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UA3/3/1 Address by Julia Neal, Founders Day 1965

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It was in 1931 that Founders Day was first inaugurated. The date is always set in November close to President Cherry's birthday which is on the sixteenth. And this is as it should be, for in a very real sense Dr. H. H. Cherry, Western's first president, was the true founder of this school. But Western has had a long line of other founders, for in the broadest sense a founder of Western is any person who has helped create the institution of which we are now a part.

This morning from my own memory I could call off a long list (and it is a temptation to do so) of classroom teachers, deans, and administrative staff members -- all of whom helped mold the Western we know. Not two have made exactly the same contribution. And that would be in keeping with the educational philosophy of the first founder, for Dr. Cherry believed that there are as many worlds as there are people and that each individual lives in his own world and makes his own contribution. For example, no other founder ever matched Dr. Cherry in his intense crusading spirit. It was Dr. Cherry's main objective to make it possible for every young Kentuckian who wanted a higher education to have one. Even more than that -- he dedicated himself to riding throughout the surrounding counties by means of horse and buggy to awaken young Kentuckians to their own potential and to inform them that an education was within their reach. If, after coming to the campus, a student found himself without sufficient funds, it was Dr. Cherry who somehow found the necessary money or the necessary job to keep that student in school.
Dr. Cherry believed that education was the basis of democracy -- and he worked to sell his ideas to others.

In 1906 he was one of the leaders who pressured the legislature into setting up the first two state colleges for the training of teachers. -- Western in Bowling Green, Eastern in Richmond.

Five years later, in 1911, the young Western State Normal, for so it was called then, was moved from its first location down on College Street, where what you know as the B. U. is now being razed, moved up the hill to its present site. It took two days to effect the move, with the faculty and students carting most of the furniture and equipment by hand up the long hill.

And then, with his usual dynamic force, President Cherry turned to subduing the wildness and roughness of this hill, known then as Vinegar Hill, and to activating a building program that in the next quarter of a century would add some twenty major buildings to the three which first housed the college in its new location.

Dr. Cherry was a dreamer, and the motto now a part of the mural in the foyer of the Margie Helm Library describes him well:

Back of the deed was the doer,
Back of the doer, the dream.

It has been said that Dr. Cherry thought and dreamed in the future but worked in the present. One of his last dreams was the Kentucky Building. He conceived of it as a laboratory where Kentuckians could learn more about their own state. I haven't time to tell the story of the Kentucky Building now, and it is an interesting story --
but let me say that without Dr. Cherry's dream and crusading spirit that unique building with its rich store of Kentuckiana would never have come into existence.

I think that you who have not known Dr. Cherry personally can catch a great deal of his dynamic personality by taking enough time to really see the Lorado Taft statue or to study the Hergesheimer oil portrait which hangs in the Kentucky Building, for both artists have caught the essential character of Western's first founder.

Dr. Paul Garrett, who succeeded Dr. Cherry as president, did not step into Dr. Cherry's shoes. He didn't need to, for he had his own. Dr. Garrett was a rather quiet man -- and Western needed a man of calmness and composure at the time, for many of the years of Dr. Garrett's presidency coincided with the time of World War II when Western boys could never be sure of finishing out a term before being called into service, and it was a time when Western girls were wondering whether or not they should join the various new military services open to women -- the WACS, the WAVES, the SPARS. Young faculty members felt the same conflicts -- and and war was brought even closer when the campus became the training center for several hundred air cadets -- many of them homesick and confused and frightened. Dr. Garrett was a steadying influence in such a time.

Dr. Garrett was interested in books, and in the ideas contained therein -- and such an interest becomes a college president, I think.

Those were the years of daily chapel -- when everybody...
came, the faculty to sit on the stage, the students, from freshmen to seniors, to sit where you sit.

Often Dr. Garrett took the program himself, talking informally, as he would say, "about the books I've been reading lately." To hear him was to promise yourself that you too would find time to do some reading. I think Dr. Garrett added a great deal to the academic tone of this college.

It was Mrs. Garrett who added to the beauty of the campus. Wearing work gloves and an old hat, Virginia Garrett oversaw much of the planting we enjoy today, and it was under her supervision that the trees were marked with the helpful labels they carry today. I've just discovered a paw paw tree on my part of the campus. Although I've eaten paw paws, it is only now that I know how the tree looks -- thanks to Mrs. Garrett.

Another person who has been responsible for much of the natural beauty of this campus is Miss Elizabeth Woods. Miss Elizabeth, who lives here in Bowling Green, celebrated her hundredth birthday last January.

