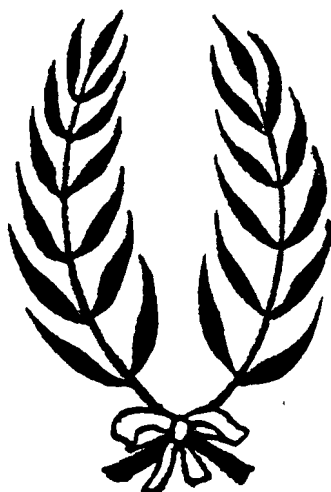


COMMENCEMENT SPEECHES

of the

75TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

SOUTHWEST TEXAS STATE UNIVERSITY



Compiled and Edited
by
RALPH H. HOUSTON

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FOREWORD

Perhaps this volume is best regarded as a time capsule since no one in this year of grace could make a collection of commencement speeches on the assumption that he was responding to a present demand. Even fifty years ago when the art of public address seemed to be held generally in higher esteem, The United States Catalog, with hundreds of entries under "sermons," had a mere handful of listings under the heading of "baccalaureate addresses."

Participation in some of the projects marking Southwest Texas State University's 75th Anniversary Celebration in 1978-1979 had pointed up for me the desirability of preserving more archival materials which might enrich any account of the University's past and reduce dependence on individual memories, but it was a more personal kind of motivation which really prompted me to undertake this task of collecting and editing. Chance seemed to have created a pattern of special significance to me in the choice of commencement speakers for the year. J. Lloyd Rogers, who had shared honors with me in addressing one of the two exercises which make up the winter commencement, had been a valued friend since I first came to the campus; Betty Jane Kissler, the speaker for the spring commencement, had lived in our home once long enough to acquire status as a surrogate daughter; and the summer speaker, Congressman J. J. (Jake)

Pickle, had written and rehearsed under my prompting his first commencement address when he was a graduating senior in Big Spring High School. So it was that I developed a sense of mission in collecting and preserving these speeches shortly after the public announcement that the congressman would address the summer graduating classes.

Anyone who has heard even a half-dozen commencement speeches over the years may well recognize certain characteristics of the genre in each of those presented here, but some of the most obvious recurring characteristics seem the result of physical conditions which have regularly affected both program planning and the public responses at Southwest Texas State University commencement exercises.

Save perhaps for relatively short periods of time, the University has never had auditorium facilities to accommodate comfortably the crowds attracted to its convocations despite the fact that commencement exercises have been held yearly in both May and August. Even when we with other Texas colleges and universities came to add a third formal convocation for graduating the students who had completed their work in the fall semester, our problem of seating the guests continued. Always some who had come with great expectations for the event would be unable to find seats in Evans Auditorium. It was for this reason that all commencement convocations were moved to Strahan Gymnasium. Later, after the crowds outgrew these accommodations, the spring and summer exercises have been scheduled for Evans Field and the schools

of the University divided into two groups for the winter commencement, exercises for the groups being scheduled in Strahan Gymnasium consecutively on the same morning.

The substitution of stadium-type benches for auditorium seats certainly imposed new limits on the tolerance of even good natured audiences. Whether the guests were sitting high in the stands of an over-heated public building or under the rays of a May or August sun, they were certain to experience more negative feelings as they became increasingly aware of discomfort in being too warm. And each year the increase in the size of the classes being graduated increased the time required for the ceremonies, or at least threatened to do so.

I should be surprised to learn that anyone invited to address a Southwest Texas State University commencement had ever been given, media-fashion, an absolute time limit for his remarks, but speakers familiar with the circumstances, as were the four represented here, would know that whatever merits might be discovered in their presentations otherwise, brevity would be most highly regarded.

This much seemed meet as prologue.

This collection was made possible by a grant from the Southwest Texas State University Foundation, but no money used for this book was available to the University for any other purpose. I would like to thank Dr. Louis C. Maloney, Librarian and Director of Learning Resources Center, for making sponsorship of this volume a Library project and for

seeing it through reproduction. Thanks are also due to my colleague, Robert W. Walts, for assistance in editing the manuscript.

April, 1980

R.H.H.

POSTSCRIPT

When through procrastination I delayed passing on the manuscript for reproduction immediately after finishing this foreword, a circumstance arose that made the mindless delay seem almost providential.

Inclement weather having occasioned use of alternate commencement plans in the spring of 1980, the speaker for the event, Emmie Craddock, could address only those classes rescheduled to have their exercises in Strahan Gymnasium. Her colleagues and the graduates in the School of Liberal Arts, as well as many others committed to graduation exercises in other centers that morning, felt a real deprivation in not being able to hear her speak. It was easy for me to decide immediately that inclusion of her speech in this volume could prove to be a public service that would more than compensate for any confusion arising from its appearance in a collection of speeches from 1978 and 1979. Not only has Emmie Craddock been a favorite speaker on the campus for many years, but she is pre-eminently a member of the group represented, our extended friendship having begun early in her professional career here when, as Betty Kissler was to do later, she occupied quarters in our home.

One might think that the editor at this point should have changed the scope of the collection entirely, but I find it easier to live with the distortion involved than

to ask friends to go back to the drawing board to make a new cover and title page.

SOUTHWEST TEXAS STATE UNIVERSITY
SAN MARCOS, TEXAS

Saturday, December 23, 1978
8:00 A.M.

STRAHAN GYMNASIUM

SCHOOLS OF APPLIED ARTS, BUSINESS, AND HEALTH PROFESSIONS
OCCUPATIONAL EDUCATION

W. E. Norris, Jr., Vice President for Academic Affairs, Presiding

PROCESSIONAL

March Processional Clare Grundman

University Symphonic Band

Directed by

Kenneth Fulton, Assistant Professor of Music

POSTING OF COLORS

AIR FORCE ROTC COLOR GUARD

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

Led by

Peggy Brunner, Assistant Professor of Music

INVOCATION

Don Melton

Former Minister of the Holland Street
Church of Christ

REMARKS TO THE CANDIDATES FOR GRADUATION

Sylvester B. Walleck

President, Alumni Association

ADDRESS

J. Lloyd Rogers

Former Dean of the School of Education

CONFERRING OF DEGREES

President Smith

BENEDICTION

Mr. Melton

RECESSIONAL

Proud Heritage William Latham

University Symphonic Band

The audience will please remain seated during the Processional and Recessional.

CHANGE AND THE FUTURE

J. Lloyd Rogers

Commencement address delivered to the Schools of Applied Arts, Business, Health Professions, and Occupational Education, Southwest Texas State University, in Strahan Gymnasium at 8:00 A. M. on Saturday, December 23, 1978.

I had some misgivings about accepting the invitation to address this group, remembering that, at your age, fifty seems old, and recalling what my reaction would have been, at a similar age, to having an old codger of seventy-five address our commencement.

Nevertheless, since in terms of the University's slogan, "The Progressive University With a Proud Past," I have had a small part in that "proud past" for over half of its seventy-five years, the sense of gratification that comes with the chance to participate further during its 75th anniversary outweighed the negative consideration.

