

Sally Crowe's
salutatorium
speech at grad-
uation, San Benito,
1938

FRIENDS

Hally Crowe
used since I was
class treasure

Friendship is a chain of gold
Shaped in God's all perfect mold,
Each link a smile, a laugh, a tear,
A grip of the hand, a word of cheer.

As steadfast as the ages roll
Binding closer soul to soul;
No matter how far, or heavy the load--
Sweet is the journey on Friendship's road.

Friends! What a word! How precious, how greatly abused, how little understood! Our real friends are those who gladly aid when needed, who are near when called upon, who are willing to urge us on to higher goals and willing to cheer us when that road is rough and stony. And because you, the people of the town, have fulfilled all the requirements of a friend and because you have backed us throughout our eleven years of school, we welcome you tonight at our commencement exercises as our friends.

A very pretty legend states that the word Texas came from Tejas, the Spanish spelling of the Indian word for friends. And from that the State of Texas takes its motto, "Friendship". So since our state motto deals with friends and since you can truly be called our friends, we have chosen that subject for the general theme of our program tonight.

Friendliness, it seems to me, is an art; and not everyone who smiles and says, "Friends, friend," possesses it. It is an affair of the heart touched by the imagination and founded on a sweet and ancient instinct quite unaccountable to reason or logic. Friendliness involves both an inner attitude and an outward manifestation. These two aspects are closely related, each stimulating the other; but there are some

friendly people who have difficulties in effective expression. Others, in whom true friendliness is lacking, acquire a rather impressive technique.

Old Dr. ^{Samuel} Johnson was not easy to look at, nor was he easy to live with; but he had the gift of friendliness that bound men to him with lasting ties, though he thundered and lightened like a very storm god. In him Boswell found the great joy of his life, a satisfaction so broad and so deep that he passed it along to posterity. What a gift to us all was the friendliness of those two!

A warm friendship puts meaning and value into life. Until one knows an understanding friend, nothing he does is of the least consequence to him. What good in building if there is no eager foot to cross the threshold of our achievement? What pleasure can there be in creating beauty if there be no appreciative spirit to welcome it? What could fire us to further effort if there were no warming hearty cheers to stir the ashes of our spent dreams?

Behind each great achievement in this world there are usually two people, the worker and his friend. To the friend who listened and advised and encouraged, to him who poured out his own spirit that another's might flower in full glory, to the silent one in the background who put the breath of life in the other's creation--to him all honor, all love, is due. Rich is the man who has a friend,

One of the world's favorite stories is an incident that occurred in the life of one of the men who belong to the realm of friends immortal. The Shepherd Boy, David, became one of the greatest kings his nation had. (His clean heart and his right spirit made for him many friends.) One day he expressed his longing for a drink of water from the well by the gate of Bethleh m. It was an outward manifestation of an inward and spiritual satisfaction that he craved.

Three little known friends of his, soldiers inferior in rank, heard the cry, and for sheer love, risked their lives, by crossing the lines of the enemy to reach the ancient city of Bethlehem, drew from

the well a jug of water, returned by the same perilous route, and delivered it into the hands of their friend, the king.

The effect upon the king was striking. The water became invested with a kind of divine sacredness in his eyes. It was too precious and holy to be used for any private, personal gratification. He carried it apart and ^upored it out in sacrificial fashion to the Lord. Perhaps it is not too much of a stretch for one's imagination to say that the deed of friendship served as the stimulus to call forth from the sin-sick monarch the better self that had been submerged by selfishness.

How shall the friendly acquire a friend? Not by looking the field over with calculating eye and deciding, "Such a one would help me in my business." True friendship is not a selfish thing. It is a matter of give and take. Thus closely is it akin to great love. For just so far as we can give of ourselves, just to that extent will we be allowed to take of others. If you expect to make friends, you must be friendly; if you want folks to love you, you have to love folks.

But to give of ourselves--of our hours and our hearts and our mentalities--requires time. It requires effort. It requires, in a measure, the talent of congeniality. It requires a brand of genius. For to give of ourselves and to take of another, in such a way as will bring about a fusion of thought and merit a true and deep understanding, is in itself a peculiar genius. Those who possess this genius possess the greatest and sweetest of life's gifts, one which we can all have if we are but willing to give to others.

Friendship is unselfishness, the most terrific power in this world. It has been known to move continents.

On the choice of friends

Our good or evil name depends.

Behold thy friend, and of thyself the pattern see.

Emerson set down a high ideal in his essay on FRIENDSHIP when he said, "A friend is one who makes us be our best." By examining this

ideal we find a double obligation. Our friend by his own noble means expects ~~and~~ requires and obliges us to be our noblest and best; and we meet that obligation. On one side is a high and noble ideal, and expectation of the "best" that is in us; and on the other side a recognition of that ideal and a fulfilling of it.

A friend to take the sting out of disappointment, to lift the drooping spirits, to revive faith and courage, and to give purpose and meaning to life. Through our friends the sky is arched, the rose is red. All things through them take nobler form. Their nobleness teaches us, also, to master our despair; the fountains of our hidden life are through their friendship fair.

We thank you, friends, for inspiring us and stimulating our ambitions to higher goals.

Because of your firm faith, we kept the track
Whose sharp set stones our strength had almost spent
We could not meet your eyes, if we turned back
So on we went.

Because of your strong love, we held our path
When battered, worn, and bleeding in the fight--
How could we meet your true eyes, blazing wrath?
So we kept right.

(THE END**HOORAY!)