

FOREWORD

When I moved to Frankfort in 1969 I was still collecting Folklore items but I was concentrating on my home county. Gradually I began to add Frankfort anecdotes and folklore items to my collections. These items were collected in casual personal conversations or telephone conversations with the informants. If possible, I would double-check names, dates and background information with the informant in a second or third interview.

I was interested in items that demonstrated life styles, patterns of thought, survivals and humor. I was also interested in music, but seldom heard any being performed. By the time Frankfort's Bicentennial Committee announced plans for a Frankfort Folklore book to be organized and printed in 1986 I had a goodly amount of material already on hand.

Edna Milliken, head of the Frankfort Bicentennial Committee placed me on the book committee to collect, organize and print the Folklore book. I decided that now my first priority was to comb my ledgers for items that would be representative of Frankfort and its residents.

I wondered whether to include stories told by Frankfort people that were set elsewhere. I decided against it in most cases. I had collected some items of Urban Folklore. I decided that my readers would be unfamiliar with "the cat in the microwave" and "the snake in the Aigner Coat". I jettisoned those.

I photocopied pages from my ledgers and began to organize by subject headings. I paper-clipped chapters together. Frankfort friends were regaling me with additional anecdotes. Some times I was able to document a story in county histories, or newspapers. If I knew of another informant, I doublechecked with them on names and dates.

There were others on the Frankfort Bicentennial Committee. But we were also preparing a map, and a genealogy book to be printed soon. No one else seemed to be taping or interviewing except Martha Hubbard. She and Sophronia Glass read my manuscript and made corrections on dates if necessary.

I decided that if I were going to do all of the manuscript, I would try to shape it as a "proper" folklore book. I asked Prof. Jerry Alvey and Dr. Lynwood Montell for advice. Edna Milliken wanted me to type my stories into her computer. That seemed too tedious. I had access to my typewritten after hours and on weekends when she might be away from the apartment. She resigned from the project in October, so I was glad I made that decision.

I still hope that they will print this manuscript in a year or two inasmuch as I have additional material not used here. I had a lot of fun working on it, and I learned more about Frankfort in doing it.

THE PEOPLE OF
THE CAPITOL CITY

By

Linda A. Anderson

For

Dr. Lynwood Montell

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Directed Study Project

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I N T R O D U C T I O N

Some say that Frankfort is too small to be a state capitol. A few devoted citizens fought to have the state capitol placed here in 1792. Their tenacious successors have kept it here.

Frankfort's growth was governed by its topography. When you enter town from any direction you descend one of its hills and cross the Kentucky River. It has three bridges and plans are being made for a fourth. During the 1978 flood, all routes in and out of town were closed. Frankfortians have grown up on the river, another reason that Paul Sawyer paintings and prints of river life are always in demand.

Every few years the muddy Kentucky River overflows its banks. No one who has ridden a rowboat down Capitol Avenue or into his house, and watched dark water inch up his basement steps will ever again ignore the weather. Nor will his neighbor who remembers the dark clouds and brassy sunlight of April 3, 1974 when not one but two tornados ravaged the city.

Visitors rave about Frankfort's atmosphere and unique old houses. Some houses cling precariously to hillsides and you wonder how people dare to live there. Some tower over their newer neighbors; hedged about with duplexes and ranch houses. Some older houses faced the river, and had their own boat docks. The river was the first means of travel for the pioneer- that and the buffalo trail.

The Commonwealth of Kentucky is the largest employer in the city. Thus assorted state agencies are scattered across the city housed in office buildings, warehouses, and assorted makeshifts. From Monday Morning to Friday afternoon Frankfort is a bustling city. After 5 p.m. on any afternoon Frankfort relaxes and goes back to normal. And if you wish,

you can walk down the middle of any street in town at 8 a.m. on Saturday or Sunday-just like any other county seat.

As a state Capitol, Frankfort swarms with state senators every two years. In between it hums with the sometimes seen, sometimes only suspected activities that affect the state at large. Every four years there is an empty hive, and new queen bee, and an influx of drones. A familiarity with politics ingrains the experienced resident with cynicism.

From 1800 until the 1937 flood there was a state prison here. Everyone lived in the shadow of the prison. Most had toured the prison; heard its inmates play on Sunday afternoons and heard the frightening clamor of sirens and gun shots of an attempted escape. "Trusties" served in the Governor's Mansion, moved furniture and did certain odd jobs under the watchful eye of a guard.

Often when the man of the house was sentenced to the Frankfort Penitentiary, his wife would pack up the kids and her few belongings and go to Frankfort, too. She would find a room in a boarding house, and go to work scrubbing floors, waiting tables or washing clothes and wait for Visiting Day. Often when his term was over. He would move in with here and start looking for some kind of laboring job. After the 1937 flood, the prison was closed and remaining prisoners were transferred to Eddyville.

"Craw" grew up as the rough section of town. A conglomeration of short dead-end streets with bawdy houses, grocery store-saloons, and cottages. It was inhabited by ex-prisoners, prostitutes, gamblers and the honest poor. City officials and society ladies spent a lot of effort on sanitizing and diminishing "Craw". It took Urban Renewal and mass demolition to obliterate it. Now the Convention Center and the Capitol Plaza Hotel occupy the sites of the old "Blue Moon" and "Peach Tree Inn." Old-timers still remember neat little houses with postage-stamp

sized yards, shade trees with white washed trunks, and friendly neighbors who visited on their front porches.

Frankfort is also a University town. The Kentucky State University was established in 1886 to serve Kentucky's black population and will celebrate its centennial in 1986- the year the town celebrates its Bicentennial. There is a certain international flavor now with Indian professors; and black, white, Iranian, Peruvian, and Spanish students at the University.

There are residents whose grandparents lived here; and there is a small colony of Vietnamese residents in Frankfort. They cling tenaciously to each other and to expatriot friends in Lexington, Louisville and Cincinnati.

Those Irish, Italians, Germans and Jews who came to America after upheavals in their homelands gravitated toward Kentucky River cities. There they found old friends from home, clients for thier trades and a church or synagogue. Their descendants live here now.

There are Frankfortians who live and breath History and Genealogy who resist change, dislike Urban Renewal, like open house tours, steeple chases and antique shows. There are people here who like motor boats, auto shows, drag races, keg parties, bowling, cock-fighting or golf. There are people who drive cadillacs, people who drive jeeps, people who ride in the back of pickup trucks, people who ride "shanks mare", and people who sit on a park bench all day.

Each is a little piece of the patchwork quilt that is Frankfort. Few would ever sit down and write their memoirs, or would want to, but all have a story to tell. Listen to my Frankfort people.

TOPOGRAPHY

Henry Clay called Frankfort an overturned top hat. When you enter town you descend one of its hills into the old section nestling the "S" shape of the Kentucky River. Some houses cling precariously to hillsides threatening to tumble backward into ravines or into the river. Some tower over newcomers like a hen with a clutch of baby chicks. Older houses face the river with rolling green lawns for the river was the earliest mode of travel -before the turnpikes and the railroad came.

There were a lot of sinkholes or caves in and around Frankfort. Sigmund Luscher came from Germany in 1869, and bought the property on the North end of Ann Street. There was a cave there that extended back into the hill. He hollowed out rooms and used them for store rooms for his brewery. Then he built a warehouse building and a two-story brick residence for himself next door.¹

The special edition of the STATE JOURNAL printed as a series September to October, 1986 mentions a cave found in 1836 when they began work on Lock 4.

It would seem that the old sewer system sometimes used existing caves:

The Tobin House is next to Martha and Bill Hubbards on Clinton Street, then there was the Gum house, a big old brick house. You went up steps to get in it. It was there during the war. Jim played in it. He swears there was rings on the wall in the basement, and a tunnel. Bill Pruitt swore it went to the river. I imagine it was a sewer. There was a cave under there.²

There was a tunnel over around the State Office Building, where the prison was. Dad said you could have walked all the way to the river. And there was a sewer under the Todd House that ran to the river. I remember readin' about them building it.³

There are still plenty of storm drains and natural caves under Frankfort. When my apartment house on Steele Street flooded in April of 1972, it was not from the river bank but from the storm drain behind the house. When the river rose, the water backed up into the storm drain, filled the swag behind the house, then basements, and then the low-lying part of the street.

THE RIVER

The next important part of the topography to be studied is the river. Early settlers such as William and James Haydon, Hancock Lee, and the Cook brothers appreciated the importance of the buffalo road's crossing the Kentucky River here. Entrepreneurs would help James Wilkinson and Andrew Holmes develop the town.

But the first settlers would travel by foot, by horseback, or by the river.

(We) Landed at Louisville (in the) Spring of 1789, May 20th, went up by Owen's Station, near where Shelbyville now is and from there went on across to where Frankfort now is. There were only three little bush pole cabins at that place. And one Jerry Gullion set us-Johnny & Bob Walker and myself over the river. Staid that night at old Wm. Haydon's about a mile out.⁴

After the use of the canoe and flatboats, came the heyday of the Steamboat.

My daddy said that he remembered seeing the steamboats come in early in the morning. One was the "Fall City". There would be big sacks of grain all over the deck. And the deck-hands would be sprawled on 'em asleep. The "Fall City" went from here on to Monterey. They'd pick up anything. People would bring stuff to the ferries and load it on board. They had boats made for animals as well as people.⁵

The river packets carried all kinds of produce: cattle, whisky, and so on as well as people.⁶

Harry Innis Todd was the captain of the "Blue Wing". The ruins of his house are still standing over here on Wapping Street. He was the grandson of Judge Harry Innis. He made regular trips from Frankfort to Louisville.⁷

Captain George C. Drane Live on Second Street Second Street School was built on what had been his property.⁸

I remember the "Summer Girl". We didn't just have excursions on it, we had picnics, and dances.⁹

We used to go up to the headwaters of the Kentucky -Beattyville, would be gone a week...They ought to dredge the Kentucky River. They used to have a dredge

on the river all Summer long. John _____ would go up and down and show them where to dredge. There used to be a sixty-nine foot channel here. Now it's only 6,7 feet.¹⁰

I remember seeing logs down at Kenny's lumber mill in the Spring. That was at the foot of Murray Street- on both sides of the river. Granville Coblin, or his brother Weldon- was swimming. He dived off, and got turned around and caught under the logs. He opened his eyes and saw daylight between them, or he wouldn't have been able to find his way out.¹¹

Joan Dick said that the little bitty boat she was born on- the "Mill Boy" is on that calendar. After they took the logs down to Frankfort, they would tie up, wash clothes and hang 'em up, get them dry and then go on back up. They used it to push barges up the river. One day her mama looked and it was fillin' up with water. She started screamin' and pumpin'! (Her husband came to help.) And when Joan was a baby, she turned over and the cradle and her and all went in the river. Her daddy had to dive in and get her.- And when she was a little bigger, she threw her mother's pocketbook and things in the river. And again, her daddy had to dive in and get it. Her mom is Mrs. Couch, lives on the Harrodsburg pike. Somebody set 'em out of the house one time. And her mom huddled the kids out under the trees for 3 or 4 days. She had five little kids. She's eighty something now. Mr. Couch, Joan's uncle would talk about life at Beattyville, said they threw him in the river several times, finally taught him how to swim. Joan talked like her mom could almost take the logs down the river by herself.¹²

Daddy worked on High Bridge. He was born in 1867, was fifty when I was born, and fifty-five when Anne Brooks was born. I was Daddy's chauffer when he went out of town. One time we were close to High Bridge. He said "pull over, I went to look." He went out on it, held on and looked. He told me "I worked on High Bridge when I was young and I wasn't scared then at all." His daddy died when he was sixteen. He worked on surveyin' for the dam at Beattyville. The first thing he did every morning was to look for a fresh cobweb. They thing that they looked through ("Jacob's Staff")-that's got a cobweb stretched through it, or it was in 1885. The river channel was so low they waited for the Spring rise to go up the river, then they

had to wait for the Fall rise to come down. They got off in Danville, then got a horse and wagon and came home. They had a cook. One evening he didn't come in for dinner. They went out to his boat. He Wasn't there. Drowned, they guessed, never found his body. Daddy had been instrument boy. Next morning he was cook AND instrument boy! He said "the first thing I fixed was biscuits, and they were the best I ever ate!"¹³

It is not just that you will have to cross one of Frankfort's three bridges some time during your day; or that houseboats, motor-boats and swimmers remind you that this is a river town. Many remember when "Craw" its red-light district catered to the rowdy river-man from upriver who rode their log rafts down on the Spring and Fall tides. And every few years the muddy Kentucky over flows his banks. A chapter on floods is included later.

TRANSPORTATION

Other forms of transportation besides the river included horse-drawn vehicles, the railroad which came in 1834, street cars, and finally air planes.

I always walked down a hill, across the branch and up the next hill and hitched up old Cindy. She was a gentle mare. I remember I went through weeds higher than my head to hitch her up. One time we came to town. They'd laid a brick road and it was just as slick as glass. Cindy fell. It like to have scared Mom and me to death. We was afraid she was hurt, but she got up. She was shook up some. We had to have her "rough-shod" if we bought her any more. (That's when the blacksmith puts big headed nails in the shoes and lets them stick down like cleats in a football player's shoes.) Then they took those brick up. They took 'em down behind Liberty Hall, and threw 'em in the river. And one time Mom was drivin' old Bob to the buggy. We started up a hill. Old Bob started balkin', turned the bucket of milk over in the buggy, and got her clothes all messed up. I can't remember if we went on to town or not.¹⁴

Mr. Godlipp and my grand-daddy were both old Dutchmen and good friends. Mr. Godlipp come in first one day and sold his stuff to the Weitzel Hotel. He started up the Cedar Cove Hill drunk, run into Grand-daddy and tore up his wagon. He spilled his buttermilk and broke his eggs. Grand-daddy Pieffer was awful upset about it. When Mr. Godlipp got home he didn't know who he'd run into. He was scared to death. Somebody finally told him it was Mr. Pieffer he'd run over. He come to Grand-daddy's to apologize. He stopped his buggy and got out. Grand-daddy was so mad he run him around it. Mr. Godlipp kept sayin' "Joe Pete, I'm so glad it was you. Joe Pete, I'm so glad it was you"-and runnin' for all his worth! Grand-daddy was a little man with red hair and a hot temper. (They finally made it up.)¹⁵

They said that one time Grand-daddy hopped in the buggy and went into town. He didn't come in at the regular time. Grand-ma got worried. She an' the kids were settin' in the front room waitin' for him when they heard the horse come home. It was way after bed-time. They went rushin' out. Daddy said he'd never seen a horse in such a mess. Granddaddy had hitched the shafts under his belly someway. Had the horse walkin' BESIDE the buggy.