The Commencement Committee probably also had some misgivings, fearing that, when you ask one of us so-called "senior citizens" to speak, you are likely to get yourself involved in a long discourse about "the good old days." I can reassure them -- and you -- on that, for I agree with that wise old humorist, Will Rogers, who said, "Things ain't like the good old days, and never wuz!" I have, however, chosen a topic, "Change and the Future," which will give me an excuse to reminisce a bit, and yet at the same time,

seems appropriate for the 75th anniversary. And as my birth certificate bears the same date as the cornerstone of the Main Building, I can speak firsthand about the changes that have taken place since the founding of the Southwest Texas Normal.

I would like to use a few minutes to suggest some of those changes and their significance for the future -- your future.

There is a significant amount of literature on this topic. For example, Harold Shane, in an article in the Phi Delta Kappan, contended that there has been more change in man's way of life in the last fifty years than in the previous 50,000. This seems a little strong for me. I think I could better defend the conclusion of a group of colleagues discussing this topic: that, since 1903, birthdate of this institution, man's way of life has changed more than in the previous 500 years. As an example of the previous slowness of change, as my wife and I have visited old homes, some of them reproductions of structures built in the earliest days in America, we have been struck by the fact of how little they differed from the homes of our grandparents in our childhood.

Kenneth Boulding, in The Meaning of the 20th Century, states somewhat the same idea: "Almost as much has happened since I was born as had happened before!" And again, "The

world of today is as different from the world I was born in as that world was from Julius Caesar's!"

Toffler, in Future Shock, puts it graphically and dramatically. Consider civilized man's span as 800 lifetimes. Of these 800, 650 were spent in caves; only in the last seventy has there been means of communication; only in the last four have we been able to measure time efficiently; in the last two we have had electrical energy, and in the present, the last seventy-five years of which I am speaking, has come the overwhelming majority of all material goods in daily life.

In this connection -- material goods -- you would be interested in looking at my replica of a 1908 Sears Roebuck catalog to see what was not included, and probably also at what you would not recognize.

It is undoubtedly hard for you young people to realize the extent of these changes, although I suspect that if you would critically examine your own comparatively short lifespan, you would be astonished at the changes that have taken place -- in electronics, in computers, in jet travel, in space exploration, as examples.

Supporting the idea of change, permit me to recite a few of the firsts I can recall (i.e., first to me, not necessarily the date of the first invention): telephone, electric lights and dozens of electrical appliances, indoor plumbing, central heat, air conditioning, the first hand-cranked movie projector, and the fifty-mile drive to see the

first "all-talking" picture, radio, television, not to mention such things as synthetic materials, all the changes in food processing, or newer things like miniaturized computers, or atomic development, or space exploration. Imagine life without all of these and you have a picture of life in 1903.

When, in the early 1930s in a physics lab at the State University of Iowa, I watched probably a four-inch square screen showing a blurred image of a man actually in the next building, who could have conceived that I would one day sit and watch, in color, and listen to conversations originating on the moon! Or, on a less cosmic scale, who would have thought when the Main Building was erected on Chautauqua Hill in 1903, with a road up which buggies could drive, that some day the Normal School would become a thriving university of 15,000 where parking for cars was one of the persistent problems? I could go on in this vein, but time will not permit.

Lack of time also prevents looking at changes in other than the material world, but let's recognize that changes have been equally dramatic in manners, in customs, and in values. Who, for example, even much later than 1903, could have anticipated the long hair and the short skirts later to become prevalent or the changes in life styles of recent years? What would an early Dean of Women, from a time when women had to ask permission to go to the post office and

were not allowed to date townsmen, think about the current permissiveness?

Let's shift to look at the future. I do not think we need to examine the more fantastic possibilities suggested in Toffler's Future Shock as he discusses genetic manipulation to produce the kinds of humans we want, changing the pigments of skin, making possible life under the sea, and so on. A review of actual changes projected into the future should prove sufficient, especially as most writers, such as Julian Huxley, C. P. Snow, and Warren Bennis, agree that there will be sharp acceleration in the rate of change, acceleration of such an order that you can undoubtedly expect more change in your lifetime than I have seen in mine. As an example of this acceleration, I am sure I could defend the thesis that this university has seen more change in the last fifteen years than in the previous sixty.

It would take too long even to list all the areas of predicted continued change. I can mention only a few. Let's begin with three areas in which change has been so drastic that nearly always the term "exploding" is employed in connection with them: (1) exploding population, (2) exploding technology, (3) exploding knowledge.

To give you some idea of the first, when SWT was begun, the population of San Antonio was about 50,000, of Houston a lesser 45,000. Also, look at the shifting population: when I came to Texas in 1936, it was 75 percent rural; now

it has become 75 percent urban. It has been predicted that in a few years 90 percent of our population will be living in a megalopolis -- clusters like Dallas-Ft. Worth, Houston-Galveston, perhaps Austin-San Antonio. We need not mention all the problems created thereby -- the clogged transportation, the energy crisis, pollution.

It should be pointed out, however, that a report released by the Census Bureau only last month showed a slight but significant shift in this trend. In 1976, it reports, there was an actual decline in the world growth rate to about 1.9 percent, as compared to 2 percent for the decade earlier. But notice that even if this rate should persist, before you have reached my age, the population would have doubled. If you have driven in Houston lately, can you imagine that city with twice as many people?

Closely related and contributing to some of the same problems has been the "exploding technology." In my lifetime, muscle power has decreased from about 67 percent to probably about 1.0 percent as the source of all work, while the output of goods and services is estimated as 32 times as great as when I was born. You have probably read that 90 percent of all scientists who have ever lived are now living.

As to the explosion of knowledge, I find it difficult to accept the widely quoted statement that knowledge doubles every ten to fifteen years. But, it is impressive to read that the world's daily output in the world of science alone would require the equivalent of seven twenty-four-volume sets of

the Encyclopedia Britannica. One source says that when you have reached my age, ninety-seven percent of everything then known will have been developed since your birth.

Another facet of this problem is the obsolescence of knowledge. To quote Will Rogers again, "I know so much that ain't so!" An obvious example: I got an "A" for reciting: "An atom is the smallest unit into which matter can be divided." Or think how little the map of Africa I spent hours of homework in preparing resembles the present map of Africa!

Or take another topic -- transportation. If time permitted, we could follow the changes that have resulted as we progressed from horses to supersonic jets. Think of the changes that automobiles alone have caused, such as the shift to shopping centers, increase in travel, in mobility; the disappearance of such things as "local" crime, and the building of mobile homes even, not to mention changes in the courting practices of young people. This, in turn, leads us to the whole question of mobility. Where, in 1903, we thought of considerable stability, some people staying in one home all their lives, maybe even several generations, now we read that thirty-six million change homes every year, that the average is four years in one place. (We know one family whose three-year-old has already lived in three cities.) There has been what Toffler calls the "death of permanence," as he discusses this general uprooting.

