

Kentucky

Fall 2014
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Honoring Kentucky Veterans



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Lindsey Wilson Theatre

2014-15 Season

Fall

***Proof* by David Auburn**

Oct. 29, 30, 31 – 7 p.m.

Nov. 2 – 2 p.m.

V.P. Henry Auditorium

The Pulitzer Prize-winning play about a troubled young woman who is forced to deal with the aftermath of the death of her brilliant but unstable father as well as her own uncertain future.

***Stuart Little* (Children's Theatre)**

Nov. 13 – 7 p.m.

V.P. Henry Auditorium

Based on the classic children's novel by E. B. White.

A Christmas Carol

Nov. 21, 22 – 7 p.m.

Nov. 23 – 2 p.m.

Dec. 3, 4, 5 – 7 p.m.

V.P. Henry Auditorium

Brimful of gorgeous songs and carols, this sumptuous production of Charles Dickens' novella of redemption and reclamation will not fail to delight and awaken the spirit of the holidays in every heart.

Spring

***The Book of Revelation:* A Multi-media Dramatization**

Performed by Robert Brock
7 p.m. March 26, 2 p.m. March 29
V.P. Henry Auditorium

An Evening of One-Acts

Student-Directed Plays

April 9, 10 – 7 p.m.

V.P. Henry Auditorium

Julius Caesar

by William Shakespeare

April 22, 23, 24 – 7 p.m.

April 26 – 2 p.m.

V.P. Henry Auditorium

Shakespeare's political thriller of brutal assassination, envious conspiracy and over-reaching pride resonates in the 21st century.

New Play Readings

New Works from LWC's Playwriting Class

April 27, 28 – 7 p.m.

V.P. Henry Auditorium

Original works written by LWC theatre students.

Plays Performed at V.P. Henry Auditorium

All times Central.

Robert Brock, Artistic Director

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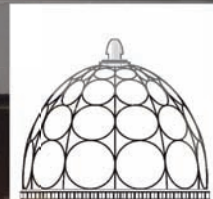
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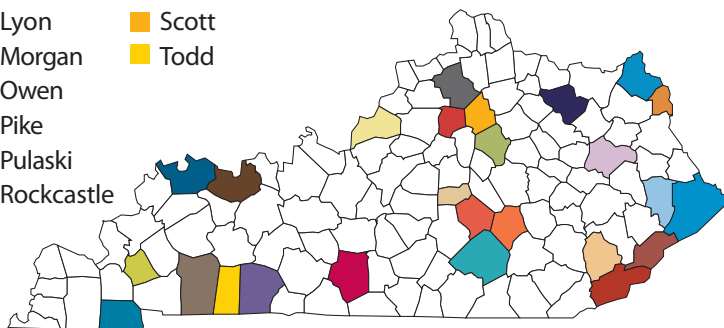
A Band of Brothers & Sisters

The Patriotic Osborne Family of Floyd County

By James M. Gifford

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| ■ Christian | ■ Jefferson | ■ Pulaski | |
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| ■ Fleming | ■ Lincoln | | |
| ■ Floyd | ■ Logan | | |



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Kentucky Heroes

Each November we are designated a day in which we honor those who have valiantly served our country — Veterans Day. While these brave men and women deserve our utmost gratitude and appreciation each and every day, Veterans Day serves as a reminder of the sacrifices they make protecting our freedom. This issue of *Kentucky Humanities* magazine is dedicated to all Kentucky veterans. We are grateful for your service.

Included in this issue are the stories of many veterans throughout Kentucky's history. James Gifford tells the story of the Osborne family of Floyd County on page 23. Military service was a family affair for the Osbornes, with family members serving in various capacities during World War II, as well as the Vietnam and Korean wars.

In a new book published by the University Press of Kentucky, David J. Betetz shares the story of the development of the modern United States Marine Corps. *Kentucky Marine* tells of the contributions of Kentucky's Major General Logan Feland, whose leadership and military expertise helped establish the Marine Corps' reputation in warfare and search-and-rescue missions. We share an excerpt beginning on page 10.

The War of 1812, sometimes referred to as Kentucky's second war for independence, is often overlooked in history. George C. Herring tells of the involvement of one of Kentucky's great patriots, Henry Clay. Clay was vital to the peace talks and the eventual treaty reached in Ghent, putting an end to the War of 1812. Read Herring's article on page 19.

Lastly, I would be remiss if I didn't take a moment to issue my deep appreciation to the Honorable Order of Kentucky Colonels for their continuous support of the Kentucky Humanities Council and our programs. The Colonels do tremendous work throughout the Commonwealth, and we are grateful to be included among the many organizations they support.

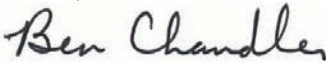
We hope that you enjoy this issue of *Kentucky Humanities* and the stories we share. We want to hear stories about your Kentucky veteran as well. If you have a story to share, please contact our magazine editor, Marianne Stoess, Marianne.Stoess@uky.edu.



Ben Chandler

Executive Director

Kentucky Humanities Council



THANK YOU KENTUCKY COLONELS

We are grateful for the generosity of the Honorable Order of Kentucky Colonels. Their continuous support of the Council's programs allow us to bring humanities programs to communities throughout the Commonwealth.



**Thank you for joining us in
Telling Kentucky's Story!**



Yes, they too were Kentuckians

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

Presley O'Bannon

By James C. Claypool

1776-1850 • Logan County, Kentucky

“Yes sir, tell President Jefferson the marines can get the job done.”

*— First Lieutenant Presley O'Bannon
United States Marine Corps*

“**F**rom the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli” — those familiar opening lines of “The Marine Corps Hymn” would not have been written had Presley O'Bannon not been ordered to lead the marine expeditionary force that defeated the Barbary pirates in 1805 in Tripoli. Presley Neville O'Bannon was born in Virginia in 1776 and entered the United States Marine Corps as a second lieutenant on January 18, 1801. He served two tours of duty in the Mediterranean, where he witnessed the continuous threats to western shipping from the Barbary pirates. While serving on one of these tours he was promoted to first lieutenant. By 1802, twelve American ships had been captured by the pirates, their goods seized and the American crews shackled and cast into slavery. The U.S. Congress had authorized construction of six frigates in 1794 (the birth of the American navy) to deal with the problem, but the pirates were wily and difficult to catch since they could slip into safe havens all along the North African Coast. After his election in 1801, President Thomas Jefferson declared the need to protect American shipping from the Barbary pirates a high priority.

In 1805, General William Eaton asked Jefferson to give him one hundred men to deal with the problem, but when none were made available, Eaton turned to Marine First Lieutenant Presley O'Bannon instead. O'Bannon was placed in command of a contingent of seven marines and four hundred mercenaries. The force left Egypt in April 1805 and began an arduous three-week, six-hundred-mile trek across the searing sands of the North African desert toward the Barbary pirates' fortified

stronghold at Derne in Tripoli. After arriving there, and upon encountering stiff resistance from the city's defenders, O'Bannon led a bayonet charge on the enemy's citadel, and the bastion was taken on April 27. O'Bannon and his command stubbornly held the city against repeated attacks by the army of Tripoli until a treaty was signed in June 1805 ending the war.

“The Hero of Derne,” as O'Bannon would come to be known, was awarded a jeweled Mameluke sword for his heroic acts by Hamet Karamanli, the legitimate sultan of Tripoli. The sword worn by all marine officers today is a replica of O'Bannon's original. The flag O'Bannon's command raised at Derne is believed to be the first American battle flag ever raised on foreign soil. Also, since marines during these times wore leather collars to protect themselves against sword slashes when boarding hostile ships, military personnel serving in the marine corps would come to be known as “leathernecks.”

O'Bannon retired from the marine corps in 1807, after which he served two years as a captain in the U.S. Army. His regiment was disbanded in 1809, and he moved to Russellville, Kentucky, to join his mother, who had earlier moved there. He later served four terms in the Kentucky House of Representatives and two terms in the Kentucky Senate. O'Bannon died on September 12, 1850, and is buried atop a knoll in a cemetery in Frankfort, Kentucky, far, far away from the shores of Tripoli.

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.



Two new members elected to Kentucky Humanities Council Board



W. David Denton

W. David Denton and Phillip R. Patton were elected to the Kentucky Humanities Council board of directors at the April, 2014 Board Meeting. They will both serve a three-year term, with a second three-year term optional. As members of the twenty-three-person volunteer board of directors, Denton and Patton 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.

W. David Denton has been actively involved in the practice and management of the highly respected firm of Denton & Keuler in Paducah, Kentucky, for more than a quarter century. Beginning with a background in municipal and governmental law, the firm of Denton & Keuler has grown to include an array of banking, utilities, insurance, health care, and industrial clients.

With deep roots in Paducah, Denton is a tireless proponent of local programs as well as a dedicated participant in professional organizations. He has served as Special Justice for the Kentucky Supreme Court and is a Life Fellow of the Kentucky Bar Foundation.

Denton earned a bachelor's degree from Murray State University, and went on to earn a juris doctorate from the University of Kentucky.

Judge Phillip R. Patton has served as Circuit Judge for the 43rd Judicial Circuit of Barren and Metcalfe counties since December 2001. Judge Patton is Vice-Chief Regional Judge for the Green River Region.

Prior to becoming judge, Patton served as the Commonwealth's Attorney for eight years and as president of the Commonwealth's Attorneys Association. As Commonwealth's Attorney, he was an instructor for the Kentucky Prosecutor's Institute and the American Prosecutor's Research Institute where he taught on the prosecution of child sexual abuse cases. Patton was given the Outstanding Commonwealth's Attorney Award by the Attorney General in 1999. He received the Redford Outstanding Achievement Award from his fellow prosecutors in 1996 and 2001.

In 2004, Judge Patton started a drug court program with a grant from the United Way. Patton received the Outstanding Citizen Award at the Glasgow/Barren County Chamber of Commerce banquet in 2010 for his success with the program.

Patton obtained bachelor's, master's, and juris doctorate degrees from the University of Kentucky.



Phillip R. Patton



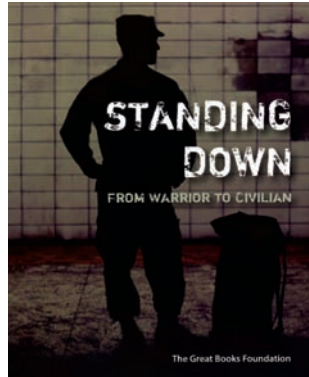
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Talking Service

The National Endowment for the Humanities has offered state humanities councils funding to host humanities-based programming that supports and recognizes military veterans. The Kentucky Humanities Council is participating in a reading and discussion program called "Talking Service," developed by the New York Council for the Humanities in partnership with the Great Books Foundation. The program uses a compilation of readings, essays, and poetry entitled *Standing Down: From Warrior to Civilian*.



This program is designed to bring 15-20 veterans together, of their own accord, to read passages from the book and have an open-ended discussion to get veterans talking about their service. Critical to this effort is to conduct this reading and discussion program in a safe environment. The discussion will be led by a scholar who is also a veteran of military service. The four sites hosting the reading and discussion programs in Kentucky are:

Veterans Upward Bound Program at Western Kentucky University, Bowling Green

October 23-November 13 • 5:30-7:30 p.m.

Dr. Gary Lynn Villereal, Western Kentucky University Associate Professor of Social Work and Vietnam veteran will lead the discussion.

For registration information contact Beth England, 270.745.5024 or Veterans.Upward.Bound@WKU.edu.

Fort Campbell Chapter Association of the United State Army, Fort Campbell

November 12-December 10 • 6-8 p.m.

John Morris, law student and Desert Storm veteran will lead the discussion.

For registration information contact Sheryl Ellis, 270.887.3255 or sellis@kentuckynewera.com.

Fort Knox

October 29-November 19 • 11 a.m.-1 p.m.

Don Whitfield, Vice President Great Books Foundation and Vietnam veteran will lead the discussion.

For registration information contact SFAC Director, Isadora O. Ewing at isadora.o.ewing.civ@mail.mil or 502.624.4355/4761.

The Catholic Action Center, Lexington

(this program will be specifically designed for homeless Veterans)

November 3-November 24 • 5-7 p.m.

Dr. Richard Jeffries, University of Kentucky Professor of Anthropology and Vietnam veteran will lead the discussion.

For registration information contact 859.514.7210 or caclex2000@gmail.com.

