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Kentucky’s Covered Bridges
By Kenneth R. Hixson

A Beacon Light
Danville Dr. John D. Jackson
By Stuart W. Sanders

Muhammad Ali
Identity & Transformation
By John Edward Faulkner

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Kentucky Treasures

The autumn season’s brilliantly colored landscape always brings with it some special Kentucky treasures. From apple festivals to corn mazes to hayrides on the farm, this time of year gives us yet another long list of reasons to celebrate living in the Commonwealth. I am delighted to include a few of these Kentucky treasures in this issue of Kentucky Humanities.

Reflecting on the 2012 Summer Olympics in London, James Claypool tells the story of former Olympian and Louisville native Ralph Waldo Rose. In addition to winning a gold medal in the shot put, Rose forever changed the Olympic opening parade while serving as the American flag bearer at the 1908 Summer Olympics, also held in London.

Kentucky was once home to hundreds of covered bridges. Over time, most of them have been allowed to deteriorate or have been replaced by more modern structures. Ken Hixson, whose Fleming County ties have inspired his admiration for this historic architecture, shares his paintings of four bridges and some intriguing tales from two of them: the Goddard Bridge in Fleming County and the Dover Bridge in Mason County. Stories about covered bridges are illusive, but they must exist. Do you have a story about a covered bridge where you live? We’d love to hear from you.

Muhammad Ali, who at a time was one of the most polarizing figures in the news, was much more than the world’s most famous boxer. John Faulkner shares insights on the journey that led Louisville’s young Cassius Clay to become the “greatest,” Muhammad Ali.

In contrast, most Kentuckians are probably not familiar with Danville Doctor John D. Jackson and his distinguished career as a Rebel surgeon. A Civil War veteran and founder of multiple medical societies, Jackson is recognized as a medical pioneer. In addition to his own successes in the medical field, Jackson worked diligently to commemorate and honor the accomplishments of Kentucky’s pioneering physician, Dr. Ephraim McDowell. Stuart Sanders’s article is an insightful introduction to this unknown Kentuckian.

2012 marks the 20th anniversary of one of our favorite ways to Tell Kentucky’s Story — our own Kentucky Chautauqua. Since 1992, the Kentucky Humanities Council has brought to life sixty fascinating people who made a difference in Kentucky and has delivered more than 4,000 Kentucky Chautauqua dramas to every corner of the Commonwealth. This year, Chautauquans will travel 80,000 miles to help us meet our goal of reaching every Kentucky county. How Chautauqua began in the United States, where it got its start in Kentucky, and why it was so wildly popular here is the subject of my article, originally included in the 2011 fall issue of Back Home in Kentucky. Because the Chautauqua movement was most likely important to your community’s history, I’m taking this opportunity to share the story with you.

I hope that you will enjoy this issue of Kentucky Humanities and that you will share it with your friends in print or online at www.kyhumanities.org. All of us at the Kentucky Humanities Council appreciate feedback from you, our readers. If you have a story idea or know of a Kentucky story that should be shared in Kentucky Humanities, please contact our editor, Marianne Stoess, Marianne.Stoess@uky.edu.
It is rather unusual that a man who only lived to age twenty-nine could leave a significant historic mark that has endured the test of time, but for Olympic champion Ralph Waldo Rose, such was the case. Ralph W. Rose was born in 1844 in Louisville, Kentucky. Soon thereafter his parents moved to California, where Ralph was raised. After graduating from Healdsburg High School in northern California, Rose attended the University of Michigan for a time. He then returned to California, studied law and was admitted to the bar.

Ralph Rose, who was six feet, five and a half inches tall and competed at weights ranging between 250 and 280 pounds, was America’s premier track and field athlete in the opening years of the twentieth century. In 1904, while at the University of Michigan, he won the Big Ten championships in both the discus and shot. At the Summer Olympics held in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1904, Rose won the gold medal in shot put, silver medal in discus throw, bronze medal in hammer throw, and was sixth in the fifty-six-pound weight throw.

Because of his achievements in St. Louis, Rose was selected to carry the American flag at the opening ceremonies of the 1908 Summer Olympics held in London, England. The American team, coaches and most everyone else, for that matter, were in for a surprise. Rose was Irish in ancestry and was close friends with a number of other American Olympians who were of Irish decent. The ancient and bitter struggles between England and Ireland were not far from their minds. Accordingly, Rose, heading the parade of American athletes who passed by Edward VII, the king of England, broke tradition and refused to dip his country’s flag to the English king. Martin Sheridan, another Irish-American Olympian is reputed to have later explained tersely, “This flag dips to no earthly king,” and to this day the American flag carried during the Olympic opening parade is never dipped to foreign rulers, thanks to Ralph Waldo Rose, a proud Irish-American who had been born in Kentucky.

There was some fallout from Rose’s failure to dip the flag. British judges at the games rendered several controversial decisions against America’s athletes, which American officials felt stemmed partly from the flag incident. The English crowds, however, displayed no antipathy toward the American athletes. The Irish-Americans on the team having made their statement, Rose once again took the gold medal in shot put but failed to medal in the tug of war. In 1909, Rose, who earlier had been the first shot putter to break fifty feet, set a world record of fifty-one feet, a record distance that lasted sixteen years. In the 1912 Stockholm Olympics, Rose took silver, losing out to fellow American Patrick McDonald in the shot put, but won gold in the two-handed shot put, placed eleventh in the discus throw, and eighth in the hammer throw. In all, Rose won three gold, two silver, and one bronze medal in Olympic competitions.

Consistently acclaimed by American athletic officials as “one of the greatest athletes and shot putters in the world,” Rose was expected to do well again competing at the Olympic Games held in Berlin, Germany, in 1916. He was the American shot put champion for 1907, 1908, 1909, and 1910 and always trained hard and remained fit. Since the average life of a track and field athlete was much longer than that of a runner or a jumper, and since Rose was still a young man, there was no reason to think that he would not compete successfully in Berlin. However, it was not to be. Rose was stricken with malaria and died from the disease on October 16, 1913, at only twenty-nine years old. His defiant gesture while passing the royal box in England remains one of the Olympic Games’ most memorable moments, and the legacy that Rose created of never dipping the American flag to a foreign ruler remains in place.

Adapted from James C. Claypool’s book, Our Fellow Kentuckians: Rascals, Heroes and Just Plain Uncommon Folk, and the subject of a talk offered by Claypool through the Kentucky Humanities Council’s Speakers Bureau.
Six Kentucky counties host traveling Smithsonian exhibit

The Kentucky Humanities Council, Inc. is sponsoring a tour of the Smithsonian traveling exhibit, *New Harmonies: Celebrating American Roots Music*, at the following Kentucky locations in 2012 and 2013:

**Oldham County**  
March 10, 2012 - April 21, 2012  
Oldham County History Center,  
La Grange

**Bourbon County**  
April 28, 2012 - June 9, 2012  
Historic Paris-Bourbon County/  
Hopewell Museum, Paris

**Hart County**  
June 16, 2012 - July 28, 2012  
American Cave Museum,  
Horse Cave

**Whitley County**  
August 4, 2012 - September 15, 2012  
Whitley County Cooperative Extension Service,  
Williamsburg

**Marion County**  
September 22, 2012 - November 3, 2012  
Fine Arts Building at Centre Square,  
Lebanon

**Boyd County**  
November 10, 2012 - January 4, 2013  
Ashland Community & Technical College,  
Ashland

*New Harmonies* is a cultural history of America’s musical landscape. It is the story of a diverse assortment of people interacting with a New World, a world where cultures and customs met, mixed, and mingled and created new sounds. The distinct cultural identities of all of these peoples are carried in song — both sacred and secular — and the music that emerges is known by names like blues, country, western, folk, jazz, and gospel. This exhibition tracks the unique history of many peoples reshaping each other into one incredibly diverse and complex people — Americans. It also promises a fascinating, inspiring, and toe-tapping listen to the American story of cultural exchange with its multimedia components. As a unique traveling exhibition, it is full of surprises about familiar songs, histories of instruments, the roles of religion and technology in shaping new sounds, and the continuity of musical roots from the colonial period to modern day punk and hip-hop.

