

A RESOLUTION IN COMMEMORATION
of the
PUBLIC SERVICE, RENDERED BY THE
HONORABLE HAROLD E. STASSEN, GOVERNOR
of the
STATE OF MINNESOTA

WHEREAS, the adjournment sine die of the Fifty Third Session of the Legislature of the State of Minnesota marks the retirement from public office of the Hon. Harold E. Stassen, Governor and Chief Executive of the State of Minnesota, and

WHEREAS, the occasion further marks the induction of the said Harold E. Stassen into the armed forces of the United States, and

WHEREAS, the said Harold E. Stassen has thrice served the state as its Governor and Chief Executive, and

WHEREAS, he has held the distinction during his tenure of office of being the youngest governor in all of the states of the union, and

WHEREAS, his sound, progressive and constructive views have been of inestimable value to this body in determining a policy and program for this state, and,

WHEREAS, he has evidenced a great proficiency in the administration of government, and,

WHEREAS, his capacity, tolerance and understanding have reflected to the betterment and general welfare of the people of this state, and

WHEREAS, because of said facts, the Hon. Harold E. Stassen has made an invaluable personal and lasting contribution to the State of Minnesota and to its people,

NOW THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED by these presents, that we, the membership of this Fifty Third Session of the Legislature of the State of Minnesota, duly assembled, on behalf of the people of this state, do hereby express our appreciation and gratitude to the Hon. Harold E. Stassen, Governor of the State of Minnesota for the service he has rendered to the State of Minnesota, and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that the best wishes of the people of this state be herewith expended to the said Harold E. Stassen upon his entrance into the armed forces of the United States.

GOD-SPEED-GOVERNOR

MEMORANDUM OF ACCEPTANCES

- Henry A. Gardner - lawyer - member of County Committee for North Shore towns.
- James D. Cunningham - President of Republic Flow Meters Company.
- Paul S. Russell - Vice President of Harris Trust & Savings Bank.
- Henry Pope, Jr. - Bear Brand Hosiery Company - one of the young Republicans who began to take an active part in party politics in the 1940 campaign.
- Hobard E. Neff - broker - another 1940 young Republican. Republican nominee for alderman in notorious First Ward - almost elected.
- Roy W. Walhohm - another 1940 young Republican.
- William C. Boyden - partner, Bell, Boyd & Marshall - 1940 young Republican - candidate for State Senate - election probably counted out.
- William Fetridge - Lieutenant, U.S.N.R. - one of the young Republicans.
- John Nuveen, Jr. - investment banker - ~~and William~~ - particularly active in efforts to get commission form of government for Chicago.
- William L. Keady - President of U. S. Gypsum Company.
- Samuel D. Culbertson - Murine Company - another 1940 Republican.
- Hays MacFarland - advertising - very active organizing Citizens Information Committee in the Willkie Campaign.
- Wade Fetzer, Jr. - insurance - leader among the young Republicans.
- Denison B. Hull - architect - candidate for Republican nomination for Congress at last election - headed Fight for Freedom, Inc.



A TRIBUTE
from the
PEOPLE OF MINNESOTA
TO
HAROLD E. STASSEN
GOVERNOR *of* MINNESOTA

1939



1943

APRIL 26, 1943
COFFMAN MEMORIAL UNION

TO HAROLD E. STASSEN

An appreciation from the people
of Minnesota for the outstanding
leadership of our Governor.



THE GOVERNOR NOR... THE MAN

FRIENDLY, sincere and frank, Harold Stassen takes little credit for Minnesota's fine record in his three terms as Governor. He will point with real pride to the advances the people have made in the science of government. He will congratulate labor on its cooperation with management. He thinks the Minnesota farmer is doing the greatest agricultural job in the country today. The State and the people in it are, on their own initiative, pressing forward to a peaceful and prosperous post-war period that will further establish Minnesota's leadership among the states of the nation. He believes that the consolidated effort of the people, working together, has accomplished all this.



That the citizens of Minnesota, from the shady forests of the border to the lush, golden farms of the south, do not entirely agree with Harold Stassen on this point is shown by their confidence in reelecting him twice to the State's leading office. The people of the State like the fact that there has not been a cessation of effort in any Minnesota defense plant since the war began for the United States. They realize that Harold Stassen's accomplishments in state government have been good for the State as a whole. His planning for the post-war world is a line of thought on which he has spoken so solidly and so fearlessly that he is nationally known as one of the few whose ideas have the stamp of practicality. Minnesotans are proud of Harold Stassen



because, though the nation's youngest Governor, he was chosen chairman of the National Governor's Conference and president of the Council of State Governments. His Minnesota Agricultural Award, instituted to recognize the contribution of the farmer to the



war effort, has taken its place beside the industrial E for production and provided the country with a plan for a national acknowledgement to agriculture.

But these facts, and many others, are all in the record. They are listed along with the fact that Minnesota's Civilian Defense System is a model for other states everywhere, that at the University of Minnesota Harold Stassen was the ranking Cadet Lieutenant-Colonel in the ROTC, that his whole political philosophy is a deep faith in the common sense and judgment of the people. They are all a part of Harold Stassen, the public figure.

