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It has been said, the patriotism of each generation is created by the preceding generation, and if this be true, it is for us to transmit to the next generation that which has been handed down to us.

It is now one hundred and forty years since our Constitution was drafted in Philadelphia and the problem before the Convention was to guarantee liberty, while imposing self-reagrulat, to make possible the rule of the majority and the protection of the rights of the minority. And, as an eminent writer has said, "For one hundred and forty years we have lasted with no suggestion that we have reached the zenith of our progress." But today there is a call for true patriotism, a call so insistent it will not be denied, for throughout our land there is a spirit of unrest—there are strange doctrines and stranger deeds. There are destructive forces seeking to undermine and overthrow our Government and to make null the teachings of our forefathers. It is for us as patriotic Americans to stand guard, for so insidious is the work of the Communist, so misleading his propaganda, that it behooves every true-born American citizen to awake and combat this influence. In the language of Charles Evans Hughes, their purpose is not to make men free, but to oppress—not to establish self-government of a people, but the dictatorship of a class.

And so today, the National Society of Daughters of the American Revolution, stands for education national defense. Not as an advocate of war, but as a means to prevent war. You will remember Georgе Washington said: "A free people ought not only be armed, but disciplined," and again: "To secure peace is a neutral Flag, to secure a naval force organized and ready to vindicate it from insult. This may even prevent the necessity of going to war."

Then let us hold lightly the freedom bought with the blood of our patriots, but rather let us transmit the sentiment of reverence, of devotion to country, to our children and our children's children.

I believe it was MacCauley who said:

"People who take no pride in the noble achievements of their ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by their descendants."

Then let us resolve to retrieve our omission—let us resolve as we leave this hallowed spot that it shall be worthily marked—let us resolve as proud Kentuckians to be worthy of our heritage!

I thank you. (Applause.)

JUDGE COCHRAN: The next on our program is a poem entitled, "Heritage of the Blue Licks," by Professor Cotton Noe, Poet Laureate of Kentucky. Kentucky is fortunate to have as a excellent Poet Laureate.

PROFESSOR NOE: Mr. Chairman, Fellow Kentuckians: As far as I know I had no ancestor in the battle or any other battle of the Revolution. My ancestors have been so busy fighting the wolf that they have not had an opportunity to fight any battles. I did, however, have an ancestor captured by an Indian—my sweat grandmother, who was a captive seven years among the Indians and who came back home and became the bride in the wedding ceremony of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, who was her first cousin.

Forty-five years ago, on the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of the Blue Licks, a great Kentucky poet read a great poem of epic power. It would be inappropriate and impertinent of me to attempt to repeat that poem on this day of today. So, I have taken only one thought connected with this battle:

"The Heritage of the Blue Licks"

"Let every man that's not a coward, follow me!"
Strange words that burst suddenly from the lips
Upon the air and stung with sudden pain the ear
Of Harlin, Boone and Todd.
And many another pioneer
Whose only fear had been the fear of God.

The rash McClary knew the swift contagion of his art,
And like a leaping cataract.
He plunged into the stream,
With gun aloft;
As if to show the vile esteem
In which he held the counsel he had scoffed—
The counsel of the veteran Boone,
Who warned that it was dangerous and inopportune
To follow blindly and precipitately
A wily enemy,
Entrenched, perhaps, in some ravine
Behind the thickest screen,
And fall into an ambuscade.
Boone knew the redman and the subtle renegade
Who led the brutal band,
His cunning and his treachery;
The merciless and unfeeling butchery
That would ensue.
He knew;
And with every art of speech at his command
Had striven to make his fellows understand
The need of wisdom in pursuit—
The need that every man be resolute
In self-control, be armed-eyed, and vigilant.
But when the reckless shout
Rang out,
Who could withstand
That challenge but a craven reverant?

And we forgive them, every one
Forgive McClary, impetuous champion
Of courage; we forgive the sacrifice of life
That followed in the deadly strife.
Let it suffice
There was no taint of cowardice.

