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UA3/3 The Most Unforgettable Person I Have Ever Known

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THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE PERSON I HAVE EVER KNOWN

READER'S DIGEST (MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER)

SOME PERSONAL MEMORIES OF AN EXTRAORDINARY LEADER, OR VIGNETTES FROM AN ASSOCIATION WITH A GREAT MAN WHOSE FRIENDSHIP I CHERISH AS ONE OF THE GREATEST GIFTS OF MY LIFE

IN 1886, HE ENTERED THE SOUTHERN NORMAL SCHOOL. SIX YEARS LATER HE AND HIS BROTHER TOOK OVER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE SAME SCHOOL, WHICH, ON THE EDGE OF THE DEPRESSION OF 1893, WAS ABOUT TO GO OUT OF EXISTENCE
THE SOUTHERN NORMAL EVENTUALLY BECAME WESTERN KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY

MUCH HAS BEEN SAID AND WRITTEN ABOUT THE EARLY DAYS

THE STATUTORY ACT OF 1906—THE HERITAGES—AND THE CONTRIBUTIONS

POTTER COLLEGE (MRS. BROWNFIELD)

OGDEN COLLEGE (MR. SMITH AND MRS. THOMPSON)

BOWLING GREEN COLLEGE OF COMMERCE—BU (MRS. HILL AND MURRAY)

BUT MY PURPOSE TODAY IS TO DWELL NOT UPON GENEALOGY OR ANY OF THE MANY OTHER INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACETS OF WESTERN,
BUT TO SPEAK TO YOU ON THIS FOUNDERS DAY
"OF THE MAN," H. H. CHERRY.

MY EXPERIENCE, BOTH ACCIDENTAL AND UNUSUAL

MY AUTOMOBILE TRIPS

WHAT WAS THE PERSONALITY.

HE WAS DISTINGUISHED LOOKING, FLAMBOYANT BEFORE AN AUDIENCE----COMMUNICATIVE IN HIS FACIAL EXPRESSION----AUTHORITATIVE IN HIS ACTIONS----AND COMPASSIONATE IN HIS UNDERSTANDING OF THE FRAILTIES OF OTHER HUMAN BEINGS. IF HE HAD LIVED IN CONTEMPORARY TIMES, WHAT HE HAD, WOULD HAVE BEEN CALLED CHARISMA
HE WAS A MOST UNUSUAL PUBLIC SPEAKER

HIS BEST KNOWN ADDRESSES WERE MADE AT CHAPEL, WHICH, DURING HIS ADMINISTRATION, WAS A DAILY OCCURRENCE

TRAVEL THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE NATION WORLD TODAY AND TALK TO THOSE WHO LISTENED THERE, AND THEY WOULD TELL YOU THAT THEY REMEMBERED SUCH SPEECHES AS,

1. "PAINT YOUR FENCE POSTS RED"
   (PROGRESS IS CONTAGIOUS)

2. "PUT THE APPLES ABOVE THE RIM"
   (GIVE GOOD MEASURE)

3. "DON'T HESITATE TO DETOUR"
   (THE GOAL IS THE MAIN THING)

4. "THE MULES ATE THE HAY"
   (COOPERATION IS ESSENTIAL)

5. "THAT OTHER THING"
IN ALL OF THESE, HE WAS A SORT OF CROSS BETWEEN AESOP AND ELBERT HUBBARD

A FEW STORIES

1. WHEN HE DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING, HE DIDN'T DILLYDALLY
   (VISIT TO OUR BEDROOM WINDOW)

2. HE WAS A NATURAL-BORN PHILOSOPHER
   (CYCLONE WILL BLOW YOU AWAY)

3. HE EPITOMIZED LOYALTY
   (STORY OF MR. A. W. MELL)

4. HE HAD A GREAT SENSE OF HUMOR
   (TWO MICE ON SWISS CHEESE)

5. HE HAD THE ABILITY TO INSPIRE
   (SEE BEYOND THE HORIZON)
THIS UNUSUAL MAN HAD A FORMULA FOR SUCCESS WHICH HE WOVE INTO HIS LIFE AND THE LIVES OF THOSE ABOUT HIM. BASICALLY, IT CONSISTED OF THREE PARTS AND IN THIS ORDER:

INTEGRITY
LOYALTY
HARD WORK — PREPARATION

HIS MAIN MESSAGE WAS LIKE A BATTLE CRY AND CONDENSED IT MEANT, IN HIS WORDS, THAT WE SHOULD DEVELOP EDUCATION AND DEMOCRACY UNTIL WE SHALL HAVE RUNG "THE MORAL, INTELLECTUAL, AND INDUSTRIAL RISING BELL IN THE LIFE OF EVERY CHILD IN THE LAND."