Six New Kentucky Chautauqua® Dramas Selected

Kentucky Chautauqua auditions were held on Friday, June 13th. Nineteen applicants were selected to perform a 5-minute audition followed by a 10-minute question and answer session with our selection panel.

From those who auditioned, the following six dramas were selected:

Aunt Molly Jackson

Portrayed by Anne Shelby

Jemima Boone Calloway

Portrayed by Betsy Smith

Alice Dunnigan

Portrayed by Nieta Wigginton

Jefferson Davis

Portrayed by Kevin Hardesty

Madeline McDowell Breckinridge

Portrayed by Kelly Brengelman

The Carlisle Brothers

Portrayed by Gregory Breeding & Martin Harley

We are excited to welcome these new members to our cast. They are scheduled to begin performing in August 2015.

In Search of the Humanities

Asking the Right Questions

By James Duane Bolin

Sometimes I have it all wrong in my university history classroom. I ask the questions; my students answer the questions that I pose. Correctly, I hope. I want them to get the right answers in classroom discussions or on course examinations. What I should concentrate more on, perhaps, are the questions that they ask. Are my students, after all, asking the right questions?

There is a *New Yorker* cartoon that shows two preschoolers playing together in a sandbox. Amid the dump trucks and shovels and sand pails one child turns to the other and says, “I don’t know all the answers, but I’m beginning to ask the right questions.” We seem to ask a lot of questions. Many questions are asked of us. And that’s how it should be. Questions constantly swirl all around us.

Every day we ask scores of mundane questions. “What will I wear today?” “What’s for lunch?” “What book shall I read?” “What time is that appointment today?”

From time to time, however, we take the time and summon the energy to ask more searching, more profound, questions, questions about the ultimate meaning of life. In his book, *Long Journey Home: A Guide to Your Search for the Meaning of Life*, Os Guinness wrote that “unique among living species, human life is aware of itself, yet we find ourselves in a world that doesn’t explain itself. So we’re impelled to ask why things are as they are and how we fit in.”

Guinness quotes “the four big questions of life around which we circle,” asked by Immanuel Kant, whom he calls the “greatest of the Enlightenment philosophers”: “What can we know? What must we do?” “What can we hope for? What is man?”

The French postimpressionist painter Paul Gauguin dwindled the essential questions down to three: “Where do we come from? What are we? Where are we going?” The literary critic George Steiner contended that the ability to ask questions is what sets us apart from the lower creatures. “More than homo sapiens,” he wrote, “we are homo quarerens, the animal that asks and asks.”

The theologian and philosopher Soren Kierkegaard asked these questions: “Where am I? Who am I? How did I come to be here? What is this thing called the world? How did I come into the world? Why was I not consulted? And if I am compelled to take part in it, where is the director?”

After Hitler had arrested him and while he awaited his execution, Dietrich Bonhoeffer struggled with his own identity. Before he was transferred to the main Gestapo prison in Berlin he wrote the poem, “Who Am I?” Bonhoeffer found that his public self was not the same as his private self.

When the aging, but still peripatetic Bob Dylan, his vocal chords shot, visited Murray State University for a concert during the spring semester, 2013, my wife and I had second-row seats. The most poignant moment of the concert came when the iconic musician sang “What Good Am I?”

Here is a man who has influenced not one generation, but generations of people, around the world. His performances have inspired, his songwriting will endure, his genius is transcendent. Yet, that evening he sang with a strong sense of humility the following lines:

*What good am I if I'm like all the rest
If I just turn away, when I see how you're dressed
If I shut myself off so I can't hear you cry
What good am I?*

*What good am I if I know and don't do
If I see and don't say, if I look right through you
If I turn a deaf ear to the thunderin' sky
What good am I?*

*What good am I if I say foolish things
And I laugh in the face of what sorrow brings
And I just turn my back while you silently die
What good am I?*

The animal that asks and asks. We continue to ask these deep and searching questions about ourselves, as we should, for as Socrates put it, the unexamined life is not worth living. A life without questions would make for an unexamined life. We continue to ask and ask.

And this is where the humanities come in. For the humanities — the best writing, the best music, the best painting, the best sculpture — teaches us to ask the right questions, and even shows us how women and men throughout human history have answered those questions for themselves.

And so with the humanities we live vicariously the lives of others, learning all the while more about ourselves. With the best of the artists, however, we do not have to live vicariously at all. And so in

Kentucky we turn to the best of them all, one of our own, to learn something important about ourselves. In “The Vacation,” Wendell Berry wrote:

*Once there was a man who filmed his vacation.
He went flying down the river in his boat
with his video camera to his eye, making
a moving picture of the moving river
upon which his sleek boat moved swiftly
toward the end of his vacation. He showed
his vacation to his camera, which pictured it,
preserving it forever: the river, the trees,
the sky, the light, the bow of his rushing boat
behind which he stood with his camera
preserving his vacation even as he was having it
so that after he had had it he would still
have it. It would be there. With a flick
of a switch, there it would be. But he
would not be in it. He would never be in it.*

Like the child in the sandbox — and having the humanities as my guide — I hope that I can at least begin to ask the right questions.

About the Author

James Duane Bolin teaches in the Department of History at Murray State University and serves on the Kentucky Humanities Council's Board of Directors.



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KENTUCKY MARINE

MAJOR GENERAL LOGAN FELAND AND
THE MAKING OF THE MODERN USMC

By David J. Bettez

Prologue

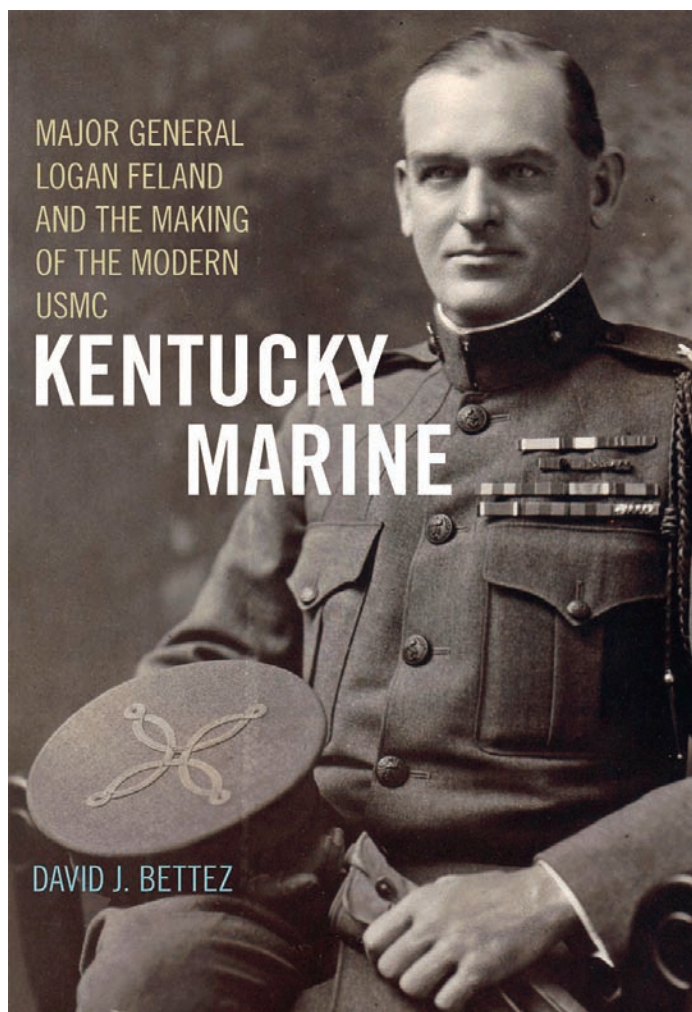
The Marine Corps general from Kentucky sat down at his desk and typed. He was sixty-one years old, brown-haired, blue-eyed, and, standing at five feet ten inches tall and weighing 160 pounds, had remained in fighting trim.

On the one hand, Logan Feland was a “Marine’s Marine”: tattooed, much decorated for bravery and leadership in World War I, a drinker, a smoker, and occasionally a cusser. He epitomized what the Marines called a “bushwhacker,” a veteran of several expeditions overseas. On the other hand, he was an MIT graduate, an admittedly intelligent man who had married a well-respected and refined soprano. He was comfortable in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, D.C., high society, dining with politicians, statesmen, and millionaires. He had recently commanded the Marine Corps in Nicaragua, where he had been described as “a powerful man.” A Nicaraguan caricature had portrayed the general with sharp features, a pointed nose, bushy eyebrows, and closed eyes.¹

The date was August 22, 1930. Nearing the end of a distinguished Marine Corps career spanning three decades, the general poured out his heart in lamentation. He had recently been informed that he would not achieve his goal of becoming Commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps. In a letter to his World War I commander and mentor James Harbord, the Kentucky Marine bitterly wrote: “I cannot help feeling deeply humiliated because it is true that I have been cast aside for one of the most worthless men we have ever had in the Corps. All of us know that. However, I am probably better off as it is, although I could have accomplished some good in Washington.”²

The general had much to be proud of. Having entered the Marine Corps at the turn of the twentieth century, he had campaigned around the world, far from his birthplace in Hopkinsville, Kentucky. He had proved his bravery during World War I in the most savage battle in the history of the Marine Corps: Belleau Wood. The Kentucky Marine had risen to become one of the Corps’s highest-ranked and best-regarded officers. Unfortunately, he was also approaching mandatory retirement age and had hoped to be named Commandant before ending his military career.

With his combination of field command and administrative experience, Logan Feland seemed a viable candidate for the Commandant’s position when the legendary Major General John Archer Lejeune announced his retirement in 1929. At that time, however, Major General Wendell “Buck” Neville trumped his claim to the slot. Having served under Neville during World



War I, Feland recognized the worthiness of the appointment. Unfortunately, Neville died only a year later, and jockeying for the Commandant’s position began again. In 1930 Feland and three other officers, including his archrival Major General Smedley Darlington Butler, vied to become Commandant. Both Feland and Butler were disappointed when the secretary of the navy appointed his former Naval Academy classmate, Brigadier General Ben Fuller, to succeed Neville. Hence Feland’s August 1930 lament that he had been passed over in favor of a less worthy officer. Despite his bitter disappointment, the general sent the new Commandant a congratulatory telegram.

This book is the story of that Kentucky Marine: Major General Logan Feland, USMC. Until now, his story remained largely untold, despite the fact that Feland was well known throughout Kentucky, the United States, and internationally in the 1920s. Since his death in 1936, however, Feland had been relegated to the “dustbin of history.”

1. See W. Ekin Birch to John Lejeune, August 9, 1936, reel 7, John Archer Lejeune Papers, MD, LOC, where Birch lumps together “Old Tony” Waller, Logan Feland, John A. “Johnny-the-Hard” Hughes, and Lejeune as “personifications of something the word ‘Marine’ meant.” Feland’s description is from Carleton Beals, *Banana Gold* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1932), 306. The caricature of Feland by “Torrealba” can be found in *Report of the Chairman, American Electoral Mission in Nicaragua, 1928*, Photographic Section, S4, box 17, Individual and Subject File, Francis White Papers, Herbert Hoover Presidential Library, West Branch IA.

2. Logan Feland to James Harbord, August 22, 1930, file F, James Harbord Papers, NYHS.

Much of the reason for this lack of attention rests in the man himself. Compared with his rival, Butler, Feland was a quiet figure. Butler, the son of a congressman and a two-time Medal of Honor recipient, was often the public face of Marine Corps publicity efforts in the 1920s. Feland kept a somewhat lower public profile, even though he was one of the Marine Corps's most highly decorated officers in World War I and, along with his wife, Katherine, consistently appeared in the social pages of the *Washington Post*. While Butler boosted public attention for the Marine Corps during the 1920s, Feland served in important command and administrative jobs that were at the heart of the postwar development of the Marine Corps.

In 1927 Commandant Lejeune faced a tough decision. When increasing agitation in Nicaragua and China required him to send Marine Brigades abroad, Lejeune chose then-Brigadier General Logan Feland for the most difficult and noteworthy task: commanding the hunt for Augusto Sandino in Nicaragua. In selecting Feland over Butler, Lejeune may have tacitly acknowledged which man was the more valuable Marine Corps general.

