12-10-1935

UA37/23 WHAS Broadcast No. 12

WHAS
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Earl Moore

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Recommended Citation
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WHAS Broadcast No. 12
December 10, 1935.
4:00-4:30 p.m.

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.

Piano  Chords.

Moore  Western Teachers College conveys to Governor A. B.
        Chandler and other newly elected officials of the State
        greetings of good will, with assurance of an earnest
        support of the new administration in its purpose to give
        the State a real leadership.

Piano  Chords.

Moore  Have you ever heard of a child who didn't want to
        see Santa Claus? We haven't. Any child who can be in
        Bowling Green on the afternoon of next Saturday can see
        Santa with his real live reindeer, attended by a parade
        a mile or so long, with Eskimo dogs, and ponies, and
        Mother Goose characters, and brass bands, with all the
        frills. The time is two o'clock in the afternoon next
        Saturday.

Piano  Chords.

Moore  The Department of Latin of Western Teachers College
        is presenting the program to-day. Of the faculty there
        are in the studio Dean F. C. Grise, head of the Department
        of Latin, Miss Sibyl Stonecipher, of the same department,
and Dr. Gordon Wilson, head of the Department of English. You will hear three languages---English, Latin, and Italian.

First, the "Ave Maria," by Millard, sung in Latin by Miss Ruth Black.

This program is being presented in commemoration of the birth of Horace, which happened two thousand years ago. Dean Grise, can you give any good reasons why we should take the trouble to celebrate the birth of a man who has been dead nearly two thousand years?

"Exegi monumentum aere perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius
Quod non imber . . . . ."

Wait a minute. I don't understand that language very well.

These are some rather well known lines from one of Horace's Odes in which he confidently predicts his own literary immortality. In translation he says, "I have erected a monument more enduring than bronze, and more lofty than the majestic pile of the pyramids, which neither the devouring storms, nor the innumerable years, and the flight of seasons can destroy."

Quintus Horatius Flaccus, more familiarly known as Horace, was born December 8, 65 B.C. The two-thousandth anniversary of the Poet's birth therefore fell on last Sunday. The celebration of the two-thousandth birthday anniversary of a man is distinctive and unusual in the history of the world. This recognition has come to Horace
because of the unique place which he holds in the world of letters; on account of the warm place which he has retained in the hearts of his friends and the great influence which he has had upon the thought and writings of the intervening centuries.

Dr. Grise, is anybody paying any attention to this event besides Western Teachers College?

The Bimillennium Horatianum, as the celebration is known, is international in scope. "It was first proposed in 1931 by Dr. Flickinger of the University of Iowa. This challenge was taken up by various regional and national organizations of America and a little later by similar organizations in practically all of the countries of Europe. Appropriate commemorative programs are being held not only in this country, but also in Italy, Horace's birthplace, in England, France, Germany, and other foreign countries. Cooperating with these national classical organizations are state and local education associations, world renowned scholars, editors, public and private schools, colleges and universities, and clubs and societies.

"Under the sponsorship of a large committee of classical teachers and other educators, Kentucky has made a number of contributions to the celebration. These include newspaper and magazine articles; translation contests, programs, projects, and other activities in keeping with the occasion. The Kentucky Classical Association meeting in Louisville November 8-9 gave an unusually attractive Horatian program, in which Dr. Rand of Harvard University and several leading scholars and teachers of Kentucky participated."
In view of what you have just said, I believe our listeners wish to know more about Horace and his work.

As a man Horace had a wide acquaintance with both the brighter and darker sides of life. "The hard lot of the soldier and the soft couches of the palace," says a recent writer, "were not unknown to him; he knew want and plenty; he had tasted of the world of imagination and yet he knew reality. He moved with ease among his aristocratic friends in Rome and at the same time remained warmly sympathetic toward the humble life and the simple virtues of the country side."

As a lyric poet Horace was a supreme artist in verse making, deriving his inspiration mainly from human life and real experience, which he has crystallized in apt and memorable phraseology. His writings reveal that power to which the Romans gave the name "Urbanity", a combination of good taste, genial spirit, and practical wisdom.

Dr. Place of Syracuse University, in a recent lecture says: "Horace's reflections are tempered by his sense of humor, imaginative sympathy, and gracious appreciation of friendships. His love poetry, chiefly in imitation of Greek models, is smilingly impersonal; he prefers a peaceful heart to passion's perplexities. At times, however, his voice is impassioned, while he proclaims the glory of exalted patriotism, fearless courage, and the high happiness from duty done; with him character is obedience to something higher than senatorial decrees and laws, and civic rights; happiness to him is obedience to the laws of the spirit, which govern happiness and raise it above the futility.
and tragedy of selfish wealth."

