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Kentucky Humanities Council Inc.

A portrait of Daniel Boone, an American pioneer, shown from the chest up. He has white, wavy hair and is wearing a dark red coat over a white shirt and a dark cravat. The background is dark and textured.

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Celebrating the life of a Kentucky pioneer

DANIEL BOONE, 1734-1820

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I am more than a number



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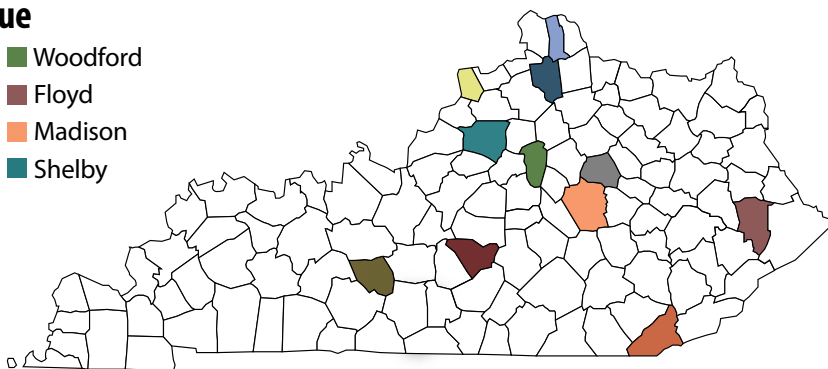
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On the cover: Daniel Boone by Chester Harding. Courtesy of The Filson Historical Society, Louisville, KY.

Celebrating Kentucky's heroes

The year 2009 continues to be a year of great historical celebration.

As you may have read in April's issue of *Kentucky Humanities*, the Kentucky Humanities Council took Washington, D.C., by storm in February as we presented a historical, musical and theatrical performance to honor the bicentennial of the nation's 16th president, Kentucky-born Abraham Lincoln. And we haven't stopped there. Not only does this issue of *Kentucky Humanities* feature yet another look into Lincoln's storied presidency, we also announce the upcoming release of the *Our Lincoln* DVD, giving those who weren't able to see the performance an opportunity to experience the only celebration of Lincoln's bicentennial in February in the nation's capital.

Abraham Lincoln isn't the only Kentucky hero to be celebrated this year. The Kentucky Humanities Council is extremely proud to be part of the 275th birthday celebration of yet another man who had a significant impact on our state — Daniel Boone.

In this issue of *Kentucky Humanities*, you'll read about the frontiersman who blazed the trail for thousands of people who migrated west into what became our great state of Kentucky. You'll read about the celebration taking place Oct. 17 and 18 at Fort Boonesborough to honor Daniel Boone. You'll meet "our Daniel Boone," Scott New, who portrays Boone for Kentucky Chautauqua®, the council's living history drama program. And finally, you'll learn about the man who labored long hours researching Boone's story and whose work has provided the framework for what we know about Boone's life — Lyman Draper.

Also in this issue of *Kentucky Humanities*, we feature two Kentucky universities that are working on exhibits to preserve the stories of their communities for future generations. Campbellsville University has taken on the massive project of scanning nearly 100,000 negatives of images taken during a 20-year period by the local newspaper, the *Central Kentucky News-Journal*. It's an effort to preserve the images and stories of the past and share them with the public for many years to come. At Northern Kentucky University, the Steely Library is organizing a multimedia exhibit to display historical material, tell stories and honor the victims of the Beverly Hills Supper Club fire. On that devastating day — May 28, 1977 — 165 people lost their lives in the third deadliest night club fire in history.

We're pleased to be able to include an excerpt in this issue from Richmond, Ky. author Charles Bracelen Flood's latest book, *1864: Lincoln at the Gates of History*. As the bicentennial celebration comes to an end, Flood gives us a detailed account of Election Night, 1864, one of Lincoln's most turbulent years, as he worried he may not receive the bid for a second term as president. Flood gives us an intimate account of what happened that evening, a detailed and moving look at Lincoln's life.

We hope you enjoy this issue of *Kentucky Humanities*. These are Kentucky's stories, and it's our mission to share them with you. We want to hear your stories as well. If you have one to share, please contact our editor, Julie Nelson Harris, at julie.harris@uky.edu.



Virginia G. Carter
Executive Director
Kentucky Humanities Council

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



Four elected to Kentucky Humanities Council board of directors

Four Kentuckians were recently elected to the Kentucky Humanities Council board of directors.

Susan Dunlap and JoAnn Gormley of Versailles, William G. Francis of Prestonsburg and Brenda Wilson of Williamstown will serve three-year terms, with second three-year terms optional. As members of the 23-person volunteer board, they will help set council policies, award project grants to community organizations and participate in fund-raising to help the council meet the growing demand for its programs.

Dunlap, a communications leader for Humana Inc. in Louisville, graduated from Indiana University Southeast with a bachelor of arts in English. She earned a master of arts in strategic communication and leadership from Seton Hall University. Before joining Humana, she spent eight years with Lexmark International in Lexington. Dunlap, a former newspaper journalist, is a higher education moderator for Kentucky Community & Technical College System (KCTCS) – Somerset, in its Department of Communications.



Dunlap

Francis is partner in the law offices of Francis, Kendrick and Francis in Prestonsburg. After earning an associate of arts from Prestonsburg Community College, a bachelor of arts in political science from the University of Kentucky and a master of public administration degree from Eastern Kentucky University, Francis received his juris doctor from the UK College of Law in 1973. He is a former president of the University of Kentucky Alumni Association and serves as a member of the Development Council for the university and its law school. He is a member of the Kentucky Advocates for Higher Education Inc. board of directors and of the Alice Lloyd College board of trustees. He served as a member of the Kentucky Arts Council for 13 years and has been a trustee of Jenny Wiley Theatre since 1977.



Francis

Gormley is an alumna of the University of Kentucky. She is a school liaison for Woodford County Schools and Hunteartown Elementary School, where for the last 18 years she has helped identify and address issues that affect at-risk learners, including educational, medical and financial circumstances. Gormley serves as a community representative to the Woodford County School Advisory Committee, and is a board member of the Woodford County Women's Club – an organization she has been involved with for nearly 40 years.

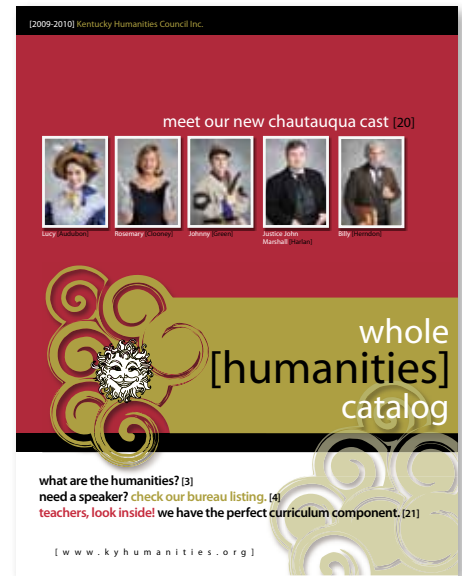


Gormley

Wilson, who is affiliated with Cherry Hill Homes Inc., is a member of the Northern Kentucky University Foundation Board, the Grant County Friends of the Animal Shelter Board and the Williamstown Woman's Club Board. Wilson is also a member and former chair of the NKU Board of Regents.



Wilson



New Kentucky Chautauqua®, Speakers Bureau season underway

The 2009-10 season of Kentucky Chautauqua® and the Kentucky Humanities Council Speakers Bureau kicked off Aug. 1, and do we ever have a wonderful line-up.

In addition to our seasoned Chautauqua characters, we added five new performers to the cast — Lucy Bakewell Audubon, wife of *Birds of America* artist John James Audubon; Rosemary Clooney, Kentucky's beloved jazz singer and actress; Johnny Green, Civil War Orphan Brigade soldier; U.S. Supreme Court Justice John Marshall Harlan; and Billy Herndon, friend and law partner of Abraham Lincoln for 18 years.

The Kentucky Humanities Council Speakers Bureau is 40 members strong this season and offers a wide variety of topics from Kentucky scholars and writers, including Kentucky's Poet Laureate Gurney Norman and Kentucky's State Historian James C. Klotter.

Book a performance for your school or organization today! Visit www.kyhumanities.org to download a copy of the Whole Humanities Catalog, or call (859) 257-5932.



TELLING KENTUCKY'S STORY | *council pages*

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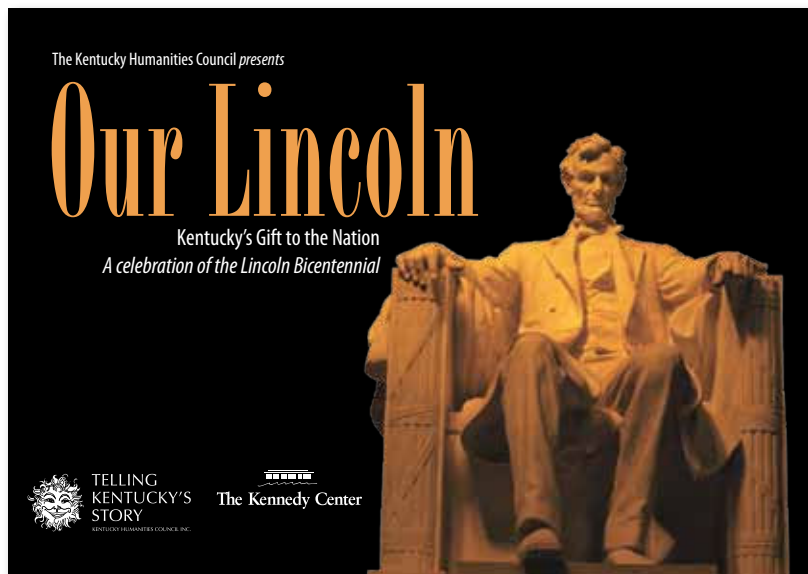
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Telling Kentucky's Story

www.kentuckystory.com



***Our Lincoln* DVD available now**

Were you unable to attend the Kentucky Humanities Council's musical, historical and theatrical performance celebrating the Abraham Lincoln bicentennial? Or would you just love to see *Our Lincoln* a second, third or fourth time? You're in luck. With the assistance and talent of Michael Breeding MEDIA, the Kentucky Humanities Council has produced a DVD of the Washington, D.C., performance, and it is now available for purchase.

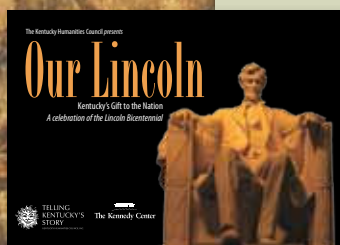
The *Our Lincoln* DVD is \$20 plus tax, shipping and handling. Visit www.kyhumanities.org to place your order, or call the Kentucky Humanities Council at (859) 257-5932.

Don't miss this opportunity to see a performance that showcases true Kentucky talent and pride in celebration of our Kentucky-born president, Abraham Lincoln.

The Kentucky Humanities Council Inc. congratulates

UK
Opera
THEATRE *for its production of*

River of Time



Available now on DVD: *Our Lincoln*, featuring UK Opera Theatre and portions of *River of Time*. Order your copy now at www.kyhumanities.org, or call (859) 257-5932.

Tall Kentucky stories

By Robert M. Rennick

The turkey shoot

When I was young, the folks back home loved to go on turkey shoots. That was the best sport we had and everyone looked forward to that season of the year when we could all go together to shoot turkeys. But we had to be good at it, us kids, or we wouldn't be able to go along with the older folks. We had to practice a lot. And use our turkey calls.

I practiced a lot and thought I'd gotten quite good at it. I happened to have my gun with me one day when I was walking up to a big hollow log. Just then, a huge tom turkey stuck his head up from behind that log. I had my gun out right then, took aim, and fired. But the darned turkey just ducked his head down behind the log. I missed him. Then all of a sudden, the turkey stuck his head up again. And for a second time I fired. And again that turkey ducked his head down behind that log. I missed him again. A few seconds later, the head stuck up again. And again I fired. And again it ducked behind the log.

This went on 20 times. I'd fire, it'd duck, it'd stick its head back up ... How in the world could I have missed that turkey 20 times, and from only 20 yards? I'd never been that bad a shot in my entire life. (I was only 10 then.)

So after the 20th shot, I decided to get up closer to that log to get a better look at the turkey I just couldn't seem to hit. And when I got there, what do you suppose I saw? On the ground, at the other side of that log, were 20 turkeys, all shot right between the eyes.

Robert M. Rennick is the coordinator of the Kentucky Place Names Survey, and a regular contributor to Kentucky Humanities. He lives in Prestonsburg, Ky.

Yes, they too were Kentuckians

A look at some well-known, and not-so-well-known, people in Kentucky history

Floyd Collins, cave explorer

1887-1925 • Edmonson County

By James C. Claypool

The death of Floyd Collins is said to have constituted one of America's most sensational media events of the 1920s.

Floyd Collins lived in western Kentucky's cave region his entire life. He began exploring the extensive cave system in this region as a young man, and in 1925, the year of his tragic death, Collins was considered the foremost authority on the caves and cave systems of western Kentucky. In fact, some have gone so far as to label Collins "the greatest cave explorer ever known." In 1917, Collins discovered Crystal Cave, which was located at the edge of the vast Mammoth Cave system, a discovery the Collins family tried to turn into a commercial enterprise. However, attendance at Crystal Cave was disappointingly low. In the hope that he might be able to uncover a new entrance to the area's cave systems and thereby generate a new spark of interest in Crystal Cave, Floyd entered a nearby sandstone cave on Jan. 30, 1925. While crawling through a narrow crawlway that ran 55 feet below the surface, Collins became trapped and would remain so for 13 highly melodramatic days until he died from starvation and exposure.

Collins had become trapped in what the news media later dubbed "Sand Cave" after accidentally knocking over his lamp while exiting the cave. Crawling in darkness, he dislodged a 26 ½ -pound rock from the ceiling, which pinned his leg in a manner that made it impossible for Collins (and later his rescuers) to remove the rock. The next day friends discovered Collins trapped only 150 feet from the cave's entrance. They took him hot food and ran an electric light down the passage to provide him light and warmth. This passage, however, collapsed on Feb. 4, leaving rescue teams with twin options — cutting a shaft from above or digging a lateral tunnel that would intersect from above.

A reporter from the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, William Burke "Skeets" Miller, spent several hours talking to Collins, and his dramatic reports of these conversations would gain Miller a Pulitzer Prize. Miller's reports, along with regular news bulletins, were picked up by newspapers and radio stations nationwide. The event soon turned into a carnival as food and souvenir vendors set up shop and tens of thousands of people gathered outside the cave waiting to hear news of Floyd's fate. After the collapse of the cave, which cut off communication to the outside, Collins lay alone and forsaken, his fate in the hands of his rescuers.

They reached him on Feb. 17, 13 days after he was trapped, but Floyd was dead. Realizing that it was too dangerous to remove the dead man, the rescuers left his body and hastily filled the shaft with debris. Two months later, relatives reopened the shaft, dug a new tunnel and removed the body. The family placed it in a glass-topped coffin in Crystal Cave, where it was on public display until 1961, when Crystal Cave was purchased by the National Park Service. In 1989, Floyd Collins was reinterred in a cemetery nearby.

