NFL'S GREATEST ORATION?

In 1971 a debater who entered oratory as a second event, Lawrence Artenian from Fresno-Hoover High School, mesmerized the National Tournament with his stunning speech Red White and Blue: Chapter Two. After scoring first places in both second event qualifying rounds, Lawrence, coached by Larry Smith, ranked 1-2-4(down)-1-1-1-1 to reach the final round.

Prior to the finals Red White and Blue: Chapter Two was the talk of the tournament, as those who had heard the speech gave it rave reviews and others went into rounds to hear it. The audience reaction in the final round was unprecedented. Using a hushed vocal quality, much inflection, rapid rate changes and a compelling cadence, Lawrence, who was fifth speaker in the round, convinced all five judges to award him first place.

NFL is known for great orators and great orations: David Zarefsky (1964): Shelly Long (1967); John Patek (1972); Ned Wahl (1975); Joe Wycoff (1987), and so many more. But many senior NFL coaches rate Red White and Blue: Chapter Two as NFL's best.

(All final rounds are available on audio tape from NFL)

RED WHITE AND BLUE: CHAPTER TWO

subject of world wide comparison and criticism. The United States, has throughout history provided the world with some of it's most exciting innovations and with some of its most unpopular actions. Now the reason that so many different opinions exist about this country is that there are actually two Americas. There is America in heritage and America in operation. At the present time portions of both those nations exist simultaneously. They provide the lessons of the Red White and Blue Chapter Two.

PART ONE: AMERICA IN HERITAGE

O America your Nathan Hales and your Patrick Henrys have done their deeds and died their deaths and made you free. Your feet are frozen at Valley Forge; your tea is soggy in Boston's water; your independence is declared at Philadelphia and your dead are buried everywhere. Ring your bells America. Ring them for spacious skies and for amber waves of grain. Ring them for religious freedom. Ring them for all men who are created equal and ring them for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Ring your bells America. Ring them for liberty and for justice for all.

O America your Liberty Lady is standing out there in her harbor shining her torch on the water. They wave at her and she waves back. They speak of her in unfamiliar tongues wearing tattered rags and satin striped tuxedos. They're little children and old ladies and dark skin Africans and fair hair Scandinavians and all the rest of the world congregated, crowded on the decks of the ship to wave at her and listen to her promise: there is gold in the streets of America; all they've got to do is pick it up. O Liberty Lady how much longer will your torch continue to light the harbor.

O great nation manifest destiny guides your people west. Their hoe and their table and their chairs in mighty wooden wagons. They've got grandpa's axe strapped to the side and grandma's necklace stuffed in a burlap sack. They are taking Aunt Violet's blue willow dishes and they are hauling their very

tucky; they are fighting for the land in Oklahoma; they are working for the grain in Nebraska; they are straining for the timberlands of Oregon; and they are killing each other for the gold in California. Go west yourself Horace Greeley, it's easier said than done!

O America, your black top hat and your bushy beard have warned us against our staunch commitment; but your brothers and sisters are fighting a war for slaves and killing their uncles and cousins, and the world is laughing at them. O America your lives are wasted and planted in the earth. First four score and seven years ago and now your black top hat is dead. Wave the bloody shirt America it's time to rebuild.

Say what a thrilling country. Get along little doggie you're going to Wyoming, the ship's pullin' into San Francisco and the Wells Fargo wagon is roarin' into River City. We've got rip roaring, rootin' tootin' outlaws with dirty hands and dirty faces and low ridin' six shooters fit to bust up the poker game in anybody's saloon. We've got back Eastern school marms and expert hookey players in every grown up boom town in the west. We've got Tom and Huck on the river, a jumping frog in everybody's county and a thousand Ben Cartwrights who don't wear any makeup on their Ponderosas. We've got farmers, ranchers, riders, ropers, ministers, clerks, thieves, busy bookkeepers, bulky boned blacksmiths and we got railroad engineers. Yes America we've got a railroad. All right America you get the Red, White and Blue token. Roll the dice and take a ride on the Reading (pay Mr. Huntington your twenty five dollars). Roll again and a hundred dollars gets you Oriental Avenue, a hundred and forty gets you St. Charles Place and one more roll gets you to Community Chest where you pick a card and go to jail. Go directly to jail. Do not pass gc. Do not collect two hundred dollars. But it's all right America you're out on a double and sitting on Short Line (pay Mr. Huntington your fifty dollars). Pay Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan for the water and electricity. Pay Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller for the hotels on Marvin Gardens and Park

The nation we live in has long been the selves and all of the clothes they own. Place. Pay Mr. Huntington your one Well they are dying for the force of Ken- hundred dollars for riding on the B&O Railroad (and while you are at it, the Pennsylvania will cost you two hundred). But it's all right America. You're going to pass go. You're going to get your two hundred dollars. So you roll the dice and you're zipping past Boardwalk and luxury tax. You're skipping around go. You are tripping over Baltic Avenue and slam you're flat on your face at — Income Tax (pay boss Tweed your two hundred dollars; he needs it at Tammany Hall). Oh and don't worry about your salary. After all America, wasn't it worth it. Now you've got industry! Yes great Nation, industry and the booming economy have come your way bearing gifts: sewing machines and telephones, electricity in your house, and a model T in your garage. World War One has come and gone and America your stock market has crashed. Tired of poverty? Disgusted with depression? Put a chicken in every pot; it is time for a New Deal. Yes America you're back on the right path now, a couple of wars and a few political campaigns later and you've made it. It's 1971!

