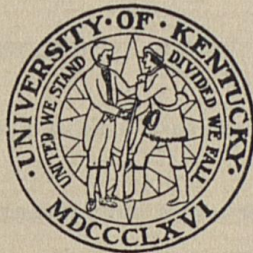


James Kennedy Patterson

Memorial Banquet

1833



1933

SPONSORED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

LAFAYETTE HOTEL
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

MARCH 25, 1933

M E N U

CONSOMME

CELERY

OLIVES

BROILED FILET MIGNON, FRESH MUSHROOM SAUCE

NEW POTATOES, PARSLEY BUTTER

ASPARAGUS, HOLLANDAISE

POPPY SEED ROLLS

COFFEE

TOMATO STUFFED WITH CELERY AND CUCUMBERS

MAYONNAISE

STRAWBERRY PARFAIT

PETIT FOURS

PROGRAM

TOASTMASTER

DR. FRANK LE ROND McVEY
PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

THE SPIRIT OF
JAMES KENNEDY PATTERSON

MR. CHARLES N. MANNING

AS I KNEW HIM

MABEL POLLITT ADAMS

A FOUNDATION

DEAN F. PAUL ANDERSON

THE FATHER OF A UNIVERSITY

PROFESSOR GEORGE ROBERTS



James K. Patterson

UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY



DEDICATION

OF THE

JAMES KENNEDY PATTERSON
MEMORIAL STATUE

UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1934

DEDICATION
OF THE
JAMES KENNEDY PATTERSON
MEMORIAL STATUE

THE PATTERSON MEMORIAL COMMITTEE

—

ALEXANDER BONNYMAN, Chairman

CHARLES N. MANNING, Secretary-Treasurer

PRESIDENT FRANK L. McVEY, Chairman of Executive Committee

MRS. FRANK L. ADAMS (Mabel H. Pollitt)

MISS MARGARET I. KING

RODMAN WILEY

DEAN T. T. JONES

PROFESSOR E. W. RANNELLS

CHARLES R. BROCK was Chairman until his death in 1928

PROFESSOR WALTER K. PATTERSON was a member until his
death in 1932

CABLEGRAM TO PRESIDENT McVEY:

“Paris, France, May 31, 1934. Regret not with you for
unveiling of monument to my beloved friend, President Pat-
terson. Congratulations and greetings to you and Committee.

“ALEXANDER BONNYMAN.”

PROGRAM COMMITTEE

—

PROFESSOR R. D. McINTYRE, Chairman

PROFESSOR E. A. BUREAU

DOCTOR H. H. DOWNING

PROGRAM

—

PROFESSOR GEORGE ROBERTS, Presiding

Invocation DOCTOR ELMER ELLSWORTH SNODDY
Professor of Christian Doctrine, Transylvania College

Presentation to the University of Kentucky
of the James Kennedy Patterson Memo-
rial Statue MR. CHARLES N. MANNING
Secretary-Treasurer of the Memorial Committee

Unveiling of the Statue ELINOR MANNING ISAACS

Acceptance of the Statue for the
University of Kentucky PRESIDENT FRANK LEROND McVEY

Introduction of Dr. Augustus Lukeman, Sculptor
of the Memorial Statue.

Dedicatory Address THE HONORABLE SENATOR A. O. STANLEY
Former Governor and Senator of the Commonwealth of Kentucky

Benediction DOCTOR SNODDY



THE INVOCATION

DR. ELMER ELLSWORTH SNODDY

OUR Heavenly Father, amidst the beauty and quiet of this open sanctuary of thine, we invoke Thy blessing upon our service. We thank Thee for our national heritage, wrought out through the faith and sacrifice of the leaders whom Thou raised up to guide our nation in the days that are past. We bless Thee for the pioneers who in courage and devotion laid the foundations of our own commonwealth and into the fruits of whose labors we today enter. Above all, we thank Thee for men and women of the past into whose hearts thou didst put the great ideal of education for all the people. May we conserve our noble heritage that comes to us from so many sources and pass it on to coming generations, enriched by our own contribution. Especially do we thank Thee for this University and for him whose name we memorialize today. We are pleased to acknowledge our everlasting obligation to him for the courage, devotion, administrative skill and high ideals of education that marked his whole life. We speak not only for ourselves, but for the great host which no man can number, whose lives have been influenced for good by this great man.

Prosper this University today, we pray Thee, in the whole round of its varied and useful enterprises. May he who administers its affairs, and they who serve under his leadership, enjoy thy guidance and support in the heavy burdens that fall to their lot in these difficult times. Awaken our citizenship to the incomparable value of education—the life of our commonwealth.

Bless all who have had a part in this memorial—the artist who by his genius has embodied so beautifully in bronze the personality whom we honor today, the contributors who by their means have made this memorial possible, and all on this program who by their contributions are to bring this enterprise to a happy close.

