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Kentucky

humanities

April 2009

Kentucky Humanities Council Inc.



Our Lincoln

TAKES WASHINGTON, D.C. | 14

Behind the Chautauqua with Haley Bowling | 6

The Derby that almost wasn't: A memoir of World War II | 20

A student and his teacher: Jesse Stuart and Lena Voiers | 27

It's springtime in Kentucky

And what better time is there to think about one of our most prized Kentucky traditions? You'll read many references to horse racing in this issue of *Kentucky Humanities* – first, in a story that's close to our hearts.

The Kentucky Humanities Council was honored to bring the only grand event celebrating the Abraham Lincoln Bicentennial to Washington, D.C., in February. *Our Lincoln: Kentucky's Gift to the Nation* was a smashing success. The musical, theatrical and historical event featured 350 performers on the stage of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts – from Metropolitan Opera stars Angela Brown and Gregory Turay, to the University of Kentucky Symphony Orchestra and the American Spiritual Ensemble, and beyond.

As you read in this issue about *Our Lincoln* (page 14), we tell you a story about a small organization that took a very big chance on an event of such magnitude. It might have been an extremely risky bet, but the Kentucky Humanities Council crossed the finish-line in first place. It's a story of true Kentucky pride.

Next, imagine this scenario: It's 1945. The country has been at war for several years. In an effort to minimize transportation costs and decrease fuel usage, the federal government has placed a ban on transporting horses across the country and overseas. This has significant impact on Kentucky's racing industry and for the first time in 70 years, the possibility exists that there might not be a Kentucky Derby.

But, on May 8, 1945, the war in Europe is declared over. A victory for the Allied forces meant a victory for Kentuckians, as they were able to celebrate their beloved racing tradition. Only this year, they celebrated on the first Saturday in June.

University of Tennessee at Chattanooga professor Thomas C. Ware was there that day, selling bottles of beer for \$1 at age 16. His heartfelt memoir in this issue of *Kentucky Humanities* touches on an important time for Americans as World War II came to a close.

I hope you enjoy this first issue of 2009, in which we welcome our new editor, Julie Nelson Satterly. We're delighted that *Kentucky Humanities* is showing up in so many places across the state. Whether it's in your mailbox, at a state park or in your doctor's waiting room, this is our delivered-to-the-door humanities program for you.

We also thank you for your tremendous response to our Abraham Lincoln Bicentennial efforts during the past year. Not only were we able to publish a special Lincoln issue of *Kentucky Humanities* and host *Our Lincoln* in the nation's capital, but we have also partnered with the Kentucky Abraham Lincoln Bicentennial Commission to provide funding for several Lincoln events that have debuted across the state. These programs have provided invaluable education about our beloved 16th president.

We always love to hear feedback from our readers. If you have a story idea for *Kentucky Humanities*, or know of a Kentuckian whose story should be told in our magazine, please contact Julie at julie.satterly@uky.edu or (859) 257-5932.



Virginia G. Carter
Executive Director
Kentucky Humanities Council

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Virginia G. Carter".



9

Creation vs. evolution

The Creation Museum in Kentucky puts into perspective Americans' views on a polarized religious debate.



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6

Behind the Chautauqua

When she puts on her red lipstick, Haley Bowling becomes Kentucky Chautauqua's Anna Mac Clarke. Read about her experiences.



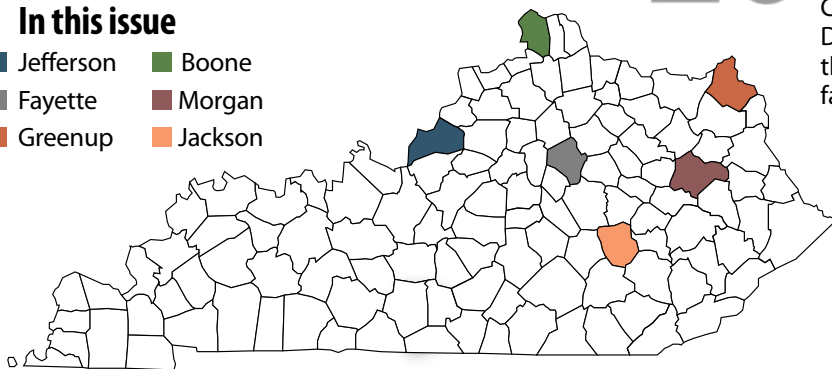
20

An unforgettable Derby

University of Tennessee at Chattanooga professor Thomas C. Ware remembers the year the Derby almost wasn't — when the war postponed Kentucky's favorite tradition.

In this issue

- Jefferson
- Boone
- Fayette
- Morgan
- Greenup
- Jackson



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On the cover: A compilation of images from *Our Lincoln* by Jonathan Palmer.



Left, families at the Green County Public Library check out books for the following week's Prime Time session. They receive balloons after reading three books together each week.

Below left, Aminata Cairo, anthropologist and scholar for Prime Time Family Reading Time, models for families how to sit with their children and share a book as the storyteller reads aloud, "Anansi and the Moss Covered Rock."

Photos by Kathleen Pool



Read.

Literacy program stresses importance of reading, decision-making to Kentucky families

Promoting reading and talking about books at home can make incredible differences. Just look at the statistics. By participating in family literacy programs, according to the National Center for Family Literacy, children showed an 80 percent increase in reading books and made twice as many trips to the library. And parents feel good about it too — by participating with their children, adults improve their self-confidence, their confidence in parenting abilities and their employment status, by 29 percent.

Through Prime Time Family Reading Time, the Kentucky Humanities Council hopes to continue increasing these numbers. The program will visit 17 libraries in Kentucky during 2009, reaching out to reluctant readers ages 6 to 10 and their parents with the message to “read.”

In each of six weekly sessions, a discussion leader and storyteller lead programs for families that demonstrate effective reading techniques. The books introduced to children and their parents explore timeless issues of humanity — fairness, greed, courage, coping and determination — while helping them understand the dynamics of making life choices.

Coming to a library near you

Prime Time Family Reading Time will visit the following communities in 2009:

- March 3-April 14:** Adair County Public Library, Columbia
- March 23-April 27:** Mason County Public Library, Maysville
- April 2-May 7:** Boone County Public Library, Union
- April 23-May 28:** Boyd County Public Library, Ashland
- June 16-July 21:** Nelson County Public Library, Bardstow
- June 18-July 23:** Daviess County Public Library, Owensboro
- Aug. 17-Sept. 28:** Breckenridge County Public Library, Hardinsburg
- Aug. 24-Sept. 24:** Grayson County Public Library, Leitchfield
- Sept. 8-Oct. 13:** Kenton County Public Library, Covington
- Sept. 25-Oct. 30:** Green County Public Library, Greensburg
- Oct. 1-Nov. 5:** Grant County Public Library, Williamstown
- Oct. 7-Nov. 11:** Nicholas County Public Library, Carlisle
- Oct. 13-Nov. 17:** John L. Street Public Library, Cadiz

Libraries that have already hosted a program in 2009 include Mary Wood Weldon Library, Glasgow; Pulaski County Public Library, Somerset; and Gallatin County Public Library, Warsaw.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE TRAVELING EXHIBITS

Exploring boundaries

Between Fences exhibit highlights significance of fences in American culture

Kentucky residents are discovering the cultural history behind fences through the Kentucky Humanities Council's latest Smithsonian Institute Traveling Exhibit, *Between Fences*.

Curated by Gregory K. Dreicer of Chicken and Egg Public Projects Inc., *Between Fences* focuses on every region of the United States. Its subjects include the defining of home, farm and factory; the settling of the United States; and the making of fences. It examines human relationships on an expanding scale; neighbor versus neighbor; gated communities; and the Mexican and Canadian borders of the U.S. The exhibit tells American stories through diverse fence types, including the work fence, the picket fence and the chain link fence.

The exhibit started its tour in Glasgow, Ky., and has worked its way through Georgetown, Pineville and Murray. Some communities have added local exhibits to *Between Fences* — including photo contests and art exhibits — during its six-week stay in each location.

Between Fences will visit two more Kentucky communities in 2009.

Between Fences is made possible by the Museum on Main Street project — a national/state/local partnership to bring exhibitions and programs to rural cultural organizations. Museum on Main Street is a partnership of the Smithsonian Institution Traveling



Above, the Georgetown and Scott County Museum *Between Fences* exhibit opened in December. Right, Kentucky Humanities Council board member Aristofanes Cedeno reads about the northern border.

Exhibition Service, the Federation of State Humanities Councils and state humanities councils nationwide. Support for Museum on Main Street is provided by the U.S. Congress. Additional support for *Between Fences* is provided by the Kentucky Transportation Cabinet.

On tour

Between Fences will visit these locations before closing in 2009:

Wrather West Kentucky Museum, Murray, Calloway County — through April 18

Oldham County History Center, La Grange, Oldham County — April 25-June 6

Boyle County Public Library, Danville, Boyle County — June 13-July 25



“**C**ommand attention!”
I test my voice in the dressing room. My tie lands a perfect Windsor knot on the first try. Multitasking as I find my pitch, I sing,
“I – I, ahem, I just got an invitation in the mail.”

Kentucky Chautauqua characters share with you their stories from the road, how they chose their characters, and the highlights from their most memorable performances.

Meet Haley Bowling, who portrays Anna Mac Clarke.

BEHIND THE *Chautauqua*

After seven years of adjusting my wig, darkening my eyebrows and making sure my Hobby Hat is perfectly aligned before each Chautauqua performance, this is the only rehearsal I get. When the red lipstick finally goes on, that's when I complete the transformation into a commanding World War II Women's Army Corps soldier. "I am First Lieutenant Anna Mac Clarke."

At age 14, I saw a Kentucky Chautauqua performance for the first time. Hasan Davis played Angus Augustus Burleigh, a soldier in the United States Civil War. He wore a military uniform and his face was timeless. Throughout the performance he would take off his hat and put it back on as he switched settings, first addressing his commanding officer and then his minister. He cried. Real tears rolled down his face at the end of the performance and the hair on my arms stood to attention. I didn't know one person, acting alone, could conjure such emotion.