If you haven’t had a chance to see the exhibit, you still have two opportunities to enjoy *New Harmonies* in Lebanon or Ashland.
Thank you to our wonderful partners

Cralle Foundation

Thanks to very generous contributions from the Cralle Foundation and Lindsey Wilson College, more Kentucky classrooms and community organizations will have the opportunity to experience Kentucky Chautauqua® this year. We are grateful for the support of the Cralle Foundation and Lindsey Wilson College, and we look forward to sharing Kentucky’s stories with communities throughout the Commonwealth.

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2012-2013 Whole Humanities Catalog
now available

The Kentucky Humanities Council’s Whole Humanities Catalog features more than forty Kentucky scholars and writers offering presentations on a variety of subjects, including history, music, and culture. In addition, we offer twenty-three Kentucky Chautauqua® historical dramas which tell the stories of Kentuckians who made significant contributions to the Commonwealth.

To receive a copy of the catalog call 859.257.5932 or download it from our website, kyhumanities.org.

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Are you a friend of the Kentucky Humanities Council? Your generous gifts support Kentucky Humanities magazine. Please use the envelope stapled in this issue or visit kyhumanities.org to make a donation today. We hope you will join us in Telling Kentucky’s Story.
Kentucky’s Covered Bridges

By Kenneth R. Hixson

Goddard Bridge
Located in Fleming County, this bridge is thought to have been constructed in 1864. In 1932, the bridge was moved two miles to its present location over Sand Lick Creek. The bridge was renovated in 2006 using most of the original timbers. Perhaps the most photographed of all Kentucky’s bridges, these photos often include a small, picturesque church located in the background.

Historians say that at the bridge’s original location, Hubert Green once took Joe Riley for a ride in his nearly-new 1927 Chrysler. While at the bridge, Green feigned mechanical trouble and as Riley was attempting to locate the problem, Green shot and killed him. (Riley’s head was under the dashboard!) It seems Green was under the impression that Riley had stolen his two-gallon moonshine still. A school bus coming by shortly thereafter was delayed several hours while authorities investigated the incident.

Dover Bridge
Located in Mason County, Dover Bridge has spanned Lee’s Creek since 1835. Originally constructed as a toll bridge, it is one of oldest remaining covered bridges in Kentucky that is still in use. Renovated more than once, it now sits atop steel support beams, and can support re-routed traffic from nearby Tuckahoe Road.

According to a 1907 article in the Maysville Daily Public Ledger, Thomas Russell...while filled with Ripley (Ohio) whiskey, committed a brutal and unprovoked shooting (of Willis Laycock) near Dover at the old covered bridge on Lees Creek. “Russell is quiet and peaceful when sober, but a bad man when drunk,” opined the paper. “His brother, Joe Russell, shot and killed “Tiff” Jennings near the same place a number of years ago...the ‘Dover Precinct is ‘local option,’ but more whiskey is consumed there than ever before.”

Oldtown Bridge
Constructed in 1880 over the Little Sandy River in southern Greenup County, Oldtown Bridge was completed at a cost of $4,000. Commissioners in charge of the project were J. C. Irvin, John Conley, and W. A. Womack. The bridge has withstood the floods of 1913 and 1937. It was restored in 1972-73.

Beech Fork Bridge
Found over Beech Fork Creek in Washington County, Beech Fork Bridge is the longest and westernmost covered bridge in Kentucky. The bridge was built in 1865 by Cornelius Barnes, and today it stands mostly as the original, with repairs that included stonemasonry to the center pier, which were completed in 1982.
The most American thing in America. That’s what President “Teddy” Roosevelt called the Chautauqua movement, the grandest public education program our nation had ever experienced. At its peak in 1922, 12,000 cities, towns, and communities and 30 million Americans — some say 45 million — could talk of nothing else in the summer months.

Chautauqua advertised the finest vocal artists brought from the Metropolitan Opera, orchestral groups from Boston, Shakespearean readers, nationally famous speakers, inspiring religious leaders, pyrotechnic displays and science demonstrations, artists and “chalk talkers,” whistlers, jugglers, singers, and yodelers.

Kentucky was right in the middle of the excitement. In 1905, the popular speaker Rev. Sam “Quit your meanness” Jones wrote of Chautauqua, “a compromise between a camp meeting and a county fair, but it meets the needs of the time and is taking the country.” He further declared that Chautauqua “cultivated sociability, which is a thing that is needed.”

This was America’s Progressive Era. An optimistic time in spite of the bank failures of 1907,
there was a pervasive philosophy that through education, science, engineering, and breakthroughs in medicine, Americans could find the solutions to “society’s weakness.” Progressives also believed that the family was the foundation of American society; government, especially municipal government, should strengthen and enhance the family. Civic-mindedness was the highest virtue. No wonder that Chautauqua tent shows, brought to town by civic-minded mayors, businessmen, and educators, providing programs for all ages, would prove to match those “needs of the time.”

In 1874, thirty years before the traveling tent shows toured communities across America, Chautauqua was an educational summer camp. As a way to generate enthusiasm for continuing education among Sunday school teachers, Methodist Episcopal Bishop John Heyl Vincent, backed by inventor and philanthropist Lewis Miller, tried an experiment in Chautauqua, New York. Alabama-born Bishop Vincent knew the value of telling a good story in the right place. His innovations included conducting classes out of doors, where the participants could learn the geography of the Holy Land through the experience of walking a miniaturized replica of Palestine, complete with a stream representing the Jordan River. The experiment was a huge success. Buildings were soon erected on Chautauqua Lake to house the summer camp residents, and by 1886 the expanded curriculum attracted new audiences eager to take in the educational riches of culture offered by the Chautauqua Assembly.

**The Chautauqua Assembly**

Lexington Kentucky’s Woodland Park was the first in Kentucky to replicate Bishop Vincent’s Chautauqua Assembly, by then a recognized institution for popular education providing lectures, discussions, and also, long before the invention of convention centers, functioning as a conference center for Kentucky’s state college system. Woodland Park’s Assembly was a member of the “Assemblies of America” with the purpose of the intellectual, moral, and religious teaching of all who attended. Aimed primarily at the “refined, cultured, and educated” of central Kentucky, Woodland Park in 1888 was well prepared for the two-week event, which cost a modest $3 for the season pass. Because it was so exciting to be constantly on the grounds of the park, tents with floors could be rented for $8, or with “furnishings,” for another $6. A meal ticket, if desired, was $10 for the season. The tents were organized along named and numbered streets, electrically illuminated at night. Woodland Park also boasted a police department, a post office, a pay phone station, and baggage storage. Permanent wooden buildings surrounded the great tent for central assembly. The two-week program was also a major economic boom for Lexington, not just for the hotels and private homes with rooms to let, but for buggy manufacturers, tent-sellers, jewelers, florists, and all of the other businesses advertising in the extensive program. According to its promoters, Woodland Park’s printed program claimed it to be “one of the most beautiful spots in the West,” and went on to describe the Chautauqua as “an oasis in the dead level of life that renews the physical, mental and moral man.” In 1888, renewal was exciting stuff.

Owensboro was not to be out-done. The town’s enormous 31-acre Seven Hills Chautauqua Park opened in 1902. Owensboro’s intent to be the very best is proclaimed in the first printed program, “...nothing has been forgotten that might make a month’s stay in this beautiful woodland mean, indeed and in truth, a month in Kentucky’s paradise.”

