster Smith, '56bus, Wewoka, were married September 1 in Muskogee. They have made their home in Wewoka.

Miss Gayle Rogers and Lawrence E. Hoekcr, '50law, both of Oklahoma City, were married July 7 in Oklahoma City. They live in Hampton, Virginia. He is a lieutenant serving with the Air Force at nearby Langley Field.

Miss Beth Loumme Rapp and Arlen Southern, '56gsl, both of Hooker, were married September 22 in Hooker. They live in Gates Mills, Ohio, and he works for Thompson Products, Inc., Cleveland.

Miss Phyllis Ann Braswell, '54, and Carl Raymond Bartholomew, Jr., '56ba, both of Tulsa, were married June 16 in Tulsa. She is a member of Delta Delta social sorority, and he belongs to Delta Upsilon social fraternity.

Miss Linda Harbach and Theodore R. Thompson, Jr., '56ba, both of Oklahoma City, were married June 14 in Oklahoma City. They have established a residence in Bartlesville.

Miss Nancy Kay Webb, '56, Williamstown, and Cyrus Earl Webb, '56bus, San Antonio, Texas, were married June 15 in Williamstown. They are making their home in Chicago, Illinois.

Miss Jeanne Teresa Renando, '56ba, Oklahoma City, and Erwin Alfred Cook, '56ba, Guthrie, were married June 30 in Oklahoma City. She is a former Big Woman on Campus. He is now a second year law student at O.U.

Miss Karen Sylvia Stewart, '56, Oklahoma City, and Roy Carter Williamson, Jr., '56eng, Fort Worth, Texas, were married July 12 in Oklahoma City. They live in Dayton, Ohio, where he is stationed with the Air Force at Wright-Patterson Air Base.

Miss Patricia Nell Matter, '56ba, and Charles Clark Green, '56ba, both of Oklahoma City, were married June 15 in Oklahoma City and have established their home there. He is a freshman in the School of Law at O.U.

Miss Mary Jean Sharirolin, '56ba, Chickasha, and Frederick L. Riea, Jr., '56gsl, Bartlesville, were married June 16 in Bristow. They live in Bristow, Texas.

Miss Gayle Joan Gault, '56, Hereford, Texas, and Philip Eugene Kendall, '56ba, Norman, were married June 23 in Hereford. They live at Port Lytten, French Morocco, North Africa, where Kendall is to be stationed with the Navy.

Miss Lenore Imogene Hinson, '56ba, Prague, and Penn Vernon Rabb, Jr., '56bus, Marlow, were married June 24 in Prague. They live in Marlow.

Miss Sandra Kay Wilson, '56, Enid, and Lieut. Stewart E. Meyers, Jr., '56bus, Oklahoma City, were married June 25 in Enid. They live at Fort Sill, Lawton, where he is to be stationed with the Army.

He Can't Say No . . .

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the impression of not having time to do as much reading as he would like. "You know when you belong to as many organizations as I do and you try to keep up with each group's publications, it doesn't leave much time for leisurely reading." But his business and civic work give him a good social and mental workout.

To tackle the backbreaking load that Burns handles requires a motive. Burns says he has found his in the writing of Thomas Wolfe. Specifically he pinpoints this passage:

"If a man has talent and cannot use it he has failed. If he has a talent and uses only half of it he has partially failed. If he has a talent and, somehow, learns to use the whole of it he has gloriously succeeded and won a satisfaction and triumph few men ever know."

J. Phil Burns is attempting to use the whole of his considerable talents. Perhaps he has found the way through "Service Above Self."

Why We Teach . . .

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"Probably none of us do it just for the livelihood," ventured a short, dainty woman who wore high heels and a frown of conviction. "Take me. If I can better humanity by way of this job, mold into the individual character the means for making a better world, then I'm happy." A little breathless, she kept shifting her bird-like weight from one high heel to the other.

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When people are educated, they just naturally know how to live better. Our culture is strengthened and advanced. Racial relations come easier. A good education helps the family, it helps Oklahoma, it helps the nation."

A stocky social science teacher with a crew-cut became almost angry. He's teaching, he said in no uncertain terms, to make more responsible, thinking citizens of our youth. He deplores the fact that "too often a minority can end up controlling our country." As a whole, he said, the American people are very poor citizens. They fail to understand their government, so they fail to vote. Then, with less passion, he said, "It gives me a fine feeling to see one of my students come forward at the end of a term and say, 'You know, I've learned something this year.'"

