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On a long drive yesterday with Dr. Lancaster we had a rather extensive discussion of President Cherry and his place in education in Kentucky. I told him about some of the eight years that I was here before I enrolled Lancaster in my class in Grammar 2, in January, 1916. A great deal had happened to Western in its first nine years. A changing group of students had begun to appear. Some of the older spirit had begun to change, not die or grow bad but change. For one thing, many high schools had grown up after the state law of 1908 had authorized county high schools for Kentucky. Consequently, we were getting as students two rather distinct types of people: mature, older ones who had had no opportunity to attend high school and much younger ones, the products of the new high school system. It must be admitted that many of these newer students had come to Western after four years in town and county high schools, with a reasonably full school and social life. Many of my first students from this group came with a notion that there had never been any such school as their own high school, and no teachers at Western or anywhere else could match Miss Mary or Mr. John, back in dear old Q. E. D. High. Some of these never outgrew this feeling. Even star students from Bowling Green High, for example, just refused to accept maturity and looked backward until their dropout time came. This group, naturally, had a different attitude toward President Cherry from that of the mature men and women whom I was thrown with in 1908. We had been victims of neglect in educational matters; we had acquired some education on our own, but it was likely to be rather one-sided and inadequate. Most of us felt rather downhearted and inadequate. But we went to chapel and heard Mr. Cherry; we did not always understand what he meant, but we went out from that hall with firm new steps.

It was that type of student that President Cherry always knew best. I doubt whether he ever felt completely at ease with the

student who had had a competent income, a straight-along high school career, a place already achieved socially. He was the friend of the strangely ambitious fellow from some back hollow. And that is the fellow who got a new surge of desire to do something for himself and for his area. Too little has been made of the missionary spirit of Western. Think how many people whom you could name who were so devoted to this place that they were never tempted to leave it for double the salary paid here. That was no accident; that got into them either as students or as brand-new teachers. Away back in my experience some outsider, who liked the products of our school, asked me what happened to our students to make them such persistent missionaries. I tried to tell him but fumbled the ball frequently. Explaining that would be like trying to explain one's own natural instincts and tendencies. Western, largely in the form of President Cherry, came into lives that needed them and at the right time.

There was always a resistance on the part of the unteachable, the laissez-faire type of student. Not all the old-timers were loyal or even moderately respectful about Western and its teachers. Petty politicians back home helped many a student who had promise to make a very feeble effort to do anything. You should have heard some of the typical scuttle butt of the time. Some students delighted in passing on every type of imagined filth that might ruin Western's influence. I suspect that this group of slimy ones did one bit of good, for they made a small number of us even more determined to go on with our education and our loyalty to Western. Fortunately, most of the champion gripers dropped out far this side of graduation, but a few actually took diplomas and continued to mouth their denunciations of Western and all its people.

The one great tragedy in President Cherry's career, so far as some of us faithful ones could see, was that the school was outgrowing his range of thinking. He had been a pioneer, a great bringer of new things.

He had kindled a fire that had lighted and warmed a whole area. From the time of the establishment of the four-year college I, personally, began to feel that the old spirit of the school, the kind that President Cherry had started and kept alive, was changing. It was not easy any longer to do things as a group; diversified interests made many new goals. No longer did every student take exactly the same courses as every other student. The old-fashioned school boarding house had had its day. The newer group did not always respond so readily to suggestions that had kept the older group militant. Meanwhile, outsiders who had been added to the faculty did not always feel the same thrills that insiders had grown up with. There was no sudden change, and many may not have felt it at any given time. I remember how Dean Kinnaman, in his very calm way, said that he was not trying to throw a wet blanket over anything but that we must face the inevitable change that would result when we began to train many kinds of teachers and many others who never intended to teach but were interested in law or medicine or the ministry. Some of the other faculty members said ugly words about the dean's little speech in faculty meeting; but some of us knew that that would be likely with a widening clientele. I certainly did not want to keep the original spirit of things when it had become sluggish and had to be pump-primed often. But some of the loyal and enthusiastic faculty members lamented our inability to get such uniform cooperation from the students as was usual, say, when we would have a work day and everybody would turn out. Two or three work days in the early years on our campus were really valuable, for they accomplished a lot of work and brought the school together in a wholesome, unaffected way. Even the stiffest faculty members could unbend sometimes and become regular fellers without losing any of the respect their students felt for them. The last work day, and I regret that I do not recall its exact date, was as nearly a flop as any program ever sponsored by Western. I recall that hordes of our

students took off for home or for picnics, some of them even coming by the campus and ribbing the faithful few of the rather large enrollment who turned out to clean up some unsightly places on the campus and to enjoy a day together. I felt very sorry for President Cherry, for I knew that he had not realized how the make-up of our student-body had changed.

President Cherry was at his best when there was a contest going on. He had the soul of a soldier and enjoyed the smoke of battle. The odds against him, and they were often immense, somehow inspired him. When he was at his best, he practically overawed many people. He looked and acted like one of the Major Prophets. In a few of the times that I felt that I was close to him, I told him how he reminded me of Emerson; that pleased him greatly. I even told him that Lowell, who was one of the most astute critics of Emerson, laughingly said that the hordes that flocked to hear the Concord sage lecture were often lost in the stars while Emerson spoke. They could not have told exactly what it was that had lifted them up, they could not have passed a sensible examination on what Emerson had taught them, but they went out from his lectures with a new life, with the planets a little nearer, with strange songs singing in their ears. In this quality of Mr. Cherry I think that most of the old old-timers would agree. We knew that we soon, in pursuing our regular educational careers, had surpassed his range of knowledge in our fields; we knew that academically we would have to look elsewhere for help and guidance; but we kept a faith in the initial uplift that he gave, often unexpectedly and unplanned, to a group of struggling mature men and women who were trying to catch up with the rest of humanity. No other ten men of my acquaintance had powers, if put together, to equal this radiance of Mr. Cherry at his best.