James H. Parrish, president of the Seven Hills Chautauqua, was an alert and aggressive businessman. By many accounts, Parrish deserved his position of leadership in the community. He was charming, cheerful, self-confident, courageous, and even had “one of the sweetest tenor voices ever heard in Owensboro.” He was also a visionary. President of the Y.M.C.A and a deacon of the First Baptist Church at age 28, by at least 1896 Parrish was president of the Owensboro Savings Bank, at which time (as described by Parrish’s contemporary, William Foster Hayes, in his 1943 history) Parrish’s fingers had found their way into many pies. He was instrumental in forming and was connected with numerous corporations of various sizes and formed for widely-differing purposes ranging from the Homestead Land Company to the Seven Hills Brick Company, all or most of which were customers of his bank. The Owensboro Savings Bank or its subsidiary, the Homestead Land Company, had acquired a large tract of land now part of the Chautauqua Park. With James Parrish leading the effort, this land, and some additional acres acquired from other owners, became the basis for the Seven Hills Chautauqua Company, incorporated in December, 1901.

By the time the Chautauqua opened on the last day of July, 1902, the magnificent park was already a well-developed village. Improvements were added yearly. There was an open-air steel auditorium that seated 5,000, a hotel, a lagoon for boaters with boat house, a building for each of the religious denominations, tennis courts, croquet grounds, cottages and facilities for “tenters,” a dining hall, a deer park, and amusement rides. The programs were to be equal to the facility: “It is the belief of the management in presenting the fourth annual program that it has the best array of talent ever presented to the public during an equal number of days, at any time or any place at a Chautauqua Assembly.” Arguably, the claim was true. Here are some examples: The 1902 Chautauqua began with a...
reunion, 37 years after the Civil War, of the Confederate Veterans. One of the few surviving Confederate generals, also former governor of Georgia and United States Senator, John B. Gordon addressed the assembly with a speech that was both eloquent and “devoid of bitterness.” True to the ecumenical philosophy of Chautauqua, Gen. Gordon’s speech was followed by another given by one-armed Union Army General O. O. Howard. And true to the patriotism expressed in most Chautauqua assemblies, the crowd heard from Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, a national hero for his exploits during the Spanish War and the sinking of the Merrimac.

The Progressive Era and Chautauqua nationally had its favorites, among them William Jennings Bryan. His talk, “The Value of an Ideal,” was heard by almost 8,000 gathered for Seven Hills Chautauqua’s 1903 season. In 1904, Henry Watterson of Louisville was featured with his address, “Money and Morals.” At the time, audiences looked to these speakers to provide encouragement for improving their communities’ and their families’ civic participation, though some of the titles, such as “How to be Happy Though Married” are, at the least, curious. To this mix of civic, religious, and patriotic lectures were added the musicians, quality vocalists, humorists, dramatic readers, and the purely entertaining, such as Germaine the Magician.

Sundays always focused on religious programs. Although Chautauqua was founded by a Methodist, these programs were typically nondenominational. They were also greatly appreciated by the crowds, who performed the “Chautauqua Salute,” as described in a 1980 interview by Sheila Hefflin of a Chautauqua-goer from Owensboro who remembered the salute as a polite way to applaud clergy and otherwise show appreciation. The salute involved men waving their red and blue work handkerchiefs, while the women fluttered their white ones. This practice continued until just prior to World War I when a Chicago doctor traveled the Chautauqua circuit and warned that the practice would spread germs.

Owensboro advertised far and wide during the grand years of the Seven Hills Chautauqua. Train agents in Louisville offered tickets “from all points in Kentucky; also from points in Tennessee, Nashville, Dyersburg, Milan and Hollow Rock Junction and all points North.” River travel brought in many additional visitors.

Sadly for Owensboro, the 1907 Bankers’ Panic brought down the Owensboro Savings Bank, which, as it was discovered, had been funding the Seven Hills Chautauqua
against its mounting losses. In 1916, the city bought Chautauqua Park, which exists today for the purpose of public recreation.

**Black Chautauqua**

Owensboro, meanwhile, had another Chautauqua that didn’t fail. Owensboro’s Negro Chautauqua stood as a leader in the nation for its very existence as well as for its success. Although chronicled in the *Messenger-Inquirer* at the time, this Chautauqua received little contemporary recognition until researched by Owensboro historian Aloma Dew. At the turn of the century, there were more than 5,500 African Americans in Daviess County, and many of those residents represented a growing middle class that saw education as critical to realizing their dreams. There were two black schools, grocers, druggists, physicians, shoe and brick manufacturers, and a black newspaper, the *Kentucky Reporter*. Respected African American educator A. O. Guthrie, principal of Western School and Samuel Barker, principal of Eastern, called on business and religious leaders and teachers to organize the first Owensboro Negro Chautauqua in 1907, ironically the year that the Seven Hills Chautauqua was passing out of existence. The Negro Chautauqua was organized at Fairgrounds at E. 18th Street. Mirroring the white counterpart, this Chautauqua attracted attendees from a wide area. The site was prepared for tents; more affluent people could rent rooms in the area for the week. In an era of unquestioned segregation, the Mayor of Owensboro, William O’Bryan, welcomed the crowd at this inaugural season. The *Messenger-Inquirer* reported that “more than 500 season tickets had been sold” for the 1908 season, which had an ambitious 20-page printed program. The newspaper also recognized the Owensboro Negro Chautauqua as perhaps “the only colored Chautauqua in the United States.” Whether or not it was the only one, this Chautauqua must have been among the very first and an example that would be replicated. It was incorporated in 1914. By 1916, there was a national Colored Chautauqua organization.

The Owensboro Negro Chautauqua placed great emphasis on the moral and mental improvement of their community with special attention to education. Featured speakers included journalist Ida B. Wells, who fought tirelessly and aggressively for racial justice and women’s suffrage. In 1910, she drew a crowd of 1,200. The *Messenger-Inquirer* printed
excerpts of her speech, “the Second Emancipation of the Negro.” Groups from as far away as Louisville came to hear Roscoe Conkling Simmons, the famous African American journalist and orator who could and did electrify audiences in every state in the Union. Similar to the addition of athletic events at other Chautauqua by the early 1920s, the Negro Chautauqua brought in champion baseball teams who played exhibition games. Newspaper records indicate that the black Chautauqua in Owensboro continued, more or less uninterrupted, through 1925.

**The Traveling Tent Shows**

Owensboro’s civic clubs did eventually revive their Chautauqua, but as part of the national phenomenon of the Chautauqua Circuit. Professional Chautauqua touring companies, or “Systems” — by 1925 there were at least 15 of them — functioned as all-inclusive speaker and performer bureaus. In Kentucky, the most popular Chautauqua bureaus were the Redpath, based in Chicago, serving Ashland, Lebanon, London, Louisville, Bowling Green, Winchester, Danville, Shelbyville, Elkhon, Russellville, and Frankfort, and the Alkahest of Atlanta, reaching Paducah, Owensboro, and Hopkinsville. Kansas City Missouri’s White & Myers Chautauqua System toured Greenville in the 1920s.

The Chautauqua touring companies were the solution to making Chautauqua accessible throughout Kentucky and America by providing a packaged program of national talent, the tents, the chairs, and the programs. In return, they required advance payment by local sponsors who signed iron-clad contracts. Communities set aside the place and promoted the events locally, usually with considerable help from the press, and sold advance subscriptions. While some touring companies clearly enjoyed great prestige owing to their ability to deliver the likes of William Jennings Bryan, there was plenty...
of competition. The Stanford Journal reported that leaders of the Woman’s Club, sponsor of the 1916 Chautauqua, sat in the Chautauqua tent the last night of that Chautauqua, deliberated, then chose Alkahest as the company for 1917. They immediately began plans for taking subscriptions. Berea employed the Lincoln, Radcliffe, and Redpath Chautauqua companies over their Chautauqua years.

