11-16-1937

UA37/23 WHAS Broadcast No. 66

WHAS

Western Kentucky University

Earl Moore

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc_ua_records

Part of the Broadcast and Video Studies Commons, Higher Education Administration Commons, Mass Communication Commons, Public Relations and Advertising Commons, Radio Commons, Social History Commons, Social Influence and Political Communication Commons, Sociology Commons, and the Speech and Rhetorical Studies Commons

Recommended Citation

WHAS; Western Kentucky University; and Moore, Earl, "UA37/23 WHAS Broadcast No. 66" (1937). WKU Archives Records. Paper 4272.
http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc_ua_records/4272

This Transcription is brought to you for free and open access by TopSCHOLAR®. It has been accepted for inclusion in WKU Archives Records by an authorized administrator of TopSCHOLAR®. For more information, please contact topscholar@wku.edu.
Western Kentucky State Teachers College presents a memorial
service honoring the memory of her late president, Dr. Henry
Hardin Cherry, in connection with the unveiling of a bronze
statue of him on the campus. Earlier this afternoon Van Meter
Auditorium was filled to capacity and many persons were unable
to enter. Later the audience gathered around the statue and
witnessed its unveiling.

We bring you first a portion of the program in the au-
ditorium. Dr. F. C. Grise, dean of the College, is presiding.

Dr. Grise

The studio vocal ensemble, directed by Chester N. Channon,
will sing, "Bless the Lord," by Ippolitov-Ivanov.

Studio Vocal Ensemble  "Bless the Lord."

The first student to enroll in this college after it became
a state institution was Herman Lee Donovan. He was one of the
first to graduate. Through the years he has been one of the
warmest and most loyal friends of this college and one of the
most ardent admirers of Dr. Cherry. For ten years he has been
president of the Eastern Kentucky State Teachers College, an
institution created by the same legislative act that brought
this college into existence. He has chosen as his subject,
"Henry Hardin Cherry, An Inspirer of Youth." Dr. Donovan.

I speak today of the love of tens of thousands of former
students for President Cherry. As we gather here on his birthday
to unveil the monument erected to his memory, tender emotions
swell our hearts, sweet memories fill our minds, and tears
flood our eyes. Our affections for our hero are deep and abiding. He was our friend, but more than a friend; he was our teacher, but more than a teacher. He was like a father in his interest, his faith and his confidence in us. We bring not flowers to place upon his grave but an invisible wreath into which is woven admiration, adoration, appreciation, affection, esteem, devotion and a love that will not die.

Like Lincoln, President Cherry was born in a log cabin. He was acquainted with both poverty and hardship in his youth. He struggled desperately to obtain an education. Obstacles he surmounted until he became the first citizen of the State. But the comparison between the great Emancipator and President Cherry does not end here. Each was always reaching down to help others climb to higher levels of usefulness.

What manner of man was President Cherry? What has been his contribution to Kentucky? Again, I presume to answer for the former students and alumni. We care not what others may think, but for us he ranks as one of the greatest Kentuckians of all times. He was a great personality engaged in a great work. The nature of the task to which he devoted his life will become increasingly important with the passing of time. So long as civilization shall last, so long as men pass their thoughts and ideals on to other men — so long shall he live. I am glad the great sculptor, Lorado Taft, has made his statue ten feet high. This enlarged likeness of President Cherry is but symbolic of the larger influence of his great work as time passes. Now that he is dead, he belongs to all Kentucky — to all future Kentuckians.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."
Great teachers through the ages have been the inspiration of students. For sheer ability to inspire youth, I have never known President Cherry’s equal. For over forty years daily, he assembled at the chapel the young people of his college and shared with them the bread of life.

We can hear him now as he urged us not to fish with a pin hook for minnows in a shallow stream, but to launch out into deeper waters for a larger catch. We can never forget how he bade us to be seekers of life, more life. We sat on the edges of our seats as he interpreted to us the meaning of democracy and education. Daily he lifted the skyline of our horizon and the world became larger and larger to those who lingered in his presence. He elevated us from a material existence to an intellectual and spiritual level which we had not known. He stirred our ambition; he aroused in us a passion to be somebody and to do something in the world.