How he ever got up all those hills I don't know. You know Cedar Cove Hill is steep! They unhitched the horse and put him away. Said Grand-daddy was up in the buggy drunk, done passed out. Said they got him in the house and put him to bed.-Said there wasn't no questionin' him that night- nor the next three days nother. There wasn't a wiggle in him!¹⁶

Almost all the horses were shod then. Along up this time of the year, they'd rough-shoe 'em. They'd be rough shod. The blacksmith shop was where the Frankfort Garage is. Arch Tracey still lives in the house. My dad had a blackship shop where he shoed our horses. Carl Hurne says everybody in Frankfort had a little farm, had a well, a garden, a cow and a horse.¹⁷

STREET CARS

Somebody asked me where the Street Car barn was in Frankfort. It was on Wilkinson Street. I remember streetcars from before I went to school. The street car went by our house, went around Manakin's Corner, and up Wright Street. It would just sing and screech. It would turn on Owenton Avenue. It went as far as the ball park. Then It went to Thorn Hill where the parking lot is, turned around and came back. I've seen 'em get out and pull that wire loose and put it on the other end. At night they were all taken down Wilkinson Street and put in a barn on the side next to the gravel pile, close to a grocery. There was some little houses there. Mattie who lives across from me lived there then. ¹⁸

We was visiting out on Wilkinson Street at Aunt Fronie's. We walked down to the distillery and caught the street car home. I remember one time we went. We got back too late to catch the street car. I was five years old. I remember Mama was walking fast trying to catch it. And I was walkin' fast too, tryin' to keep up with her. And one time Alice Blanton got on the street car with the woman who took care of her (nurse maid). One of the Duvalls got on, said "Little girl, do you know your socks are dirty?" She said she thought he was ruind for life.

There was a baseball park out at Thorn Hill and a bandstand. We used to go there for Sunday picnics. Rose Hill ballpark had a grandstand. I had a 1908 calendar that showed that grand-

stand. They played ball there, too. On a Sunday afternoon, the streetcars was full of people goin' out on a picnic. They'd have on all their Sunday clothes.

One time me and the boy I was datin' was out together, and the little streetcar came by and turned the corner, just a rockin' and squeakin'. Made the darndest noise. I couldn't hardly believe it was gonna stay on there.

Alice Blanton said that after the street car quit running, her daddy went to town and bought four Fords. He put them in a big field (by the house) and learned to drive.¹⁹

AUTOMOBILES

The first car I ever rode in was Mr. Ben Marshall's. He lived where Phillip Fall's school was, had a Model-T Ford two-seater. It had curtains on the sides. He come by and offered to take us a ride. We got in- Cordie and me and two more girls. We stood up in the back and held on to the seat. We were so amazed that we were moving.

Then we moved to town. My dad sold Fords there where they're tearing down a building (W.Main) It wansn't a smooth ride- just about like standin' up in a buggy. It took us an hour to come home from town.

When I was little, my mother always kept a white silk man's handkerchief over my face in the buggy (or car). She wanted to keep me from getting my face wind-burned. And I was always lickin' at it, trying to get it down so I could see.²⁰

My grand-pappy Glass when he was old, bought him a little rattle-trap Ford. He always went as fast as he could go. I remember that there was a little iron bridge by Bosom's Grocery. We went acrost it just a-flyin'. one time. It was still a-wobblin' after we got through it.

I remember one time I was a-goin' in to town with him. They was a-surveyin' on Cedar Cove Hill, had the road dug up. We come down that road a-flyin'.

The surveyor was out in the road with his surveyin' stuff. When he saw us, he grabbed it and went climbin' up on the hill. Why, I imagine he said somethin' about it!

Some of his boys said somethin' to him after that about gettin' rid of his model-T, and goin' back to his horse an' buggy. He said 'why, I'm not a-gonna do it! Said "If I get rid of my flivver, I'll get me a bigger, heavier car! They let him alone after that. And ne never did get rid of it."²¹

Uncle Joe's wife, Aunt _____ didn't have a car until her husband died. She went down to the courthouse to get a licence. They didn't want to give it to her. She said "Now, I need this car. I'm a good, careful driver. I know how to drive it and I need it to go to church and Sunday School. -She was a good member of the Baptist Church, supported 'em. Well, they never did give her no trouble after that. They knew her down at the courthouse. And she was in good health right up until she died.²²

RAILROADS

The railroad came to Frankfort in 1834. And in 1850, they completed the rail road tunnel, and railroad station.

One time, they had a wreck in Frankfort, and two or three got hurt. They had witnesses in and had an inquest and so forth. One of them said "Why, that engineer was just goin' entirely too fast, why they must have been goin' twenty miles an hour!²³

Perusal of the official accounts (see Johnson's HISTORY OF FRANKLIN COUNTY, KY- pp.94-95) show that the accident took place March 23, 1836 and seem to indicate that it was the fact that the went over an embankment that caused three fatalities, not the "excessive speed".

Mr. Bixler said that he worked up there at the Depot. They had wagons with tongs on 'em to pull the baggage and coffins off with. I've been in there many a time. Edgar White the man I used to go with, he worked there. They had big tall registers. There was something he could unscrew and wash his hands in it.

He couldn't leave until the Dinky came in. I could hear it. We lived on Holmes Street then. I'd walk down and meet him. One time he was ready to leave, was ready to lock up. I.Davis's buryin' equipment was in there. I says "I. Davis?" He said 'Yes. Now you be real quiet, and he will be, too. Like his body was really in there. He went out and left me and shut the door and looked back through the little glass. I was young. I guess I was petrified. (I got out of there in a hurry.)²⁴

Mrs. Aylor said that they used to have a little fiest dog. He knew what time that Dinky came in late in the evening. He'd walk over to the switchin' yard, and

hitch a ride on the engine. The engineer would go real slow. He'd go around over the yard, pushing the cars around, then turn around getting ready for the run the next morning. And when it got done, and they turned the engine off, the little dog would get off and trot home. All the train men knew that little dog.²⁵

When I was in college, some of our parents would buy our tickets in Elizabethtown to Louisville. Louisville was a regular stop for Pan American. When we got to Louisville, we'd buy an L. and N. ticket for Frankfort and walk over to the C. and O. station and catch the C. & O. "George Washington." It ran on the L. and N. track.

In Frankfort we'd get off and buy another L. and N. ticket on home. The conductor and engineer always acted like they were going to leave us, but they never did.

Bowling Green and E-town were the only two stops on the L. and N. The C. and O. stopped in Frankfort only. Both trains were air-conditioned, although the local L. and N. trains weren't. The reason we wanted L. and N. tickets was that students got to ride half price. (But the George Washington went at the right time.)²⁶

AIRPLANES

I remember the first airplane I ever saw. Mom was washin' clothes out under the hackberry tree. I was little, playing out in the yard. We had two dogs. There was an airplane in town. The pilot was takin' people for rides. He'd take off at Black's Pond (on the Georgetown end of Frankfort) and fly out to our cliff and dip down. Well, when that thing came over, we'd never seen one. I was simply scared to death. I ran to the barn, to old Cindy's stall and got in under her manger. I remember I was barefoot.

Mom was washin' rice in a bowl. Well, she spilled that rice ever where. Cows was runnin' and bawlin' and the dogs was barkin'. Finally, my daddy come in and told us what it was.

My grand-daddy was mad. The cows were so frightened, some got into the barb wire fence and cut themselves. (He had to get them out, and try to treat their cuts.)²⁷

PENITENTIARY

The town was not very old when the Kentucky legislature established a prison in 1798. Harry Innis and his wife deeded two lots to the town for its establishment. Before this there were 29 crimes for which a criminal would be hung.

Growing up next to the prison has produced a sort of familiarity on the part of townspeople, and a curiosity for everyone else.

When I first came to Frankfort sixty-three years ago, the first thing we wanted to see was the prison, then we wanted to see the Feeble-minded Institute, and the court house.²⁸

Granny's uncle Andrew Ferrell was a guard at the pen in Frankfort. It was a good-payin' job, but dangerous. She visited Uncle Andrew and Aunt Belle, got a guided tour of the prison, saw the man sentenced for shooting Governor Goebel...²⁹

I remember when we lived down on 137 Wallace, the prison was still there then. Oh, it was just like a city within a city. Sometimes they had a band playin' inside and it was the prettiest thing. I remember my dad sayin' ever foot in there was stained with somebody's blood. And I remember hearing the whistles blow one morning. Somebody was tryin' to escape. They shot him off the wall. I saw him fall.³⁰

There were several prison industries: a chair factory, a shoe factory, a nail factory, a blacksmith shop, a mill. Not only did prisoners work within the confines of the prison walls, they were taken out to work in a quarry, or hired out with a guard to work for individuals.

In those days, they wore uniforms with stripes on 'em. How wide the stripes were meant something. That big quarry over there against the hill, that was all beaten out by the prisoners by hand. They took 'em out by day with their ball and chains, and brought 'em back at night. Had them making little rocks out of big ones.³¹

I remember when the chair factory burned. I went out on the back porch. Pop was work-

ing for Indian Oil. I told Mom, I said "look-a-there, those shavin's below that window are on fire!" Then the Fire Department came. We could feel the heat from it. Mom was awful nervous about it, went out and sat on the porch and watched it. I baked a cake to keep busy. And my dad was down there settin' on an oil barrel watchin' it.³²

Mrs. Ruth Stafford was an Aussy, she would know about the prison. Her daddy worked at the prison as a guard. Her mother would cook up his dinner, and Ruth would haul it to him in her little red wagon. She was just a little girl. The guards would let her in, and her daddy and the men would eat, then she hauled it home. She turned it over once in front of where the Greene's nursing home is now. She got a wheel caught in a crack.³³

This is the Holt Place. There's about fourteen miles of stone wall around this property. You see that dip in that stone wall? There's three convicts buried there. My grand-daddy and his brother were Irish; well they were born in this country. Their daddy came from Ireland. They were helping a crew of prisoners lay that rock wall. There was another crew of prisoners helping, too. Three of them got sick and died. Rather than have any of the rest of them get it, they buried them right there.

Now, Mrs. J.B. Marcus, she says that two of them got in a fight while they were laying the wall. A third one tried to help the one who was about to get killed and they all three died. You can tell there's graves there.³⁴

This farm was owned by James A. Holt, who was superintendent of the Frankfort Penitentiary. He built the two story frame house about 1873. He used prisoners to lay all the rock walls. There is even a room on the second floor with iron rings on the walls and a huge checkerboard drawn on the floor. Supposedly the prisoners used long sticks to move their checkers after being confined for the night.³⁵

They had a chair factory. I saw that. I never saw the dining room where they ate.

The warden lived across from the prison. There was a kitchen in the back. You could walk by and see them in there cookin'. It was brick next to the house no side walk. You went from the steps up into the house. We'd go talk to that lady. (His cook) I remember she gave me a 'hen and chickens' start one time. (A plant.) There was 2,200 men there at one time.

They had little carts with wheels on 'em. They would take them out, get parts, and wheel it back...They made shoes, and wicker rockers and chairs.³⁶

When I was growing up, I remember the prisoners would have a band. And from 4 or 4:30 until dark they'd play. Every body (who lived) down there got to hear it, too. I thought it was the prettiest music! That was every afternoon after work was over. They had a deck built out for 'em. They played baseball on Sunday.

And there was a big gate on the women's side. That's where they took the wagons through. You'd see 'em. Jim Glass says that his grand-daddy Melvin used to take his corn down there to be ground. They was supposed to keep part of it for doin' it. (Take toll) But he learned 'em. The fella in charge liked chewin' tobacco. Melvin done his up in twists. He'd take him some twists when he went, and (the guard) would give him ALL his flour...Then we never gave a thought to it bein' a prison. It'd always been there.³⁷

Eddyville (Prison) was in operation in 1908, and already had the electric chair, or was getting it. They offered the job of being warden to my father. He figured out that meant ordering executions in the electric chair, and he wouldn't take it.

He was warden up here at the Frankfort prison. He abolished the whip, and they abolished him. You see the prison had contracts with a shoe company for so many shoes a day, for instance.

Sometimes a prisoner didn't want to work. They had one place they'd put a stubborn man in. They'd start the water in, and he had to pump or drown. Had one, the water got up around his shoulders before he started pumpin' (the lever.) Had to work hard at it, too.

Had another (prisoner), told him they'd cut off his fingers 'til he worked. They'd cut off two and was ready for the third one, before he said he would. My brother Phil, he was just a nosy boy. He found a finger like that when Dad was warden. He kept it and used it for a watch fob, painted it with iodine.³⁸

There was even a prison graveyard. When the graveyard next to the workhouse on the North end of Ann Street was filled, they started another one.

Most of those prisoners was buried here. They didn't send a body anywhere. And a lot of them were from the mountains. They had that graveyard out where Southern States is now. You could see the Cemetery as you went up Cedar Cove Hill. There wasn't much out that way, then. I don't know who else was buried there. The markers shone just as white. Somebody told me that they were wood markers. Mrs. _____ said that her daddy was a guard. Whenever, they buried a prisoner, her mother would get some women together. They would put on their sunday clothes, and take flowers and have a funeral service for him.