We face the future with confidence, our Heavenly Father, thoroughly persuaded that what Thou hast begun in those who lived before us Thou wilt bring to successful completion

through us and those who are to live after us. Accept, we pray Thee, this afternoon our devotion and our service in the name of Christ our Lord, Amen.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY THE CHAIRMAN

We have met to honor and to perpetuate the memory of a man who is dear to those of us gathered here and who is honored by a host of citizens of Kentucky. Many who know somewhat intimately the early history of the University like to think of him as its father. After the loss of his son, he said that the University had since been to him a son, and upon it he lavished his affections and worked for it with all of his energy and great ability. Between him and many a student there developed a relationship that was like unto that of a beneficent father and an affectionate son, a relationship that greatly enriched the lives of those students.

He dreamed of a state university conceived in the fullest meaning of the term. He longed to see its full fruition, but it was not to be, for he was compelled to spend his time in laying the foundations, which time and again had to be defended against attacks of bitter enemies, and once had to be rebuilt after being almost demolished. His was an unconquerable spirit that would fight alone for what he thought was right, and against odds that would have driven lesser souls to surrender.

At the end of forty-one years of service he left not only a solid foundation, but he saw growth that must have cheered his soul in his last days in his home upon the campus which he had occupied for forty years.

Alumni and faculty members of the days of President Patterson have a feeling of great gratification that this enduring memorial is being dedicated to him, and I am sure all others present join with us in this expression of admiration and affection.

Mr. Charles N. Manning, Secretary and Treasurer of the Patterson Memorial Statue Committee and President of the Security Trust Company, the Executor and Trustee under the will of President Patterson, was one of those students whose lives were touched and inspired by the life of President Patterson. He has a large part in this work of love that is

being consummated today and it is highly fitting that he should have been chosen to present the statue. I take pleasure in presenting Mr. Manning, who will present the James Kennedy Patterson Memorial Statue to the University of Kentucky, after which it will be unveiled by Mr. Manning's granddaughter, little Miss Elinor Manning Isaacs.

PRESENTATION OF THE STATUE

MR. CHARLES N. MANNING

Mr. Chairman, President McVey, Dr. Lukeman, Members of the Faculty, Officers and Friends of the University of Kentucky: I bring you greeting and felicitation from the Patterson Memorial Committee.

Ten years ago, almost to the minute, a group of men and women who were connected with or friends of this University assembled near this spot and with words of admiration, appreciation and affection dedicated the residence in which James Kennedy Patterson had lived for many years, and in which he had died, as a shrine to his memory. The tablet affixed to its wall recites that from 1869 to 1910 he was the President of this institution and bears the quotation from Virgil: "Haec olim meminisse juvabit"—hereafter it will be a delight to remember these things.

And indeed it is a delight, Mr. Chairman, to realize that the fame of this great man has increased with the flight of years and with the growth of this University, of which it may be truly said he was the father, for which he labored so long and so zealously, upon which he bestowed his pride and affection while living, and to which he gave virtually his entire estate at his death.

The foundations which he laid were so broad and strong that his successors have been able to build upon them a greater institution than the means at his command permitted him to erect; and the greatness of him upon whom his mantle has fallen is attested not alone by the additions which he has made to the achievements of his distinguished predecessor, important as they are, but likewise by his earnest and constant efforts to honor his memory and to preserve and make vital the traditions which he has bequeathed. And doubtless

other friends and defenders of popular education throughout Kentucky, in this moment of its distress and peril, remembering the battles fought and won in its behalf by this indomitable Scotsman in earlier days, would join with the head of this institution in a paraphrase of Wordsworth's apostrophe to Milton and exclaim: "Patterson, thou shouldst be living at this hour; Kentucky has need of thee!"

For many years it has been the dream and aspiration of many of the alumni of the University of Kentucky, the former pupils and steadfast friends and admirers of James Kennedy Patterson, that a statue to his memory might be erected on this campus. The subject had been discussed prior to the death of Dr. Patterson, and in his will he bequeathed one thousand dollars to aid in the project. When the "Greater Kentucky" campaign was inaugurated, it was stipulated that 5 per cent of the subscriptions should be allocated to that purpose, and shortly after the death of Dr. Patterson, chiefly due to the initiative and persistence of Walter K. Patterson, whose admiration and affection for his distinguished elder brother knew no bounds, the Patterson Memorial Committee was formed to solicit, collect, conserve and apply funds in the consummation "so devoutly wished." The Honorable Charles R. Brock, a native of Laurel County, Kentucky, a pupil and devoted friend of Dr. Patterson and an alumnus of this institution, then a distinguished lawyer of Denver, Colorado, who had conceived and first publicly mentioned a memorial statue to James Kennedy Patterson on the campus of the University of Kentucky, was the first chairman of the committee and rendered untiring service to it until his death, besides making a generous cash contribution. Associated with him on the committee were Miss Mabel H. Pollitt (now Mrs. Frank L. Adams), Professor Walter K. Patterson, Dr. Frank L. McVey, Dean T. T. Jones, Honorable Rodman Wiley, and this speaker. After the death of Mr. Brock, Mr. Alexander Bonnyman, of Knoxville, Tennessee, who had been one of the earliest pupils and a life-long friend of the former President, was induced to accept the chairmanship of the committee. His energy and business talents, as well as his personal generosity, greatly facilitated and expedited the work of the committee, and it is deeply regretted that one of his frequent European trips has prevented his presence here