Tonight the people of Minnesota, represented by forty-five state-wide organizations, have gathered to pay a tribute to Harold Stassen, the man. Tonight, before his neighbors from all over Minnesota, Harold Stassen is the Dakota County farm boy who, when he was fourteen, ran his father's truck farm for a year and a half when his father was sick. Tonight he is not "Governor" — he is "Harold," six-feet-three of sandy-haired, smiling friendliness, a good neighbor, a good son, and a good father. What the State of Minnesota feels for Harold Stassen tonight—the feeling that this recognition dinner expresses—is not the admiration that has been expressed many times before, but the affection of hundreds of thousands of Minnesotans who for once are just people, not primarily citizens honoring their chief executive. Just people indicating, in a spontaneous state-wide effort, that they are glad to have a man like Harold Stassen for a friend.





PROGRAM

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Presentation of Colors by the Boy Scouts of America

National Anthem

Invocation

Rev. Lewis F. Foltz, Post Chaplain,
Captain, Fort Snelling

Navy Choir

Toastmaster John S. McGovern

Dr. W. C. Coffey, President, University of Minnesota

Presentation to Governor by Jack Robinson,
President, Minnesota Junior Chamber of Commerce

Hon. Harold E. Stassen, Governor of Minnesota

Auld Lang Syne

Organ and piano music by Ramona Gerhard and Bee Bailey

SPONSORING ORGANIZATIONS



Minn. Arrowhead Association
Minn. Bankers' Association
Minn. Assn. of Commercial Secretaries
Minn. Congress of Parents & Teachers
Minn. County Agents Association
Minn. Creamery Operators & Managers Assn.
Minn. Division, Izaak Walton League
Minnesota Editorial Association
Minnesota Education Association
Minn. Employers Association
Minn. Farm Bureau Federation
Minn. Federation of Women's Clubs
Minn. Fraternal Congress
Minn. Public Health Association
Minn. Hospital Association
Minn. Hotel Association
Minn. Junior Chamber of Commerce
Minn. League of Building, Savings & Loan Assns.
Minn. Library Association
Minn. Music Teachers' Association
Minn. State Automobile Association
Railroad Brotherhood
General Alumni Assn. University of Minn.
Minn. State Bar Association
Minn. State Dental Association
Farmers Elevator Assn. of Minn.
Minn. State Grange Association
American Legion, Dept. of Minn.
American Legion Auxiliary
Minn. State Medical Association
Disabled American Veterans
Insurance Federation of Minnesota
Minnesota Safety Council
Minn. Associated Press Association
Minn. Baby Chick Cooperative Assn.
Minn. Egg, Butter & Poultry Association
Minn. Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs
Minn. State Nurserymen's Association
Minn. School Board Association
Minn. State Federation of Labor
Congress of Industrial Organization
Minnesota Historical Society
Veterans of Foreign Wars
Auxiliary, Veterans of Foreign Wars
Minn. League of Women Voters



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE



JACK ROBINSON, *Chairman*
President, Minnesota Junior Chamber of Commerce

LEONARD RAMBERG, *Secretary*
Past President, Minneapolis Junior Association of Commerce

SANDER GENIS
State Coordinator, C. I. O.

O. J. JERDE
President, Minnesota Education Association

J. S. JONES
Executive Secretary, Farm Bureau Federation

RALPH KELLER
Secretary, Minnesota Editorial Association

GEORGE W. LAWSON,
Secretary, Minnesota Federation of Labor

GLEN S. LOCKER,
State Commander, American Legion

LAWRENCE O. OLSON
President, Minnesota Bankers Association

GEORGE PENNOCK
President, Minneapolis Junior Association of Commerce

MRS. BLANCHE STRANDBERG
State President, Auxiliary of the Veterans of Foreign Wars

MRS. GEORGE W. SUGDEN
President, Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs

JUDGE JOHN A. WEEKS
State President, Disabled American Veterans

LET'S ALL SING!



STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night, that our flag was still there.
Oh, say does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

MINNESOTA, HAIL TO THEE

Minnesota, hail to thee,
Hail to thee, our State so dear.
Thy light shall ever be
A beacon bright and clear.
Thy sons and daughters true,
Will proclaim thee near and far.
They will guard thy fame
and adore thy name;
Thou shalt be their Northern Star.

Like the stream that bends to sea
Like the pine that seeks the blue,
Minnesota, still for thee
Thy sons are strong and true.
From their woods and waters fair;
From their prairies waking far,
At thy call they throng
With their shout and song
Hailing thee, their Northern Star.