Despite failing to achieve his goal of becoming Commandant, Feland had an outstanding military career. He played a major role in the development of the modern Marine Corps—now known as the “Old Breed”—that served with distinction in World Wars I and II. During Feland's tenure, the Corps expanded exponentially in manpower, strength, and prestige. He was one of the first instructors and then a company commander in the Marines' new Advanced Base Force, which served as the forerunner of the amphibious assault force adopted before World War II. Feland's heroic actions at Belleau Wood helped make that battle one of the Corps's major successes during its illustrious twentieth-century history. Belleau Wood began the roll call of famous battles—Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Iwo Jima, Inchon, the “Frozen Chosin,” Khe Sanh—that marked the USMC as a brave, effective fighting force rather than “Useless Sons Made Comfortable.” In Nicaragua, Feland also played a key role in fighting the United States' “small wars,” a mission that continues in the twenty-first century in Iraq and Afghanistan.

Despite Feland's active participation in the early-twentieth-century development of the Marine Corps, he remains largely unrecognized, both in his home state and in the Marine Corps that he served so faithfully. Kentuckians are familiar with other Marines, such as Presley O'Bannon, who commanded on “the shores of Tripoli” in the Barbary Wars, an event commemorated in the Marines' Hymn. Although born in Virginia, O'Bannon moved to Logan County, Kentucky, after his military service and was interred in the state capital, Frankfort. Kentuckians also remember Fleming County's Hilltop native Franklin Sousley,

who helped raise the flag at Iwo Jima, an event captured in Joseph Rosenthal's iconic photograph and at the U.S. Marine Corps War Memorial outside Washington, D.C. Although Feland was included in the 1936 edition of *Who's Who in Kentucky*, the more recent *Kentucky Encyclopedia*, which lists both O'Bannon and Sousley, does not include an entry for Feland.³ Although there is a short biography of Feland in the USMC History Division's online pantheon of personalities, the Corps has not recognized Feland by naming any bases, buildings, or roads after him, unlike his contemporaries Robert Dunlap (Dunlap Hall, Quantico), Louis McCarty Little (Little Road, Quantico), James Carson Breckinridge (Breckinridge Hall, Quantico), and Smedley Darlington Butler (Camp Butler, Okinawa).

Part of the reason Feland remains relatively unknown lies in the lack of sources, making it difficult to discover more about the man. The one-box collection of his personal papers at the Marine Corps Archives at Quantico, Virginia, is sparse, with very few personal materials. Most of the collection consists of a few official communications, such as recommendations. The collection does include a family scrapbook, most likely compiled by Feland's sister, who lived in Owensboro, Kentucky; it contains primarily newspaper accounts of Feland's career, especially its later stages. The collection also includes a fair amount of photographs; some show Feland as a young man, but most were taken in Nicaragua in the late 1920s. Unfortunately, there is no great corpus of materials such as letters to his wife of nearly forty years. Katherine and Logan Feland had no children, and there are no letters to immediate family members in the archives.

The most significant source that reveals Feland as a person is the correspondence he had with James Harbord in the 1920s and 1930s (including the previously cited letter from August 1930). During the Battle of Belleau Wood, Harbord was a U.S. Army general in charge of the Marine Brigade in which Feland served as second in command of the Fifth Regiment. Harbord was impressed with the young Kentuckian's bravery, and the two stayed in contact after the war. In 1922 Harbord retired from the U.S. Army to serve as president and then chairman of the Radio Corporation of America (RCA). The Harbord collection at the New York Historical Society contains several letters between the two men, providing insight into Major General Logan Feland.

When these personal letters are combined with magazine and newspaper articles and Feland's official communications (such as his confidential letters to Lejeune during the Nicaraguan crisis in the late 1920s), a portrait of the general emerges. Some questions remain unanswered, but enough material exists to warrant a book devoted to this Kentuckian who became a noteworthy figure in early-twentieth-century American military history.

3. For the Feland entry, see Mary Young Southard and Ernest C. Miller, *Who's Who in Kentucky: A Biographical Assembly of Notable Kentuckians, 1936* (Louisville, KY: Standard Print Co., 1936), 136. For entries on O'Bannon and Sousley, see John E. Kleber, *The Kentucky Encyclopedia* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1992), www.kyenc.org.

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Chapter 1 The Early Years

Logan Feland's ancestors came from Virginia, traveling over the mountains and settling in Kentucky in the early 1800s. Records indicate that his grandfather, Samuel Feland, was born in 1811 in Barren County in western Kentucky. A building contractor, he married Nancy Hammil in 1835 and was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He lived to an old age, dying on January 21, 1895, in Hopkinsville, Kentucky. Samuel and Nancy Feland had two children: William, who became a physician, and Logan Feland's father, John, who became a notable lawyer and politician.¹

John Feland was born on December 23, 1837, in Barren County, near the county seat of Glasgow. When John was a boy, the family moved farther west to Hopkinsville, the county seat of Christian County, where Samuel served as postmaster. John Feland attended Centre College in Danville, Kentucky, and then returned to Hopkinsville in 1858 to study law with James F. Buckner; he was admitted to the bar in 1860.²

A well-known lawyer and planter, James Buckner raised a Union infantry regiment at the outbreak of the Civil War and was elected its colonel. Like much of Kentucky, Christian County was split during the war; despite being a large slave-owning county, most of the men there became Union soldiers. Family members sometimes chose opposite sides, however. James Buckner's relative, Simon Bolivar Buckner, served as head of the Kentucky State Guard and later became a well-known general in the Confederate army. When fighting broke out, Simon Bolivar Buckner's Confederate forces attacked Christian County and captured James Buckner, whose barely organized regiment dispersed and joined other Union forces in nearby Owensboro and Henderson.³ Some officers, including John Feland's future law partner Benjamin Bristow, joined the Union Twenty-Fifth Kentucky Infantry; Bristow later served as a colonel with the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry. John Feland also joined

the Union forces, serving as quartermaster of the Third Kentucky Cavalry. He fought with the Third Kentucky until after the Battle of Shiloh, then transferred to the Eighth Cavalry. In poor health, Feland left the army in 1863 and returned to Hopkinsville to resume his law practice.

On February 12, 1863, John Feland married Sarah (Sallie) Kennedy, great-granddaughter of Michael Kennedy, an Irish coppersmith who had immigrated to the United States in time to serve in the Revolutionary War. After the war, Kennedy moved his family to Lincoln County, Kentucky, near Stanford, one of several families that accompanied General William Logan. Eventually the Kennedy family moved farther west to Todd County. Two of Michael Kennedy's children, James and William (Sarah Kennedy's grandfather), went to Indiana to fight with General Samuel Hopkins in a campaign against the Indians at Tippecanoe and Fort Harrison. William and his wife, Ann, settled in Gibson County, Indiana, and had two sons, Seneca and William. Seneca Kennedy married Sarah Petrie; they had six children, including Sarah. Although Sarah Kennedy actually hailed from Indiana, she was descended from one of the early pioneer families of Kentucky.⁴

A year after he married Sarah, John Feland formed a law partnership with Benjamin Bristow. The partnership lasted for two years, after which Bristow decided to enter politics. He went on to serve as a Republican state senator, assistant U.S. attorney, U.S. district attorney in Louisville, the first U.S. solicitor general, and eventually secretary of the treasury under Ulysses S. Grant. John Feland also became involved in Republican politics. He served as a Kentucky state representative from 1875 to 1881 and as a senator in 1889. He ran unsuccessfully for a seat in the U.S. House of Representatives in 1880 and was considered a possible candidate for lieutenant governor in 1887.⁵

John and Sarah Feland had four children: William, John, Logan, and Mary.⁶ Logan Feland was born on August 18, 1869. At the time, Christian County numbered about 23,000 inhabitants, nearly half of which were newly freed African Americans; Hopkinsville had

The Early Years

1. The history of the Feland family can be found in Martha Thompson, *Feland and Singleton Families: Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri* (Redding, CA: Martha Thompson, 1985), 3-6.
2. A short account of John Feland's early life is included in William Henry Perrin, *County of Christian, Kentucky: Historical and Biographical* (Chicago: F. A. Battey, 1884), 366-67.
3. See Thomas Speed, R. M. Kelly, and Alfred Pirtle, *The Union Regiments of Kentucky* (Louisville, KY: Courier-Journal Job Printing Co., 1897), 272-74. Simon Bolivar Buckner later served as Kentucky governor from 1887 to 1891. His son, Simon Bolivar Buckner Jr., was a lieutenant general commanding the Tenth Army when it attacked Okinawa in June 1945. He was killed by Japanese artillery fire and was succeeded in command by aviator Roy Geiger, the first Marine to command an army group. The Buckners are buried in the Frankfort, Kentucky, cemetery.
4. The history of the Kennedy family can be found in J. H. Battle, ed., *County of Todd, Kentucky: Historical and Biographical* (Chicago: F. A. Battey, 1884), 273-75.
5. John Feland's time as a Kentucky state representative is covered in William Henry Perrin, ed., *Counties of Christian and Trigg, Kentucky: Historical and Biographical* (Chicago: F. A. Battey, 1884), 114. Feland's candidacy for Congress is noted in the *Hartford (KY) Herald*, October 27, 1880. According to the May 12, 1887, edition of the *Maysville (KY) Daily Evening Bulletin*, he was a "sure thing for lieutenant governor [as W. O. Bradley's running mate], if he will accept." Feland apparently declined. Though defeated in 1887, Bradley was elected Kentucky's first Republican governor in 1895. For details of John Feland's later life, see his obituary in the *Owensboro Daily Messenger*, January 10, 1899. See also the *Hopkinsville Kentuckian*, January 10, 1899, and the character sketch in the Rev. S. E. Smith, ed., *History of the Anti-Separate Coach Movement of Kentucky: Containing Half-Tone Cuts and Biographical Sketches* (Evansville, IN: National Afro-American Journal and Directory, 1895), 153-54.
6. Thompson, *Feland and Singleton Families*, 18.

a population of approximately 3,100. In 1870 the state legislature granted the village of Hopkinsville a charter establishing it as a city, and a board of seven councilmen was created to oversee city affairs. After the national economic depression and a severe drought in the early 1870s, Hopkinsville and Christian County began to prosper. A railroad connected the region to the outside world when Hopkinsville became a stop on the Evansville, Henderson, and Nashville line. It was still largely a farming community: a prosperous tobacco market developed, supplementing other staples such as corn, wheat, and oats. A succession of newspapers, both Democrat and Republican, covered the news.⁷

Little is known of Logan Feland's early life and education. He most likely led the typical life of a son of a successful, upper-middle-class lawyer-politician in small-town western Kentucky. Despite being a "city boy," Feland developed a love of hunting and fishing. As a young lad, he had a dog—a black and tan setter—that he loved dearly. When the animal went astray, Feland put an advertisement in the local newspaper, offering a "liberal reward" for the dog's return.⁸ Following in the footsteps of his two older brothers, Logan attended Ferrell's School in Hopkinsville from 1878 to 1882. An early photograph of him shows a young boy dressed in what appears to be a Confederate uniform, in keeping with the legacy of the school's founder, Major James Overton Ferrell.⁹

Born in South Carolina, Ferrell had been a teacher before joining the Confederate army in 1861. He served throughout the South under Generals Joe Johnston and Braxton Bragg. He took part in Bragg's campaign in Kentucky, fighting at Munfordsville before participating in the battles of Missionary Ridge and Chickamauga. When the war ended, Ferrell resumed teaching, first in South Carolina and then in Maryland; he relocated to Frankfort in 1869 to teach at the Kentucky Military Institute. Ferrell eventually moved to Hopkinsville in the summer of 1873 to become principal of the Christian County Military Institute, "a Military academy with a curriculum which included languages, higher mathematics, and the sciences."¹⁰ Major Ferrell had a strong impact on his pupils. He ran Ferrell's Military Academy from 1873 to 1876; the school continued from 1876 to 1903 as Hopkinsville High School and then as Ferrell's High School. More than 600 boys passed through its doors and received a rigorous education, attending classes from 8:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. and studying Latin and Greek. Major Ferrell opened each day with a Bible reading.



Major General Logan Feland suffered a fatal heart attack on July 17, 1936. His wife, Katherine, died nearly ten years later on February 8, 1946. She was interred in Arlington National Cemetery next to her husband.