Floyd Collins's ordeal and death spawned several tributes, including two popular songs released in 1925, "The Death of Floyd Collins" and "The Floyd Collins Waltz." His life and death also inspired a musical, a documentary film, several books, a museum and a number of other tributes. In 1951, Billy Wilder paid tribute to Collins in *Ace in the Hole*, a film that focused upon the media circus surrounding Floyd's death. Black Stone Cherry, a band based in Kentucky, included a song entitled "The Ghost of Floyd Collins" on an album it released in 2008. Perhaps the strangest twist to the story of Floyd Collins took place on the night of March 18-19, 1929, when his body was stolen from Crystal Cave. The body was soon recovered but his left leg, the one that had been pinned by the rock in the cave, was missing and was never recovered.

Adapted from James C. Claypool's book, Our Fellow Kentuckians: Rascals, Heroes and Just Plain Uncommon Folk, which is also a talk offered by Claypool through the Kentucky Humanities Council Speakers Bureau.

Meet the poet laureate

As he engages in his tour of the state, Gurney Norman shares stories about his life, experiences

Gurney Norman was a “mountain kid.” Born in Grundy, Va., in 1937 and raised in western Virginia and eastern Kentucky, Kentucky’s poet laureate has a unique understanding of the Appalachian region, an understanding that has helped him give back to that area again and again through his labor of love — writing.

He has produced a number of works focusing on the Appalachian region. His novel *Divine Right’s Trip* follows a young man who travels from California back to his native Kentucky. *Kinfolks* is a collection of short stories about a Kentucky mountain family. He has co-edited two anthologies, *Confronting Appalachian Stereotypes: Back Talk from an American Region* and *An American Vein: Critical Readings in Appalachian Literature*. He has written and narrated three documentary films about eastern Kentucky’s rivers and trails for KET: “Time on the River,” “From This Valley” and “Wilderness Road.” He is co-author of three screenplays based on stories from the *Kinfolks* collection: “Fat Monroe,” “Nightride,” and “Maxine.” His forthcoming novella, *Ancient Creek*, is a contemporary Appalachian folktale.

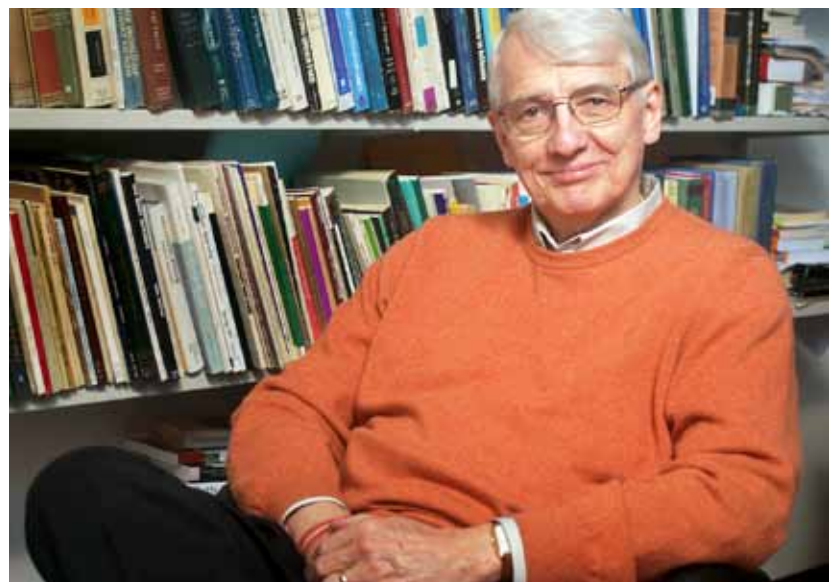
A graduate of Stuart Robinson School in Letcher County, Norman majored in journalism and English at the University of Kentucky and studied writing at Stanford University as a Stegner Creative Writing Fellow. Thirty years later, he is leading UK’s Creative Writing Program. He serves as advisor to schools and community-based arts groups in Kentucky and the Appalachian region.

Learn more about the 2009-10 poet laureate, who is also a member of the Kentucky Humanities Council’s Speakers Bureau, in his interview with *KH*.

• • •

Q: When and how did you discover that you were a writer at heart? What was the first thing you wrote that truly inspired you?

A: My childhood during World War II was pretty chaotic. My nuclear family sort of imploded and my older brother and younger sister and I were cared for at different times by two sets of grandparents. Then when I was 9 and my brother was 10, we were enrolled in a boarding school which accepted a lot of mountain kids



Gurney Norman, Kentucky poet laureate.

Photo by Tim Collins

from broken homes. The school turned out to be a good experience for me and I lived there until I graduated from high school. I was a quiet, solitary boy much of the time and, I guess you could say, I observed the world around me. “Spy” might be a good word for my attitude in those days. My father died when I was 15 and I wrote my first short story soon after. My brother, who had always been a cheerful, gregarious, outgoing popular boy, died in a car wreck a year after we lost our father.

In a creative writing class at UK I wrote a short story about that experience. I felt that I had truly engaged a deep personal truth in that story, had really found expression for a chaos of feelings. I knew then that I would make writing central to my life.

Q: This year, there has been a tremendous amount of national attention surrounding Appalachia, which is a major focus of your work. How has growing up in Appalachia influenced you as a writer, and as a person?

A: I think most people, particularly of my generation, who have grown up in the Kentucky coal fields are marked by the experience. It is such a dramatic world. And there is something about the mountain landscape that has affected the culture, shaped personal

identity in ways that stay with you and leave you feeling attached in enduring ways. Even if you hated your experience, still, that is a form of attachment. But I don't want to overly stress the impact of Appalachian life on my own identity. I feel shaped just by being a Kentuckian, born into the grand story of this Commonwealth. For me, the Kentucky story begins with the retreat of the glaciers, 12,000 or so years ago. My feel for this place goes back to the Ice Age! I am rather obsessed by the subject. Like so many people in this area, I have a powerful regional identity. I carry around in my mind a map of the entire Appalachian mountain chain and a picture of the rivers of Kentucky, as if looking down from a great height. The Big Sandy, Little Sandy,

and had some understanding of herbs for healing. They piped natural spring water into the house, relied on an outdoor toilet, and worked outdoors all day, every day, except for Sundays. In their years they built seven or eight frame houses by hand, without power tools. Grandad was also an underground miner for 30 years. My grandparents were masters of the old traditional subsistence-farming skills while also being exceedingly modern in their outlook. They believed in education, pushed eight children through high school and saw their four daughters get college educations and become teachers. To have been part of such a family fills me with great pride and admiration, even today.

achieved the now-standard eight-hour working day, an end to child labor, decent wages and progress in the realm of workplace safety. Millions of Americans today enjoy the fruits of labor's struggle in the 20th century, with no idea from where they came.

Q: Talk a little about the work you continue to do in Appalachia with schools and community-based arts groups. What is your goal, and what does this work mean to you?

A: I think many Americans who reach adulthood with some feeling for the places and the people they have lived among have a sense of loyalty to their old communities. Not all Appalachian people remain emotionally bonded with the mountains, of course. Many leave and never want to see the place again. But that in itself is a form of attachment. In general, I think it is fair to say that a continuing feeling of connectedness to family and place is a common experience among people who have grown up in the Appalachian mountains. In my own case, I knew when I left home to go to college that I would always think of the mountains as my true home. I strongly felt that in my life I would like to make some sort of contribution to my old community, to be of service to the people somehow.

One way to think about it is to consider all the teachers, doctors, engineers and other professional people who grew up in the mountains, completed their college educations and advanced professional training and then returned to dedicate their talents to their home communities. This is a very familiar pattern, one of the strengths of the culture that is not often mentioned. In my own case, without making too big a deal out of it because it is actually a fairly common experience, I felt from an early age a call to participate in the life of my home community. I felt that pull, that instinct, to serve. My early life, growing up in the church, nourished that instinct but I think the reasons lie deeper than that.

"I feel shaped just by being a Kentuckian, born into the grand story of this Commonwealth. For me, the Kentucky story begins with the retreat of the glaciers, 12,000 or so years ago. My feel for this place goes back to the Ice Age!"

— GURNEY NORMAN, KENTUCKY POET LAUREATE

Licking, Kentucky, Salt, Cumberland and Green rivers form a familiar pattern in my mind that I find very reassuring. For me, the regional perspective is a starting point for considering the whole world. It is like a lens that helps me see, focus.

My world view and my entire sense of self have developed as a direct result of being born as an Appalachian person, and in particular, as a native of eastern Kentucky. As a child I lived among relatives whose way of life was very much rooted in the "old time way." My maternal grandparents owned about 40 acres of steep mountain land divided about equally between woods, pasture and level farming acres. They raised most of the family's food; kept cows, hogs and sometimes ponies or horses; made their own lye soap; built chairs by hand; bottomed chairs with tree bark; heated their houses by coal fires in open grates;

Another aspect of mountain life I came to know was what I would call the rural industrial world of coal mining camps built around the big coal mines that flourished all over the coal fields in the first half of the 20th century. Some of the camps had the amenities of a typical small town and when times were good and money was circulating, mining families found coal camp life quite satisfactory. But coal has always been a "boom and bust" industry and the bad times left many families destitute in an era when our nation had no developed "social safety net." Here the division of the social classes was most evident. My father was a miner and a union man and I inherited my own sense of working class solidarity in the face of big coal's exploitative corporate management. I learned early that without labor unions, American workers would never have

I first returned to the mountains as a professional person the summer following my junior year in UK's journalism school, to work as a reporter for my hometown newspaper, the weekly *Hazard Herald*. I worked for the newspaper three summers, then after my military service and some graduate school, I came home and worked full-time for the *Herald*. Then in the late '60s and early '70s I began to publish fiction. Since then I have been invited to visit schools to talk about writing and literature. After I moved back to Kentucky following some 15 years in California, part of my pleasure has been to participate in the cultural life of the region, sometimes functioning as an all-purpose "resource person" for arts groups in communities. It has been exciting to watch the growth of the dynamic arts world that flourishes, not just in the mountains, but everywhere in Kentucky.

Q: What are some of your most memorable experiences growing up in Appalachia?

A: As for memorable experiences of growing up in the mountains, where would one start? Among the more beautiful experiences, I could name living at Grandma's on a hillside farm, being part of a big family of aunts, uncles and cousins who all loved each other even when they could not get along. In those days, we kids were free to play in the woods for hours at a time, beyond sight of any adults. We weren't coddled or micro-managed or fussed over every hour of the day. I think the space for uninterrupted, unscripted, unrefereed play for hours at a time allowed our imaginations to develop in rich ways. We improvised our games, which included climbing trees, crawling around on big rocks, building small dams across creeks — very physical outdoor activities. By age 10 we had daily chores to carry out. My favorite was to walk out through the woods to the pasture to drive in the cows for milking twice a day. I spent much time alone in the woods and the pasture. I was

very capable of entertaining myself for hours on end.

I was witness to a lot of violence in my early life. In Allais coal camp, we kids playing around the commissary in the afternoons would fairly often see men mangled in mining accidents being carried into Dr. Ray's office. In 1965 I was part of a small crowd leaving the courthouse on lunch break during a trial when bullets started flying. The trial had caused passions to boil over. One man fell dead just in front of where I was standing.

Q: What do you find most gratifying about being a college professor and directing the creative writing program at UK?

A: I have been a member of the English department faculty for 30 years now. I continue to teach because I truly enjoy working with people who are interested in writing, in literature, in ideas, in life itself. I have always felt a great debt to my writing teachers when I was young. I was encouraged and felt validated as a person and as an apprentice writer. I don't presume to "teach writing," but rather, I hope the classes are nourishing environments where people can practice the arts of fiction and poetry. Students provide an audience for each other, and helpful critique. I feel like a coach most of the time, and an editor. Editing is its own art. I always look for good phrases and sentences to cite, as a basis for pointing out the weak spots. Somehow, I never tire of this work. I find it stimulating, energizing.

Especially gratifying for me as director of our creative writing program is the sense of continuing a rich tradition at UK. The creative writing program is one of the few places in the university infrastructure where we have strong institutional memory. Since Pulitzer Prize winning novelist A.B. Guthrie Jr. started teaching fiction writing classes at UK in 1947, there is a known line of succession of writers who have taught the creative writing classes. I have known most of those teachers in

one way or another, down through the years. They have maintained an excellent undergraduate creative writing program that has made a solid contribution to the development of letters in Kentucky and the nation.

Q: What are some of the highlights of your first few months as poet laureate? What do you hope to accomplish during the remaining time of your appointment?

A: Well, let me say that I am having a lot of fun in my role as Kentucky's poet laureate. "Reader's Day" at Oneida Elementary School in Clay County was an impressive event. The whole school had worked the entire year to create a wonderful day of celebration of reading. The pride and enthusiasm of the kids and local people was contagious.

When I visit a county or community I try to learn something about the local history. Friends at the Clark County Library escorted me to the site of an 18th century Native American trading post called Eskippakithiki a few miles south of Winchester. I had passed a roadside historical marker referring to the "Indian Old Fields" for years, but to get an informed look at the historic landscape was special.

I am finding that interest in writing and literary matters is strong all across Kentucky. It isn't that a writer shows up and creates interest where none existed before. The writer shows up to participate in the ongoing activity. For me so far, to visit a community is to be part of the rhythm of the life of the place and the people. I enjoy calling attention to certain books and writers I have enjoyed. I enjoy working with young people in the schools, perhaps talking a little about my own early life and development as a literary person. Living the reader's life, and the writer's. I don't have any big agenda, beyond enjoying being with Kentucky people who care about books, writing, stories and poems. I'm sure I get more out of a visit to a community than anyone. ■



Photo courtesy of Alan Meadows, Middlesboro; photo illustration by Julie Nelson Harris

Being Daniel Boone

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

Meet Scott New, who portrays Daniel Boone.

By Julie Nelson Harris

There's no question Scott New is serious about portraying Daniel Boone.

Just walk into the Kentucky County, Va., surveyor's office at Fort Boonesborough and ask to buy a piece of land.

Especially if you're a female.



Scott New, portraying Daniel Boone, leads visitors of Cumberland Gap National Historic Park in Middlesboro across a bridge during the park's celebration of Boone's 275th birthday in August.

Courtesy of Alan Meadows, Middlesboro

In Daniel Boone's most gentle, yet direct voice, New reminds the women who enter his cabin to make this transaction alone that in the 1700s, they could not purchase property. Not without their husbands.

"And not one of them has taken offense to it," said Bill Farmer, living historian at Fort Boonesborough State Historic Site. After all, that's the way it was in the 18th century — women were not afforded the right to own property. Farmer smiles as he talks about Scott New's extraordinary effort to make Fort Boonesborough's visitors feel like they're living in the year 1775. When Scott began working as a character interpreter at Fort Boonesborough and the Kentucky State Parks system in April, he initiated the surveyor experience: Walk in, buy a piece of property, receive a signed deed from Daniel Boone, and all the while, feel like you're in the presence of the man himself, learning about the man he really was.