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

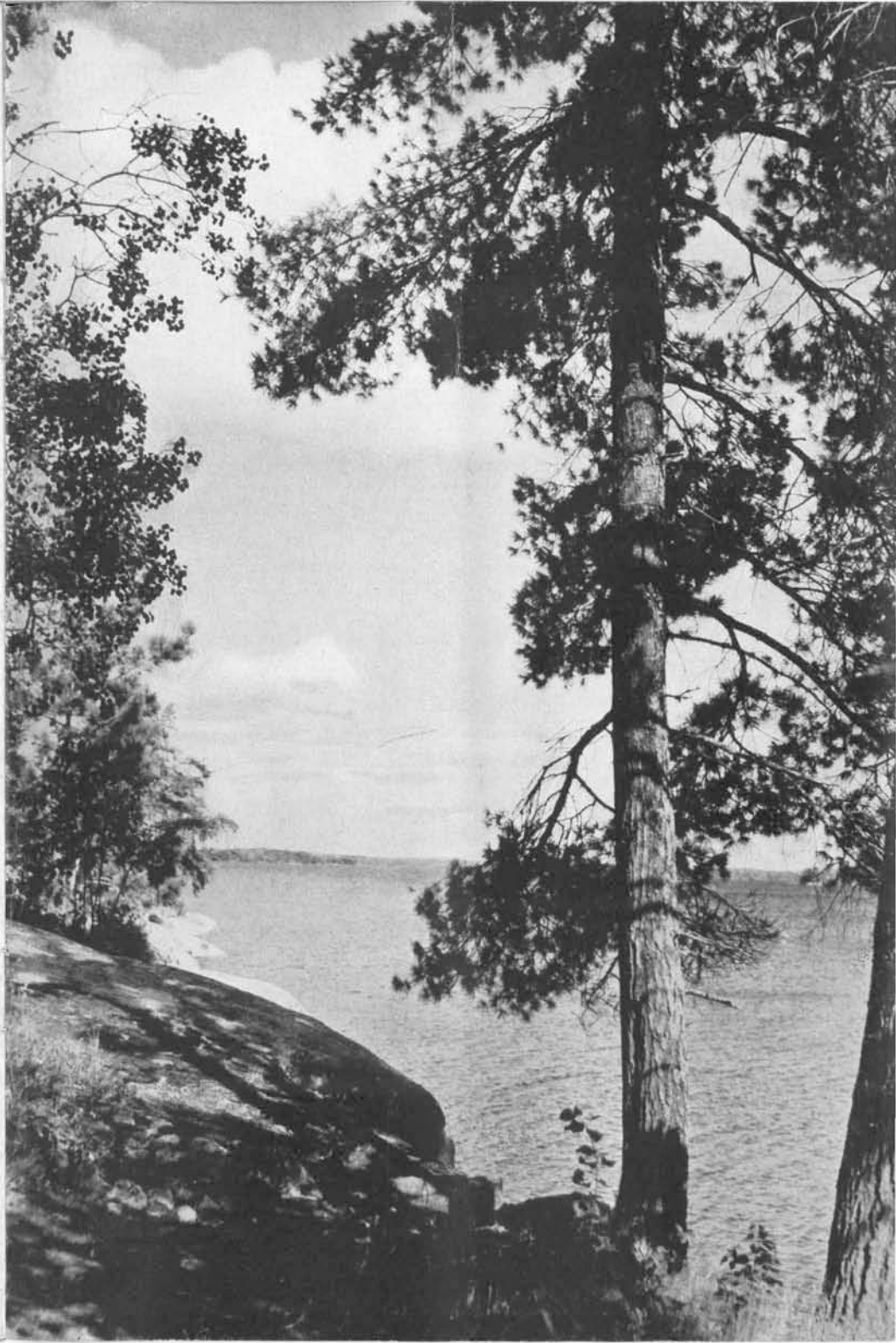
O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain.
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brother-
hood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears;
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brother-
hood
From sea to shining sea!

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never bro't to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien'
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.





FAREWELL TO HAROLD.

"Young Eagle, rise!" Such was the cheering cry
Which hailed the first announcement of your race
For Governor of our great North Star State.

In you two or more races mingled blood,
Son of a farmer and an emigrant.

You were reared where the country and the town
Adjoin to give you rural strength and frame
And insight into local government.

A world astounded by your startling rise,
Heard of your manifold experiences,
Pan cleaner in a bakery, grocery clerk,
Tourist conductor in vacation time,
Correcting papers, while you studied hard
To accomplish college without other help.

At last an ailment threatened to undo
What you had earned by the incessant strain,
But you won through, hung up the lawyer's sign,
Were made county attorney and then governor.
Your brilliant rise earmarked you for the nation
And far beyond your home state spread your fame.

Then came this war, You took the only course
Consonant with the fervor of your youth,
Laid down your office, joined the navy's ranks
To help achieve a speedy victory,
For our America and all its friends.

You left behind a happy family
In a fine home which like an eagle's nest
O'erlooks the Mississippi far and wide.

Who is to judge the wisdom of your step?
Whether it had been better to remain.
As governor and build for lasting peace,
Or whether the experience to be gained
In the immense arena of the war
May come in good stead when the din is lulled
And all the elements may then be weighed
Which joined in the confusion of the strife.

We still think that America's concern
Should be America, as first so last,
Not for a selfish reason, but because
Each nation has its separate destiny,
Whereof we may not judge, or deem ourselves
Ordained to be the masters of the world.

Harold, farewell! May God attend your way
And send you safely to your loved ones home!

Robert M. Mueller.
April 27, 1943.

STATEMENT OF GOVERNOR HAROLD E. STASSEN OF MINNESOTA ON THE OCCASION OF HIS RESIGNATION AS GOVERNOR TO ENTER INTO ACTIVE SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY, MADE ON APRIL 27, 1943, at 2:30 P. M. in the Rotunda of the State Capitol, Saint Paul.

Lieutenant Governor Ed Thye, I herewith sign and present to you, as the duly elected Lieutenant Governor of Minnesota, my resignation as Governor of the State. As you know, I leave to enter into active service in the United States Navy.

I therefore place in your hands the executive authority over the state as provided in the Constitution. I present to you the Governor's flag and the keys to the Governor's Office. You will preside over a great and diversified state of field and of forest, of mines and of industries. It is peopled by a splendid people, sons and daughters of every nation in the world, loyal citizens by birth or adoption of our beloved United States of America.