These are some of the characteristics, briefly stated, of the man and his works which are largely responsible for his having been taken to the heart of the world. These are some of the qualities that have enabled Horace for twenty centuries to bind those who know him with the gentle cords of friendship. These qualities help to explain why he, of all Latin authors, has the distinction of making the strongest appeal to modern interests and sympathies, and why after sixty generations so large a part of the civilized world is joining this week in the celebration of his birthday with two-thousand lighted candles.

Among the odes of Horace, one of the best known is the "Integer Vitae", which is clearly intended as a humorous glorification of his own virtue. I am asking the Cecilian Sextette to sing this in Latin. The music is by Flemming.

Miss Stonecipher, what do you suppose Horace would think of the celebration of his birthday, if he could drop in on us?

I'm sure he would be at home with us. His description of the Rome of his day sounds strangely like a picture of our own time. The diagnosis of his country's ills and the remedies he proposed could well apply to our generation.

Horace would enjoy our birthday parties because he liked comradeship. He would regard the honors paid him as pleasing, but not surprising for he was well aware of his
qualities as a poet. Somewhat ruefully he warned his thin book of poems that old age would find it in a schoolroom teaching boys their abc's. The tributes of his admirers Horace would hear with genial smiles, chuckling as some interpreter of his verse attributed to him thoughts he had never had. He would probably immortalize such an unfortunate blunderer in a satire-agood-natured one however, for Horace was a believer in the art of speaking the truth with a smile.

The poet friend of Augustus and Maecenas would not allow us to pass over his lowly origin. Horace was born in a hill-top town of southern Italy, the son of a poor man on a small farm. "My father did not wish to send me to the village school," he says, "but he dared to take me to Rome. He went about with me to all my teachers, he kept me free, not only from all evil conduct, but from a questionable reputation as well." Horace would want us to admire the beauties of his native Apulia, the majestic peak of Mt.Vultur and the rushing stream of far-resounding Aufidus, but most of all he would appreciate our tribute to his freedman father.

By the way, Miss Stonecipher, I believe you visited Horace's birthplace in Italy last summer. Tell us about your experience.

Stonecipher About thirty of us, Horatian pilgrims we called ourselves, started from Rome July 27, to follow by bus the route that Horace once took on a journey to Brindisi. On the afternoon of the second day we turned from the main highway and sought out the remote place of Horace's birth, the town now called Venosa.
After what seemed a long ride over the dusty, rough roads of sun-baked Apulia, we arrived in Venosa which was having the most exciting day of its long history.

Stonecipher

Never before, we were told, had more than ten visitors at a time come to Venosa. The mayor had been advised of the honor to be paid his town; refreshments had been prepared for the expected guests. About noon a bus arrived, the podesta greeted the visitors in a speech, quite a long one. Some time later a second bus appeared. The mayor rallied to the occasion with another speech, but the refreshments had all been consumed by the first group. Just as the other buses were leaving, our caravan approached. The excitement by this time had stirred the whole town. We hurried to the Piazza di Orazio, to the monument of the poet and in front of the statue we pilgrims gathered, around us stood the city's population enthralled by our performance. We lifted our arms in more or less accurate imitation of a Roman salute, while our leader greeted Horace in his own language. The podesta made a third speech, but this one was very brief.
Paradiso  I cittadini di Venosa sono onorati questo giorno con la presenza di distinti professori e professoresse di America. Che suono venuti a visitare il altera de Horacio. Noi estendiamo a loro il nostro cuore conbuona accoglienza. Grazie.

Stonecipher They took us then to the so-called House of Horace where we gazed with interest but incredulity on a piece of brick wall that must have been built at least 200 years after the poet's birth. After drinking from the gushing fountain in front of the church, we reembarked and made our noisy way down the main street.

Moore Did you also visit Horace's famous Sabine farm?

Stonecipher Yes, I did, the Sabine farm, the gift of his patron Maecenas, was Horace's best-loved home. "My farm always," he says, "restores me to myself."

An almost continuous range of mountains, woods, a fountain clearer than glass, a homely farm house, these furnished the setting for the poet's happiest days. Five tenants occupied his farm, Horace loved to philosophize with them and with his Sabine neighbors. Friends from Rome were welcome too, if they were willing to accept the simple fare served beneath his humble roof.

We drove out to the Sabine farm from Rome, it is only fifteen miles, and after a short climb up a shady path we came down upon the foundations of a good-sized villa lying at the foot of wooded hills. The pleasant breeze of which Horace boasts was not much in evidence that July afternoon, but Horace's friends were wrapped in the spell of the place as we gathered to do him honor. It seemed possible that at
any moment the rotund little poet would ride up on his gray donkey. It was easy to imagine him bustling about within the house, calling his lads and maids hither and thither to make preparation for unexpected guests.

At last we took regretful leave, and in our ears rang Horace's wise words - "Grant me I pray, that I may enjoy my possessions and that in good health, with mind unbecloaked, I may pass an old age not disgraced and not without song."