I saw him perform the same character again a few months later for a filming of the piece. As a friend of a friend, Hasan allowed me to give the introduction. Again he cried. And I felt even more of this soldier's life seep into my being.

"You could do that," said Judy Sizemore, outreach director for the Kentucky Arts Council, who had been my mentor since I was 9. She had let me tag along to both of Hasan's performances.

"Yes, I could," I said. "When I grow up."

"You could do it *now*."

I prayed for just the right character. Because I was so young, the person I portrayed had to have made an impact at a young age. It wasn't until Judy Sizemore sent me the book *Kentucky Women* that I found Anna Mac Clarke. In that book, John Trowbridge with the Kentucky Military Museum wrote about this young African-American woman who volunteered with the Women's Army Corps after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Clarke led a successful opposition to a proposal to segregate black soldiers in their own regiment. She became the

first black WAC officer to command a white unit. And she made national news after her protest against segregated seating in the base theater convinced the commanding officer to ban segregation on the base.

I immediately felt a connection. I knew she was the woman I wanted to portray.

At 16, I was accepted into the Chautauqua program and was able to begin the one-year preparation period of developing the information I had gathered into a living, breathing character of Kentucky history. I researched

favorite performance was at a detention center in Marion. I had arrived with my grandparents, found my way inside and got dressed. Just before I was scheduled to go on, the facility underwent a lockdown. I was given the option of leaving or waiting more than an hour until things cleared up. Having traveled nearly five hours to get to Marion, I decided to wait for what ended up being the most moving performance of my 6 ½ years as Lt. Clarke. The social circumstance of a young woman in the military in 1944 and a man in prison in the 21st



Haley Bowling shakes hands with former Gov. Ernie Fletcher and his wife, Glenna.

what it was like to be in the Women's Army Corps. Trowbridge had done a tremendous amount of research that was the major source of information and guidance as I developed the character. He also made it possible for my first performance to be held at Anna Mac's church in Lawrenceburg with her 82-year-old brother, Franklin, sitting on the front row.

With Franklin's approval, the pressure of performing quickly faded. I found the strength to begin my travels across the state of Kentucky — visiting countless schools, community organizations, churches and Gov. Ernie Fletcher. But my

Century was not without its parallels. The need for empathy was illuminated in the sense of community Anna Mac shared with the inmates — making that evening in Marion the most heart-felt and compelling performance I have experienced.

Several people went into the making of Anna Mac Clarke, the character. My mother and I wrote the script together. The story takes the audience through "a day in the life" — first meeting Anna Mac as their commander, then fellow officer, then commander once again. It was my mother's idea to use an old scrapbook belonging to my grandfather's sister — a

Chautauqua Q&A

device that provided seamless topic transitions throughout the script. My grandfather taught me how to salute, tie my necktie and ensure that my uniform is aligned properly. My grandmother and great-grandmother were responsible for covering a replica summer Hobby Hat with fabric from men's winter military pants from 1944.

That same collection of 60-year-old pants was used to create my uniform. Originally, I rented an authentic WWII WAC uniform from a costume shop in Chicago and planned to purchase it. However, due to its rarity, the company refused to sell it. Mary Ann Shupe, costume designer at Berea College, used the uniform to pattern a flawless winter jacket. The skirt was made from khaki material. The shirt and necktie are original 1940s pieces. The watch, which has received many compliments for its authenticity, was purchased at the Family Dollar. And the shoes? Rack Room Shoes. Additionally, I collected vintage Athena Heads, Lieutenant bars, buttons and a WAC special service patch — all authentic insignia. My great-uncles taught me how to give commands and donated WAC books to use on my table as props. Finally, with all of these parts in place, it was Dr. Deborah Martin, director of the theatre laboratory at Berea College, who taught me how to stand up straight, enunciate, and ultimately, act like a WAC lieutenant.

Watching these many people contribute in telling Anna Mac Clarke's story exemplifies the beauty of Kentucky Chautauqua. Their assistance has created the very character I work to perfect in the dressing room before every performance. While the characters in the Kentucky Humanities Council Chautauqua catalog are few, the lives that shape our history are many.

This is Kentucky's story. And we are all part of it. ■

To book an Anna Mac Clarke performance featuring Haley Bowling, contact the Kentucky Humanities Council at (859) 257-5932 or visit www.kyhumanities.org.

Below, Haley Bowling performs as Anna Mac Clarke.



Name: Haley Bowling

Age: 23

Hometown: McKee, Ky.

Profession: Graduate student

How long have you been a Chautauqua performer? 6 years

Number of performances to date: 84

How often do you practice? I go over the script in my head as I'm getting dressed for a performance. When the lipstick goes on, I become Anna Mac Clarke.

Most memorable reaction to one of your performances? The one that has stayed with me was the day I performed for the Lexington Kiwanis Club. I had the privilege of meeting Juan Rodriguez, a POW during WWII, whose heartfelt thanks brought tears to my eyes.

Farthest you've traveled for a Chautauqua performance: About 300 miles to Marion State Prison in Marion, Ky. This was my favorite performance.

What do you listen to when you're traveling to a Chautauqua performance? The Beatles or Stevie Wonder usually bring out the showman in me.

Describe why Kentuckians should attend a Chautauqua performance: Chautauqua brings history to life. It makes it present, like you're there. Being able to engage a character makes it much easier to put the person's life in its historical context. It's a great way to learn about our state.

Favorite pastime: Photography

Favorite movie: My most recent favorite is "Slumdog Millionaire."

Lifelong dream: I'll let you know when I achieve it.



Creation Museum guests observe the life-size, animatronic Utahraptor, a velociraptor-type dinosaur whose remains were discovered in Utah in 1993.
Courtesy of Answers in Genesis

Creation *vs.* Evolution

While the exceedingly popular Creation Museum in Kentucky delivers the message that the world was created in six 24-hour days nearly 6,000 years ago, polls show that many Americans, and scientists, have a centrist view that combines both schools of thought.

By William (Beau) Weston

How do you reconcile creation and evolution?



A display depicting Noah discussing construction of the ark.
Courtesy of Answers in Genesis

Last year, I took my Sociology of American Religion class to the Creation Museum as the final field trip of the term. What struck me the most about their reactions: most of my students had never really considered the aforementioned question. They simply accept both schools of thought as true.

The students ranged from incredulous evolutionists to of-course creationists. Most of them were religious, and most believe that God created the world. They accept old-earth evolutionist views because that is what they have been taught. Even the creation-confident were mostly very skeptical of the museum's view that all of creation is only 6,000 years old. The stronger Christians were inclined to accept the museum's version of how creation worked, because it is the only elaborated theory they have ever heard. The more secular-minded students were inclined to reject the museum's argument, because they accepted the museum's contention that the only alternative to their view was the materialistic atheism of "human reason."

It's a debate that has long been polarized, and one that has created enormous controversy – not withstanding the Creation Museum in Petersburg, Ky., which opened in May 2007.

The museum is a state-of-the-art visual presentation of the Answers in Genesis ministry (AiG), which believes that a literal reading of the Bible means that the whole universe was created about 6,000 years ago. AiG criticizes the purely natural view of evolution, which it connects to the teachings of Charles Darwin. The museum has welcomed more than 645,000 visitors as of Feb. 17, 2009, according to its Web site. It has also drawn picketers from a small group who see the museum as anti-science.

Less visible, though perhaps more important in the long run, have been the criticisms of more centrist Christians who see no conflict between Biblical creation and evolution.

Answers in Genesis: A growing organization

Answers in Genesis is led by Ken Ham, a former school teacher from Australia, who has been promoting "youth earth" creationist readings of the Bible since the 1970s. In 1986, he and his wife Mally came to the United States to work with the Creation Research Center in California, a leading proponent of creation science. Creation science attempts to use scientific methods of study starting from a premise of divine creation of the universe.

After nearly a decade of collaboration with the Creation Research Center, the Hams and several associates set out on their own. They had a vision of a place that would use Disney-like visual tools to teach the Genesis story as they understood it. Looking at the map of the United States, they calculated that northern Kentucky was within a day's drive of most of the American population. This would be the perfect location for the Creation Museum.

Originally, AiG wanted to locate the museum near Big Bone Lick State Park, where large numbers of prehistoric mastodon bones have



Ken Ham, CEO
of Answers in Genesis.
Courtesy of Answers in Genesis

been found. The small museum maintained by the park service explains the history of the big bones using the usual scientific account. On this account, the earth was formed more than 5 billion years ago. Life evolved over hundreds of millions of years from simple organisms to complex ones. Dinosaurs evolved hundreds of millions of years ago, and all became extinct tens of millions of years ago. Mammals then evolved from small beginnings to large creatures like mastodons, who in their turn went extinct hundreds of thousands of years ago. Human beings, on this account, evolved from other species starting hundreds of thousands of years ago, and only reaching the form of modern humans about a quarter of a million years ago.

When it became known that the proposed Creation Museum would contradict this “old earth” evolutionary view, local landowners near Big Bone Lick, and pro-evolutionists from all over, were alarmed. Answers in Genesis made a deposit on land there, but eventually decided the opposition made that location unwise. Instead, they settled on an undeveloped site near the Petersburg exit on Interstate 264, just west of the Cincinnati-Northern Kentucky International Airport. Looking back,

the museum regards the Big Bone Lick controversy as a blessing in disguise. The museum’s eventual location, right off the interstate and so close the airport, is easy to reach. And the silver lining of the original controversy was that it brought priceless publicity to the Creation Museum project years before it opened.

Answers in Genesis raised millions of dollars from private sources, in Kentucky and across the world. Eventually they poured \$27 million into making the museum. The 60,000-square-foot facility opened on Memorial Day weekend in 2007. Museum officials are still developing the museum grounds, which include picnic areas, a botanical garden and a petting zoo. They brought in experienced professionals to plan and construct the exhibits, many of whom came because they shared the ministry’s view of scripture and creation. They made many paintings, murals, dioramas, portions of a full-scale Noah’s Ark, and many models of people, plants and animals – especially dinosaurs. Lots and lots of dinosaurs. The museum is especially proud of its animatronic dinosaurs, designed by experts who worked at Universal Studios.