They had a gate on Holmes Street. They'd take wagons in and out there. That was the women's section. The guards 'us set out in front of that big iron gate in the summer. They had guard houses on the corners. Dad was a guard there for a while. I'd take him his lunch in a basket. I guess they'd let a basket down over the wall on a rope.

I remember in the afternoon, they'd play music. They had a prison -and, and green houses and all. Out of that white river rock. It was always clean.

Nobody was afraid, then. The guards'd take me around. One time one of 'em told me. "You

get behind me. One of them prisoners might grab you." Why, that had never even occurred to me!³⁹

Do you remember the concerts they used to put on?

Yes, I remember when Chester Peavler our cousin was here visitin' us. We took him to the prison. They were puttin' on a play, had convicts dressed as women. Chester said "How'd they get them women in here?" My dad said "They're men dressed as women." Chester said "They ain't, either." ...We used to go and see the negro minstrels, too.⁴⁰

"TRUSTIES"

At some time in the prison system, probably soon after its establishment, the guards began a "Trusty" program. Prisoners who seemed harmless, and dependable were used in more responsible jobs, and granted little favors as payment.

I guess that the first 'trusties' were used in the New Capitol when McCreary moved in in 1912. It was up to the governor whether he used convicts or not. Mrs. Combs was a mountain woman. She didn't want convicts around, so they didn't use any. I don't believe Chandler did either.⁴¹ (And Brown didn't.)

I've driven by the mansion and seen a trustie watching Chandler's kids. The governor usually pardoned his trusties when he went out of office, but they hated baby-sitting. That was the bottom of the totem pole.⁴²

The trusties wore gray uniforms. The regular convicts wore gray and white striped suits. You could tell the crimes they were in for by the width of their stripes. They were rented out to farmers and leather-workers. They had a shoe shop, chair shop and broom factory in the prison, too. I don't believe the governors used them much before 1912. -Oh, he might have had a carriage man.⁴³

My daddy was warden at the state prison in Frankfort when I was a boy about 1909. I don't remember if there were "trusties" in the Governor's mansion. But the warden used

"trusties" in his house. I remember hearing somebody talk about them. I was a big-eyed boy over in a corner listening. One woman said "Why, I don't know how Anna can stand to have that red-haired woman around her and her children. Why, she killed her three children, just so she could marry that man!" I remember the woman. She had red hair and was pretty.⁴⁴

My father could see good in every body. But me, I don't believe in that any more. Why, convicts came close to wipin' out my whole family! They were trusties hired out to my grandfather Chinn's (Calcite) mine in Mercer co. There was an ex-minister-Burt Wing. My father liked him. He was the ring-leader.

They made it up to kill us all and loot the house, then escape. There was one convict who told it. Even then, it was a near thing. My grandfather was mad- he had a bad temper any way. He would have killed three or four of them, if they hadn't kept him from it. You talk about slammin' 'em back in jail. Wing had murdered several other people before that, at different times.⁴⁵

THE PRISON SHOE FACTORY

Q: Who ran the shoe factory at the prison?

Chinn: The Hogue-Montgomery Shoe Company. They could whip the prisoners if they wanted to, no matter what the warden said. It was in operation.

Q: The State is tearing down the shoe factory building. I don't know what they're going to put there. You know that's the last prison building left.

Chinn: Yes. Well, it was pretty near a temporary building when it was built in the middle eighteen nineties.⁴⁶

Mother, was born in 1889 and raised in Eddyville. Hogue-Montgomery was making shoes inside the prison at Eddyville then. Then they moved to Frankfort. They made (men's) work shoes, and did well at it. Then the officers decided to make dress shoes-women's

shoes. And they were nice shoes, too. Daddy said that was what they went broke over. That not many people could afford their Sunday shoes.

Questioner: I remember a woman at home saying they saved their shoe coupons for her brothers to get their work shoes. She and her sisters wore sandals in the summer-time, or went barefoot. (While this took place later in World War II, it shows the average person's attitudes toward hard times.)

Well, they went broke during the Depression. Mother wore small shoes. She'd go over and get her a pair. She said they were good shoes. Grandfather was treasurer of the company. When they couldn't borrow any more money, he signed some personal notes. When they went under, he went under, too.

Grandfather had six pretty girls. Mother went to Kellogg, Michigan and took Henrietta with her. She met David Frazier and married him. They did well. My uncle Charles Roberts travelled for Hogue and Montgomery as a salesman. My grandfather died before I went away to school. Finally General Shoe bought it. It changed hands several times after that. Edmund Rodman worked for the bank during the time when they had so much money trouble. Ask him- he would know about it.⁴⁷

TOWN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD THE PRISON

When I was a child there was a lot of talk about convicts escaping. They found a ball and chain in our barn. Somebody said "that's where a convict escaped." I don't know now what it was. It may have been a weight of some kind. But from then on, I was just sure that any convict escaping would head right for our cow barn.⁴⁸

Seems like most people weren't afraid of the trusties. guards would take straight chairs and go out and lean back against the walls. They had a prison garden out at Thorn Hill. They took a wagon and took prisoners out there every day to work on it.⁴⁹

ABANDONMENT OF THE PRISON

The 1937 flood ravaged Frankfort. In the inundation several prisoners drowned, and more escaped. The town was demoralized. Faced with the massive clean-up of aging buildings, and state government's clamour for more office space, the governor shut the empty buildings down.

Question: The 1937 flood ended the prison in Frankfort, didn't it?

Chinn: Yes. The prisoners were taken out and first put in a stockade up on the hill where the Health Department is now. They put up two fences with coiled barb wire between 'em, and barbed wire on top and sentry boxes. They had local people and National Guards as guards then.⁵⁰

My grand-daddy was in the pen in Frankfort three times. Every time he got out early.

The last time was 1937. There was a fire. (Flood). And a lot of 'em escaped, run away. He stayed and helped 'em get out the rest of the prisoners. The Governor pardoned him that time.⁵¹

You know where the arsenal is? They put the condemned prisoners in there overnight- the electric chair people. A lot of them walked them pipes and escaped- thirty or forty of them. They had Mountjoy in there. He was going to be hanged in a week or so. He didn't try it, said "I didn't want to fall in that water!" They built a huge series of steps on the railroad side of the prison and took them out that way.

They found something unusual at Thorn Hill. A guard had taken a prisoner out (in the up roar) and killed him. He buried him at the prison cemetery.⁵²

After the prison was abandoned the State pulled the prison buildings down, all except the shoe factory. Linda (Ramsey) Ashley remembers the State Office Building's construction:

My people were all in construction work.
My nephew is the fifth generation brick-layer

and construction worker. My dad was foreman on the State Office Building in 1940-41 and in 1963 when they built the Addition. They used a swinging scaffold. It was still inside the prison-walls, then. He had to be locked in and locked out of the prison walls everyday. My mother was pregnant.

They were renting an apartment on Ann Street from Mrs. Sullivan. She could see him on his swinging scaffold. She knew about what time he'd get off work, so she'd go down and meet him. Some man spoke to her one day, said "Ma'am, how come you're down here every afternoon waitin'?" She never thought, said "I'm waitin' for 'em to let my husband out."⁵³

"C R A W "

One of the problems inherent with the establishment of the state prison was the influx of indigent families who moved into town to be near a prisoner who, often as not was the sole breadwinner. Since these new inhabitants could not afford the prime lots they retreated to the northern section of the town onto the bottomland, a wilderness of stagnant ponds, cattails, mosquitos and crayfish. Eventually the area became known as "Crawdad Country" or "the craw". At first, little attention was paid to these homeless people who built their shacks on squatter's land. Eventually the craw became a haven for vagrants, illegal gaming houses, cock fights, bootleg bars, liquor bars, and houses of prostitution.⁵⁴

I can remember, you had to go through
Craw to get to Alice Blanton's house.
There was a lot of poor people lived in
Craw. They had little bitty houses.
Some of 'em would white wash the rocks
in theyr yards. They sat outside a lot.

And I remember they had little bitty wagons.
They would come down to the coal yards and
pick up coal down where the engines switched.
Old colored women would wake us up in the
mornin' takin' their wagons down to get
coal. Seems like there'd always be one
wheel that squaked. When the Depression
hit, times was hard for about 6 years...
I saw the times when I wished I had a wagon
to go pick up coal with.

Some of the people that owned property in Craw
never fixed it up. Sometimes the floors actually
fell out from under 'em. There was a lot of
good people there. They worked hard and made
it. They was always clean.⁵⁵

You went down Clinton Street. Madison Street
wasn't thought too much of, had colored houses
and a school there, and the Peach-Tree Inn.
There was a lot of little streets there, and
a whole lot of houses down in here. There was
an colored church. John Stophlett had a store
on Mero, Henrys had a grocery. John Fallis had
a grocery store on Wilkerson Street.⁵⁶

There was two sportin' houses along in there on Clinton or Mero streets. There was a boy who took them in their dry cleanin' or laundry. He couldn't figure out how they used so much. And they was laughin' at him (for being puzzled.)

There was a man here from Louisville. He fell in love with one of the girls. He had a messenger boy from Western Union takin' her messages from him. The man he worked for, told the boy he could drive his car. His wife saw the car there, and liked to-a whipped him over it.

They said they had beautiful girls there, and that it was nice inside. Had pretty lamps in the parlor. You know then, if somebody "got out and slipped and fell" people got down on you.⁵⁷

Seems like I've heard that there was a bawdy house on Broadway between High and Main. Somebody who was a doctor was called out there one time. (They'd had a shooting or stabbing.)⁵⁸

I know where two fancy houses were, and who used to run 'em. My daddy was sheriff and he was in and out of there. One was over in Craw, where the new Plaza Tower is now- on Mero Street. There used to be some little short streets there all cut off. Some houses had a dirt floor.

Kagin's store was across from where Bill Rodgers' studio is now. He sold ready-to-wear dresses. A bunch of them women went up there to buy dresses. The women clerks wouldn't wait on 'em. They all went in the rest room and stayed. Mr. Kagin had to go out front. I don't know what he told 'em.⁵⁹

Mrs. _____ told me that the women from Craw rode around town in nice carriages, always wore beautiful dresses.⁶⁰

Miss Mame Douglass told me that when she was a little girl she walked by one of them houses, and saw a pretty woman standin' in the doorway. She took her in the front room and showed her her things and talked to her. She told her mom about it when she

got home. She took every stitch off her, washed her and whipped her. Told her not to EVER do that again! Mama said she just thought she was sweet and nice.⁶¹

Where the Credit Union Building is (on Mero) was Uncle Billie Wilson's old saloon. It had a tin roof and two posts on the porch. It had a pretty bar with glass (mirror) back of it. He had a store and saloon there for years and years. A Goins bought the bar out of it. Joe Glass had a saloon over on Broadway. I remember the pretty bottles in there. The front had two windows and a heavy wooden door with a heavy latch. Then Mr. Gertin had a grocery there, and Mr. Ed Sheets had a grocery there.

Paul Chenault bought the bar out of the old Luktmier store, and put it in his den. They were kinda high class saloons- where the men went who had money. I've got a picture of McDonald's saloon. It had brass cuspidors, and they had a brass rod that went all the way across the bottom of the bar for the men to put their foot on. There was different grades of saloons.

Katie lived up on Work House Alley. She and her sister worked out. They had little bitty yards. In the afternoon they set in straight chairs and leaned against the houses. I remember a colored man who lived down there Old Hugh. The sidewalks were old, and real slick like marble.⁶²

This is a picture of one of my beauty school classes..This woman was from Craw. Her husband had a "place" in craw. You know what I mean by a "place". He got cancer of the lung. He told her, "I want you to go to beauty school or some where, and take some training, so when I die you can leave Craw." And when she paid me, the money had been buried. It smelled, and had white mold on it.⁶³

I know all of that family. They'll steal. And if they get against you, they'd just as soon kill you as look at you. They're from (Eastern Kentucky). The old man was the first one down here. They sent him to prison, and the rest of them moved down here to be with him. And when he got out of the pen, they stayed down here. I know several like that.⁶⁴

Some of those ladies would be old, and skinny like- would wear lots of coats. My dad knew all of 'em by name. They had little stoves, would wash and iron for people. They had a hard time, but they made it. They'd joke and go on. Dad said they was poor people, but good people. They made the best of what they had... Dad went there to collect insurance. He said you could look in and their houses were clean, and their beds were snow white... When the '37 flood came, Pop told one man that was known to be a thief: "Don't you steal nothin' out of my house. I'll shoot you in two or three pieces." And we never missed anything.

Katy and Frankie were two old colored women. They would dress our turkeys at Christmas. They was so sweet and kind. There was something about those people. You'd speak to 'em and they'd stop and speak and smile. I miss it. I miss those people. The cleanest people you ever saw.

Where the hotel is now- that was the Hell Hole. They surely have glorified Craw! There was lots of gamblers from Lexington and other places would come here and gamble. And there was whore houses.⁶⁵

Do You Remember When...there was no pasturized milk? Milk was sold in round glass bottles. One milkman delivered moonshine in painted milk bottles. He left one on a preacher's porch by mistake and that's how they caught him...⁶⁶

I don't remember that, but I remember a man who peddled "milk" in tin buckets for \$1.00 a piece. That's high for milk. But it wasn't milk, it was rabbit. You wasn't supposed to peddle game in the city.⁶⁷

There was a businessman in Craw who took over and bossed things in the early 1900s. He was either a bad man, or a hero- depending on who you talk to about him.

