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THANK YOU

The Landmark Association expresses its appreciation to all those who helped with our Christmas Tour of Homes, especially our sponsor Meyer Mortgage, our Christmas Home Tour chairman Miranda Clements, the poster designer Sheila Flener, our Board of Directors, all the other volunteers who helped at the individual properties, and the donors to the silent auction.

The tour is one of Landmark's chief fundraisers and serves as an educational event for all those who attend. Our sincerest thanks to those who opened their homes or businesses for the tour:

Jane Morris

Tim & Linda Leigh of Select, Inc.

Montessori School of Bowling Green

Downtown Redevelopment Authority

Doug Gorman

Steve & Patsy Morgenthaler

Ed Faye

Michael & Linda Barron of Morris Jewelry

Greg & Theresa Davis Shea of Tea Squares
Hildabrand Receives Heritage Award for Preservation Commitment

Jason Hildabrand, owner of Hildabrand Interiors and Restoration, received the Heritage Award, Landmark’s highest honor, at the Association’s annual meeting in May. Besides his supervision of the Pump House project, Hildabrand has restored his own home, the Leander Greer House. The home was featured on HGTV in the fall of 2007. The Greer House has been on several tours since Jason purchased and began renovating it in 2006. The Greer House has received numerous awards; including the Landmark Association’s Historic Home Award, the Landmark Association’s Heritage Award, and has been featured in Kentucky Homes and Gardens Magazine in the July/August 2008 special edition issue entitled “Designer’s Own Homes.” For more information about Hildabrand Interiors and Restoration or the Leander Greer House, visit http://hildbrandinteriors.com/index.html. Hildabrand has also served on Landmark Association’s board of directors, chaired the Association’s Christmas tour, and has worked on numerous historic preservation projects throughout the area.

Mr. Browning Would Be Pleased

By Jean E. Nehm

British poet Robert Browning (1812-1889) enjoyed a creative period of popularity in the late 1880s in both England and the United States. Admirers formed Browning Clubs or Browning Societies in order to read and study his poetry. In America, the first Browning Club was in Boston (1885), Chicago (1886), and Philadelphia (1888) (Greer 165-169). In an article about literary clubs in New York, it was written that no “city with any pretensions to culture was without its Browning society at this time” (Howley 5). Bowling Green, Kentucky could be considered among those cultured locales, for in 1895, Daisy Cooke, Minnie Cooke, Norra Cooke, Florence Dillard, and Nora Greer founded a Browning Club here. They spent their first year studying Browning’s works in general. The next year, with Mary Armitage and Mattle Hatcher joining the group, the women concentrated on Browning’s monumental, book-length poem, The Ring and the Book, described by a contemporary critic as “beyond all parallel poetry and the supremest poetical achievement of our time” (Buchanan qtd. in Loucks and Stauffer 508).

Studying poetry together was a popular activity in those years, and more members joined the Browning Club. However, they decided to broaden their study to other authors in addition to Robert Browning and turned their attention to the Bible, Shakespeare, Dante, Great Books, World Literature, and other themes. They did return to the poet for the 1956-1957 year, when the program theme was “A Year with Robert Browning” and in 1977-1978 for “Robert Browning and His Contemporaries.”

Linda Surface, a member since 1954, is fond of saying that a year in the Browning Club is equivalent to taking a course at Western Kentucky University. Nancy Cheek adds that preparing for a program is akin to writing a master’s thesis every year. A schedule from 1961-1962, during which the ladies studied Nineteenth Century American literature, is an excellent example.

