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UA68/6/2 Eulogy on Dr. Kinnaman

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Congress Debating Club

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Eulogy on Dr. Kinnamon.
by
Evon Howell.

Brag.
Kinnamon.

Mr. President, faculty members and fellow students; you have been told by the speakers who have gone before me the history of this institution, of the great crises through which it has come; step by step it has progressed until today it has reached a height which twenty years ago would have seemed impossible to the common thinker. Let me inform you, however, that this progress has not come about by mere accident. Every step was the result of sacrifice of some loyal worker.

Our school is young yet as you know and many of those loyal workers who guided it through the perils of its infancy are still guiding it today in the persons of Dr. Cherry, Professor Alexander, Dr. Stickles and others. But I am thinking now of a great figure in that group of distinguished leaders whom most of you do not know. A man of great ability, who put his whole heart and soul into this school in order that it might grow and serve Kentucky as it is so ably doing today. A man that is remembered and loved by everyone who knew him. I refer to Dr. Kinnamon.

Dr. Kinnamon possessed a personality that radiated sparks of love which reached every heart. He was firm, staunch and strong in personality yet it was weildy and applicable to meet and win the love and confidence of any heart. To love and adore his manly and agreeable personality one had but to glance into his noble looking eyes or at the welcoming smile that always shown upon his face.

I can see him now, as it was on registration day, easily gliding among the student-body, would be unnoticed if it were not for that radiating love, which always made his presence felt, answering the merry salutations of the old students, speaking words of consolation to the new one, and spreading hope and cheer among all.

As a teacher, concluding from his results and the unanimous voice of his students, he was above questioning. Dr. Kinnamon had a rare gift which made him exceptionally suitable for the profession. The something that marked him in his private life was carried into the school room. There it was combined with the knowledge to be disseminated and made dead facts alive and stale facts new. All that had classes with him became saturated with his overflowing inspiration. It was too strong not to be felt; the result was a class full of enthusiasm, a spirit of cooperation and service; all ready to work because Dr. Kinnamon said so.

He gave knowledge, but he gave more than knowledge. Knowledge was clothed in that fine spirit of comrade and fellowship which always illuminated from his personality. He accepted Dr. Cherry's motto, Life More Life, and carried it into the school room.

Four years ago this city and this school lost a great citizen and teacher. Dr. Kinnamon was called away because of ill health. He went back to his old home in Indiana. Two years later this country lost a great soul and educator when Dr. Kinnamon was called to that great beyond.

His friends mourned for the loss of such a godly man and great teacher and his absence is greatly felt today. Yet

his love and fine spirit remains wherever he was known. It is so deeply embedded within this institution that it will remain forever through all the changes this school may undergo.

I say his friends bereaved of his departure, but we have one consolation; he received his flowers before he went, in the form of love and happiness. In his last days he had the happiness of the ~~knack~~ thought of a well spent life. His whole life seemed to be one of enjoyment, enjoyment that none can taste, except those that possess an agreeable and lovable personality, of Dr. Kinnamon, a man who loved and was loved by everybody.

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days.
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."