Maps and 18th century surveying tools line the walls of this cabin at the park. New even records every "purchase" in a journal — name, number of acres and price — so there is a record of each visitor to the surveyor's cabin.

"We have gotten, day after day after

day, people who go on and on about how really great that is," Farmer said.

New has portrayed Daniel Boone in multiple settings for about 10 years. He has dramatized the frontiersman for Kentucky Chautauqua® — the Kentucky Humanities Council's one-person living history dramas — for six of those 10.

When he was growing up, it was almost impossible to avoid learning about Daniel Boone, said New, a native of the Cumberland Gap region in Kentucky — the area where Boone blazed the Wilderness Road trail. New immersed himself into Boone's life story and history of the founding era of Kentucky.

Though he loves history and was interested in being a historian, he also loves theatre — and in the 1980s, when living history drama became a serious venue for educating people about history, he got involved.

He spent hours researching Boone's life and legacy, attempting to understand the man who explored and settled in central Kentucky. It was then that he devoted his talents to telling Boone's story.

New says Hollywood isn't doing Daniel Boone justice. Most often, New said, people think they know who Daniel

Boone was because they saw something about him on TV. Only, the man they think they know really wasn't Boone at all.

"When you're dealing with TV, movies, the Internet, how do you compete with that?" New said. "People need to get rid of all of the myths and all that folklore, and they need to find out who this man was, is, and what he means to us now.

"Of course, that's what Chautauqua is all about," New said. "It's something I wish every state had, and did it as well and aggressively as the Kentucky Humanities Council does. It's a very powerful teaching tool, it really is."

It's education that drives New in his role as a character interpreter and Kentucky Chautauqua performer. No matter whether a person is 8 or 80, he wants them to know who Daniel Boone was, what he believed and how he lived his life — not just the remarkable events of his life.

"He means a whole lot more the more you find out who he was," New said. "He will mean something to you. It's not just what this man did, it's who this man was."

So, who was he?

"By nature, he was a modest, polite,

quiet, gentle, mannerly man,” New said.

He was an explorer who paved the way for thousands of people to migrate to Kentucky, establishing the first English-speaking settlement beyond the Appalachian Mountains, Fort Boonesborough. He never sought fame, never wore a coonskin cap (as legend and folklore portray him), and thought that many people took great liberties about him and his life.

He was an educated man — tutored by his parents as a young lad, he later became a land surveyor and a member of the Virginia General Assembly. He was also a brave man, one who rescued his daughter from Indian captivity and who escaped his own captivity to warn and protect Fort Boonesborough from Shawnee attack.

To New, Boone is a hero.

“We are in a day and age when we need our old heroes,” he said. “He [Boone] is somebody we can look up to, who we can admire.”

Given that long list of accolades, the biggest issue when signing on to portray Boone for Kentucky Chautauqua was where to even start with the script, New said.

His performance has evolved from a discussion about how Boone first came to Kentucky and started the Boonesborough settlement, to the story of the Siege and the court marshal that followed. He now offers both performances. New said there may come a time to write a third script, when Boone is older in the 1780s, living in Maysville during the most prosperous time of his life.

New has traveled as far away as the Boone Homestead in Pennsylvania, where the explorer was born, to perform Kentucky Chautauqua dramas. He will go there this fall to commemorate Boone’s 275th birthday in addition to performing at the many celebrations hosted in Kentucky.

New left his native state of Kentucky between 2005 and 2008 to work as an interpreter at Colonial Williamsburg, Va. Though he didn’t portray Boone while working in Virginia, he made contacts that put him in touch with his most recent project — filming an electronic field trip biography of Daniel Boone. “Westward,” which teaches students about Kentucky westward expansion from Virginia, will air in schools across the country in January 2010. After students view the 30-minute film in which New portrays Boone, they will be able to interact with him through a live-feed question-and-answer session.

New said he is grateful to have received such a positive response from Kentucky Chautauqua audiences. He wants people who attend to read the books he recommends, and hopes they will ask many questions.

Most of all, he just wants them to learn more about the man, Daniel Boone.

“It would be my hope that modern audiences recognize that these people [figures in history] have a lot to offer,” he said. “They’re real people that mean something, not just mascots, not just names.” ■

To book a Daniel Boone performance featuring Scott New, contact the Kentucky Humanities Council at (859) 257-5932 or visit www.kyhumanities.org.



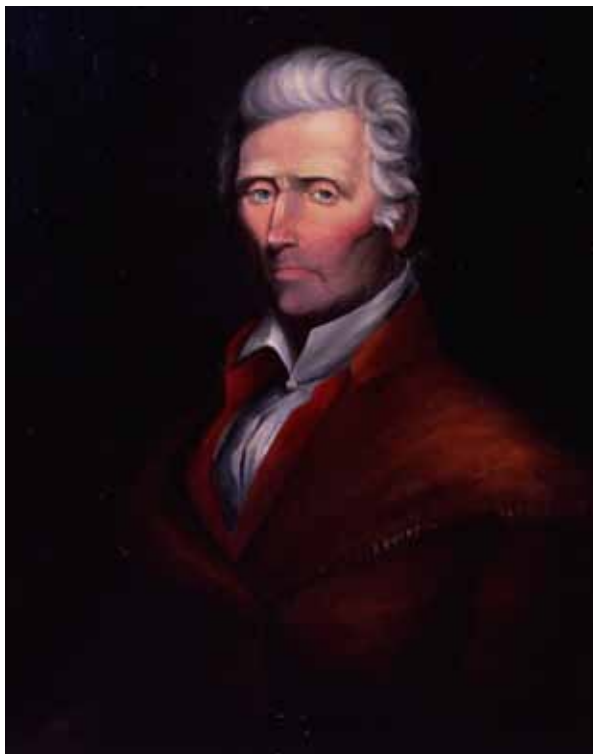
“We are in a day and age when we need our old heroes. He [Boone] is somebody we can look up to, who we can admire.”

— SCOTT NEW, KENTUCKY CHAUTAUQUA’S DANIEL BOONE

275

Celebrating the life of a Kentucky pioneer

DANIEL BOONE, 1734-1820



Daniel Boone by Chester Harding. Courtesy of The Filson Historical Society, Louisville, KY.

If you are so inclined, you can celebrate Daniel Boone's 275th birthday twice this year.

Yes, twice. That's because the man who helped pave the way for westward expansion into Kentucky for thousands of people has two birthdays.

Not possible, you say.

Quick history lesson, courtesy of the Fort Boonesborough State Historic Site: The Julian calendar, a reform of the Roman calendar, was introduced by Julius Caesar in 46 BC, and came into force in 45 BC. It remained in use until the 20th century in some countries as a national calendar, but the modern Gregorian calendar has, in most instances, replaced it.

The Gregorian is the most widely used calendar in the world. It was first proposed by the Calabrian doctor Aloysius Lilius, and decreed by Pope Gregory XIII, after whom it was named on Feb. 24, 1582. Britain and the British Empire, including the eastern part of what is now the United States, adopted the Gregorian calendar in 1752, at which time it was necessary to correct by 11 days. Wednesday, Sept. 2, 1752, was followed by Thursday, Sept. 14, 1752. The notation "old style" (OS) is sometimes used to indicate a date in the Julian calendar.

At the time of this calendar shift, Daniel Boone was 18 years old. "Old style," Boone was born Oct. 22, 1734, in a log cabin in Berks County, near present-day Reading, Pa. — but with this change, he was now also born in the same place on Nov. 2, 1734.

Interesting, huh?

According to officials at Fort Boonesborough, Boone continued to celebrate his birthday each year in October, but the world now claims he was born on Nov. 2.

Keeping in its 18th century "old style" tradition, the state historic site will celebrate Boone's 275th birthday when he would have celebrated it — in October. Officials at the site began hosting events in April to recognize the milestone, but the culminating event will be Oct. 17-18, with a host of interactive demonstrations and book signings by two noted Boone authors — Meredith Mason Brown, author of *Frontiersman: Daniel Boone and the Making of America*; and Neal O. Hammon, editor of *My Father, Daniel Boone* and author of *Daniel Boone and the Defeat at Blue Licks*.

The fort opens at 9 a.m. both days. While interpretive demonstrations by Michael Fields as Blackfish and Kentucky Chautauqua's Scott New as Daniel Boone are scheduled at specific times, living historian Bill Farmer says there will be interactive exhibits available to guests all day. Experience weaving, spinning, woodworking, pottery, soap-making and the museum, all 18th century style, while learning about the man who established Fort Boonesborough. You'll find him in the surveyor's cabin, where you can "buy" a piece of property and receive a 1775 deed — or you might just pass him as he's talking about the canoe Boone's daughter was on when she was captured by Native Americans.

Be sure to stop and listen. And wish him a happy birthday.

— JULIE NELSON HARRIS

The celebration

Oct. 17-18

Fort Boonesborough
State Historic Site

Saturday, Oct. 17

9 a.m.

Fort opens

10 a.m.

Scott New as Daniel Boone
Chautauqua Series "Coming into Kentucky"

11:30 a.m.

Michael Fields as Blackfish
"Blackfish and Boone"

1 p.m.

Boone historian and author
Meredith Mason Brown

Meredith Mason Brown is the author of the newly released book *Frontiersman - Daniel Boone and the Making of America*.

Brown will speak Saturday only but will be at the fort throughout the day and will sign copies of his book, available at The 18th Century Transylvania Store.

2:30 p.m.

Scott New as Daniel Boone
Chautauqua Series,
"The Court Martial of Daniel Boone"

Saturday, Oct. 18

9 a.m.

Fort opens

11 a.m.

Scott New as Daniel Boone
Chautauqua Series "Coming into Kentucky"

12:30 p.m.

Michael Fields as Blackfish
"Blackfish and Boone"

2 p.m.

Boone historian and author
Neal O. Hammon

Neal O. Hammon is the editor of *My Father, Daniel Boone*, and author of *Daniel Boone and the Defeat at Blue Licks*. He will sign his books, available at The 18th Century Transylvania Store.

3 p.m.

Scott New as Daniel Boone
Chautauqua Series,
"The Court Martial of Daniel Boone"

There will be 18th century camps, traders, merchants, Native Americans, and ongoing demonstrations of 18th century life at Boonesborough and in Kentucky throughout the weekend. There will be food concessions both days. For information, visit www.fortboonesboroughlivinghistory.org; e-mail ftboone@bellsouth.net; or call (859) 527-3131.

The father of Boone research: *Lyman Draper*

We wouldn't know what we do about Kentucky frontiersman Daniel Boone were it not for the tireless efforts of Lyman Draper. In the 1840s, the man also credited with building an incredible collection of history for the State Historical Society of Wisconsin began to immerse himself in research about Boone and his family. His years of research are documented in the Draper manuscripts, which feature an interview with Nathan Boone, the only of Boone's children alive when Draper began his quest.

In 1999, Shelbyville resident and architect Neal O. Hammon edited and published, through the University Press of Kentucky, a collection of the Draper manuscripts. As the state observes the 275th birthday this month of the man who blazed Wilderness Road and built the first English-speaking settlement east of the Appalachian Mountains, *KH* reflects with an abbreviated version of the introduction to Hammon's book, *My Father, Daniel Boone*. Written by Nelson Dawson, editor of the retired *Filson Club History Quarterly*, this introduction — and Hammon's presentation of Draper's interview with Nathan Boone — not only gives us a unique look at the lives of Daniel and Nathan Boone, but also the life of the man who desperately tried to know Boone, and whose work laid the foundation for many to write about him — Lyman Draper.



Lyman Copeland Draper.
Photo courtesy of the Wisconsin Historical Society

Daniel Boone is a unique American icon, the personification of that quintessential national hero, the frontiersman. He was already a figure of considerable fame in Kentucky in the 1770s, but John Filson's *The Adventures of Col. Daniel Boone*, published on Boone's 50th birthday in 1784, made him a figure of national, even international, renown.

Boone's stature, paradoxically, was largely unaffected by painful, repeated failure. His fortunes began to decline almost simultaneously with the end of the Revolutionary War and the publication of Filson's biography. Unsuccessful in business both as a merchant and as a speculator and by 1789 "unable to call a single acre ... his own," Boone began a period of wandering. In 1799 he left Kentucky forever — or so he thought, not reckoning on the determination of the state he believed had spurned him to retrieve his remains from Missouri for reburial in Frankfort.

Boone is also a paradoxical American icon in that, despite his fame, he has remained a mystery; many of the things most people think they know about him are not true. The disjunction between myth and reality, to be sure not unknown in other American heroes, is particularly wide in Boone's case. In recent times we can blame television (always an inviting target) because of its wildly implausible "Daniel Boone" series (1964-1970) starring Fess Parker, but in fact the process had begun long before, indeed in Boone's own lifetime. Although he praised Filson's biographical treatment ("All true! Every word true! Not a lie in it!"), he became increasingly and ruefully aware of the mythmaking and was heard to comment on it more than once as an old man living out his days in Missouri.

So, then, who was he really, this American icon, this Daniel Boone? Of course, there is no ready-made answer, and in the last analysis each of us, after weighing all the evidence, will have to decide for ourselves. But the information

we need to make that decision is available almost entirely as a result of the tireless efforts of one unlikely man — Lyman Copeland Draper (1815-1891). Frail, scarcely 5 feet tall, weighing around 100 pounds, Draper suffered from a number of health problems, some real and some imagined, for most of his adult life. Yet he traveled countless miles, collected thousands of manuscripts, interviewed the famous and obscure, and transformed the State Historical Society of Wisconsin into one of the leading state historical societies in the nation.

His life was dominated by three overpowering interests: history, religion

So, then, who was he really, this American icon, this Daniel Boone? Of course, there is no ready-made answer, and in the last analysis each of us, after weighing all the evidence, will have to decide for ourselves. But the information we need to make that decision is available almost entirely as a result of the tireless efforts of one unlikely man — Lyman Copeland Draper (1815-1891).

(first the Baptists and then, after 1868, spiritualism), and the Democratic Party. Born in western New York, he heard many tales of the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812 from his father and his father's friends. By age 16 he was already a collector, having requested and received a brief memoir from the venerable James Madison.

Peter Remsen, the husband of Draper's cousin Lydia (whom Draper later married) and a man of "spasmodic wealth," paid his way through Granville College in Ohio in the 1830s. After college Draper edited a Democratic newspaper in Mississippi, and when it failed, Remsen supported him while he collected historical material. Draper became nearly obsessed by the passing of the old frontiersman, and he determined to collect as much material and interview as many survivors as possible. He was particularly interested in material from the frontier (Virginia, Tennessee,

Kentucky and Ohio) from the period between 1763 and 1812.

In 1852 Draper moved to Wisconsin at the urging of Charles Larabee, an influential former classmate. The State Historical Society of Wisconsin was being formed at the time, and Larabee offered Draper the position of secretary with a salary of \$600 a year and a \$500-a-year acquisitions budget. Draper threw himself into his job with, if such a thing were possible, redoubled intensity. On one occasion during the Civil War, he visited Kentucky, seeking to rescue historical material from the flames of war, walking, the story goes, hundreds of miles after

his transportation arrangements broke down. By the time Draper retired in 1886, he had achieved an amazing feat of historical collection. The library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin grew from 50 volumes in 1854 to 2,000 in 1855, 19,000 in 1864, 57,000 in 1874, and 110,000 in 1886. He bequeathed nearly 500 volumes of cataloged manuscripts to the society when he died in 1891. ...