HE DEVELOPED HIS OWN SET OF PRINCIPLES AND POLICIES FOR AN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION. THIS IS HOW HE SAID IT:
"TO BE A LIVE SCHOOL AND TO IMPART TO ITS STUDENTS A BURNING ZEAL TO DO AND BE SOMETHING.

TO FIGHT AGAINST IGNORANCE, AND FOR HIGHER EDUCATION AND THE LIBERATION OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

TO 'RING THE RISING BELL IN THE HUMAN SOUL' BY INSPIRING ALL STUDENTS WHO COME IN TOUCH WITH THE WORK OF THE INSTITUTION.

TO TEACH THAT SELF-CONTROL IS AN IMPERATIVE DUTY AND THE FIRST GREAT OBLIGATION THAT EVERY PERSON MUST FULFILL IF HE WOULD SUCCEED.

TO INSTILL IN THE MINDS OF THE STUDENTS THE GREAT TRUTH THAT EVERY
PERSON IS CREATED TO DO SOMETHING, TO BE A PRODUCER.

TO LEAD THE STUDENT TO SEE THAT SUCCESS DEPENDS MAINLY UPON HIS OWN EFFORTS AND THAT HE MUST DISCOVER THE MAN IN HIMSELF BEFORE HE CAN BECOME A BEING OF POWER AND INFLUENCE."

LET ME DWELL UPON A FEW OF THESE WORDS AND PHRASES:

A BURNING ZEAL

FIGHT AGAINST IGNORANCE

THE LIBERATION OF THE HUMAN SOUL

SELF-CONTROL IS AN IMPERATIVE DUTY

EVERY PERSON IS CREATED TO BE A PRODUCER

TO LEAD THE STUDENT
HIS PRINCIPLES, HIS FORMULA FOR SUCCESS, HIS PHILOSOPHY OF A FULL LIFE, HIS BELIEF IN YOUNG MEN AND WOMAN, AND HIS OVERALL ABIDING COMPASSION FOR HIS FELLOW MAN GAVE HIM A MISSIONARY ZEAL; AND THE WORLD OF EDUCATION BECAME HIS MISSION TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT HE SOLD IT EQUALLY THROUGH DIGNIFIED AND IMPASSIONED APPEALS IN THE MARBLE HALLS OF THE LEGISLATURES, OR PACKAGED LIKE PEANUTS AND POPCORN TO BE SOLD FOR A COIN TO THE PASSERBY, AND IF NEED BE, TO BE GIVEN FREE TO ALL WHO WOULD ACCEPT.

I SAW HIM ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON BEING TOWED ACROSS THE RIVER BY HIS BIG TOE.
THE FOLLOWING DAY I LISTENED TO
RESOUNDING APPLAUSE FOLLOWING HIS
MASTERFUL PRESENTATION RELATIVE TO
WESTERN BEFORE THE GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY
AND HIS COUNCIL

THIS EXTRAORDINARY FOUNDER OF WESTERN
DIED IN 1937

WHEN THE NEWS CAME THAT HE WAS GONE,
I SAW MANY MEN AND WOMEN CRY, AS I MYSELF
CRIED

WHY? HE WAS FOR REAL. NO ONE COULD
RIGHTFULLY DOUBT HIS SINCERITY, AND HIS
DYNAMIC PERSONALITY DESTROYED OPPOSITION
AS HE WORKED UNCEASINGLY FOR A BETTER
EDUCATION FOR THE COMMUNITY, THE STATE,
AND THE NATION. WHAT HE SAID, WHAT HE DID, THAT TO WHICH HE ASPIRED, THAT WHICH HE CREATED TO HELP OTHERS THROUGH WORDS OR ACTUAL DEEDS, CAME FROM THE HEART.