September 23 Introduction: The New Nation and the House Divided Mrs. Graves and the House Divided October 13 Emerson and the Transcendentalists Miss Hatcher October 27 James Fenimore Cooper Miss Richards November 10 Nathaniel Hawthorne Mrs. Duncan November 24 Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell Mrs. Gingles December 5 The Historians Mrs. Surfic December 19 Miss Richards January 12 Miss Richards January 26 Washington Irving Miss Richards February 9 Herman Melville Mrs. Dowse February 23 Herman Melville Mrs. Surfud March 9 Walt Whitman Mrs. Bryant March 27 Sidneys Lanier and Mrs. Cheek April 13 Samuel Clemens Mrs. Cheek April 27 Henry Thoreau Mrs. Parrish May 18 Henry Thoreau Gordon Wilson

Twice a month, the ladies, wearing dresses, hats, and gloves, would gather at a member’s home to listen to the hostess’ program. The purpose of the club, according to the Constitution, was “to enhance the knowledge and scholarship of the members,” so each member felt the responsibility to be well prepared. In 1956, it was decided that she would be unable to host the Browning Club. Miss Mattie replied, “you will give your program!” With a true spirit of dedication, Mrs. Hagerman did deliver her program and even now loves to share the story of this strict but beloved early member of the club.

Miss Francies Richards was another inspirational member. As the first editor of the College Heights Herald and a former English professor at Western, she welcomed some of her former students into the Browning Club, including Ann Fields, Marge Sagabiel, and Clarice Scarborough.

Today, Mrs. Sagabiel treasures an antique doll that once belonged to Miss Richards, the doll, named Frances, now sits in the room whenever Marge hosts a club meeting. The Browning Club still meets twice a month from September to May, and the members are

The Browning Club
1872-1985
The cover of a special program created for the Browning Club’s 100th anniversary.
History and Restoration of the 1928 BGMU Pump House

By Christy Spurlock

The recently completed restoration of the BGMU Pump House at 700 East Main Avenue has been a labor of love by members of Landmark. Slated for demolition, the structure had been an ongoing topic of discussion by the Landmark Board over the past several years. Landmark board members did not want the city to lose the brick structure with its unique limestone foundation, limestone sills, keystones, quoins, and clay tile roof. Working in cooperation with BGMU, the structure was leased to Landmark and in the summer of 2010 restoration work began in earnest under the direction of Jason Holtbrand. With his expertise in historical restoration, Jason was able to develop a comprehensive restoration plan for the 1928 Pump House and spent hundreds of volunteer hours himself restoring the structure's exterior and interior. Security window grills were removed, wooden windows were removed and scraped, painted and reglazed, exterior woodwork scraped, painted, a new door was crafted, roof tiles repaired, new storm windows installed, interior surfaces painted and much more.

Landmark members were committed to saving the structure, not just due to its aesthetic beauty, but also for its historical significance. The 1928 Pump House has an interesting and pivotal role in the city's water development and the history of Reservoir Park, named after the open air reservoir that once supplied the city's water. Before any type of water pumping or filtration system was developed, Bowling Green residents relied on a series of wells, and naturally occurring water sources. As the city's population increased, more came to rely on the public well on the courthouse grounds. Despite efforts to protect the public water supply, contaminated water was the source of much illness for many downtown business owners to the Wright well for drinking water. Dr. Wright was a city representative and he championed the building of a comprehensive city water works system.
Watterson's Speech at Fountain Square

Dedication

[Editor's note: This is a verbatim transcript of Henry Watterson's speech for the official dedication of Fountain Square Park on June 5, 1872. Watterson was the editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal at the time.]

I thank you, Mr. Mayor, and I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the cordiality of this reception. When your very flattering summons reached and me, I was engaged in duties not wholly unimportant; but, in spite of much distrust of myself, I could not resist the temptation to be identified, albeit in humble way, with so pleasing a ceremony, and I was the more ready to come, since, recognizing the neighborhood claims which you have upon my time and labor, I believe that this undertaking, so admirably and so happily completed, is calculated to raise the credit and contribute to the best interest of this city.