For when the sun had dropped behind the western hill
Into a spume of clouds
That looked like blood-stained shrouds,
And Night's Cicada, strident, shrill,
Pierced August's evening chill,
The Pleiades arose and looked upon
The forage fleeing toward the dawn,
Fleeing never to return again,
To wooded hill and blue-grass glen,
Among all Indian tribes renowned
As Paradise, their Happy Hunting Ground.

But Venus, when the autumn fields were brown,
Looked every night upon stockaded town

And heard the lonely mother, domiciled
In rudest cabin, singing to her child:
"He is not dead; the brave can never die."

Ulysses battling with the sea,
Achilles at old Thermopylae;
The dauntless Tell, and Arnold Winkle cried;
Joan of Arc, and Charles, the Swede;
The child of Thunder, and Hungary;
The dashing Morgan, fearless as the God of War.

Such heroics were our forebears in the fierce melee;
But no more that bloody August day
Their passing was not death, but birth.
Their spirit lives,
And living gives
To every Kentuckian of high or low degree
A heritage of Freedom and of Liberty,
A heritage of Bravery and Magnanimity—
A pedigree that's unsurpassed in any index of earth.

JUDGE COCHRAN: The next item on our program is an address by Mrs. Samuel H. Halley, State President of the National Society of Colonial Dames of Kentucky, Mrs. Halley is a choice daughter of James P. Helm. We are thinking of those that have left us, and a year before and I love to think of the lawyers who use to appear before me in court and to whom I looked up to, and James P. Helm was one of them. (Applause.)

MRS. HALLEY: Your Excellency, the Governor of Kentucky, Officers of the Battle of Blue Licks Memorial Association, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The presence of the aeroplane among us today and of those motors makes us realize that as we stand here in the year 1927—amid the discoveries of sciences and modern scientific inventions—it is a far cry to those old days—those days sustainery and a half ago—when the Battle of Blue Licks was fought.

This is one of the few spots in Kentucky with which of Colonial history, a fact that is interesting, but does not add to the glory or prestige of the Kentucky pioneer who fought as brave a battle as that of the Colonials.

I have been asked to speak a few words about the women of this period, but I may not limit myself to them, for in speaking of these women or these, too, for that matter—it is hard to separate men and women in their respective spheres of responsibility and courage.

Many of these women came from Virginia—from homes as cultured and delightful as could be found. So that the change from such environment to the trials and terrors of pioneer life in the wilderness of Kentucky were as severe as we shall be imagined. Some brought their slaves who lightened the drudgery, but still letter would be to keep every minute occupied. For the men were frequently absent, fighting, or felling the trees, to make roads, to build the log house—and it fell to the women to make home civilized.

They planted orchards as in the forest might be fruit, and gardens of vegetables and flowers, and in the log cabins for the coming winter. They attended to the spinning and weaving and quilting of those finely pieced exquisite quilts that have never been surpassed. They made the soap and by pouring hot liquid into bronze molds made candles—the trusty tallow dip—and by this flickering light wove rag rugs for which so little time could be found in the busy day. They attended to the sick, going from house to house as was needed—and when children were orphaned took them into their already crowded homes and raised them as their own—and always with the fear of the Indians and other unseen terrors lurking in their hearts.

I am thinking of one woman whose history I well know. Yet she was but typical of many. She had lived in a beautiful home in Virginia, a home notable for her own auburn-haired, high-spirited beauty. She had danced at brilliant balls, and shone in the society of which Washington was a member. She had been united to the polished floors of a Colonial home, the rustle of silk dresses, the twinkling of many candles in silver sconces, the atmosphere of which—the favorite one—was the peace of such surroundings. Yet, with her young husband and children she came to Kentucky in 1784 and made herself happy in the midst of the bloody ground. Here she labored and planted and worked, and never forget the refinements of her Virginia home—trying by dressing in her best each night to retain something of past glory.

Although she could—and did—use a rifle as well as a man, nevertheless the love of books and the gentler joys of living did not leave her. Her love of books and things worthwhile she taught her children, and the necessity of education, the refinements of patrician living—and her sons and their descendants are on every page of Kentucky history.