A FEW YARDS FROM HERE

His statue done by the famous American sculptor, Lorado Taft, stands in front of the classroom building named in his honor. He looks down College Street, over bowling green, and toward sandhill from whence he came in 1886—a poor boy with very little formal education and his total belongings packed in a small suitcase. I think the thrust of his chin and the tilt of his head and the deep penetrating gaze of his eyes were caught by the sculptor in such a manner as to suggest that he still...
MIGHT BE LOOKING BEYOND THE HORIZON.

IN CONCLUSION, HE LEFT A GREAT LEGACY TO WESTERN WHICH MIGHT BE BROKEN INTO MANY SEGMENTS; BUT THE GREATEST PART OF IT ALL, AND OF THIS I AM FULLY CONVINCED, WAS HIS GIVING BIRTH TO THE WESTERN SPIRIT. THIS FOREVER NEEDS TO BE ZEALOUSLY PROTECTED. IT HAS BEEN, AND IS BEING, PRESIDENT DOWNING, AND IN THE FUTURE MUST BE PROTECTED---FOR IT IS THE UNIQUE INGREDIENT WHICH MAKES WESTERN DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS.

FINALLY, 43 YEARS FROM THE TIME THAT FACADE OF VAN METER HE SUGGESTED THAT I ACCOMPANY HIM ON THAT FIRST AUTOMOBILE TRIP, HOW WOULD I DESCRIBE HIM IF I HAD TO DO SO IN A FEW
WORDS, SAY, ONE SENTENCE--------
THIS GOOD MAN WAS, AND IS, THE MOST
UNFORGETTABLE PERSON I HAVE EVER KNOWN.
Dr. Downing, very distinguished people who make up this audience, I have the great pleasure today to talk about a personality dear to my heart and before a group made up of warm, personal friends. Therefore, I do not think it is inappropriate for me to ask you for the privilege of my making a very personalized talk.

The subject of my address is "H. H. Cherry, The Most Unforgettable Person I Have Ever Known."

I shall attempt to highlight my remarks with personal memories of Western's outstanding founder through a series of vignettes from an association with this extraordinary man whose friendship I cherish as one of the greatest gifts of my life.

In 1886, he entered the Southern Normal School as a student; and six years later he and his brother took over the management of that same school which, on the edge of the exceedingly serious depression of 1893, was about to go out of existence. That Southern Normal School eventually became Western Kentucky University.

On previous Founders Days and on many other occasions, much has been said about the early history of Western--the Statutory Act of 1906 and the heritages and the personalities which have meant so much to Western through the years. The heritage of Potter College, Mrs. Brownfield; of Ogden College, Mr. Smith and Mrs. Thompson; of the Bowling Green College
of Commerce, Mrs. Hill and Murray. I wish that time would permit me to elaborate appropriately; but it doesn't, as my purpose today is to dwell not on the genealogy or to concentrate on other historical facets of Western, but to speak to you on this Founders Day about Henry Hardin Cherry, the man.

My experience with this extraordinary individual was both accidental as to how it began and most unusual in what it brought about. He employed me in 1929 as a field representative for Western. I will never forget the day that he told me that I had been selected. I wanted the position very much, and the challenge which he gave to me in his description of the job left me totally inspired.

Sometime after I was employed, and perhaps because of the fact that I had a car furnished by Western, he asked me whether it would be convenient for me to go on a trip with him. What he wanted, of course, was somebody to drive for him. Now, whether I was a good driver or not, he decided that I was; and from then on, he frequently asked me whether I could find it convenient to accompany him on a trip. As you probably know, there is no place more conducive to privacy of conversation and relaxed intimacy of association than automobile travel—no telephones, no knocks on the door, etc.

Once I arranged a trip to high-school assemblies across Western Kentucky, and it took five days for us to complete it. We shared the same hotel room each night; we ate our meals together; and there developed a relationship similar to a father-son relationship, as well as that of the employer and the employee. This close personal bond continued throughout the years until H. H. Cherry's death. On such trips, never did he fail to treat me as a member of the Western staff, despite the age difference and despite the vast
status difference of the two people traveling together. I mention this because it's a facet of the man that I would like to accent.

What was his personality? What kind of a person was he?

He was distinguished looking, flamboyant before an audience, exceedingly communicative in his facial expressions, authoritative in his actions, and extraordinarily compassionate in his understanding of the frailties and problems of others.