I trust you will administer the affairs of the state with the basic integrity that is the strength of your character, with the forthrightness and directness that the people have recognized in you, with confidence in the people, and with faith in God; that you will be fair to all, but dominated by none; that you will pursue the progressive domestic philosophy that is yours; that you will

continue to recognize that Minnesota is not only a part of the United States of America, but also a part of the world; that you will be unwavering in your basic principles, but tolerant of those who disagree with you; that you will use the full resources of the state to back up the Stars and Stripes until they are victorious in this war and that you will point the road away from isolationism to an advance in the science of government to win an enduring peace.

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Mr. Chief Justice, will you administer the Oath of Office as Governor.



STATE OF MINNESOTA
DEPARTMENT OF STATE
FILED
APR 28 1943

Wm. H. H. H.
Secretary of State

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

State of Minnesota
St. Paul

HAROLD E. STASSEN
GOVERNOR

April 27, 1943

Lieutenant Governor Ed Thye
State Capitol
Saint Paul, Minnesota

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Sincerely yours,

Harold E. Stassen

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For release morning papers
Tuesday, April 27, 1943.

Address of President Walter C. Coffey of the University of Minnesota as the main speaker at the recognition dinner sponsored Monday evening, April 26, by 48 statewide organizations in Minnesota, in honor of Governor Harold E. Stassen on the eve of his retirement as governor to enter active service in the Navy as Lieutenant Commander. Given in the main ballroom of Coffman Memorial Union, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, with 1,000 guests attending.

HEADLINES AND HISTORY, 1907-1943

If you had been living in the city of Saint Paul during the spring of 1907 you would, in all probability, have gone to your door on Saturday, the thirteenth of April, to pick up your customary newspaper. It had been a hard and trying spring. On that very day, for example, you would have read that the Northwest once more had been caught by a belated winter. "This community," so it stated, "has been grumbling on the weather the past week or so," as if grumbling on Minnesota weather was a news-worthy subject, even in 1907.

On this particular Saturday a coldish north wind was blowing, even though the sun was shining bright. All day long the temperature hovered between 22 and 36 degrees.

You would have taken your paper inside, and most of you under a gas light, would have turned its pages to scan the news.

Now the remarkable thing is that you would not have found one word about the birth of our guest of honor of this evening! He had been born that day, and not a line of type recorded the fact! Both the Pioneer Press and the Dispatch overlooked completely that a new and vigorous personage had arrived!

As a matter of fact, it was not until a whole week had passed that the Governor first made the press. You'll find the historic item on Monday, April 22, recorded in the birth statistics column of the Dispatch: "Mrs. W. Stasen, boy." No name, no mention that the baby had a suggestion of reddish hair, not even the customary "mother and baby

are both doing well"--much less any reference as to how the father was doing. And worst of all, the name Stassen was mis-spelled, with only one "s." Thus, in complete anonymity our friend and associate first appeared in print.

My reference to newspapers in what I have just said was not intended only as a means of light introduction, nor was it merely a matter of chance. Rather, it was deliberately calculated, for I am of the conviction that the lives of men cannot be dissociated from the times in which they live. It, therefore, seems to me appropriate that I should, in attempting to make certain observations that are pertinent to this occasion, look briefly, if sketchily, at the world into which Harold Stassen was born just thirty-six years ago this month. And if we can follow some of the changes that have taken place in that world during three and a half decades, we shall be in a better position to understand and interpret some of the problems that confront us today.

We can perceive at least a fragment of that world if we turn back to the pages of our local newspapers of the period. In many respects it is a world in which we shall feel quite at home. To begin with the Legislature was in session when Harold Stassen was born. On the previous day, a major item of contention had been a bill (how strange it seems to look back upon) providing a penalty for inducing a mother not to nurse her child!--a bill, said the Senator from Hennepin that made him blush. I do not know what the issues were, or why so much blushing had been engendered, but there it was. Let me say only that the Dispatch of April 13, 1907 adds that the bill was recommended to pass.

The Legislature of that session was concerned with liquor problems, too, and if Harold Stassen's father, to take his mind off other responsibilities newly acquired, had glanced at his newspaper, he would have learned that there were "skirmishes" on a bill to prohibit the transfer of licenses, and to provide that they should be issued only to men of good moral character. He would, likewise, have read that on the day before his baby was born, the House had passed a bill to extend the primary system to all state offices.

One other item suggests the relative simplicity of the world of April, 1907. The Legislature was fretting about automobiles, and on the day we are especially considering it heard a report from a special committee on automobile registration. This is the way the

Pioneer Press summarized it: "Automobiles must not pass teams, animals, or persons on foot at a greater rate of speed than eight miles an hour. The speed must be reduced at crossings, while passing churches during the usual hours of worship, or while passing schools at school hours. A maximum speed of eighteen miles an hour is provided..... Chauffers after running over people must stop and give their number."

Yes, we would have felt at home, even in the editorial column, for on this same Saturday evening we can read in the Dispatch that the Legislature was slow, with "more lung power than brain power" and characterized by a ^{have} "hairbrained desire to reform as much of the universe as can be brought under control."

But the aging pages of those newspapers reveal other interests, too. Harry Thaw had killed Stanford White, and the jury that tried him had been unable to reach a decision. Archbishop Ireland had not received the cardinalship it was thought the Pope should have bestowed upon him. The Metropolitan Opera was coming to Saint Paul the following week with Caruso and Emma Eames. The cultural life was flourishing: Createore and his band were to give a concert, Rose Caughlan was lifting Saint Paul eyebrows with her prospective performance of Bernard Shaw's controversial "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and there was vaudeville at every theater.