today and his participation in these exercises. After the death of Walter K. Patterson, Miss Margaret I. King and Professor E. W. Rannells were added to the committee, and they have by their wise counsel and cheerful cooperation greatly aided in the completion of its labors. Dr. Frank L. McVey, President of the University, was chairman of the Executive Committee, and his sympathy, his taste, and his wisdom informed and guided the committee in all its tasks. It is no less a pleasure than a duty to express our grateful acknowledgment of his unfailing patience, tact and interest.

The will of Professor Walter K. Patterson, whose opinions and wishes during his life were naturally very influential with the committee, directed his executor to add five thousand dollars to the fund for the monument whenever it should amount to fifteen thousand dollars.

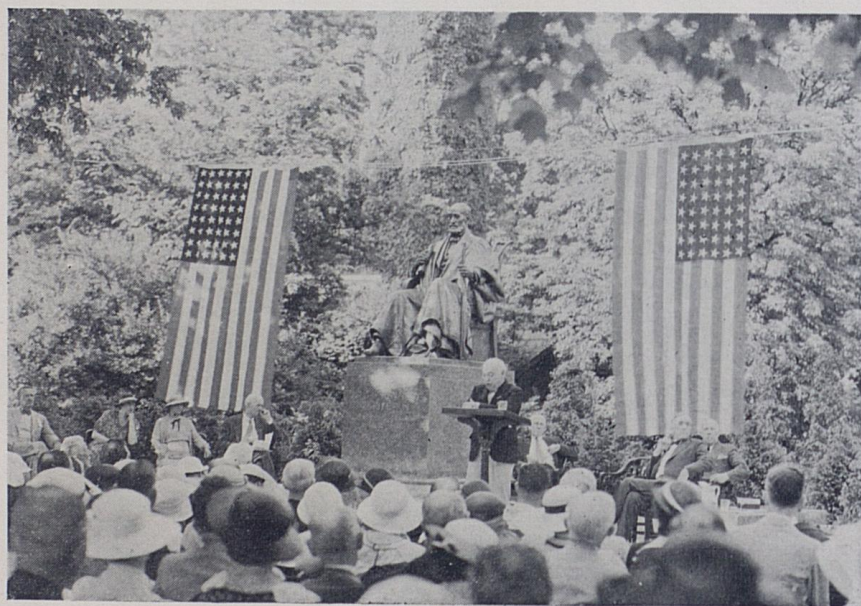
After his death, in correspondence and personal interviews with Dr. Augustus Lukeman, one of the most gifted and most famous of living sculptors, the committee ascertained that, through the generosity of certain friends of his, it would be possible, without further delay, to augment the funds in the hands of the committee to the required sum of fifteen thousand dollars, whereby the bequest of Professor Walter K. Patterson would become immediately available and the statue might be promptly erected. And so, on June 21, 1933 a contract was made by the committee with Dr. Lukeman for the statue. Mr. Maury J. Crutcher was appointed supervisor of construction.

How well the committee and those associated with them and the sculptor have performed their task, you may shortly judge; for it is neither my province nor my purpose to attempt to express the significance or the inspiration, nor yet an appreciation, of the life of him whom this statue commemorates. That privilege has been given, that duty assigned to one who is, of all men living, perhaps best qualified by acquaintance, by learning, by association and cooperation, as well as by feeling and eloquence, to discharge it. None better than he, few so well as he, can

“Hammer the golden day until it lies
A glimmering plate, to fill with memories.”

It is my part and my great privilege and pleasure, Mr. President, on behalf of the Patterson Memorial Committee and of all who have contributed of their time, their labor or their means to the fruition of this day, to present to the University of Kentucky, as a token of their admiration, appreciation, affection, gratitude and pride, and as a symbol of those unseen things which are eternal, this statue of that great scholar, great teacher, great statesman, great man, President for more than forty years of this great institution, which we hope will ever stand as a memorial to the useful and consecrated life of James Kennedy Patterson.

(The audience standing, the American flags veiling the statue were withdrawn.)



THE CHAIRMAN: The University of Kentucky is indeed fortunate to have a man to continue the work of President Patterson who has the highest conception of the functions of a university in the State, and whose high scholarship and rare gift of executive ability have inspired the confidence of his faculty and constituency and have enabled him to guide the University in a remarkable development during his incumbency. We trust him in these troublous times to lead in

the struggle through which the institution is passing as did President Patterson in the days that tried his spirit.