I have often thought that one of the most beautiful words in the dictionary is compassion; because I think that perhaps if we were to choose one word that could best describe that which human beings need the most, it would be compassion. Dr. Cherry was a compassionate man. Had he lived in contemporary times, we would say that he had charisma. In his day the present meaning of that word had not emerged.

He was a most unusual speaker. His best-known addresses were made at chapel assembly, which during his long administration was a daily occurrence. Each semester he made the same speeches over and over again—never the same speech but always the same points. I think that if one were to travel the length and the breadth of our nation, and even the world, talking to those who listened then, they would tell you that they remembered to this hour such speeches as:

"Paint Your Fence Posts Red." That speech, which signified something of Dr. Cherry's rural background, was based upon the idea that to keep one's fence posts from rotting, one should sharpen the posts on top and paint them red. Then, a neighbor would paint his red, and his neighbor would paint his red. The Western founder would end by illustrating how progress is a
contagion, as he called it--that all progress and improvement affect people and give them impetus to improve likewise.

"Put the Apples Above the Rim"--again showing something of the man's background. As a youth he peddled apples and oak splittings for ax handles in order to get the meager sum of money which he had saved when he entered school here in 1886. He would tell about his father saying to him: "When you sell the apples, fill the measure; and then put a few more on top for extra measure." "Put the Apples Above the Rim." He then would paint a picture of how every man and every woman, if he or she would acquire success in life, should, in all things that he or she does, give more than what is required.

Another one: "Don't Hesitate to Detour." He would talk about the roads that were in such bad condition then, about getting off the rock and the gravel into the mud, and about how uncomfortable and sometimes almost impossible it was not to become lost. With power and eloquence he would exclaim: "Don't ever hesitate to detour as long as you know how to get back on the main road!" The lesson and the philosophy would pour forth from him, inspiring VanMeter Hall audiences time after time with this simple but highly effective logic.

"The Mules Ate the Hay!" I can hear him start now: "The Mules Ate the Hay!" He would tell the story about two mules and two piles of hay. A rope about their necks tied the mules together. One was pulling this way to get to his hay, and one was pulling that way to get to his hay, but neither of them could eat any hay. Finally, the two mules talked the problem over and agreed: "Now we will go over and eat your hay; and when we get through,
you come over and help me eat my hay!"; and they had a full meal. He said that the spirit of cooperation at Western meant that everybody could have a bountiful helping of education. People sat and listened spellbound.

Then, there was one that was truly a spellbinder: "That Other Thing." How he could develop that idea to oratorical perfection! He would stand there erect, reach out into the air pretending to get a handful of it, open up his hand, and he would say: "You can't see it, it's invisible; but it's all around you--it's everywhere on this campus--it's 'that other thing.' It's something that will help you succeed in life; it's something that will help you face your problems." "That Other Thing" became a byword on the Western campus and today is known and understood by those who were there.

This was the man who dwelt upon what apparently were simple things but who left people touched, affected, inspired.

In all of these efforts he was a sort of cross between Aesop and Elbert Hubbard. In the stories he told, in the principles which he enunciated, he branded them with his own unique personality; and, as I have said, he told them over and over and over again but never in the same manner.

May I tell you a few stories about him which may enable those of you who did not know him to catch something of his personality.

Once he had decided to do something, he didn't dillydally. He and Mr. Diddle were a whole lot alike in that respect. He loved to walk on the campus early in the morning. My wife and I were living in a little house on the Morgantown Road just opposite the Kentucky Building. It was a very small house, one bedroom with very small windows. It was a hot night; so, we had moved into the living room to a guest hidabed and where double windows in
the front of the house made it possible to enjoy a breeze. We didn't have air conditioning in those days, and on a hot night you took advantage of any cross ventilation.

About 5 o'clock in the morning I was roused out of the depths of slumber by a loud voice that was familiar which said, "Are you awake in there?" Actually, his face was within a few inches of the window. As I answered him, I saw Sarah, my young bride, quivering under the sheet which she had pulled up over her head. I said, "Yes, Dr. Cherry, I'm awake." "Do you think you could go with me to Louisville right away?" I replied, "Yes, sir." He said, "I am going on up to the office; come as soon as you can." After I dressed and was ready to leave, my wife was still shaking from the fright caused by the stentorian voice which, as the first rays of the morning sun crept through the window, had blasted her out of sleep with "Are you awake in there?"