Incidentally, fresh-laid eggs were 17½ cents a dozen, Palmer House coffee was advertised at 25¢ a pound, creamery butter (fancy) at 33¢, and extra fine shoulder of roast lamb at 10¢ a pound. Hamburger, one reads, could be had three pounds for a quarter!

A Roosevelt was president, and of him on Harold Stassen's day of birth, the Dispatch reported, "President Roosevelt's hope that the southern democrats may force his renomination for a third term received a jolt yesterday..." Somehow, that, too, has a familiar ring!

There was a larger world, but it did not intrude oppressively. Even in 1907 horizons were limited. The Standard Oil Company, it was reported in the Pioneer Press, had been found guilty by Judge Kenesaw M. Landis of receiving railroad rebates, and faced a fine of \$29,260,000---a sum that in those days must have seemed like the national debt.

There were but two or three straws in the wind, that get in our eye as we glance backward. A famous English editor, W.T. Stead, was in this country crusading for the cause of international peace, and his fervor had aroused stampede enthusiasm at a meeting in Pittsburgh on the day Harold Stassen was born. A minor item called attention to starving millions in China who needed America's help; and the Kaiser, it was said, had travelled to Denmark to confer with the Czar of Russia.

But relatively little of the news of 1907 was of a disturbing nature. Surely, had Mr. W. Stassen pondered over his newspaper on that eventful April day, he would not have discovered much of anything to suggest to him that the crying infant in the next room was years later to be plunged into the midst of momentous problems. Perhaps Mr. Stassen, father, could see disturbing trends that would later involve his most recent heir, but more likely he turned to the marketing column and contemplated wholesale prices. Or he may have chuckled with the editorial note in the Dispatch, which read: "Vale [that is to say, Goodbye] women's suffrage. The senate completed the slaughter Friday, and the agony is over."

The years of Harold Stassen's infancy were, taking the nation as a whole, calm and unruffled. Europe existed, but it was a long way off. The Orient was, for most people, as remote as a dream. No radios were undermining national frontiers; no moving pictures brought to mass audiences some conception of a distant world; no airplanes were shrinking the map and building a new geography. There were enough machines and mechanical devices to provide for a comfortable life, but not so many as to complicate the daily round of existence.

But infancy gradually changed into childhood. And then the child became the young man. Those were momentous years, the happenings of which cannot be traced here, nor need they be, for in the minds of us all they remain as vivid memories. The gentility and complacency of life so characteristic of the first years of the century were transformed by the chaos of war. The war was fought, and won. The world, we dreamed, had been made safe for democracy. And yet, somehow, the great Democracy--our United States--failed to grasp the simple truth: that a new kind of world had come into being; a world in which new

concepts of time, and space were to dominate, and in which a new order of international relations must prevail if peace were to endure. The old order had passed, yet we as a nation resisted the fact. It is one of the tragedies of history that the fundamental truths embodied in the League of Nations idea became merely a noble experiment rather than a glorious reality. For that failure, we see now, meant that the conflicts and struggles of 1914-1918 were inescapably to be repeated at a later date.

The year 1923, it seems to me as I look back upon it, might aptly be termed "the year of frustration." Yes, the war had been won, but already the flowers of victory were wilting. Men still refused to face the changes that were transpiring around them. It is, in retrospect, difficult to understand why this was so. The record of what was happening is clear, as we can see by turning once again to the newspapers men were reading.

In the fall of 1923 radio owners were being queried by the Minneapolis Journal as to whether they preferred crystal or tube sets; and the headlines could say, "Radio Features for Coming Week Range from Jazz Piano Tilt to Business Talk." There were editorials on collecting income taxes from bootleggers. The automobile by now had really become a problem: "Three Killed in One Day." The Ku Klux Klan was spreading terror and prejudice, and the American Bankers Association, at its annual convention in Atlantic City, was hearing from its president that "socialism, communism, anarchism, syndicalism and IWW-ism are threatening the foundations of our government."

There were other signs of change: Jackie Coogan was at the peak of his movie popularity; fresh eggs were advertised at Powers' Market for 36¢ a dozen, creamery butter was 48¢ a pound, and a blue ribbon cut of porterhouse steak cost 45¢.

The outer world, too, was intruding. The Minnesota congressional delegation, moved no doubt by the severe agricultural depression in the Northwest, was beseeching the president, Calvin Coolidge now, to increase the tariff on wheat, and Mr. Wallace was proposing a Wheat Export Commission. On the Sunday before Harold Stassen started college, there were in all the local papers, the first pictures of the earthquake in Japan. And in Bulgaria, revolt was flaring, Sofia was under siege and communist posters were urging the people to arise and proclaim a general strike. (Labor on the home front, too, was

attracting attention. On this same day, Samuel Gompers passed through the Twin Cities, and stopped long enough to voice his opposition to the formation of a national third party, with labor at its core.)

Classes began for Harold Stassen at the University of Minnesota on Wednesday, September 26, 1923. It was unquestionably a momentous day for him. It was a momentous day for all of us. This point requires elaboration.