A Feast for the Mind

Tent Chautauquas swept the nation as communities saw an opportunity to gain access to the most famous speakers, the best of music and literature, the latest in science, and the educational leaders otherwise unavailable to small and mid-size towns and cities. Even with the emphasis on smaller communities, Louisville, too, participated with two different Chautauqua programs. From 1916 to 1928, the Crescent Hill Forward Club sponsored the Redpath Chautauqua on the grounds of the Louisville Water Company at Frankfort Avenue and Stilz Lane. A Courier-Journal article about the July, 1919, program reported “Big Audiences Hear Splendid Redpath Music.” The article also reported the good-natured response to a deluge, requiring the afternoon concert to be held in the auditorium of the Emmet Field School “on account of the accident to the big tent during Tuesday’s storm.” A second Chautauqua was sponsored by the Shawnee Welfare Club for people who lived west of 28th Street between Cedar and Garland with the purpose of providing for a library and community center. Located in a tent at Broadway and 40th Streets, the Shawnee Chautauqua was billed as a “Feast for the Mind.”

With tent Chautauquas came another important feature: children’s programs. Junior Chautauqua involved instruction, crafts, and plays. In Winchester, the Winchester Democrat reported, “little children sat at the feet of culture for a week, having their senses broadened, and their ideals lifted higher and higher....”

Theatre was yet another addition. The need for wholesomeness translated to limiting the inclusion of drama. In the early days, drama was restricted to lectures about drama or by actors who gave dramatic readings. By the 1920s, dramatic readings had given way to full-blown theatre productions. In Greenville, “the world’s most famous comedy,” Friendly Enemies, was the evening entertainment. In the superlatives of the day, the fame of the play was based on “two years on Broadway.” Crowds went wild in Ashland for Redpath Chautauqua’s popular John B. Ratto, who gave...
character impersonations, complete with makeup. In quick succession, Mr. Ratto impersonated dozens of important and historic personalities, among them: General Pershing, King Albert of Belgium, and Lloyd George; American presidents Washington, Lincoln, and Wilson; and musical greats Mozart, Verdi, and Liszt.

**The Farmers’ Chautauqua**

There was another version of Chautauqua that appealed specifically to farming and rural living. In 1919 at the Fern Creek Fairgrounds in Louisville, Jefferson County participated in the inaugural “Farmers’ Community Meetings” that were then duplicated in 60 counties. The purpose was to address problems of rural co-operation, livestock production, farm crops, the farm home, rural health, and sanitation. This recognition of the importance of Kentucky’s farms to the towns they supplied and of the value of rural workers was the beginning of extension services — the Cooperative Extension Service was formalized in 1914. Even before this state wide effort, in 1913 the exceedingly civic-minded president of Western Kentucky State Normal School (now Western Kentucky University,) Henry Hardin Cherry, proclaimed that “No country, as a whole, can rise higher than the individuals who compose its citizenship.” With this enthusiastic and enlightened citizenship platform, Bowling Green and Warren County staged four four-day Farmers’ Chautauquas, then brought everyone together for the Greater Warren County Convention. Businesses were closed to encourage attendance, and there was no charge for admission. President Cherry’s address that day, “A Greater Kentucky,” summed up his vision for Kentucky’s future: “A great Commonwealth cannot be bestowed; it must be achieved through education.” He went on, “It takes a full-grown mind to reach and a full-grown heart to feel a full-grown democracy.”

**No Scheme to Make Money**

Chautauqua was “the People’s University” and the people could afford it. Writing about the diamond jubilee of Chautauqua for the *Courier-Journal* magazine in 1948, Paul Hughes was unequivocal in his praise of Lebanon, Kentucky’s 1904-1928 Chautauqua, whose Proctor Knott Association proclaimed to 1908 patrons: “We shall bring to Lebanon each summer the very best talent that America affords and to come into contact with such people is in itself a liberal education.”

The organizers of Lebanon’s Chautauqua program were explicit about their service to the community. “The country people are in most places the backbone of the Chautauqua movement, and certainly without them we cannot hope to make our venture a success. Every possible effort will be exerted to make the privileges of the Assembly as cheap as practicable and we want it understood that this is no scheme to make money at the expense of the people.” The average cost per performance nationally was 17 cents.

Lebanon’s leadership totally embraced the concept of Chautauqua. Former Kentucky governor Proctor Knott was so convinced of the value of Chautauqua that in 1907 he rented his property, “Lea Rigg,” and later gave the title to the Proctor Knott Chautauqua Association so that Lebanon would have a permanent home for Chautauqua. The association built a 100’ x 100’ open-sided auditorium that seated 2,500 with overflow capacity outside within hearing distance. There was also a large dining hall, groves of trees, camping facilities, and an extensive “skinned baseball diamond.” Travelers came by train from as far as Louisville to attend. But if you were local, a dime would buy a buggy ride. In later years, Lebanon’s talent lineup included “ventriloquist” Edgar Bergen and his new addition, Charlie McCarthy, who had not yet been “born” when Bergen appeared at the Seven Hills Chautauqua in Owensboro.

Lebanon’s Chautauqua also featured, in its later days, the new and extremely popular “American Vitagraph” movies. No one could have predicted then that the movies, radio, good roads, and the Depression would combine to make Chautauqua irrelevant by 1934, when there were only 15-20 individual Chautauqua programs to be found anywhere in the country.

The story doesn’t end there. In 1992, to celebrate Kentucky’s bicentennial of statehood, the Kentucky Humanities Council instituted Kentucky Chautauqua®. Since then, the Council has developed and sent to every Kentucky county sixty dramatic, one-person presentations of the famous and unknown Kentuckians who have made a difference in our history. As of 2012, nearly half a million Kentuckians in their own home towns have experienced some of the more than 4,200 Chautauqua presentations given to date. Kentucky Chautauqua programs are educational and entertaining — if not a full “People’s university,” a “People’s classroom.” Coupled with selections from the Council’s Speakers Bureau, Kentucky communities can once again enjoy some of the best of Kentucky culture by choosing from the *Whole Humanities Catalog*. No tents are required.

**About the Author**

Virginia G. Carter, Ph.D., is executive director of the Kentucky Humanities Council, Inc. Research assistance for this article was provided by Ethan Sullivan Smith, student at Georgetown College. Mr. Smith currently portrays Johnny Green of the Orphan Brigade and Black Patch Tobacco War Hero Price Hollowell for Kentucky Chautauqua.
Portraying Private William Greathouse, Harry Smith kicked off the event at Lake Barkley with stories from the War of 1812.

WKDZ Radio’s Carrie McGinnis was an extraordinary emcee at our first stop in Cadiz.

Obadiah Ewing-Roush joined the tour at General Butler State Resort Park to share the story of abolitionist John Fee.

Janet Scott and Henry Dowell dodge the threatening rain storms while preparing for the show at Carter Caves.

Tyler May, a member of family musical group Murphy’s Echo, prepares to entertain the crowd at Old Fort Harrod State Park.

The tent is up at Cumberland Falls State Resort Park and the audience is eager to hear the stories of John Fee, Private William Greathouse, Emilie Todd Helm, and Harland “Colonel” Sanders.

Robert Bell told the story of Reverend Newton Bush, a member of Company E 5th Regiment United States Colored Cavalry.

A beautiful evening in Carrollton brought the crowd to General Butler State Park for an evening of History & Humor, Hummin’ & Strummin’.
In celebration of the 20th anniversary of Kentucky Chautauqua®, the Kentucky Humanities Council, Inc. spent five days traveling across the Commonwealth, stopping to pitch our tent at Lake Barkley, General Butler, Carter Caves, Cumberland Falls, and Old Fort Harrod state parks. Gathered crowds were entertained with the music and comedy of Grandpa Jones, the humorous tales of Harland “Colonel” Sanders, the riveting life of Sister Mary Settles, and the war stories of young Private William Greathouse, among many others. Joined by local musicians, each stop offered guests a fantastic free evening of Kentucky culture.
Kentucky’s most famous physician, Ephraim McDowell, was a Danville doctor who performed the world’s first successful ovariotomy in 1809. During that operation, McDowell made medical history for removing a twenty-two pound ovarian tumor from his patient, Jane Todd Crawford. Ultimately hailed as the father of modern surgery and commemorated with statues, monuments, and a house museum, McDowell’s accomplishments may well have vanished into obscurity had it not been for John Davies Jackson, another Danville surgeon.