We need to be alert to changes in another area too -- "career education" -- the catchword of the early 70s. For

example, farming has shrunk from an occupation for a large proportion of our population to one which employs only about six percent, while the service occupations have made a dramatic growth. Thousands of people are working at jobs that did not exist when I was in school. For that matter, I doubt that many of you when you started high school gave much thought to data processing as a career. In reading the list of departments whose graduates I would be addressing, I noticed that several of them did not exist here ten years ago. It is predicted that the shift in occupations in the future will be such that it will not be unusual for a man to have two or three careers, not just one.

"So what?" you say. Let's look at just a few of the implications. Naturally after I have spent so many years in teacher education, you are not surprised that the first which occurs to me is a necessary change in the character of schooling and in decision about curriculum.

One function which schools took over from tribes and families was the perpetuation of certain knowledge and skills. So a change in needs should bring a corresponding change in learning. Thus, my grandfather taught my father how to harness a horse, how to butcher a hog, how to milk a cow, how to half-sole shoes -- all experiences of my early life. Obviously, I had no reason for teaching these to my son or you to yours. So it is with schools: it will not suffice to teach in the future what was useful only in the past.

Let me cite, as one facet of this situation, a discussion with Dr. David F. Votaw, Jr., a brilliant mathematician and a graduate of SWT, then with Rand (one of the so-called "think-tanks"), concerning the adequacy of his preparation. Typically, the teacher said, "Watch how I work this problem. Now here are twenty more like it for you to work, just as I did." As David pointed out, his group was working on problems which nobody had ever worked before! I believe that we can generalize this to other areas. It amounts to this: if the wisest person alive cannot anticipate the new problems the future will bring, then the school cannot conceivably say, "Here are the solutions to all the problems you will meet." You could well be saying in a few years, "SWT did not prepare me for this," without any reflection on your preparation here but as a natural result of changing conditions.

For the few of you who will be teachers and for the most of you who will be parents, I would suggest that you must see to it that schools, since they cannot give ready-made answers to the unknown problems of the future, must do a better job of helping people to learn ways of solving problems; they must give less attention to isolated data, much of which will change anyway and more be forgotten, and more attention to ways to manipulate data and to the process of thinking through to conclusions. Toffler says, "Education must shift to the future tense."

Next, since knowledge is multiplying on the one hand and, as one writer puts it, "becoming increasingly perishable" on the other, it seems inescapable that people will of necessity be learning all their lives. If you think, as some students seem to on graduation, "Now I have it made," or as some have been heard to say as they turn in their last books, "Thank goodness, I am through with books and learning," then you are in for quick disillusionment. A personal illustration comes from my own family. My son is a Professor of Journalism, with a Ph.D from one of the best schools, but despite this, he told me recently that he was planning to participate in a continuing seminar on the use of computers in journalism. I had no idea, before this conversation, how rapidly this field had developed.

I suggest that you apply this idea to your own major. For instance, you economics majors might have to follow the example of the late Dr. Bob Montgomery, a longtime distinguished Professor of Economics at the University of Texas. A father complained that the exam questions given to his son were the same as his own twenty-five years earlier. "Yes," replied Dr. Montgomery, "the questions are the same, but we have changed the answers!"

Do you business majors think that what you have learned about government regulations, or about income taxes, et cetera, will be sufficient to see you through 1998?

Or again, won't some of you prepared in the health professions be like the nurse I know who, after being out

of the profession for some years while raising her family, was persuaded to fill in as a substitute in a hospital? It didn't take her long to decide, in her own words, "My goodness! Too much has happened. I can't go on with this without going back to school!"

I'm sure this same idea would apply to majors in occupational education, criminal justice, agriculture, and your other fields.

From another angle, you need to develop a positive attitude toward expected change and not let it slip up on you as it has on our generation: you should be more immune to future shock. It seems fairly certain that one requirement for survival will be the speed and economy with which you adapt to change. One writer maintains that "rigidity is a greater barrier to progress than is ignorance."

I cannot leave this subject without pointing out the other side of the coin. There may be some truth in what the old servant said when asked to what she attributed her apparent happiness: "Well, sir, I always cooperate with the inevitable!" Yet, how unfortunate it would be if you became fatalistic and accepted all change as inevitable, or as inherently good. We certainly should be bright enough, collectively, to manage and control some changes, not just adjust to them. The progress of the ecological movement, although limited, still lends some hope for possibilities in this direction.

Though I had not intended this to be the same old cliché of so many commencement speakers, "The future is in your hands," I have drifted close to it. But I have also suggested that there is considerable truth in the opposite, "You are in the hands of the future," and tried to point out the need for balance between the two. I hope I have been partially successful in starting you to think about the dramatic changes that can take place in a single lifetime and about some of the implications for your future in the changes you face.

It would certainly be most inconsistent with what I have been saying for me to congratulate you on finishing your education, but may I be the first to congratulate you and your relatives on your having reached this way-station and to wish you the best in the unknown future I've been predicting for you.

SOUTHWEST TEXAS STATE UNIVERSITY
SAN MARCOS, TEXAS

Saturday, December 23, 1978
10:00 A.M.

STRAHAN GYMNASIUM

GRADUATE SCHOOL
SCHOOLS OF CREATIVE ARTS, LIBERAL ARTS, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION

W. E. Norris, Jr., Vice President for Academic Affairs, Presiding

PROCESSIONAL

March Processional Clare Grundman

University Symphonic Band

Directed by

Kenneth Fulton, Assistant Professor of Music

POSTING OF COLORS

AIR FORCE ROTC COLOR GUARD

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

Led by

Peggy Brunner, Assistant Professor of Music

INVOCATION

Karl W. Brown

Director, Campus Christian Community

REMARKS TO THE CANDIDATES FOR GRADUATION

Sylvester B. Walleck

President, Alumni Association

ADDRESS

Ralph H. Houston

Distinguished Professor of English Emeritus

CONFERRING OF DEGREES

President Smith

BENEDICTION

Reverend Brown

RECESSIONAL

Proud Heritage William Latham

University Symphonic Band

The audience will please remain seated during the Processional and Recessional.

A PERSPECTIVE ON COMMENCEMENT

Ralph H. Houston

Commencement address delivered to the Graduate School and the Schools of Creative Arts, Liberal Arts, Science, and Education, Southwest Texas State University, in Strahan Gymnasium at 10:00 A. M. Saturday, December 23, 1978.

Let me express my appreciation for this opportunity to participate with you in this second general convocation of Southwest Texas State University's 75th anniversary year. I assume that the exercises held here today by dawn's early light are entitled to be designated first and that we must settle for second. But among the many reasons I take satisfaction in being with you is that this speech marks a sort of first for me. In a very sporadic and lack-luster career as commencement speaker, this is the only time I have been invited to give a second address at any host institution. You may well believe that this invitation has done much to boost my morale, tangible evidence as it is that with good fortune one may live to have second chances.

I wish I knew the best way to counter any adverse effect this revelation may just have had on your morale. Perhaps it will help if I promise to proceed with discretion and to speak no longer than it takes my students to walk at a brisk pace from Jowers Center to the third floor of Flowers Hall, no stops for coffee at the LBJ Student Center.