Photo courtesy of David J. Bettez collection

Major Ferrell died in 1910, but his legacy would continue when a group of alumni held the first "Ferrell's Boys" reunion in 1915. Nearly 150 "boys" attended, traveling from ten states. Feland's brother John paid tribute to Ferrell in a lengthy recollection. Others spoke of his high expectations backed up by strict discipline. A Hopkinsville newspaper announcement for the 1915 reunion reproduced the 1878 "Programme of Closing

7. For the development of Hopkinsville and surrounding Christian County, see Charles Mayfield Meacham, *A History of Christian County Kentucky from Oxcart to Airplane* (Nashville, TN: Marshall and Bruce, 1930). Population statistics are from Lewis Collins and Richard H. Collins, *History of Kentucky*, rev. ed. (Covington, KY: Collins and Company, 1878), 2:124-25, 258.

8. *Kentucky New Era*, February 23, 1883.

9. For Feland's picture as a cadet, see Alejandro M. de Quesada, "The *Carte de Visite* of Cadet Logan Feland: The Making of a Marine Corps General," *Military Collector and Historian* 61, no. 3 (Fall 2009): 225-26.

10. Undated newspaper clipping in the author's possession. For more information about Ferrell and his school, see Meacham, *History of Christian County*, 245-50, 283-90. See also "Hero in Gray Who Is Loved by Hundreds of Ferrell's Boys," *Hopkinsville Kentuckian*, July 17, 1907. Logan Feland was identified as attending Ferrell's School in the *Hopkinsville Kentuckian*, August 19, 1915.

Exercises” of Hopkinsville High School, revealing that each of the three Feland brothers had spoken; Logan’s topic was “I’ll Be a Man.”¹¹

After Ferrell’s School, Logan Feland moved on to South Kentucky College in Hopkinsville. Originally founded in 1849 as a women’s college, the school had become coeducational in 1881. In 1885 the college added a military department and a course in civil engineering. It was at South Kentucky College that Feland’s technical aptitude and interest were piqued. On February 5, 1885, he was inducted into the college’s Alpha Epsilon chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity, along with future Kentucky governor Augustus O. Stanley. At the college’s commencement exercise in June 1886, Feland received a diploma in mechanics and astronomy from the School of Mathematics, as well as a degree from the School of Engineering.¹²

In 1885 Logan Feland also began his military career when he joined Company D of the Latham Light Guards (a Hopkinsville company of the State Guard), in which his brother John served as first lieutenant. In the spring of 1886 Feland went with the Latham Light Guards to help quell disturbances at the Greenwood mine in Pulaski County, where local residents were protesting the use of prison labor in the mines. By 1888, Feland had become first sergeant of the Guards.¹³

Feland’s decision to join the military can be seen as a natural outgrowth of his upbringing and environment. His ancestors had fought in the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812. Born shortly after the Civil War to a father who had fought at Shiloh, he and other Hopkinsville boys were surrounded by men who were full of stories of the war. His early education took place in what was essentially a military school, and its headmaster was a veteran of the Confederate army. He may have taken classes in the new military department at South Kentucky College. Joining the

Latham Light Guards with brother John may have been viewed as a natural undertaking for a young man of his age and place in Hopkinsville society. In any case, Feland became imbued with a military spirit at an early age, and joining the Guards was just the first step toward what would eventually become a military career.

Apparently, Logan Feland also got some life experience working on the railroad as a civil engineer. Sigma Alpha Epsilon reported that “Logan Feland, C.E. ’87, is an assistant on the Georgia Central Railroad, and temporarily located at Columbia, Alabama.” The local newspaper also kept track of Feland, reporting that he had gone to Kuttawa, Kentucky, to “work on the O. V. road” and later noting when he returned to town for a visit.¹⁴

In 1889 the Feland family moved to Owensboro, Kentucky, when John Feland Sr. became a federal collector of internal revenue, a political patronage job. His son William S. Feland became deputy collector. Both men made good salaries: the collector was paid \$4,500 in 1891, and the deputy collector earned \$2,000.¹⁵ Soon, however, the two Felands become embroiled in a controversy over the alleged sale of offices and other improper practices, and the scandal made the national newspapers. “Judge” Feland, as the father was known, was accused of levying assessments on Revenue Department officials and allegedly using the money to support John Jr.’s candidacy for Christian County attorney. The U.S. House of Representatives Committee on Civil Service Reform was investigating similar activities taking place throughout Kentucky. A deputy collector in Feland’s office (not his son William) was eventually found guilty of violating civil service law by eliciting money to aid Republican candidates.¹⁶ Thus Logan Feland learned about the rough-and-tumble world of politics, and he would not be afraid to use political influence in the future.

11. *Hopkinsville Kentuckian*, August 24 and 26, 1915.

12. *Kentucky New Era*, June 17, 1886. For Feland’s membership in Sigma Alpha Epsilon, see Howard P. Nash, Edward H. Virgin, and William Collin Levere, *The Sixth General Catalogue of Sigma Alpha Epsilon* (Evanston, IL: Sigma Alpha Epsilon, 1904), 140. Information on South Kentucky College can be found in Alfred Fayette Lewis, *History of Higher Education in Kentucky* (Washington, DC: Government Printing Office, 1899), 170-73.

13. Feland’s participation in the Latham Light Guards is noted in Meacham’s *History of Christian County*, 209, 216. For his return from the Greenwood crisis, see *Kentucky New Era*, March 25, 1886. See also G. Lee McClain, Adjunct General, *Military History of Kentucky* (Frankfort, KY: State Journal, 1939), 152. For more on Logan Feland’s early years, see the unpublished manuscript by Gus E. Paris, “Hold Every Inch of Ground,” 1-3, MCA.

14. For Feland’s work on the railroad, see the *Sigma Alpha Epsilon Record* 8, no. 3 (November 1888): 142. Feland’s fraternity continued to keep track of him; his receipt of a Distinguished Service Cross and other medals was reported in William Collin Levere, *The History of Sigma Alpha Epsilon in the World War* (Menasha, WI: George Banta, 1928), 148. Feland’s work in Kuttawa and his appearance in town were reported in *Kentucky New Era*, November 2 and 8, 1886. On April 26, 1887, the newspaper noted that “Logan Spot Feland spent Sunday and Monday in the city” and identified him as the “assistant resident engineer on the O. V. road.” The nickname “Spot” derived from Feland’s childhood hero, Chief Spotted Tail of the Lakota tribe (*Louisville Courier-Journal*, November 19, 1922); it apparently did not carry over to his later personal life.

15. John Feland Sr. and William S. Feland are listed as collector and deputy collector of internal revenue, respectively, along with their salaries, in *Official Register of the United States, Containing a List of Officers and Employees in the Civil, Military, and Naval Service* (Washington, DC: Government Printing Office, 1892), 188. Collector Feland’s appointment was reported in the *Owensboro Daily Messenger*, June 18, 1889.

16. For the controversy involving “Judge” Feland, see “Down on Feland: Owensboro Republicans Adopt Resolutions Rebuking Honest John,” *Kentucky New Era*, April 21, 1891. The *New York Times* covered the story, reporting the accusations against Feland and other revenue officials in Kentucky on May 5, 1892, and the guilty verdict for Feland’s deputy, Eugene McAdams, on January 23, 1893. William Feland was later acquitted of similar charges. See *Hopkinsville Kentuckian*, July 4, 1893.

Logan Feland himself, however, avoided being caught up in the family's political difficulties. The same year his family moved to Owensboro, he enrolled at St. John's Military Academy in Manlius, New York, just outside Syracuse. Founded in 1869, St. John's had developed into a strong military school under the direction of the former adjutant general of New York, General William Verbeck, who had taken over as head of the academy in 1887. St. John's placed a special emphasis on science and engineering, serving as a preparatory school for college or the military. In light of what we know about Feland's future, a school that blended technical and military courses would have been a perfect fit for his interests.¹⁷ At St. John's, military instruction included "practical and theoretical work in Infantry Drill Regulations, Manual of Guard Duty, map reading, duties of advance and rear guards, patrols, military law, military correspondence, organization and tactics, customs of the service and military history."¹⁸

Although Feland must have had a serious, studious side, he also displayed a lighter side at St. John's. During his stay there, Feland narrowly missed being caught for a prank involving an attempt to fire the sunset gun at midnight: "Feland loaded the gun with five pounds of powder, triple the normal charge, filled the muzzle with stones, and laid a kerosene soaked rope from the nozzle to a point 30 feet back and lighted it. He then ran a safe distance away to watch the fun. His prank was nipped by the housemaster, who managed to pull the burning fuse away from the nozzle before it could reach the powder. It was several years before General Verbeck learned definitely that Feland was responsible for the deed."¹⁹

In 1890 Logan Feland moved north to attend the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). Founded in 1861 and known informally as "Boston Tech," MIT grew exponentially from about 300 students in 1881 to more than 1,000 students in 1891 under the inspired leadership of former Union general Francis Walker. Admittance to the university was dependent on passing an examination in arithmetic,

geometry, algebra, English grammar, and geography. Feland likely continued his military training in MIT's mandatory military classes for the first two years. He allegedly failed chemistry and had to take it over. Feland became a member of the Architectural Society and graduated in 1892 with a BS from the Department of Architecture after writing a senior thesis titled "An Official Residence." In later years, MIT's campus newspaper, *The Tech*, would report on Feland's notable achievements in World War I and in Nicaragua in the 1920s, and he visited the campus at least once.²⁰

After graduation, Logan Feland returned to Owensboro, where he became a well-known architect. The Hopkinsville newspaper, the *Kentucky New Era*, proudly announced its receipt of a photograph of the "most complete and convenient house in Owensboro" produced by "Logan Feland, the leading architect there." Even today, standing prominently in downtown Owensboro is a restored Queen Anne-style house for which Feland served as the superintending architect.²¹ In 1897 Logan Feland and contractor Robert Burch published a book, "*Southern Homes*": *A Collection of Designs for Residences of Modest Cost*, in which they reproduced photographs and plans of houses "in which straightforward treatment and simplicity predominate." These plans reflected a style "following the dictates of common sense," a response to what the authors excoriated as the "over-ornamented 'gingerbread' atrocities that disfigure so many of our towns and cities."²²

With the inauguration of Democratic president Grover Cleveland in 1893, Judge Feland resigned his collector's position and resumed practicing law with John Jr. A graduate of Vanderbilt University, John Jr. had briefly been the junior member of the law firm Feland, Stipes & Feland before barely losing the 1890 election for county attorney. He then worked on the 1890 census before becoming a deputy collector of internal revenue in Louisville. With the new Democratic administration in place, he too resigned and returned to Owensboro to partner with his father. The two became well known for their role in a civil rights case: *W. H. Anderson v. Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company*.²³

17. Feland and several other USMC officers are listed as former St. John's students in "Schools," *Marine Corps Gazette* 14, no. 8 (August 1931): 20.

18. See Ira Reeves, *Military Education in the United States* (Burlington, VT: Free Press Printing, 1914), 176.

19. *Syracuse Herald*, February 24, 1927. The story first appeared when Feland was sent to Nicaragua and was repeated a year later in several other New York newspapers, such as the *Geneva (NY) Daily Times*, January 13, 1928, and the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, January 22, 1928.

20. For Feland at MIT, see Paris, "Hold Every Inch of Ground," 2. The growth of MIT under President Walker is detailed in Samuel C. Prescott, *When MIT Was Boston Tech, 1861-1914* (Cambridge, MA: Technology Press, 1954), 107-27. The campus newspaper, *The Tech*, identified Feland as a Marine Corps first lieutenant on January 9, 1902; it noted Feland's receipt of a Distinguished Service Cross on January 18, 1919, and reported his return to Nicaragua on January 18, 1928.

21. *Kentucky New Era*, September 21, 1895. Featuring an octagonal tower and polygonal bays, the Queen Anne-style D. D. Bogard House is located at the corner of Lewis and Fourth Streets in Owensboro. Its successful nomination to the National Register of Historic Places can be found at <http://pdfhost.focus.nps.gov/docs/NRHP/Text/80001503.pdf>.

22. Robert Burch and Logan Feland, "*Southern Homes*": *A Collection of Designs for Residences of Modest Cost* (Owensboro, KY: Burch and Feland, Architects, 1897), introduction.

23. Judge Feland's resignation as collector was reported in *New York Times*, June 9, 1893. Smith, *History of the Anti-Separate Coach Movement in Kentucky*, summarizes John Feland Jr.'s early career (1865-66) and covers *W. H. Anderson v. Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company*.