... George Orwell observed that every life is a failure as seen from within. While this may well be an overly grim assessment, it is true that Draper was haunted by a persistent sense of failure relating to his inability to write. He was obsessed with ambitious projects that never reached fruition because of a chronic case of writer's block. ...

... Yet when all is said and done, we can see how that Draper, while the author of only a few works, was the father of many. And of these many works, a goodly

number have dealt with Daniel Boone. Draper may not have had a head for theory, but he had an eye for a good story, particularly for one with an intriguing mixture of fact and legend.

Early in his career, therefore, Draper set about to explore the mystery of Daniel Boone. Of the four Boone children who were still living when Daniel died in 1820, only Nathan was still alive when Draper began his research. In 1842 Draper began a correspondence with Nathan, who with his wife Olive (Van Bibber) Boone lived in a large stone house in the Femme Osage Valley of St. Charles County, Missouri. In 1843 Draper made another significant contact with the Boone family when he began a correspondence with one of Boone's nephews, Daniel Boone Bryan of Lexington, Kentucky. In 1844 he had a long talk with Bryan and also acquired material from three of Squire Boone's sons, who introduced him to the considerable Boone family network in Kentucky and Missouri. Also in the 1840s he began visiting various Boone sites, making sketches and taking notes. In retrospect, however, it is clear that Nathan Boone was Draper's most important source for his Boone research.

Nathan Boone, though clearly overshadowed by his famous father, was nevertheless a significant figure in his own right. During the late 1820s the Nathan Boone family was one of the more prosperous families in the county, living well and entertaining lavishly. In the 1830s, however, Nathan began a restless stage of life that lasted until his retirement. He worked as a federal surveyor in Iowa, then joined the regular army and spent the next 20 years in

distinguished service. He served in the Black Hawk War, explored the western plains, negotiated with Indians, patrolled the Sante Fe Trail, laid out military roads, and fought in the Mexican War. He retired near the age of 70 with the rank of lieutenant colonel. One of his contemporaries remembered him as "a remarkable woodsman who could climb like a bear and swim like a duck."

The family fortunes had declined in the 1830s, partly as a consequence of the Depression of 1837. During that year Nathan sold his home in St. Charles county, paid off some debts, and then built a "dog-trot" cabin in southwest Missouri on the headwaters of the Osage River, which was closer to his army postings in the West.

It was here that Draper came for a long visit in October and November of 1851, shortly after Nathan's retirement. Both Nathan and Olive had retentive memories, and Draper produced over 300 pages of notes that constitute "the most important source for constructing the personal side of Daniel Boone's life." The importance of Draper's material can be gauged by studying the notes of Boone's biographies, particularly those of John Mack Faragher's *Daniel Boone: The Life and Legend of an American Pioneer* (1992). ...

... As Draper was preparing to leave, Nathan and Olive Boone gave him a small bundle of surviving Boone documents, including account books, survey and land records, and correspondence. It was an astonishingly successful visit, one that we now can see clearly was a landmark event in the history of Boone scholarship.

Draper never spoke to Nathan and Olive again. Nathan died in 1856 and

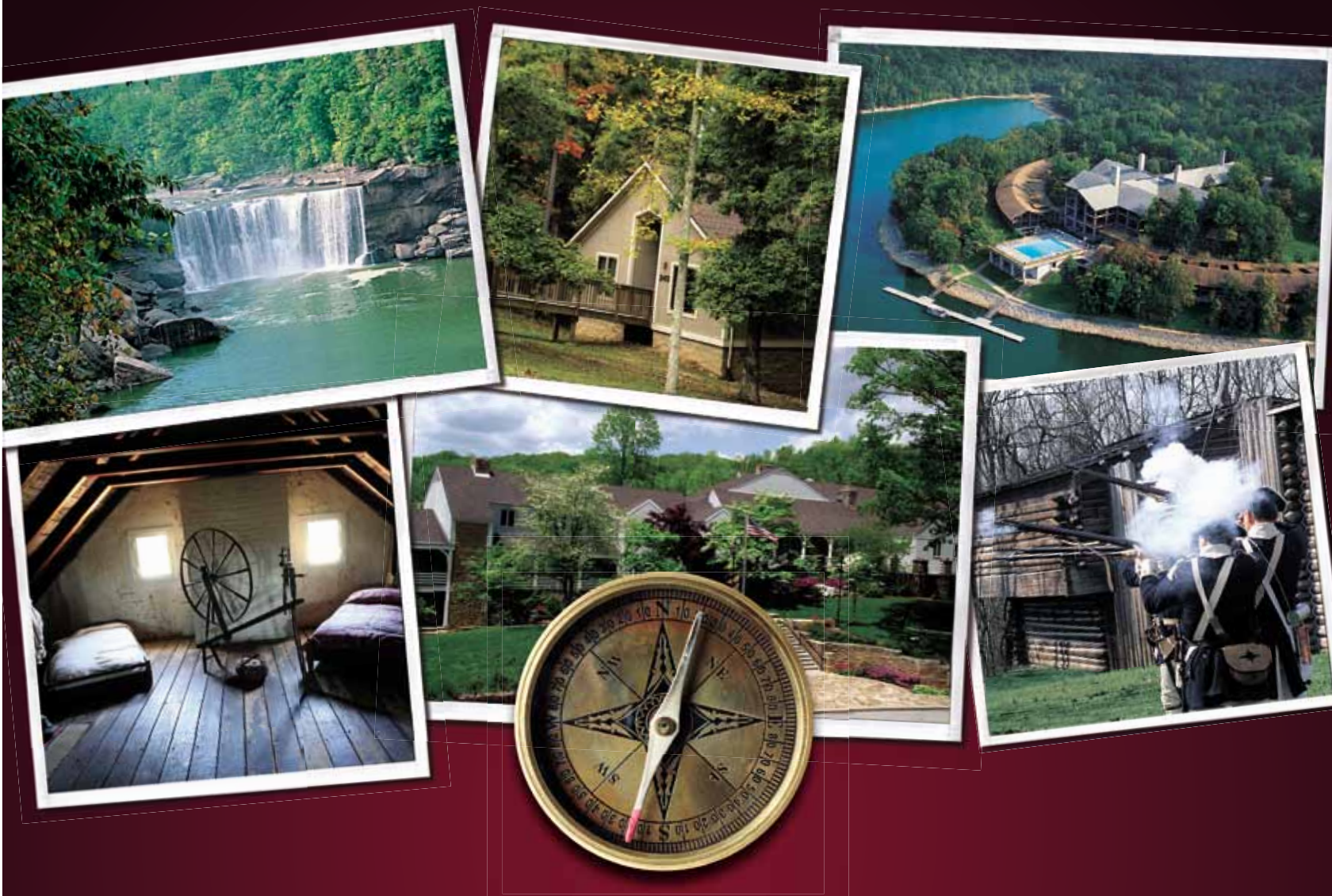
Olive followed him two years later. They had, among other things, vastly expanded Draper's knowledge of the Boone genealogy; over the next 40 years Draper contacted many of Boone's direct descendants and other kin in his ongoing research.

Even so, for Draper the very wealth of the Boone material became a source of intense vexation. Draper's chronic writer's block prevented completion of his long-projected and eagerly anticipated Boone biography. At his death he left a handwritten manuscript of several hundred pages that carried Boone's life only to the 1775 siege of Boonesborough. Toward the end of his arduous career, Draper wrote despairingly that he had "wasted my life in puttering." "When you are gone," a friend assured him, "the Historical Society of Wisconsin will be your monument more enduring than brass or marble." So it has proved to be.

And what of Daniel Boone himself? Each of us, inevitably, will see him somewhat differently. For me, the most striking and surprising result of a closer look at Boone is the way his sterling moral character shines steadily through all the vicissitudes of his remarkable life. Boone once wrote that "God never made a man of my principle to be lost." Indeed. My lasting impression of this baffling and perennially intriguing figure is that he was a good man who became a good old man, and a good old man, John Earle, the 17th-century English essayist tells us, "is the best antiquity." ■

Introduction courtesy of the University Press of Kentucky.

Yet when all is said and done, we can see how that Draper, while the author of only a few works, was the father of many. And of these many works, a goodly number have dealt with Daniel Boone. Draper may not have had a head for theory, but he had an eye for a good story, particularly for one with an intriguing mixture of fact and legend.



There's no time like the present to explore the past.

If your family enjoys seeing history come alive, the Kentucky State Parks are the place to do it. You'll find 11 historic parks located throughout the Commonwealth. You can learn about prehistoric animals that once roamed Kentucky, Native American culture, the Civil War and Kentucky's place as America's first Western frontier. Come watch a battle or tour one of our historic homes. When you want to relax afterwards, stay overnight at one of our 17 state resort parks. There's probably one located nearby. To get started, just give us a call or visit our Web site. We'll help you make your next family getaway a historic event.

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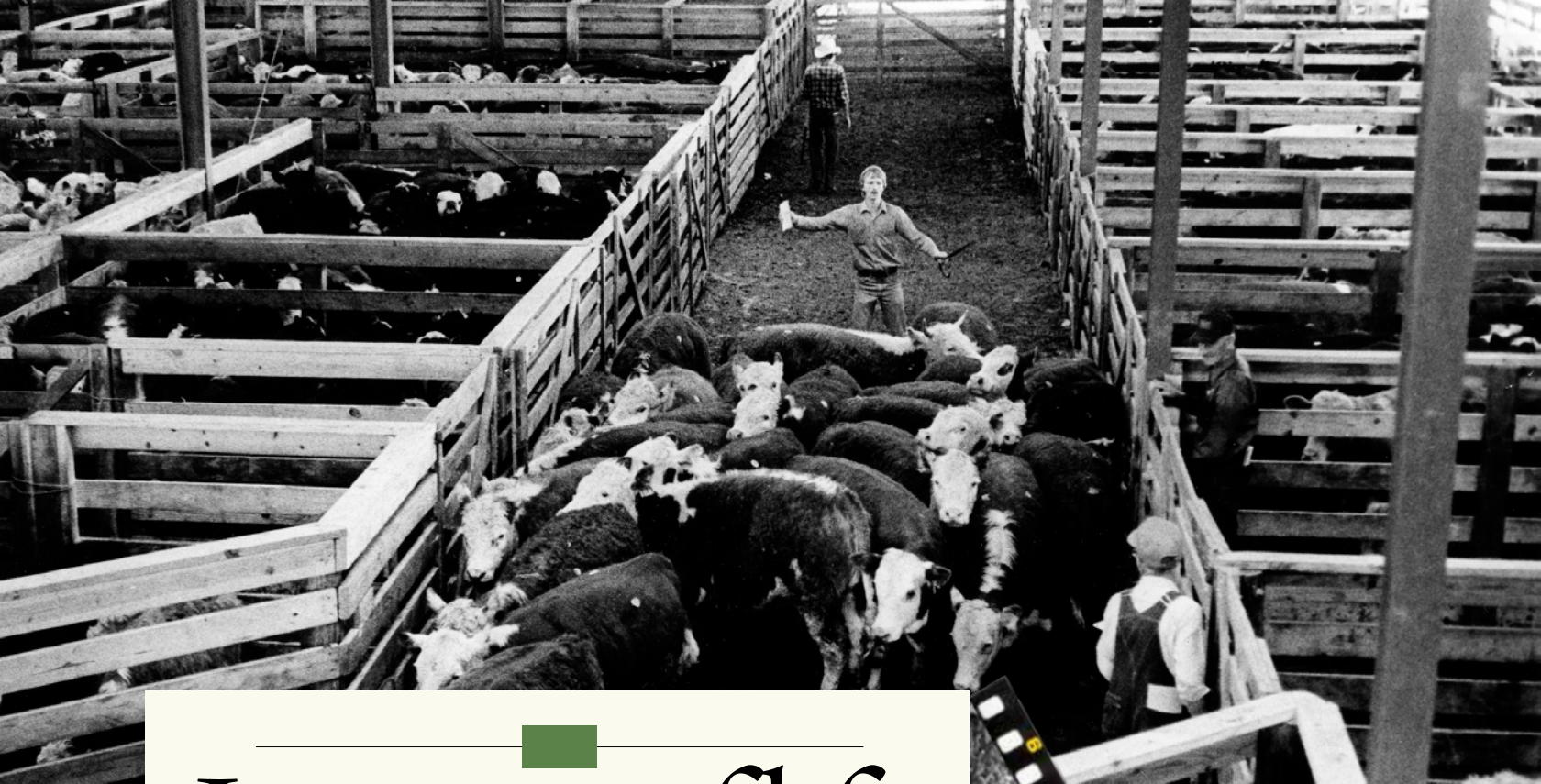


As technology changes, it becomes increasingly important for us to change with it — especially when it comes to preserving the history that has delivered us this far. Two Kentucky universities are working on projects to do just that.

Utilizing the best technology available, [Campbellsville University](#) is archiving thousands of photos of Taylor County's past, while archivists at [Northern Kentucky University](#) are putting together a virtual memorial to the victims of the Beverly Hills Supper Club fire, which accompanies the NKU exhibit on the tragic event.

These exhibits will be made available to the public. It's a way of making sure the people of the present never forget the past.

Left, Mark Bradley and Chris Clarke, right, perform during homecoming at Campbellsville College in November 1984. This image is part of the Stan McKinney *Central Kentucky News-Journal* Digital Image Collection, A.B. Colvin Baptist Collection, and Archives, Montgomery Library, Campbellsville University. Middle, a cash register found in the ruins of the Beverly Hills Supper Club fire. Right, a cup and saucer donated to NKU's collection on the fire. *Photos courtesy of the Central Kentucky News-Journal and Campbellsville University, the Kenton County Public Library and Feoshia Henderson*



Images of life

Campbellsville University project catalogs nearly 100,000 images of Taylor County history

By Stan McKinney

Crammed into a dozen or so bright yellow boxes, each of which originally contained 500 sheets of 8-by-10-inch photographic paper, are images of life that span two decades in Campbellsville, Ky.

The boxes are stacked in a large metal cabinet and a wooden overhead cupboard. Inside them are dozens of legal size envelopes. And inside each of those are varying numbers of glassine envelopes containing strips of 35mm negatives.

I took all of these photographs between January 1980 and July 2000 when I was the news editor of the *Central Kentucky News-Journal*. It's difficult to know exactly how many images are contained within those boxes. Based on the number of rolls of film I usually shot each week, I estimate there are at least 100,000.

The glassine envelopes are acid free. They have provided some protection for the delicate emulsions from time, heat and humidity. The oldest negatives, however, are already showing signs of deterioration.

***That's what concerns me.* It is literally a race against time to preserve these images.**

Top photo, Mitchell Jones moves cattle through the Taylor County Stockyard in April 1981.

Central Kentucky News-Journal, Campbellsville University



That race against time doesn't frighten a team of people at Campbellsville University, however, who are right now scanning image by image in an attempt to preserve visual history for future generations of Taylor Countians. They are utilizing some of the best technology available to catalog 20 years of images, which will in time be accessible to the public.