By the one-year anniversary of the museum’s opening (May 28, 2008), more

than 400,000 people had visited the museum – well ahead of the ministry’s projections. The Creation Museum and Answers in Genesis – U.S. now have more than 275 paid and volunteer staff. The Answers radio program is now heard on about 900 U.S. stations, and the AiG Web site is one of the most-visited religious Web sites in the world.

By its calculation, AiG has now become the world’s largest apologetics organization.

Inside the museum

The museum is full of instructive films on a continuous loop, explaining how all the stars, planets and creatures of every kind could have been created in six 24-hour days. The museum includes a planetarium show that very effectively demonstrates the awesome scope of the universe and its billions of galaxies. The show, designed by a former NASA astrophysicist, makes clear that creation is not confined to the earth or our solar system, but includes everything that exists.

Much of the argument about the physical world that the Creation Museum offers turns on the Noah flood. Evolutionists argue that the creation of mountains and river canyons, coal and oil,



The facade of the Creation Museum located near Cincinnati, Ohio, allows guests a view of the museum's gardens from inside the glass entry hall.

Courtesy of Answers in Genesis



A museum demonstration of animals being loaded, two-by-two, onto Noah's Ark includes dinosaurs.

Courtesy of Kayley Jerrell, Centre College student

the movement of the continents, the layers of fossil life from times gone by, and all the other great physical features of the world took hundreds of millions of years. In the young earth creation account, by contrast, all of this took place a few thousand years ago, in a massive cataclysm that remade the world. Instead of millions of years of slow erosion to create, say, the Grand Canyon, the museum cites the erosion canyons created in the weeks following the Mount St. Helens volcanic eruption. Something like this happened in Noah's flood, the museum contends, but faster and on a more massive scale.

There are charming and unexpected details in the Creation Museum's "walk through history," some of which are unusual even within creationist circles. They read the Garden of Eden account to mean that all animals were originally vegetarian. There were no diseases. No creatures would die. In the main lobby is a life-size diorama of two cave children, some squirrels and a couple of velociraptors, all playing nicely. In a miniature diorama of the animals entering the Ark two by two, the giraffes are followed by a pair of brontosaurus. At the end of the museum tour is a small triceratops – with a saddle on it for riding.

The Biblical argument is just as important a part of the Creation Museum as the story of the universe's short history. The first part of the walk does not begin with "let there be light," but with a detailed exhibit on the history of Biblical interpretation. The great figures of the Bible are followed by great Protestant proponents of "scripture alone" views of ecclesiastical authority. The 19th Century Biblical literalists do battle with secularists. Worse, on this account, are liberal Christian modernizers who reinterpret the Bible metaphorically. If there is a human villain in this story it is not Charles Darwin, but the church leaders who read the "days" of Genesis as equaling an "age" of indeterminate length.

The controversy

When the Creation Museum opened there were about 60 protesters. They carried such signs as "Abandon Reason All Who

Enter Here," "Dumbing Down Science is Child Abuse" and "You Evolved (But Not Enough)." In the months afterward, some 800 scientists in the three states surrounding the museum signed a statement sponsored by National Center for Science Education reading:

"We, the undersigned scientists at universities and colleges in Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana, are concerned about scientifically inaccurate materials at the Answers in Genesis museum. Students who accept this material as scientifically valid are unlikely to succeed in science courses at the college level. These students will need remedial instruction in the nature of science, as well as in the specific areas of science misrepresented by Answers in Genesis."

The criticism from scientists has been especially harsh. According to *Newsweek* in 1987, "By one count there are some 700 scientists with respectable academic credentials (out of a total of 480,000 U.S. earth and life scientists) who give credence to creation-science..."

Many Christians and other religious believers also part company with the Creation Museum's distinctive view of Biblical history. Answers in Genesis accepts 17th Century Irish bishop James Ussher's calculation that creation began on Oct. 23, 4004, B.C. Mainline religious institutions all made their peace with old earth views decades ago, and most accept some form of evolution. Even many Biblical literalists do not insist on a 6,000-year-old universe.

Matthew Nisbet, at csicop.org, collects public opinion polls about creation and evolution views. The Gallup Organization periodically asks the American public about its beliefs on evolution and creation. Gallup has conducted a poll of U.S. adults in 1982, 1991, 1993 and 1997. By keeping the wording identical, each year's results are comparable to the others. The results for the Nov. 21-24, 1991, poll were:

Belief system	Creationist view	Theistic evolution	Naturalistic evolution
	<i>God created man pretty much in his present form at one time within the last 10,000 years.</i>	<i>Man has developed over millions of years from less advanced forms of life, but God guided this process, including man's creation.</i>	<i>Man has developed over millions of years from less advanced forms of life. God had no part in this process.</i>
Everyone (adults)	47%	40%	9%
College graduates	25%	54%	16.5%
No high school diploma	65%	23%	4.6%

The survey from 1997 found similar results for the general public, then compared them to the views of scientists. Among scientists the middle position, theistic evolution, drew the same



Creation Museum guests observe animatronic figures working to construct a life-size replica of Noah's Ark.

Courtesy of Answers in Genesis

40 percent as in the public. The two ends of the spectrum, though, were switched. Fifty-five percent of the scientists accepted naturalistic evolution, whereas only 5 percent accepted the creationist view.

The middle position, theistic evolution, is an important centrist option. When people are asked to choose only between evolution and creationism, as Gallup did in 2001, nearly half of the public (48 percent) chose the theory of creationism versus just 28 percent for the theory of evolution, with 14 percent unsure. Most people favor teaching both creationism and evolutionary theory. Even a third of teachers favor teaching both. As further evidence that the Creation Museum's views on evolution are widely shared, during a debate of 10 Republicans seeking the presidential nomination in 2007, three denied a personal belief in evolution.

The controversy and the ministry

The Creation Museum is not a scientific organization, but a Christian ministry. Nor is creationism the prime intellectual commitment of the museum. Rather, they are devoted to a very high view of Biblical authority. The Answers in Genesis "Statement of Faith" concludes, "No apparent, perceived or claimed interpretation of evidence in any field, including history and chronology, can be valid if it contradicts the scriptural record." Young earth creationism is an important part of the message of the Creation Museum, but it is a corollary to the main point.

For all the criticism the museum has received from various kinds of evolutionists, Ken Ham notes that they have also been criticized by racists for teaching that all people descended from the same couple created in God's image.

The Creation Museum has quickly

become Kentucky's best-known destination for instructive religious spectacle. More than half a million conservative Christians – and a few other believers and skeptics – have already visited. The numbers are likely to grow in the coming years.

The Creation Museum asks visitors to "Prepare to believe." They certainly haven't convinced all visitors, but they have given a spectacular face to creationist faith. ■

About the author

William (Beau) Weston is Van Winkle Professor of Sociology at Centre College. Weston holds a bachelor of arts degree from Swarthmore College, a master of arts in religion from Yale Divinity School and a master of arts and Ph.D. from Yale University. He takes his Sociology of American Religion class to the Creation Museum, and thanks the staff there for their gracious help.

Our Lincoln

GOES TO WASHINGTON, D.C.

By Julie Nelson Satterly

Photos by Jonathan Palmer



Some things are just not meant to be.

Take horse racing, for example. You can study the race program, you can look at past performance and breeding. You can even resort to choosing the jockey wearing your favorite colors. If the racing gods aren't in your corner, however, even the most creative betting tactics can become the worst decisions.

But on this day, as she drove to Washington, D.C., racing enthusiast Virginia Carter was certain she had placed her bet on the winner. Nevermind that she put everything on the nose of a 90-to-1 longshot.

Our Lincoln: Kentucky's Gift to the Nation – Carter's labor of love and a massive undertaking by the little-humanities-council-that-could – would take the stage in three days in the nation's capital. It had become a bet not even the most experienced gambler would take.

What made her so sure it would be a success? The utility trucks. Dozens of them. They drove in the opposite direction of the Kentucky Humanities Council executive director as she prepared to cross the West Virginia state line. The trucks were headed to Carter's home state to assist in the worst power outage from a winter storm the Commonwealth had ever seen.

That same winter storm canceled rehearsal for *Our Lincoln* less than a week before the show's 375 performers took the stage. There was a plan B, but it required electrical power.

But the show was still on.

The weather also prevented many Kentucky Humanities Council friends and state dignitaries from being able to attend the Abraham Lincoln bicentennial celebration at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. Gov. Steve Beshear – who co-hosted a reception at the Kennedy Center Feb. 2 with University of Kentucky President Lee Todd Jr. – had to cancel his appearance because he had been called to duty. The Commonwealth was in



Lexington Singer Ginny Smith reads about the performance in the Lexington Herald-Leader on the bus to Washington, D.C.



University of Kentucky Symphony Orchestra musicians capture rehearsal on camera.



a state of emergency.

But the show was still on.

And as the convoy of utility trucks drove by, Carter was more confident than ever.

“It was wonderful to see help was on the way,” Carter said. “But it was also a reminder that this show was still going to happen. The courage of people who were surviving, the courage of the people who were pitching in – it was the same spirit that time after time allowed this show to happen.”

Looking back, Carter says, the mere idea that an organization with five employees and a \$1 million annual budget would sign a contract with the Kennedy Center for this type of event is preposterous. Maybe the first performance was even a lofty goal. But in February 2008, Carter and co-producer Everett McCorvey lit up the stage with hundreds of Kentucky performers at the UK Singletary Center for the Arts to a sell-out crowd, honoring the nation’s 16th president Kentuckians hold so dear.

It was during the post-out meeting after the first performance that McCorvey pitched the idea of taking *Our Lincoln* to Washington, D.C. And before she knew it, Carter was standing in the Capital Rotunda in Frankfort, announcing to the media that the Kentucky Humanities Council would be telling Kentucky’s Abraham Lincoln story again – on a national stage.

There were so many questions to be answered, so many tasks to be accomplished, so much money to be raised – and very little time to do it in. Carter and *Our Lincoln* event coordinator Julie Klier began the daunting work of creating contracts, finding sponsors and catering to performers.