In 1892, as a follow-up to several other Jim Crow laws, the Kentucky state legislature had passed a “separate coach law” affirming railroads’ right to provide “separate but equal” railroad cars for African Americans. In 1893 W. H. Anderson, an African American minister from Indiana, was traveling with his wife from Evansville on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, having bought first-class tickets. On arriving at the train station in Henderson, Kentucky, the Andersons were forced to move to a segregated car. When Anderson sued the railroad for \$15,000, John Feland Sr. served as his attorney, with John Jr. as an associate counsel. The Felands won the case in U.S. District Court in Owensboro, where Judge John Barr ruled that the Kentucky law was unconstitutional because it violated interstate commerce laws. However, a similar court case originating in Louisiana eventually led to the famous U.S. Supreme Court decision in *Plessy v. Ferguson*, affirming the legality of “separate but equal.”²⁴

The fact that the Felands agreed to take Anderson’s case demonstrated the family’s beliefs. John Sr., a staunch Republican, had served in the Union army and had lived in a county where half the population was African American. He was a champion for blacks seeking to affirm their rights in the aftermath of a war that had led to constitutional amendments granting African American slaves their freedom, making them citizens, and giving them the right to vote. The Felands fought vigorously and successfully (at least temporarily) against any abridgment of those new rights. In a state populated by numerous former

slaveholders and Confederate veterans, the Felands’ support of African American rights provided an important lesson in courage and strength for Logan Feland. In his future military career, he would be much liked by his subordinates, an officer who respected his men and shared their difficulties.

In 1895 John Sr. and Sarah returned to Hopkinsville, while sons Logan and John, as well as daughter Mary, remained in Owensboro. Mary Feland had wed Owensboro businessman John Gilmour in September 1894 in what the local newspapers described as a “brilliant affair.” Logan Feland served as one of the groomsmen at his sister’s wedding.²⁵

By age twenty-eight, Logan Feland was an established architect in Owensboro; he was an intelligent, well-educated professional with a demonstrated acumen for technical subjects. He had been brought up and trained by educated men with military backgrounds and had spent time in New York and Massachusetts, outside the restricted bounds of western Kentucky. Even as a successful professional, he retained an interest in military affairs. In June 1897 Feland helped establish a state militia company in Owensboro comprising fifty men; he was named company captain. In September 1897 Feland moved to New York City, where he worked as an architect for a college classmate, Ross F. Tucker, who had a flourishing concrete construction company.²⁶

His stay in New York City would be short, however, as the Spanish-American War loomed on the horizon. The time would soon come for Logan Feland to prove his mettle as a soldier.

24. For contemporary coverage of the filing of the suit, see “Separate Coach Law,” *Breckenridge News* (Cloverport, KY), November 8, 1893. Results of the trial were reported in *New York Times*, February 5, 1895; the *Earlington (KY) Bee*, February 7 and June 7, 1895; and the *Hartford (KY) Herald*, February 13, 1895. The *New York Times* noted that Judge Barr “found for the plaintiff in the sum of 1 cent” and predicted that the case would be taken to the U.S. Supreme Court. For more on the separate coach issue in Kentucky, see Anne E. Marshall, “Kentucky’s Separate Coach Law and African American Response, 1892-1900,” *Register of the Kentucky Historical Society* 98 (Summer 2000): 241-59. The case is put in the larger context of discrimination in Kentucky in George C. Wright, *Life behind a veil: Blacks in Louisville Kentucky, 1865-1930* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1985), 63-65.

25. Judge Feland’s return to Hopkinsville was announced in *Kentucky New Era*, July 23, 1895, Logan Feland’s appearance at his sister Mary’s wedding was reported in the *Owensboro Daily Messenger*, September 26, 1894, and in *Kentucky New Era*, September 27, 1894.

26. Feland’s raising of a state militia company was reported in *Kentucky New Era*, June 2, 1897. His move to New York City was reported in the *Hopkinsville Kentuckian*, September 24, 1897.

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About the Author

David J. Bettez, a native of Lexington, now living in Georgetown, Kentucky, attended the University of Kentucky for his master’s and doctoral studies, focusing on post-1848 European diplomatic history. He received a bachelor’s degree in history from the University of Notre Dame. After living, studying, and volunteering abroad, Bettez returned to UK and fulfilled a variety of roles, finally being named as the director of the Office of International Programs, a position he retired from in 2010.

"A Damned Bad Treaty?"

Henry Clay and the Peace of Ghent

By George C. Herring

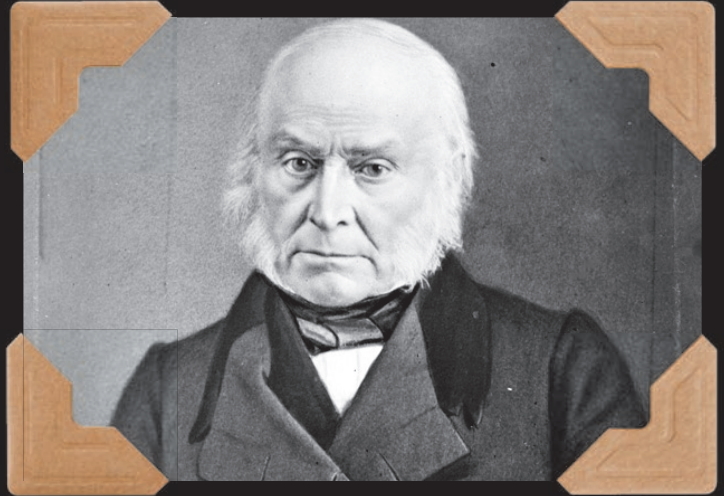
On Christmas Eve, 1814, British and American diplomats in the Flemish town of Ghent signed a treaty ending what the Americans called the War of 1812 (the war was a sideshow for Britain and was never given a name there). Dubbed the “Treaty of Omissions” by a cynical French diplomat, the agreement resolved none of the issues over which the war had been fought. Yet by restoring the *status quo ante bellum*, it spared the United States possibly significant loss of territory. And in time the fact that America had survived yet another war with the world’s greatest power stirred powerful sentiments of national pride. Kentucky’s Henry Clay played a major role in the negotiation of this hugely significant yet largely forgotten treaty.

It was somehow fitting that Clay should be a peacemaker in 1814 since he had also been one of those Americans who agitated most vociferously for war. Trade restrictions imposed by Britain during its life-and-death struggle with Napoleonic France particularly squeezed Kentucky and other western exporting states. Westerners also blamed Britain for inciting an Indian uprising in truth provoked by the relentless march of American expansionism. Elected to the House of Representatives in 1810 and immediately chosen speaker, the youthful, charismatic Clay assumed leadership of a group of southern and western legislators known as the “War Hawks” who pushed for war with England to redress American grievances, but also, if possible, to acquire coveted Spanish territory in Florida and maybe even parts of British Canada. Ever the optimist, the Kentuckian boasted to the Senate in 1810 that “the militia of Kentucky are alone competent to place Montreal and Upper Canada at your feet.”¹

War came in June 1812, but it did not go as Clay had promised. Lacking experienced officers and men, money, and supplies, the United States was ill prepared to fight. Much of Federalist New England was disaffected. Several thrusts into Canada, some by the vaunted Kentucky militia, were repulsed, and a bloody stalemate ensued along the Canadian border. More ominous, in April 1814, Napoleon was exiled to Elba, freeing Britain to focus on its upstart former colony and raising the very real possibility of an American defeat and possible loss of territory.

Curiously, in the War of 1812, talk of peace proceeded awkwardly along with the fighting. To spare his British ally a major distraction, Tsar Alexander of Russia offered to mediate at the start of the war. Washington accepted the overture. London declined, but subsequently proposed direct negotiations with the United States. After months of delays and false starts, the two nations agreed in early 1814 to send diplomats to Sweden. The timing was singularly unpropitious for the United States. The British were preparing to launch a three-pronged offensive in the northeast, up the Chesapeake Bay, and against New Orleans.

The delegation President James Madison dispatched to Europe was one of the ablest the nation has ever sent into international negotiations. The cosmopolitan, Swiss-born Albert Gallatin, a brilliant financier and President Thomas Jefferson’s Secretary of the Treasury, was quite at home in the cutthroat world of European diplomacy. At the age of forty-seven and then minister to Russia, John Quincy Adams had already acquired a lifetime of diplomatic experience. James Bayard, a Delaware Federalist, and Jonathan Russell, a Massachusetts Republican, added geographical and party balance. To ensure a strong western voice, Madison also appointed Clay, who could be depended upon to forcefully uphold American rights.



Among those assembled in President James Madison’s delegation dispatched to Europe was John Quincy Adams, who was then the minister to Russia.

The Kentuckian took an arduous, circuitous route to Ghent. After an awful, seven-week winter passage across the storm-blown North Atlantic aboard a poorly constructed ship with a captain some described as “mad,” Clay arrived in Goteborg, Sweden. “A Miracle we weren’t drowned,” a fellow passenger later recalled.² When the site was shifted to Ghent at the request of London, Clay journeyed across northern Europe by coach, arriving on July 7, 1814, a trip he described as “for the most part excessively unpleasant.”³ Still a thriving port city, Ghent was under nominal Dutch control and British military occupation, with red-coated soldiers conspicuous in its streets. “A more unfavorable moment than the present certainly never could occur,” Clay conceded.⁴ But he persuaded himself that divisions among the victorious allies and turmoil in France might somehow work to the advantage of the United States.

The U.S. delegates chose to live together in a Ghent hotel, but proximity did not breed camaraderie. Rather, such an assemblage of strong personalities provoked clashes, especially between Adams and Clay. Brilliant and ambitious, the two men were otherwise a 19th century odd couple. The New Englander was brooding, haunted by fears of failing to live up to his own lofty expectations for himself, capacious of mind but sour of disposition and puritanical in habits. Clay was charming, gregarious, fun-loving, the quintessential party animal who loved wine, cigars, games of chance, and the company of women. Adams resented — perhaps envied — Clay’s seemingly blasé demeanor. He removed himself for a time from group dinners, which, he complained were accompanied by “bad wine” and cigars, “neither [of which] suits my habits or my health.”⁵ He complained

1. Glyndon G. Van Deusen, *The Life of Henry Clay* (Boston, 1937), 75-76.

2. Robert V. Remini, *Henry Clay: Statesman for the Union* (New York, 1991), 105.

3. Clay to William Crawford, July 2, 1814, James F. Hopkins, ed., *The Papers of Henry Clay* (Vol. I, Lexington, KY, 1959), 937.

4. *Ibid.*, 938.

5. Remini, *Clay* 109.

of loud parties in Clay's next-door room breaking up about the time he rose for morning Bible study. Even at this early date, each may have seen the other as a rival for the position of secretary of state, *the* stepping stone for the presidency. Representatives of different regions with divergent interests, they also clashed on specific issues, at times to the point of angry shouting matches laced with Clay's profanity. Gallatin's formidable task was to keep this fractious delegation together and smooth over tensions between Adams and Clay.

The British delegates were distinguished by the fact that little distinguished them. The amiable Lord Gambier had commanded the fleet that in 1807 pulverized Copenhagen, the capital of neutral Denmark. Henry Goulburn, of the colonial office, and Dr. William Adams, an expert in maritime law, brought to the table useful experience but little eminence. British attention was focused on Vienna, where a European settlement was being arranged. The Ghent delegates were mere errand boys operating under London's tight control. They delayed for almost a month before deigning to show up in Ghent. From the time they arrived, according to John Quincy Adams, their attitude toward the Americans was "arrogant, overbearing, and offensive."⁶

The talks immediately deadlocked. British demands reflected the mood of a nation triumphant over Napoleon and disposed to punish its former colony for its insolence. They put forth as a *sine qua non* the old idea of an Indian buffer state in the Northwest that would have hemmed in the United States east of the Appalachians and south of the Ohio River, "most extravagant pretensions," Clay sneered.⁷ They also demanded exclusive rights to trade with the Indians and to maintain armaments on the Great Lakes, as well as freedom to navigate the Mississippi River. Rejecting these terms outright, the Americans insisted that Britain abandon the impressment of American seamen, a key issue in provoking the war, and respect the U.S. position on neutral rights, concessions London would never make. "The prospect for peace has disappeared," Clay informed U.S. minister to Paris William Crawford.⁸ Clay alone among the American delegates entertained any hope that the British might be budged from their position.