Among these negatives are images of tobacco being set, cared for, harvested, stripped and sold. Many of the farmers who appear in the images are no longer with us, and they are using a process that is no longer viable. And many of the tobacco markets pictured have long since been torn down.

There are images of visiting governors and congressmen.

Many of the negatives capture life at OctoberFest in Campbellsville, a celebration that thrived for many years and then faded into oblivion. There are also thousands of images of the community's Fourth of July Celebration, one of the largest in the state.

There are images of farmers raising other crops, accidents, crime scenes, birthday parties and local industries — including Fruit of the Loom, which closed in 1998, leaving thousands without jobs.

There are images of events at Campbellsville College, now Campbellsville University. There are negatives from ribbon cuttings, Memorial and Veterans Day ceremonies, gatherings to honor those going off to war and returning from war.

All of them are a history of life in Campbellsville and Taylor County.

Despite the deterioration that has occurred, these negatives have fared better than countless images taken by newspaper photographers during the last several decades. I know little thought was given to preserving 35mm negatives at the first two newspapers where I worked. The main focus was to produce a newspaper and move onto the next. Quite often, negatives were thrown away after they were used to produce a photo for an issue of the newspaper. It's also safe to assume, I believe, that many other newspapers gave little thought to preserving their negatives. Even those editors who did stuff them away in boxes may have since discarded them, as storage space was needed.

I'd like to think that there are many newspapers with an organized, well-preserved collection of negatives from their collective pasts. I'd like to think that steps are being taken to assure that those images will be available for future generations.

I'd also like to think that today's digital newspaper photographers are carefully saving their images, backing them up and making certain they will be around for years to come.

All of that may be wishful thinking.

. . .

The idea to preserve these images by converting them into a digital photo collection grew from conversations I had with Tim Hooper, archivist at Campbellsville University's Montgomery Library. In 2006, Hooper and I worked together on a time



Strips of tobacco are a blur as Linda Raikes strips the leaves in preparation for sale in fall of 1982.

Central Kentucky News-Journal, Campbellsville University



Ruth and Elmer Smith in September 1983. Smith, who was 91 at the time, played professional baseball for 14 years with such teams as the New York Yankees, the Cleveland Indians and the Boston Red Sox.

Central Kentucky News-Journal, Campbellsville University



Country comedian Minnie Pearl mingles with the crowd during homecoming at Campbellsville College in November 1984.

Central Kentucky News-Journal, Campbellsville University

capsule for Campbellsville University's centennial. Among items placed in that time capsule, to be opened in 2106, are many photographs.

Hooper took steps to ensure that those photographs will survive 100 years. As we talked about his photo preservation efforts, our discussion turned to those boxes of negatives in storage at the *Central Kentucky News-Journal*. Though I took all of the photographs, I do not own them — the images and the accompanying copyright belong to Landmark Community Newspapers Inc., which owns the newspaper.

Hooper and Montgomery Library were willing to preserve the negatives, and Landmark Community Newspapers agreed to permit the library to scan them, providing certain conditions were met. Ultimately, Campbellsville University and Landmark Community Newspapers signed a contract. The newspaper retains the copyright to the image, and the university has the right to use any images related to its history free of charge. The public will also be able to view the images, and can request permission to use them from the *Central Kentucky News-Journal*.

A little more than a year ago, the Montgomery Library staff began removing my negatives, one strip at a time, and converting them to digital images. The collection will formally be known as the Stan McKinney *Central Kentucky News-Journal* Digital Image Collection, A.B. Colvin Baptist Collection, and Archives, Montgomery Library, Campbellsville University.

• • •

It is not an easy task for newspapers to preserve negatives, though there are many reasons to do so, said Pat Keefe, publisher of the *Central Kentucky News-Journal*.

"The cost and equipment and the staff time for a project of this magnitude is probably not in a newspaper's budget, at least during these tough financial times," Keefe said. "Honestly, without the arrangement we have with Campbellsville University, I don't know that the *News-Journal* would be in a position to convert these negatives to a digital library. The people of Campbellsville and Taylor County are very lucky to have the cooperation we enjoy at Landmark Community Newspapers and the Montgomery Library."

Keefe said he knows of no other library and newspaper that have such an

arrangement.

If steps are not taken by newspapers to preserve their negatives, Keefe said, documented history will be lost.

"The local newspaper is perhaps the greatest entity in looking at current events, which in time turns into printed historical records," Keefe said. "Whether it is a fire, an accident, an event downtown, a ground breaking for a new business, the local newspaper is the only means of gathering the news and reporting it in depth."

Much of that news, and ultimately history, Keefe said, is recorded in photographs.

While virtually all newspapers now rely on digital photography, which is easier to catalog and store over the long-term, Keefe said many do still have photographs and negatives on file.

"Over time, photos become faded, negatives become non-usable due to climate changes in storage facilities," Keefe said. "Negatives are tough to maintain in a file drawer or cabinet."

The *Central Kentucky News-Journal* will celebrate its 100th anniversary in August 2010. Keefe said photos taken during the last century, as well as stories, will be reprinted as the community looks back over that time

period.

A collection of historical images, Keefe said, can be used by local historical societies to document a community's past, by architects restoring buildings, to teach local history and for many other purposes. "The uses are probably limitless," Keefe said.

It will likely be two years before public access to the negatives will be possible, said Dr. John Burch, director of the Montgomery Library.

. . .

Hopper said 17,376 images from July 1981 to May 1985 have been scanned so far. That leaves about 15 more years of images to be scanned. My original estimate of 100,000 could be fairly accurate.

Scanning negatives is time consuming. Much of the work is being done by workstudy students, Burch said, which allows the students to gain experience with computer technologies that make them more attractive to employers after graduation.

Software is being developed that will permit an easy public search of the thousands of images that will ultimately be part of the

As a photographer, I would be thrilled to find thousands of images of my community taken decades ago. How wonderful it would be if there were many such collections providing a visual history of our entire world.

collection. Two databases are being created. One for the *Central Kentucky News-Journal* will host JPEG files at a resolution of 300 dots per inch. The resulting images are being stored on DVDs for use by the newspaper.

The other database, which will be housed in the library, consists of archival images saved as TIFF files and a minimum resolution of 4,000 dots per inch. These are very large files that require a significant amount of storage space.

A Nikon Super CoolScan 900 ED film scanner is being used to scan the negatives. Hooper said up to 12 negatives can be scanned at a time. It takes about 30 minutes to scan those 12 negatives, since each resulting file is about 70 megabytes. The scans are being saved on Lace hard drives, each with a capacity of two terabytes. Hooper said the drives are at two different locations on campus so that the collection is constantly backed up in case of a hard drive failure.

The library will also migrate the collection to any new media that might develop. This will guarantee that the collection will continue to exist and be accessible to the public regardless of any changes in technology.

. . .

So, how will you be able to use these files?

Burch said high resolution scans of the negatives pick up details that cannot be seen with the naked eye.

I know that such high-resolution images could be used literally to make prints the size of a barn, should that ever be necessary. But a very real problem will also exist once the collection is complete: How

will you find specific images quickly and with little effort?

Almost all of the negatives are in envelopes identified with the subject matter and date. Since the majority of them were published in the *Central Kentucky News-Journal*, it is possible to cross-reference the scans with copies of the newspaper.

Hooper is identifying each scan as thoroughly as possible.

Developing a searchable database for images, Hooper said, proved to be a challenge. However, the library formed a partnership with MCR Media to develop a searchable database product that will archive and display all digital files, plus offer a secure and easy way for the public to search the images.

The product, known as DATmanager, is in the beta-testing stage. Hooper said DATmanager will digitize media files in most formats, including images, audio and video. It will also offer filtering capability, so an archivist can select what is or is not to be shared.

Burch said he believes photos from the collection could be used for books, research and many other purposes in the coming years.

"The beauty of the whole system is that it is designed to migrate

as new technologies emerge," Burch said. "Although I personally doubt that books as we know them will be in use in 20 years, whatever the preferred means of transmitting information is decades from now, it is our hope that these images will be able to be used with minimal modification."

. . .

Since these images represent a significant portion of my life's work, I am delighted that the collection is becoming a reality.

Long after I am gone, my photographs will provide a visual history of two decades of life in Campbellsville, Ky. I hope that the efforts of the Montgomery Library at Campbellsville University and Landmark Community Newspapers Inc. will encourage others to also preserve their negatives.

As a photographer, I would be thrilled to find thousands of images of my community taken decades ago. How wonderful it would be if there were many such collections providing a visual history of our entire world.

It is likely already too late to save some newspapers' negatives. And time is running out for many that do exist. ■

About the writer

Stan McKinney is an assistant professor of journalism at Campbellsville University, where he heads the department of mass communication. He is beginning his 10th year as a professor at the private school in central Kentucky. A native of Princeton, Ky., McKinney has his bachelor's and master's degrees in journalism from Murray State University. He is the author of three textbooks, *The World Ends at the County Line: A Guide to Writing Stories People Want and Need to Read*, *Basic Desktop Publishing* and *Beginning Photojournalism*. He has also published a book of flower photos, *Glory in the Flower*.

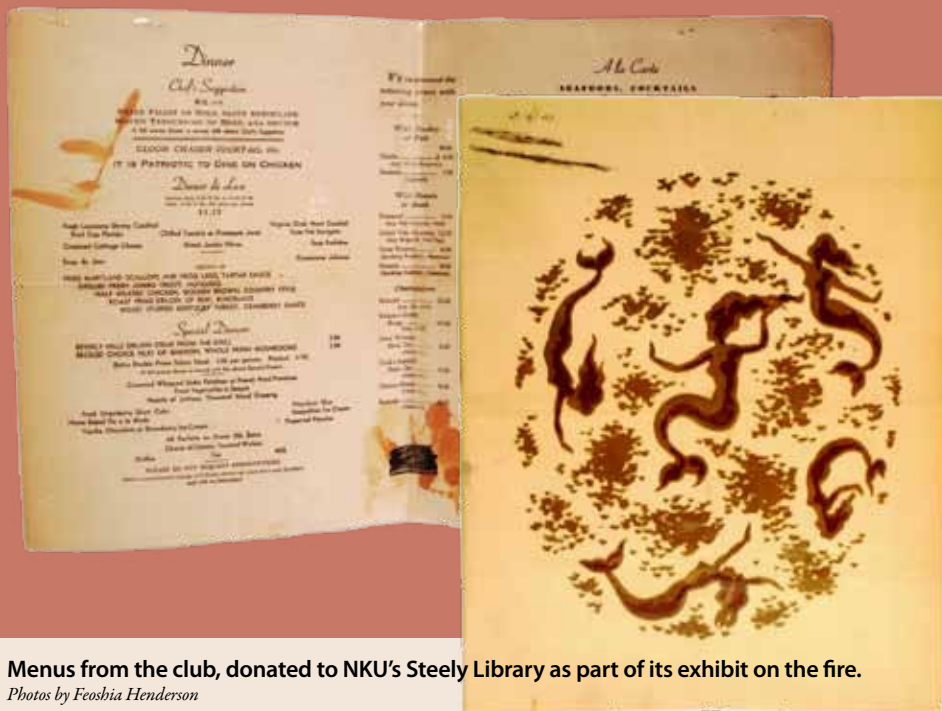


Firemen fight the fire at the Beverly Hills Supper Club on May 28, 1977.

Courtesy of the Kenton County Public Library

Leaving memories

Multimedia collection at NKU will feature artifacts, photos and stories of tragic Beverly Hills Supper Club fire



Menus from the club, donated to NKU's Steely Library as part of its exhibit on the fire.

Photos by Feoshia Henderson

By Feoshia Henderson

The night of May 28, 1977, tragically turned the national spotlight on Southgate, Ky., after a deadly blaze ravaged the Beverly Hills Super Club. It was the third deadliest night club fire in history.

For most, the fancy night club that drew famous acts forever will be synonymous with the horrifying deaths of 165 people, most from northern Kentucky and Cincinnati. Sparked by faulty aluminum wiring, the fire historically changed state and federal fire code and inspection standards.

Behind those headlines, however, are the people of the northern Kentucky region, many whose family members, friends or acquaintances died. And 32 years later, memories remain of escaping the chaos, smoke and flames on that dark night. Others have fond remembrances of the club, which hosted special family occasions like wedding and anniversary receptions and birthday parties.

Those stories, and others, are being preserved at Northern Kentucky University's Steely Library, where a multimedia special collection will capture memories of the Beverly Hills Supper Club fire — the events that followed, the people who died, and those who were left behind.

. . .

The Beverly Hills Super Club was described as a venue that looked like one in Las Vegas or Hollywood. There was nothing else like it in northern Kentucky. The 19-room club was lavishly decorated with glistening chandeliers, plush carpeting and drapes. At 54,000 square feet, it was just short of the size of a football field, and sat high on a Southgate hill about five miles from Northern Kentucky University.

It regularly drew people from as far as two hours away. An estimated 2,000 to 3,000 people were in the club the night of the fire, where singer John Davidson was set to perform in the Cabaret room and five private parties were taking place.

As the opening comedy act for Davidson took the stage, a fire was discovered in the nearby Zebra room, sparked by faulty aluminum wiring. Earlier that evening, as patrons cleared the Zebra room after a wedding reception, they complained the room was warm. By the time staff discovered the fire at around 9 p.m., it was too late to contain. A flashover was created when staff attempted to put

out the fire, spreading the flames down the main corridor and into the overcrowded Cabaret room.

• • •

The idea behind the Supper Club fire collection came from Library Director of Development Nancy Perry, inspired by the 2007 Kentucky Education Television documentary “Where the River Bends,” which chronicled the history of northern Kentucky. It featured several interviews with people who survived the blaze.

“The person who really affected me was Walter Bailey, an alumnus of NKU who, at the time of the fire, was a busboy credited with saving 1,500 lives,” Perry said. “He jumped on the stage of one of the cabarets, defying all protocol, and insisted that the folks get out of the building as soon as possible. As a result of the incident, one person he was credited with saving paid his tuition to attend NKU a few years later. It suddenly occurred to me that this event and the 160-plus victims should never, never be forgotten.”

The collection is still in its infancy, but its potential is great. Earlier this year, it received a boost when Cincinnati attorney Stan Chesley donated his legal papers from lawsuits that followed the fire.

The investigation into the cause of the fire exposed a variety of code violations at the Beverly Hills Supper Club. They included locks on doors, the lack of a sprinkler system, improper fire walls, hazardous wiring, overcrowding, inadequate exits and improper construction, among others. According to investigators, these violations were on record with the Kentucky fire marshal’s office and were known by the insurer, operators and owners.

Instead of suing the club, Chesley filed suit against aluminum wire and insurance companies on behalf of the families of the deceased. It was an unprecedented legal tactic, in which he won \$49 million in judgments and settlements. It also brought to light that many people died from chemicals released when the foam in the club’s chairs burned. The legal battle was the turning point for many changes in product



An aerial view of the Beverly Hills Supper Club after the fire.

Courtesy of the Kenton County Public Library

liability and consumer safety law, and spurred new agreements between local fire agencies to improve coverage.