PART TWO: AMERICA IN OPERATION

O America. The sun is rising on your cities and your towns. The shadows are lifting from your rows and rows of identical houses as millions of your people rise from bed to start the day the way they always do. Bright reflections glimmer from your line of metallic motor monsters a thousand miles long, as a half a million service station attendants begin to fill them up with fuel. O Americal Your power plants are pumping hard to activate the miles of electrical wiring that operate your giant boxes full of brains. The computer is now awakening with the flashing of lights. Their memory banks are buzzing, their reels of magnetic tape are twirling and their billions of numbered cards are shuffling neatly into pre-selected slots. Numbers, numbers, O great nation they are adding up your numbers! You've got numbers for cars and numbers for trucks; you've got school children with numbers and dogs, cats and parakeets with numbers; houses, farms

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and empty lots with numbers; you've got IBM numbers, social security numbers, numbers for the gross national product, numbers for invalids, for epileptics, and for kleptomaniacs, numbers for babies, numbers for insomniacs, and numbers for dead people. O America you've got more numbers than all the rest of the world put together! But at least you do not have a one track mind. At least you value quality just as much as quantity. So you gun down your presidents and your national leaders. You name a couple of schools and stadiums after them, place fancy stones upon their graves, call your society sick and disgusting and do nothing to change the rat race values of the society that caused their deaths. You horse with your enemies and burn crosses on their lawns. You burn, riot and loot for what you want. You claim to stand for patriotism while you oppose freedom of speech of opposing view points. You claim to stand for peace and love, while you provoke violent confrontations with your enemies. You claim to be sophisticated and civilized while all your sickness and hatred and hostility both real and manufactured is flashed for the entertainment of your people across the screens of fifty million • double dialed AM FM short wave super dooper plastic plated TV sets. O America your television commercials are selling all of the miracle products that technology can devise to anyone who will listen. Your thousands of smokestacks sit atop the factories that supply a nation of un-

precedented wealth, with everything it needs and more. Yes you've got money America. You've got money to build better bombs, you've got money to fight a war eight thousand miles from home. you've got money to put men on the moon, you've got money coming out of your ears! And... O America how do you tax me — let me count the ways: Sales tax, property tax, state income tax. federal income tax, corporate tax, utility tax, living tax, dying tax, brass tax, and bubble gum tax. O America will you. never learn your prosperity costs money. Why do you neglect the man who pays your way. Why do you turn your back on your true benefactor, the middle income tax payer. Why do you put bombs in Asia and satellites around Neptune when children are without shoes in Appalachia and millions of Americans lose sleep at night for fear of rat bites in their ghettos. Why do you support a nuclear arsenal capable of killing the world many times over, when your own people cannot afford the cost of a few nights in the hospital. O great nation why are you so great in the morning and so blind and foolish in the afternoon? Look at your horizon America. Look at the belching smokestacks spitting layers of filthy smoke into your spacious skies. Look at the cloud of DDT caked upon your amber waves of grain. Look at the automobile exhaust that stretches from your purple mountain majesties across your fruited plain. Look at the mercury and sludge and nerve gas

and radioactive chemicals that pollute your lakes, rivers, and streams from sea to shining sea. Look great nation! Look! And be ashamed!

So there are the two Americans. The first is the one we are proud of. It's the one that is written about in the history books and glorified in the John Wayne movies. It's not all good but on the whole it is certainly the epitome of a truly great nation. Unfortunately there is also the other less pleasing side of America. It's the one that's made up of foolishness and hatred, bigotry and prejudice and a general lack of reasoning. And the most alarming thing about this part of America is that it's most severe deficiencies are only beginning to emerge. We must halt the trend towards this second America in operation. But as long as we continue to gloat over how great a nation we have inherited, then the problems of the nation we must live with will grow even more and more severe. We must learn to stop using our history and our heritage as an excuse and a justification for a society we live in. And must begin to progress forward with all of the freshness, the intelligence, and the ingenuity which is attributed to us as Americans. If we are successful our story will be even greater than it has been up to now. If we fail, this second America in operation will propel us rapidly towards oblivion. The success of our endeavors all will be recorded in the pages of Red White and Blue: Chapter Two.

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