Oh yes, and figuring out how to transport 375 performers and technicians by bus to Washington, D.C.

In February.

“It’s difficult anytime you go outside of your comfort zone,” said Klier, who has been organizing major events in Kentucky for more than 20 years. “We were going to a foreign land. ... By far the greatest challenge was the sheer magnitude of people traveling from Kentucky to the venue.”

The number of performers grew as time went on. The cast included the Lexington Singers and their Children’s Choir, the UK Opera Theatre, the American Spiritual Ensemble, Kentucky Repertory Theatre, the Lexington Vintage Dance Society, the UK Symphony Orchestra, the UK Chorale, Kentucky Chautauqua performers, the state’s poet laureate, world-renowned violinist Mark O’Connor and Metropolitan Opera stars Angela Brown and Gregory Turay. Bob Edwards, host of the Bob Edwards Show on XM Radio and former National



Top, *Our Lincoln* event coordinator Julie Klier talks to the performers by microphone on their tour bus.

Above, buses arrive in Washington, D.C. Blue Grass Tours of Lexington provided transportation for the more than 350 performers of *Our Lincoln*.

Below, pay no attention to the harp in the background. UK Symphony Orchestra students had to cut through rehearsal of *The Gettysburg Address* at the hotel to move the harp up steps, as it wouldn’t fit in the hotel elevator.





Our Lincoln

Excerpt from the Feb. 4 entry of Bob Edwards' blog, www.bobedwardsradio.com

Note the pronoun in the title. Abraham Lincoln belongs to all Americans, but in this case "our" refers to those of us from Kentucky, where the 16th president was born near Hodgenville, 200 years ago this month. It's where he lived his first eight years. On Monday night, Feb. 2, in celebration of the bicentenary, The Kentucky Humanities Council staged a production at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C. It was billed as "Our Lincoln: Kentucky's Gift to the Nation." And oh, what a gift!

Months ago I was flattered to be asked to serve as the host for the evening. I anticipated it would be a lovely evening of music and recitation—nothing flashy. It wasn't until the rehearsal on Monday afternoon that the scale of the production was revealed. . . .

Everyone connected with the production was conscious of the show's true "star." The richly diverse cast labored in love for the man who preserved our union, ended slavery and set in motion a social evolution that finally found redemption last month. It was a magical evening and I am so grateful that I got to be a part of it. It truly was "Kentucky's Gift to the Nation." The Kentucky Humanities Council should take a bow. They did right by their homey and demonstrated to Washington how to put on a show.

— **Bob Edwards, master of ceremonies, *Our Lincoln***

Public Radio personality, had agreed to serve as master of ceremonies. And Nick Clooney, who was a narrator for the first performance, quickly agreed to come on board for the second.

And all of these people needed very different things.

There were times when Carter wasn't sure from where the energy or the money for the next step would come. But she always made it happen – sometimes finding resources hours before they were needed.

The stars aligned even in planning. How to circumvent winter weather was always at the forefront of every decision. Though the group was traveling more than 500 miles to its destination, Blue Grass Tours helped the council find hotels for every performer, side by side, 1 ½ miles away from the venue. Klier filled six binders of information for every group for this project, the most she's ever filled, to make sure everyone had everything they needed – right down to the type of boxed lunch. Klier and Blue Grass Tours even did a

dry run before the group left for D.C., walking through the experience with each individual who had a credential to make sure their needs were met.

By then, there were more than 400.

The effort spent with advance planning paid off the week winter weather hit the Bluegrass state.

"From a coordinator's perspective, it was my worst nightmare," Klier said. "But it also proved to me that the advance planning had us in pretty good stead."

With no phone, no computer, and no signal on her Blackberry because of a downed cell tower, Klier drove to the Thornton's up the street from her house every two hours in order to communicate with people involved with the show.

"I had to e-mail my signature for contracts, and pray it was OK," she said.

The winter storm didn't prevent the group from making it to the capital, however, and had a minor impact on the number of people from Kentucky who were able to attend. The council sold nearly

1,500 tickets – drawing in people from six states plus Washington, D.C., to celebrate Abraham Lincoln's legacy.

The sponsors who said "yes" when the council asked for assistance played no small role in the success of *Our Lincoln*. The National Endowment for the Humanities, Meridian-Chiles, the Kentucky Arts Council, the Kentucky Abraham Lincoln Bicentennial Commission and the Scripps Howard Foundation and Scripps News Service gave much needed support to bring the show to life.

And headline performers were gracious with honoraria, which were comparatively small, just to be a part of the performance.

"These people had an instinctive understanding why it was so important to take Kentucky to the nation's capital in February 2009," Carter said.

As did the audience.

"They were of one piece," Carter said. "It's as if there were no individuals in the audience. They were a single unit."

A unit, no less, that gave a standing

ovation at the end of Acts 1 and 2 – a very unique honor, Klier said.

Though she is usually backstage moving people around, this time Klier had the opportunity to watch the performance.

“When [U.S. Congressman] Ben Chandler thanked people for traveling through the ice storm to be there, we went from being in this concert hall to this intimate space,” Klier said. “We knew we were all in this together.

“I was very proud. I felt like I was part of something that showed what Kentucky can do.”

While Carter and Klier recognize each other for the hard work they accomplished, they also recognize the power of collaboration and how strong it is when trying to unite so many people on one stage.

And finally, they also recognize that sometimes, some things are just meant to be.

“It had everything to do with the stars lining up in the skies,” Klier said. “The timing was right, the people were right, and ultimately, the end product was right.”

In her thank you letter to *Our Lincoln’s* master of ceremonies, Carter told Bob Edwards that it is “a very Kentucky thing to do not what you know you *can* do, but what you know you *must* do, whether you can do it or not.”

Kind of like betting on the 90-to-1 horse, because you saw that look of courage and will in her eye. Every now and then, amazing things happen.

“That’s why I love horse racing,” Carter said. “Because I see these things happen.” ■



Far left, Kentucky Chautauqua performers Jim Sayre as Abraham Lincoln and George McGee as Henry Clay, with Kentucky Humanities Council Executive Director Virginia Carter before the show.

Left, Nick Clooney narrates a *Lincoln Portrait*.

Above, a view of the stage during the performance.

Above right, Metropolitan Opera star Angela Brown performs “He’s Got the Whole World in His Hands.”

Scenes from the stage



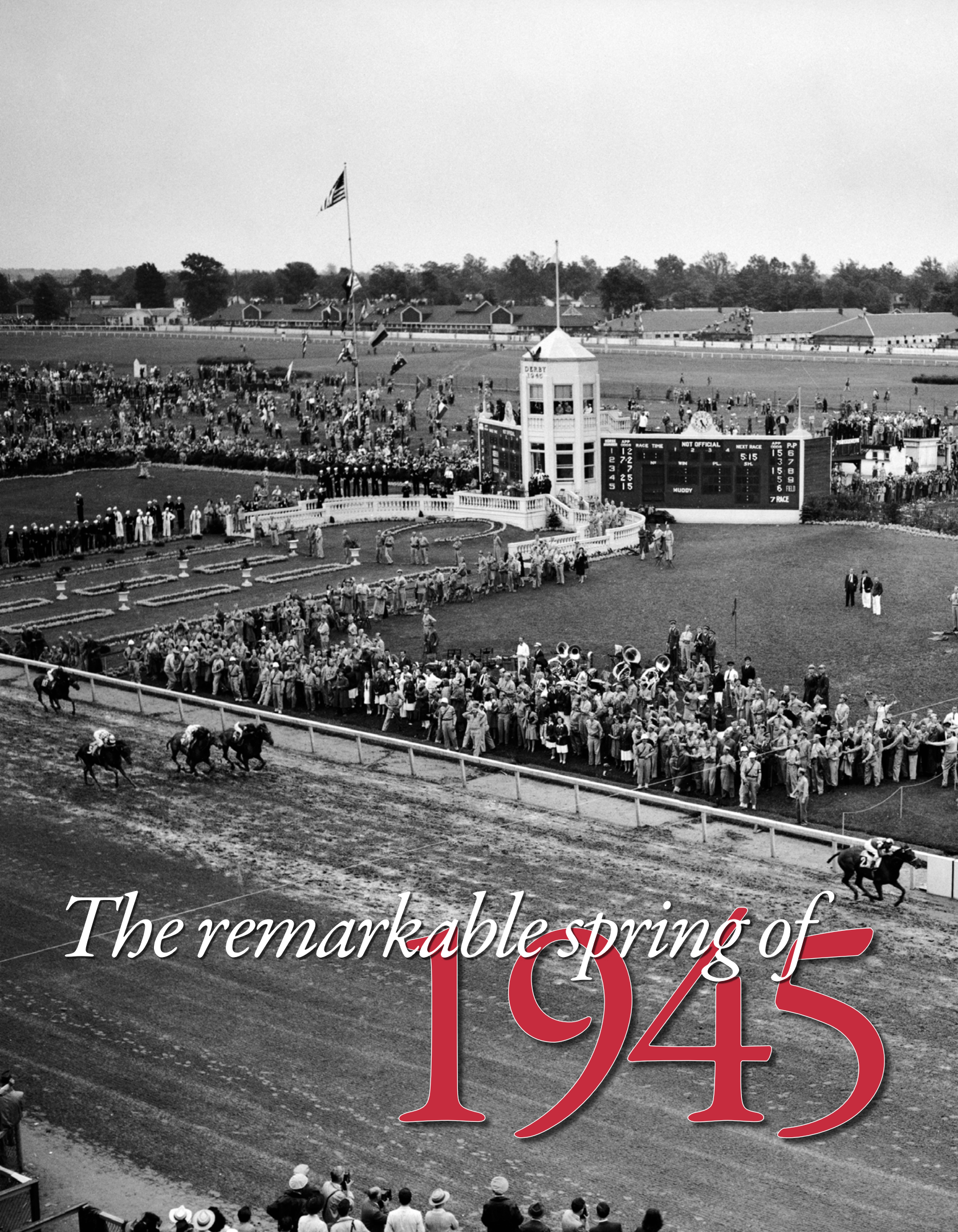
Top right, Kentucky Poet Laureate Jane Gentry reads her poem about Lincoln's 1863 portrait.