The talks remained stalemated for almost three months. Week after week, during long and fruitless discussions and in countless memos, each side set forth terms the other rejected. The British abandoned the Indian buffer state, but insisted on territorial settlements on the basis of the *uti possidetis*, territory actually occupied when the war ended would be kept. The Americans dropped their demands on impressment, but held out for a restoration of the *status quo*

ante bellum. As the talks dragged on without discernible progress, the American mood grew darker. U.S. morale plummeted in mid-October when the delegation learned of the sacking and burning of Washington weeks earlier by a British invading force. Even the normally ebullient Clay admitted to Crawford "the deepest affliction" over these "distressing events." According to Adams, Clay, once the most optimistic of the group, bore these bad times "with less temper... than any other of us." The already "peevish and fractious" Kentuckian completely lost his composure when he concluded — mistakenly — that he had been slighted by the local Society for Fine Arts and Letters.

During the final stages of the talks, the Americans fought with each other as fiercely as the British. The major issues concerned Britain's rights to navigate the Mississippi River and trade with the Indians, matters of huge significance to Clay's West, and American rights to dry fish on British territory, important to New England's prosperity and thereby to Adams. Later a champion of the Union, Clay took a staunchly western point of view. The Mississippi was a prize far too important to be traded "for the mere liberty of drying fish upon a desert," he insisted. He opposed in what Adams called a "harsh, angry, and overbearing tone" British commerce with the Indians. He claimed to prefer three more years of war to concessions and to be so confident the British would eventually concede that "he would give himself as a hostage and a victim to be sacrificed."¹⁰ An experienced and savvy card player, he instructed his colleagues in the psychology of the British game of brag, similar to poker. The trick, he said, "was to beat your adversary by holding your hand, with a solemn and confident phiz [short for physiognomy, the art of reading one's mind through facial expressions], and outbragging him." Clay believed the British were playing brag, hoping that the invasion of New Orleans would further strengthen their bargaining position. By refusing to support any of several compromises proposed by his colleagues, "Mr. Clay actually again beat a majority by outbragging us," Adams recorded in his journals.¹¹

Clay also correctly assessed the British temper. By this time, the military advantage in North America had shifted. Americans turned back a British attack on Baltimore. In September 1814, the United States won a decisive naval victory on Lake Champlain near Plattsburgh, New York, destroying the entire British fleet. Without control of the lake and with winter approaching, the British commander pulled back into Canada. More important, luck in the form of European events once again smiled on the United States. The threatened breakup of the Congress of Vienna, tumult in France, and the possible return of Napoleon from Elba, forced hard

6. John Quincy Adams, *The Memoirs of John Quincy Adams* (Vol. III, New York, 1874), 51.

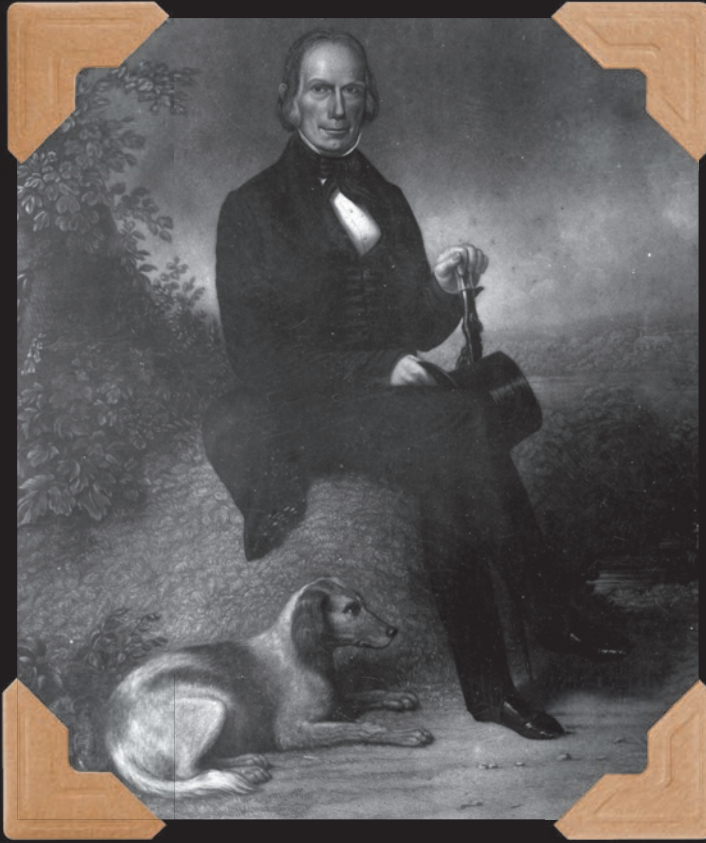
7. Clay to James Monroe, August 18, 1814, *Papers of Henry Clay*, I, 963.

8. Clay to Crawford, August 22, 1814, *Ibid.*, 971.

9. Adams, *Memoirs*, 53.

10. *Ibid.*, 112.

11. *Ibid.*, 103.



With the strong belief that the British were inciting Indian attacks on the frontier and upset by the British violations of neutral shipping, Kentucky's Henry Clay was adamantly in favor of the declaration of war against the British on June 18, 1812.

choices. Always preeminently concerned with Europe, the ministry had never supported the more extreme demands of its diplomats in Ghent. Faced with dropping its excessive war aims or fighting an extended and costly war, it chose peace with the United States. During December 1814, the two sides inched closer to a settlement.

At this crucial stage of the negotiations, for reasons hard to explain, Clay assumed the role of obstructionist. He was undoubtedly tired and irritable. Expecting what he called a “damned bad treaty,” he may have feared the political fallout would damage his political ambitions.¹² Whatever the cause, his behavior, in the words of a generally friendly biographer, was “inexcusable.”¹³ He opposed his colleagues’ common sense solution to omit from the treaty any mention of fisheries and the Mississippi, demanding instead a clause explicitly forbidding British navigation of the river. On December 23, he opposed seeking a final conference to settle with the British. Even after copies of the treaty were exchanged the next day, he engaged in a final, especially nasty, spat with Adams

over disposition of the delegation’s papers. As for the treaty, the terms were not what Americans had hoped for, Clay conceded in a Christmas Day letter to Secretary of State James Monroe. But in view of the “actual condition of things, so far as it is known to us, they cannot be pronounced very unfavorable.” The United States “lost no territory, I think no honor.” Faint praise indeed!¹⁴

History has been much kinder to Clay’s “damned bad treaty.” To be sure, the document said nothing about the issues that had provoked the war, but with the onset of peace in Europe questions of neutral rights lost their urgency. At Ghent, Clay had expressed grave concern about the Indians. In fact, they were the real losers of the war. Britain abandoned them before the conflict ended, leaving them — to their detriment — to the not-so-tender mercies of the United States. America had survived yet another major foreign challenge without external assistance. Henceforth, Europeans would treat the new nation with greater respect. By escaping the war without giving up any territory, the United States opened the way for expansion to the Pacific. Clay’s early optimism and stubborn refusal to accede to early British demands helped ensure this outcome.

The most important impact of the war was on the national psyche. Through that curious process by which memory becomes history, the humiliation and near disaster that had accompanied the war was forgotten. In particular, the decisive victory of Andrew Jackson’s motley assortment of troops over seasoned British veterans at the battle of New Orleans (after the treaty had been signed) reconfirmed in American eyes the superiority of their institutions. News of the great victory got to Washington three days before the treaty. Any concern about the terms of the document were thus subsumed in the celebration of Jackson’s triumph. Arriving home in September 1815 after an additional sojourn in Europe and hailed as a statesman and savior of the peace, Clay quickly sensed the changed national mood. Speaking in January 1816 in a capital city still scarred by the British invasion, he recalled his nation before the war “as the scorn of the universe, the contempt of ourselves.” “What is our present situation?,” he asked in jubilation. “Respectability and character abroad — security and confidence at home.... Our character and Constitution are placed on a solid basis, never to be shaken.”¹⁵ His prediction of the future solidity of the Union was, of course, wrong. But his “damned bad treaty” had turned out not so badly after all, and he could rightly take credit for it and celebrate the result.

About the Author

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12. *Ibid.*, 118.

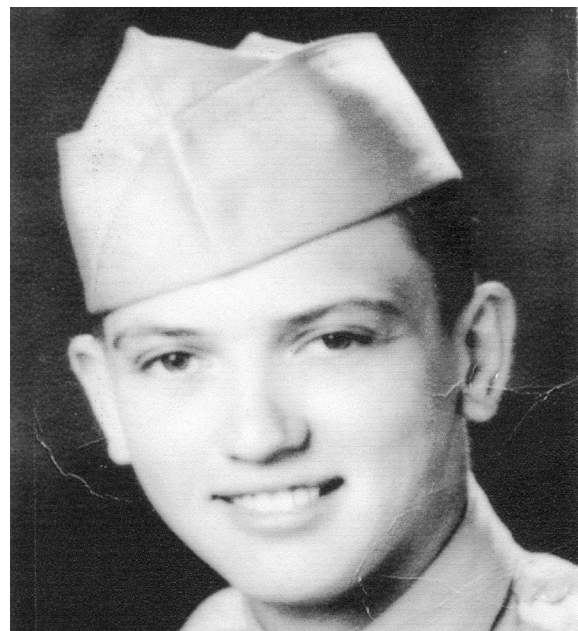
13. Remini, *Clay*, 115.

14. Clay to James Monroe, December 25, 1814, *Papers of Henry Clay*, I, 107.

15. Quoted in Bradford Perkins, *Prologue to War: England and the United States, 1805-1812* (Berkeley, CA, 1961), 435.

A Band of Brothers & Sisters

The Patriotic Osborne Family of Floyd County



By James M. Gifford, Ph.D.

Looking back on Appalachia's role in American military history, it is easy to overemphasize the popular heroes like Andrew Jackson, Davy Crockett, and Alvin York and not provide enough praise for the thousands of other men and women who served their country. We should make it a point to salute unrecognized heroes — like the Osborne family from Floyd County — who served their country quietly and bravely.

Maryland “Crow” Osborne was the youngest child of Buck and Julie Osborne of Hite in Floyd County, in southeastern Kentucky. After a tour with the Army in the early 1920s, Maryland returned to Martin and worked with his brothers in the restaurant business. In 1925, he met and fell in love with Allie Taylor, who had recently moved to town to work and attend school. According to his own account, Maryland “chased away Allie’s other suitors,” and they were

soon married. The newlyweds moved in with Crow’s mother, Julie Martin Osborne, and lived with her until she died. In 1926 Crow and Allie’s first child, Winifred, was born.

Seventeen years later, in 1943, Winifred left her Appalachian home and traveled to Mississippi to work in a shipyard during World War II. The next year, she worked in a defense plant in Indiana, so she could be closer to home. Pictures of her in her Rosie the Riveter outfit show an attractive young woman with raven-black hair, dark eyes, and flawless complexion. After the war, she returned home and married Henry Hale,

Left: Winifred Osborne was Allie and Crow’s first child. During World War II she worked in a Mississippi shipyard and later at a defense plant in Indiana. Right: Donald Osborne enlisted in the Army at age 16. Upon his reenlistment three years later, he was sent to Korea.



Ronald Osborne served in the Korean War along with his older brother, Don. After the Korean War, Ron served in Panama, Germany, and Vietnam. He was wounded in battle while serving in Vietnam. Ron retired in 1977, a highly decorated soldier.

a U.S. Navy veteran. Winifred's efforts during World War II encouraged her other siblings. Her four brothers were career military men and her two sisters were nurses in the United States Air Force.

Sadly, Maryland died of tuberculosis in 1942, at the age of 38, and did not see his children realize his patriotic dreams for them. The remarkable patriotism of the Osbornes brings great honor to their family. At the same time, the Osbornes represent thousands of other Appalachian families who have, from the very beginnings of American history, played a major, but unrecognized, role in fighting for and defending America's freedom.

Historical Background

From colonial times to our current war against terrorism, Appalachian men (and in recent years, women) have been at the forefront of battle. Soldiering was easy for mountain boys because their life experiences often provided the skills necessary for survival and success. They came from a rugged, agrarian background that prepared them for the hardships of military life. Most were able marksmen who could outmarch and outride their urban counterparts. They were comfortable out of doors and accustomed to living off the land. In many respects, soldiering was easier than the life of grinding work and economic privation they returned to at the end of every war.