It is no mere accident that he located his college on a hill where there are long vistas, where there are no obstructions to the view as far as the human eye can see. This view is symbolic of the meaning of life to him. This is the meaning of life which he wanted his students to catch—the larger, more abundant life.

Plato has as his teacher Socrates; Saint Paul was proud to have sat at the feet of Gamaliel; Garfield was privileged to have shared the opposite end of the log with Mark Hopkins; many thousands of American students have been taught by great teachers, such as Horace Mann, G. Stanley Hall, President
Eliot, Bruce R. Payne, the McMurrays, and many others who have devoted their lives to the improvability of mankind. But, we of Western, have our Henry Hardin Cherry — a builder of men, an architect of personality, a human engineer, an inspirer of youth. He was our teacher.

The next speaker was a student and teacher in the old Southern Normal School, which was the immediate predecessor of Western Teachers College and of which Dr. Cherry was for fourteen years president. Dr. Harman has for thirty-one years been connected with the Bowling Green Business University; sixteen of these years as president. That institution was also formerly a part of the Southern Normal. For nearly forty-five years he was a good neighbor and friend of him we today seek to honor. It is fitting that he should present Dr. Cherry, "As a Man."

Dr. Harman.

The surroundings of the early life of Henry Hardin Cherry were lowly in luxury but rich in comfort; bereft of wealth but high in thrift; far removed from opportunity but in the midst of ideals of religion and honor; without artistic embellishment but cozily and comfortably old-fashioned.

No one knows when his public career began. It was too remote. Whatever the beginning, it was without money, or formal education, or robust health, and no guide except his own almost unerring judgment. This slender, frail, timid, youthful man was destined to become Kentucky's foremost educational promoter and college builder and to reach the distinction of serving at the head of an educational institution longer than any American ever served, with possibly one exception.
Today, forty-five years from the time he became a college head, the public is erecting on this matchless spot an everlasting statue of that unmatched educational enthusiast.

His mental and physical energy electrified those among whom he worked.

At his age of twenty-eight, when I, his student, knew him first, he was setting a pace that his friends thought could not long endure. At seventy-three the pace had been quickened, and even the younger men of his organization had difficulty in matching it.

Being a worshiper of his own creating, he inspired others to worship what he did. He discussed his plans and purposes as if they were the plans and purposes of all humanity, and those who heard caught his spirit.

His highest expression of democracy was in believing that a janitor is as important as a dean and in loving him quite as much.

He was indifferent to personal greed and often to personal interest, but no one ever knew him to droop when the interest of his institution was at stake.

From the day he became an educator to the end of his useful life, he passed through countless hardships and discouragements.

In the autumn of 1899, the College Street Building, which housed his school, was burned. Several nights Dr. Cherry and I slept among the ruins to protect the little there was of value. On a night after we retired, he enumerated his troubles to me in a dark, damp, smoke-odored room, and sobbing aloud, he said, "I can't! I can't go on! The burden is too great!" Before the echoes of his agonizing voice ceased in the big empty space he said, "I can! I can! I did not commence in order to quit!"
"Hope is born in the long night of watching and tears." A thousand times he met Discouragement dressed in gloom, and a thousand times he said, "I did not begin in order to quit!" Then Discouragement became discouraged and his plans would "move like winds of light on dark and stormy air."

Even his irregularities evidenced his genius. He reached his conclusions, promoted his enterprises, developed his ideals, even discovered through his own thinking, some of the oldest philosophies of mankind, and did all in his own unorthodox way.

His practical sense of justice stood guard over his energy, enthusiasm, and ambition; and in his rush and eagerness and desire, he came as nearly being just in thought and act as a dynamic man could be; and upon that I base my claim that he is due all the honors we can bestow upon his memory.

The most charming and glorifying feature of his personality was his ability to inspire. The mature public caught his spirit and followed; his students were lifted by it to the higher levels of desire, and his teachers worked for him with an "eastern devotion" knowing that "if he were lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself."