Middle right, Carter with National Endowment for the Humanities Director of Federal/State Partnership Edie Manza and NEH acting chair Carole Watson.

Right, Lexington Vintage Dance Society members Danby Carter and Tim Lamm perform the "Venus-Reigen Waltz" from the 1861 Inaugural Ball.



University of Kentucky Opera Theatre Director Everett McCorvey conducts.



The remarkable spring of
1945



Hoop Jr., ridden by jockey Eddie Arcaro, crosses the finish line to win the 1945 Kentucky Derby. The race was delayed that year because of a ban on horse racing by the federal government in an attempt to decrease fuel costs to transport horses across the country and the globe.

Courtesy of Churchill Downs Inc., Kinetic Corp.

It was the year
the war ended.



And though they
once thought it
might not happen,
Kentuckians were
celebrating in true
style — *at the Derby.*

A memoir by Thomas C. Ware

It strikes me as all but impossible now to acknowledge that the series of events I am about to address occurred more than 60 years ago.

Yet it sometimes seems as if I relive a part of those episodes almost every day – *or in my dreams.*



No, it wasn't just another year the Yankees lost the pennant. It was more profound, even for American League baseball fans. And it wasn't just the year the University of Kentucky basketball team started a stretch of 130 winning home games. It was far more important, even for Kentuckians. That late winter, and especially the spring and summer of 1945, embodied such a remarkable pattern of events that one may fittingly place it among the most crucial periods of modern times.

Much of Western culture was literally at stake in the mid-1940s. And it wasn't just the year the Kentucky Derby was almost cancelled, shocking as that would have been. Among Kentuckians, few will recall that it was in fact not run that year on the first Saturday in May — a “tradition,” incidentally, which was not officially established until 1932. And as one of America's greatest sporting traditions, it appeared for an anxious few months in 1945 that it was to be cancelled altogether, after an unbroken string of 70 years. It all depended on what happened abroad as to whether the Derby would become one more casualty of World War II.

Background: The Theater of War

Actually, the very existence of thoroughbred horse racing became threatened in those latter months of the war, when civilian and non-military traffic in most sections of the country had been sharply curtailed both by gasoline rationing and by the power of the Office of Defense Transportation, which had alerted race tracks across the country to start closing, including Keeneland in Lexington. This agency also requested that Churchill Downs suspend business, although in 1944, various military exhibitions had been publicly displayed in the infield. Even the Kentucky State Fair was held there because the old fairgrounds in west Louisville had also been taken over by the federal government.

To most people today the details of this period, which included victory in the War in Europe, clearly belong to the ancient world, if they occur anywhere in their sense of the past.

It is no exaggeration, however, to say that it was an exhilarating if frightening time; and we – those in my immediate family and practically everyone I knew old enough to understand what was going on – watched much of that epic panorama on radio. Yes, we “watched” the events on radio, before the advent of television. That may seem a strange configuration of senses, but it was in the main true.

To paraphrase a line from Shakespeare's *Henry V*, we “pieced out the imperfections” of that medium with our thoughts and imagination. People regularly gathered around or within earshot of a radio – at home, at work, or standing in front of shops – watching the small orange-colored dial in a deeply absorbed manner of attention, like spectators at a game of life or death. We waited for fresh bits of “news,” good and bad, in this country and from around the world. We heard voices which after a time became like personal confidants, keeping us informed: Franklin Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, Edward R. Murrow, Walter Winchell.

After what had become a horrifying pattern of catastrophes – beginning with the German bombing of Warsaw in September 1939 and the unleashed conflagration in Europe, the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and their subsequent occupation of much of Asia and the Pacific Ocean – prospects of victory for the Allies in Europe, and to some degree in the Pacific, had finally begun to look promising in early 1945. In late January, German forces began a retreat from the Battle of the Bulge in Belgium. The Soviet army had driven the Nazis out of Warsaw and days later reached the Auschwitz concentration camp. U.S. forces under command of Gen. Douglas MacArthur were preparing to recapture the Philippines.

In early February, several American Army divisions, under Gens. Eisenhower, George Patton and Omar Bradley, had broken across the Rhine River and onto German soil. Early in March, large airborne drops of Allied soldiers east of the Rhine had made significant changes in the course and conduct of the war in the European theater.

1945

“Theater” became a popular (and appropriate) term in those days to describe the huge geographical areas of carnage, danger and destruction. And why not? To a great degree, because of the popularity of the motion pictures during those years, those of us not actually engaged tended to see war in those same terms. So many high-ranking military figures, on both sides, seemed to revel in bravado appearances; and journalistic coverage, especially newsreel clips, tended to make media icons of some of them. MacArthur, of course, appeared especially self-possessed with his corncob pipe and crushed four-star general’s cap, and his attempt to walk on water. (Eisenhower was quoted as once saying, facetiously, that he had studied dramatics for two years under MacArthur while he had served as the great man’s adjutant.)

Then there was Patton, perhaps the most flamboyant of them all, frequently shown riding fearlessly in an open tank with his battle helmet on – and often depicted with his pearl-handled revolvers in their holsters at his hips.

The Germans had such theatrical figures as Hitler, Goering and Field Marshall Rommel; the Italians had Mussolini, with that jutting chin; the Japanese featured the sinister dictator Tojo; the Chinese gave us the inscrutable Chiang Kai-shek.

And as if to signal their optimism that the war would soon be

over, we were treated to much coverage of those truly decisive figures of FDR, Churchill and Stalin meeting at Yalta in early February ’45 to discuss the means of waging the peace. This tableau was, of course, at the time more show than substance.

The military campaigns did not always continue to go well, however, although some 30,000 U.S. Marines landed on Iwo Jima in late February. That battle, which left some 22,000 Japanese troops and 6,000 Americans dead, did not fully come to an end until mid-March, even though that especially symbolic flag was raised within the first week of the invasion. Other, later-sustained attacks on a number of Japanese island strongholds did not produce quick victories. In desperate measures, suicidal Kamikaze pilots were still attacking and occasionally sinking U.S. Naval vessels in the Pacific. It seemed evident that this phase of the war would continue unabated for yet a while.

Concentrated high altitude bombing of German cities did hasten the end of the war over there – that, along with the desperation of the



Author Thomas C. Ware in 1945, at age 16.

71st Kentucky Derby

1945: Hoop Jr.

Race Summary

Time: 23 1/5, :48, 1:14, 1:41, 2:07. Track muddy.

Winner: Winner - B.c. by Sir Gallahad III - One Hour, by Snob II, trained by I.H. Parke; bred in Kentucky by R.A. Fairbairn.

Mutuel: \$2 mutuels paid - Hoop Jr., \$9.40 straight, \$5.20 place, \$4 show; Pot O’ Luck, \$4.80 place, \$3.60 show; Darby Dieppe, \$4 show.

Value: \$75,000 added and \$5,000 Gold Cup. Net to winner \$64,850; second \$8,000; third \$3,000; fourth \$1,000. Trainer awards: First \$3,000; second \$2,000; third \$1,000. Breeder’s awards: First \$2,000; second \$1,000; third \$500. 155 nominations.

Horse	Finish	Jockey	Breeder	Trainer
Hoop Jr.	1st	Eddie Arcaro	Robert A. Fairbairn	Ivan H. Parke
Pot O’Luck	2nd	Douglas Dodson	Calumet Farm	Ben A. Jones
Darby Dieppe	3rd	Melvin Calvert	John W. Galbreath	Charles Gentry
Air Sailor	4th	Leon Haas	E. Gay Drake	A.G. Wilson
Jeep	5th	Arnold Kirkland	Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney	L.T. Ruff
Bymeabond	6th	Fred A. Smith	Idle Hour Stock Farm	William B. Stucki
Sea Swallow	7th	George Woolf	Charles S. Howard	J.H. Stotler
Fighting Step	8th	George South	Mrs. R.J. Murphy & L. Susan Kellogg	Charles Norman
Burning Dream	9th	Albert Snider	Idle Hour Stock Farm	James W. Smith
Alexis	10th	K. Scawthorn	Coldstream Stud Inc.	John A. Healey
Foreign Agent	11th	Kempton Knott	Phil T. Chinn	G.E. Lewis
Misweet	12th	Arthur Craig	Mrs. J.L. Cleveland	Leo O’Donnell
Tiger Rebel	13th	J. Raymond Layton	William Gerard Talbott	John Milton Goode
Bert G.	14th	Robert Summers	Thomas Piatt	C.P. Rose
Jacobe	15th	Herbert Lindberg	Woodvale Farm	Francis J. Scott
Kenilworth Lad	16th	Frederick Weidaman	Tollie Young	C.P. Rose

Start good from stall gate. Won easily; second and third driving. Hoop Jr., away well, opened up a clear advantage in the first three-sixteenths-mile, was taken in hand to make the pace under a steady hold to the stretch, responded with much energy when called upon and won with something left. Pot O’ Luck, away slowly, started up after reaching the final five furlongs, lost ground on the final turn but cut to the inside while closing fast and overtook Air Sailor and Darby Dieppe in swift succession near the end. Darby Dieppe bettered his position gradually from a sluggish start but weakened suddenly near the end. Air Sailor, forwardly placed on the outside from the start, rallied only mildly and faltered in the late stages. Jeep, always clear as he raced wide, did not respond when called upon. Bymeabond, taken to the inside early, forced the early pace in hand, made a bold bid on the stretch turn but gave way steadily the last quarter. Sea Swallow had no mishap. Fighting Step weakened after racing well to the final quarter and swerving in the last eighth. Burning Dream raced wide and never threatened. Alexis flattened out badly before going a mile. Foreign Agent dropped out of contention on the second turn.



Jockey Eddie Arcaro, center, and Churchill Downs President Matt Winn, right, pose for photos after the running of the 1945 Kentucky Derby.
Courtesy of Churchill Downs Inc., Kinetic Corp.