In laying the foundations for an organized community two gloomy but practical necessities present themselves to the most ideal pioner in civilization; some spot must be set apart as a place of burial, and this is quickly followed by the almost equally melancholy duty which calls for the erection of a place of confinement for malefactors and breakers of the law. You are fortunate in your epoch, you are happy in having had these sad, colonial offices performed for you. You have a memorial now into the artistic period of your life; and, instead of inaugurating cemeteries and prisons, you are met to dedicate a place of this description.

Henry Watterson, who gave the dedication speech at Fountain Square Park, 1872. Courtesy of Kentucky Library, WKU.

I cannot tell you, now that I am in the midst of you and am able to look upon the beauty and promise of your work, how much pleasure it gives me to be employed as your mouth-piece on this occasion. I am used to a ruder service; and I engage in this as a man returns from wars or travels, a little worn and a little weary, yet rejoicing in his heart at the peace and penniluity and serenity he sees about him, and, after many ups and downs upon the boisterous stream of affairs, taking interest in the smallest trifles that affect the household and break the monotony of the fireside. When I last stood in this place it was the theater of a drama in which some of us acted and all of us suffered. The Headquarters of an assembling army were here. Commanders, and embryo heroes, were familiar to you; staff officers and couriers dashed through your streets with the reckless freedom of war gods; martial objects blocked up your obscurest walks and ways; redoubts and rifle-pits fenced you in from the world outside; troops moved to and fro by day and night; your homes, your fields and your meadows were usurped by soldiers. Your great forest trees went down before the military axe as if they had been the enemies and not the friends of the public weal.

We had just begun a bloody civil feud. Bowling Green was an armed camp, the center of great transactions and the object of splendid warlike hopes.

What changes the coming and going of these ten years have wrought! The marks of battle are at length effaced. The lean and wrinkled countenance of the poor, scorched earth, as far as the eye can see, has fattened with the genial fruitions of nature; has grown ruddy, as it were, breaking into the laughter of corn-rows and the joyous fullness of peace. The memory of those by-gone trials and afflictions is passing away like the footprints of the bees that are driven over the grass-grown ridges and flower-laden hillocks that remain in the fancy to chaste, not to sodden, our lives. They mingle with other and yet older recollections. They disturb us now no more than earlier griefs that come back to us when we wander alone among the haunts of our childhood and listen to the bells which tinkle so drowsily that we can scarce distinguish the sounds of sorrow from the notes of pleasure. You have been self-reliant and active, and you have prospered. You have not destroyed your time away in useless repining; and behold the results around you. A dingy and war-stained hamlet, which looked when I first saw it as if the Great Architect had dropped a handful of odd beam ends and chimney stacks and not taken times to put them fairly together, you have produced out of the wrenched and powder-cloud an inland city which is known all over this country for its thrift, progress and fine appearance. You have emulated the story of Aladdin; and you have achieved some of the wonders of the Lamp. You are watered by a reservoir which will compare with Fairmount. You are lighted by gas and purity and cheapness of which would, if suddenly turned upon Louisville, dazzle and astonish and delight her people. You have, in this enchanting green spot, with its statues and its fountain, a decoration which the commercial metropolitans of your State would be proud to call her own, and can by no means match. You have reason to rejoice; for it is all the work of your hands, the fruit of your own home industry.

We are often told that that which is most needed by a growing and ambitious community is what are facetiously designated "a score or two of first rate funerals." Your experience contradicts this rash, unfeeling epigram; for you have many old and rich men among you, and I am told that, so far from setting you back, or throwing yourselves across the pathway of your progress, they have been among your life spirits. May I not violate a too common rule, and wish that these old men may be with you long? We cannot hope that the waters of this fountain will partake of the qualities of that mythical spring which the romantic Spaniard sought through the delusive blooms and fatal mists of the Floridas. They cannot, pure and sweet though they be, impart everlasting life. But they have power to quicken and freshen and prolong the vital energies; and may they prove not less the solace of your old than the delight of your young. May the Park, itself, become your social rendezvous, a place—"For talking age and whispering lovers made." May it hold upon your affections growth with your growth and strengthen with your strength as it deepens and mellowes into the free and common resort of the rich and poor. May its shadows multiply—may its grass never be stained or blighted—may the music of its fountain, murmuring the mysterious story of nature to the starts by night and keeping time to the busy pulse of trade by day, be always the music of peace and love. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." In this Fountain Park of yours you possess an object of beauty; and it is for you to do the rest, to watch it and tend it, still adorning it; to use it; for I need not tell you that parks, like other human contrivances, depend upon human interest and go forward or backward as they are supported or neglected by the people.