One time, the police was after hin, he went down to the river bank. Well, we heard a big bang. Somebody went down to look. There was a shoe on the bank and his hat and a shirt floating in the river. They figured he'd blowed himself up. Well he was gone three months. I was little, couldn't talk plain. I told Mama "Mama, here comes Johnny _____. She said "honey,

Johnny _____ is dead. I said "No, he's not. He's standin' right out there." Well, she came to the door and looked and there he stood. She said "Why, Johnny _____, you old rascal! Where have you been?" He told her "I've been where the bananas grow that long." (measuring up to his elbow with his forefinger.)⁶⁸

If you was buyin' your groceries at Johnny's grocery and running a bill. And he saw you drinkin'-and knew you wasn't takin' no groceries home, he'd give you a thrashin'. ...He had an escape tunnel under his grocery that ran to the river. That's how he got away.⁶⁹

Times was bad, and our cousin Leona moved in with Mom and Dad. Her two oldest boys looked around and found a job and moved out. Then their baby died. Well, we was gettin' all our groceries at Johnny's. He saw Dad, asked him, "Who's gonna pay for Leona's baby's funeral?" Dad said "I guess we'll have to. They ain't got no money." Johnny said "You let me do it. You pick the casket and things out, and I'll pay for it." And he did. It cost twenty-five dollars but that was a lot of money then.⁷⁰

John _____ was kind of a Robin Hood to some people. He helped 'em with their heating bills or food and so on. I knew he was married and had a girl friend. I delivered milk to her house. Well, I knew that John had been shot, the headlines in the paper were that tall that morning. (Two inches). Well that morning, I took the bottle of milk to her house. She come out cryin' and wipin' her eyes. Says "You'll have to take it back, we can't pay for it any more." I went back down to the truck and told Willie Green. He was the black man who drove the truck. I told him what she said. He said "son, you take that bottle of milk back up there and set it on the porch and leave it. Don't say anything." And we delivered it free for about another month.

It was Mrs. Christine Hunt Reynolds' dairy. They were philanthropists anyway. I like Willie Green. I would have walked out to the house when he died. I thought that much of him.⁷¹

As late as 1894 THE WESTERN ARGUS printed an editorial commenting on the numerous crimes committed in the city by ex-convicts and urging the passage and enforcement of a law which would require prisoners to be returned to their home counties.⁷²

Governors, city officials and society ladies might rage and attempt to sanitize, or camouflage "Craw", it took Urban Renewal and mass demolition to obliterate it. Now the Convention Center and the Capitol Plaza Hotel have pushed "Craw" and its "Blue Moon" and "Peach Tree Inn" off the map.

PERMANENT RESIDENTS

While there are some residents whose families have been here since pioneer days, there are some whose families came here in search of jobs. The Stophletts and Sparkses and O'Connors came to help erect the lock system on the Kentucky River. Ex-prisoners and families stayed.

Immigrants from Europe came after 1840, following famines and wars there. There are Germans and Irish and Italian, and Greek and Jews and Blacks in the melting pot. And since the 1970s we have Iranians and Vietnamese.

ITALIANS

The Italian families living in Frankfort now include the Pappa's, Serafini's, Mucci's, Benassi's, Pelosi's, Guidi's, Ueltschi's, Luchini's, and Antenucci's. The Arriaga's seemed to have moved or "daughtered out". Many of them ran businesses. "Pete" Luchini ran "Pete's Corner" a sandwich and ice cream parlor on Bridge Street in Frankfort in the 1940s. He married Georgie Arregina.

Mucci's used to run a family restaurant on West Main Street until about 1972. The Benassi's ran "Putt's Restaurant" on the corner of Ann and Broadway until 1978.

I remember when I was a kid, "Ice Cream Johnny" used to come around with his little wagon. They called him "Mr. Poppy". (Johnny Pappa). Johnny Reece would give me a nickle. That was my ice cream money. It only cost a penny for an ice cream cone. They were small cones. I remember, I saved my cone and took it home. I put a piece of string on it (for a telephone.) And I tried and tried to call my Grandma Glass up on it, but she never did answer! That was when the streets up our way was still dirt. I don't remember seein' a car up our way then. I guess there weren't any. And there were big shade trees out in the edge of the street.⁷³

My dad made the best ice cream. He ran an ice cream truck. He'd be up ever' mornin' at 4 o'clock and start making' it. He bought his cream and stuff fresh ever day. And if it wasn't fresh, he told 'em about it! Nobody's got his recipes. He had it all up here. (tapped forehead.) No tellin' how much ice cream he gave away. If a kid didn't have any money, he'd let 'em give him rocks, anything. And sometimes he'd go to the hospital and take ice cream in to the kids. He loved kids. Sometimes he'd come back in the afternoons, and instead of goin' out on another run- he'd take us kids out in a buggy for the afternoon.⁷⁴

My husband Walter loved Mr. Pappas. Some times he'd go buy ice cream for the kids, and he'd try to mock Mr. Pappas' Italian accent- but he couldn't.⁷⁵

We had a big three-story house down on Mero. On the corner goin' up to the work house- where the Credit Union is. It had three porches- a front porch, a side porch, and a screened in back porch where he kept his ice cream-making equipment. Many's the time I've scrubbed a blister on my hand cleanin' it up. The men who used to come in, said they couldn't see how it kept it so clean. The house is torn down now.⁷⁶

We lived down there then. Walter and Mr. Pappas died the same night. It was 22 years ago. Mr. Pappas died in the hospital about 12. And Walter died in our house about 1 o'clock. Mrs. Pappas and Vincent came over from the Sullivan Funeral Home where Mr. Pappas was, to see Walter. We always thought a lot of them. Mother used to sew for them, alter shirts for Margaret's husband.⁷⁷

I remember there was one of the Italian families here. Mama wanted her son to marry a good Italian girl. So when he got big enough to want to marry (1936), she took him back to Italy to visit. She visited her friends and cousins hunting for a girl he'd like. She kept him over there, however long it took. When he picked one out finally and married, then she brought him back.⁷⁸

GREEKS

Harry Pappademetropolis -or Harry Tropulos" ran a grocery here, and he later ran a shoe shine place. Seems like he ran the Kapitol Kandy Kitchen. Theophanus was another Greek. They had a restaurant where Marshall's restaurant is now. George somebody was a Greek and ran a pool room. Cecil Powell's father-in-law was a Greek.⁷⁹

Sam Semos and his wife Theodore ran the Kandy Kitchen with Pete Kovachi. They were all Greeks. She was crippled.⁸⁰

GERMANS

I knew about the first Luscher. He came here from Germany about 1869 with his wife, and built a brewery and a two-story brick residence on the North end of Ann St. He utilized the cave at the end of Ann for storage rooms for his beer, and built an ice plant for his use. When his wife died, he went back to Germany and married her sister, and brought her back to Frankfort with him. His grandsons farmed, and have a farm-implement museum here now.

I also knew about "Frenchy" LaFontaine Schlagel who ran a saloon here. His descendants run a local liquor distributor-ship.

There was also the Kagins, Webbers, Suppingers. Old Mrs. Kagin was married three times- first to Kagin, then to Luscher, then to Webber. Kagin ran a dry goods store where Adams' Shoe Store is. And he had a five and ten cent store too at one time. And there was the Voglers. Mrs. Kagin and Mrs. Vogler were sisters, they were Kerrs (pronounced "cares"). Their mother was buried in the State Cemetery. The father was buried in a cemetery out in the county.⁸¹

JEWS

There was Hyman Marcus the jeweler. He played soft ball with us in the 1930s. His brother Elliott Marcus runs the furniture store on the St. Clair Mall. They had a brother Moses who ran a furniture on Broadway, then went to Cincinnati and ran one. There was a girl Harriet. Their parents ran Marcus's junkyard on Wilkinson St.

Maurice Simon ran the furniture store on Mero Street. Louis Rosenstein ran Globe Furniture place on Broadway. It was where Poor Richard's Books or Tin Ceiling is now. His wife was Esther, and he had a son Wolfe, and a son Sam. and one girl.

Moe Urdang had a furniture store on Broadway. There was a Moe Urdang before that who was a pack peddler. I remember he came around to your house and sold blankets and things. That was before 1920.

Another family was Hyman Vigusin. His wife was Annie. He had a boy named Ben who went to New York and started an apple business and did well. And they had a daughter Helen. They lived on the corner of Third and Conway.

Then there was the Bings. Sidney Bing Senior was an artist. They had a son Marvin, and Sidney Jr.

Robert Rosenstein married Harriet and had Morris. That's a different bunch. He had a clothing store on the corner of St. Clair and Main. He'd sell on credit.

Julius Effron ran a finance company on the corner of West Main and St. Clair. Leon Moel ran a shoe store about where "Stomps" is now on West Main.⁸²

I know that Irv Gershman had been raised in the family clothing business, and that his mother and dad had run it for years. Bill said that he had a brother Nicky who became a doctor.

There was also Harry Brown whose widow ran a clothing store on Saint Clair across from the Franklin County Courthouse until only recently. Bill agreed that he thought she was a sister of Irv's mother. That would make her a Levine. Louis Gershman, his father came to America from Russia in 1913.

He was a hard-working and shrewd businessman. He made some good investments but he didn't care about being a multimillionaire. He and mother always worked hard. They made money but that was because the business was their life. That's why mother can't stay home now. She's 86 and still active in the business. She comes down every day.

His mother Sarah Levine, immigrated from Russia when she was 13 (with her parents.)..She married Louis Gershman in 1916.

Irv remembers his father as being a man "who honored his obligations. In the 1929 crash, my father had a lot of stocks that were on the margin. He lost about \$80,000, and went in debt \$18,000 in addition to that. He and mother went to work and paid it off. They didn't declare bankruptcy like so many others did."

"I'm very proud of my Jewish heritage," he said. "I received my Jewish education from a Frankfort man named Starr who taught me to read Hebrew. This store closes for two days Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. My father did it all of his life and I'm going to do it all of my life. It's a way of showing respect.

When I was growing up, we didn't have an established place in Frankfort to Worship. It took 10 men to open up the services... Years ago there were a lot of Jewish merchants in town, but now you can't even find 10 to have a memorial service. We used to have services in the old Odd Fellow's building. There's just a few Jewish families left in Frankfort. 83

BLACKS

Professor Blanton at the College, he was one of the black leaders, and the Robbs who had the funeral home. One of them played in an orchestra. Papa always walked home with him. Jackson Robb was extremely musical. He studied in New York. His ancestor was a son of Andrew Jackson. He acknowledged it, and left him some money. Mrs. Robb taught music at Kentucky State, and sang in the choir until she was in her nineties. The Mayo Underwood School was named for another leader.⁸⁴

I remember Serilda Guy. She worked at the Suburban Lounge with me. That was during the Depression. She cooked the meals and I made the pies and cakes. She made the best chicken salad and rolls! She would boil the chicken and take the bones out. She would let me take the bones home and make soup out of 'em. She wouldn't let me take any rolls home- said they could use them over.

We would fix a plate apiece and go out on the porch to eat. That faced out on the prettiest yard. Had old-timey flowers in it. She was the sweetest thing. She sang in the church choir. She would curl her hair around her fingers and make curls. Her husband was a stout-like man. There was two black men who were dish-washers and waiters. The state workers used to go in there every day to eat lunch.-The men who put on white shirts.⁸⁵

Dan Beverly, he was Serelda Guy's brother. He worked for Uncle Walter. He drove a spring wagon. He'd come get your order, and bring your groceries back so you could have 'em for dinner. He was the sweetest old man. He was tall and slim, and had an arm off. He could do more with that stub of an arm than anybody you ever saw.⁸⁶

George W. Simmons Jr. is the bell captain at the new Capitol

Hotel:

I came here to Frankfort years ago, right after the 1937 flood. They were moving the prisoners out of the penitentiary and cleaning up after the flood. I was born in Mississippi, and came to Frankfort from Missouri. (Hitch-hiked to Frankfort.)

Kentucky State was the only school that would give me a chance. I lived on the college farm. It was 260 acres. There were thirteen of us poor students in the old slave house. I was working on the farm for \$7.80 a month cash. The rest went on my schooling, and I got three square meals a day. That was important then. I did that for four years.

After I finished school, I caught school in Georgetown. Vocational Ag. They integrated the school in 1956. I was the last one hired, so I was the one who was let go.

I went to Frankfort and took the test and got hired for Child Welfare. I was there three months, then promoted to Assistant Supervisor of Adoptions.

At the end of my third month they created a job for me. That was to stimulate black adoptions in the state. I was recommended by the commissioner of the Dept. of Economic Security, Mr. Vigo Bonds.

In order to get a better salary, I could take the Civil Service exam, or work another three months at the salary I had. I took the exam and failed it by three points.

Mr. Bonds went out, C. Leslie Dawson took his place. I went to Mr. Dawson and he promoted me to Chief Employment Counselor. I retired in 1974. Then I worked seasonal at the Dept. of Revenue and the Habitation Department. Then I took Al Smith's place at Bluegrass Area Development.⁸⁷

Retta Hall said that she grew up in the kitchen. Her mama was Mr. E.H. Taylor's cook, and when she was a baby she'd keep her in the kitchen with her. When she got a little bigger she had a high chair to eat in.

Then when she was about eight, Mr. Taylor told her "Retta, I think you'd make a good dining room girl. So then she went to work settin' the table, passin' the plates and so on. She was little and had little fingers. It was her job to do up the shirts and put the shirt studs in. She said some times her fingers would get sore...She had a lot of jewelry and silverware the family had give her.⁸⁸

LIVING WITH GOVERNORS AND POLITICIANS

Living so close to the Governors, and the legislature, we get to see some of what is going on behind the stage.

They say that the Frankfort division (of the State Police) is a rumor mill. But it's not. It's just that when the police come in from out in the state, they tell us what they've heard is going on.⁸⁹

I know that I have grown to be suspicious. Anytime an official, such as the Attorney General starts "stump-speeching" for a pet project, you can lay money that he is going to run for another office immediately. And use that for his platform.