Some hold the theory that a person is either born a teacher, or else he cannot be one. A woman from Choctaw school district talked of it. "I've never ceased to think of teaching as a calling," she said. She meant it. As she talked, she looked at the sky, narrowed her eyes and put eloquence behind her words with little meaningful nods of her head. "You get joy out of it. It's one of the most creative fields, and you can't forget that you're dealing with the most precious of all things: humanity. You're trying to meet the needs of the individual, and if you can shape one or two children for a good future, then look what you've gained! No, financial gain never seems to really count too much, but that inner satisfaction surely does. I love teaching!"

Seated in a room crowded with people and riotous with noise, a young blonde stared at her shoes and kept one forefinger over her lips. She had just finished complaining of how tired she's grown of teaching—after only five years. Now she seemed afraid to say more. Nevertheless, a moment later she raised her eyes, unsealed her lips and admitted that, yes, she knows exactly why she will stay on in her small, rural elementary school: she feels a constant need to be needed.

At the close of each school year, she went on, a near-panic overtakes her. She looks at this student and that, each an individual, one who stutters, perhaps, another who learns relatively slowly. She prays their next teacher will give them the little special attentions and the big understanding they'll need. Then she realizes that she herself will, in all probability, be teaching new students who stutter, learn slowly, need her understanding.

"Tired or not, she'll be back on the job next year.

We Were Frank With Each Other...

Continued from page 10

A new Chevrolet spun by and I was struck by the size of this brightly colored chrome monster. I was used to seeing the tiny, dull-colored German and English cars. Huge plate glass windows everywhere gave the impression of rich luxury after three months in countries where there are no plate glass windows, no long counters full of hundreds of the same item.

We had seen open stalls, and market places where whole areas are devoted to individual stalls filled with the same item. The buyer can be sure of getting the best quality available for his money if he is a wise bargainer. (We often left these bargain sessions feeling we had been slightly "taken." I still have an impulse to try to bargain down too high prices.)

Racial segregation probably does the American people more harm than any other issue abroad. The front page of a large Chinese newspaper in Singapore showed a picture of a nine-year-old boy being initiated into a United States Ku Klux Klan chapter. The picture and its caption implied membership of all ages in such organizations is common in the South. Publicity such as this does nothing toward building international relations in a land where all people have dark skins.

These people who condemn American race prejudice forget their own strong feelings against the Chinese. Chinese are resented throughout Southeast Asia because of the feeling that they have taken over business and government which does not rightly belong to them.

The shadow of communism and Communists was everywhere we turned. But it has not invaded Thailand. This little nation has managed to stay neutral and detached from every great corrupting influence except that in her own government. But the countries surrounding Thailand are Communist dominated. The same political ring has controlled Thai government for 13 years.

In Japan we are told communism is the idealistic variety appealing only to the intelligentsia. Communist activity is concentrated in intellectual centers.

Bali was a primitive and peaceful paradise. Rice paddies there were marvelous engineering feats created with primitive wooden tools. More than 2,000 years were required to construct these beautiful terraces of rice. There is no electricity or running water. Families bathe together in clear mountain streams. Beauty and religion are closely combined.

In Balinese simplicity there is no need and no place for communism. Not so in the rest of Indonesia. A hotel clerk in Djakarta, Indonesian capital, told me two Russians had stayed in the hotel the night before. He said communism is accepted and taken for granted in Indonesia.

In Singapore a reliable source said the Red Chinese bank does more business than any of the other large Singapore banks. Communists are ready to move into Malaya when the British leave.

These are countries where communism is a real menace. The Communists are actual and active. They stage bandit raids. They sabotage rubber plantations and mining operations. We were shown trees where the Communists had slashed so they could never again be tapped for rubber. We visited a tin mine surrounded by bald hills where the communist guerillas are heard at "target practice" every night.

The Communists, we are told, have a strong selling point in Red China. Though they have not lived up to their promises there, they have improved living conditions. The Americans have not been able to give any such aid. In some areas of Southeast Asia, Chinese communism is held above American democracy.

But everywhere we went we found the people were friendly toward us and toward America.

We had no friends to wave goodbye in San Francisco. Our families had been left in Oklahoma. But at every other port there was someone to greet us cheerfully and to wave a sad goodbye.

Four of us nearly stayed in Yokohama. Our bribed taxidriver brought us to the pier just as the last gang plank was being removed. We climbed onto the runway and found ourselves swinging in midair. Two thousand people waiting to wave "sayonara" to friends and relatives aboard the President Cleveland cheered and applauded as the lowering gangplank was swung back into place and the four of us clambered aboard the Cleveland. Two thousand friends were glad we "made it."