I have the honor to present President McVey, who will accept the Memorial Statue on behalf of the University.

ACCEPTANCE OF THE PATTERSON STATUE FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

BY PRESIDENT FRANK L. McVEY

It has been a good many years since the proposal to erect the memorial to President Patterson was first made. Through the interest of many alumni and friends, together with the gift made by Professor Walter Patterson, and the work of the chairman of the committee, Mr. Alexander Bonnyman, this beautiful statue has become an actuality. It is with pleasure that I accept it on behalf of the University of Kentucky. There are three reasons to be given to those who made this beautiful gift possible: first, because it is an expression of appreciation, generosity and love of a large number of men and women; second, because it is a beautiful expression of the sculptor's art; and third, because it carries the spirit of James Kennedy Patterson to all beholding it, and will serve as a constant reminder of what he did for the University, and in consequence will bring to the University staff, student body, and alumni a new understanding of what the University is and of the service he rendered.

INTRODUCTION OF THE SCULPTOR OF THE MEMORIAL STATUE

THE CHAIRMAN: The man who can put into enduring form not only the physical outline of a human being but can make it seem as though the spirit were inhabiting and shining through the form, possesses genius that contributes to the perpetuation of the noblest qualities of man.

The sculptor of the memorial statue of President Patterson has a long list of notable creations to his credit which I shall not attempt to enumerate. He is known to Kentuckians through two other pieces of work—a bas-relief of Daniel Boone at Paris and a portrait bust of Jefferson Davis at

Transylvania College. I have the pleasure of presenting Dr. Augustus Lukeman, whom we are delighted to have with us.

(Dr. Lukeman rose and acknowledged the introduction with a modest bow; then, extending his right arm toward the statue, said: "This is my speech.")

THE CHAIRMAN: Among the friends of the University there has been none more constant and loyal than he who will deliver the dedicatory address. He has manifested his friendship both as a private citizen and as Governor of the Commonwealth.

Senator Stanley was a student in the University and was another of those upon whom a lasting and beneficent influence was exerted by President Patterson that left in him a life-long admiration and affection for the President. Very fittingly did the University bestow upon Senator Stanley the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws in recognition of his attainments and of his public services to the State. No more appropriate selection could have been made of a speaker to deliver the dedicatory address.

I take great pleasure in presenting Honorable A. O. Stanley.

DEDICATORY ADDRESS

THE HONORABLE A. O. STANLEY

Former Governor and United States Senator
of the Commonwealth of Kentucky

Mr. Chairman, Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: An honor it is and a coveted privilege to be permitted today by your gracious leave to pay a deserved tribute to the great President of this University.

Monuments—monuments after all are for the living, not the dead, and he whose semblance is cunningly wrought before you by the sculptor's art needs no such assurance of an enduring fame. Twice ten thousand aspiring youths, of whose plastic lives he was at once the architect and the inspiration, have eternally inscribed upon throbbing hearts and upon the tablets of love and memory the ineffaceable story of his nobility and his worth, and that proud and tender tradition, handed down from father to son, shall endure so

long as yonder bronze shall defy the wasting tooth of time. For him there is no need of "storied urn or animated bust." The appropriate and eternal monument to the memory of James K. Patterson is this University. Its green and undulating campus was acquired by his keen foresight. Its umbrageous trees were planted by his tender hands and watered by his loving care. The foundations of these imposing walls were set by his skill, and by his untiring energy, his transcendent genius and his indomitable will were laid, one stone upon another.

Were I asked "Where is the monument to James K. Patterson?", with one hand I would point to this University and with the other to the accomplished manhood of the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

On the 19th of June, 1842, a penniless emigrant, Andrew Patterson, with his good wife, Janet, and a family of small children—the eldest, James, hopelessly crippled—landed in the harbor of New York. For long weary months in the mills of New England and New York in vain he sought for employment in the only trade he knew, that of "block cutter." Then the poor family are swept westward toward the thinly peopled frontiers of the new world.

President Patterson himself has given us a graphic and pathetic picture of the hard, hard life of Andrew Patterson and his family out there in an Indiana clearing. Says President Patterson:

"My father, whose health was never robust, knew little or nothing about farming. Scottish villages and calico printing establishments do not furnish the best training for a man who at forty-two years of age is expected to take up a remote uncleared farm and make a living thereon. * * *

"Hence it was that more and more upon the energy, untiring industry and practical economy of my mother depended the upbringing of the family. * * *

"My mother was anxious not simply to keep her family respectable but to keep them just a little better than her neighbors. The making and the mending, the cooking and the dairy work, the washing and the ironing, the direction of much of the farm work, all fell to her lot.

For weeks at a time during busy seasons of the year she was up until midnight, snatching a few hours of sleep when she could. She rarely expressed the regret that I knew she must often feel at having left 'her ain bonnie hoose in Alexandria.' The majority of the inhabitants were quite illiterate. * * * My father could go and enjoy them and laugh with them and at them. But not she. Even had she felt the inclination, which she did not, the round of household duties would have prevented her. She missed the companionship of Scottish folk, she missed the village Kirk, but she never complained."