I want to use the few minutes graciously accorded speakers at such gatherings as this one to develop a perspective on this ceremonial exercise in which we now participate, the culminating event of your present university experience and one of perhaps a half-dozen most significant landmark events in your lives.

I trust that in donning ceremonial robes, placing our caps firmly on our heads, and marching in the processional each of us felt a new seriousness of purpose and some increase in our sense of community in the student-teacher roles we have been living. But I should not be surprised to hear, even from some who have worn this regalia most often, that such feelings may be accompanied by a sense of awkwardness. The nervous giggles and wisecracks generated in the course of the morning may result from a sense of the incongruity of appearing on a twentieth-century American campus in the costume of an ancient tradition. They may arise too in a failure to fix on meaningful content in what we are doing here, or in a suspicion that universities occasionally just enjoy playing dress-up.

It is a meaningful content about which a university seeks to remind itself in its formal convocations, providing an outward and visible sign of a unifying spirit -- a spirit we recognize in the whole community of scholars reaching back to the beginnings of universities in Western nations.

Of course, they were beginnings only from our perspective. There were brave men before Agamemnon and wise

and learned men before our universities came into being. If our appurtenances include nothing specific to remind us of Plato's academy, it is because we do not trace our direct line of descent back of the twelfth century -- the University of Bologna, the University of Paris, Oxford and Cambridge Universities, each of the latter three growing out of its forebears and all of us looking back to these universities as in some sense the places at which we find our beginnings.

The more than eight hundred years this tradition has flourished is a time span which American newcomers among Western nations must regard with respect. But our respect for the tradition centers more in the contributions of these institutions to the quality of human life than in its antiquity. For it has been principally on these campuses that our peoples have preserved and transmitted to each new generation the best that has been thought and said and have simultaneously enlarged the bounds of knowledge of ourselves and the physical world in which we live.

Some variation in the styles of scholarly dress occurred in the first centuries in the developing universities before the forces of conservatism fixed on a traditional dress for scholars.

Once the common attire of academicians and of the secular clergy represented attempts on campus and in the Church to standardize a manner of dignified dress worn much more generally in the society of the time. When this mode

survived with scholars amid radical changes in dress for the public at large, it became traditional. When it was no longer used except in ceremonials, it became symbolic. Basic patterns of the earlier times remain in our academic regalia, though some changes in cut have occurred and colors have come to have some significance in distinguishing within the academic disciplines.

The history of academic dress does not concern us. I just note in passing that when hoods first became a part of the costume, they served the obvious purpose of any hood -- to protect the head in bad weather. A square cap, somewhat like the one you are trying to keep on your head, seems to have derived from an Italian lay fashion and to have appeared first in academic dress at the University of Paris in the 1520s.

Photographs made here today will show persons readily identifiable with scholars to be seen in some photograph of a hundred years ago or in a bronze frieze four hundred years old. These identifications may tend to belie the intervening changes in the universities and the civilizations in which they have grown. We are certainly aware of these changes, but it is not of them we would think this morning.

The only point to be made from these comments on our uniform of the day is that it is archaic as a clothing style and that therein lies its symbolic power for us.

In donning academic regalia we invite ourselves and those who have come to share this occasion with us to view our

day-to-day work as a part of like endeavor by a scholarly community which has wide dimensions in time as well as in space.

I have spoken of a spirit which infuses this community and must now attempt at least the beginnings of a characterization of that spirit. It lives in an inquiring mind -- a mind activated by a will sufficiently strong to sustain the scholar in the arduous tasks that will be imposed by his quests. This spirit carries the conviction of its own worth, both to the individual in whom it resides and to his whole social context. The sense of the value of his undertaking enables the scholar to make the necessary effort to learn techniques and methodology and the even greater efforts required for exercising his intellect upon raw data or for evolving a sound value scale.

The distinguishing marks of this spirit in an individual mind might well be suggested by the words which John Henry Newman used to distinguish education from mere courses of instruction. He calls it "an acquired illumination, . . . a habit, a personal possession, and an inward endowment." And again, ". . . It implies an action on our mental nature and the formation of a character. . . and is commonly spoken of in connection with religion and virtue."

Certainly Newman would concur in the view that the spirit of this mythical community has its moral dimension, and it is not mere coincidence that this activating agent, as well as the robes we wear, has close affinities with

traditions of the Christian Church from which our universities have emerged. This aspect of academia is one better understood by our forebears than it often is by us when we become dazzled by the results of some of our intellectual achievements in shaping the physical aspects of modern life. Some years ago, Nathan Pusey, then President of Harvard University, was issuing a cautionary reminder when he said:

In our founders' understanding of Veritas the moral component was undoubtedly as prominent as the intellectual. And it must continue so with us: for desperately as the world needs knowledge, if knowledge does not come to fruition in people of moral sensitivity who care and who will stand, the world will have little good of it.

In its best manifestation, then, this spirit combines such intellectual habits as diligence, accuracy, consistency, and responsible judgment with a sensitivity to the personalities and needs of other human beings. It may well lead to an order of wisdom in a discovery that one person's mad pursuit of happiness, viewed as a massing of pleasurable experiences, is a cloying, self-defeating enterprise, while another's devoted attention to the needs of others leads to a fulfillment distinguishable from a state of happiness only in its greater stability and more enduring quality.

The community represented here in our ceremonial, I have identified -- one with a continuing tradition and a direct line of descent for more than eight hundred years. The spirit of this community, I have just attempted to characterize.

The perspective on the ceremonies in progress which I am asking you to consider is this. We are proceeding in a symbolic initiation of graduates into the fellowship I have described. Of course, in the matter-of-fact world, you graduated when you met successfully the last requirement on your degree program. But, as you receive your diploma and President Smith or your respective dean takes your hand, we testify publicly, to you and to the world, to rights, privileges, and responsibilities of a new status for you. Henceforth, you are one of us. You really are, you know, and we think it important to you and to us that, deep down, you know this. Wherever you go, you carry our banner. We shall never lose interest in your undertakings or concern for your well being.

I have chosen to speak to you this morning in this fashion in the hope that in time to come you will be better able to take succor as needed in your sense of belonging to this distinguished though largely invisible fellowship. We hope that you will not let those you came to know at Southwest Texas State soon join the segment invisible to you but that together we will come to know goals and share efforts in worthy endeavors in which we can render mutual support.

Be assured that I speak for my colleagues and for the University in general in wishing you well, all roads you may travel.

SOUTHWEST TEXAS STATE UNIVERSITY
SAN MARCOS, TEXAS

SPRING
COMMENCEMENT

Saturday, May 19, 1979

9:00 A.M.