Horace's ode, "O Fons Bandusiae" commemorates the fountain on his Sabine farm. I am asking the sextette to sing it in Latin to music composed by Professor Gordon of Western's Music Department.

"O Fons Bandusiae."

Dr. Wilson, does Horace have any connection with English and American literature through his influence?

The influence of Horace on English literature has been twofold. One group or age has loved Horace for his lyric poetry; another has equally venerated his satires and epistles. The critical theories of Horace have had as their best English champions Ben Jonson and Alexander Pope. The latter's "Essay on Criticism" contains ideas from many sources, but the basic ones are those of Horace: consistency in character-drawing, clearness, subject matter suited to an author's native powers, the use of the file, avoidance of poetic madness.

Too little has been said of the pervasive influence of Horace's life and works on the poetic philosophy of
English writers. I shall mention only two of the numerous Horatians.

Robert Herrick, in the troublous times of the English Civil War, made his little parsonage at Dean Prior, away down in Devonshire, a sort of Sabine Farm. Like Horace, he suffered a species of mild martyrdom for his convictions; he was turned out of his living and allowed to come to London, where he published his poems, which certainly no orthodox Puritan ever read. At the Restoration of the Stuarts he was restored to his parish, where he spent the rest of his long life. No one knows how much he was the beau he pictures himself in his artless lyrics; it is probable that Julia and Corinna and the others were no more real than Horace's Lydia or Lalage. The slight glimpses of Herrick's real life that we get in his poems show him the country gentleman, serving, by a strange turn of fortune, as a clergyman of the Established Church. He is content with small blessings: simple food, good and honest neighbors, a fertile garden, a devoted servant.

Joseph Addison's whole life reminds one of Horace at his Sabine Farm, looking out on life and finding it good. The pictures of Mr. Spectator are not wholly creations of the imagination; they are rather accurate in their subtle delineations of Addison's own lovable, calm life. At nearly any other period of English literature Addison would have been a poet; the essay was at that time the popular literary form and became for him the most effective vehicle of expression.
Ever since his time one might have called this type Addisonian, so well did he express his Horatian personality through this form.

It is hardly necessary to say that America has had few Horatians. Here and there, to be sure, there are genuine echoes from the Sabine Farm, from the chatty poems and essays of Oliver Wendell Holmes to the contemporary Christopher Morley and the other columnists. Our American philosophy has been rather hostile to Horatian ideas: we have paid more attention to the maker of a gadget than to the author of a poem, to a man of energy than to a dreamer, to the noise-maker than to the calm philosopher. The Civil War and the industrial revolution have stifled the Horatian impulses we might have otherwise had. Where once lived the Puritans and their descendants, from whom sprang Holmes and his compatriots, now live a new race trying to get a start in a new land. Where once the Southern mansion threw its protecting shade over classical learning and the retired life, now is heard the shriek of machinery. When we have time to be calm, we shall produce Horatians who can find even American life sweet. Education, travel, tolerance, these should bring a sort of reign of Horatian principles, when men will cease to discuss whether this is the best of all possible worlds, and will decide to seize today, to keep a calm mind in troublous times, and to leave the rest to the gods.

May I suggest that the ode of Horace called "The Lovers' Quarrel" be sung in Latin by the sextette to music
composed by Professor Gordon. This ode tells dramatically how Lydia and her lover have fallen out. Each defiantly boasts of a new sweetheart; but in the end the lover yields and proposes a reconciliation, to which Lydia joyfully agrees.

"Carmen Amoebaum."

The musical instrument which the Romans used on every occasion was the flute. It is fitting that we close this Horatian celebration by asking Miss Catherine Richardson to play a flute solo, "Berceuse," by Kohler.

"Berceuse."

On this program, dedicated to commemorating the birth of Horace, two thousand years ago, you have heard Dean F. C. Grise, Miss Sibyl Stonecipher, and Dr. Gordon Wilson, of the faculty. The music was rendered by Miss Ruth Black, of Dawson Springs, Kentucky, soprano soloist; the Cecilian Sextette, including Miss Black, Miss Helen Arnold, of Bowling Green, Miss Perrin Edwards, of Cave City, Kentucky, Miss Hazel Kerns, of Houston, Texas, Mrs. June Purdom, of Princeton, Kentucky, and Miss Ruth Parker Weldon, of Hopkinsville, Kentucky; the flute was played by Miss Catherine Richardson, of Springfield, Tennessee. Miss Elizabeth Taylor, of Frankfort, Kentucky, was at the piano. The Italian passages were by Miss Norma Lagura, of Gary, Indiana, and Mr. John G. Paradiso, Jr., of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

"College Heights."

This is a presentation of Western Kentucky State Teachers College, in Bowling Green. Western will not be on the air December 24th, but we invite you to be with us
again one week from to-day between four and five o'clock, when a Christmas oratorio will be broadcast.

Earl Moore speaking. We wish you Life More Life.