And so in the desolation of a western wilderness, her infirm spouse, her children and her God "became the ocean to the river of her thought." Ah! my countrymen, that picture recalls the Corsican mother bearing her martial son upon a couch emblazoned with the story of Aeneas and breathing into his aspiring soul an ambition that in after years did shake the world; the noble Virginia mother with her manly son at her knee, imbuing his plastic youth with that invincible love of truth and duty that afterwards made him the beloved and revered Father of his Country. Did you ever stop to think that behind all this world's immortals there stands such a mother?

I remember thirty long years ago and more, when a young congressman, I used to wander at night through the long avenues of the most beautiful capital in the world and to stand in the great circles where the wealth and genius of the nation has been devoted to the perpetuation of the memory of her deathless dead. There sits the jurist in his robes, and yonder stands a statesman in the pose in which, in an elder and better day, he was wont "the applause of listening senate to command;" and here the warrior and his horse instinct with fire, catching the scent of battle from afar. And then I thought that I could descry in the misty moonlight in the silence of the night the shy, shrinking figure, modest as a nun, of some grand and forgotten mother whose agony, whose labor and whose sacrificial love had given her darling boy to his country and to immortality.

As a senator I gave my support to the right of woman to a full participation in the political activities of this country.

But you know, my friends, sometimes I can hardly repress a commiserating smile when some ultra and pampered advocate of feminism tells me about a statute that will open at last to women an avenue for real usefulness, and all the time she is fondling a Pomeranian pup. I tell you that woman's supernal power is the gift of Him whose loving kindness endureth forever. In her heart and her soul God is enthroned; her fathomless and sacrificial love is the holiest thing known to men or angels, save alone the divine passion which filled that broken heart pierced for your iniquities and mine two thousand years ago upon the black brow of Golgatha. "God could not be everywhere so he made mothers."

I see this mother, many miles from the nearest school and without a dime to pay the miserable stipend for her children's tuition even had the school been near. "My mother," said he, "supplemented the lack of schools by her own activities. She taught the elder ones to read the Scriptures, to learn the Shorter Catechism, and to memorize the Metrical Version of the Psalms."

Ah! go back, go back, O, my friends, you who loved and honored him as I did, and picture the maimed little lad who in thirteen years had never been inside a school house, by penury and humble birth at once oppressed; he amazes me, I know not which the more, by his indomitable courage or his insatiate hunger for knowledge. This little lad felt no self pity, no sensitiveness about his physical condition. He never repined, he never despaired, and on the puncheon floor of a cabin in an Indiana clearing "he hitched his wagon to a star" and onward and upward he pursued "the even tenor of his way," until he became President of a great University. And yet, as I look today over that long, thorny, hard ascent it, is literally sun-kissed by the radiance of his heroic spirit.

In his brave heart bubbled the crystal waters of Lowell's Fountain:

"Ceaseless aspiring
Ceaseless content
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;
Glorious fountain
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant
Upward, like thee."

And so, says his biographer, he searched for facts with the eagerness of a bloodhound, marshalled them with the care of a shepherd. Books wherever he could find them were literally devoured. He traveled five miles to find a copy of Rollins' Ancient History, and when the book had been sold he went ten miles more and returned in triumph with four of the volumes. The kindness of friends and the charity of kindred permitted him at last to finish his course at Hanover College. We see him graduated with the highest honors. The sweet little mother is there, of course, and when they asked her if she was not proud, in her Scottish accent and piety she replied, "No prou, but thankfu." The untaught teacher at seventeen had entered the great profession which he was destined to adorn.

I will tell you a little story. In these days he became rapidly rich. He received fifty dollars for teaching four months and paid a dollar a week board, and here is how he made his budget. He says, "I discovered a cooking stove of the newest type with the accompanying utensils for \$17.50. My mother had gone with my father to a neighboring county to attend a sacramental service of an associate Presbyterian Church, and upon her return she was greatly surprised to see the cooking stove with the utensils already set up for use." And then the man who built a university declared that that was one of the greatest triumphs of his life. Ah! poor, rich, happy Cornelia, you have found your jewels; those bright utensils more precious were to that mother's heart than if they had been wrought from hammered gold.

James K. Patterson did with his might what his hands found to do. Every school was succeeded by a better one. We find him the principal of the Presbyterian Academy at Greenville, and passing rich with six hundred dollars a year. "He had a 'nigger' to black his boots and go his errands and take his messages in the comfortable home of Edward Rumsey;" and they threw in a sweetheart, to boot.

And then he was Principal of the Preparatory Department of Stewart College at Clarksville, Tennessee. In 1861 he was elected Principal of the Transylvania Academy. Afterwards he was a professor in Kentucky University, the successor of Transylvania University.