Wehrmacht having to defend assaults on two fronts. When the German central command disintegrated and, shortly after, when Hitler committed suicide in his bunker, the curtain of the theater of war had suddenly dropped.

V-E Day, meaning unconditional surrender in Europe, was declared on May 8. It was as if a whole new jubilant world had opened, if only part of the way. A war was yet to be waged and, one assumed, to be won on that side of the globe; and some of those forces in Europe were being deployed to fight in that one. It was too late to salvage the hallowed first Saturday in Louisville. No one, it appears, would have been more deeply wounded by the breaking of that string than the man who seemed to embody not just the tradition but the very soul of the Derby, Col. Matt Winn.

The Prime Mover: Col. Matt Winn

As for Derby officials in Louisville that April, the issue was almost as important as the war itself: to run or not to run. The idea of cancellation seemed abhorrent. The first Saturday in May had become their High Holy Day, and Churchill Downs was their Temple. Contemporary accounts show that Col. Winn, the venerable president of Churchill Downs from 1938 until his death in 1949, had been in one capacity or another

associated with thoroughbred racing in Kentucky, and especially in Louisville, almost all of his life. If one can believe all of the legends, such comments as “he had seen them all,” testified that he had been present at every Kentucky Derby, arriving at age 13 with his father at the first running in 1875.

Over the decades he committed his love of racing; his skills in management, marketing and political in-fighting; and his gregarious personality to transforming the physical and financial character of the Downs, especially promoting and enhancing the aura of the Derby into “The Run for the Roses” and what is now popularly termed “The Greatest Two Minutes in Sports.”

Yet as mentioned earlier, non-military transportation had been impeded for several years – to the point that in 1944, major efforts by Col. Winn and his associates had been made to justify holding the race in the depths of the war by encouraging attendance only to citizens of Louisville, even for box-seat owners.

What to do? It was finally agreed that in light of the victory in Europe, the Derby would be held – but not until June 9.

Records show that Col. Winn used his remarkable prestige to pull the complex matters together, cashed checks for nominations from owners of more than 150 3-year-old thoroughbreds, and miraculously, a 16-horse field was ready to run a month later. It

was the first time the Derby had ever been held in June. It was held only once in April.

The big day arrives

I celebrated my 16th birthday that joyful but uncertain spring. And like many friends my age, I was in that awkward period – too young to enlist or to be drafted, eager to see some aspects of the war overseas, yet not eager enough to be shot at. Although I worked several part-time jobs beginning at age 12 – mowing lawns, delivering newspapers, working as an executioner in a poultry house (yes!) and the like – for someone age 16, it was legally possible to get employment in that economy, with so many able-bodied men still at war.

In my neighborhood, the word was out that an enterprising tavern keeper had obtained a temporary franchise to sell beer in the infield and was looking to hire the necessary help. About a dozen guys my age applied, and on Derby Day we trucked and carried crates, ice and the necessary lumber to set up in the middle of that storied oval, under those two majestic spires. We sold, for \$1 a bottle, local beer that normally cost in stores at the time less than 15 cents. Although warm, it had been raining for several days that week, and the grounds and track were muddy, although no one seemed to mind the intermittent showers – or the cost of beer.

As people continued to arrive for the early races, which began about noon, it was evident that there would be a massive turnout, later estimated at 65,000. Our group was kept extraordinarily busy, trying to keep with the demands, frantically pulling caps off the cold wet bottles and taking in hands full of bills – no need for change. That made it easy for transferring money to the cashier or to the till, but it also made it easy for many of the guys to transfer instead some of the money into their own pockets, as the sales became brisker by the hour.

A large percentage of the crowd, as one would have expected, were in military uniforms, young women as well as men. Surprising to us was the number of Canadians, who seemed especially delighted to be there and elated that their duties in the war were apparently over. In all, despite the general absence of places to sit down (there were no stands or seats in the infield, though some had brought small wooden ladders) and the pressure of the long lines to get to the betting windows, the crowds seemed reasonably well-behaved and merry. In sections of the grounds, there were from time to time episodes of impatience and rudeness. But hey! It was the Derby.

And for some, the war was over.

Betting on the winner: Eddie Arcaro on Hoop Jr.

As the day wore on we caught only glimpses of horses, but from time to time we sent one of our crew to place bets on the races, most of them losers. Soon the big event was looming, and there was much talk among us about the Derby field. It seemed almost unanimous, however, that since no one knew much about the horses, and even though Hoop Jr. was not the favorite, we were placing our money not on that colt but on the jockey everyone knew about: Eddie Arcaro.

Many of those immersed in thoroughbred racing considered Arcaro among the most accomplished jockeys in the history of the sport in America, if not indeed the finest of them all. Such, for example, was the opinion of Bill Corum, a prominent sports columnist, later becoming president of Churchill Downs,



Jockey Eddie Arcaro and 1945 Kentucky Derby winner Hoop Jr. in the winner's circle.

Courtesy of Churchill Downs Inc., Kinetic Corp.

A large percentage of the crowd, as one would have expected, were in military uniforms, young women as well as men. In all, ... the crowds seemed reasonably well-behaved and merry. In sections of the grounds, there were, from time to time, episodes of impatience and rudeness. But hey!

It was the Derby.
And for some,
the war was over.

who was selected to write the foreword to the book “I Ride to Win” – Arcaro’s autobiographical account of his life and career, as told to Jack O’Hara. And a turbulent and rewarding career it was, beginning with a job as a stable boy and ultimately including successes which few riders could approach: among them five Kentucky Derby wins, the most wins in the Preakness and (tied) in the Belmont Stakes with six; three Travers Stakes; and two Triple Crown winners (Whirlaway and Citation). By earnings, “The Master,” as he was fondly named, received the award of U.S. Champion Jockey six times, in the period from 1940 through 1958. Over his career, his mounts earned more than \$30 million.

In his book, he details the unusual, one may even say the fateful, set of circumstances which put him on Hoop Jr. that June afternoon, instead of ending up in the military like so many married men with children his age (28, at the time). Earlier that same year, he had been ordered to report to his draft board in New York. His physical examination revealed what he called “a number of minor defects” he had not known about; and so he was re-classified as 4-H.

All thoroughbred racing had officially come to a halt on Jan. 3, 1945, yet in hopes that the war could end and the ban soon ease, trainers continued light training of the stock throughout the industry. In May when the ban was officially lifted, Arcaro said, “there followed quite a scramble in transporting the horses to various racing centers.” Arcaro found himself, despite contracts, free to pick a Derby mount, and ignoring some offers he purposefully delayed his decision. He had noticed, in a race where he was on another horse, that the jockey on Hoop Jr. had “lathered” his mount with a whip, whereupon the horse stopped in his tracks and lost a race that he was clearly winning. Arcaro informed the trainer; and as it was discovered, the colt had highly sensitive skin and ducked away from any use of the stick. Ultimately, he rode Hoop Jr. to victory in The Wood Memorial – and was granted the ride in the Derby.

Among the indelible memories, I count not only picking the Derby winner but catching a monetary glance at Arcaro, flying down the back stretch in the lead, paying \$9.20 to win. (I’ve since verified that.) But money was quite beside the point. To a naive 16-year-old, nothing could buy back the total thrill of that entire day. The following year, of course, saw a great many elements of our popular culture restored; and the Derby went back to its tradition of owning the first Saturday in May.

The aftermath

A week or so later in that June of ’45, while the war in the Pacific was still blazing, two of my friends and I went to work at one of the local Reynolds Metal plants. The company had posted a notice that they were hiring 16-year-old high school students at a competitive wage – 62 cents an hour for the day shift; 65 cents an hour for the evening shift. In our application interview, the

personnel director emphasized that we were fully expected to return to school in the fall. We were informed also that we had to join the union; and thus we were hired.

I do not think it necessary here to detail the tasks of heat-treating huge aluminum ingots, but on the first day it was an explosive and terrifying process merely to watch, a bit like seeing Dante’s lower depths in operation, up close. To be physically involved took more than a little getting used to. But we were young, adaptable and working under the assumption that what we and the other unionized workers were doing was a direct and valuable assistance to the total war effort. And for that time, the pay wasn’t bad. So we drilled and wired and hoisted and opened and closed the tall vertical ovens and tried not to get hurt by the boiling water.

This collective effort, however, was interrupted in July by a collective meeting of the union and its officers, who finally voted to strike for higher wages. That decision shut us out of the plant for, as I recall, more than a week without wages; and shortly afterward we returned to that infernal routine. At the end of the first week of August, as we were on the second shift, the news was flashed throughout the plant that a new U.S. secret weapon had been dropped on a place called Hiroshima, with horrendous consequences. We did not know at the time what to make of it. A few days later, we heard the same kind of news about Nagasaki. Shortly afterward, we were ordered to tidy up our work stations. The plant was closing and our work was through. Soon the prospect of victory was celebrated across the country, although V-J Day was not officially declared until Sept. 2.

The long ordeal was finally over.

That entire sequence of events – the strike, the layoff, the news about the bombings, the sudden end once more to a war halfway round the world – all occurring within such a short few days left us ecstatic, bewildered, disappointed, with no more paychecks.

I can vaguely recall that the three of us lazed around swimming pools and clubs for the next few weeks, spending what little money we saved, and suddenly it was time to go back to school – a promise we made to the personnel director at Reynolds Metals.

And so I did. I took that road, which turned out to be a long one; but my friends decided otherwise and other ways. As Robert Frost once concluded, “That has made all the difference.”

It was indeed a memorable, remarkable year. ■

About the author

Thomas C. Ware is a professor of English, specializing in Irish and Victorian literature, at the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga. He holds degrees from the University of Louisville and the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. He has published numerous articles and reviews and is the co-author of Theodore O’Hara: Poet-Soldier of the Old South (University of Tennessee Press, 1998). He and his wife live on Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

A student and his TEACHER

By James M. Gifford and Erin R. Kazez

In the preface to the 1958 edition of *The Thread That Runs So True*, Kentucky author Jesse Stuart wrote:

And I am firm in my belief that a teacher lives on and on through his students. I will live if my teaching is inspirational, good, and stands firm for good values and character training. Tell me how can good teaching ever die? Good teaching is forever and the teacher is immortal.