A publisher was discussing a book project and not getting much feedback from the audience. He was beginning to get alarmed. Edna Milliken told him: Frankfort People are different. They've seen so much politics they are sceptical. But if they decide to do it, they will put all their energy into it. You will be surprised.⁹⁰

I was doing some research into the New State Capitol Annex. I told Collette Cardwell, "I found that it was begun in 1946, and finished in 1952." She said: "Now wait a minute. Do you realize that one governor started it and had the framework up when the office changed hands? The new governor let it set a while, then he torn all that down and rebuilt it so HE would get the credit. That's not a nice thing to do!"⁹¹

Freida Dreyer told me that they moved to town in 1915. I remember a plank fence behind the Old Governor's mansion. It was in bad shape. Her daddy worked at night and slept in the day-time. Her mother would be out in the yeard and see an old man working across in his garden. Her daddy said "who's that man I heard you talkin' to?" She said "just an

man workin' in his garden. I was tryin' to be friendly, and he gave me some of his vegetables. Her daddy was teasin' her, says: "Well, I'm gonna find out who he is." He came back in a little while, says "You've been chattin' with the governor!"⁹²

They called up from the local radio station and wanted me to tell them about older inaugurations I've been to. The first governor I remember is Governor Morrow. He was sworn in in 1919. I was nine. He had a boy about eleven or so. The Souths were havin' a picnic or somethin' (in connection with the inauguration) Their back yard joined ours. He and I had a lard can nailed up on a garage door. We played basketball while they partied.⁹³

They used to have an Owensboro Wagon Company. They made an awful good wagon. I was in San Francisco in 1945- might have been V.J. Day. They were havin' a parade. Had Chinese in it, and were shootin' off fire crackers. They even had an Owensboro Wagon in it. They had a lot of wagons and teams in Martha Layne (Collins') Inauguration Parade. THEY even had an Owensboro Wagon, Wendel Ford was a-ridin' in it.⁹⁴

STATE WORKERS

The State Workers- that is people employed by the state of Kentucky are in an odd position. Each governor brings in a bunch of friends. He usually fires the main department heads, and the second-, third-, and fourth-in-commands to make room for them. Then they have to learn their jobs, and they all want new offices and new furniture. Some are more competent than others, and some are easier to please than others. The career employee has to try to keep doing his job without offending any higher-ups in his or other departments. And he has to try to keep his sense of humor about it.

(At a retirement dinner for a National Guardsman.) ...We got to see Yancey down in our area, too. I remember one time a state trooper pulled in a cruiser (state police car) with a fancy boat behind it on a trailer. He said "I'm supposed to leave this here at the Armory. You all are supposed to take care of it." I told him "we can't do that. This is a military reserve, and it's against the law. Whose boat is it?" He said "the Governor's." I said, "Wait a minute, I'll go ask the colonel." Next time Yancey came through, he was teasin' me about it. I told him "I've done got out-ranked." From then on, every time he came down, he'd ask me if I was takin' good care of the Governor's boat.⁹⁵

He didn't tell the best one I've heard on Yancey. He was out at Boone (Boone National Guard). Somebody got the idea of puttin' a stop sign at the end of Minute Man Drive- that's what we call the drive at Boone. So the Colonel told him "Yancey, go put a stop sign up at the end of the drive." He did, did a good job of it. At the end of the day, he took off down the drive, and forgot about the stop sign. He sailed on through it. Sure enough, there was a policeman parked watchin' him. He took off after him, pulled him over. He says to Yancey "Wasn't that a stop sign back there?" Yancey says "Yes. I put it up there this morning. I just forgot about it." The cop says "We don't accept excuses." He had to pay that fine anyway. I've heard Yancey tell that, himself."⁹⁶

Yancey, you and I used to spend a lot of time out on the road. I remember one time we had gone to bed, and I heard this crunchin' sound. I raised up and turned on the light.-And it was Yancey. He was crackin' peanuts and eatin' em.⁹⁷

Yes, Yancey spent a lot of time travelling around to the Armouries out in the state. Everytime some guy broke into one, the big brass would say "Now, that wouldn't have happend it the bars had been goin' the other way", and so one. I remember

one time an airplane flew into the Armoury at Louisville. The Officer said it'd take \$200.00 to fix up the building! (Laugh for the low amount.) Dedication, loyalty, reliability. These are all words that apply to Yancey.⁹⁸

The Kentucky State Workers used to work six days a week. We worked a half day Wednesday, and we'd go to Lexington shopping on Saturday afternoon. Went on the Greyhound Bus. It was a lot of fun. The banks and stores were still open on Saturday then.⁹⁹

I came to Frankfort from Lexington in 1952. I knew Dick Maloney Sr. I asked him "What about my coming to Frankfort to work in the Legislature?" Everybody said that was a lark. He said "Come ahead. I'll give you a job". I did, thought it would only be for two months.

Then I became map librarian for the A. and I.D. Board. That's Agriculture and Industrial Development. We had one hundred and twenty-five people in our department. It was small and new. It started the historic sites program. Everybody was young but me. They wanted somebody who could organize it. They sent me to the University of Illinois in Champagne; and I worked a month in the Library of Congress learning to organize maps.

We catalogued 70,000 maps and aerial photographs of Kentucky. That became the Kentucky Department of Commerce. I worked 16 years and retired in 1965.

Governor Clements was governor. Then he was appointed U.S. Senator to Washington. Weatherby was Lieutenant Governor. He served out that term, then ran and got elected.

We had a very fine collection of foreign maps. I had accumulated. They're at the Archives now. We had oil people come in, and we had coal people come in. I had to be able to talk to them. So I went down to Greensburg with some of them. And while I was there, I went out on the walkway around an oil storage

tank. A gust of wind almost blew me off. I was with another person but it was very dangerous. That was during the oil boom.

And I went down in a coal mine. I didn't know what a coal seam was. And so on. They'd talk about a Mannington seam and I wanted to know what that was.

I was with a group of geological survey people one time. The U.S. Geological Survey people came down from Washington and we took them to Mammoth Cave. We took a tour off the regular tour and it almost killed me.

There wasn't many lights and it was so dusty. My boss was leading the tour. He came back, said "How's Mrs. A.?" I said "Mrs. A. is in bad shape." (worn out.)

Another thing that happened. This man called for an appointment. He said this is Stanley C.O. and I want an appointment with Mr. So and So." I kept waiting for him to give the rest of his name. He didn't. When he came in, I asked him who he spelled his name. He said "S-I-A-U". I got so, if I didn't understand the name, I'd ask them to spell it. But I was flustered that day.¹⁰⁰

There is always a political joke circulating somewhere about a current event, or happening associated with a governor. One of those surfaced during the Brown administration:

Do you know why a state worker is like a mushroom? (Second person: No, why is a state worker like a mushroom?
Answer: Because, you keep 'em in the dark, feed 'em manure, then 'can' (fire) them.¹⁰¹

TRANSIENTS

Some governors come to town for four years, and then become state senators or judges or lawyers. Still Frankfortians, but in a different capacity. Some come for a year or two and then they are gone. Some people are here only briefly.

SALESMEN

Did I tell you about the time he (part-time con artist) fooled the "drummer"? He was driving a taxi then. Well, the drummer came in on the train, got off at the depot and flagged him down. He told him he wanted to go to the Capitol Hotel. In stead of telling him "Why, it's just a block away, get to hiking", he loaded him up, and drove over town for fifteen minutes, pulled up in front of the hotel, and dropped him off, and claimed his fare. The next day, the salesman got his business done, and told the deskclerk to call him a cab. "I want to go to the depot". The clerk told him "Why it's just a block away." They said that drummer turned the air blue there for five minutes.¹⁰²

Did you hear the one about the saleman from back east. He was in Frankfort when Goebel got shot. Well, he told his boss "Don't you ever send me back to Frankfort. I was pretty close to that man when he got killed." Well, his boss waited a while, then he sent him back to Frankfort. Don't you know he was at the Capitol Hotel and there was a shooting. He jumped over the railing to keep from being hit and broke his leg. (1899) (see Irvin S. Cobb's EXIT LAUGHING, pp. 212-213)¹⁰³

HOBOS

If I go out and set on the porch
pretty soon I've got eight cats
all wantin' up in my lap.

(Me) They know you're an old
softie. Just like when tramps used
to come to the house beggin'. If
you gave it to 'em, they'd chalk
a mark on the fence. Then ALL the
hoboes'd come to your back door.

F: Well, I've had 'em come to my
door. And sometimes I didn't have
food for my self hardly.¹⁰⁴

OTHER "STREET PEOPLE"

There are some people that come out and sit on the wall in front of
the Old Capitol or on the mall. They come in the early Spring and stay
until cold weather. All day long. Some have a baby or a toddler. They
let it play on the sidewalk, or in a fence corner. Sometimes they have
empty soda cans and a paper sack of belongings in a wire grocery cart.
They stay all day long.

When I was working at Penny's and
they were downtown, we opened at eight
in the morning and closed at 10p.m.
There were people who came in when we
opened and stayed until we closed.
Some of them brought little bitty
babies.¹⁰⁵

I remember one old lady who wore a turban, a big floppy raincoat
and galoshes. She'd go in the ladies' room in the old Capitol, pull the
screen across in front of the door and take a sponge bath in the lavatory.
I guess she was a "bag lady". She carried a shopping bag- that was in
1969.

Now, look at those little kids up
in that dumpster! No tellin' what
disease they'll come home with.
Their parents ought to be whipped!
If nothin' else, they'll step on a
bottle and cut their foot wide open.
The other day m' sister-in-law come

by one. She had some garbage. She stopped her car, walked over and slung a bag up in there. Heard a man yell "Watch it thar!" She said it 'fore she thought, said "What the hell are you doin' in there any way."

He said he was lookin' for (aluminum) cans (to recycle.) She lives out in Bald Knob.¹⁰⁶

Mary said they have a (dumpster) down at the Salvation Army to put stuff in. She went out and threw something in it. This man shot his head out. She said "What are you doing in there?" He said "I slept in here last night." She told him, "Well, you get out of there and stay out."¹⁰⁷

GYPSIES

There was a fascination among us about the gypsies. We did not often see them but when we did, we would all tell each other and run to where we could watch them from a safe distance.

Their wagons were always covered with old dirty curtains which had at one time been gaudy in red, orange or flowers, but had long since lost their brightness. In the back of the wagon where the curtains were drawn back, we could usually see a gypsy woman and child or two sitting. Her hair was always tied back with a colored scarf of some description. She had on a colored blouse, many long strings of beads, big loop earrings, and a long, full colored skirt. The children were large-eyed and dirty.

There were usually two men in the front, one driving the horse, and always an old spotted dog following along at the back, tied to the wagon by a rope.

We heard many tales about the gypsies- that they could tell fortunes, that they lived by stealing, and that they stole children.

In the early days, they would drive through the country in bands- a number of wagons together. They would camp at the side of the road in their wagons. When this happened, the farmers would notify each other to guard their chickens and corn and other

crops because the gypsies would steal them in the night. We realized one day that we had not seen any gypsies for a long time and then we realized that we never saw them any more.¹⁰⁸

I believe that the big bunch that's moved in the trailer park here by me are Gypsies. There's a whole big bunch of 'em. They all have a pickup truck and trailer. I only saw one car but it was fancy. They all pulled in and stopped. They didn't put jacks under like the rest of us. The kids all got their bicycles down and took off. -Didn't ask where anything was. I heard 'em talkin' in some kind of language. I didn't know what. They were dark. At first I thought they were Mexicans, but they're not.¹⁰⁹

Well have you seen anything of your neighbors?

When they left they had twelve trailers, thirteen pickups, three cars (two of them were Lincoln Continentals), one open trailer and one "U-Haul-It". The manager said that this was a different tribe of gypsies. He'd never let them in before. They had their headquarters in Florida. They own and make travel trailers. They drive out and sell 'em. This morning they were all gone. He said that he made 'em all mad - he wouldn't let ten more move in. They tried to all park close to each other. I saw one of 'em in a grocery store yesterday. Pretty girl. Somebody asked her what she was and she said 'Romanian'.¹¹⁰

TOURISTS

I remember that Mrs. Darnell said in FORKS OF ELKHORN that in other cities, they take you to see the city park. In Frankfort they take you to see the State Cemetery. There used to be a lake up there by the Confederate Monument. I've got a picture of my mother there about 1930 feeding the ducks.¹¹¹

Granny's Uncle Andrew Ferrell was a guard at the pen in Frankfort. She visited Uncle Andrew and Aunt Belle, and (he gave her) a guided tour of the prison. She said the prisoners were striped clothes and made shoes and all kinds of things. They saw the man sentenced for shooting Governor Goebel.

(Caleb Powers.) He had on a good broadcloth suit. You'd think he was a guard. He had a guitar and a large picture of his wife on the wall. It was odd. He had everything decorated up (in his cell) and looked nice. It was just as pretty as anybody's home. He was a good looking man.¹¹²

When I first came to Frankfort, sixty-three years ago, the first thing we wanted to see was the prison. Then we wanted to see the Feeble-minded Institute and then the court house. They still had the scaffold and things there from the last hanging they'd had.¹¹³

THE WORKING CLASS

Gober and Lutkemeir's store. It had been there since 1877. You'd put your horse in the stable. He had a big pot-bellied stove. Everybody came in and warmed by their stove. Your feet'd be cold, and your butt. He had the same old coffee bins and shot-cases that they sold black powder out of during the Civil War. There was scoops there that you scooped the powder up with and weighed it out. They were copper and were made from the roof of the second state Capitol- the one that burned.

They sold old lace and calico. Back in the back part they had a saloon. People would take their gallons and two gallon buckets and take beer home with them.

They still had the old privy out back when I remember it. And when they cleaned it out and sold it all after Joe's death, there was such a lot of stuff. They carried down from upstairs, and out of the cellar. They had tubs of soapy water out in the yard, and people hired to wash the dishes as they came down with them. Why they carried out stuff that nobody'd seen in years. They sent out flyers to antique dealers- had people there from everywhere.¹¹⁴

I've heard 'em say that you could go in at Mr. Lutkemeir's and ask for something. It didn't matter if it was a celluloid collar or what. He'd say "wait a minute" He'd go upstairs and rumage around and come back with one.¹¹⁵

Aunt Viny and Uncle Walter Marshall had a grocery for forty-three years. Their house was on St. Clair Street along where the greenery is -where they have Expo. Their store and living quarters was all on the first floor. Uncle Walter had a cardboard box beside the counter. It had a hole in it. I was little. I would poke my hand down in it and get a little small cracker and eat it. He always had them for me. The old back porch had a landing. You went up straight steps to her bedroom. She had long lace curtains in her room. You could see them from the street.¹¹⁶

Uncle Alonzo Glass had a big wagon. I guess you'd call it a milk wagon. He had an umbrella on top. It had a wooden seat that went across. And lots of little buckets to hold butter and pints.

