3-2007

Landmark Report (Vol. 27, no. 3)

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You really don't want this farm, he said,
Just a neighbor who stopped by the gate.

She gave him a slightly puzzled look
And said, You're a little too late.
It's already mine. I just bought it.
The pasture's so green and so fair.

Always is in the summer, he said.
In the spring there's water to there.

But it's already mine, she repeated,
And farming is not in my plan.

If you don't aim to farm
And you haven't a herd,
Then why did you buy all this land?

She shook her head just a little
And cast her eyes on the ground.
I've lived in my cage a very long time
And I wanted some spaces around.

He looked at the woman, not pretty or young,
And felt his heart warm a bit.
Then said in a voice that had lost all its edge,
If it's a home that you need ma'am, you'll fit.

From Homeplace by Sheila Bucy Potter
There's Nothing New Under the Sun

(Reader's note: The following is part of a debate written around 1920. It is eloquently written, and contains the same distastes that we hear about modern society only in a more poetic language. I thought you would find it interesting. The author is unknown, but he did initial the document T.S.B. This piece was donated to the Kentucky Library & Museum by Larry & Edessa Howlett of Bowling Green; SC1478)

I, too, am speaking in the affirmative side of the ground. Resolved, That our forefathers enjoyed life to a greater degree than we do, like, my colleague has said, feel sure of my ground, but neglect, in reviewing life, then and today, that I must appear in the role of critic and knocker of the youth, boys and girls of today.

To what port does this carry us? This hurried life of speed, this life of dishonest work, that are the standards and upholds? No, I think this is what we shall see for? Who, in this life of soft luxuries, with its yellow black rocks, its very questionable morals, its uncertain politics, on age of strikes, of dangerous I.W.W.'s, of lawlessness under guise of the hooded Ku Klux Klan, of the mark and mine of illicit liquor, of women who have so much less regard for home and its sanctity, of vivid, luring dress, less and less respect for and patience with ruling their children with Solomon's proverbial rod, who I says, enjoys life as simply and wholesomely as did our forefathers?

Will you, my honorary opponents, with your wind-jamming eloquence answer this question?

Where is to be found today a delightful, safe, happy home as were those of olden times when parents ruled by a rod of iron but of love, and the healthy, robust family gathered round the broad, generous fireplace to hear the Bible read, the scriptural teachings applied practically and forcefully to every day living conditions. This delightful home association has about it the red essentials of human happiness and blissful content, when home, the source of all law and order, was more nearly, more perfectly, what it should be.

What boy or girl today enjoys such things as an old fashioned ham-baking, candy-pulling, log rolling, or indeed, even the old time thrilling season when the neighborhood joined in freely and generously and in all these things you see combined essentially cooperation, neighborliness, and friendliness. Today we know little and care less about our closest neighbors, when a casual chat at church, an off-hand-hurried telephone call or a nod or hand waving from a speeding auto may be the only communication for weeks or months.

Thrice party in the Altion vicinity. Courtesy of William Sledge

Where has gone our old fashioned, delightful educational art of letter writing, the old faithful community nursing, the helpful aid of the dependent relative in the home?

Today illness is cared for in the hospital, the poor and sick attended to in a perfunctory, off-hand automatic way, and if we are our brother's keeper it must be at a safe distance.

Church work is done almost as coldly. The pastor demands so much salary, or out he goes in search of richer, more remunerative fields.

Our most lasting pleasures come no longer from the multiplicity of luxuries, but from our inner-consciousness of right living, of unrestricted service and usefulness, not in money making, but in giving huge sums of money, but in giving of self, of scattering sunshine into dark corners, of lifting the fallen, or cheering the heart sick.

Let us beware of the snare of quick made riches, of easy roads to knowledge of a sordid lot of luxuries.

The sturdy oak grows stronger by the adversity of the winter's wind, the summer's tempest and onslaught of rain, snow, sleet and hail.

God give us men again like those of old, of fine ideals, who loved a life of action, brave, who rest at labor squalor, who faces life with unfeigned mien, and asks not place to hide from all the cares that make a man, but time and fortune tried.
From the Battlefields of Armageddon

[Editor's note: Since the preceding "War", I'm Grace Armegeddon churches throughout the western became married Harold Mitchell and moved from the Front. We can hear the constant hospital here—the nearest one to this front. We decided to look our way.]