I can, myself, remember when the great Central Park, which is the perfection of landscape gardening and outdoor splendor, was a most squallid and unsightly outskirt of New York City. Not more than twenty years ago the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris, was a mere cost-essay. They have flourished in the hearts, as well as in the pockets, of the communities which they celebrate, whilst other famous grounds and gardens, less fortunate in their ownership or condition, have gone to ruin.

It is a mistake—the mistake of semi-barbarism—to suppose that money spent on public places of this description is wasted. Self-enlargement, hardly less than self-culture, is a fundamental principle of all progress. A city without amusements will be a city without material growth. A city without public ornaments cannot be a city of very high aims or achievements. There are little capitals in Europe, hardly bigger than Bowling Green, which have been famous for centuries. A picture-gallery, a library, a museum, a bandstand, a fountain, a church, a walk, or any other place that can be a resort of the rich and poor, a free and common resort of the rich and poor, is a treasure—"a thing of beauty is a joy forever."
This photograph of the Gilbert Sisters Band performing in Fountain Square Park is the only known image showing the original stone fountain mentioned by Watterson in his speech. Courtesy of Kentucky Library, WKU.

cathedrals, a pleasure garden, a fountain—a mere street—may invite strangers from near and far. Who has not felt the charm of many gas-jets, of goody-lighted shops at night and happy crowds of people moving to and fro? These are not necessarily the exclusive property of the great cities. They are, it is true, a part of the pageantry of the humblest, who move forward with the aspiration which marks your progress here in Bowling Green.

You occupy a position of great advantage. A leading highway, branching into two separate regions of the South, passes by your city. Intersecting lines of communication, which have been talked of for years, are sure to be constructed. In the meantime you are growing. There is something in a name, too, and you have a name familiar, musical and suggestive. Everybody has heard of Bowling Green. Everybody knows that Bowling Green is a town in Kentucky, and there is no other Bowling Green; or if there be, it is a namesake, and generally speaking, our namesakes, if they do us little credit, do us no great harm. Your enterprise in this instance shows you to be a people having a generous public taste; and, now that you have spent so much in forming and decorating this actual type of your city—this veritable bowling-green—you cannot afford to stop and you are not likely to stop. I am going back to your big sister on the Ohio—sunning herself and flaunting her skirts with the vainglorious conceit of the rather ancient vestal in the story that did not get the Prince’s hand in marriage—and I shall say to her, “beware of Cinderella!” Things stranger than that, my friends, have happened, and without the enchantment of glass slippers or magic fountains. But whet in this instance, out in all its details or not, be sure of this, that the loveliness of the little maiden who has been left behind exceeds immensurably the beauty, the conceit, and obloquy of the older girl, who puts on so many airs and graces (and would have you believe that the kings of the world have been doing nothing else these dozen years but bowing and scraping to her! You have reason to be satisfied and to thank God that your lot has been cast so happily. But you must not weary of well-doing. Having done so much, you may do more. You have opened shop, it is true, and advertised your wares. You must add to them constantly, “keep up the stock,” and, as you get the materials of new namesakes, if they do us honor, the memories of the early years, including the very interesting fact that no formal minutes were kept for the club’s first half century. The 73th, 80th, and 90th anniversaries were also observed, with Club Historian Mary Lou Parish and others writing a history of the club given to each member. The milestone centennial celebration was held in April 1995. A delightful tea and lively fellowship were enjoyed by the members and their invited guests from all other women’s literary clubs in Bowling Green. As Ann Fields says, the focus of the club has always been on learning.