He was a natural-born philosopher. Once his devoted secretary, Miss Mattie McLean, came rushing up the side hall of VanMeter, grabbed him by the arm, and said, "Dr. Cherry, come fast; something awful is taking place on the campus." When they got to the backdoor of VanMeter, he said, "What is it, Miss Mattie?" She indignantly replied, "Just look!" There were some girls walking in small groups from Potter Hall, a girls' dormitory, over to the old gymnasium, which was immediately back of where Cherry Hall is located now. The young ladies were dressed in gym bloomers. The black garbs came down to the wrists, where they were tied with gee strings, I mean drawstrings; and they also extended to the ankles and were tied there with drawstrings.

He said, "Miss Mattie, I don't understand. What is it that you are so excited about?" She said, "This must be stopped. It is not right for them to
walk across the campus dressed in such a manner." He said, "Miss Mattie, what is it you see? Explain it to me." She replied, "I see those girls walking across this campus in those bloomers." He said, "Miss Mattie, let me tell you something," and he smiled as he held her gently by the arm. "Miss Mattie, you don't see girls walking across the campus. You just think you see some girls walking across the campus." He continued: "Those are not girls going across the campus in bloomers. That's a cyclone going across the campus; and Miss Mattie, if you get in front of it, it will blow you away."

I've never forgotten his philosophical reply. There were a few similar problems, a little more modernly updated perhaps, which came up during my administration. In seeking solutions to such problems, it was easy for me to remember "the cyclone."

He believed unequivocally in loyalty. In fact, he himself epitomized it. One day he called me to his office and suggested that I make a little news release on the fact that Professor A. W. Mell was going to serve as a consultant to the president during that year; and he said, "Don't say much about it, just a little announcement that Mr. Mell is going to help us until next summer."

Professor A. W. Mell was the man who had founded Glasgow Normal School, subsequently moved it to Bowling Green, and started the Southern Normal School. He was president of the School when H. H. Cherry entered as a student. At the time of which I speak, Professor Mell was a very old man in lean financial circumstances. The truth was that Dr. Cherry had asked Mr. Mell to help him so that he could offer him a room in Potter Hall and his meals in the college cafeteria.
Dr. Cherry had a remarkable sense of humor. Quickly, I will tell you this story to illustrate it.

Someone had given him a facsimile of a couple of mice on a piece of Swiss cheese. It was a good facsimile, and the owner had a lot of fun with it. The first time I saw it when I was coming down the stairs into the rotunda of VanMeter, he beckoned to me to come over to where he was, and then put his fingers to his lips so that I would not say anything. He had sent for Miss Marguerite Forsting, who was his stenographer. We both reached him almost simultaneously. There was an old-fashioned drinking fountain in the rotunda, L. T. Smith, you will remember it well because of the trouble we always had with it. He said in a worried manner: "Miss Forsting, there is something wrong around that drinking fountain. I wish you would call Mr. Woodward or Mr. Hines and tell either one to come up here and see what he can do about it." She asked, "What seems to be wrong?" He said: "It smells bad; get up close to it and look around and see if you don't smell something that smells like cheese." Miss Forsting started looking. Right back of where one leaned over to drink was a little ledge, where he had set the cheese and the two mice. As she leaned over, looked down, and saw those mice—-one of them looking her right in the eye—-she screamed to the top of her lungs and fled back to the office. Shortly after, he apologized for upsetting her; but at the time of her panic and quick exit, he almost bent double with laughter.

President Cherry had the ability to inspire others. Hundreds of people could tell stories similar to this, I am sure. About a month after he had employed me, there came the day when I was to leave on my first trip. He had told me to come to his office so that we could have a chat before I departed.
He accompanied me, or, more appropriately, he escorted me to the facade of VanMeter Hall. As we stood there on the steps, he asked me how far I could see out over the countryside. I told him that I could see for many miles. I had no idea of his trend of thought. He said, "Well, just how far can you see?" I replied, "Well, I can see all the way to the horizon." He then put his hand on my shoulder and said slowly, "Young man, you have to be able to see beyond the horizon. You must be sure that you can see beyond it." He then told me about all the young boys and girls who were out there throughout Western Kentucky who needed an education, who wanted to have an education, who had problems which would keep them from getting an education, and how my challenge was to find them and then find out whether or not Western could help them. His sincerity and his philosophy concerning "beyond the horizon" was an inspiration. As I left him to go to my car, I felt that I was walking on air instead of on the ground.