In the Revolutionary War, "the over mountain men" from the Watauga settlement helped to defeat the British at Kings Mountain. The Colonists won their independence on fields of battle, and Appalachian marksmen contributed to every American victory. Four decades later, America fought another war for independence. Although history books often present the War of 1812 as the military version of a comic opera, the fact remains: we were fighting the British again. If they had won, we would have lost our hard-earned freedoms and probably returned to a colonial status. Andrew Jackson, the hero of the War of 1812, was a prototypical backwoodsman who symbolized a new age in American history and rode the wave of his popularity as the hero of the Battle of New Orleans to the White House in 1828.

As the antebellum period continued, men from Appalachia continued to play a major role in our military efforts. In 1836, the heroes of the Texas War for Independence were men like Jim Bowie and Davy Crockett. Ten years later, Uncle Sam beat the drums of war, and a new generation of mountain boys marched forth to help us win the Mexican War. Tennessee is called the Volunteer State because of the high incidence of volunteerism that began with the Mexican War and continued into the twentieth century. Many eastern Kentucky counties met their draft quotas in World War I and World War II entirely through volunteers.

The Colonial wars, the American War for Independence, and the continuing military conflicts of the antebellum period paled to insignificance compared to the Civil War, which was often fought in the heart of Appalachia. Mountain boys served with bravery and distinction on both sides, including three representatives of the Osborne family. Donald Osborne reports that his grandfather, Ambrose Taylor served with the Confederate army as did his great grandfather, Captain Adam Martin. Another great grandfather, Sergeant William Osborne, served in the 39th Infantry of the Union army.

When the war ended, no section of America had suffered more than Appalachia. Before the Civil War, the people of Appalachia had been prosperous, independent, prideful, and literate. The Civil War and various post-war discriminations greatly undermined the quality of life in Appalachia. By the beginning of the twentieth century, Appalachia was an island of poverty in a national sea of plenty.

Historical circumstances worked against our region in the nineteenth century, but historical events of the twentieth century would help Appalachia rebuild its quality of life. For example, World War I provided gainful employment for tens of thousands. As was often the case, an Appalachian soldier became the hero who captured the popular imagination. Alvin York, a mountain boy from Tennessee's Cumberland Plateau, went out on patrol in 1918 and single-handedly killed 25 Germans with 25 shots and returned with 132 German soldiers whom he had captured. The men who surrendered to York had 25 machine guns among them. When York marched his captives to division headquarters, his commander remarked, "Well, York, I hear you have captured the whole damn German army." York saluted and modestly asserted, "No sir, I just got 132 of them."

Kentucky produced a number of heroic World War I soldiers like Alvin York. Sergeant Willie Sandlin of Leslie County assaulted three entrenched German machine gun nests. Armed only with grenades and a rifle, Sandlin fought and killed all the occupants, captured a battalion headquarters, and created a hole in the German lines. Like Alvin York, Sandlin was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Another Eastern Kentuckian, Peter McCoy of Pike County, fought his way into a German trench, killed seven enemy soldiers, and captured 17 more. At the end of the battle, his uniform and the pack on his back bore 177 bullet holes. McCoy was one of eight men from his company who survived this battle. For his valor, McCoy was awarded our country's second highest military honor, the Distinguished Service Cross.

Three decades later Appalachian men and women helped America fight a two-front war that spanned the entire globe. Franklin Sousley, from Fleming County, was one of the six men who raised the flag on Mount Suribachi at Iwo Jima. Sousley was killed in action three weeks later, but many of his Appalachian brothers and sisters returned to a hero's welcome. More importantly, they derived the educational benefits of the G.I. Bill, and used their education and training to revitalize the quality of life in their Appalachian homeland.

Another (indirectly) famous Eastern Kentucky soldier of the World War II era was Robert Lee Stewart of Letcher County. Stewart served in "F" Company, 27th Infantry regiment of the 25th Infantry Division. Soldiering with him was James Jones, a young man from Robinson, Illinois, who later wrote a famous trilogy of World War II novels: *From Here to Eternity*, *The Thin Red Line*, and *Whistle*. In each novel, a principal character is a heroic rifleman from Appalachia. Although Jones gives him a different name in each novel, all three were modeled after Stewart. In a letter to his editor, the great Maxwell Perkins, Jones saluted Stewart's alter ego, Robert E. Lee Prewitt, as a man of "intense personal pride." Later, he described the Stewart/Prewitt character as an example of Appalachian men as great combat soldiers and observed, "I have seen such men do absolutely unbelievable things in combat." Through his fictional persona, Robert Lee Stewart became a symbol for the Appalachian soldiers of World War II, just as Alvin York and Willie Sandlin represented mountain soldiers of World War I.

When Winifred Osborne worked in the war industries during World War II, she became part of a generation of American women who proved that "the woman's place" was not necessarily in the home. In 1880, 2.5 million women were gainfully employed. By 1920, that number had doubled, and by 1940 it had more than doubled again. In the national workplace, women replaced men who were serving during World War II. Women like Winifred Osborne worked in ammunition factories, shipyards, and aircraft assembly lines. They made victory possible for America and her allies, who depended on our factories to produce "the arsenal of democracy." Women, for the first time in American history, also served in non-combat jobs in the armed services. More than 250,000 women served as Wacs (Army), Spars (Coast Guard), Waves (Navy), and in



Franklin Osborne enlisted in the Army at the age of 17. He served two tours in Korea and later served a tour in Vietnam. Franklin was awarded the Bronze Star with "V" Device for Valor and the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry for his actions on November 11, 1965.

the Marine Corps. The "girls behind the men behind the guns" were machinists, storekeepers, clerical workers, and radio operators. They drove jeeps and trucks. They flew airplanes in non-combat roles and they served as nurses in combat field hospitals. Many of these women died for their country. Like the Osborne women, many American women had worked in the fields beside the men in their families. During the 1940s, they extended their support and played an active role in winning a two-front war that spanned the globe. By the end of World War II, thanks to the brave efforts of women like Winifred Osborne, there were few jobs in America that were completely closed to women.

Sadly, the war to make the world safe for democracy and the war to end all wars did not eliminate international warfare, and throughout the rest of the twentieth century Appalachian men continued to march forth in service to their country in Korea, Vietnam, and the Middle East.

The Osbornes Go to War

The Osbornes were especially involved in the Korean War and the War in Vietnam. The oldest son, Donald, enlisted in the Army in 1947, at age 16. Three years later, he reenlisted and was sent immediately to Korea. The first day in Korea, Donald was issued winter equipment, a sleeping bag, two blankets and told to find a place to sleep until he could join his unit the next day. That night

Don slept in a tent with some South Korean soldiers and “nearly froze to death.” He soon learned that he should have put his blankets on the ground, not on top of his sleeping bag. He also learned that his boots — once removed — had to be put inside his sleeping bag at night to keep them from freezing. The intense cold led to foot problems for many American soldiers in Korea. Foot inspection by the medics became part of a soldier’s routine, and Don learned to keep a dry pair of socks inside his shirt. Baths were infrequent and personal hygiene was a problem for the American soldiers.

As with most combat soldiers, the inconveniences Don suffered paled to insignificance when compared with the dangers. In April of 1951, the Chinese launched an offensive with an estimated 500,000 troops that attacked in constant waves. The Chinese flanked Don’s 3rd Division, which fell back to a defensive position about two miles north of Seoul, South Korea. The Americans dug in there. That was as far south as the Chinese got for the rest of the war.

Mine removal was another dangerous job for Don Osborne and the soldiers of the 3rd Infantry Division. Removing mines by American or United Nations Troops was a difficult job, because the mines were often not plotted or recorded. If this was the case, Don and his fellow GIs had to probe with bayonets to find them — an extremely dangerous job. Combat soldiers often experience recurrent feelings of sadness and regret. More than 60 years after his service in Korea, Don Osborne still has battle memories that plague him.

Yet, even in the midst of war, Don captured some positive memories. Once the 3rd Infantry Division was moved to Korea’s east coast to reinforce the 2nd Infantry Division. One night on guard duty, he heard someone approaching. Rather than an enemy soldier,



Julie Osborne was a graduate of Prestonsburg High School and Louisville General Hospital School of Nursing. She entered the USAF Nurse Corp as a 2nd Lieutenant in 1956. A year later, Julie married a USAF fighter pilot, 1st Lieutenant Laurence Daniel Biediger.

it was his platoon leader bringing Don’s brother Ron out to visit him. The brothers visited for two days before Don’s unit moved back to Korea’s west coast. On another occasion, while Don was enjoying some R & R in Seoul, someone tapped him on the shoulder and Don turned around to see Billy Howard, a boy he had grown up with and known since he was five years old.

Don served in Korea as Squad Leader with the 15th Infantry from February 1951 until March 1952 and from October 1952 to January 1954 in Germany. He and his brother Ron served in Korea at the same time, though not in the same unit. Ron had enlisted in the U.S. Army in March 1948 when he was 16 years old.

Don Osborne and his younger brother Ron survived the Korean War; 868 Kentuckians did not. Five were killed near Osan on July 5, 1950 in the first battle of the war. The war appeared to be over in November 1950 when Chinese armies, hidden in the mountains of North Korea, nearly overran U.N. forces. Captain William E. Barber, whose home in West Liberty lay an hour’s drive to the west of the Osborne home, won the Medal of Honor for defense against the attacking Chinese. Barber and a company of Marines held a mountain pass open for six days and allowed the 1st Marine Division to escape annihilation at the Chosin Reservoir. By the next year, the battle lines were drawn near the 38th Parallel and the war dragged on for two more years. During that time period almost 200 Kentuckians were taken as POWs and a fourth of them died from murderously inhumane treatment. Of the 868 Kentucky battle deaths in Korea, 21 came from Floyd County, the Osborne’s home area.

While Don and Ron Osborne were serving in Korea, their sister Janice Lee served in the United States Air Force Nurse Corps. Janice had graduated from Martin High School in 1947 and entered the Huntington (West Virginia) School of Nursing. After completing the program to be a registered nurse, she returned to eastern Kentucky and worked as an operating room nurse at Paintsville Hospital. In 1951, Janice was commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant in the USAF Nurse Corps. She was initially assigned to the 314th Medical Group and later transferred to the 137th Fighter-Bomber Wing at Alexandria, Louisiana, where she served the remainder of her military duty.

While she was in Alexandria, Janice Lee met and married Major William Paul who was then a special agent in the Air Force OSI. After they were both discharged from the service, they settled in Atlanta where Major Paul served in the USAF National Guard JAG Corps and established a law practice. They had three children and six grandchildren. After retirement, Bill wrote a World War II novel, *The Road He Chose*. He is now working on a sequel while Jan keeps busy with her garden.

Following the Korean War, Ron served in Panama, Germany, and Vietnam, where he was wounded in battle. He was promoted to Command Sergeant Major of the First Infantry Division Forward in Germany and also served as CSM at Fort Hood Texas until his retirement in 1977. A highly decorated soldier, Ron died in September 1998 of multiple melanoma, a cancer that may have been caused by exposure to chemical agents while serving in Vietnam.

The next Osborne child was Julie, born in 1934. She graduated from Prestonsburg High School and Louisville General Hospital School of Nursing and entered the USAF Nurse Corp as a 2nd Lieutenant in 1956. She was first assigned to Cannon AFB in Clovis, New Mexico, and later promoted to 1st Lt. and transferred to Etain AFB in France for the remainder of her tour of active duty. In 1957, Julie married a USAF fighter pilot, 1st Lt. Laurence Daniel Biediger, and they had four children. Ten years later, then Colonel Biediger was shot down over Hanoi. He was presumed to be a POW until his remains were found by the North Vietnamese and returned to the United States for burial in 1983.

Maryland and Allie's next child, Franklin D. Osborne, was born in 1936 and enlisted in the U.S. Army in December 1953, shortly after his 17th birthday. After basic at Fort Bragg and AIT at Fort Benning, he served two tours in Korea with the 2nd Infantry Division. In 1958, his older brother Ronald persuaded him to transfer to the 2nd Armor Training Regiment. Both brothers then served as SGMs at posts within 50 miles of each other in Germany. Later Franklin served a tour in Vietnam as an advisor to Vietnamese Armor Forces and later served with the 1/5 Tank Company.