This spring she invited me to tea -- and while I was there she said, "Tell me, do you know whether there is still a large oak growing near the west end of the Kentucky Building -- or have they had to cut it down because of one of those high-rise dormitories?" And then she told me that one time when the football team had gone to Missouri and that the night watchman, Aubrey Hoofnel, had driven the bus, when they got back, Aubrey brought Miss Elizabeth a large acorn, saying, "Miss Elizabeth, this
is the biggest acorn I ever saw. I want you to plant it here on the Western Campus."

Well, she planted it, and to her surprise, she and Aubrey got Western a new tree with acorns as big as those that grew in Missouri.

So far I've tried to say that Western has had a long line of founders -- and that each has made his own particular kind of contribution. Now I'd like for us to think about what the founders had in common -- and what traditions they established which we should nourish and pass on to the next generations of Westerners.

Almost every freshman that comes to any college campus comes looking for what he calls traditions, and every sophomore is more than willing to inform him. But I'm not thinking of the ephemeral collegiate customs or so-called traditions -- in one year and out the next. I'm thinking of those attitudes and those values that are held by a college community which become distinctive hallmarks of a college.

One such Western hallmark, I think, is the sense of pride and loyalty felt by all true Westerners. We often speak of the Western spirit - sometimes perhaps even loosely, but such a spirit has always been a reality.

It has been felt at games, when many a Western team has done the impossible. It can be sensed at Homecoming in the greeting of one Homecomer to another. It's the spirit that permeates the regular meetings held throughout the state by alumni groups, such as those in Muhlenburg County, or Owensboro, or those in the Covington area.
Loyalty and pride and appreciation have prompted many gifts from many alumni. For example, the scholarship set up recently by former graduate, Roy Martin, in honor of four of his instructors. Or take another recent example, the personal collection of art books and his own art work presented to Western by Mr. Pat Smith, commercial artist in Louisville, who back in 1909, was the first cartoonist for Western's first student publication - The Elevator. Today, at 80, he still feels a loyalty and pride for Western.

If you want to feel the Western spirit, go to the Kentucky library and read the letters sent back during World War II from training camps and from foreign posts - the letters written by former Herald Staff members, sent written to the girl editor who stayed on the Hill.

From somewhere in North Africa one boy wrote:

"What I'd give to be in Madison Square Garden next weekend and watch Western win that dad gummed invitational crown this time. If old Mac is O.K. I don't see what can stop them because from the comparative scores carried in Stars and Stripes and Yank it looks like Western ranks ahead of anything in the nation with Mac in there...

And he went on to say, I suppose by the time you will have received this, spring will have crept up on the campus and burst into brilliance like it always does practically overnight. Don't forget to give my regards to the poetic couples on the steps, the idle chatter of the Cedar House, the view from Van Meter, the sweaty stragglers coming up from the tennis courts, the library drones, and the million and one other indefinable "things"
that go into the making of Western as we all love her."

If you have caught the Western spirit, you will help preserve the beauty of this campus; signs asking whether you are men or grasshoppers will not have to be printed for you.

If you have caught the Western spirit, you will know that the primary reason for being in college is to work, not to play. You will know that education is the basis for a successful, working democracy. You will know that every student and every faculty member is an individual and has his own worth.

These, then, were some of the values stressed by the founders. They have been handed down to us; they are ours today to let die or to perpetuate.

When time came to tear down old Cabell Hall, one of the original buildings, the stones were re-used in constructing the present day Home Economics Building. More recently, when Thompson Hall was being constructed on the front part of the historic old Ogden Campus, some of the beautiful old trees had to be cut. Some of this wood was processed so it could be used in the paneling of the new science building. Thus the old became a continuing part of the new.

In the recent re-organization of Western the newly created colleges have been tied to the past with the appropriate names of Ogden College of Science, the Potter College of Liberal Arts, and the Bowling Green College of Commerce, thus recognizing Western's close relationship with each of these three other institutions. These acts, of course, are but physical or linguistic symbols, but they do remind us of our indebtedness to the
past and of our responsibility for carrying forward the worthwhile traditions.

Not long ago, I read a letter written some years ago by a former Bowling Green citizen, who had been back for a visit. In the letter, written after he had returned home, he said, "When I was leaving Bowling Green on the Pan American, I was saddened by what I saw from the train window -- for all I could see was how both the town and the college were falling into ruin."

I don't know that man, but I wish he would or could see today's Western, here on hilltop fair, with beauty all its own, Lovely jewel far more rare than graces any throne.