The period from 1867 until 1875 is the most uneventful period in the long and checkered career of James K. Patterson, and to my mind it is the most happy and the most serene part of his beautiful and noble life. Surrounded by a loving wife, his young children and his books, it was nevertheless a period of prodigious intellectual activity. That period of contemplation afforded him, as it afforded Plato and Mohammed and Christ and all the immortals, that seclusion so essential to contemplation, to grave, serious, continued thought. Then it was that James K. Patterson "in the still air of delightful studies" learned to "weigh and to consider" and so developed the mighty man who presently shall emerge from his cloister like a winged butterfly from its chrysalis.

Sir Francis Bacon, when about the age of our young professor, declared in a letter to his uncle, Lord Burleigh—and Bacon was the greatest of English scholars—"I have taken all knowledge for my province;" and James K. Patterson seems at this time to have been fired by a like ambition. His capacious mind was "an intellectual ocean whose waves touched all the shores of thought." In the phrase of Lord Bacon, books, books were literally "chewed and digested"; the shelves of his library are filled with many "quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore," tomes of history, the Scotch bards prior to Burns, the sagas of the Saxons, obstruse treatises on almost every conceivable subject and in many languages. Unaided, he masters Sanskrit, and delves into higher mathematics. Joyously and eagerly he goes to his studies like a bee to the blossom, and, as the bee transforms the sweet of all the flowers into its own honey, so this man assimilated the wisdom of the sages of all the ages until they became a part, an integral part of his intellectual being. The most intense, the most severe concentration was to him not so much a labor as an irresistible impulse. Says Lord Byron, "There are quick spirits who can tire of naught but rest." Such was Patterson. History made him wise, mathematics subtle, philosophy profound, and all the natural sciences revealed to him the hidden forces and mysteries of nature. His perfect mastery of the classics afforded him a vocabulary at once copious and ornate and as polished as Parian marble.

Such was the man who, in 1878, was the President of the A. & M. College of Kentucky. And such a college as it

was! It had a name, a charter, a yearly income of \$9,900 and nothing else. Says President Patterson:

“It must be borne in mind that when detached from Kentucky University this College had nothing. It had no farm for experimental or other purposes, no buildings, no machinery, no geological or mineralogical cabinets, no chemical or philosophical apparatus, no museums, no farming or garden implements, no stock—absolutely nothing.”

And upon this bare rock the aspiring optimist proposed to build a mighty university. The people of the good city of Lexington and Fayette County—God bless them!—responded eagerly with heart and purse because they knew the character and the capacity of that man. The contagion spread over the whole state. The people became thrilled with the thought of a “State University,” an institution not circumscribed by any bounds of section or creed, a temple of learning,

“Whose gates were open wide
And all who would might enter in
And no one was denied.”

In 1880 the Legislature appropriated one-half cent on the hundred dollars to the maintenance of the University. The attendance doubled. New ground was purchased, and the ring of the mason’s trowel and of the carpenter’s hammer delighted the soul of the young president. And then the storm cloud broke. The other colleges of the State took fright at the presence of this mighty man and the growth of this institution. Every conceivable appeal was made; both the propriety and the constitutionality of the law were questioned. It became apparent to the man in the street that the next legislature would repeal the act, because legislatures then and now, when they are scared, cannot be made to think. Not a dollar could be secured from any bank in Lexington. The work stopped, the unfinished buildings, a ghastly monument of failure; and then this great and canny Scotsman, taking the savings of his life, hypothecated every dime he had to the payment of the State’s debt and the work went on.

Ah! it was only when James Kennedy Patterson, his back to the wall, his last dollar staked upon the turn of a card, by

enemies encompassed round about—political, legal, ecclesiastical—then it was he rose to the full measure of his mighty stature.

Ah! my friends, I have often wished that some man whose pen or pencil was as facile as the chisel of our great sculptor could place upon canvas that never to be forgotten scene before the Legislature of Kentucky when the fortunes of James K. Patterson and the fate of the University of Kentucky hung trembling in the balance. Every legislator, they tell us, was in his seat; eager spectators crowded the galleries to watch the historic battle. Upon one side President Beatty—ah, I remember him well! I can see now his classically chiseled features, the dignity and majesty of his mien, his gracious and insinuating address, his wealth of scholarly attainments, the very model of a college president. And behind him were arrayed the presidents of six great institutions; and towering above them all the leonine head of William Lindsay—jurist and statesman was he of just renown, ponderous, powerful, formidable, every inch of him; and then over yonder, leaning on his crutch, the frail figure of James Kennedy Patterson, sublime, serene, undaunted, with the eye and beak of an eagle, unafraid, eager for the fray. A strange paradox was James Kennedy Patterson. The gentlest and the most combative man God ever made. He reveled in a controversy; he loved his friends; and he enjoyed his enemies. In a forensic struggle he literally “drank delight of battle with his peers.” And now in the midst of a silence that could be felt, this single champion bids defiance to his embattled foes. Never, never in the history of Kentucky, since the days of Crittenden and Clay, have men heard such an impassioned flow of flawless English. The force and majesty of Chatham, the luxuriance, the wealth of classic allusion and the comprehensiveness of Burke, and the fine scorn and flashing wit of Sheridan were his. Do you recall, you older men, like my friend, Napoleon B. Hayes, here, that marvelous opening sentence of James K. Patterson?