In this oft-quoted passage, Stuart sought to encourage and inspire future generations of American teachers, but he was also paying tribute to the immortal teachers who had influenced his life. No teacher influenced him more than Lena Wells Lykins Voiers.

Lena Voiers descended from adventurous Kentucky pioneers.

At the beginning of the Civil War, her grandfather, Peter D. Lykins, was a prosperous land owner in Morgan County, Ky. He was loyal to the Union, and two of his sons joined the Union army. His neighbors and the other men in his family favored the South and gave Peter and his family an ultimatum: leave Morgan County or die. In the terrible winter of 1861-62, Peter and his family were escorted to the county line by his brothers, who warned them never to return. Their wagon train of furniture, people and livestock trekked northeast along frozen roads toward Mt. Sterling. Peter sought a place for his family “where no man is held in bondage,” and a sympathetic stranger recommended the Lewis County hill country on the Ohio River. The Lykins caravan completed its rugged journey in three weeks; no one fell ill and not a single animal was lost.

Peter settled about 20 miles away from Vanceburg, the county seat, and raised four boys and four girls. His seventh child, Dial D. Lykins, later became the father of Lena Wells Lykins. Dial ran a little store and post office in Petersville and taught his children to value education as a profession. As an incentive, he offered an inscribed gold watch to each of his children who passed the Kentucky teacher’s exam and earned a first-class teaching certificate. All eight children earned their watches, but Dial



This mid-1940s photo was taken in the Voierses’ yard at their home in Vanceburg. In the middle, Kentucky author Jesse Stuart, flanked by Lena Wells, left, and his wife Deane, right. The children are, from left, Lena’s twin nieces, Helen Lykins and Mary Lykins, and the Stuarts’ daughter Jane.

Courtesy of the Jesse Stuart Foundation

died at age 52, before Lena qualified for hers. Fortunately, her father had arranged for his oldest son, Jess, to fulfill the obligation. Lena studied at Transylvania University in Lexington and received her watch in 1914; she wore it until it was lost, along with her entire jewelry box, in the 1937 Ohio River flood. Miss Lykins was principal of Greenup High School from 1921-23. When the school year ended in 1923, she moved to Vanceburg in neighboring Lewis County. Five years later, she married Gus Voiers, a shoe and clothing store proprietor in Vanceburg.

‘Stirrings of ambition’

The Lykinses were responsible citizens who valued adventure as well as education. During the first week after Lena’s grandfather was driven out of town, the Morgan County Courthouse burned to the ground. Folks around the county seat, West Liberty, thought that one of Peter’s sons had ridden back during the night, set the fire, and then returned to his caravan. This event became family lore. “I am sure none of my uncles did it,” said Lena, “but they all claimed the honor.” She inherited their taste for excitement and infused her students with it. “How full of surprises life is with [you]!” wrote Jesse’s wife Deane, another former pupil of Miss Lykins.

When Jesse first met Miss Lykins during his freshman year at Greenup High School, she was his high school algebra teacher. When he felt sorry for himself because of his poor performance in her class, neither his mother nor his teacher allowed him to dwell on his difficulties. Martha Stuart made her son work especially hard on the days he stayed home from school, and later Miss Lykins hiked over the hills with Jesse’s sister to chide and encourage the sensitive farm boy. She challenged him not to be a quitter: “Are you going to let one subject keep you from finishing high school? ... [Don’t] go through life like this.” Her words were strong, but she had a big smile and a friendly way. Jesse took her admonitions to heart.

That evening, Jesse carried a lantern and



From left, Gus Voiers, Lena Wells Lykins Voiers, Deane Stuart and Jesse Stuart aboard a ship on one of their many travels together.

Courtesy of the Jesse Stuart Foundation

walked Miss Lykins back to town. She was only 26 at the time, 10 years older than her student, but Jesse wrote that he had “stirrings of ambition to try to amount to something in life, simply because she had so much confidence in me.” She told him that if he worked hard and advanced his education, he might even write a book someday. More practically, she assured him that if he didn’t give up, algebra might be “as easy for you as walking over this mountain.”

After high school, when Jesse was working at the steel mill in Ashland, Lena visited his boarding house and encouraged him to attend college. She followed his fortunes as a student at Lincoln Memorial University, as a teacher and superintendent, and as a graduate student at Vanderbilt. One afternoon, Jesse was washing dishes in Vanderbilt University’s Wesley Hall Cafeteria when he heard someone call his name. It was Lena and her new husband Gus. Jesse was so moved by her continued support that he gave her an inscribed copy of *Harvest of Youth* on the spot.

In 1937, Lena was there to see Jesse off when he left for his Guggenheim Fellowship. She encouraged him to “travel in every country you can.” While he was gone, they exchanged dozens of letters, Jesse expounding on the beauty and finesse of the women he was encountering and

Lena offering friendly advice regarding romance and marriage. “Most women get married at the first opportunity,” she opined.

It is all well forever if a woman marries the one and only man she ever loved and all wrong if she doesn’t. No woman ever loved but one man, real happiness for any woman is ‘to love and to be loved by one man.’ I am not trying to say what it is for a man. Here’s hoping you know for sure sometime.

Then she shared a glowing description of the man she loved.

There is no person living happier than I am — because I am married to the only man I ever loved. In September 1910 I fell in love with a little friendly, redheaded, gawky, ugly boy who was nice to a big, bashful, ugly, country girl who came to town to go to high school. Since that time I have courted many others, at least two other men loved me and wanted to marry me but against the advice of my friends and family I married “the drunken sot” (as my sister said) who has made me very happy. It still gives me thrill to see him coming home each day thru 10 years of marriage. Drunk or sober, good or

Jesse Hilton Stuart (1906-1984), educator and author

The late Poet Laureate of Kentucky, Jesse Hilton Stuart, published 2,000 poems, 460 short stories and more than 60 books. In addition to being one of Appalachia's best known and most anthologized authors, his works have been translated into many foreign languages.

Yet his contributions are more than literary. During his life, this charismatic educator and author served as a leader for the people of his mountain homeland and as a spokesman for values like hard work, respect for the land, belief in education, devotion to country and love of family. His life and works still attract hundreds of tourists to eastern Kentucky every year.

Jesse Stuart was born on Aug. 8, 1906, in northeastern Kentucky's Greenup County, where his parents, Mitchell and Martha (Hilton) Stuart, were impoverished tenant farmers. From his father, Stuart learned to love and respect the land. He later became a far-sighted conservationist — donating more than 700 acres of his land in W-Hollow to the Kentucky Nature Preserves System in 1980.

Mitchell Stuart could neither read nor write, and Martha had only a second-grade education, but they taught their two sons and three daughters to value education. Jesse graduated from Greenup High School in 1926 and from Lincoln Memorial University in Harrogate, Tenn., in 1929. He then returned to Greenup County to teach.

By the end of the 1930s, Stuart had served as a teacher in Greenup County's one-room schools and as high school principal and county school superintendent. These experiences served as the basis for his autobiographical book, *The Thread That Runs So True* (1949), hailed by the president of the National Education Association as the finest book on education in 50 years. The book became a road map for educational reform in Kentucky. By the time it appeared, Stuart had left the classroom to devote his time to lecturing and writing. He returned to public education as a high school principal in 1956-57, a story told in *Mr. Gallion's School* (1967). He later taught at the University of Nevada in Reno in the 1958 summer term and served on the faculty of the American University of Cairo in 1960-61.

Stuart began writing stories and poems about Appalachia in high school and college. During a year of graduate study at Vanderbilt University in 1931-32, Donald Davidson, one of his professors, encouraged him to continue writing. Following the private publication of Stuart's poetry collection *Harvest of Youth* in 1930, *Man with Bull-Tongue Plow* appeared in 1934 and was widely praised. Mark Van Doren, for instance, likened Stuart to the 18th Century Scottish poet Robert Burns.

Stuart began his autobiographical, *Beyond Dark Hills*, while he was at Vanderbilt. Published in 1938, it inspired readers to follow Stuart's example of overcoming great obstacles to obtain an education. Short story collections include *Head o' W-Hollow* (1936) and *Men of the Mountains* (1941). More than a dozen other short story collections were published in Stuart's lifetime.

He was also a widely-read novelist, and critics such as J. Donald Adams ranked Stuart as a first-class local colorist. His first novel, *Trees of Heaven*, appeared in 1940, followed by *Taps for Private Tussie* (1943), an award-winning satire on New Deal relief and its effect on Appalachia's self-reliance.

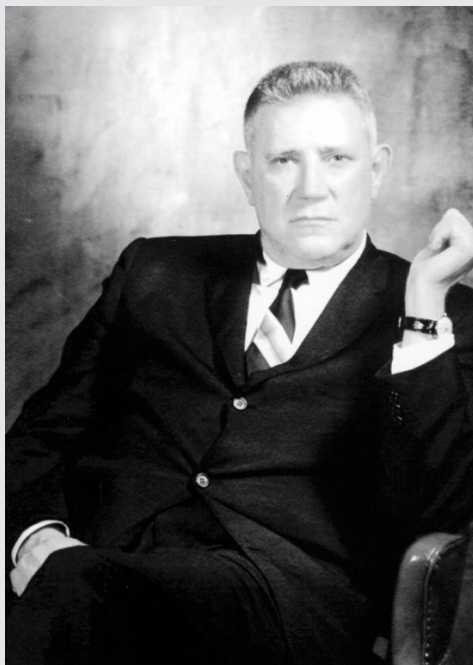
Stuart was a successful poet. His 10 volumes of verse include *Album of Destiny* (1944) and *Kentucky Is My Land* (1952). He was designated as the Poet Laureate of Kentucky in 1954 and was made a fellow of the Academy of American Poets in 1961. Stuart also wrote a number of books for children that are still highly regarded and much in use today. *The Beatinest Boy* (1953) and *A Penny's Worth of Character* (1954) are two of his eight junior novels for readers in third through seventh grades. *Hie to the Hunters*, a novel published in 1950, is a celebration of rural life that has been especially popular with readers in seventh through 12th grades.