Browning Club members at the 100th anniversary celebration on April 26, 1995. Front Row: Gloria Brown, Linda Safford, Mary Lou Parish; seated: Gretchen Niva, Dori Hendrick, Bonnie Davis, Mattie Joan Clark, Mary Lynn McGowan; standing: Carol White, Shirley Holland, Nancy Cheek, Jean Nehm, Ann Fields, and Marge Saghal.

Illinois, Indiana, Alabama, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin, are proud to honor the Browning Club’s historic traditions. But it should not be assumed that they are a tableau, frozen in the past. The club’s minutes, carefully archived in the Kentucky Library and Museum, show the passage of time as they change from handwritten to typed to computer-generated manuscripts. In addition, members have enthusiastically taken advantage of the Internet to research their topics as well as to read book reviews and find new books. Carol White, who uses e-mail to send friendly reminders of meetings, was the first member to incorporate a laptop computer during a program on Laura Hillierband’s Sense of Place when she showed on audio tape of the famous horse’s race. Nancy Cheek was the first member to use a Kindle, and Gretchen Niva the first to use a Nook. Other members, too, have embraced the new methods to achieve their familiar goal of lifelong learning.

This kind of technology would, of course, have been unimaginable to Robert Browning. But it is interesting to speculate about what the great poet might think of today’s Browning Club in Bowling Green. Most likely, he would not be offended that the members have broadened their study to include many other authors, for he himself was the president of two literary clubs in London, the New Shakespeare Society and the Wordsworth Society (Greer 164). Certainly, he would be very proud that the club awards its entire endowment, the winner of the poetry contest in Western Kentucky University’s English Department. And most assuredly, he would be pleased that the club founded in his name over 116 years ago continues the dedicated study of literature to the mutual pleasure and edification of its members.

Men As Lovers

Kentucky. They come here from the old and thickly-populated bluegrass country. They come here from the almost unknown country beyond the Tennessee. But they will go hence sensibly, as I am, of your strong points, both of cohesion and attraction. They will go hence with a very distinct notion that Bowling Green is a point on the map; and that it is not so small a matter as some people may think, for I once saw a French geographer, Pidouchof, set down as the county-seat of Illinois.

I shall not detain you any longer. It is my habit rather to look after the reporting of other men's speeches than to make speeches of my own. I should not have taken the place assigned me by your kind partiality in this instance but that, aside from a certain sense of duty which did not perhaps apply to me more directly than to another, the proposed gathering about this fountain and beneath these trees recalled vividly to my mind and heart the pleasures and the aspirations of a day that is gone. I suppose that every man's life, however prosperous and happy, contains within itself certain unattainable longings and irrational regrets. For my own part these are strongest with me when I am reminded of the old village-life—the old home-life—whereof the smallest particles were full of romance and poetry—whereof everything partook more or less of the nature of a song. There are these in the company whose existence has been mainly so made up. Your own peaceful little city, cradled in rolling meadows so quiet that the wonder is they have not rocked you to sleep, is, like a mid-summer melody, a pretty dream of the golden daybreak,—"wherein angels prophesy."

Adorable vision of the new Day!—so full of energetic life yet so serene—cling to it and build upon it! The foundation of every great fortune—the foundation of every great enterprise—is that glorious yearning which ceases to inspire and delights us only when it is fulfilled. Cherish it always. It makes us better men and women. It is the good ambition and the good purpose of those who followed the star, God-given and heaven-marked, which ever shines just above us and beyond us. The patter of the fountain in the moonlight—the shadow of the trees in the noontide—the music of the church-bells—the noise of the children and the birds—the cry of the crickets as the sun goes down—the roll of wheels upon the streets—all the sights and sounds that go round and round and through and through this Fountain Park, till, in one sort and another, the familiar story of human effort and achievement which men look forward to with hope and back upon with sorrow, efforts which make us happy in the morning and achievements which send us sadly to our last repose at night; efforts and achievements which, like our young, we would not part with though they fill us with a thousand cares.