On Sunday, the twenty-third of September, the world was startled with the news that collapse in Germany was imminent. The struggle in the Ruhr was over--a passive resistance that had cost a hundred billion dollars and was bringing the German republic to the brink of chaos. "Chancellor Stresemann and his Aids," said the headlines, "Yield to Allies to Save Country from Economic Disaster and Revolution." On Monday, and Tuesday, additional news of impending collapse in Germany was spread in the columns of our papers. Editorially, too, there were hints that all was not well in Europe or at home. Said the Minneapolis Journal: "Throughout Europe it is the twilight of the emperors, but the dawn of the dictators. The war to make the world safe for democracy does not on its conclusion find that democracy, made safe, spreads."

If on Thursday morning, September 27, as Harold Stassen came to the campus to attend the freshman convocation, he had stopped to buy a newspaper, this is what he would have read: "Dictator Named for All Germany--Gessler Given Wide Powers to Prevent Civil War in Reich--Whole Nation Virtually Placed Under Martial Law as Result of Bavaria Plotting." And then, notice this, "Hitler, Fascist Chief, Plans March on Berlin." As he read on, the freshman would have learned how the little-known Bavarian leader had called upon all of the fascisti to join his "storm sections." "Hitler," said the press, "also summoned his horsemen and automobile owners to stand ready for duty, presumably for a coup."

Strange indeed, that the career of Adolph Hitler should have reached the public attention on the very day that Harold Stassen started his career as a student at the state University of Minnesota.

If Harold Stassen did read of these upsurgings and rebellions, he must have pondered deeply at the words of Lotus Delta Coffman who spoke that morning to the incoming class.

"In these parlous times," said President Coffman, "with the world rent with discord and dissension, and with thousands of panaceas and intellectual nostrums being laid upon the doorstep of institutions of higher learning, as well as advocated for society, it is all the more important that universities rediscover and re-emphasize their true function-- truth-seeking and truth-impartation. In this truth-seeking, (President Coffman continued) the university period should be regarded as an integral part of life, the part in which the habits, standards of judgment, and attitudes of mind shall be so developed in truth-seeking that students shall remain truth-seekers for life."

On the following day the world learned, and I quote the Journal, that "a hundred attempts by Herr Hitler's fascisti to assemble in the specified beer halls of Munich were broken up by the police."

On the following day one also learned that three members of the United States senate, who had spent a summer in Europe, had returned to the country, declaring that while they had originally supported the covenant of the League of Nations, their trip abroad had brought them to a point where they had much less enthusiasm for it. America, it was implied, might be better off to let the rest of the world alone.

This was the changed world, then, in which Harold Stassen began his academic career. I shall not review the accomplishments of the four years in college, for you know that story well. But one thing I have done. The other day I went to the office where our student records are kept, and drew forth the folder labelled Harold Stassen. I was curious to know what courses a boy would choose who had entered the University of Minnesota at a time when international stability was starting to crumble. Perhaps you are curious, too, and while we do not ordinarily divulge publicly the records of a student, under present circumstances I do not feel I violate any confidences. These are the subjects Harold Stassen took--mark them well: Rhetoric, Public Speaking, Argument and Debate, Spanish, English, Introduction to Political Science, American Government, Administrative Law, Municipal Government, Financial Systems, International Organization, World Politics. And, of course, Physical Education, and ROTC, basic and advanced. The grades I won't tell you, beyond saying that they were good ones, and, with me you will not be surprised that in

Argument and Debate, Financial Systems, and Administrative Law, the record was one of straight A's. (There were many other A's, too.)

These courses were, to be sure, in preparation for further study in Law; but they were more than that, for as time has shown, they were preparation for understanding the world in which we are living, and the kinds of problems that world is now thrusting upon us. And the study of books, it is well to point out, was being supplemented by contact with the work-a-day world through jobs that brought to the young student a practical understanding of how men and women earn a living.

Three days before Harold Stassen received his bachelor of arts degree, Lindbergh returned home in triumph, and Chamberlin and Levine landed in Berlin in their non-stop flight from New York. Lindbergh was not the first man to fly the Atlantic, but his achievement dramatized the new possibilities that lay ahead in trans-oceanic communication. It should have been a symbol of new things to come, of old barriers removed, of new bonds drawing the nations of the world together. But it was primarily to a feat of personal courage and daring that the country responded with unbounded admiration. It worshipped a new hero, rather than searched for the true significance of his heroism. This is not surprising, for it was in all things an era of enthusiasm and expansiveness. "Crop Prospects Soar in the North West," headlined the Tribune. United States Steel was listed at 133, the market had a "tone of confidence." Calvin Coolidge, leaving Washington for a vacation in the Black Hills, urged "constructive thrift." A New York brokerage firm rewarded a former messenger boy with a \$220,000 seat on the New York stock exchange. Creamery butter was selling at 45¢, and a pound of sirloin cost 40¢. Hamburger was not even advertised! The clouds on the horizon disturbed no one.

But there were clouds. Inside Russia there were deep-down murmurings that were to be reflected in purges. Harold Stassen received his degree on Monday, June 13, 1927. On that same day one read: "The Soviets Executed 28 More in New Terror." And the Soviet War Minister publicly charged that England had so stirred feelings against Russia that a class war loomed. The newspapers, too, were telling of attacks by one Colonel William Mitchell on what he termed Navy conservatism in the failure to see that the airplane

completely changed the strategy of naval warfare and the importance of the battleship.