“An extraordinary occasion,” said he, “calls for my presence before you tonight. In the history of education in Kentucky no parallel to this, so far as I know, has occurred. An institution founded through munificence of the General Government, a munificence similar in kind

to that which forms the ground work of the common school system of the State, whose endowment has been generously increased by the Commonwealth, whose special object has been to provide a liberal and practical education for the masses, is assailed, not by the people, not by the legal or the medical profession, not by the wealthy, but by the Ministers of the Gospel. And why? Not because its course of study is defective, not because there is any lack of efficiency in its instruction, not because its moral or religious tone causes disquiet to good people, none of these things; but because it furnishes tuition too cheap and educates too many."

That immortal utterance will live in our memories with Pitt's answer to Walpole, with Burke's impeachment of Hastings, and with Webster's reply to Hayne. To that classic utterance we are devoutly indebted today for forty years of the untiring labors of this penniless Scottish exile, devoted to the culture and the development of all that is finest and sweetest in the intellectual life of the Commonwealth, and upon it as its rock foundation rests today the University of Kentucky.

Ah, I am thinking now, not of the great President, not of that marvelous man who fabricated a great institution from the woof and warp of his own genius, for this University sprang from the creative mind of James K. Patterson even as Pallas full panoplied sprang from the brain of Jove. In it all his dreams came true.

Ah, were you who loved him as I loved him and have reverentially studied the great soul as I have studied it, were you to ask me now what was the greatest characteristic of James K. Patterson, I should answer, "his indomitable faith." In that firm soul there was neither doubt nor fear. He stood as for five centuries his forebears had stood upon the granite ribs of Ben Lomond, upon his convictions and his commanding, imperative sense of duty. Faith he had, implicit, abiding, invincible faith; faith in his countryman, whom he loved and trusted with a wealth of devotion; faith in his God with whom he humbly walked; faith in the institutions of his country, which he understood as few men ever did or ever will; a noble philanthropist, devout Christian, an exalted patriot, there he stands.

Ah, it is not of a great President that I am thinking, but of a grand old man in all the tragedy, the unspeakable pathos of his childlessness when he took this University into the great void of his broken heart. Ah, I know how he loved, how infinitely he loved these poor aspiring lads, how he took them in his great arms and nourished them as a hen hovers her brood. What a Democracy he established here, for in the presence of that high and catholic spirit, the rich were unmindful of their wealth, the poor of their poverty, and worth alone determined the standing of men. Oh, I know, I know; I was here in it and of it; I was perhaps the poorest of them all.