What a man!

This unusual leader had a formula for success which he wove into his life and into the lives of all those about him. Basically, it consisted of three parts and in this order: Integrity, first; loyalty, second; and hard work, third. And in hard work, he included preparation for the task one might be getting ready to do.

H. H. Cherry's main message came forth like a battle cry which condensed meant, in his words, that education should be developed until "we shall have rung the moral, intellectual, and industrial rising bell in the life of every child in the land."
He developed his own set of principles and policies for an educational institution, and they have been preserved by Western. I quote them from one of his memorable speeches:

"To be a live school and to impart to its students a burning zeal to do and be something.

"To fight against ignorance, and for higher education and the liberation of the human soul.

"To 'ring the rising bell in the human soul' by inspiring all students who come in touch with the work of the institution.

"To teach that self-control is an imperative duty and the first great obligation that every person must fulfill, if he would succeed.

"To instill in the minds of the students the great truth that every person is created to do something, to be a producer.

"To lead the student to see that success depends mainly upon his own efforts, and that he must discover the man in himself before he can become a being of power and influence."

Let me repeat for emphasis a few of those words and phrases: a burning zeal; fight against ignorance; the liberation of the human soul; self-control; every person is created to be a producer; and you lead a student, not drive a student.

His principles, his formula for success, his philosophy of the full life, his unshakable belief in young men and women, and his overall abiding compassion combined to give him a missionary zeal; and the world of education became his mission. So much were his ideals a part of the man that he sold education equally through dignified and impassioned appeals in the marble
halls of the legislatures, if the situation warranted, or packaged them like peanuts and popcorn to be sold for a coin to a passerby and, if need be, to be given away free to all who would accept.

I saw President Cherry one Sunday afternoon being towed across the Barren River by his big toe. Let me explain. He first told his son and a group of young friends about how a constant, even effort could produce almost unbelievable results if continued over a long period of time. "I'll show you what I mean," he said. He was in his swimming suit on the porch of his river cottage. Going down to the river, he took with him a wad of cord string called snare cord, or staging, a rather heavy type of twine. Tying the cord string to his big toe, he told his son to pull him across the river. As he floated on his back with his arms behind him, he said, "Keep pulling--pull easy--but keep pulling." The son towed his father, who was a big man, with that piece of string all the way across Barren River, which had a swift center current.

In contrast to the river exhibition, the following day, in Frankfort, I listened to resounding applause which followed the Western President's masterful presentation relative to Western before the Governor of Kentucky and his State Council. This was the kind of flexible person the man was.

H. H. Cherry died in 1937. When the news came that he was gone, I saw many men and many women cry, as I myself cried. Why? Why did people cry? Because he was for real.

No one who knew him could rightfully doubt his sincerity. What he said, what he did, that to which he aspired, and that which he created to help others through words or deeds came from his heart. Such sincerity was an important part of a dynamic personality--a personality that literally destroyed
opposition in his work for a better education for the community, the state, and the nation.

A few yards from here his statue, done by the famous American sculptor, Lorado Taft, stands in front of the classroom building named in his honor. He looks down College Street, out over Bowling Green, and toward Sandhill from whence he came in 1886, a poor boy with little formal education and his total belongings packed in a cheap suitcase. I think that the thrust of his chin and the tilt of his head and the deep penetrating gaze of his eyes were caught by the sculptor in such a manner as to suggest that to this day, November 8, 1972, he still might be looking beyond the horizon.

In conclusion to this very personalized Founders Day address, may I remind us all that Dr. Cherry left an almost indescribable legacy to Western. This legacy might be broken into many segments; but the greatest part of it all, and of this I am fully convinced, is the Western Spirit--born with him, nurtured by him, and bequeathed to us. This unique gift forever needs to be zealously protected. It has been and is being protected today, President Downing. Throughout the future, all of us who care must see to it that it has the necessary protection to preserve it--for that spirit which he called "that other thing" makes Western different from the others.

Finally, forty-three years from the time that he walked out to the front of VanMeter Hall with me to send me on my first journey for Western, and later when he first asked me whether it would be convenient for me to accompany him on a trip, how would I describe Henry Hardin Cherry if I had to do so in a few words--let us say in one sentence--This good man was, and is, "The Most Unforgettable Person I Have Ever Known."