You will find the full name, Harold Edward Stassen, in the printed list of graduates. That, at least, was better than the announcement of his birth! Yet perusal of the newspapers of the day suggests that although the commencement address, on the subject of "Personal Honor," was delivered by a distinguished educator, what he had to say probably made little impression upon the volatile throngs who were cheering "the lone eagle." "Personal honor," said Dr. Suzzallo, "is a trait most necessary to the safety and continuation of democratic society." The world should have listened, and heeded; but the world was too excited, too enmeshed in its own superlatives, too pre-occupied with other values. It went on cheering Lindbergh; it did not take to heart even what he had had to say. "I feel," warned Lindbergh, "that America would do well to study earnestly the present high state of European aviation." The country was in no mood for warnings, in no mood to regard the signs that were pointing to troubles ahead. Wrote the editor of the Tribune, "The opening of the 45th session of the League of Nations Council, which occurred this week at Geneva, found the world unexcited." Unexcited indeed! The whirlwind was already gathering momentum!

That was the world into which the 1200 graduates of the June class of 1923¹⁹²⁷ were to enter.

Harold Stassen returned to the University to study law. When he completed that training in 1929, Herbert Hoover was president of the United States. It had just been announced that Ramsey MacDonald would visit Washington in the interest of armament reduction. In fact, the newspapers that told that Harold Stassen had received his law degree, also reported that the Prime Minister and the new United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Mr. Charles Dawes, had that day met in Scotland. The intimations are, it was printed, that "the United States and Great Britain are near agreement on a naval reduction program in which other naval powers are expected to cooperate and upon which the successful consummation of the peace of the world must depend."

It was only the voice of the president of the University, speaking to the

graduates, that gave hint that not all was as perfect with the world as might be. "One has only to look about him," said President Coffman, "to realize that in this new world there is a conflict of great intensity and vast proportions. It is the conflict between freedom, initiative and independence on the one hand, and direction, submission, and control on the other. It is the conflict between the individual and the organization, and it presents a dilemma as old as the human race, but raised now to a magnitude and power never before witnessed by men. What the future holds is largely a question of the attitude of mind."

Those were prophetic words, as time was to prove. I should like to think the young law graduate remembered them; but from what I know of the extent to which commencement addresses usually are remembered, I doubt that he did. However, the spirit that animated the truth that President Coffman spoke was contagious; that may have left its impression. At least the career of the man we are honoring tonight has progressed in the tradition of that spirit.

Of that career little needs to be said, for it is recent history. I would merely recall that the world in which that career was being fashioned, was becoming week by week more confused, unsettled and disturbed. As the citizens of this state went to the polls in November of 1938, to elect Harold Stassen governor, events were happening elsewhere that chilled men's souls. "Nazis Storm Palace of Munich Cardinal" wailed the headlines. "Nazi Mobs Fire Synagogues, Loot Jewish Stores." "The democracies," shouted Hitler who was now in power, "are not to be trusted." "I speak," he continued, "as a peace-loving man, and I have decided to give the Reich a defense force that will be conducive to peace being kept." The voters of Minnesota at the ballot box exemplified the best traditions of democracy, unmoved by the threats that were being shouted from over the seas.

But not even the fact that the Quintuplets were to be seen in a film at a Saint Paul movie house on that election day could completely distract attention of the serious reader of the daily press from the tensions the world was engendering. "Japanese Blast Deeper Into China." "Paris Shooting Rouses Germany." "Spanish Loyalists Repulse

Insurgents." "Ford Fights NLRB." These headlines were on the same pages that told of Harold Stassen's victory.

And now, in 1943, the Governor becomes the Lieutenant Commander, and lays down the cares and responsibilities of the highest office in this state. On the condition of the world, as he steps from office, I need not comment, for all of you have followed your newspapers these recent months, absorbing from day to day the tragic history that they portray.

It does seem to me that this story of the past that I have been recalling, linked as it was at every stage with the life of our guest, contains significances that should not be overlooked. There is a lesson to be learned, and which must be learned if we are not to repeat again the mistakes and the follies of the past three decades. Truly, as President Coffman told Harold Stassen's graduating class, "What the future holds is largely a question of the attitude of mind." When Harold Stassen was born, the airplane was but a toy. When Harold Stassen graduated, the nation went wild because one man had flown alone across the deep expanse of the Atlantic. As Harold Stassen leaves his high office, 500 trans-oceanic transport flights a week are routine occurrences. The world into which Harold Stassen was born is gone forever. So also is the world of the year he graduated from the University. Do we, in our attitudes of mind, comprehend this fully? Do we, in thought and action, strive to adapt ourselves to the multitudinous and all-pervasive changes that have taken place? Or do we blindly resist? Who can doubt how fundamental those changes are when he surveys, even as briefly as I have done this evening, what has been happening since the early years of the century? Yet the danger is that the minds of men--those attitudes which President Coffman stressed--have not undergone a parallel adaptation and adjustment. The problems of 1943 cannot be resolved successfully by minds steeped in the attitudes of 1907 any more than 1907 automobiles can meet the automotive transportation requirements of 1943. Unless men as individuals are sensitive and alert to the transformations that have created the new environment in which they live, they will fail in their attempts to live successfully. Unless groups

of men, especially those groups we call nations, likewise recognize that new conditions necessitate new ways of cooperation, we shall be doomed to endless years of bitter struggle and chaos. Nations today can be great only as their collective attitudes are tolerant, only as their outlook is inclusive, and only as they are characterized by cooperative-mindedness. It was failure to recognize and act on these simple, but now fundamental, premises that led to the failures after the last world war. It is the possibility that once more we shall fail to accept these simple truths that fills my heart with dread today. To understand the meaning and the significance of the changes in the world in which we have lived, is to my mind the paramount obligation of the modern citizen. The key to successful living in the future is a thorough understanding of the past out of which we have emerged. I believe this may be achieved in some measure by a device as simple as I have employed this evening, whereby the life of one man has been set against the panorama of history, and studied in terms of the impact of history upon that life.