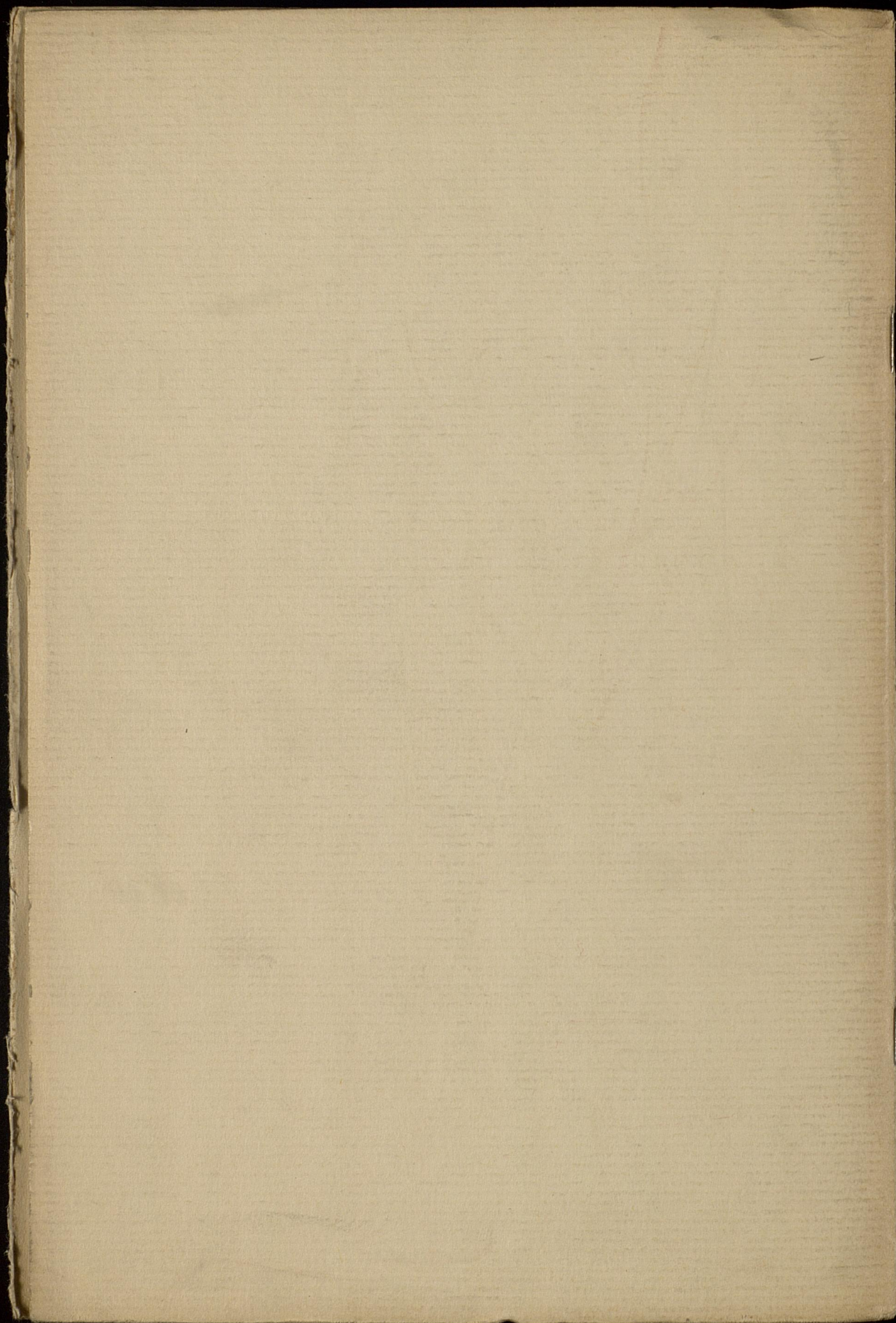
May I close, my friends, with the exquisite tribute paid on a former occasion by one whom our President loved to love, the accomplished and stalwart friend of this University, Dick Stoll?

“He has done more for the upbuilding and elevation of our citizenship than any other man. Honoured himself by other universities, he has honoured this University. His name and that of the University of Kentucky are synonymous. He has been our father; we are his children.”

BENEDICTION



“HE SAVED THE SEED FOR THE NEXT GENERATION”



The University of Kentucky

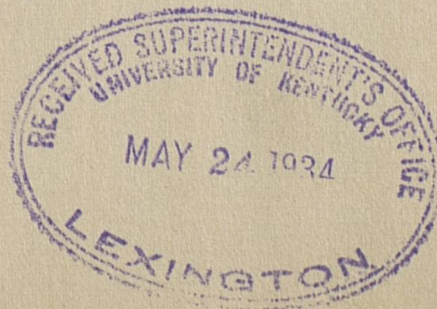


Unveiling Exercises

for the

James Kennedy Patterson Memorial Statue

Friday, June 1, 1934



Program



PROFESSOR GEORGE ROBERTS, *Presiding*

Invocation DOCTOR ELMER ELLSWORTH SNODDY
Professor of Christian Doctrine, Transylvania College

PRESENTATION TO THE UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY OF
THE JAMES KENNEDY PATTERSON MEMORIAL STATUE

MR. CHARLES N. MANNING
Chairman of the Memorial Committee

UNVEILING OF THE STATUE

ELINOR MANNING ISAACS

ACCEPTANCE OF THE STATUE FOR THE UNIVERSITY
OF KENTUCKY

PRESIDENT FRANK LEROND McVEY

INTRODUCTION OF THE SCULPTOR OF THE MEMORIAL

MR. AUGUSTUS LUKEMANN

DEDICATORY ADDRESS

THE HONORABLE SENATOR A. O. STANLEY
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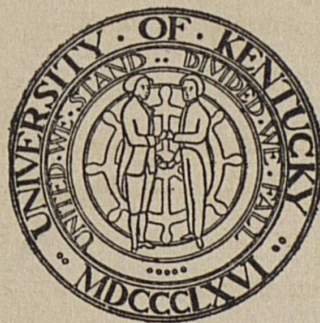
Patterson Memorial Exercises

In Memory of

James Kennedy Patterson, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D., F.S.A.

President of the University

1868 - 1910



June the First

Nineteen Hundred Twenty-four

The Patterson Home
Campus

Afternoon at Four-thirty

Order of Exercises

President FRANK LE ROND McVEY, Presiding

Music—The University Chorus.

Invocation—The Rev. Dr. Bunyon McLeod.

Address on behalf of the Alumni—

Mr. Howard Payne Ingels, '05

Music—The University Glee Club.

Address—Honorable Samuel Mackay Wilson.

Presentation of Memorial Tablet.

Benediction—The Reverend Dr. Bunyon McLeod.