Evans Field

W. E. Norris, Jr., Vice President for Academic Affairs, Presiding

PROCESSIONAL	
March Processional	Clare Grundman
SWT Symphonic Band — James Sudduth, Conductor	
POSTING OF COLORS	
AIR FORCE ROTC COLOR GUARD	
THE NATIONAL ANTHEM	
Led by Harry Wayne, Associate Professor of Music	
INVOCATION	
The Reverend Donald Glen Norris, Director, Baptist Student Union	
REMARKS TO THE CANDIDATES FOR GRADUATION	
Sylvester Walleck, President, Alumni Association	
AWARDS	
Lee H. Smith, President	
Southwest Texas State University	
LBJ OUTSTANDING SENIOR STUDENT AWARD	
Recipient ... Melanie Brandt Angel	
SALLIE BERETTA AWARD TO OUTSTANDING SENIOR WOMAN	
Recipient ... Wanda Lynn Dorrington	
RECOGNITION OF PIPER PROFESSOR, 1979	
Recipient ... Henrietta H. Avent	
Professor, Health and Physical Education	
ADDRESS	
Betty Jane Kissler, Professor of History and Chairman of the Faculty Senate	
CONFERRING OF DEGREES	
President Smith	
The Honorable Hollis W. Smith, Member	
Board of Regents, Texas State University System	
will present Master's Degree diplomas	
BENEDICTION	
Reverend Norris	
RECESSIONAL	
Proud Heritage	William Latham
SWT Symphonic Band	

The audience will please remain seated during the Processional and Recessional.
Photographers are requested to remain in the stands until after the Benediction.

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

Betty Jane Kissler

Delivered at the Seventy-Sixth Annual Commencement,
Southwest Texas State University, held on Evans
Field at 9:00 A. M., Saturday, May 19, 1979.

It is a pleasure to be here on this beautiful morning. It is an honor to be asked to speak at this 75th Anniversary Commencement, despite being told I was second choice, had ten minutes, and should not be concerned about what I said because no one listens anyway. It is my understanding that the University had hoped for this occasion to have a ranking state official as speaker, but with the legislature in session, most of our state officials are attending to more important business.

Now, being second choice for a faculty member is a definite elevation when one considers where we generally are on the totem pole. And personally, long ago I became reconciled to being in the second choice position. Being Miss Kissler, in the eyes of society I've always been second choice.

Having attended many graduation exercises, I realize that the statement that you don't have to be concerned about what you say since no one is listening is basically true. Not only do I not remember what has been said at most of the commencement ceremonies, I don't even remember who said it. So, my moment of glory is indeed fleeting.

I do remember one graduation speech. I was twelve years old; the topic was "The History of Bath Tubs." As a history and trivia buff, that topic caught my attention. Hopefully my comments today will be above the level of a twelve-year-old and the content will be more than historical trivia.

In an essay I recently read entitled "Notes for a Dissenting Commencement Address,"* the point was made that many commencement addresses -- two to three thousand this month -- will contain laudatory, flowery statements extolling the virtues and abilities of the graduates, such as "The world is awaiting your wisdom which the university has bestowed on you; the world desperately needs your abilities; today marks the start of a great and wonderful era for you." Although such accolades are pleasant to hear, their superficiality grants no creditability to the speaker or merit to the graduate.

The essay continued by suggesting opposite statements which the author believed would be more truthful, such as, "You've finished the easy part; anybody can get a college degree." He explained that you have had it easy because you had freedom in your daily schedule -- time for a nap or Sewell Park -- and more holidays, certain freedom of choice in courses and instructors. You have also had guarantees of attention, supervision of the faculty, guarantees of

*Carter A. Daniel, "Notes for a Dissenting Commencement Address," The Chronicle of Higher Education, 7 May 1979, p. 56.

companions, friends because you were part of the college community. All this changes tomorrow as you enter the work-a-day world, which, according to the essay, is less free, less interesting, less fun, and much harder. I generally agree with this statement, but it is also my belief that as you accept the responsibilities and the challenges of the world out there, you will have greater freedom, your work will be more interesting, and your life more fun. And you really won't object to the hard work.

Other dissenting remarks were: "What you have done for the past four years has little relation to what follows; don't expect to make much use of what you learned here; college has failed to prepare you for the next fifty years." These statements, in my opinion, misrepresent the purpose of higher education.

Universities with all their resources are not soothsayers. We don't know the special future needs of society. For instance, when I graduated some thirty years ago, no one graduated with a degree in computer science. Nuclear physics was a new field, and space travel was still very much in the theoretical stage. Yet it is my generation who developed some of the theories, skills, techniques, and new courses which led to new fields of study, space travel, and other innovations of the past thirty years. My generation wasn't any more intelligent than yours, but our four years in college provided us with the foundation on which each of

us could build. And that has been true for all generations through history. Thus, the four years you have been in college should have provided the same foundation on which you can build.

You have acquired some self-discipline. Although you had freedom of choice in schedules and instructors, you occasionally had an eight-o'clock class, an instructor you did not like, or a party scheduled the night before an exam. You obviously exercised some self-discipline to make intelligent choices, or you wouldn't be here today.

You have increased the proficiency of your skills. You have read books and articles; written themes, reviews, reports; given speeches and oral reports; dissected grasshoppers and fish worms; run chemical reactions; examined thousand-year-old artifacts, and perused presidential papers. Because of these tedious assignments, you can communicate more effectively; you are more adept in the use of the laboratory or the library; and hopefully, you can now adapt these skills to be successful in your chosen career.

These four years at the university should have stimulated your intellectual curiosity. For many of you, your formal instruction is over. Some of you will continue in graduate and professional schools, but for all of you, your education is not finished. Learning is a never-ending process. By continuing to learn and by keeping yourself intellectually alive, you will enrich your life immeasurably.

Lastly, I hope that your college career has provided the opportunity for you to become better acquainted with yourself -- to recognize some of your strengths and weaknesses, to know your likes and dislikes, and to understand your values. The better you know you, the more likely your choices and decisions will lead to a fuller and more rewarding life -- a life that can be free, interesting, challenging, and maybe even enjoyable. My best wishes to you all.

SOUTHWEST TEXAS STATE UNIVERSITY

SAN MARCOS, TEXAS

SUMMER
COMMENCEMENT

Saturday, August 18, 1979

8:00 A.M.

Evans Field

W. E. Norris, Jr., Vice President for Academic Affairs, Presiding

PROCESSIONAL

Processional in D David N. Johnson
Frances Webb, Assistant Professor of Music
Organist

POSTING OF COLORS

AIR FORCE ROTC COLOR GUARD

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

Led by
Harry Wayne, Associate Professor of Music

INVOCATION

The Reverend James F. Humphries, Pastor
First Baptist Church

REMARKS TO THE CANDIDATES FOR GRADUATION

Sylvester Walleck, President
Alumni Association

SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY CONGRATULATORY

RESOLUTION

The Honorable Bill Wright
Board of Regents, Texas State University System

ADDRESS

The Honorable J. J. Pickle
U. S. Congressman, 10th District of Texas

CONFERRING OF DEGREES

Lee H. Smith, President
Southwest Texas State University

The Honorable Bill Wright
will present Master's Degree diplomas

BENEDICTION

Reverend Humphries

RECESSIONAL

Trumpet Voluntary John Stanley
Mrs. Webb

The audience will please remain seated during the Processional and Recessional.
Photographers are requested to remain in the stands until after the Benediction.

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

The Hon. J. J. Pickle

Delivered at the Summer Commencement Exercises, Southwest Texas State University, held on Evans Field at 8:00 A. M. Saturday, August 18, 1979.