Dear Mrs. Marshall & Mrs. Stroesser:

I am sitting on one of the famous battlefields, under aorgan tree, watching the tents go up for our hospital and writing to you between times.

We are to have an 800-bed hospital here—the nearest one to this front. We can hear the constant roar of the cannon and see the flashes from the guns day and night. When we realize we are just eleven miles from the front—II—'

Several nights ago we walked about three miles to see the emplacement of a "Big Bertha," which had been firing on Paris. The big iron platform was about 30 feet in diameter and about four inches thick. It was on a big ball-bearing platform which turned so she "cough" on either the Etoile or the Etoile in Paris as she chose. The Germans had made an unsuccessful attempt to blow up the position before evacuating but perhaps they were too closely pressed for time, for they made away with the gun only.

It all happened just the way it should have—II—

Well, it will be time for the officers' bugle call which means off and land every day.

Give my love to all my babies and remember me to Mr. Stroesser. How long before I am going to get the photograph of the children? I send loads of love to you both and expect to read long, long letters from everyone who reads this letter. It is not a request but a military order "tout de suite."

Lots of love, Elizabeth Cherry

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At the Front

Sept. 1, 1918

Dearest People:

We haven't had a boat over for over two weeks and every one is looking forward to her when she lands with some mail. I wish you could have seen us about two weeks ago when Dr. Clarke arrived from Paris with the mail bag. It was dark and of course no lights are allowed, so we crawled in our army cots and put two blankets over us, head and all, and read the letters by the light of flashlights. It was a sight to look down the tent and see these fifty bumps in the middle of the cots reading news from home, sweet home.

We have an awful nice thing now. Two canteen workers, one of whom came over on the boat with me, have been attached to our hospital. They make special diets for the real sick patients and serve tea, cookies and jam to us nurses every afternoon from 3:30 to 5:00. Miss Seely and I have just come back from the place that is somewhat like home.

We have quite a busy hospital now. We sent two hundred yesterday on our ambulance train back to base hospitals. Our word is all the time, as soon as one is evacuated or dies we fill his empty bed right away. We lost one yesterday, one today and I'm afraid another is to go "west" as the boys say, real soon.

Tonight is the night for our concert, but it is raining so hard that I doubt if they can have it under the mess tent.

Christmas sure enough and the boys were just like kids about it. When you write me try to mention something I have told you so I can tell whether you are getting my letters or not. Are my letters any different? If so, is there anything cut out? I want to know this so I will know how to write.

Monday—Have just sent thirty-six more boys on back to the base. I don't remember just how many went from the whole hospital.

Last night Santa Claus came and brought us some mail—one letter was from Mrs. Rawlings. She said she didn't imagine us as being cold for you were nearly dying from heat. I have slept with woolen pajamas, bed sheets, water bag and flour blankets on every night and at 4 a.m., I was too cold to turn over. We read our letters by the light of the open fire out in front of the tent and didn't get to finish them as the boys were sent to put out the fires before the Boche got us. So we had to retire to our beds with blankets, covering girls, letters and flashlights.

Mrs. Rawlings said Mother Elliot had gotten my picture. I wish you would send me one of each kind as I want to see if were good ones. Put cardboard in back of these now so we won't get broken. Did you ever receive the Kodak ones I sent of me and the kids while at Pochefantaine?

Tuesday—Miss Stinson is coming out to lecture this p.m.—things haven't been going as smoothly as they might, but thank goodness I am out of the fuss. I am like Uncle Rastus, when there was a fuss on, I "agree wid all of ye brethren."

I heard yesterday that Major Morehead was anxious to have us move up again, so the losses won't have such an effect in the ambulance. This is home, for I am a true gypsy. I like to see all the new places of France. There has been some talk of reciting to the children's work as Miss Ashe seems quite anxious to have me back—goodness only knows what I will draw then.

Paris

Sept. 9, 1918

Dearest Folks:

Well, Miss Seely and I went to B—to spend the day and to get our baggage we had left there. We went with Major Morehead and Captain Clarke in the staff car.