By Stuart W. Sanders
In addition to pulling McDowell’s work from the dustbin of history, Jackson became a medical pioneer in his own right. A Civil War veteran, founder of multiple medical societies, translator of important medical texts, author, teacher, and leader in the American Medical Association, Jackson was termed one of Kentucky’s “beloved, erudite, skilled and immortal physicians.” He was, another wrote, one of the commonwealth’s “beacon lights, [and the] life and embodiment of all that the medical profession of Kentucky could be proud of.” Had Jackson not died at an early age, his reputation today would equal that of his idol, Ephraim McDowell.

Born in Danville on December 12, 1834, Jackson graduated from Centre College at age twenty. After attending one year of medical school at the University of Louisville, in 1857, he received a degree from the University of Pennsylvania medical college. Jackson then returned to Kentucky and opened an office in Danville.

Jackson built a successful practice, but the Civil War interrupted his work. Although he initially stayed out of the conflict, when Confederate troops occupied Danville in September 1862, Jackson joined the Southern army. Less than two weeks later, the Battle of Perryville took place ten miles from his hometown. Jackson was likely a surgeon on that battlefield.

Jackson had a distinguished career as a Rebel surgeon. He served in two major theaters of operation, first with the Army of Tennessee west of the Appalachian Mountains and then with General Robert E. Lee’s Army of Northern Virginia, which fought primarily in the Old Dominion. Jackson acted as a brigade and division surgeon and became tasked with reporting on the
success of smallpox vaccinations. The Confederate surgeon-general, pleased with the Kentuckian’s work, printed and distributed Jackson’s report to doctors across the Confederacy. A well-regarded doctor, Jackson supposedly turned down promotions in order to stay active in the field. At the end of the war, he surrendered with Lee’s army at Appomattox.

With the Southern cause dashed, Jackson, who had seen immense suffering at some of the nation’s bloodiest battlefields, was “depressed in spirits.” Therefore, he decided to move to South America. Hometown friends, however, persuaded the doctor to return to Danville, where he re-established his medical practice. During the Civil War, Jackson had seen a wide range of competency among military doctors. The conflict had also forced him to confront his own deficiencies as a surgeon. Therefore, he spent the rest of his life working to improve his own skill, the professional development of other physicians, and the betterment of all patients.

One contemporary noted that Jackson “never ceased to be a student.” He amassed a large personal medical library, took medical classes in New York every year, and taught himself French so that he could read European medical texts. In 1870 and 1872, the Danville doctor traveled to Europe, where he attended lectures in London, Edinburgh, and Paris. There, he purchased the latest medical equipment. Shortly thereafter, he translated several French texts and articles, including the well-received “Manual on the Ligation of Arteries.” One reviewer remarked that with this translation, “Dr. Jackson has performed his work well as a translator, and thanks are due to him for placing this manual in the hands of the American Profession.” Jackson was a frequent contributor to a variety of medical journals, writing for the American Journal of Medical Science, The Cincinnati Lancet and Observer, The American Journal of Pharmacy, and more. Some of his articles include “Gun-Shot Wound of Bladder and Rectum” (1869), “A Case of Tetanus Treated With Calabar Bean—Death” (1869), and, testing the most modern theories, wrote a “Critique of Lister’s Germ Theory, and the use of Carbolic Acid as an Anti-Septic in Surgery” (1872).

Jackson encouraged physicians to band together to discuss best practices in the field. Instrumental in establishing several professional development organizations, Jackson was founder and president of the Boyle County Medical Society, a founder and president of the Central Kentucky Medical Association, and was a member of the Kentucky State Medical Society, in which he was also one of its top donors. Jackson was an honorary member of the California State Medical Society, the Obstetrical Society of Louisville, and was a corresponding member of the Gynecological Society of Boston. At the time of his death, Jackson was vice president of the American Medical Association (AMA), where he served on a committee...
on epidemics. He was also chair of the AMA’s “Committee on American Medical Necrology” and frequently attended AMA annual meetings. In 1872, he represented the AMA at a British Medical Association meeting in Birmingham, England.

Autopsies were uncommon in Kentucky during the mid-nineteenth century, but, after studying in New York and Europe, Jackson recognized the importance of post-mortem examinations. Therefore, he “established a private dissecting-room” in Danville. By conducting his own autopsies, Jackson widened his understanding of anatomy, which influenced his lectures and writing. This, in turn, furthered the professional development of local doctors. Jackson took on medical students, and, through autopsies, provided them with “thorough courses in practical anatomy and in surgical operations upon the cadaver.”

As one who continually sought to improve himself, Jackson worked diligently to hone his surgical skills. Like his idol Ephraim McDowell, Jackson attempted difficult operations. He successfully performed two tracheotomies and followed McDowell’s footsteps by trying to remove “an immense fibroid tumor of the uterus,” but the patient died. During another procedure, an assisting physician noted that Jackson discovered that the patient had “an immense interstitial uterine fibroid.” Despite the risk of removing a uterine tumor, “the operation advanced, to the manifest terror of the majority of the witnesses.” Jackson, however, remained calm. “The face of the operator...
indicated his vivid appreciation of the moment, but his hand neither trembled nor swerved.”

Having performed these operations and having lost patients while doing so, Jackson recognized Ephraim McDowell’s remarkable achievement and historical importance. Therefore, Jackson worked to commemorate McDowell’s life and legacy. In the early 1870s, Jackson published a six-thousand-word biography of the surgeon, an initial effort to memorialize the doctor. Jackson was horrified that McDowell’s remains lay, he wrote, in “an enclosure full of brambles, briars, tall weeds, and rank grass” in the Isaac Shelby family cemetery several miles south of Danville. Jackson was ashamed that McDowell’s grave stone was a “neglected, lichen-covered sandstone slab, with simply the name of Ephraim McDowell upon it.” As Kentucky—and the nation—had forgotten McDowell’s world-altering legacy, Jackson worked to have McDowell reinterred in Danville under a large monument. Jackson argued that if McDowell had “lived in the palmy days of the Roman Republic, the highest civic honors, a medal and a statue, if not a shrine in the temple, would have been his by a decree of the Senate.” Jackson died before his vision to commemorate McDowell was complete. In 1879, however, others moved McDowell’s remains to Danville and erected a large monument over his new grave site. Jackson’s work to resuscitate McDowell’s memory had been so successful that statues of the doctor were eventually placed in both the Kentucky and U.S. capitol buildings.

In 1873, Jackson performed an autopsy and cut his finger. The wound became infected and he fell severely ill. Although he recovered from this injury, Jackson’s health remained delicate, and he soon contracted tuberculosis. To battle the disease, Jackson sought medical advice from renowned colleagues across the country and traveled to warmer climates and hot springs. His health, however, deteriorated. One who knew him wrote, “During his last illness he weighed his own case as carefully and with the same clearness that he would have exhibited at the bed of a stranger.” Another called him “a silent, heroic, noble sufferer.”

Jackson died on December 8, 1875, while in a “paroxysm of coughing.” Never married, he was instead, as one biographer noted, “devoted to his profession.” Upon his passing, the president of the Kentucky State Medical Society called Jackson’s death “an irreparable loss,” and added that “He was one of the most gifted medical men the state has ever produced.” Medical societies across the state passed resolutions mourning his demise. A tribute noted that “one of the most brilliant and promising physicians of the continent paid the penalty of his life to his utter self-sacrificing devotion to his profession.” Another resolution called his death “a public calamity of no ordinary character, and as leaving a chasm that will not soon be supplied.” After a simple ceremony, Jackson was buried in Danville.