He was extremely proud of his service and accomplishments and distinguished himself with numerous awards for meritorious service and bravery in combat. He was awarded the Bronze Star with "V" Device for Valor and the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry for his actions on November 11, 1965 (his birthday). On this date, while acting as Senior American Advisor to the Vietnamese 2nd/10 Armored Cavalry Troop, the unit became heavily engaged in a series of three running battles in which they were surrounded by a superior Viet Cong force and in imminent danger of being overrun. Frank's forceful leadership and expert tactical advice steadied the panicked Vietnamese troop commander and rallied the troops to mount a strong defense. Finally, after a fierce day-long battle in which Frank called in American air and artillery strikes and after suffering more than 50 percent casualties, SGM Osborne and the remaining members of the troop broke through the enemy encirclement and reached friendly lines.

Following the model set by his older brothers, James Maryland "Merle" Osborne joined the U.S. Army on November 19, 1957, two days after his 17th birthday. Merle did his basic training at Fort Knox and was stationed for two years at a NIKE Air Defense Missile Base in Michigan. He reenlisted, went to Military Intelligence School, and spent the remaining 20 years of his military career in various positions in the intelligence field, including overseas service in Korea, Japan, Germany, and Vietnam. His tours in Vietnam included Special Ops assignments with various Marine Corp, Air Force, Army Infantry, and Special Forces units. Merle retired from the Army as a Master Sergeant in 1978. Ron, Franklin, and Merle were among 125,000 Kentuckians who served in Vietnam from 1961-1975; 1,066 Kentuckians were killed or listed as missing in action.

Research by East Tennessee State University's Pat Arnow and Bert Allen, a professor of psychology at Milligan College, indicates that Appalachian soldiers in the Korean War comprised eight percent of



James Osborne joined the U.S. Army two days after his 17th birthday. He went to military intelligence school and spent the next 20 years serving in various positions in military intelligence, including service in Korea, Japan, Germany, and Vietnam.

the fighting force and received 18 percent of the Medals of Honor. In the Vietnam War, Appalachian soldiers were awarded 13 percent of the Medals of Honor, although only seven percent of the fighting forces were from the Appalachian region.

John M. Trowbridge, a freelance military historian, has compiled a list of 92 men with ties to Kentucky who have been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor; 20 are from the Appalachian counties. In the Korean War, all five of Kentucky's Medal of Honor winners were from Appalachia: Captain William E. Barber of Morgan County; Corporal John Walton Collier of Greenup County; First Lieutenant Carl H. Dodd from Harlan County; Private David M. Smith from Rockcastle County, and Private First Class Ernest Edison West from Greenup County. These statistics testify to the significant role that Appalachian people have played in America's military history, but statistics alone can never capture the enormous contribution these men and women have made. That's why individual stories — like this one about the Osbornes — are so important.

The Osbornes Return to Civilian Life

The children of Maryland and Allie Osborne remained active public servants after they retired from military service. The oldest child, Winifred, who was almost always called Penny, worked in her husband's office when he was the sheriff of Floyd County. After her children were grown, she served as a postmaster at her local Blue River, Kentucky, post office. She and Henry raised six children. Their son James Henry Hale was a fighter pilot who retired from the Air Force as a Lt. Colonel. Penny died March 1, 2014.

The oldest son, Donald, returned to civilian life and married Drema May of Belfry, Kentucky. She was his sister Julie Delores' roommate at Louisville General Hospital School of Nursing. Don



A graduate of Martin High School and the Huntington School of Nursing in West Virginia, Janice Lee Osborne worked at Paintsville Hospital as an operating room nurse before being commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant in the United States Air Force Nurse Corps.

enjoyed a long career with the United States Postal Service. He retired after 35 years as Postmaster of Prestonsburg in 1991. Drema was an R.N. for 40 years, retiring in 1995 as director of nursing at Highlands Regional Medical Center.

Don and Drema had three children: Martin Lee, an attorney, Julie Victoria, a dental hygienist who taught at Prestonsburg Community College, and Donald Gavin who is an auto mechanic in Prestonsburg.

Julie Victoria, her son Max, and husband Herman Lester were killed in a plane crash in October 2005. Drema died in May 2012 after a long battle with cancer.

Ronald married Rhoda Lafferty of Prestonsburg in 1951 and they had three sons who are living in Texas. Ron died in 1978 of cancer caused by exposure to chemical agents while serving in Vietnam. His wife Rhoda died two years later. Ronald and Rhoda had two sons who each served three years in the Army.

Following her husband's death in Vietnam, Julie Dolores Osborne raised and educated four successful children and advanced her own education, too. She made a 20-year career in the field of nursing management, before retiring in 1994. Today she lives in Universal City, Texas, near her four children and seven grandchildren.

Franklin Osborne married Carolyn Sue Evans of Ashland, Kentucky, in 1960 and they raised two daughters who are both attorneys. The oldest child, Crystal, continued the family military tradition by serving 12 years as an Intelligence officer in the U.S. Army; she is currently a Major in the USAR. After Franklin retired from active military service, he and Carol made their home in Sarasota, Florida, where he worked for 19 years with the U.S. Postal System.

The youngest child of this remarkable family, James M. Osborne, retired from the Army as a Master Sergeant in 1978. He then earned an accounting degree from Eastern Kentucky University in 1980 and began a second career as an accountant, holding positions in both government and private practice. Now retired, he lives with his wife Margie and granddaughter Amber in Prestonsburg. The Osbornes were successful in civilian life because of what they had learned as soldiers and nurses. They applied hard-earned lessons of cooperation and initiative that had been forged in the furnaces of war-imposed self-discipline and responsibility. The result was a family of men and women who knew how to work and took pride in a job well done.

Conclusion

Another century of American life began with many of the same sad themes of our past. Americans continue to fight for the freedoms that we won on the field of battle in 1776. Hopefully, the model of patriotic service provided by the Osbornes will inspire others to military service. Someone has to do it. Freedom isn't free.

All of us owe a great debt to men and women like the Osborne family. Every one of us should make a list of the freedoms we enjoy and the comforts we love. Look at your list. It's a copy written in ink. The original was written in the bright red blood of an American soldier.

The Osbornes are important because of what they accomplished, and they also stand as symbols for millions of unrecognized veterans, extraordinary people who won wars and, like the Osbornes, returned home to live responsible and productive lives. Many went to college or built homes through the G.I. Bill. Their military experience, combined with additional education as civilians, enabled them to improve our nation's transportation and communication systems, advance American healthcare, improve our educational system, and lead us into our current high-tech age. Generation after generation of soldiers returned home and built an America that offered all Americans the hope for a brighter future.

We are losing thousands of those veterans every day. The men and women who gave so much and asked so little in return are quietly departing a country that owes them a debt that can never be repaid. With this article, I thank the Osbornes and all of our veterans for their service and their sacrifices. I also encourage all Kentuckians to express their gratitude. A hug or a handshake often means more to a veteran than a war memorial, a museum exhibit, or a statue.

About the Author

James M. Gifford, a widely published scholar, is the CEO and senior editor of the Jesse Stuart Foundation, a regional press headquartered in Ashland, Kentucky. Dr. Gifford respectfully acknowledges Loyal Jones' fine essay "James Jones' Appalachian Soldier in His World War II Trilogy" in the *Journal of the Appalachian Studies Association*, 1991. "Loyal Jones has been a good friend to me and to the Jesse Stuart Foundation," said Gifford, "and I am grateful for all that he has done for Kentucky and Appalachia."

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Daddy

By Georgia Green Stamper

Bad fathers, from King Lear to Huckleberry Finn's Pap, get more attention in literature, it seems to me, than good ones. The Bible warns us, though, that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children even unto the third and fourth generation, stalking families, cursing them, haunting memory. Perhaps twisted men, like the narcissistic Lear or the drunken Pap, leave behind a legacy so toxic it can only be exorcised with the power of words, with the purity of poetry.

Still, it troubles me that the influence of good fathers is not celebrated more in letters. From a lifetime of reading, I finally pulled up Atticus Finch as an example of a great literary dad, a sort of Anti-Pap-Finn. Surely there are others in the pages of books, but Atticus is who came to my mind, maybe because he reminds me of my own father.

Daddy was a Kentucky tobacco farmer, not an eloquent lawyer like Atticus, and he didn't look or sound anything like the magnificent Gregory Peck who won an Oscar for that role in the movie version of *To Kill A Mockingbird*. But Atticus Finch was a believable character to me because I was raised by Dexter Green.

In a curious way, I think I began writing because of my father, my Atticus, so that I could hear his voice in my head again after he died. Daddy cut through pretense wherever he ran across it, and homed in on what was genuine. He could spot the absurd in any situation, and get everybody laughing about it, thinking about it. And so I believe I write to hear him tell a story again. Maybe I even hope — though he's been gone over 20 years — that he'll whisper, yes, Georgia, you're getting there, you're learning, you've just about got it right this time.

But I've had trouble writing about Daddy straight on. Like all originals, he's slippery on paper, defying easy images. He was a tallish man, even as I'm a tallish woman, and yet I think he had to stretch to reach six feet. Perhaps it was his insistence on good posture for both himself and me that made him seem even taller than he was. When I was growing

up, he would encourage me to practice walking with a book balanced on my head. "Tall girls can't slump," he'd say, and so I didn't.

Although everyone tells me I'm the spitting image of Mother, I always thought I looked more like him. His hair, when he had some, was blonde, and in the set of his blue eyes and the narrowness of his mouth, I see my own. And if I have a memory for story or detail, it is a pale reflection of his.

Despite his flair for storytelling, he was, when I think about it, a quiet man, reserved. Yet men who were young when my father died, tell me even now that they quote Dexter "all the time." When I press them for examples, they shrug and glance away as though embarrassed at their seriousness, and say, "Oh, you know, things about living life." And so I have a glimpse of my father as a philosopher in the tobacco fields influencing the men who worked alongside him.

He was a man who more often sought the sidelines than the spotlight, but then I remember his boisterous laugh. A whooping affair that could be heard a block away, it punctuated all his stories, and it was wonderful, I realize now, the kind of laugh that got everyone else laughing too. But it embarrassed me when I was a kid. You never wanted to see a funny movie with Daddy — not if you didn't want everybody in the theater to turn their heads and stare at you.

With the exception of the few years he spent at Georgetown College and in the Army Air Corps, Daddy farmed all his life. He respected the land, and was an environmentalist before the word came into vogue, leaving his place on earth better than he found it. He must have served on the Owen County Soil Conservation Board for forty years. Yet I never thought he enjoyed the business of farming. He didn't have the passion for it that my mother had.

I'm not sure what livelihood Daddy would have preferred over farming. If there were a job that would have paid him for reading — remember Li'l Abner who napped all day testing mattresses? — he might have liked that. He would come in from the fields every night, settle in his easy chair, and read a

book. That is my most enduring memory of him. And so I grew up assuming that reading was an everyday ritual, like eating.

Daddy was a considerate man, too, who never wanted to put anybody out so I know he would have been mortified at the commotion his death caused. His tractor overturned on a steep hill below the barn on a rainy January day, and it took hours for his body to be recovered. Somewhere, I'm sure his spirit is still apologizing to his friends and neighbors for the trouble he caused them.

More than considerate, he was also tender-hearted. Many stories come to my mind, but one that haunts me is the time his BushHog ran over a newborn calf hidden in the undergrowth. Daddy took it so hard, we nearly had to bury him that morning. The men who were working with him repeated that story to me one after another at his funeral, shaking their heads as they remembered his anguish.

As for me, he never refused to do anything I asked him to do. Forty-five years ago, Ernie and I were married in the small Methodist Church near our farm. It was a simple wedding open to everyone, but I'd been off to college by then and was starting to have highfaluting notions. I wanted a fine bakery cake brought in from Frankfort for the reception. And so Daddy set off in his pick-up truck to carry home a cake wide enough and tall enough to feed two or three hundred folks. How he managed to get it there intact over 40 miles of the crookedest roads in Kentucky, I'll never know. But he did it without complaint — even though he personally thought people should simply “go to the courthouse and not worry everybody to death” when they wanted to get married.

Daddy wasn't perfect of course. He could lose his temper — never at people — but at things when they broke. He was too often quiet when he should have spoken, giving in to others on things that didn't matter in his opinion in order to avoid conflict. And sometimes he was outspoken in his opinion when he should have remained silent, a wise man talking to fools who couldn't hear. Yet, he was as fine a father as I could have ordered up.

And surely, if a father's sins can reverberate for generations, surely, surely, a father's goodness echoes through time.

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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 published works include *Butter in the Morning* and *You Can Go Anywhere*. She also 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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