NKU literature professor Tom Zaniello, who taught a course on northern Kentucky history, also donated books, publications and wire samples from the club upon his retirement.

After seeing news reports on Chesley’s donation, public awareness of the collection grew. Individuals began bringing in personal artifacts from the club, NKU Archivist Lois Hamill said.

“We’ve had a number of community members come forward and offer things to us. I’ve received small donations like menus, newspaper clippings and tableware. We have a cup and saucer and spoon and matchbooks. They’re small items that will be engaging visually and help tell the story a little bit,” Hamill said. “It’s an ongoing collection and we’re continuing to develop it.”

The ultimate purpose of the collection is two-fold: to offer a single place where researchers can collect information about the fire, and to serve as a memorial to the people who passed.

There are plans to open the collection to a wider audience through a virtual memorial, as well. This memorial would break new ground by allowing the public to submit

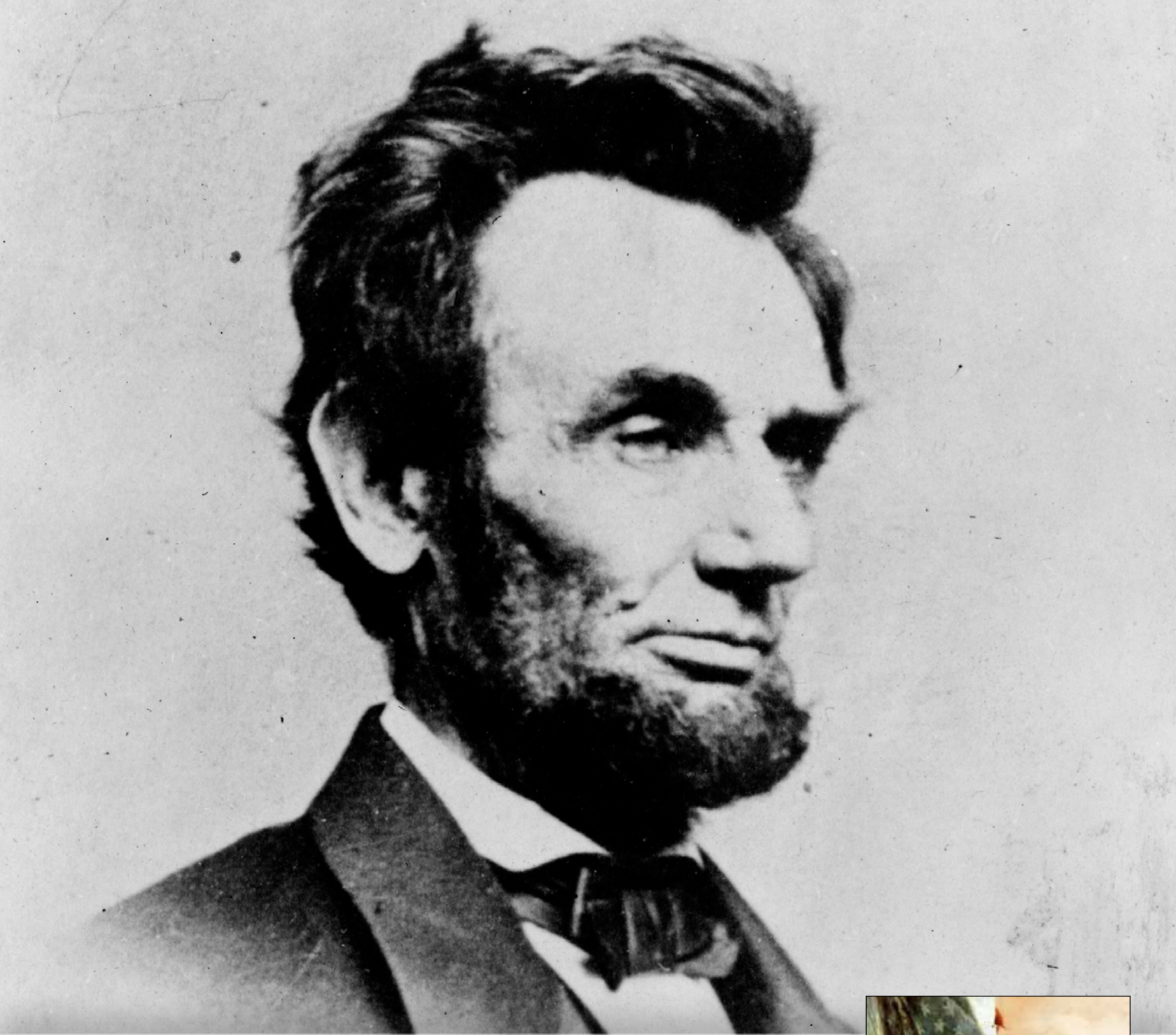
photos and stories online for safe keeping. It would provide a 3-D rendering of what the club looked like before the fatal fire. There is also potential to record oral history, with the help of students who could be trained in talking to survivors about the sensitive subject, Hamill said.

“I understand there long has been a desire for a physical memorial, and that has not come to fruition for a number of reasons. And my thought was we might create a virtual memorial with web pages, digital images and text,” Hamill explained. “I have a feeling (the fire) is sort of like an open wound that hasn’t healed, and there are people who’d like to say things about this who haven’t been able to.”

An opening date for the collection has not yet been set. The university is still seeking public contributions. Anyone interested in donating can call Hamill at (859) 572-5863 or e-mail hamill1@nku.edu. ■

About the writer

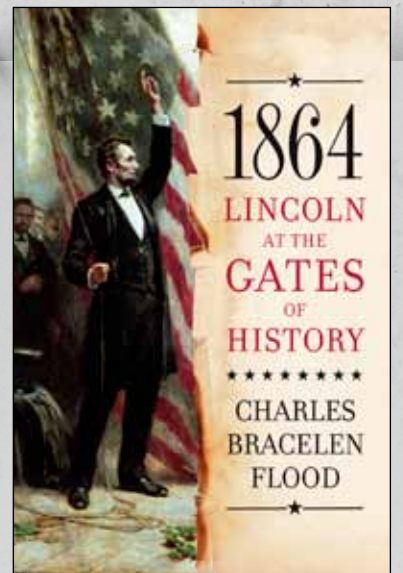
Feoshia Henderson is a freelance writer and journalist who lives in Cincinnati, Ohio. She has been a reporter for *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, *The Kentucky Post*, *The Kentucky Gazette* and *The Richmond Register*. She grew up in Mt. Sterling, Ky. and is a graduate of Eastern Kentucky University, where she earned a degree in journalism. She can be reached at feoshia@hotmail.com.



TELLING KENTUCKY'S STORY | *history*

The *48-Hour* Election Day

An excerpt from Kentucky author Charles Bracelen Flood's
1864: Lincoln at the Gates of History





1864

was the harshest year in the most convulsive event in American history. As it began, the Civil War had been underway for 33 months, with no end in sight. During 1863, the North's Union Army won at Gettysburg, Vicksburg and Chattanooga, but the Confederate

States Army still possessed the strength, the will, and much of the leadership that struck so hard at Chancellorsville and Chickamauga.

Even before the bloodiest year began, Union casualties shocked the North. Twice as many soldiers died from disease as from enemy fire; from all causes, 210,000 Union soldiers and sailors had died, and scores of thousands would die in the months ahead. In addition, more than 100,000 men had deserted. Morale on the home front was plummeting; even the patriotic wife of a United States Navy captain would write a friend, "We are panting for peace." With the South remaining determined and defiant, increasing numbers of Northerners, most of them Democrats rather than the supporters of President Abraham Lincoln's Republican Party (renamed the National Union Party for this election), were ready for a negotiated peace that would leave the Confederacy as an independent nation, with its institution of slavery intact.

The election scheduled for November 1864 would in effect be a referendum on the war. When Lincoln was elected to serve his first term that began in March 1861, he said that what lay ahead of him would be a task "greater than that which rested upon Washington." As this year in which he was seeking re-election unfolded, there were horrendous battlefield losses: at Cold Harbor in Virginia, early on the morning of June 3, Ulysses S. Grant sent 60,000 men forward into the greatest concentration of firepower in modern history, losing at least 7,000 men just in the first hour at the hands of Robert E. Lee's well-entrenched troops. Although Grant continued to hammer out his slow, bloody advances against Lee's formidable Army of Northern Virginia, by Aug. 23 the combination of a seemingly endless war and growing political opposition led Lincoln to ask his cabinet to sign the back of a sealed memorandum that he asked them to endorse without knowing what it said. Lincoln had written:

This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly likely that this Administration will not be re-elected. Then it will be my duty to so co-operate with the President-elect, as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration ...

With this, the members of Lincoln's Republican cabinet were individually and collectively pledging themselves to cooperate in the transition to the Democratic

Section cover photograph: Lincoln liked this photograph, taken with a multiple-lens camera by Mathew B. Brady, Washington, D.C., Friday, Jan. 8, 1864. He said of it: 'I don't know that I have any favorite portrait of myself; but I have thought that if I looked like any of the likenesses of me that have been taken, I look most like that one.'

Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division, published in Lincoln's Photographs: A Complete Album, Lloyd Ostendorf, Dayton, OH: Rockwood Press, 1998, p.171.

administration that would come into power if George B. McClellan, its candidate for president, was elected in November. During these dark days, Lincoln, speaking to a radical Republican — one of the wing of the Republican Party that saw his policies as being too slow in abolishing slavery and too lenient to Confederates in the event of a Union victory — said, “You think I don’t know I am going to be beaten, but I do and unless some great change takes place, badly beaten.”

A week after Lincoln said that, General William Tecumseh Sherman sent north a telegram that read, “Atlanta is ours, and fairly won.” Everything changed. There it was, the news bringing the hope that so many in the North had lost. Even the most ardent Confederates saw this as the enormous strategic victory that Sherman had won by cutting into the south by his march from Chattanooga: Atlanta, the South’s second most important city after the Confederate capital of Richmond and a city dead-center in what had been Confederate territory, had fallen. Now it was on to the election, nine weeks ahead, with a newly energized Republican campaign effort and a far more hopeful electorate.

— INTRODUCTION WRITTEN BY CHARLES BRACELEN FLOOD, AUGUST 2009

• • •

On the morning of Election Day, the White House was silent. The rain continued to fall. The city lay motionless, chill and dreary; a banker wrote a friend: “The streets wear a quiet Sunday air — in the Department building[s], the empty corridors respond to the foot fall of the solitary visitor; the hotels are almost tenantless.” In his diary, John Hay offered an additional reason why the White House was particularly empty: “Everybody in Washington, not at home [in their home state] voting, seems ashamed of it and stays away from the President.”

With almost no one waiting outside his office, and knowing there would be no election results until much later in the day, Lincoln settled down to deal with whatever business might arise.

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The rain may have stopped for a time — it was pouring again by evening — and Lincoln’s 11-year-old son Tad came into his office and told him that he must go to the window and see what was happening on the south lawn. When Lincoln looked out, he saw the detachment of foot soldiers from the 150th Pennsylvania who acted as his bodyguard lined up, ready to step forward to ballot boxes and vote under the supervision of a commission sent to

Washington from Pennsylvania. Strutting around among them was a turkey named Jack, whose life Tad had saved the year before when he begged his father not to have Jack killed for Christmas dinner.

Lincoln turned to Tad and playfully asked, “What business has the turkey stalking around the polls in that way? Does he vote?”

Without missing a beat, Tad replied, “No. He’s not of age.”

(In the October elections, when these soldiers from Pennsylvania had voted for state governor and for their representatives in Congress, the vote had been 63 for the Republican candidates and 11 for the Democrats, but now, voting for president, they voted unanimously for Lincoln.)

At noon Lincoln spent time talking with Noah Brooks, who described the White House as being “singularly deserted.” Brooks found Lincoln by himself, worrying about how the election would really go. Lincoln said to Brooks that he had been “just enough of a politician to know there was not much doubt about the results of the Baltimore convention” at which he was nominated, “but about this thing I am very far from being certain. I wish I was certain.”

Out in the nation, the voters were going to the polls. In Sturbridge, Massachusetts, 104-year-old John Phillips, accompanied

by his 79-year-old son Edward, was carried into the town hall in a chair. A group of Union soldiers escorted him as they passed between “two unfurled flags of his country, bearing on them the Stars and Stripes; all within, at the time rising, with uncovered heads, to do him homage.” Phillips had voted for George Washington for president. Now, “when offered two votes, to take his choice, he said: ‘I vote for Abraham Lincoln.’” Down in the Shenandoah Valley, Private Wilbur Fisk of the 2nd Vermont, serving under Sheridan, gave considerable thought to what it meant to be voting.

Thousands of bits of paper are falling into ballot-boxes today, all over the country. It is a little thing, and can be done very easily, but mighty consequences may hang on the result. It is almost a new thing in the history of the world, when such great results as whether this country shall be governed by one principle, or another in almost complete hostility to it, can be decided by such simple means.

God hasten the day when all questions may be decided in the same way, and then war, with its terrible list of horrors, will be remembered as one of the evils buried forever in the grim Past.

In Georgia's notorious Andersonville Prison, Union soldiers who were prisoners, but not as sick or as starved as many had become, held their own informal election. Perhaps unaware that, with Lincoln's knowledge and tacit approval, Grant had instituted a policy of no general exchange of prisoners in order to deny the South any replenishment of its quickly shrinking manpower, these men, like the Vermont soldier, saw their action in idealistic terms. Sergeant Lucius W. Barber of Marengo, Illinois, who had enlisted in the 15th Illinois Volunteer Infantry 25 days after Fort Sumter was fired on in 1861, made this entry in the diary he had kept through 39 months of battles and his recently begun captivity:

This day, fraught with so deep an interest to every American heart, dawned unpleasant and rainy. The great issue to be decided today will engross the whole attention of lovers of liberty and free government throughout the civilized world.

... A vote was taken in our detachment. There were two hundred and twenty-four votes cast. Lincoln received one hundred and eighty-eight and McClellan thirty-six. Over one-half of the men did not vote. Our rations continue very scarce.

. . .

After a cabinet meeting during which evidently nothing was accomplished, Lincoln, still in the White House, finally heard something specific about the election. Noah Brooks said, "The first gun came from Indiana, Indianapolis sending word about half-past-six in the evening that a gain of 1,500 in that city had been

made for Lincoln." This was followed by a sliver of news from Nicolay, who had been doing everything he could for the Lincoln effort in Illinois. With the polls still open in Springfield, the state capital where Lincoln and Mary had lived and where he had practiced law and served his political apprenticeship in the Assembly, he was leading by 20 votes. Also, during the course of the day and well before the overall results of the election could be known, McClellan sent a letter to Adjutant General Lorenzo Thomas, resigning from the Army; in the event that he was elected, there would be no difficulty about a general serving as president.

At about seven, Lincoln and Hay walked over to the War Department in conditions much like those they had encountered on Oct. 11 when the returns of the state elections came in. Hay described the way the historic evening began.

The night was rainy, steamy, and dark. We splashed through the grounds to the side door of the War Department where a soaked and steaming sentinel was standing in his own vapor with his huddled-up frame covered with a rubber cloak. Inside a half-dozen idle orderlies, upstairs the clerks of the telegraph.