At the time of his death, Jackson was forty-one years old. In those years, he strove to improve himself and the medical community. Completely dedicated to his profession, he saw the importance of commemorating the legacy of one who had practiced before him. Sadly, just as Ephraim McDowell was once forgotten, today the life and legacy of Dr. John D. Jackson remain lost to history and public memory.

About the Author
Stuart W. Sanders is the author of *Perryville Under Fire: The Aftermath of Kentucky’s Largest Civil War Battle*, recently published by The History Press.
In 1897 the then newly published Marquess of Queensberry Rules revised boxing’s code of regulations to bring a sense of sportsmanship, fair play, and respectability to the sport. It states, “You must not fight simply to win; no holds barred is not the way; you must win by the rules.” All’s fair in love and war, yet boxing is neither, despite the inherent savagery.

Sports are a microcosm of human civilization. It dramatizes the vices and virtues of a society’s primary self-interest that often engages in competition. Sportsmanship codes of conduct’s explicit correlation to ethics and morality implies that they are not about who wins or who loses but address the rules of engagement and to establish a measure of objectivity for a chance at victory. In reality, the out-of-bounds lines move, the referee is a member of the opposition, and the level playing field is a minefield.

Codes of conduct in the form of law were at the forefront of daily life for the then called “Negroes” in America during the 1950s and ’60s. This is the stage in which young Cassius Clay of Louisville, Kentucky, comes of age. The era’s civil rights movement was a loud echo of the deadly explosion that was the United States Civil War. The war, lead by President Abraham Lincoln, a beloved figure for some, despised by many, defined the true ethical and moral identity of this country. Exactly one hundred years later the identical unresolved issues of race and war would resurface as integral factors in the life of Muhammad Ali.
Akin to the relatively young America, Muhammad Ali's journey would be one fueled by youthful exuberance filled with the passion and the knowledge that anything was possible. Also like the country, he proceeded on a bold and daring quest, filled with unbowed imperfection. It should come as no surprise to Americans who say that this is the greatest country in the world, that one of its citizens also claims to be the greatest. Ali backed up this proclamation with his fists and a declaration of independence in his heart.

The legend of Muhammad Ali is not just an American dream; his is great mythology for all time. This is David and Goliath, with Jim Crow, Sonny Liston, the U.S. military, and George Foreman sharing the latter role.

In his seminal work "The Hero with a Thousand Faces," Joseph Campbell states, "The standard path of the mythological adventure of the hero is a magnification of the formula represented in the rites of passage: separation-initiation-return ... A hero ventures forth from the world of common day into a region of supernatural wonder; fabulous forces are there encountered and a decisive victory is won; the hero comes back from this mysterious adventure with the power to bestow boons on his fellow man." All of these characteristics are found in the narrative of Ali's life. Ali's sagacious corner man Bundini Brown said it best when describing this larger-than-life tale in Leon Gast's 1978 documentary "When We Were Kings": "The Brown said it best when describing this larger-than-life tale in Leon Gast's 1978 documentary "When We Were Kings": "The king is going home to get his throne. From the root to the fruit, that's where everything started at. This is God's act, and you are part of it. This is no Hollywood set, this is real. Hollywood come in and take these kind of scenes and set 'em up, have somebody in the movies playing his life. This is real. We don't pick up a script. We get up in the morning feeling tired. Sometimes we feel good, sometimes bad, but we go through it with feeling. Muhammad Ali was born to do it."

Cassius Marcellus Clay Jr. was born January 17, 1942 in Louisville, Kentucky, to parents Odessa Grady and Cassius Clay Sr. His path began with a healthy balance of nature and nurture. He inherited his personality, as much as you can inherit a personality as distinctive as his, from his parents. His lighthearted charm came from his mother with a sense of right and wrong instilled by her Baptist beliefs. The garishness came from his father, who could easily out-talk his son. The zeitgeist of segregation and oppression in America were also shaping his outlook on life. Fourteen-year-old Emmitt Till was six months older than Cassius Clay when he was murdered in 1955. The vulgar savagery of this homicide coupled with the acquittal of the defendants sent the strongest of messages through the collective psyche of the Negro community. Everyone understood the implications but everyone was not terrorized.

The young Clay's first test would be the same as many yet to come, vanquishing opponents. Those early days are well known folklore in Louisville. As an enraged 12-year-old he was ready to fight when someone stole his bicycle. Looking for help he found Joe Martin, a retired policeman. Under Martin's tutorage the young boy made a commitment to boxing. Training became an integral part of Ali's life as he'd often jogged to school rather than ride the bus. The conditioning paid off in 1959 when he became the National AAU and the National Golden Gloves champion. The victories paved the way for the biggest amateur spotlight, the 1960 summer Olympics when Ali would enter the world stage.

So when in Rome do as the Romans do. Even his Roman forename "Cassius Marcellus" was an indicator of the triumph to come. He conquered not only the light-heavyweight gold medal in the ring but equally captivated the world's attention as the 18-year-old was the beguiler of the Olympic village. His outsized boast of greatness and disarming manner enchanted his fellow Olympians as well as the worldwide media. This event would be the first of several coronations whether decreed by others or conferred on himself. They had no way of knowing at the time that he would live up to it all.

After the victory parades, this pied piper of self-promotion was ready for his professional debut. Backed by the local businessmen known as the Louisville Sponsoring Group and guided by his new corner man Angelo Dundee, Clay proceeded on a trek to become the heavyweight champion, a goal that he stated loudly and often.

Clay was built like da Vinci's "Vitruvian Man" 6' 3", 192 pounds with an 80-inch reach, and the speed and agility attributed to smaller fighters. Another dimension that would be later lampooned by entertainer Dean Martin was his 21-inch tongue, for all the mouthing off he did. Now known as the "Louisville Lip," Clay played the part of the villain you loved to hate. He was inspired by the showmanship of pro wrestler Gorgeous George whose "glamour boy" buffoonery sent crowds into a spiteful frenzy, all the while filling the seats.

The press, always hungry for copy, flocked to his side and he dished it out as fast as they could write it. Picking the round that he would secure victory and ad-libbing poetry set the stage for the upcoming drama. Despite the hype, the most impressive theatrics took place in the ring.

Instead of keeping his hands up for defense, Clay kept his guard dangerously low, relying on cobra-like reflexes to slip punches that would end in disaster for a normal man. This display of unorthodoxy had its foundation in his fabulous footwork. Moving side-to-side while up on his toes, bobbing, weaving, and even knocking down fighters while he was moving backward. The early opposition had no idea that they were just dance partners in this pas de deux. His signature "shuffle" would paralyze opponents and thrill audiences eager for more. Clay and Bundini Brown righteously trumpeted such grandiose theatrics with the bombastic chant, "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee, your hands can't hit what your eyes can't see. Rumble young man rumble!"
With an undefeated record of 19-0, his dream to become the youngest heavyweight champion was at hand. Prize-fighting’s heavyweight championship is the pinnacle of all American sports; no other title even comes close. In 1964, Clay mercilessly, and many thought foolishly, teased the guardian to this vaulted domain, nicknaming him “the big ugly bear.” Reigning champion Sonny Liston had the reputation of Godzilla, devouring opponents at will. He had a clubbing jab, and a devastating left hook. More than one opponent was so completely demolished that they collapsed outside the ring. Liston was an ex-convict who learned to box while in prison. His record was 35-1 (24 KOs) with thirteen of the previous fourteen bouts ending by knockout or technical knockout. The vast majority of sportswriters and fans predicted an early and easy win for Liston.