But perhaps the one thing these women had to endure which was worse than all else, was the loneliness of their lives, the loneliness of leaving their former associates—but most of all, of being shut away from the settlement were called upon to fight the Indians. Yet, when I think of that I am reminded of an editorial which appeared recently in the New York Sun about Abraham Lincoln:

"Alone! Is he alone at whose right side rides Courage, with Skill within the cockpit and Faith upon the left? Does solitude surround the brave when Adventure leads the way and Ambition reads the dials? Is there no company with him for whom the air is cleft and darkness turned to light by Daring? Alone? With what other companions would man rather be than with those rarer spirits who inspire to intrepidity and by their example portency give strength to arms, resource to mind, constancy to soul.

It is the same with all great achievements. First, the pioneer—that steady-eyed stalwart man, who went into the forest primeval accompanied by his boon companions—Adventure, Courage and Hope."

That was the heroic age! But when our minds turn back to the laughing, dancing boy heroes of the late war—they who were thought to be as light as foam—the dancing, irresponsible product of this generation—yet who equalled in courage with their gay nonchalant audacity the heroes of all ages, then we realize that this too is the heroic age—when occasion calls.

And when we look ahead we know that the deep foundations of strength and courage laid by our pioneer ancestors were not wrought in vain, but are in truth the foundations for the "more stately mansions" of the future. (Applause.)

JUDGE COCHRAN: Our next speaker will be our esteemed and worthy Governor, the Honorable William J. Fields. (Applause.)

GOVERNOR FIELDS: Judge Cochran, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is gratifying, indeed, to see so many gathered here today to pay homage to our heroic dead. It is a guarantee to see evidence of interest in this great, worthy and patriotic movement, a guarantee not only of the appreciation but of the perpetuity of this, the greatest government of the earth.

You know, my friends, we spend much time in discussing the greatness of our government and its glory; our civilization and our wonderful achievements under that civilization, and it is fitting and proper that we do so. We spend time discussing the fact we are the greatest government on earth; that the, the first great Christian nation, has become the beacon light of all the world. We delight to discuss these phases of our government and our civilization, and it is appropriate that we do so, but I sometimes think that we must forget the contentment that was enjoyed by those who gave us this government; by those who made these great achievements possible. You know sometimes we get the idea that the government is an imaginary something handed down to us from somewhere; we know not and care less where, overlooking the fact that it was purchased for us, we also enjoy it today by all the sacrifices and suffering that it was possible for mankind to endure.

When we commence with the early history of this great government, we see it step by step hewn out of the wilderness, carried out of the howling wilderness and under the fostering care of statesmen by those who gave us this government; by those who made these great achievements possible. You know sometimes we get the idea that the government is an imaginary something handed down to us from somewhere; we know not and care less where, overlooking the fact that it was purchased for us, we also enjoy it today by all the sacrifices and suffering that it was possible for mankind to endure.

[illegible] and the sacrifice that was made by the dead whose memory we honor today. There were military achievements in this, the greatest of all wars, but doubtless were, a safer leadership and better military strategy, statesmanship, that brought to a close forts to build the government and the civilization that we enjoy today was there greater evidence of courage, was there greater evidence of sacrifice made by the heroic dead whose memory we honor today, than in the battle we commemorate and proper that this great and proud Commonwealth should, at this late date, take notice of their sacrifice for the great principles of liberty that have left behind them and for the great civilization that marches on the front, in part, of the sacrifices they endured here.

At the last session of the Legislature my attention was called to the fact by Hon. William Cutris—I owe it to him to make this statement—that there was no appropriation for Robertson and Nicholas Counties, that in all the years we have passed no one apparently had called to the attention of the Legislature the fact that it was the duty of Kentucky to honor these immortal heroes that have long since gone to their reward. So he came to me—I, of course, like others, was familiar in a way with the history of the Battle of the Blue Licks, but not familiar with it in detail as was he—he came to the Executive Office, he called my attention to the fact that not even a marker had been placed at the entrance to their memory by the great Commonwealth of Kentucky, and I immediately went with him that it should be done; that it should not, that it must not be longer delayed. He drafted a bill and presented it to the Legislature and by some misadventure as best we could and the bill was passed appropriating $5,000 for the erection of the monument which, of course, would be erected on the ground where the battle was fought. Since then a new one man, my friends, has done more appropriated