That was a very kind introduction. Bill Wright suggested that I might want to put it in a resolution for the Congressional Record, and I told him that I would be willing to do that along with a copy of my speech. President Smith asked, "The first fifteen minutes or the last fifteen minutes?"

The last time I spoke to the graduates of this wonderful institution was inside Strahan Gym. It was mid-August; the temperature inside was at least 105 degrees. Your faculty had the presence of mind to outfit me with a winter-insulated robe. When we had finished the lengthy ceremony -- and my speech was much too long -- as I left the gymnasium, I said to my friend Fleetwood Richards, "You know, I have sweated off at least ten to fifteen pounds. If that ceremony had lasted five minutes longer, I would have been down to fighting shape." And he said, "If you had talked five minutes more, you would have had to be."

This morning I promise you that I will not intrude on your time that much, but I am very honored, and before I say anything more, let me suggest that you graduates reach over and pat each other on the back, wave a little bit to

your faculty, and blow a special kiss toward your parents who made all this possible. This is a special occasion, a once-in-a-lifetime ceremony. I have a feeling that this little gesture of thankfulness is generally appreciated by all sides.

Now, when critics tell you that America has gone to heck in a handbasket, don't believe it. At least, don't believe it yet. We have become a rather soft nation, and we have problems ahead, but the opportunities that people looked forward to twenty-five years ago are present today. The difference is not in your ability or in the degree you are receiving but in the march of our society in the direction in which we are going.

We have a great deal of difficulty these days in knowing just what we want in this nation of ours and what we should obtain. You are entering a job-market at a time when people are questioning the strength of our institutions and of the people who are supposed to lead. A national publication recently put it this way, and I think put it in a very agonizing fashion but put it well. We are experiencing a lack of leadership. Commentators and politicians say that President Carter is a nice fellow but that he just can't lead the country. Some of the same people who rejected the decisive leadership of Lyndon B. Johnson almost yearn for such a distinctive leader, but the malaise of the country, if we have one, goes beyond the person who sits in the oval

office or who bangs the legislative gavel or who directs a corporation.

Americans are uncertain about the need for strong leadership and their willingness to follow. As Time puts it, "Americans in the 70s have developed almost a psychological aversion to leading and to being led, even while they complain that no one seems to be in charge any more." This curious contradiction arises during the time when the 1960s impetus to expand, to improve, and to make a better, a greater society has been substituted with the so-called "me-decade" of the 70s, for we have lowered our expectations. The strivings of the 60s to go out and save the world have been replaced by the self-improvement movements and fads of the 70s. People do not seem to have the time or the desire to follow a leader because past leaders have not always delivered on promises or pledges, have not addressed the real issues, have not avoided being convicted even in some instances. We are also worried about our own personal economic concerns.

Alexis de Tocqueville predicted in 1835 that the American dream always ran the risk of degenerating into anxiety-ridden materialism, that Americans would be perennially unsatisfied, always wanting more, turning the land of plenty into the land of excess. Was Tocqueville right? Are we becoming that materialistic?

Well, I do not think so, but I think our situation poses special problems for us today, particularly for our

young people such as you graduates. Instead of hoping for the future, young people are feverishly acquiring goods which may be cheaper today than they will be tomorrow. A great indictment of our society is the prospect you have of having to pay at least fifty to seventy thousand dollars just for a home. It is a bum rap, and we should be sorry for it, for all the while people run the risk of over extending themselves in contrast to the prevailing situation in our earlier days of abundance. Then people could always keep going west to conquer virgin areas. We have settled the frontiers; our resources are now finite. Americans today are fighting for their turf instead of finding visionary leadership.

Because of past excesses, we have seen new regulations which, unchecked, could invade personal freedoms. We have made progress in correcting these excesses, but we have paid a price. Even with less economic independence, every person and business is asserting a strong self-interest, which has led to the politization of business. Many corporations now resemble quasi-governmental enterprises. Leadership initiatives are easily stymied by courtroom challenges. Individuals feel that they have little role to play in the continuing tug-of-war between big business and big government. The emerging distinctions which mark our institutions are cloudy. Where do we fit in? Where are we going? Are we headed in the right direction? Are we willing to be led?

Hedley Donovan, President Carter's senior advisor and the new economic consultant, put it succinctly when he said, "One secret of America's strength is that two strains -- rebelliousness and willingness to accept orders -- run strongly through our national life." I think that this is true. At present, the imperial presidency is gone, and it has been for some ten years. Americans elect and then devour a president. Apparently we have concluded that the presidency is not infallible and that we do not have to do what the president says. We want to protect our own interests and privileges more than we are willing to balance national interests. We want more income, less taxes, and more retirement than ever before.

This does not make us a bad people. It rather indicates that we have become accustomed to leading the good life and leaving the accounting to others. We do not want to be controlled, or regulated, or led. Or, I ask you, do we? Do you want, are you willing to accept strong leadership? I think we are. I think that Americans in this time of excesses and problems of energy shortages are willing to do whatever is necessary and to follow a leader when they believe it is necessary. Rebelliousness on our part today is not against a man or a single institution; it arises in the belief that the individual should be let alone. This cannot be done quickly.

We should try to take government out of a lot of our individual and business lives, but we must realize that in

doing so we must largely give up federal assistance. We can't have it both ways. We, the older generation, are trying to turn the corner now. We are trying to get away from more regulations. As young leaders coming to the scene, how do you vote?

Out of our materialistic desires and our lack of desire to be led, we can find room to turn the tide. This country still possesses personal freedom and traditions to insure great personal opportunities. Your right to seize the opportunity is one of our strengths. We can and must participate in the continuing evolution of excellence that marks our country's history and can characterize our future.

The most famous graduate of the University, who learned many principles of life in Old Main, was President Lyndon B. Johnson. President Johnson excelled in his personal life and made an almost immeasurable leadership contribution. He recognized that change is healthy, that constant reassessments and improvements are progress. Speaking to the 1965 commencement class at Howard University in Washington, the President said, "Our earth is the home of revolution. In every corner of every continent, men charged with hope contend with ancient ways in the pursuit of justice. They reach for the newest of weapons to realize the oldest of dreams, that each may walk in freedom and pride, stretching his talents, enjoying the fruits of the earth."

Despite new problems and current crisis, the words of Lyndon Johnson apply today as they did fourteen years ago.

In ten years from now your generation will have its name, just as the 60s was known as the activist generation and the 70s marked the "me-generation." You have the unique chance to seize the opportunity, to improve the human condition, to promote freedom and liberty, and to contribute to the strength of our country. We need your participation. I am sure that you will contribute a great deal to our country. We are proud of you.

SOUTHWEST TEXAS STATE UNIVERSITY
SAN MARCOS, TEXAS

SPRING
COMMENCEMENT

Saturday, May 17, 1980

9:00 A.M.