Before the fight Clay’s antics were on full display for a national audience. Reciting a poetic duet with entertainer Liberace as a guest on game shows and quoted in countless print articles, he predicted a “total eclipse of the Sonny.” During the weigh-in some thought his exuberance bordered on mental instability. Many fans looked forward to Liston shutting Clay’s big mouth. The next day, February 25, 1964, the fight was on.

Brimming with confidence and primed for the task at hand Clay methodically dismantled Liston. His agility made Liston look slow and clumsy. Clay continually peppered Liston with jabs and combinations until the fourth and fifth rounds when he complained to Angelo Dundee that there was something burning in his eyes. Wisely he kept his distance, then poured on the pressure in the sixth round. When the bell sounded to start the seventh round, Liston did not come off his stool, claiming a shoulder injury. Shockingly to all it was over. Cassius Clay became the youngest person to claim the heavyweight championship, a title he would hold for twenty-two years.

Celebrating with hands raised and dancing his shuffle, Clay chastised all skeptics, brazenly gesturing at those who doubted his superiority over Liston. With his mouth agape for the cameras he bellowed, “I am King of the world, I shook up the world, I am a bad man, I must be the greatest.” Standing next to him during this bellicose spectacle was Joe Louis, the champion of the previous generation. He stood by totally bemused and stupefied.

The 20th century will be noted for the proliferation of celebrities, the advent of jet-setting travel, satellite television, photography-laden magazines, and a diversity of newsprint easily disseminating the day’s events to a worldwide audience. Clay’s next metamorphosis would bare the full brunt of media attention and call into question the true resilience of the clowning loudmouth who dared be called king.
Cassius Clay wasted no time in continuing to shake up the world. The day after becoming champion he held a press conference announcing his conversion to Islam and his alliance with the Nation of Islam. To embrace this new identity he declared that he should now be addressed by his new name Cassius X. The Nation of Islam’s members used the X to symbolize their unknown name and lost heritage of the African diaspora during slavery. Their principal spokesman, and close friend of Cassius was Malcolm X, an eloquent orator whose words even gave his detractors pause. The leader of the Nation of Islam was the perspicacious Honorable Elijah Muhammad. He conferred the boxer with a new name, Muhammad Ali. Muhammad Ali would later state that Cassius Clay was his "slave name" and that "Changing my name was one of the most important decisions in my life; it freed me from an identity given to my family by its masters." Ironically he made this statement with full knowledge that its origin was from Cassius Marcellus Clay (1810–1903) the mercurial Kentucky politician know as the “Lion of Whitehall” who was derided for his fierce opposition to slavery.

Most of the American public found the Nation of Islam’s blatant scorn for American society intolerable. Despite having significant support in the urban black communities, Malcolm X and the Nation of Islam’s methodology were diametrically opposed to the exemplars of the civil rights movement at that time. Black sports figures of the previous generation, most notably Jackie Robinson and Joe Louis, suffered the indignities of racism at the height of their popularity. Both were restrained, and did not combat racism with a confrontational attitude. Their conduct would not produce a fraction of the outrage that would be unleashed on Ali.

Ali’s personal transformation paralleled the myriad events redefining the ethos of the United States in the 1960s. The Cold War against the Soviet Union, the civil rights movement at home, and the Vietnam War abroad were the major catalysts fueling tremendous political and social upheaval. The deep divisions in sentiment created an animosity that can be clearly illustrated in excerpts of speeches made by two of its most adamant critics during the summer of 1964.

On June 28 Malcolm X addressed his newly formed Organization of Afro-American Unity with the following: “We declare our right on this earth ... to be a human being, to be respected as a human being, to be given the rights of a human being in this society, on this earth, in this day, which we intend to bring into existence by any means necessary.”

Eighteen days later on July 16, Barry Goldwater stated in his acceptance speech at the Republican National Convention: “I would remind you that extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice. And let me remind you also that moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue.”

Malcolm X and Goldwater’s statements on the surface sound as if they have a commonality but, the only definitive point of agreement these polarizing figures shared was the Machiavellian notion that the end justifies the means.

Ali’s unfathomable win over Liston and his conversion to Islam where a double debacle for the press and the public. Muhammad Ali was not only his new name but his new temperament. No longer was he playing the role of court jester. Ali stood erect, often dressed in a dark suit with a bow tie; dignified yet defiant. His stance put him at odds with those who merely tolerated him before. Many cast aspersions upon him or would inflict further insult by refusing to address him by his new moniker. One person who did respect the change was legendary sportscaster Howard Cosell. The two would go on to share an ebullient symbiotic relationship that over time helped soften the public image of Ali.

The turmoil surrounding the Nation of Islam was not exclusively external. In March of 1964, Malcolm X announced that he was leaving the group but not the religion. The break caused Ali to align himself with the founder Elijah Muhammad, and to dismiss his former mentor and friend. Nine months later Malcolm X would be assassinated. Three Nation of Islam members were convicted of the crime. Ali expressed no remorse at the time, and would go on to replace Malcolm as the organization’s most well-known protagonist. In his 2004 book The Soul of a Butterfly co-written with his daughter Hana Yasmeen Ali, Ali stated, “Turning my back on Malcolm was one of the mistakes that I regret most in my life. I wish I’d been able to tell Malcolm I was sorry and that he was right about so many things ... He was a visionary ahead of us all.”

A 1965 rematch with Liston would be the champion’s first title defense. Trying to secure a location proved difficult due to the loathing of Ali and rumored threats of violence. The promoter eventually booked the fight in the most unlikely of places, the small town of Lewistown, Maine. For the second time, most in attendance cheered for Liston and he was the odds-on favorite. Ali, the champion, entered the ring to resounding boos. The redemption Liston and Ali’s detractors were hoping for wasn’t to be. Midway through the first round Liston threw a long left jab to the head and in a flash Ali countered with an over top right that sent Liston to the canvas. Many observers did not see this phantom punch, and it looked as if Liston had taken a dive. Standing as stunned as everyone else in the arena, Ali was filled with emotion and stood over Liston gesturing and telling Liston...
to get up and fight. That very instant Life magazine photographer Neil Leifer immortalized the dramatic moment with a shot that would become one of the greatest sports photos in history. Muhammad Ali later joked that his “anchor punch” was clocked at four one hundredths of a second, which is faster than the blink of an eye. He claimed that at the very moment he hit Sonny Liston everyone in the arena blinked, that’s why they missed it.

Ali’s battle with Liston was not the only fight in the news. One month prior, in April of 1965 President Johnson ordered 60,000 soldiers deployed to the escalating war in Vietnam. This was the first substantial proliferation of ground troops since the United States first sent military advisors in 1955. The war and subsequent drafting of young men was much in debate, especially on the country’s college campuses. Ali, as required by law, registered with the Selective Service System in 1960. After examination in March 1964, he was classified “1-Y” meaning he was not qualified for induction into armed forces. Ali attributed his failure to poor reading and mathematics comprehension. However, by February 1966, due to the demands for increased manpower, the military lowered the eligibility requirements and Ali was reclassified “1-A,” fit for duty.

By the mid-1960s growing opposition to war had taken root. Public demonstrations against the draft, symbolized by the burning of draft cards, epitomized the discontentment with the United States’ involvement in Vietnam. Under the guidance of Elijah Muhammad (who also refused to be drafted, and subsequently served four years in prison on charges of sedition when commanding his congregants not to serve in the armed forces), Ali made it clear that he would not be drafted due to his religious beliefs. His brazen statements, most notably, “I ain’t got no quarrel with them Viet Cong...They never called me nigger,” set off a firestorm of criticism and inflamed the general public’s hatred of him.

This recalcitrance was an unprecedented act for someone of his stature. During WWII boxers Joe Louis and Sugar Ray Robinson and baseball player Jackie Robinson saw no actual combat. Louis and Robinson were placed in the army’s Special Services Division performing exhibition bouts. Joe Louis was even awarded the Legion of Merit medal for “incalculable contribution to the general morale” albeit under the ignominious rule of a racially segregated military.