As Lincoln entered the telegraph office, he was handed a wire from his friend John Forney, the publisher of the *Washington Chronicle* and a man singularly well connected in Pennsylvania, claiming a lead of 10,000 votes in Philadelphia. Lincoln remarked skeptically, "Forney is a little excitable," and turned his attention to a message just in from Baltimore that read, "15,000 in the city, 5,000 in the state. All hail, Free Maryland!" Next came two

telegraphs arriving simultaneously from Massachusetts, one from Alexander Rice of Boston saying he had won re-election as mayor by 4,000 votes, and other from Senator Charles Sumner saying that Lincoln had won in Boston by 5,000. Hay said that, after looking this over, "The President sent over the first fruits to Mrs. Lincoln. He said, 'She is more anxious than I.'"

Noah Brooks had come in and was present when Lincoln read what was apparently another telegram from Forney, saying that Pennsylvania appeared sure to go for the Republicans. According to Brooks, Lincoln had this reaction: "As Pennsylvania goes, so goes the Union, they say," remarked Father Abraham, and he looked solemn, as he seemed to see another term of office looming before him."

Nothing more came in for a time. New Jersey gained a Republican seat, but there was, as Brooks understood the situation there, "a fair prospect of the state going for McClellan." Finally, some news arrived from New York, a state in which the Raymond-Weed Republican machine was fighting it out to the end with the forces of Democratic governor Horatio Seymour and Democratic National Chairman August Belmont. The wire claimed that Lincoln was ahead in the state by 10,000 votes. "I don't believe that," Lincoln remarked, indicating that he thought his lead would be smaller, if he was even in the lead.

As Lincoln waited for results, so did crowds around the nation. In Manhattan, after the polls closed and it was dark, thousands congregated in Printing House Square, where employees of the *Times* and the *Tribune* appeared and reappeared from their offices to post incoming results on bulletin boards. The *Herald* portrayed

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“As Pennsylvania goes, so goes the Union, *they say*,” remarked *Father Abraham*, and he looked solemn, as he seemed to see another term of office *looming before him*.”

— JOHN HAY

the scene outside its windows, saying that the crowd stood “in solid phalanx, as compactly and regularly arranged as a regiment in the field, swaying and moving as one immense body.” The Democrats, expecting New York City to vote strongly for the McClellan-Pendleton ticket, were ready to celebrate at Tammany Hall, while the Republicans were holding a rally at the Cooper Institute; Republican (Union Party) National Chairman Henry Raymond, himself waiting to see if he would be elected to Congress, prepared a victory party at the Astor House. In Philadelphia, halls were filled with partisans waiting for results; torchlight parades of both parties were passing through the streets, led by bands and carrying banners, including a Republican one emblazoned with WE ARE COMING FATHER ABRAHAM, WITH AN OVERWHELMING MAJORITY. Many men came to the War Department in Washington, including Navy Secretary Welles and his assistant secretary, Gustavus Fox. When Assistant Secretary of War Charles Dana came in out of the rain, he found that Stanton, who had missed the afternoon cabinet meeting “sick abed with chills and a fever,” had recovered sufficiently to be present. Lincoln, “apparently as serene as a summer morning,” was alone with Stanton in his large private office, and Dana joined them. Major (later Brevet Brigadier General) Thomas Eckert, who had started running the telegraph office as a captain and continued to manage it superlatively well (and never wore a uniform), kept coming in with telegrams. They brought good news, but the storm outside, as well as storms in other places, was delaying the transmission and reception of messages from more distant states.

In spite of these delays, Dana already thought that Lincoln was elected, but during a lull in the incoming bulletins, Lincoln did what he had done during the night of the October state elections. He pulled out what Dana described as “a thin yellow-covered pamphlet,” which proved

to contain the writings of his favorite humorist, David R. Locke, writing as “Petroleum V. Nasby.” In what happened next, the recollections of Hay and Dana appear to differ. According to Hay, on that October night of the state elections, when Lincoln read Lock-Nasby’s work aloud, Stanton and Dana “enjoyed them scarcely less than [did] the president.” Tonight, however, Dana’s account was that when Lincoln asked him, “Have you ever read anything of Petroleum V. Nasby?” he answered, “No, Sir,” adding that he knew that some of the famous pieces were written from “Confederate Crossroads” and that some had appeared in the *Toledo Blade* — a reply that would seem a bit sketchy if Lincoln had read the man’s work to him three weeks before.

As Dana remembered it, Lincoln told him, “Pull up your chair and listen.” Dana did: Lincoln “began to read aloud, to me only and not to Stanton, one after another of Petroleum’s funny hits; and between each of them we had a quiet little laugh to ourselves.” Stanton had a different reaction; “he had no sympathy with this amusement; in fact, his face wore its darkest expression.”

When Major Eckert brought in a telegram that he indicated was important, Lincoln switched his attention to reading that; Dana recounted what happened then.

While he [Lincoln] was engaged, Mr. Stanton motioned me to come into General Eckert’s room, and when the door was shut he broke out in a fury: “God damn it to hell, was there ever such nonsense? Was there ever such inability to appreciate what is going on in an awful crisis? Here is the fate of this whole republic at stake, and here is the man around whom it all centres, on whom it all depends, turning aside from this momentous, this incomparable issue, to read the God damned trash of a silly moute-bank!”

At some point after this, during which more good news kept coming in, Stanton

had another chance to be angry. As Lincoln was looking over yet another telegram in Stanton’s office, an orderly brought to Lincoln the card of a man waiting to see him. Lincoln said, “Show him in!” and handed the card to Stanton. Dana told what happened next.

Stanton read it, and, turning to me, exclaimed in a low voice, “God in heaven, it is Whitelaw Reid!”

I understood at once the point of this explosion. Mr. Reid, who was then the correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette and a great friend of [former] Secretary Chase in Washington, was not liked by the Secretary of War. This dislike had gone so far that the doorkeepers at the War Department had received instructions that Mr. Reid was not to be admitted. But when he sent in his card to the President they could not refuse it. Mr. Reid came in and was greeted by Mr. Lincoln, but not by the Secretary.

Reid was there in his capacity as a responsible and competitive journalist, trying to see, as Dana put it, if he could “obtain from headquarters and from the highest authority the assurance that the election had in fact certainly gone in favor of Lincoln.” By then the confirmed tallies of votes, while incomplete, made it seem certain that Lincoln was on the way to winning enough states to assure him the electoral votes he needed. Talking with Reid, Lincoln was ready to project his own victory, although later that night he made the far more guarded statement, “I cannot at this hour say what has been the result of the election.” When Lincoln went ahead and gave Reid the “assurance” he sought, the journalist expressed “thanks and congratulations” and walked out with his scoop — the news of Lincoln’s re-election, coming from the mouth of the president himself.

The mood in the telegraph office became quietly jubilant; Massachusetts had gone for Lincoln by a whopping

80,000 votes, and when Horace Greeley wired from New York that Lincoln was ahead by 4,000 votes rather than the earlier figure of 10,000 that Lincoln had doubted, Lincoln believed that, although even the New York was not certain. Brooks said, "By midnight we were sure of Pennsylvania, the New England states, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and it then appeared [wrongly] that we should have Delaware."

It was time to celebrate. Hay said: "We had supper, provided by Eckert. The President went awkwardly and hospitably to work shoveling out the fried oysters. He was most agreeable and genial all the evening long in fact." After this midnight supper, several people left, but Lincoln stayed on, waiting for more news. At 1 a.m., a wire from Chicago got in through the storm, saying that Lincoln was ahead in Illinois by 20,000 votes. Hay reported that, despite the weather, "We got later in the evening a scattering dispatch from the West ... promising us Missouri certainly."

Then, Brooks said, "About two o'clock in the morning a messenger came over from the White House with the news that a crowd of Pennsylvanians were serenading his empty chamber."

There is some question as to whether Lincoln went over to the White House or whether the crowd came over to the War Department and he appeared at a window there (there is the possibility that he spoke two or three times), but, using some cues jotted down for him by Hay, he addressed and thanked these enthusiastic supporters. It was now that Lincoln told them, "I cannot at this hour say what has been the result of the election." However, showing that by this point he had no real doubt of the outcome, he told them that "this day's work ... will be to the lasting advantage, if not the very salvation, of the country." He added: "All who have labored today in behalf of the Union organization, have wrought for the best interests of their country and the world, not only for the president, but for all future ages. I am thankful to God for this approval of the people."

As Hay was getting ready to go to bed in his room at the White House after this long day, Ward Lamon came in. Lincoln's appointee as Washington's federal marshal, and the man who acted as Lincoln's self-appointed bodyguard, he wanted, as Hay put it, "to talk over the Chief Justiceship." Lincoln had not yet filled the Supreme Court vacancy opened by Taney's death, and Lamon felt that it should go to Stanton. He was worried about what would happen if Lincoln named Chase; Hay said of their conversation that Lamon "thinks, as I am inclined to think, that the President cannot afford to place an enemy in a position so momentous for good or evil."

Hay's last description of the momentous day was this, about Lamon:

He took a glass of whiskey and then, refusing my offer of a bed, went out &, rolling himself up in his cloak, lay down at the President's door; passing the night in that touching attitude of dumb fidelity, with a small arsenal of pistols &

VOL. XIV.—NO. 4096.

VICTORY!

GLORIOUS RESULT YESTERDAY.

Election of Lincoln and Johnson.

Terrible Defeat of McClellan.

THE UNION TRIUMPHANT.

New-England a Solid Phalanx.

New-York for Lincoln and Fenton

Defeat of Governor Seymour and His Friends.

The *New York Times* proclaims Lincoln's re-election. . .
New York Times, vol. XIV, no. 4096 (Nov. 9, 1864)

bowie knives around him. In the morning he went away leaving my blankets at the door, before I or the President were awake.

• • •

In the telegraph office, more news arrived. Hay noted that at 2 p.m. a wire came in that “reports a splendid set of majorities in Maryland reaching an aggregate of 10,000.” On through the afternoon and evening, Lincoln read more telegrams confirming his victory. (One still not in was one that Hay recorded this way when it came: “Nicolay sent a superb dispatch from Illinois giving us 25,000 majority and ten [of fourteen] congressmen.”) It was not the custom for a losing candidate to make a public concession; McClellan wrote his mother, “The smoke has cleared away, and we are beaten!”

Before the last votes were in, many newspapers and individuals started to get their stories and opinions into print. There were those who deplored the result: in Lincoln’s town of Springfield, the *Illinois State Register* said that his re-election was “the heaviest calamity that ever befell this nation,” but the *Boston Post*, which had backed McClellan, spoke for the concept of civic duty when it said editorially, “The ballot-box has spoken, and we abide the result.” The South saw that any realistic hope for a negotiated peace was gone: in Virginia, the *Richmond Examiner* told its readers, “The Yankee nation has committed itself to the game of all or nothing, and so must we.” Jefferson Davis remained defiant and determined, but Confederate soldiers who saw no point in further fighting began a surge of desertions.

Those who had supported Lincoln had reactions ranging from relief to joy, mixed with the sober realization that many men continued to be killed and wounded every day. Henry Raymond, now elected to Congress, reflected on the campaign in which he had been National Republican (National Union) party

chairman. Forgetting or setting aside memories of the plight in which Lincoln and his party found themselves just ten weeks before, Raymond prepared for his *New York Times* the comment, “We accept it without surprise.” Corporately, however, the paper was not blasé, running the headline “VICTORY!” with, beneath that, subheadlines that included “Glorious Result Yesterday,” “Terrible Defeat of McClellan,” and “The Union Triumphant.”

Others would weigh in with their reactions; in the War Department, the tallies coming in from areas affected by the storm the day before continued to reveal a decisive victory, far more so in electoral votes than in the popular vote. When it was all in, Lincoln had 2,213,665 votes to McClellan’s 1,802,237, leading McClellan by 10 percent in the popular vote, but the electoral vote was overwhelming — 212 to 21. Lincoln and his party carried every state that voted, except New Jersey, Kentucky, and Delaware. There would be much analysis of how and why it all happened, but the soldier vote leapt out of the figures; many of those ballots were merged in state totals, but of the 150,635 identified, Lincoln would have 116,887, and McClellan would receive only 33,748. Reporter Henry Wing had been right when he told Lincoln, “They’ll vote the way they shoot.”

Later that evening, having been told that a crowd would gather to serenade him at the White House when he returned from the War Department, Lincoln wrote out what he wanted to say instead of relying on his ability to speak from a few cues written for him by Hay, as he had the night before. Exhausted though Lincoln was, he took care as he wrote, underlining words he wished to emphasize. Under this pressure, he composed one of his best speeches, one that at times resonated with the same cadences that rang through his Gettysburg Address.

Noah Brooks described the scene that awaited Lincoln when he arrived after midnight.

... an impromptu procession, gay with banners and resplendent with lanterns and transparencies, marched up to the White House, the vast crowd surging around the great entrance, blocking up all of the semicircular avenue thereto as far as the eyes could reach. Brass bands brayed martial music on the air, enthusiastic sovereigns cheered to the echo, and the roar of cannon shook the sky, even to the breaking of the President’s windows, greatly to the delight of the crowd and Master “Tad” Lincoln, who was flying about from window to window, arranging a small illumination [setting candles in the windows] on his private account.

[Lincoln’s] appearance at the window was the signal for a tremendous yell, and it was some time before the deafening cheers would permit him to proceed.

This was the nearest thing to an acceptance speech that Lincoln would give. As he intended, Lincoln did not give the suddenly silent and respectful crowd a sugar-coated victory oration. He set before them the great issues, the questions and answers through which they were living together.

It has long been a grave question whether any government, not too strong for the liberties of its people, can be strong enough to maintain its own existence, in great emergencies. On this point the present rebellion brought our republic to a severe test; and a presidential election ... added not a little to the strain. If the loyal people, united, were put to the utmost of their strength by the rebellion, must they not fail when divided, and partially paralyzed, by a political war among themselves?

Lincoln paused. He told the citizens looking up at him as he stood in the window, “But the election was a necessity.” After another few silent seconds, he continued.

We can not have free government without elections, and if the rebellion could force us to forego, or postpone, a national election, it might fairly be said to have already conquered and ruined us. ... But the election, along with its incidental and undesirable strife, has done good too. It has demonstrated that a people's government can sustain a national election, in the midst of a great civil war. Until now it has not been known to the world that this was a possibility. It shows also how sound, and how strong we still are.

He did not want the crowd to disperse in the night without knowing what he wanted of them, what he wanted now from all Republicans, all Democrats. "But the rebellion continues; and now that the election is over, may not all, having a common interest, re-unite in a common country?" The crowd was hearing, without knowing it — perhaps Lincoln did not yet know it — the precursor to his sublime Second Inaugural speech, burning into history its words, "With malice towards none, with charity for all." Referring to his desire to join hands with those who had opposed him politically, he said this to his crowd of supporters: "May I ask those who have not differed with me, to join with me, in this same spirit towards those who have?"

It remained only to end this night as he and those cheering him would wish. He had in his remarks already said, "I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a re-election," and had also spoken of being "duly grateful, as I trust, to Almighty God for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion, as I think, for their own good."