EVANS FIELD

W. E. Norris, Jr., Dean of the University, Presiding

PROCESSIONAL	
March Processional	Clare Grundman
	SWT Symphonic Band
	James Sudduth, Conductor
POSTING OF COLORS	
	AIR FORCE ROTC COLOR GUARD
THE NATIONAL ANTHEM	
	Led by Richard Honea
	Assistant Professor of Music
INVOCATION	
	Dennis Combrink, Director
	Campus Crusade for Christ
REMARKS TO THE CANDIDATES FOR GRADUATION	
	Patsy Reynolds Pohl, President
	Alumni Association
AWARDS	
	Lee H. Smith, President
	Southwest Texas State University
	LBJ OUTSTANDING SENIOR STUDENT AWARD
	Recipient ... Shirley K. Davis
	SALLIE BERETTA AWARD TO OUTSTANDING SENIOR WOMAN
	Recipient ... Yvonne Kubicek Hudson
	J. C. KELLAM AWARD
	Recipient ... Allen Ray Kiesling
ADDRESS	
	Emmie Craddock, Professor of History
	and Director of the Honors Program
CONFERRING OF DEGREES	
	President Smith
BENEDICTION	
	Mr. Combrink
RECESSIONAL	
Proud Heritage	William Latham
	SWT Symphonic Band

The audience will please remain seated during the Processional and Recessional.
Photographers are requested to remain in the stands until after the Benediction.

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

Emmie Craddock

Delivered at the Seventy-Seventh Annual Commencement,
Southwest Texas State University, in Strahan Gym-
nasium at 9:00 A. M., Saturday, May 17, 1980.

It is a high honor for me to participate in your graduation ceremony today, to congratulate you on your achievements, and to share in one of the important goodbyes in your life.

You may be pleased to know that I have no advice to give you. I think you need it but it is too late for that. Nor do I have any predictions to make. Your world will not be my world and I can only dimly foresee the outlines of your future. Enroute from Los Angeles recently I did read a prediction which caught my fancy and I pass it on to you. Some soothsayer thinks that by 1990 we will have a nasal spray that will improve one's memory. I'm sure I shall need it by then, and some of you out there could use a shot or two yourselves.

It has been often and well said that commencement speeches are among the easiest to forget. This one will be no exception. When I received the doctoral degree from U.T. some years ago, our speaker was the president of the Chrysler Corporation -- I think I need not pursue that one. When I graduated from Rice a good many years earlier, the speaker's name eludes me but I do recall one thing he said: "If you

are to know where you are and where you are going, you must know where you have been." Some knowledge of the past, he said, is as essential to the direction of one's life as a rear view mirror to the speeding motorist.

This brings me to my topic this morning. Four years ago two events sent Americans scurrying to the archives and to the federal census reports in search of their past. One was the Bicentennial Celebration, the other the publication of Alex Haley's Roots. What had been before 1976 an interest in genealogy shared by a relatively small coterie of devoted seekers became a veritable flood.

This morning I want to speak to you not on that aspect of genealogy but on the intellectual roots of this university as reflected in three members of the faculty whom I have known and admired over the years. Each of them has contributed to this institution in ways which alone give a university its excuse for being -- its intellectual vitality, its moral integrity, and its commitment to preserving, transmitting, and extending that fragile thing we call civilization. I could have chosen any number of excellent and influential members of this faculty -- past and present -- but I have chosen these three in part because they represent, in various ways, the qualities mentioned earlier, because they have left an account of their university experiences which are as delightful as they are instructive, and because their lives span most of the years of this university's existence.

Two of them -- Oscar Strahan, and Retta Murphy -- came to SWT in 1919; Robert Tampke in 1923. Today only Dr. Murphy survives -- at ninety-four as sharp and witty as ever.

Oscar Strahan -- gentleman, superb coach and teacher, founder of the T association, selector of the Bobcat as the symbol of the University on the advice of biologist Spurgeon Smith, friend and counsellor to ten generations of college students. He is the only faculty member the Board of Regents has ever honored by naming a building for him while he was still alive.

Osky came to SWT immediately after graduating from Drake University, home of the famous relays. He had heard of an opening here through a teachers agency and was hired by President Evans after a brief meeting in St. Louis at the Union Railroad Station. One of the first questions he asked Evans during the interview was whether SWT had a gym. Evans replied -- No -- the climate was so mild we didn't need one. A year or so after he arrived, some of the students became interested in basketball and asked for an indoor court to protect them against the Texas northerners. So Osky got permission to use the abandoned assembly hall at the defunct Coronal Institute. The only problem was that the roof was supported by three pillars down the middle of the room. Never at a loss for alternatives, Strahan had the columns padded and trained his boys to play around them. The game became increasingly popular, and on one occasion the crowd

was so large Strahan ordered the gates locked, but eager students came through the windows and all bedlam broke loose. The players not only had to dodge the padded pillars but also the crowd which was huddled in pockets all over the floor. To top it all, President Evans arrived late and could not get in at all. The next day he called Strahan in and announced that the time had come for the college to have a gymnasium. It was built by the volunteer labor of faculty and students.

Strahan's duties included coaching football and directing the physical education program, but his great love was track, and his remarkable successes made him a legend in his own lifetime. In 1932 one of his pole vaulters set a record in the Lone Star Conference which remained unbroken for twenty-two years; and in 1939 his mile relay team won the Drake relays with a record that stood for twelve years. All in all, his teams won or tied for top honors in twenty-four Lone Star Conference meets -- a record that stands unmatched in Conference competition.

Coach Strahan's idea of athletics was essentially that of the ancient Greeks: sports help develop the whole personality, they contribute greatly to the fullness of life, but they do not dominate it.

His proudest boast was that among the countless athletes he trained there was not a failure among them. He was equally proud of the "T" Association which he founded -- proud of the camaraderie, the pride and affection which its

members, representing all sports, held for each other. He was much distressed when SWT designated football as its major sport in 1975, for he feared the elevation of one sport over all others might destroy that feeling of mutual respect and shared achievement which he had nurtured so successfully during his long and immensely successful career. Gentle, soft-spoken, humane, a splendid teacher -- Coach Strahan was a credit to his profession and an inspiration to all young men he coached and trained over the span of half a century. It was a privilege to have served on the same faculty with him.

In the same year that Coach Strahan came, Retta Murphy arrived. Texan, Presbyterian, historian, she received a Ph.D degree in Latin American history from U.T. Austin. It was my privilege to office with her from the time I arrived in 1950 until her retirement six years later. For years on end Dr. Murphy arrived at her office every morning at nine and left at five, except on Saturdays when she went home at one; and she studied as diligently on the last day she ever taught as she had from the first day of her teaching.

Literally thousands of students who were lucky enough to have a course with her felt the clarity of her mind, the absolute integrity of her life in all of its aspects. (The IRS selected her for an audit one year. It never made that mistake again!) She had no time for pretence or sloppy thinking and she dearly loved to deflate the arrogant, a feat she could accomplish instantly with a comment both cryptic

and deadly. Carved out of rugged Presbyterian rock, she was incorruptible, fearless, outspoken, with a razor-sharp intellect. Beneath a rather brusque exterior lay a heart as malleable as a child's and a generosity of spirit which knew few bounds. She never demanded more of others than she asked of herself, and few ever left her classes without feeling the rapier thrust of her mind and the breadth of her learning. She also had a quick and wonderful wit.