If the statue which we today unveil, portrays his lifted chin, his forceful mien, his strength even in repose, his unquestioned honor, then you and I in times of discouragement may journey far to look upon the image of the most impressive friendly friend we ever knew, and countless thousands yet too young to know or yet unborn will catch from that image some of the radiant life which that priceless piece of art will impart.

Dr. A. M. Stickles, Head of our Department of History, is one of the four members of the original Normal School faculty who
are still on College Heights. His active participation in the affairs of the college and his close association with Dr. Cherry for more than thirty years have given him an unusually fine opportunity to know at first hand the basic principles underlying the methods and procedures which Dr. Cherry employed in his efforts to bring to the youth of Kentucky, "Life, More Life." It is particularly appropriate that Dr. Stickles should have as his subject, "Henry Hardin Cherry, The Practical Philosopher." Dr. Stickles.

Deep into the mind and soul of Henry Hardin Cherry was born the instinct of purpose. If that purpose could be expressed as manifested throughout a long career, it could perhaps be stated in the words 'do something for others.' Denied College training and the opportunity of drinking deeply at the fountain of knowledge and exploring its recesses, for compensation, he exerted himself in studying man in his own locale. Never a student of what great philosophers have said or done, he found his own conclusions at the deeper source of all accepted truth in observing the actions of men.

He did become, perhaps inadvertently, a lover and student of Epictetus. That philosopher, though held in bondage, refused to let the clanking of his chains be the knell of a dwarfed soul. He constantly preached to the lowly a love of good and a hatred of evil. Above all, the Greek philosopher taught that man's greatest possession is his purpose and that the individual cannot make that concrete or secure his own interests unless he contribute to the general welfare of others. He would see things as they are in their sheer ugliness and teach their transformation through service.
of the individual. His scheme of a good world encompassed moral righteousness through the elevation of the lowliest. Who then that knew and valued the life of him for whom this memorial is erected should be surprised that he loved the great yet humble Greek and quoted him freely?

Such was his philosophic bent and so well balanced was he in judgment that his outlook upon life seldom had a trait of pessimism in it. He would leave his office when sick and tired of body, go to a chapel exercise where the inspiration of youth before him caused a forgetfulness of pain and illness and make a stirring, eloquent appeal for leadership and the more abundant life. He came away from the chapel strengthened, since gloom and despondency had no part in his enduring scheme of life. He was tolerant of almost anything that would not injure the cause of the institution he reared, nursed through tortuous and devious days, and presided over. There was in his nature faith and love for all if convinced of their honesty and sincerity of purpose. His friends honored and trusted him absolutely and made him a confidant when they would confide in no one else. When betrayed he suffered as those only can when confidence is violated. Those who knew him best wanted to be near him; felt a loneliness when long absent from his presence. Perhaps if encomiums were heaped upon him today by thousands of his former students among them would be this sincere tribute; you found us with an ambitious spirit but discouraged and so enveloped in gloom that there was no light shining through our forest of cypress trees; you not only provided us a lamp but became our guide as well.
This memorial in enduring bronze unveiled and dedicated
today offers him who cares an opportunity to commune with the
dynamic, unconquerable spirit of Henry Hardin Cherry, founder of what he may see by looking about. In communion with the Past lies strength born of knowledge and experience. In mute appeal the statue of the founder of this institution speaks to the innermost depths of the soul its message of a great life ended. In the living Present and for tomorrow comes from the same source an appeal to the sons and daughters of Western in clear, trumpet tones, that if ye loved me and believed in me, move onward and upward, be loyal to her best traditions and semper fidelis.

The college chorus under the direction of John Vincent, Head of our Department of Music, will sing, "A Stronghold Sure, Our God is He," by Bach.

We now transfer the scene from the auditorium to the statue in front of Cherry Hall for the unveiling ceremony. Mr. J. R. Whitmer, Professor of Biology in Western Teachers College, is presiding and presenting "The Story of the Statue." Mr. Whitmer.