What I am saying, stated in another way, is that our social salvation, individually and collectively, in the last analysis is dependent upon the possession of a sound historical perspective. It is not heresy to suggest that those who now talk glibly about post-war planning should, as basic preparation for the tasks they are setting themselves, become thoroughly grounded in life as it has been lived. It is not enough to cry, "The past is dead; long live the present," much less, "Long live the future." Flexibility of mind comes not with throwing off the shackles of the past; paradoxically, it is acquired by a mastery of the past. Only in this way can the indispensable perspective be achieved in terms of which sound plans for the future are to be laid. History does not repeat itself, but its lessons have application in meeting what lies ahead.

These observations are not irrelevant to our purposes this evening, for it has always seemed to me that among the qualities that characterize the man we are honoring are the understanding and the sensitivity of mind that prevail because he possesses a perspective that enables him to see the problems of today in the light of the past, and hence in the light of the probable future. He possesses what might be termed an

imaginative insight into our course of history.

Stated in the most general of terms, two great problems face this country, and the world. On our ability to cope with them successfully depends the future hope of this nation, and of all nations.

First, is the problem within our country of reconciling the tendency toward centralization of control over human life with the traditional freedom that democracy assumes for the individual. A thousand examples in the governmental sphere alone will suggest themselves to your minds. Now, we ask, can we remain free men when the logic of regulation presses with irresistible compulsion toward further and further regulation? The proverbial island on which the inhabitants made a living by taking in each other's washings has a modern equivalent in the danger we face that half of our people will ultimately be engaged in policing the regulations that are imposed upon the conduct of the other half of us.

The second problem is merely a counterpart of the first on an international scale. How is the world to reconcile the incompatibilities inherent in the two ideologies now struggling for domination? How can the kind of a world free men want be achieved when half of the world is not free?

I merely raise the questions, and I shall not attempt to answer them. But I would suggest that the answers are dependent upon two things--and this brings me to the moral and conclusion of all that I have been saying.

Two things are indispensable if we are to surmount the difficulties now confronting us. First, there must be knowledge, there must be facts, there must be understanding, there must be comprehension of the nature of the problems. If you but know the truth, the truth shall make you free. There is no substitute for knowledge of the truth. Forever, it must be the blood and breath of freedom itself. As I go from my office each day, I like to look up and read the inspiring inscription cut in the stone facade of Northrop Memorial Auditorium:

The University of Minnesota

Founded in the Faith that Men are Ennobled by Understanding

Dedicated to the Advancement of Learning and the Search for Truth

Devoted to the Instruction of Youth and the Welfare of the State.

We should be proud those words are on a building of the state university of Minnesota-- your university. But in a symbolical sense they are found on every college and university building in this country, for it is upon the achievements and accomplishments of education from the kindergarten to the university, that we must ultimately rest our hope for attaining a better world. "I think," wrote Thomas Jefferson, "by far the most important bill in our whole code is that for the diffusion of knowledge among the people. No other sure foundation can be devised for the preservation of freedom and happiness." It is not without significance that the schools, and especially the colleges and universities, are among the first institutions destroyed by the dictator countries in the course of their conquests and subjugations. Ignorant men, they know, can be enslaved; but education is the safeguard of freedom. No investment yields a dividend more precious than that which the democratic countries have made in their schools, for freedom is a priceless dividend.

Our second need is for enlightened leadership, and this is a matter not unrelated to the need for continuous support of education. For, from what sources do leaders come forth? We can personalize the answer to this question. We are talking tonight primarily of Harold Stassen. His was a fine endowment by birth, but the abilities, the capacities, and the potentialities that came to him by inheritance required discipline and training. In the home, in the church, a part of that process was carried forward. But it was in the schools of this state that the foundations of knowledge were laid that have made his distinguished career possible. There is nothing in which a democratic people should take more pride and satisfaction than in the fact that through their support of public education the quality of leadership has been nurtured and developed in such a

man as Harold Stassen. We mention him particularly, because we are honoring him this evening; but in a more significant sense he is but the example, or the symbol, of the larger truth that upon education and good leadership our future as a nation depends. We do not know what that future will be; nor can we foretell what part Harold Stassen will play in fashioning it. From the pages of the past I have quoted newspaper headlines that have told of the world as it has been thus far during Harold Stassen's lifetime. I will now leave it to your imaginations to write the headlines as they are to be from this time forward. But of this we can be certain--that wherever the future may find Harold Stassen, the imprint of his personality, his training, and his experience will be felt. The University of Minnesota is proud to number him among its graduates. The people of Minnesota are proud to regard him as one of them. We can admire him for all that he has accomplished thus far in life, and for the decision he has now made to enter the service of his country in time of war. And as he enters the Navy and leaves the state he has served so well, we can join in saying, Goodluck, and Godspeed!



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