At the end of W.W. II she served briefly as chairman of the Division of Social Sciences pending the arrival of the permanent chairman, Dr. James Taylor. When asked later on why she had not been named chairman herself, she replied: "Because I wear my pants on the inside instead of the outside." On another occasion, some of her friends were discussing their family histories after the Sunday services at the local Presbyterian Church. When Dr. Murphy approached, one of them asked her if her family had come to Texas before the Revolution. Her instant reply: "No, they didn't have to." That ended that little genealogical expedition.

For thirty-nine years Dr. Murphy helped set the intellectual tone of this university, and her keen sense of fair play, her personal rectitude, and her devotion to a job well done were an inspiration to all of us. This university is a better place because she was here.

Four years after Coach Strahan and Dr. Murphy arrived, Robert Tampke came. He had just graduated from North Texas

State College in Denton with a degree in music, and President Evans hired him primarily to organize a college band here. This Tampke began to do, but his task was quite difficult. There was no instrumental instruction at SWT, the music department was quite small, and musical talent was very hard to come by. After several years of effort, however, Rob was able to assemble ten to twelve musicians -- some college students, some friends of his from downtown and from New Braunfels, and they decided to play during a Bobcat football game -- the first time that had ever been done. But when they appeared at the gate of old Evans field, Mr. W. R. Boucher of Industrial Arts, who was in charge of admission, wouldn't let them in without tickets. Rob admitted that they weren't very good and probably ought to pay to get in, but they thought they might be doing the College a service. Boucher finally relented and let them in.

A few years later the band went to Denton to play for a Bobcat-North Texas football game. At that time the College owned no cars, so various faculty volunteered to ferry the students north. Leaving San Marcos, the cars were soon strung out over a fifty mile area. As Rob said, "It was pretty hard to defend all that front!" But all arrived safely and arrangements were made to pick the students up at various locations early the next morning for the return trip. One of the drivers -- Mr. W. I. Woodson, head of the Education Department, arranged to pick up his charges at the Palace Drug Store on the town square, but a norther blew in during

the night and the students had retreated inside the store. Mr. Woodson made four passes around the square, saw no one in sight and took off to San Marcos sans students. At 3:00 a.m. Monday morning Rob was awakened out of a sound sleep by one of the house mothers who reported two of her girls missing. After a few frantic phone calls, Rob discovered what had happened. Fortunately, the girls arrived safely late in the afternoon having hitchhiked home; but the three boys didn't show until later. They had hitchhiked via Fort Worth where they were commandeered to play with Bewley's Best Chuck Wagon hillbilly band on WFAA radio, and they had a great time doing it.

Dr. Tampke could recount many of the tribulations of this college as it was struggling to survive in its early years. He remembered the first dance ever held on campus, for which he was to provide the band. But the band, so declared President Evans, must have no saxophones since they were considered to be of impure ancestry. A jazz band without saxophones struck Rob as a bit queer, but always the good trooper, he corralled some of his beer-drinking friends in New Braunfels who brought their oboes and clarinets, trumpets and trombones, and even though they were more accustomed to playing the polka and the schottische, they somehow made out.

For a week or two after the dance, Dr. Evans' phone rang off the hook with calls from irate parents and local citizens, but he lay low for a month or two, called Rob into the office, and said, "Rob, we should have done this years

ago!" Thus began the Gaillardian dance held each year at Homecoming.

Rob was fond of saying that in the early days of the College, especially under Dr. Evans, all faculty were expected to be "ambidextrous and amphibious" -- meaning that one taught whatever Dr. Evans assigned regardless of his training or experience. And he remembered the experience of Dr. Spurgeon Smith, geneticist, fisherman, spinner of tales, and for years Chairman of the Biology Department. In addition to his science duties, Spurgeon was directed to coach football and baseball. He had a funny way of shrugging his shoulders and saying "Why not" when denied a request or faced with an unpalatable decision. His baseball teams played their games at old Evans field, site of the tennis courts today, and one of the obstacles they faced was a sizeable oak tree flourishing about 30 feet behind second base. After numerous encounters between the infield and the tree, Spurgeon finally gathered up his courage and approached Dr. Evans about having the oak removed. Dr. Evans gazed at the ceiling for some minutes, as was his habit when faced with a difficult request, and said, "Spurgeon, baseball is a spring sport, isn't it? And it's beginning to get hot on the field, isn't it? Wouldn't it be well to leave that tree so the players could sit in the shade and cool off?" Spurgeon replied, "Why not?"

In 1919, when Coach Strahan got permission to buy uniforms for the football team, Spurgeon decided it was time to buy some for the baseball players, so he approached Dr.

Evans with his proposal. Again Dr. Evans stared at the ceiling and finally said, "Spurgeon, didn't we just buy some uniforms last year? Spurgeon replied that we had, but that they were for the football players. And Prexy said, "Well, couldn't we use the same ones for the baseball team?" and Spurgeon said, "Why not?"

For years on end Rob Tampke was SWT's sole recruiter in Harris County, and every year he faithfully visited Houston high schools and trumpeted the praises of the College. In the mid-50s his efforts began to succeed, and what had been a trickle of some thirty students each year became a river and then a flood. On many of his trips he went alone, but sometimes he took other faculty with him. It was my good fortune to go on one of them along with Elton Abernathy of the Speech Department and Milton Jowers, one of Oscar Strahan's most talented and successful students. I soon discovered that the college van automatically began to slow down as it approached Schulenburg, and that having a glass of beer at Frank's on old Highway 90 was a part of the recruiting ritual. The memories of that trip and the fun we had listening to Rob's wealth of stories about SWT and Milton's tales from the South Pacific, where he served in W.W. II, are indelibly and joyously imprinted on my memory.

I call these friends to mind this morning because I think they represent the very best qualities a university faculty can offer: a respect for learning and the vast

capacities of the human mind; a rigorous intellectual and moral honesty; an abiding commitment to teaching excellence; a compassionate concern for colleagues and students; and perhaps best of all, a wonderful sense of humor which enabled them to laugh at themselves and keep their priorities straight. Because they enriched this university for over half a century, and enriched my life over a span of thirty years, I wish to pay homage to them today. In this day of easy ethics and sleazy performance, when we are buffeted on all sides by a faceless and stifling bureaucracy and a dehumanizing numbers game dominated by the computer and various forms of systems management, it is well to remember that the roots of this university derive from its outstanding faculty who throughout their lives have set the highest standards for themselves and for their students, who have retained an unfailing belief in the dignity and worth of the human spirit, and who have never lost sight of what education is all about -- to develop as best it can a civilized human being. As you commence the remaining chapters of your life, I could wish you this morning no greater success than that your life reflect in full measure the qualities of mind and spirit so admirably portrayed by Oscar Strahan, Retta Murphy and Robert Tampke.

I close with the farewell always shared by J. Frank Dobie and by Carl Sandburg at the end of Sandburg's frequent visits to Dobie's home in Austin: "Goodbye. We are both yet young. We will meet again."