Miss Cunningham gave me some of her special chocolates her mother had sent her, so we had hard tuck and bonbons for lunch. We arrived at hospital 104 at 2 p.m., collected our baggage, put up a lunch to eat on the road home, saw our friends and were on our way back here by 4 p.m. Some rush! We saw lovely chateau which had been destroyed and went within eight miles of one of our big fronts.

After we got back we had tea in front of the tent. It was unusually good!

Next day came the rush—"beaucaus besises" Americans gassed, wounded, pneumonia, etc. We had been getting them by the hundreds, operating, nursing and sending them away.

Daisy Aldrich, another Bowling Green woman who served as a nurse in France for the Red Cross during WWI. Courtesy of Kentucky Library & Museum

Band consisting of servicemen in WWI. Courtesy of Kentucky Library & Museum

Servicemen in WWI. Courtesy of Kentucky Library & Museum

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just to receive more. Things look much brighter today, so we are getting some taste; goodness knows we need some, for we have been working from 15 to 18 hours. Night before last when we got off duty about 10 p.m. a big storm came up—thundered, lightened and blew until one of the nurses' tent gave way, then another beam cracked. We put on raincoats, rain hats, and went to bed with it leaking all around our beds. I slept like a log. I was so exhausted. The tent is still down; we have all moved into the ends and look like the refugees. No one has time to wash, straighten her cloths—we have just gone to bed and we have to begin packing tomorrow, but we do go before we move, but I can't say for sure. We still have American boys only. Fritz dropped several bombs around us last night, but we still have American boys only. It is no use now. Two of my patients went bad into the storm when we got off duty about 1,000 late—I injured while in the war—"effort."

If you should hear from me for several weeks, don't be afraid for our move is a long time now and this direction in our country. We will still have American boys only.

Fritz dropped several bombs around us last night, but we didn't mind that; it is funny how one feels—wants to live, yes, but if you get hit, why, you just do, and there is all there is to it. Have't seen or heard from Drs. Veech or Pickett—an wondering if they have yet landed. They may be mended first; then we decided to move to another sector, but it is no use now. Two of my patients went bad into the storm when we got off duty about 1,000 late—I injured while in the war—"effort."

If you should hear from me for several weeks, don't be afraid for our move is a long time now and this direction in our country. We will still have American boys only. Fritz dropped several bombs around us last night, but we didn't mind that; it is funny how one feels—wants to live, yes, but if you get hit, why, you just do, and there is all there is to it. Have't seen or heard from Drs. Veech or Pickett—an wondering if they have yet landed. They may allow us to go to Paris before we move, but I can't say for sure. We do go perhaps I will see them there. It is getting late—I am pressed for time—please send this letter traveling and tell Sprouls to write me; she never sends me a line. I have gotten one letter from Nell—I didn't think she would treat me so mean. I had rather have a letter any day.

Lots of Love,
Elizabeth

[Image of a table of ladies enjoying the Valentine Tea at the home of Bill & Susan Scott at 902 Elm Street.]

[Image of a City Hall ornament made by Landmark president, C.J. Johnson. This ornament was used on a tree at the Hawkins Center that was decorated by Landmark members in honor of City Hall's 100th anniversary and Landmark's 30th anniversary.]

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The Christmas Tour's Architectural Scavenger Hunt

Text and Photos by Eileen Starr

Using keen powers of observation many Christmas tour participants stood outside historic houses in December while answering the questions in the Architectural Scavenger Hunt. Sandy Riley of Bowling Green was the first place detective and won a gift certificate to Eclectic Style. The runner up was Caroline Flora Collins who received Landmark Association merchandise.

There are so many different components to an historic building, it is hard to actually see everything on your first visit. The scavenger hunt was created to help folks on the tour focus on interesting details on the exterior of the buildings. The following offers answers to the game as well as a little architectural history.