When he got home, if I was at Aunt Bet's, we washed 'em all. Washed 'em in scalding soapy water. You know that milk would sour. And then we'd put them out in the sun to dry. I wonder what went with all them little buckets? A pound of butter went in each one.

And there was a kind of waxed paper you put over each one- and a little top. She had a butter mold. That put a design on top of each one.

They came to town on Tuesdays with buttermilk, butter, cottage cheese, eggs, and milk. And in the spring he'd bring vegetables. Had a flat-like spring wagon.

Every pound of butter was in its own little galvanized bucket, stamped with a cow or an oakleaf design.

They bought a farm for their daughter, and paid for it with their produce. He never went faster than the horse would walk. His umbrella got shackled.

My grandmother would pick cherries and put on the wagon. She made enough to buy material for clothes for her eight children. 117

Daddy always tied his horse up on Gober's Alley when he went to town- That was Lewis Street. He didn't put his in the Livery Stable. He didn't want to put out that money.

Joe B. Glass had a Union Store. Seems like that was where the farmers went in and bought stuff on credit. They paid for it when they sold their produce. 118

When Dad was young, he and Uncle Albert had a little dairy. He said when he was eighty he still had nightmares about havin' to get up in the middle of a cold night to milk the cows.

I remember one time Mother was sending buttermilk to _____'s store. She wasn't getting much for it. She persuaded Daddy to

take it. He didn't want to, but he did. Well, one day those four little quarts of buttermilk turned over in the car. It was a two seater. Mother and I cleaned and cleaned, but we never got it all out. Every time we got in it, after that you could smell it.¹¹⁹

And there was an Ice house down beside Liberty Hall- where that new buildin' is now. Mr. Cleveland was the man who ran it. Open a door and that smoke would come out and meet you. You'd put that one hundred pound of ice in the box behind your buggy. Wrapped it up in a tarpaulin and put it in the back of the buggy. We lived five miles out. It took us an hour one way to get it.

The ice was cut and froze in that plant. They put the ice in a wagon and sold it house to house in town. They gave you a card to put in your window -however manuch you wanted five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, fifty or one hundred pounds. And he'd holler "Ice man!"¹²⁰

Some ice men were nice and would chip off pieces for us. Others were mean and would drive us (children) off. Unless we were sure which we had, we ould wait until he split the ice with well-aimed chops of the ice pick, lift it with his tongs and load it onto his back which was covered with a big canvas which had a chain to hold it around his neck. When he started around the house, we would bolt out, get onto the drop-board in the back and grab the biggest piece we could reach. Usually it was pretty dirty and we would have to change it from one hand to the other to melt off the grit so we could suck it.

The ice water would run down our arms and drip off our elbows, but we would soon have the chunk small enough to put into our mouths.¹²¹

I can remember when the butcher would kill a beef -usually on Saturday morning. There wasn't any refrigeration there. He'd show up at our house out in the

country about eleven o'clock.
 Mother'd usually buy a piece
 from him.¹²²

That stone house (where the
 Montresori School is-on
 Owenton Road at the Bypass)
 that was the Fincel Place.
 They had a slaughter house there,
 and a butcher shop over in town.¹²³

Aunt Vinie said they would take
 the chickens to Weitzel's Hotel by
 the box load. The colored cooks
 would come out and meet the wagon.
 Would ring off their heads right
 there. She was a little girl settin'
 up in the wagon. She just cried and
 cried. -They was killin' Mammy's
 chickens.¹²⁴

I come to this town with \$7.50 in
 my pocket. It cost fifty cents
 to ride the bus from Lexington.
 Mountain people wouldn't let their
 children get away from home for
 very long. Well I visited a while,
 then I had to go home. I got on
 the train. There was a rock on
 the track at the Crow distillery.
 The fireman jumped off. The engine
 turned over and the steam scalded
 him.

I cut that finger there-see
 the scar. Well we walked across
 to the Crow distillery. It was
 closed down. We sat there and waited.
 They brought cars out there and got
 us and took us back into town.

I'd met George before I came
 down here, and talked to him while
 I was here. Well, when he found I
 hadn't left yet, he asked me to marry
 him. So we did. That was Jan. 19, 1924.
 I didn't even have a pillow to lay my
 head on.

Well, George had a job on a boat
 at Winchester on the Kentucky River.
 O.H. Saariff had a barge and tow boat.
 They had one boat that was worth four
 million dollars.

My husband got 'em to take me on,
 too. He made two dollars a day and
 board. I made a dollar a day and board.
 I didn't know anything about working

on a boat, but we tried. Stayed three years.

Then he went to work at the Kentucky River Mills. They made rope. Nobody knew anything about Marijuana then. He made thirteen dollars and seventy-five cents a week. His sister got me a job there, too. I made nine dollars and seventy-five cents a week.

We bought a house for three hundred dollars. I cried when I saw it, it looked so bad. Had weeds in the yard, and snakes. But we went to work and fixed it up. Put in a bathroom and running water before most people had any. We raised Raymond there, and sold it for seven thousand dollars.

I went to work at the Stag Distillery in 1928. He started there in 1930. When I was thirty-nine, I quit and went to beauty school. That was 1946. I worked at Stag for sixteen years and he worked there thirty-one years. And we raised three children.

I had quite a bit of property. I sold it when I went to beauty school. But we never paid rent but one year, and we never drove an old car.¹²⁵

(The girl washing my hair lost control of the hose and it flopped around, drenched us both.) That happened to me when I was taking my training. Mrs. Lorene Crutcher was so prim and proper. It hit her in the back and wet her from stem to stern. I was so embarrassed! That was in Lexington. There wasn't any place to take it here. I opened my first beauty shop in 1951. It was upstairs next to Mucci's restaurant. I used to have thirty students at a time, but I decided to cut down. Mrs. Myrtle Bell had a beauty college here when I came--only had classes about a year and a half, then quit. I don't know why.¹²⁶

Mrs. _____ called me up yesterday.

They used to be some of my customers when I worked for Penny's. I got a commission on what I sold you know.

She said her husband wouldn't buy his tobacco canvas from anybody but me. He'd buy from me if he had to come and stand in line and wait to get me to wait on him.

She said if it had been anybody else she would have been jealous. And they'd buy their clothes from me, too.¹²⁷

Eleanor O'Rear had an antique shop at the end of the bridge "Wilderness Trail Antiques". She wouldn't sell any antiques except the very best. She heated the shop with grates. It was cold, you had to wear a sweater. I helped her clerk. I was visitin' with some out of town customers. When they left, I told 'em "You all come back to see us." One woman turned to the rest of 'em, says "pay up!" She said "I bet 'em some one would say that before we got away. They don't say that except in the South." She'd go to Italy and buy some iron deers and stuff and send 'em home. They had a colored man who polished silver all day, every day, they had so much in the shop.¹²⁸

I see where Alice Samuels just died. I remember when she helped her brother Dee Samuels cater for parties and things. And I remember her brother. I'd see him out on the street. He was always neat and nice-looking, and always in a hurry. (They catered for the Kentucky Historical Society's dinners, too.) Their parents were nice, too.¹²⁹

I wish. I could do hand-work, too. I was the oldest child and I used to have to do the cooking and take care of the other kids because my mother worked out. I started to work when I was so little, I had to stand on a box to wash dishes. My sister Evelyn was delicate when she was little, had what they called the Tsick. Mama would take Evelyn with her, thought havin' her out in the sunlight would be good for her. Oh, I can crochet. But Evelyn was the one Mom taught to do all kinds of handwork.¹³⁰

SHOE FACTORY

Fronie Glass: "There was six hundred people that worked at the Shoe factory. I was a back shoe girl. I went there for a job. One of the bosses told me. 'Go in and set that back shoe line up and see how it goes.' That one day lasted 27 years. You was supposed to pack two thousand shoes a day. If they wasn't in the boxes, you had to hunt the ones they'd missed. Might be in thirty-six lots or eighteen lots. Some got off the line and didn't get finished. You'd have to run it through all three floors to find 'em and get 'em done. I could do any of it.

We had no fans, and no air conditioning. And everybody worked.

If you went in joking, you could kid them and get them going. If you went in sour-faced, you couldn't get anything done. I was a cut-up, anyway. I had my own teeth, would whistle like a boy. (the girls) They'd look up (after I whistled) and the first man they saw would catch the devil for whistlin' at 'em.

I remember I burnt five sewing machines up one day. I loved to tease them. I could start a joke and be out the door and gone before it got across the room.

I remember the time I found somethin' gray on the floor. I nudged it with my toe. It was a bat, it flew on into the packing room. It got in one woman's hair. Every woman that had a broom at the place where she worked took off after it. I acted like I didn't know what was happenin'. I said "Mr. Norman, what's going on?"

He said "Coonie, they've gone crazy over a bat!" I told him "I saw that little devil. I touched it with my shoe toe." He said "We'd have been better off if you'd stayed home today."

They were all nice to me. There was one man who said something (bad) to me. They took him down to the office and gave him a talkin' to. Made him come back and apologize. If he hadn't, they was gonna fire him, and he was a foreman, too.

I remember one time it was snowy and slick. I went back in and one of the men made me some bars to fit over my shoes so I could walk home without slipping.

When they got the shoe factory, and took it to Danville that was the worst thing! 131

Charlie Josselin said when he was thirteen, his parents died. They put all the kids in the Odd Fellows (orphan's) Home except the two oldest. The baby was only thirteen months old. He said he went to work; said during the Depression he worked at two and three jobs all the time. He said "I never did take a hand-out in my life."¹³²

SEWING FACTORY

I remember when I worked at the Sewin' Factory. I had several cushions in my chair. When I'd get up to fluff my cushions up, one of the women'd say "Well girls, Hazel's goin' into heat."¹³³

Well, I remember working' in the Sewin' Factory. There was one of these big heavy women who worked there. I got up on her chair to open the window. I put her cushions on the floor, didn't want to stand on 'em. She wasn't there that day. Somebody said "What are you doin', Ginny, gonna air her out?" And they did smell.

I never knew people could smell so bad. But it was hot weather, and no air conditioning. That old buildin' was barny. You could take a bath, but by the end of the day ever' body was smelly and hot. They never talked about deodorant then.

I remember one time a bunch of men and women were clatterin' down the stairs at the end of the day- sounded like cattle. I said "I smell fish". Some woman heard me and snorted. She knew knew what it was but I didn't.¹³⁴

Well, sometimes a person has a health condition- or medicine that makes 'em smell worse.¹³⁵

I remember one time Mrs. Rogers had women in (her home) from over at the church. She had somebody come to the door, so she excused herself. After a while, I could hear somebody talkin' in the other part (of the house) so I tiptoed over and peeked in the door. She was showin' 'em the different types of coffins. and different prices. They had all those coffins in that room. She said that one time the cat got in that room and got in a coffin, and tore the silk linin' all to pieces. (Trying to get out.)¹³⁵

STONE MASONS

In my research I found a strong network of black stone masons in the Franklin county area. These were men who grew up watching their fathers and uncles and grandfathers hew and lay stone. Certain names would come up again and again: John Guy Jr. and Sr; Henry Clelland, Jim Brown, Andrew Coleman.

I grew up in brick work. My dad was a brick mason. Of the real stone masons I've known they were mostly black men. I've only known two white stone masons: this Smither here in town who's workin' now (Fantly Smither) and William Works. Works was a cracker Jack.¹³⁶

I remember Jim Brown. He was a big, tall, gangly black man-light colored, likeable. He was a good church man; well respected among the blacks. If he didn't have any stone work to do, he helped around as a handyman. He lived on Fourth Street toward the river.¹³⁷

Brown was born in 1875 and died in 1949. He did the A.B. Blanton House at the Stagg Distillery (now the offices of the "Ancient Age" Distillery) in 1936-37, the Strausner house on Shelby at Todd in 1907; Mr. Blanton's office at 101 East Main Street (at the Blanton Lumberyard in 1918; and the stone gate posts at the Frankfort Chamber of Commerce (the Old Country Club- on U.S. 60 near Brighton Park Mall.)

I found the contract Daddy signed when he had the office at the Blanton Lumber yard built. It was 1918 and he signed it with John Guy and Jim Brown. He gave the specifications and everything. He always said Jim Brown was the one who did it. He was light-colored, almost white. His wife was real light, too. Daddy thought there was no one like Jim Brown.¹³⁸

Jim Brown designed and cut his own tombstone and is buried in the

State Cemetery in Frankfort.

WILLIAM HENRY CLELLAND SR. 1879-1963

When we first came to Frankfort, they drove us around and showed us some of the fences that Mr. Willaim Clelland did."¹³⁹ William Clelland was given out to be one of the best stone layers around here. He was awful particular about his work."¹⁴⁰ William Clelland- he worked on many places" "Mr. Henry Clelland put up the V.F.W. (on East Main) and the barbershop next door."¹⁴¹

"He built a horse barn at Keeneland, and the front wall there. He did both sets of entrances for Stewart Home, worked on Old Taylor Distillery buildings. He did the V.F.W. Building and the barbershop next door. He owned the property. He did it in the early '30s and I worked on them. Drive by and look at the home place some time- 501 Douglas Avenue. Look at the stone posts on it. He had a stroke and was ill thirteen years. He died Aug. 17, 1963."¹⁴²

JOHN GUY Sr.