Stuart suffered a major heart attack in 1954. During his convalescence, he wrote daily journals that were the basis for *The Year of My Rebirth* (1956), a book recording his rediscovery of the joy of life. He later became an active spokesman for the American Heart Association.

Throughout his adult life, Stuart received numerous honors as a writer and educator. In 1944, the University of Kentucky awarded him his first of many honorary doctorates. Oct. 15, 1955, was proclaimed "Jesse Stuart Day" by the governor of Kentucky and a bust of Stuart, which is still standing, was unveiled on the Greenup County Courthouse lawn. In 1958, he was featured on "This Is Your Life," a popular television show. In 1972, the lodge at Greenbo Lake State Resort Park was named the Jesse Stuart Lodge. In 1981, he received Kentucky's Distinguished Service Medallion.

In 1978, Stuart was disabled by a stroke. In May 1982, he suffered another stroke which rendered him comatose until he died on Feb. 17, 1984. He is buried in Plum Grove Cemetery in Greenup County, close to W-Hollow, the little Appalachian valley that was the setting for many of his works.

Biography of Jesse Stuart provided by The Jesse Stuart Foundation, 1645 Winchester Ave., P.O. Box 669, Ashland, Ky., 41105, (606) 326-1667, www.jsfbooks.com.



bad, my love has never changed in the least.

I am fond of the man who cusses, fusses, and says dirty words. Try him by every measure of fine manhood and Gus is the best man I know. It's springtime in America and I'm in love. How is it in Paris?

Lena's interest in Jesse was not unique. After she married "Poppie" Gus, they spent their summers visiting Lena's former pupils across the country. Often, when one of her former pupils was in trouble, Lena, who had no children of her own, would appear to help and hearten them: "It's not as bad as you think, and we'll see what can be done about it."

She "never let a pupil [or former pupil] down if she thought he was in the right" and often championed ones who were wrong but had the potential for self-improvement. Stuart told her that she was "enjoying what a good teacher always and should enjoy ... the success of ... former pupils."

"More than any other teacher I know," Stuart wrote a decade later, "she has left a permanent stamp on her children."

'The Accident'

In the summer of 1940, Gus and Lena invited the newly-wed Jesse and Deane for a weekend visit. On Sunday afternoon, the two couples went for a scenic drive along the Kinnickonick River. Gus was driving and as he came over a little rise, a man "came from nowhere" and was struck by the car and knocked against a tree. The four friends "about had heart attacks." Fortunately, Gus was not driving fast. The fellow who had been hit came to his senses and identified himself. The Voierses and Stuarts rushed him to a doctor in Vanceburg, where X-rays revealed that the young man had no serious injuries. Gus was certain that he would be sued.

Soon after, the injured boy and all the men in his family arrived at Gus' store to shop. Poor Gus was so scared that he hid in his office. After making an incredibly large purchase, the father asked to speak to Mr.

William Augustus Voiers. Gus approached fearfully, and the man told him that his son had a "fault of running in front of automobiles and getting hit. He was born with it, I guess." He then thanked Gus for being "the only man who ever took him to the doctor," cared for him and took him home. Praising Gus "as the finest man we have ever known," the father left with the promise "to trade with you all we can."

Jesse recorded this episode in a little notebook of story ideas he always carried. Twenty-six years later, when he was in Greece, he wrote the story and had it typed upon his return to America. He sold "The

New horizons

Such adventures cemented their lifelong friendship and gave them "new horizons." When Jesse, Deane and Jane were living in Washington, D.C., the Voierses visited them. Together they took a tour of the nation's capital. They also went to Florida together, shared holidays and frequently invited one another for dinner and overnight visits. As Jane grew older, she was often included in these outings and developed a close relationship with "Auntie Lena" and "Uncle Poppie Gus." The Voierses often brought their twin nieces, Mary and Helen, to play with her.



Deane Stuart, left, and Lena Wells Lykins Voiers during a trip of the two families to Switzerland. Courtesy of the Jesse Stuart Foundation

Accident" to the *Saturday Evening Post* for \$1,750.

Before the story appeared in 1967, Gus died suddenly from a heart attack, but Lena thought it was "the greatest story [Jesse] ever wrote." She purchased 100 copies of that edition for gifts to friends and family and was elated each time it was reprinted in an anthology or textbook. Jesse was glad to have preserved something of Gus' good nature in his art. From the very first, he felt that "Gus [was] a good looking man [and] more than that ... a fine man."

In the summer of 1949, the two couples embarked on a tour of Europe, sailing across the Atlantic Ocean on the Queen Elizabeth. The preparations took months and flurries of letters as they tried to work around Jesse's busy schedule. Deane proclaimed to Lena that she was "so excited with the thought of [the] trip that [she couldn't] settle down to do a thing." Meanwhile, Jesse was lecturing, traveling and revising *Hie to the Hunters*. Deane tried to get him "to come down and talk 'trip'" but couldn't get much enthusiasm. She frequently told Lena that she couldn't believe they were actually going. Lena

made many of the plans herself, sending clippings from travel guides and ideas for what to do. The Stuarts arranged for young Jane to stay with her Uncle James and Aunt Betty, and, finally, the Queen Elizabeth sailed off.

They visited England, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France and Switzerland. The trip was such a success that Jesse wrote, “[W]e might go every year to Europe from now on to the ends of our lives and we’d never have a better trip and more fun than we had on that trip.”

Every aspect of it was memorable, down to the voyage there and back. Crossing the Atlantic, there were “rough seas and people getting sick” the whole time. On a ship of 400 passengers, only four people remained impervious to the rocking ship: the Voierses and the Stuarts. Even Lena, Jesse and Deane had difficulty eating, but Gus ate four-course breakfasts every day. Eleven years later, the Stuarts were sailing to Egypt when their waiter told this story and bragged on the “large man” with the iron stomach and his friends. Jesse was elated, and the steward pleasantly shocked, when he explained that he and Deane “were two of the four.”

“So I guess,” Jesse told Lena, “Gus has made maritime travel history!”

There was a community-wide interest in hearing about their adventures, and Jesse and Deane showed their “European films” at least three times in Greenup to “good reception” and audiences of nearly 100 people. The Voierses also made numerous presentations to school, church and civic organizations. Lena lectured from the notes she had made while they were traveling, and Gus, an accomplished photographer, developed slides to accompany her talks. They charged a fee for the presentations and used the money to provide scholarships at Kentucky Christian College in nearby Grayson. The first presentation earned \$20, but Lena felt “conscious-stricken”

over taking so much money, so she set a \$10 limit for all future shows.

‘What a teacher and friend’

Stuart wrote thousands of letters to Lena and Gus, regularly quizzing them on a wide variety of topics ranging from county politics to local response to his latest book. They were his confidants, his sounding board, and his eyes and ears when he was away from home. Lena was proud to be named in his autobiographies, but she never shied from telling Jesse what she really thought of his work. When he first finished *Beyond Dark Hills*, he told her that she would like it “for it will bring so many things back to you.” Lena responded that she found the book vulgar in parts, especially the language used by the steel mill workers. Jesse apparently had not anticipated criticism. He reacted defensively, calling his former teacher an “ultra-conservative” who was “under the influence of [the] Easter revival.” Furthermore, he reminded her that “if you want vulgarity you can get all you want in the Bible ... If people come onto these words and halt and speak of their vulgarity — then I say they are the vulgar creatures and not the author. I’m certainly not a vulgar man.” In fact, Jesse believed that *Beyond Dark Hills* was his “cleanest” book to date. The debate continued for several more letters.

Nonetheless, Jesse respected Lena’s opinions, particularly when she gave favorable reviews of his work. Of *The Thread That Runs So True*, she assured him that “800,000 [will be] behind this [book]!” In public, she claimed the honor of being the teacher who read Robert Burns to Jesse Stuart in high school “because Miss Hamilton [Hatton] is dead and has her reward.” She never got over the excitement of “reading my name in print in a book written by my school boy.” An executive with E.P. Dutton & Co. Inc. told Lena that “there has never been any doubt in my heart that you have had a great deal to do with the

success and progress of our Jesse Stuart.”

Recognition also came in 1954, when Transylvania University rewarded Lena for her work as a teacher and lecturer. A self-professed “proud and happy country school teacher,” she felt that she had already received rich dividends as a teacher and was “overpaid in [her] wealth of good friends.” Her good friends Jesse and Deane frequently commented in their letters about how much they appreciated her, too. In 1967, Deane framed her eighth-grade diploma, which proudly bore the name of Lena Wells Lykins.

A prevailing theme in much of Jesse’s work was laughter, and it was Lena who had taught him to enjoy each day to the fullest. Even when he was in his 60s and she in her 70s, Jesse recognized her vitality. She was interested in everything from Robert Penn Warren’s poetry to University of Kentucky basketball: “I doubt any woman knows more about basketball than you!” He thought her highly intelligent and good with an audience. In 1968, Lena delivered a high school commencement address, which Jesse praised as “excellent.”

“What a girl you are,” he wrote. “What a teacher and friend.” ■

About the authors

James M. Gifford serves as CEO and senior editor of the Jesse Stuart Foundation, a regional press and bookseller headquartered in Ashland. He earned a Ph.D. in history from the University of Georgia in 1977. Erin R. Kazee, a graduate of Vanderbilt University, worked as an editorial assistant at the JSF in 2008. She is currently teaching in France and studying for a Ph.D. in French language and literature at the University of Maryland.

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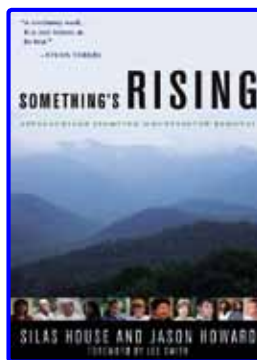
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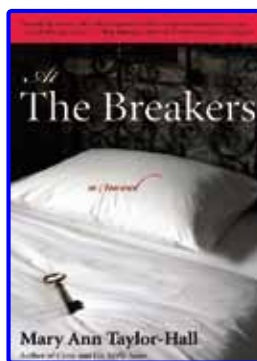
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