Muhammad Ali concluded his career with 56 wins (37 knockouts, 19 decisions) and 5 losses (4 decisions and 1 TKO.) Ali defeated Sonny Liston each time they faced off in the ring.

Photo courtesy of the Library of Congress
Once Ali officially refused to be drafted, the backlash was swift and unrelenting. The World Boxing Association stripped him of his heavyweight title, several state athletic commissions denied him a license to box, the FBI put him under surveillance, and his passport was invalidated. On June 20, 1967, Ali was sentenced to five years in prison and fined $10,000. He was immediately released on appeal.

No longer was Muhammad Ali’s career and utterances just barbershop talk. Now, men of power and influence were piling on. Ronald Reagan, then governor of California said, “That draft dodger will never fight in my state, period.” The chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, L. Mendel Rivers of South Carolina (who was against the 1948 integration of the armed services and all civil and voting rights legislation) promised to “raise hell” if Clay were deferred. While the majority of the press vilified him, a few sports writers including Howard Cosell, did regularly catch hell for showing any sign of respect to Ali or affinity for his cause. They were regularly threatened and harassed.

In a 1967 interview with Sports Illustrated Ali was quoted saying, “I’m giving up my title, my wealth, maybe my future. Many great men have been tested for their religious beliefs. If I pass this test, I’ll come out stronger than ever.” It would be three and a half years before the U.S. Supreme Court overturned his conviction. By that time the public’s sentiment had moved in Ali’s direction. Those attitudes were strongly influenced by the growing death toll in Vietnam, the calamitous assassinations of Dr. Martin Luther King and Senator Robert Kennedy, as well as President Johnson’s signing of the 1968 voting rights act. By this time Ali had become a veteran for the struggle for liberty in America and was seen as a symbol of strength and fortitude.

Ali was right in that his clash with the government would cost him. During his forced exile he could not sustain himself financially and took to public speaking and endorsing products to make a living. Yet, the most fundamental of his losses was that of time. All athletes have a relatively brief window when their body and mind are so harmonious that their efforts seem to defy space and time. In professional sports time is measured in milliseconds. In baseball a millisecond can result in a strikeout, in boxing you get caught by Joe Frazier’s nuclear left hook.

After his return to the ring Ali continued to shake up the world. He and Frazier would go on to star in a trilogy of bouts. So dramatic were two of these contests that they needed titles, 1971’s “Fight of the Century” and 1975’s “Thrilla in Manila.” The latter was so brutal Ali described it as, “The closest thing to dying.” In 1974’s “Rumble in the Jungle” Ali reprised his role as the doomed underdog, this time with George Foreman as Liston’s understudy. So devastating was the loss for Foreman that this time, it was the other guy who found religion.
In all, Ali would go on to lose and then regain the heavyweight title an unprecedented three times. While the numeric aspects of Ali’s illustrious athletic career are spectacular, his raison d’être was his authentic libertarian heroism. A transformational saga that took him from the sports page to the front page and elevated him into the status of legend.

Time has healed most of the wounded, and what was a revolution in the heat of the moment today reveals an evolution that is still unfolding. His 1996 lighting of the Olympic torch was a moving enthronement, establishing him as an elder statesman of the world. Now as the lion in winter, Ali bravely contends with the effects of Parkinson’s disease with the same unabashed courage he used in the ring. With the support of his wife Lonnie and legions of admirers, he is still making headlines and still ready to rumble.

About the Author

John Faulkner is the former community relations manager at the Muhammad Ali Center in Louisville, Kentucky. He is also an artist, photographer, lecturer.

Muhammad Ali defeated every top heavyweight boxer in his era, which has been often referred to as the golden age of heavyweight boxing. He is an inductee into the International Boxing Hall of Fame and holds wins over seven other Hall of Fame inductees.
The world is divided into two kinds of people, those who rise with the sun and those who don’t. The morning folks cornered the world market on worms centuries ago, and have the best PR staff in the business. Early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise — oh, their press releases go on and on.

Personally, I don’t think I’ve ever seen the sun come up. Oh, maybe in my youth when I pulled colicky babies through the night, but I lived in Ashland then, in a hilly forest cut off from the rest of the natural world by industrial smog. Like the monuments at Stonehenge, smokestacks circled my house in the woods. It would be night, and then morning, but the light arrived in the sky without a splash of poetry.

I’ve also driven family members to the hospital at the crack of dawn for early a.m. surgeries, but in my memory it was always sleeting. The sun got out of bed reluctantly, like me, on those mornings, incognito in a raincoat and galoshes.

I confess that I enjoy sleeping through the sun’s salutation, and when I rise, I touch the new day gently, like fragile stemware that will shatter if I grasp it with too much enthusiasm. I do not speak to others. I wiggle my toes to make sure I’m still alive. I look at my husband to make sure he is still alive. (Our mutual aversion to sunrises may have contributed to the longevity of our marriage.) I stagger to the kitchen like Dolly Parton to pour myself a cup of ambition. One cup. Two cups. Sometimes three. You cannot have too much caffeine in the morning in my opinion. I read the newspaper in silence, word for word, from the back section to the front, and update my worry list about the world.

With that arduous task behind me, I drink a Diet Pepsi. I repeat — you cannot consume too much caffeine in the morning in my opinion. I shower and dress. On a really good day, though, now that I’m old and retired, I sit down at the computer to think and write, and don’t dress until lunchtime.

The problem with being a slow starter is that the morning people think you are more decadent than you are. When they pop by at noon and find you in your bathrobe, they jump to the conclusion that you’ve succumbed to drugs or alcohol, and stage an intervention.

My mother, bless her, was a morning person. Late in her life, she was fond of calling me at 8 a.m. to recite the long list of chores she’d accomplished that day — getting around on a walker, mind you. Then she would ask in a maleficent voice that managed to sound cheery and innocent, “What have you done today?”

We late-starters get no points for polishing the silver at 11 p.m. or writing a novel at midnight. Never mind that our list of life accomplishments equals that of most others, that we manage to raise children, put food on the table and cash in the bank. We don’t get it done soon after daybreak — so it isn’t quite virtuous.

Sigh. It’s our dang DNA, scientists now say. A lack of pep and gusto in the early morning, researchers have concluded, is wired into our biological hard drive. Even my mother conceded that I cried most of the night when she brought me home from the hospital, and then slept much of my first day at home. I have no memories, either, of being one of those annoying toddlers who get up before the rest of the household to dump boxes of cereal onto the middle of the kitchen floor. No, they always had to shake me awake when it was time to get going on another day.

I’m left now with a haunting image of my primeval ancestor staying up late into the night to skin and prep the game some early bird dragged back to the cave at sunrise and dumped on her bear skin bed. I’m sure she got no credit, no none at all, for her contributions to the tribe’s survival.

Unless — could it be — she discovered that wishes made on the “first star I see tonight” come true?

Could she have been the first person to see the cow jump over the moon, or to sing “Twinkle, twinkle little star …” and shush the babes to sleep?

Could it be that our circadian rhythm does not define our character?

Could it be that Ben Franklin wasn’t as smart as he thought he was?

About the Author

Georgia Green Stamper is a seventh generation Kentuckian. A graduate of Transylvania University, Stamper is a former high school English and theater teacher and speech team coach. Her work has been published in the literary anthologies New Growth, Tobacco, Daughters of the Land, Motif I & II, and The Journal of Kentucky Studies. She writes a bi-weekly column, “Georgia: On My Mind,” for The Owenton News-Herald. She has been a regular commentator for NPR member station WUKY affiliated with the University of Kentucky and a popular member of the Kentucky Humanities Council’s Speakers Bureau.
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