The Guys were a dynasty of stone masons. There have been at least 6 generations of stone masons in that family. (See the appendix for more) John Guy Sr. stood out as the contractor, the planner. Certain others of his family can be identified with certain buildings or certain tasks-"Charlie was the master mechanic. He could dress key stones, cap stones, arches"... Ed Guy was the best (stone) cutter I ever saw."¹⁴³ "John Guy Sr. was a big man- six foot, six inches tall, a light- complected man- a black man of course. Well respected, I think."¹⁴⁴

He undoubtedly did stone work himself, but for the big jobs he had a work crew to work with him. "There were 20 of us working on that job at the Stamping Ground Distillery"¹⁴⁵ He did the Stamping Ground Distillery; the Midway College Ampitheater and bridge; the Palmore house at 217 Tanglewood, Frankfort; moved the front stone fences back when they widened the road between Frankfort and Shelbyville in the 1930s and '40s; did the retaining wall "tower" on the Louisville

Hill in Frankfort; he did some Old Frankfort Pike fences; the "Old Taylor" Distillery; the Lambert Suppinger house -300 Paul Sawyer Drive; the Montresori School (old Fincel Home) on Owentron Ave.; at the bypass; the Paynter house at 229 Shelby st.

ANDREW COLEMAN

Ken Goins: "He did retaining walls, and so on around Frankfort when I was young." Marion Rider: "He was a contractor, and a brick mason- was a black man." 146



WILLIAM C. JACOBS SR. 1908-

I had talked to Mr. Jacobs on the telephone before. He was a little surprised that I was interested in stone masons. When I called him and asked to come out for a visit, he said "come ahead. I've been wanting to meet you."

I found his neat little stone Cape Cod with no trouble. He was peeping out the window. He came out to meet me. I knew he was about 77. He was 5'5", compact, muscular. I laid out my tape recorder and showed him my photographs of stone houses, fences, gateposts and retaining walls.

He said "I'm from Bourbon county. I used to follow my father and uncle around building entrances to farms. My dad worked on the farm, had a lot of rock. If they wanted to do something different, they would make a rock fence and gate for themselves. Other people saw it. Big rich farmers got 'em to do gates for them." My uncle Tom Bradley did stone gates, but he classified himself as a carpenter. He was working on those farms." "I left when I was twelve or thirteen, and went to school at Harlan. Then I went to Kentucky State for 4 years. I majored in Sociology and minored in _____. I thought I would get away from rock work. When I got out of school- 1939, about the time they was building the Annex onto the (New) Capitol. Mr. Wise had the contract. They built on that Second Street wall, too. I had the first refusal to that wall. I wasn't set up to handle it. The Guys had the quarry. I recommended John Guy's daddy for it. (Little John did it) I worked on that job a little."

Did you apprentice with a stone mason? Jacobs: "No. I was pretty well up on that when I left home. We had feathers and wedges and sledges. We never used dynamite. That breaks the stone up. We used 'dobies' (to quarry the stone)-would put black powder in pasteboard containers, stick a fuse down in it. and set 'em off." He is very proud of his house and of the fireplace that he designed and executed himself. Some of the stones were teardrops and some were half elliptical. He had balanced the curves on side with curves on the other. "That's out of those

granite houses I built. I saved pieces and died it myself." "I did my little stone house on Langford Avenue. It's like a little doll's house. I was 28 when I finished it. Wasn't nobody living here then, but my brother-in-law." There is still a lot of woods across the road from his house.

"Well I did that for a while. My father-in-law told my wife, says 'daughter why does he fool around with those rocks. That's HARD work!' But it wasn't hard for me, because it was something I liked to do. My hardest job while I was contracting was the paper work.

"I didn't tell people I'd been to college. Back in those days they, if you went to school there was no way you was gonna fool with that kind of work. So sometimes they'd say, 'Naw, you don't want to fool with that.' And then people you work with. If you get to braggin'- sometimes you had to prove it.

"We had a place we could go and quarry those rocks out of the ground. It was out on Devil's Hollow Pike back in a field. John Guy used to quarry rock there. We took a jack hammer and drilled holes. Of course, we had shovels to shovel that dirt off the top of it. Then we'd take a jack hammer and drill holes, take some black powder, make what we called a dobie. We'd wrap that powder up and tamp it down and in the hole. And take some electric wires to it. We'd get back and attache 'em to a battery and set that powder off. We didn't use dynamite. That ears it up. Where the rock has seams, the powder'd go through the seams and kinda raise 'em up so we could get 'em. Then Blanton let us go in his quarry. They'd shoot those rooms. And we could get whatever we wanted."

He knew the Guys, Stephen and Legrand Lee and Robert Hogan. He didn't know much about recent Frankfort structures. -"A lot of that time I was working in Louisville, or Bowling Green. The State Man came in, got me to go do that bar-becue pit at the Fish and Game farm here. Then he got me to do the entrance to the park at Bowling Green. That's on I-65 below Bowling Green- the Franklin

exit."

Me: Jamie said it took him a while to get to where he could lay rock and talk at the same time, but he got so he could."

Jacobs: "On that- we had to lay rock and talk. It would have been too lone-some-like if you didn't. It made you forget part of the work. We'd talk and we'd tease. He had a good time, but we laid those rock!"

"I had a good-sized work crew: fifteen or twenty men. Matthew Jamison, Robert Hogan, William Mauley, John Guy's (cousin) his auntie's son. He's away from here now."

Jacobs has a droll sense of humor. "I did the wall behind the Southern Hotel in the parking lot. There was some people standin' out in the yard watchin'. One lady said 'do they have to go to school to learn that?' The other one said 'no. It's born in 'em.' (he laughed.)

"My wife, she was goin' down to see about her mother every weekend. Well, I built a wall in the back yard. She said 'what's that?' I said 'that's gonna be my boundary wall.' Well, she went off that weekend to see about her mama. And when she got back, I had her kitchen walled in. She wasn't very happy about it havin' a dirt floor, but I fixed her a nice floor and everything, so she decided she liked it."

He has a good relationship with his family. He took me back to meet his wife and grandsons. I asked Mr. Jacobs if he always drove home every night when he worked away from home. "I did when I worked in Louisville. I didn't when I worked at Bowling Green that time. Well, after I worked there a while, I drove to Louisville to see my sister. It was raining and we wasn't workin'. My brother was there, said 'W.C. I went by to see your wife this week, and she was standin' in the kitchen cryin', missing you.' Well, she'd never done that before. I got the state to hire another man to finish that up, and I quit and come on home."

Like the Guys and the Lees, he taught his son William C. Jacobs Jr. the

business. "He worked on Moore's Mansion at Bagdad with me, and he helped on Harlan Logan's bridge at Midway. Since I've pretty much retired, he don't work at it much any more." He did a wall on Wallace with John Guy III in 1986.

He loves his craft. "This kind of came natural to me. I found an occupation I liked. And then it's out. I don't like to be caged in. I got to get outdoors. And then I can see the beauty. Most people can't see the beauty of the rock until the rock is laid.

"It is hard to remember just what all I've done. I laid as many brick as I laid stone. Here's an article about me. (STATE JOURNAL Sept. 16, 1979.) Every time I think I've got out of it, something comes along and I'll take another little job. I've done several little jobs in the last year or two.

"Age plays a part in stone. No matter how old you are. You've been in it. You know what it is and you have that urge to go back and do it again. Then after you've done it a little while you've got to rest. Especially when you're as old as I am."

He is a leader in his church, and visits the shut-ins. He used to play music some, but doesn't any more.

WORKS- He built a barbecue pit at the Game Farm in Frankfort; entrance to Juniper Hills Park; overlook on Louisville Hill in Frankfort, wall on Dakota Avenue in Frankfort, wall behind Southern Hotel in Frankfort, His home at 145 Blandford Ave. in Frankfort; entrance to Franklin rest stop on I-65 below Bowling Green; entrance for Goodman (owner of Goodman's Garage) in Lexington; Moore's Mansion at Bagdad; Harlan Logan's bridge in Fayette co.

WILLIAM H. CLELLAND JR. (black b.1917)

Clelland learned under his father. Clelland: "I did some work too, before we left here and went to Maryland. I worked on a wall out on

Louisville Hill. (part of John Guy Sr.'s project when the road was widened from Shelbyville to Frankfort between 1930 and 1940.) My dad did the V.F.W. building and the barbershop next door on East Main. He owned the property then. He did it in the early (nineteen) thirties. I worked on them. I worked for John Guy Sr. and then for his brother Lewis. While I worked for Lewis, we erected a stone house. When I worked for John Guy we did a dam at the bottom of a hill at Berea. We started with stone on end in a trench- 'racked stone'. Most of the others I worked on were houses."

Clelland: "We did some work at Old Taylor Distillery for John Guy Sr. Then he died. And John Guy Jr. did a stone house. The inside walls were veneered with brick. A brick mason did that...I worked at a Maryland university until I retired, have been back in Frankfort four years." J. Guy: "Clelland was an instructor in stone masonry in Maryland. His brother was killed in a car wreck. His father taught them well." Clelland: "We didn't lay any stone there. They didn't do it. I laid brick and concrete block." Gloria Giles: "His wife is ill and he takes care of her, has a nurse who comes in during the week to help him. They're friends of mine."

JOHN H. GUY III (black) b. 1940

He is the son of John H. Jr.- "Little John "; and a grandson of John Sr., the contractor. Guy: "I was born in Frankfort. The first stone job I did was when they (the Guys) set that fence back at Hillenmyer's Nursery in Lexington. (because of widening the road). I was 15. And when the Meriwether House on Main Street was put up in Lexington. My uncle (Nathan Guy?) put up that house and I helped."

Me: "Did you go to Kentucky State University?" Guy: "No, I took a training course. I learned rock layin' under my uncles. My dad died in 1949 when I was nine. And I studied under Ed Guy. He was the best rock cutter I've ever seen."

Guy: "There's not many of us Guys left layin' stone. My brother doesn't do any stone work. He lives in Missouri. My cousins Robert Guy and Clarence Guy and Ed Taylor do. And Frank Guy Jr. works in Lexington, too."

Guy: "I did Steve Black's house as you go into the Country Club (101 Country Lane, Frankfort) and the Rodenburg house as you come out of the Country Club. (222 Country Lane). And I repaired the Coleman House at 217 Tanglewood recently."

WILLIAM JACK GAINES-"JACK"

Elaine Mitchell: "Jack Gaines is a stone mason in town. He's black, was awful good friends with my husband's father when they were boys growing up. He's about the same age- 80. Short, nice. You see him walking everywhere. His house is behind the Green Mill."⁵⁸ Will May Jr.: "We've had Jack Gaines to work for us (on Brighton Engineering projects.) I've never known him to do anything but stone work. He did dry stone walls for us near 'Two Creeks' subdivision and repaired some stone walls."

Gaines: "I live on Greenhill Avenue (in Frankfort). I did the front of my house. I learned under Jim Brown and William Clelland. I was born on John Hanley's farm on Hanley Lane here. I worked down in Trumbo Bottom at different jobs. When I was about 30 or 40 I got into stone work. I was at Kentucky State University for two and a half years. Mr. Caplinger got me to do it (take the job.) Then I quit and went back to workin' for myself. There was a judge's farm before you get to Shelbyville. I did an entrance for him. I was the only black master

plumber in Frankfort. I did every septic Tank (installed) in Tanglewood(?) subdivision.

Gaines: "I have a wall I built on (highway) 60. They moved that wall back at Berry Hill (mansion.) Mr. John Guy he had the contract to set the walls back from Frankfort ot Shelbyville. That's when they were widening the road. A bunch of us moved that wall at the (Juniper Hills) golf course. That was in the thirties and forties. He had his own crew.

"The stone building past the (Frankfort) post office I helped to build it. That (Nazarene) church on Holmes Street. Reverend Bray, he wanted his son to help us. They wouldn't pick up those big heavy rock, so I went back to work for myself. (Done in flagstone patterning, it is at 340 Holmes St. and first appears in the 1965 city directory.)

"I did work for mr. Charlie Black's Silver Lake farm, and Mrs. Caller(sp?) Thompson at Forks of Elkhorn. I did a diving board for her. I did some work out around the dam at the Forks, and for Melvin Carter. I did a right smart work on the road right before Lawrenceburg. Turn off and go back to the left. That was 7 years ago. I've forgotten his name, but he ran for office." (Might be one of the two quarried stone houses on N. Main St.) There wasn't anyone else in my family that worked in stone unless my grand-daddy did."

SENSE OF HUMOR

Sophronia Glass talked about always joking with the workers at the Shoe factory.

The carpenters and workmen I remember had funny names. They'd joke and carry on. There was "Shorty" Riddle- Arnold Riddle; and "Dead-ready" Powell. His wife is Mrs. Oakie Powell. "High Pockets" was Bill Grow. He was a big tall man. Foster Smith from up at Monterey, Kentucky was a big tale teller, had a drawl. They called him "Festus". 146

Somebody was tellin' one, said people around Frankfort used to play pranks on each other. Said there was a man Hollis Graves who was always wantin' to bet on something. One time he was standin' around out on the street talking.

Some man come by, got to talkin' to him. Hollis mentioned that he used to be a pretty good baseball player. His friend said "aw, you weren't, were you?" He said "Yeah. I was pretty good." His friend said "Well, I've got a golf ball here in my pocket. I'll bet you five dollars that you can't throw it over Mucci's Restaurant, yonder." Hollis says "Yeah, I can." He handed him that goldball, and he rared back and threw it.

Well in a minute, here come Mucci out with a golf ball in his hand. (They'd made it up, you see.) He was yellin' "Which one of you threw this dam' golf ball through my sky-light?" Well, Graves took off a-runnin'. He didn't hang around. 147

ENTERTAINMENT AND SPECIAL EVENTS

I gleaned stories about visiting family and friends on Sunday, going to the old Capitol or the cemetery, going to see a baseball game or a minstrel show, or the prison band, going out on an excursion boat or going to the movies. There were stories about picnics, baptisings, county court day, Keeneland or parties. Frankfortians knew how to enjoy themselves. And when they party, they do it in a big way.

