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WHAS

Western Kentucky University

Earl Moore

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Strings and Voices

"College Heights."

Moore

Western Kentucky State Teachers College. We greet you all both great and small with the words of our college motto —

Voices

Life More Life.

Vibraphone

Chords.

We express our cordial good wishes to the Eastern Kentucky and to the Northern Kentucky Education Associations, which will meet this week in Ashland and in Covington, respectively, and to the Kentucky Classical Association, which will meet in Louisville.

The theme of our program to-day is "Home." Whether you are a youngster in school, in the midst of life, or already carried by the years into the borderland of the Beyond, the word home holds for you a meaning which makes it one of the most sacred words in your vocabulary.

The Women's Glee Club of Western, conducted by Mrs. Nell Gooch Travelstead, with accompaniment arranged by Professor Griffith L. Gordon, sings O'Hara's "I Love a Little Cottage," followed by Lee's "In the Heart of the Hills." Dorothy Spickard at the piano.

Strings (background)

I love a little church-house

On a friendly little hill,---

I love a little school-house

With a flow'ring window sill,---
I love a little cottage
As it stands nearby a wood;
I love them all so dearly
And I'll tell you why I should:—
Because the little church-house
Is a beacon on the hill;—
Because the little school-house
Is a guide-post if you will;—
Because the little cottage
Where the toilers homeward plod,
Is another of the builders
That keep building men for God!—

Strings and Women's Glee Club
"I Love a Little Cottage."

Moore

Strings (background)

There's a home in the heart of the hills,
Where the rose in its glory entwines;
Alone there it stands as the work of two hands,
Strong as the tall, waving pines,—
The rose sings a love melody—
That blends with the song of the rills,—
While sunbeams by day, kiss the cares all away,
In the home in the heart of the hills.
There's a home in the heart of the hills,—
All enwrapped in the shadows so gray;
The hands that would care for the rose blooming there
Have gone, oh, so far, far away—
The rose sings a love melody,
The brave little song of the rills
Seems ever to say,
Heaven's watching each day
O'er the home in the heart of the hills.

Strings and Women's Glee Club  "In the Heart of the Hills."

Mr. Weldon Hart, violinist, and director of music in our Training School, contributes a selection in keeping with our theme to-day. He plays Toselli's "Serenade, Op. 6." Elizabeth Taylor at the piano.

"Serenade, Op. 6."


In a little old garden away from the world,
I wander and sing 'mid the blossoms unfurl'd,
I treasure its music, its sunshine and dew,
For I live there, and dream there, and love there with you.
It's a little old garden, when I'm tired and old,
I pray God may give me to have and to hold,
Its songbirds and roses and glory all mine,
And you, dear, to make that dear garden divine!

Strings and Women's Glee Club  "The Little Old Garden."

Strings (background)
Moore

Come rest your head on your Mammy's breast,
Little Bluebird of my heart,
'Cause you're one little Lamie your Mammy loves best,
Little Bluebird of my heart;
The Sandman is coming from out the skies,
So hush my sweet baby and close your dear eyes;
You're one gift God gave me I would not part,
Mammy's own honey, Bluebird of my heart.

Strings and Women's Glee Club  "Little Bluebird of My Heart."

Strings (background)
Moore

Dear Lord! Kind Lord! Gracious Lord! I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love
Tenderly to-day!

Weed their hearts of weariness,
Scatter ev'ry care
Down a wake of Angel wings
Winnowing the air.
Bring unto the sorrowing
All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again;
And with all the needy, O divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content,
That is mine to-day!

Strings and Women's Glee Club  "The Prayer Perfect."
Vibraphone (background)  "Mighty Lak a Rose."
Moore  May every home reached by our voices to-day be a happy one.

And now Will Carleton speaks across the years in these verses:

Fare you well, old house! You're naught that can feel or see,
But you seem like a human bein'—a dear old friend to me;
And we never will have a better home, if my opinion stands,
Until we commence a-keepin' house in the house not made with hands.

"College Heights."

You have heard Mrs. H. H. Cherry, wife of the president of the College; the Women's Glee Club, conducted by Mrs. Nell Gooch Travelstead, with accompaniment arranged by Professor Griffith L. Gordon; and Weldon Hart, violinist. This is a presentation of Western Kentucky State Teachers College, at Bowling Green. We invite you to be with us again next Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock for a pre-view of our home-coming football game with Howard College.

Earl Moore speaking. We wish you Life More Life.
H. O. M. E.—four little letters, which together, encompass the greatest experiences of life.

Within the walls of home, one runs the gamut of all the emotions—from the darkest depths of grief and despair, through all the plans, hopes, problems, reverses and achievements, up to the dizzy heights of our most joyous, and thrilling experiences of life.

I have time only, to set forth a very few ideas, without enlaying upon any.

A home may be a cottage or a mansion, for it is not of brick or mortar—and I find all places, of the home type, both interesting and intriguing, and that they have a very real personality.

I love to stand before, or within a house, particularly an old one, and imagine what its life may have been—just what its secrets are! A Home (while not of things material) every one, should be, convenient, comfortable and healthful, as well as alluring and inspiring. To me—the most interesting part of any home, is its atmosphere—something invisible, yet so present and distinct, it seems to be a thing tangible.

Victor Hugo said, "the culture level of a home will never rise higher than that of the woman in the home—educate a man, and you educate an individual, educate a woman and you educate a family.

I must say, that with sincerest admiration for the brilliant achievement of woman-kind, in careers outside the home, I still believe it is within the home that the flower of woman-hood attains nearest to perfection—its perfume not only permeating the home, but thru its channels, is caught up on the wings of the wind, as it passes swiftly and surely, over the heart-strings of humanity, to sound that universal chord found in motherhood.
There are two words that seem truly synonymous—Home—mother!

Someone has said, every earnest mother sees in all girls and boys her own daughter and son.

With my own motherhood, covering quite a period of time, and with Western's devoted motherhood, reaching back 42 years, may I say to all former students, who may be listening in, that our desire—Western’s and mine—to see you on Home Coming, Nov. the 16th, has in it much of the mother spirit, and the occasion will have much of a real Home Coming, and so to you, students and friends of Western everywhere—across the years, and inter-yearly space, we stretch out to you a sincere warm-hearted hand clear and at all times extend to you a most cordial welcome to Western!