In 1928 a group of President Cherry's friends conceived the idea of having a bronze statue carved of him while he was living and at the proper time having it erected on the campus to honor him and his many years of unselfish service to Kentucky childhood and education.

Advice was obtained from the late Lorado Taft, internationally known sculptor, and the late Henry Wright, of New York City, landscape architect of Western's campus for more than a quarter of a century.
President Cherry finally gave his consent to go to Chicago where he spent several days at different times in the studio of Lorado Taft. The statue was finished in clay in 1934. It was the last piece produced by this great sculptor.

Mr. Wright's first location of the statue was down on the west side of the hill looking toward the Kentucky Building and Dr. Cherry's old home. After the new classroom building, which bears the name of Henry Hardin Cherry, was assured Mr. Wright changed the location to where the statue now stands. He did this on his last visit to the Hill.

This trio of great men passed off the stage of action within a short time of each other. Henry Wright, the landscape architect of College Heights, who reduced President Cherry's dreams to blue prints, died July 16, 1936. Mr. Taft, who had more pieces of sculpture in the United States at the time of his death than any other living artist, died October 30, 1936, and President Cherry left us August 1, 1937.

The statue is ten feet high and stands on a pink granite pedestal five feet in height. 1657 contributors have made this event possible. The names of all the donors with other records were buried in a copper box beneath the pedestal of the statue, November 11, 1937. If some generation in the far distant future digs into that strong box, they will be able to know something of the spirit of Western as we know it today.

The citizens of this, his native community, city and state, will not remember very much that is said here today but they cannot forget what he did down in the valley and on this acropolis during
his forty-five years of faithful service. Someone has said
President Cherry's monument is the nineteen beautiful buildings
which crown this Hill, but this statue is an exact reproduction in
bronze, carved from life of the man who saw the vision, and in
whose mind these buildings were created. The words of Horace
when he spoke of the endurance of his poems would be as descriptive
of the work of him whom we honor today: "I have reared a monument
more enduring than bronze, and loftier than the royal pyramids,
one that no wasting rain, no unavailing north wind can destroy,
no, not even the unending years nor the flight of time itself.
I shall not wholly die.""}

Those of us who are numbered among his 32,000 students and
have seen and loved him did not want to be selfish; we wanted future
generations to see him in bronze as we saw him in the flesh.

The unveiling of this statue here today will commemorate the
closing of an epoch in the history of this college whose destinies
were so long directed by this great educator, inspirer of youth,
and philosopher. Then while not forgetting the past we shall
turn our eyes toward the future, but a future in which his influence
will continue to live in the lives of men and women long after this
bronze monument, erected to his memory, has crumbled into dust.
President Cherry is not with us today encouraging, cheering, in-
spiring every one near and forgetting himself, but his words carved
on the granite pedestal upon which his image stands will echo
down through the ages: "No citizen can turn his back upon the
school without turning his back upon the flag."

26/30 Strahm (Chimes) "My Faith Looks up to Thee," fading for;
At this point the three children of Dr. Cherry were presented to unveil the statue. They are Mrs. Josephine Cherry Lowman, Mrs. Elizabeth Cherry Sims, and Henry Hardin Cherry, Jr. They stepped in stately manner down from the facade of the classroom building to the statue and released the cord which held the veil, thus revealing the noble bronze likeness of their father. They were followed by the late president's little grandson, bearing a basket of superb flowers.

The chimes newly installed in Henry Hardin Cherry Hall are being played today for the first time. Professor Franz J. Strahm is at the console.

The statue, fifteen feet in height including the pedestal, stands in a characteristic stalwart pose in the center of the beautiful plaza in front of Cherry Hall. It is directly in line with the long tree-lined slope of College Street. It is the last piece of sculpture done by the late Lorado Taft.

This program has come to you from Western Teachers College in Bowling Green.

We invite you to be with us again next Tuesday at our regular hour, 3:30 C. S. T., when a program dealing with country life will be presented.

This is Earl Moore saying goodbye until next Tuesday and wishing you Life More Life.

29:27 (Chimes up and continue)