He always thought of the Union fighting men, the ones who had the most to lose — their lives — by voting for the man who was determined to keep fighting to preserve the Union. They had voted for him, more than three to one. Finally, the exhausted Lincoln said this, before he stepped back from the window where he stood above his listeners, his voters, his people: "And now, let me close by asking three hearty cheers for our soldiers and seamen and their gallant and skilful commanders."

He had done it. When Mary Lincoln's black maid, Elizabeth Keckley, offered her congratulations, Mary answered, "Thank you, Elizabeth; but now that we have won the position, I almost wish it were otherwise. Mr. Lincoln is looking so broken-hearted, so completely worn out, I fear he will not get through the next four years."

It is not certain that Mary remembered at this moment something that occurred in their house on the night of Lincoln's first election in 1860 when he knew he'd been elected, but after this second election night Lincoln told Brooks about it. On that evening, "I was well tired out, and went home to rest, throwing myself down on a lounge in my chamber." A mirror was opposite him, and in it he saw this: "My face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the top of the nose of one being about three inches from the top of the other." When Lincoln stood up to look into the mirror closely, he saw only one face, but "on lying down again I saw it a second time — plainer, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was paler, say five shades, than the other."

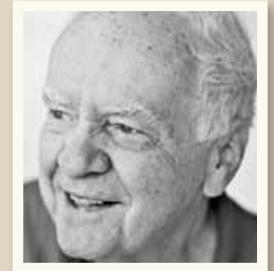
Lincoln told Mary about it: "She thought it was a 'sign' that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the last term." ■

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About the author

Now a resident of Richmond, Ky., Charles Bracelen Flood was born in Manhattan, and graduated from Harvard, where he was a member of Archibald MacLeish's noted creative writing seminar, English S, and was on the literary board of the *Harvard Lampoon*.

Love is a Bridge, Flood's first novel, received nationwide critical attention, and was on the *New York Times* bestseller list for 26 weeks. It won the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award. The 12 books he has written include the novels *A Distant Drum* and *More Lives Than One*, as well as *The War of the Innocents*, his account of his year spent in Vietnam as a correspondent. Flood's *Rise, and Fight Again* won the American Revolution Round Table Annual Award for 1976, the Bicentennial Year, and his *Hitler – The Path to Power*, a History Book Club selection, was among the successful studies in history and biography that followed. All his books have also appeared in paperback.



Flood's first venture into the Civil War era was *Lee – The Last Years*, which was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection and won the Colonial Dames of America Annual Book Award. *Lee* was followed by *Grant and Sherman – The Friendship That Won the Civil War*, a work that the *Washington Post* described as "beautifully defined and explored... a powerful and illuminating study of the military collaboration that won the war for the Union." His *1864: Lincoln at the Gates of History* was published in February 2009, Lincoln's bicentennial year. Kentucky author Kent Masterson Brown applauded Flood's ability to make "Abraham Lincoln walk off the pages as in no other book. This is writing at its absolute best about a subject that is as gripping and absorbing as any in the annals of American history."

His short pieces have appeared in *The New Yorker*, *The Atlantic*, *Esquire*, and other magazines, and a number of his books have been translated into foreign languages. His journalistic experiences have taken him to many countries. He was a reporter for the Associated Press at the Olympics held in Melbourne, Rome, Tokyo and Mexico City. He has been a Senior Fulbright Scholar in Taiwan, and taught world literature for two years at Sophia University in Tokyo.

Flood is a past president of the American Center of PEN, the international writers organization, and has served on the governing bodies of the Authors League and Authors Guild. Flood received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters from Eastern Kentucky University, and served for many years on the executive board of the University of Kentucky Library Associates. In March 2006, Flood delivered the university's prestigious Edward F. Pritchard Lecture at the UK Library Associates annual meeting. He and his wife live on a farm outside of Richmond, Ky.

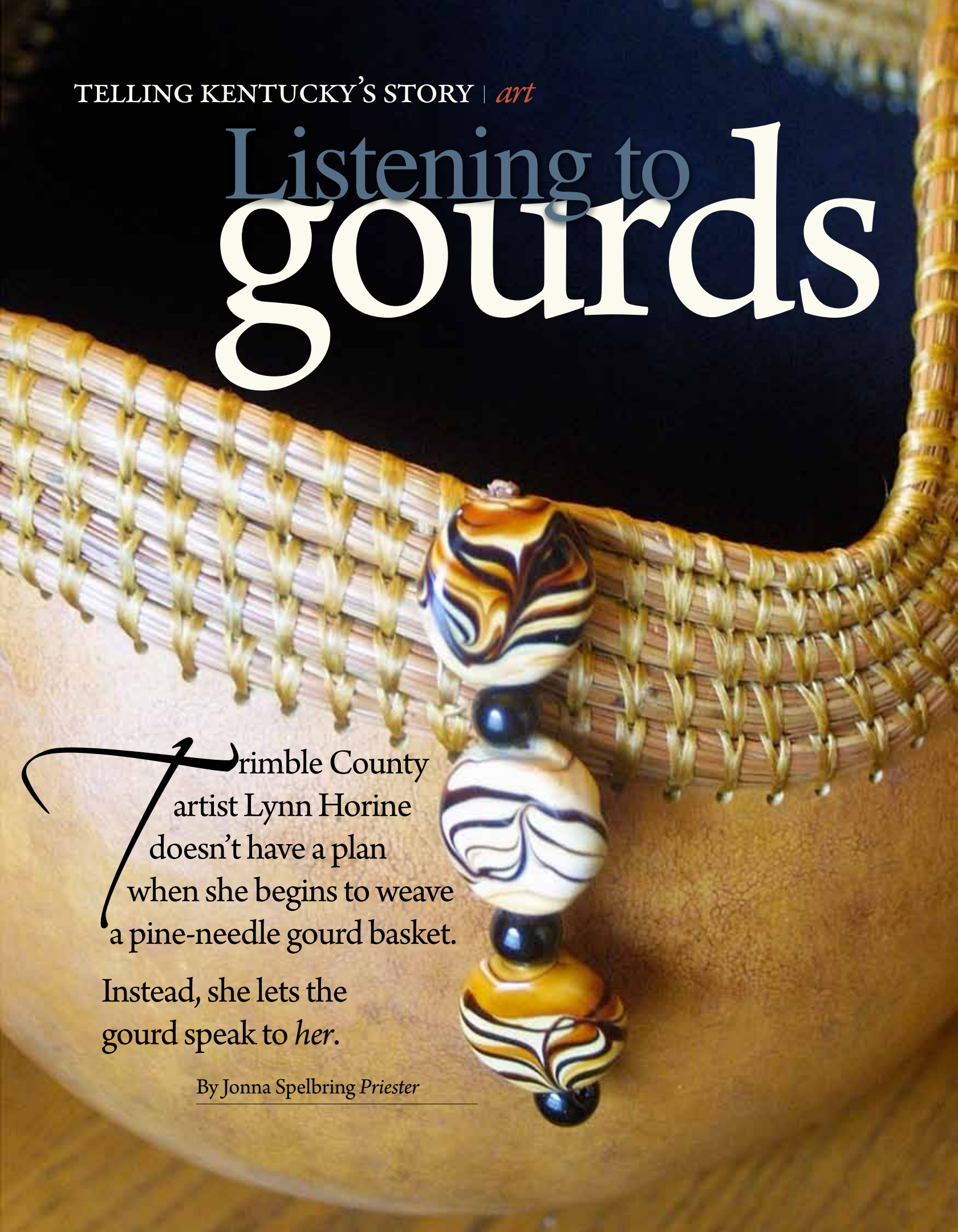
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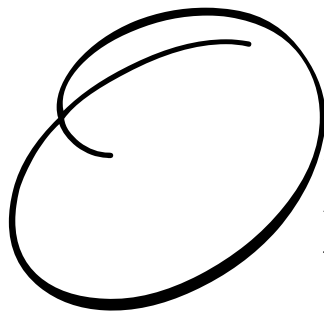
Listening to gourds

Trimble County
artist Lynn Horine
doesn't have a plan
when she begins to weave
a pine-needle gourd basket.

Instead, she lets the
gourd speak to *her*.

By Jonna Spelbring Priester





nce, a customer looking at one of Lynn Horine's pine needle baskets was puzzled.

"Is that leather?"

No, Horine told the customer. *It's a gourd.*

"What's a gourd?"

• • •

She's a country girl now, but Bedford resident Lynn Horine grew up in the city.

Because of her own experiences, she's not surprised by the questions some of her customers ask.

"I got to thinking back — I spent the first 21 years of my life in a city. I thought milk came from cartons, not cows. The questions aren't silly, they just don't know."

Horine moved to Trimble County from Long Beach, Calif., with husband George 43 years ago. She worked at Bedford Bank several years and then took a position with Wal-Mart, where she unloaded trucks for a living before working her way to assistant manager.

And then suddenly, in 2004, the effects of degenerative disc disease left Horine incapacitated. Overnight, she was bedridden and needed help with the most basic tasks. The disease required three spinal fusion back surgeries, which themselves resulted in a small stroke.

Life slowed down.

"God tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'Smell the roses,'" Horine said. "But I ended up smelling the pine needles."

Crafting is nothing new for Horine, who is also a quilter and painter. After reading the Foxfire books — a 1972 series that recounts Appalachian culture, lifestyle and skills — Horine fell in love with basket making, a skill she practiced for about 25 years prior to her back surgery.

It was a small pine needle cracker basket kit and a book by Judy Mofield Mallow, a fellow pine-needle basket weaver, which developed Horine's skill. After seeing a pine-needle basket with a gourd base in a book and witnessing the same craft created by other artists, she went with it. "I don't know," she said, "it seems a gourd and the pine needles somehow go together."

• • •

Horine generally uses Martin, bushel, Corsican and tobacco box gourds. Most of her gourds come from Arkansas, though she recently started buying from growers in the Kentucky Gourd Society.

She rarely, if ever, plans what one of her baskets will look like — she waits for the gourd to speak to her.



Lynn Horine, a resident of Trimble County, began creating pine-needle gourd baskets after she suffered the effects of degenerative disc disease.

Photos by Jonna Spelbring Priester



“It seems a gourd and the
pine needles somehow

go together.”

— LYNN HORINE

“I get an idea, and I’ll start,” and all at once, a shape, an edge, emerges from the husk of a gourd. “I like to do it, because there’s no pattern. There’s nobody to tell me if it’s right or wrong.”

With a medium sized gourd in her lap, Horine draws a curving, wavy line in pencil on the shell. Using an ice pick that belonged to her husband’s grandfather, she gently pokes a hole in the shell on that line.

That small hole is where George Horine will insert a small jigsaw to cut along the line. Then, he’ll scrape out the inside of the gourd (the Horines give the pulp to a friend who makes paper) and sand it down, painting the interior with a coat of black acrylic paint.

Lynn or George will poke small holes — either with the ice pick or a small drill — ¼-inch from the top edge of the gourd and ¼-inch apart.

Most of the gourds receive a brown Kiwi shoe polish finish — it enhances the natural leathery look of the gourds’ skins — and some receive a finger-tip-applied finish of gilder’s paste. This gives some of the more colorful baskets their hue.

Then the fun begins.

Using long leaf pine needles, and a thread that could be waxed polyester, waxed linen or artificial sinew, Horine begins the process of coiling small handfuls of southern long leaf pine needles.

These aren’t your average backyard pine needles. They are 12 to 22 inches long, and vary in shade depending on how old they are — older needles are darker.

Kentucky pine needles are simply too short, she said, making them difficult to use. “I tried one basket with pine needles from Kentucky, and ... I went a quarter way around a tiny basket,” Horine said.

Before coiling them, Horine soaks the pine needles in warm water and removes the resin caps — the part that attaches the needle to the pine branch. Horine staggers the insertion of new pine needles, holding them in place with a small plumber’s fitting that also helps regulate the width of the coils.

She sews the coils together as she goes, using a variety of stitches. Again, there’s no plan, no definite number of coils. “The only thing I try to do is have odd numbers of rows, but that’s just me,” she said. “I just keep going until it looks right.”

Sometimes, looking right includes adding slices of black walnuts, beads, rocks or deer antler.

Once she has the coils the way she wants them, the pine needles taper off and she seals her work. Some weavers use beeswax, but Horine uses a hand-mixed shellac. Her favorite sealer, however, is water-based polyurethane.

Once the seal is dry, she takes an old sweatshirt and gently rubs against the grain of the needles, breaking off the ends that sometimes stick out.

• • •

Generally, Horine makes about 25 baskets a month, and will work on smaller projects while she has big baskets in progress.

“I like to be working on what I call everyday pieces, the things people love and they buy,” she said. Those are her bread and butter. While even her everyday pieces are beautiful, the larger, more involved pieces are exquisite. One, an urn that took about eight months to make, earned Horine an Outstanding Craftsmanship Merit Award with the Louisville Artisan’s Guild.

Then there are the signature pieces. “If I

sell them, they're very high end," she said.

She hasn't failed to sell one yet.

At first, Horine didn't think anyone would be interested in buying her baskets.

"George was my biggest fan ... he kept saying, 'Well, you're going to have to sell them,'" Horine said. While she was doubtful, her husband was confident. "They will want to buy them," he said.

One day, close friend Vicki Eldridge took Horine and her baskets to the Kentucky Artisan Center in Berea. Eldridge told Horine she might as well do something with her art.

"They were the first ones who handled my baskets," she said. "They've handled them ever since."

Horine is a member of the Louisville Artisan's Guild, the Kentucky Museum of Arts and Crafts, the Trimble County Arts Council and the Madison Art Guild. She is a juried member of the Kentucky Guild of Artists and Craftsmen, of which she is vice president, and Kentucky Crafted, the Market, a state-sponsored program of the Kentucky Arts Council, which enables Kentucky artists to reach multiple markets through wholesale and retail promotional opportunities.

Horine has never been so happy to do what she's doing. "I'm so blessed," she said. And for people to pay for her work? "It just blows me away."

She is busy this fall preparing for shows and a large order for the Kentucky Artisan Center. Though she spends eight to 12 hours a day making the baskets, it's not really work to Horine.

"People ask me how long it takes to make a basket," she said. "I don't really know. The only thing I can tell you is that getting ready takes too long." ■

Pictures of Horine's baskets, past and present, some for sale, some not, can be found at <http://basketsfromtheheart.spaces.live.com/>



In addition to participating in Kentucky Crafted, The Market, Horine creates her pine-needle gourd baskets for the Kentucky Artisan Center in Berea.

About the writer

Jonna Spelbring Priester is the general manager and editor of the *Henry County Local* in Eminence, Ky. She has a bachelor's degree in mass communications with an emphasis in journalism from the University of Evansville (Ind.) and has worked for newspapers in Indiana, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Kentucky. She and her husband live in Campbellsburg, Ky.

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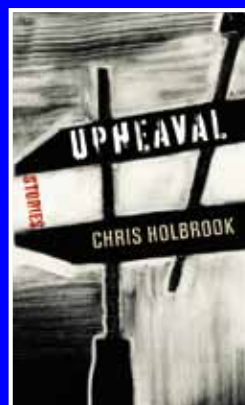
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