Happy little city, knee-deep in meadow grass, half hid in flowers! It is your wedding day. Your fountain is your altar; and your household gods are many and fair to see. May they flourish long and bloodlessly! 

 интересный товар из прошлого Буллинг-Грин

Ray Buckberry recently found an old piece of scrip printed specifically for use by Bowling Green businesses during the Depression. Typically scrip is associated with specific companies, such as coal firms, but it was used by many communities during the Depression. On March 8, 1933, The Park City Daily News reported on the scrip's use:

"Approximately $10,000 (the order actually climbed to $22,000 according to the paper two days later) in local scrip will be circulated in Bowling Green within the next few days as a medium of exchange designed to "turn over" rapidly and to discourage the hoarding of available currency during the period of financial unrest.

At a meeting of business men and women held yesterday afternoon at the City Hall, it was decided the plan would be of great benefit to the community at this time and steps were taken to immediately put it into operation.

An order for the lithographing of the scrip bills was placed with a Nashville concern as it is impossible to do work of this type in Bowling Green. City Attorney George W. Meath went to Nashville today to see a proof of the work and it is very likely the bills will be here Friday ready for distribution.

It is decreed that approximately $10,000 worth of scrip and to increase the amount to $20,000 if necessary.

Today 57 concerns had signified their intention of issuing and recognizing scrip as legal tender in transaction of local business. (The 57 businesses were then listed by name.)

E.G. Dent, member of the C.D.S. Drug Company firm and former member of the State Highway Commission has been named trustee of the scrip fund and is to make a bond of $10,000 to guarantee correct handling of the $10,000 to be issued.

The plan has no relation to bank accounts or to lending money. It must be understood. To obtain $1 worth of scrip, a merchant or private citizen must place $1 in cash in the fund. This scrip will be accompanied by $50 stamps which are free of charge. The individual making the purchase and receiving the stamps is known in the plan as the "purchaser." When the purchaser pays this one dollar in scrip to an employee or some other person he affixes one of the stamps. Scrip is a medium of exchange without any stamps but each time it passes through the hands of one of the purchasers, another stamp is affixed. When 50 of the stamps have been put on the back of the bill, it is redeemable with Trustee Dent in currency for full value.

Backers of the move state the method will keep available funds in circulation in Bowling Green and will aid greatly as a temporary relief measure until the national situation is cleared.

The scrip bills are to be issued in only two denominations, twenty cents and one dollar. It is suggested that purchasers refrain from redeeming the 20 cent bills in order that they be held for use in making change.

A subsequent article published on March 10, 1933 described the scrip:

"In one corner of the face of each bill there is the following wording: "Community Scrip, Bowling Green, Kentucky. This certificate is secured by the deposit in bank vault of $1 in United States Currency. Not good unless seal of the City of Bowling Green is here attached."

In the center the city seal is impressed and on the right side of the bill the following is written: "Upon presentation of this certificate with 50 self liquidating stamps cancelled and affixed on reverse side hereof I will pay bearer the sum of $1 in United States Currency, this March 10, 1933. E.G. Dent, Trustee." 

This piece of local scrip was never used, as the seal of the city of Bowling Green never embossed in the center.
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 ____________

Telephone __________________________ E-mail ________

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Levels of Membership

[ ] Foundation $25      [ ] Ionic Order $100      [ ] Entablature $500
[ ] Doric Order $50      [ ] Corinthian Order $250   [ ] Cornice $1,000

Checks should be payable to: Landmark Association
P.O. Box 1812
Bowling Green, KY 42102-1812