

A Leaf From a memory Book

By

Kevin J. Corbis

Someone other than a native son should
have been ^{delegated} ~~asked~~ to write this bit of a foreword
about the ^{Kentucky} ~~Kentucky~~ ^{Louisville} Derby. With such a subject
it's hard for a native son to avoid stopping

over.
I'm sure I'm about to stop over. Nevertheless.

In these times of flux and change, old
boundaries constantly shift; old lines blur
and alter; ^{and} ~~except~~ ^{traditionally} - which
means sentimentally - old institutions altogether

(2)

note - spell this
KINTUCKY
=

Vanish x

But I know of ~~but~~ me there in my home
country which carries still the full-blown
sorrow of the Old South, The unspoiled
essences of the ancient Century x that one
thing is The Derby x

Surface conditions ^{with its perfection} may be different
but in spirit The Derby still is what
it ^{has been ever} ~~was~~ since Aristides The Little Red Horse
led the field around that topaz circle
embedded in ~~green~~ emerald velvet ^{which} ~~that~~ is

Chunhill Downs x

Its annual renewal takes
place at the top of the Blue Grass
springtime - and its springtime in the

③
Land of the Blue Grass, ^{when the mint gets ripe and the first is on the tulip,} that makes the little
angels in Heaven song, they have to go
on living in Heaven.

And it's springtime in the hearts of the
pretty girls and the gracious matrons and
the boys and the girls and, yes, in the hearts
of the grandfathers too. And it's springtime in
the ~~hearts~~ ^{hearts} of the gallant horseflesh and
in the ~~hearts~~ ^{hearts} of the silk-bloused ~~matrons~~
maidenly jockeys that bestir them.

And it's springtime for the ghosts
of dead and gone ~~horse~~ ^{gone are gone} ~~men~~ ^{disappeared} of
a generation which has ~~vanished~~ ^{disappeared} — grizzled
brigadiers, ~~white~~ ^{white}-topped statesmen,

(4)
real colmels, black trainers and black stable-
bosses who come, a phantom host, trooping back
on Derby Day to sniff the air and bask in the
sunshine and admire proud preening beauties in
May finery, and once again in their quickened
dead ears, to catch the thunder of those flying
hooves against that mellow turf, which
same is the drum-beat for the muster ~~call~~
of olden years and dimmed glories and
for the roll call of ^{names of} greater winners out of
the Past.

Their swords are rust,
their bones are dust,
their souls are with the saints,
we trust!

Of oo - and I must be so - Then the saints
are due to hear many a lusty yarn, many a tingling
reminiscence, many an inspired piece of tall, ^{and radiant} lying.

(5.)

And when the lead ~~horse~~ ^{hoses} flits down the
stretch and the band plays ~~"my old~~
^{"Dixie"} ~~Kentucky Home~~ "but nobody hears it, for
The cheering of the gentry ^{up there} in the grand
stands and the whooping of the colored
hethren ^{down yonder} in the paddock, some of us will
think we catch, rising higher and keener
and clear above all that happy ~~riotous~~
riotous clamor, the ~~echo~~ ^{a certain} of ~~that~~ ^{higher}
jubilant scream which once upon a time.

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