610 East Main. Ed Faye’s residence, previously owned by Carrie Burnham Taylor. What prominent feature inside the house was added later? Real question why is that cool rounded surface on the façade? The rounded surface at the corner of the façade and the lack of a ninety degree angle was the clue that the building was changed substantially during the 1930s remodeling. The interior reveals rich Colonial Revival details including the addition of a dramatic circular staircase. Local architect James Ingram designed the remodeling plan. 621 East Main. Drew Wollin of Bowling Green was the first place detective and won a gift certificate to Eclectic Style. The runner up was Caroline Flora Collins who received Landmark Association merchandise.

Due to the loud protests from the author’s ten year old son, among others, this question was deleted from the game although some participants answered the question correctly.

1340 College. Mark & Shawn Alcott’s house, previously owned by Ello Potter Kinley. The following is a question designed to evoke critical thinking. “In your opinion, what is the most distinctive architectural feature on the façade?” The author believes there are at least two prominent, eye-catching architectural details on the façade, the porch and the bay window. Some of the participants thought that rounded windows were the most distinctive feature and certainly there is merit to that answer. All well reasoned responses were given credit since all three elements: the porch, the bay window and the rounded windows provide copious “eye candy” for the observer.

The contractor used incised stone decorations around the arch on the outside. What is the unusual feature found on the porch? The porch columns with the decorative band below the Ionic capitals is highly unusual in Bowling Green. Ionic capitals, the capitals with the round volutes and egg and dart molding between the volutes, are found on several historic buildings in Bowling Green such as Van Meter Hall at Western. What makes these particular columns different is the large and distinctive anthemion band, a decorative band, located below the Ionic capitals. Large anthemion bands on Ionic columns can be found in other locations but there are very few here in Bowling Green. The contractor used incised stone decorations around the arch on the outside. What is the unusual feature found on the porch? The porch columns with the decorative band below the Ionic capitals is highly unusual in Bowling Green. Ionic capitals, the capitals with the round volutes and egg and dart molding between the volutes, are found on several historic buildings in Bowling Green such as Van Meter Hall at Western. What makes these particular columns different is the large and distinctive anthemion band, a decorative band, located below the Ionic capitals. Large anthemion bands on Ionic columns can be found in other locations but there are very few here in Bowling Green.
Do You Need an Architect for a Remodeling Project?

Adapted from a story by Ken Benzof, Courier-Journal

Not every homeowner needs an architect when embarking on a remodeling project, but in some cases, even some contractors say, an architect can be quite helpful. But before hiring one, understand how they work and the best way to use their services.

Experts say an architect is useful in:

- Complicated projects such as additions or structural changes, particularly if space is being rearranged.
- Projects using bids.
- Projects involving historic preservation.

"Budget constraints may not allow for an architect to be involved," said Scott Kremser, president of Studio Kremser Architects in Louisville and secretary of the Central Kentucky chapter of the American Institute of Architects. "But even if you can pay for one or two hours' consultation, it could be beneficial to have some design professional look at the overall space to be modified for a general assessment."

An architect is also a good idea if you plan to have several remodelers bid on your project, so they can bid on the same design, said Cleo Reinhardt, owner of Reinhardt Construction Company.

To find an architect, ask for references from friends and others who have used architects. For consumer tips and names of members of the American Institute of Architects (AIA) go to www.aia.org or call a local chapter; for Kentucky go to www.kyisl.org or call 859-223-2801.

Before you hire:

- Each architect has an individual style, approach, design and method of work. Look for one who is compatible with your style and needs.
- Ask questions, such as:
  - How busy is the firm? Can it take on my work?
  - Who will handle the job? Insist on meeting the person who will actually design the project?
  - How much will it cost? Talk about a project budget and the range of fees the architect anticipates for your project. Also, ask about the architect's track record with cost estimating.
  - Can I see your work? Ask to be taken to at least one completed project.
- When working with an architect:
  - Communicate clearly what you want and like, and what you don't want.
  - Monitor the architect's progress, viewing rough drafts, models, drawings or computer animations.
  - To avoid disputes, make sure the architect and remodeler agree on the work to be done, and how, before construction begins.

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Perhaps you could pass this newsletter along to someone you think would be interested in supporting Landmark's efforts in historic preservation advocacy.

I (we) want to support the Historic Preservation efforts in Bowling Green and Warren County.

Name __________________________________________

Mailing Address _______________________________________

City __________________ State __________ Zip __________

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