BASEBALL

They had a ball field out at Hoge Clubhouse. People would ride out on the street car on Sunday and see it. People had more time then.¹⁴⁸

COUNTY COURT DAY

We always dreaded County Court Day. It was held on the first Monday of the month. Before we (children) would get up in the morning, farmers would bring their mules, horses and wagons into town and hitch them all along Washington Street. The other streets would be filled up even earlier.

I don't remember exactly what Court Day was, but I do remember the results: manure all over the streets and flies. And no where for a little girl to walk because the streets were taken up by men standing around and talking and spitting tobacco without any particular attempt to aim. We learned to stay at home in our own yard on those days.

After Court Day we wouldn't be able to play in the streets until the men from the street department cleaned them. They would come with long striff brushes, clean up the manure and haul it off.¹⁴⁹

VISITING RELATIVES

When my grandmother and grand-daddy were still livin' we'd go and visit them. I remember going to a family dinner. They had a tree limb they wafed over the table to keep the flies off. The house was all

open. They didn't have screens, then. It was at one of the Glass's. There was a whole passel of people there, and there was a whole lot of good food. They had cooked all day on a coal stove. Had peas and fried chicken, gravy, three or four layers of biscuits stacked on the plate, cornbread cooked in the skillet, watermelon rind pickles, cakes and pies, and all of it hot. An old preserve stands full of preserves and jelly. They'd have a table full of pies. They must have cooked for a week. Would have little side dishes and sweet pickled peaches.

The floors were scrubbed just as white. There'd be so much talk at the table. And every bite you put in your mouth was as hot as fire. And chicken legs would be huge. They raised big chickens: Dominecker or Rhode Island Reds. They ran wild in the yard. They'd kill a young rooster when they needed one.

And when the meal was over. Why the men would all be off in room (talking) cuttin' tobacco and crops, and the women in another. And us kids playin' outside.

Everybody talkin' a mile a minute, and yet knowin' what the other one was sayin'.¹⁵⁰

PICNICS

Mama would take fried chicken, some kind of cake. Would use what she had on hand. They only time we had "bought food" was on Saturday when we had light bread and crackers.

Now, my Grandma Pulliam was born in 1852. She baked apple pies and then she'd stack 'em up this high (10-12 inches.) I don't think she would cut all the way down. She tacked 'em while they were still hot. Baked them in a regular pan. She made tea cakes, too.

Mama would make "stacked pies" and that was something else. She made biscuit dough crusts, put them in pie pans and baked them. When she took it up, she put apple sauce with sugar and country butter on them. She would stack them in one pan and put that milk sauce over it.¹⁵¹

MONKEY GRINDER

It was a great occasion when the Monkey grinder came around. He carried a hand organ from which

he ground out music by winding the handle. The organ was held by a wide leather strap that went around the man's shoulders. He was always an Italian, short, dark, swarthy.

He had a tiny, little monkey on the end of a long chain. The chain was on a collar around the monkey's neck. The monkey wore a little red jacket and a tiny brimless red hat which he tipped whenever you put money into the small tin cup he carried.

The monkey grinder would wander down the street, grinding out his music. If enough children and grown folks gathered to make it worthwhile, he would stop, let the monkey jump down from the top of the organ and dance to the music. Then the monkey would pass the cup around for coins from the crowd, tip his hat several times and jump back onto the organ from where he looked at you with such bright eyes that you wondered what he was thinking.¹⁵²

CHURCH

I remember when we went to church at Bethel. They'd hitch their horses all up and down the sides the church. There was a row of trees on each side. We'd be in there about an hour, then the horses would all nicker at the same time. They'd be tired standin' there hitched to those buggies.¹⁵³

CIRCUSES

I can remember when trains came in from Louisville at night, would come across and sit in the middlin' yard all night. Some times it would be the circus train. Just about daylight, every man became a little boy. He'd take his children down to see them unload. What (animals) would walk they took down Wallace Avenue to the ballpark. They would have elephants and lions in carts. Little boys would come around and they'd pay them to help set it up.

You could see the elephants and they had the prettiest horses. One time they had a great big tent and long tables. Had breakfast for the men. I saw them drive those spikes in the ground to hold the tent up, and some to hold the elephants. We were at the factory watchin' out the windows. I've seen 'em let the elephants graze on the hill on Wallace Avenue.

They usually had a parade before the performance. Would have the horses and that steam (calliope.) Holmes Street would be lined with people. And the

town would be full. You couldn't look over your shoulder for 'em.

One time we went. Aunt Rowie looked around at me. Said "My goodness, Fronie, you've got the measles." I was almost grown. Dr. Coleman quarentined us in the house. And I was so sick!¹⁵⁴

I remember when there was three theaters down town. And law, we loved to go. We'd go to the movie when we didn't have money for a loaf of bread. Then you could get in the show for a dime, and get a coke for a nickle. We'd buy popcorn.

And one time I had four quarters I'd saved for a pair of (tennis) shoes. I lost one of my quarters in the theater, dropped it on the floor. Well, I looked and looked -would strike matches and look.

Finally a man told me he'd found it. I was so happy. Now, I think he just told me that and gave me one because I was so upset.¹⁵⁵

THE OLD CAPITOL

I can remember when it was mostly neighbor kids who went to the Old Capitol to look around. They'd play in and out of the building all day long in the summer-time. It would be hot, and the windows would be open. The dust would drift in through the windows and would settle on everything.¹⁵⁶

I can remember when I came to Frankfort in 1969, the museum was all cluttered up. Mrs. Eugenia Blackburn and Thelma Cheek were the guides. They knew a lot about Kentucky and were so friendly.¹⁵⁷

KEENELAND

I went with the Capitol First Ladies (a group from the bank). We took two buses, and we all wore comfortable walking shoes. Some wore Summer suits and some wore Winter suits. We were in the Lexington room of the clubhouse. It holds four hundred. There was one group at the other end of the clubhouse.

When I was in school in Lexington, we'd all go. Somebody'd have an old rattle-trap Ford. We'd go together and have a good time. Then you could stand at the fence, go place your

bet and come back. But you can't do that now. (Somebody'll get your place.) I hadn't been in years.¹⁵⁸

There used to be a little grocery store down here. Lonnie Russell ran it. The meter man would talk to him, tell him how much fun it was to go to Keeneland. He finally talked him into going. He went by to get him that morning. Lonnie said "well I'm ready. I've drawn out enough money to bet every horse in every race." The meter man said "No. No. That's not how you do it!" Well, Lonnie did it the way he wanted to. He hit a bunch of long shots, won a pot of money- and never went again! I go to the race track for the weather and the looks.¹⁵⁹

DERBY PARTIES

I remember when my Dad went to Frankfort as a state senator from Daviess County) in 1930. He wanted us to come down for the Derby party. We came down. Jimmy Pickett had a state car (courtesy car provided by his department). He took us out to Camden Farm. It was still a nice farm, then. Oh, we thought it was great!¹⁶⁰

Pin Oak Farm is known for its asparagus. Yes, we used to order it every year. One year we got fifty pounds of it. And _____ picked through it and got out the best. And one year it didn't come and she called 'em. Said "What do you mean, you don't have any for me. I'm planning my Derby party around it!"¹⁶¹

We used to have a Derby Party every year -before they ever had one at the Governor's Mansion. And I never went to the Governor's Mansion without a personal invitation.¹⁶²

WEDDINGS.

Some of the modern Frankfort brides have their weddings at Liberty Hall. Or in it's beautiful garden.

I didn't get chivaree'd. They came to the house. They took Orville out and rode him around the house on a rail. He fell off, and they left. (Ca. 1930)¹⁶³

Sometimes they'd make the man (groom) get

up on top of the house (the night before) and yell "oh, tomorrow night. Oh, tomorrow night"...It was cold the day I married. I married Jan. 16, 1936. We lived in an old log house on top of Bald Knob Hill. Corrine and Orville lived in shelbyville. She came over on the bus and brought Junior. Then she walked out to our house. Charlie (my husband) saw her coming up the hill. There was snow on the ground and it was cold. He ran and met her and carried the baby for her. Mama had cooked dried apple pies and they had ice in 'em when we went to eat dinner.164

SUPERSTITIONS

Ghost tales were another way that people entertained themselves. Belief tales, ghosts explained away, signs in the clouds, weather signs were important to these people. They lived with nature everyday and they wanted to understand it.

Grandmaw- Nanny B. Old Brindle would go up on the hill and howl at night. And she'd say, "I wish that dog would get out of that graveyard." (Believing that a dog howling at night meant a death in the family soon.)¹⁶⁵

When Mama and Daddy first married, they lived on Holmes Street. And the house they lived in had a ghost. Every night this young good-lookin' woman would come in their bedroom (after they'd gone to bed) in her long white nightgown, and stand in front of the mirror and comb her (long) hair. Mama was little and fiesty said, "I'm not gonna have that girl in MY bed-room!" She made him move. They started house-keepin' in the big old brick house across from the Salvation Army building.¹⁶⁶

There was another haunted house up on Shelby. There was an old woman who lived there. It's that old apartment houses that sat empty for a long time. They've just finished fixing it up. She rented it out for apartments. One day she had a fit- ran 'em all out. Then she lived there like a hermit for years. Boarded it up.

When she died and they went in there, it was a mess. The baseboards was ripped out, and plaster off the walls. She did it (looking for money?) I don't know what the ghost does, I just heard it was haunted.¹⁶⁷

There's stories about the Penn-Marshall house. It was built about 1800. The man who lived there, his wife was involved with another man and he killed her husband. That was a Penn. There's blood stains on the floor.

There was a murder connected with the Marshall family there, too. That was away from the house. Barbara Bishop who lived there, she told me some strange things.

They were sleeping on the second floor. One night lights flashed across the bedroom windows. They lived way down at the end of a long lane. They thought it was car lights, got up, ran to the window to see. Nothing!

Their son slept in the attic and lights would come on up there (or he saw lights.)

And she would smell her perfume when she hadn't used it. She scolded her son, thought he had been in it. He swore he hadn't. Then she smelled it again when he couldn't possibly have done it.

Another time she smelled burnt matches.

I talked to an old man who knew about the house. His grandfather hung himself-- was the son of the Penn man who was killed there. He thought he was going crazy, talked of smelling burnt matches.

Other people have talked of the house when it was unoccupied. Tenants farmed the land, tried to spend the night. There was so many things that happened that night that they left.

Barbara talked about hearing music. And Barbara said there was a coat hanger one of the kids had hung on the door. It vibrated on the door knob. She never did know what did that.

But Barbara liked out there. She had an incurable disease, and she asked to be buried out there on the farm. And she was. That's unusual in this day and age. Her husband still lives out there. He hasn't remarried that I know.¹⁶⁸

We had moved into an old two-story house near Eveezer in Mercer county. The old woman who used to live there died, and her husband moved out. Her dishes and pots and pans were still upstairs in one room. And her clothes and bed-clothes and bed and all upstairs in the other room. One was over out bedroom and the other was over the kitchen.

Well, Christy was just a baby. I had put her down in the baby bed, and I told Ken to

stand in front of the window while I went out and hung up clothes. I'd turn around and wave at him pretty often. Well, one time I turned around and looked- and he was turned around lookin' over his shoulder and talkin' and I saw a shadow go behind him. There wasn't anybody else in the house, but the baby!

Well I went back in the house real quick, said "Ken, who were you talkin' to?" He said "that lady that went upstairs."

Well, we lived on there a little while. You'd see and hear somethin' once in a while. Then the old man ask us to move. Seems like he couldn't stand havin' anyone else live there. And it wasn't long after that that the house burnt. (1958) 169

One time _____ was staying at the farm. She went to bed, got asleep. She woke up in the night, and heard this scratch, scratch outside her window. She jumped out of bed screaming and ran in where her parents were.

Turned out that a calf had gotten out. He was trying to eat the leaves on a vine growing across her window. His snatching at the vine was what was making the scratching sound. 170

SIGNS IN THE CLOUDS

I've heard 'em say that drops of blood fell before the Civil War (as a sign.) But you know that couldn't have happened, surely. 171

I've heard 'em say they saw a sign in the sky before World War One. I think it was the Northern Lights. Some said they saw red bands of light. Some said they saw the American flag, thought it meant we would be in war soon. And whether we'd win or not. 172

ECLIPSE

My grandma told about one time they had an eclipse of the sun- a total eclipse. There was some people going from here to Lexington on a stage coach. When the eclipse started, they stopped the coach and they got out. (Couldn't see.)

There was a flock of birds going over. They started lighting. Flew in the coach and on it.

And mother's Mother Mary Stophlett was getting horses up. She stopped, held

of they horses by his bridle until it got light again.¹⁷³

SUPERSTITIONS

I'm not superstitious, but I had an uncle who has. If he was visitin', and the rest of 'em started out a different door to what they come in, he'd say "I'm goin' around the house." And he'd go out the other door. He'd say it was unlucky to go in one door and out another.

And if you dropped a fork they'd say "there's a man a-comin' a-visitin'." If you dropped a spoon - "a child". And if you dropped a knife - "a woman". And if you dropped a comb you'd be disappointed.

There was a man drivin' up the alley the other day. My black cat crossed the road. And danged if he didn't back his car around and go out the way he come in.

And a girl come up the alley yesterday. Blackie followed me across the road. She said "Is that cat black all over?" I said "No, honey. He's got a white spot on his belly and one on his throat. But he wouldn't hurt you if he was black all over." She said "No. But!"¹⁷⁴

Barbara P ____ is superstitious about black cats. She makes an "x" on the inside of the windshield if one crosses the road in front of her car. And I heard of one person who got out of the car and tried to chase the cat back across the road!¹⁷⁵

Grandpa Bishop said that when his little sister died, his mother cut her pillow open and found a feather crown in it. Said it was a bunch of feathers all swirled together sort of like a crown. (Finding a feather crown in the pillow of a recently dead person was thought to mean that he had gone to Heaven.) It had a piece of dried skin in it. They threw it in the fire and burnt it up. ¹⁷⁶

My Grandma had a feather crown (out of a pillow.) She kept in in a Kisme or Tolu jar on the dresser. I was scared of it. (Belief #2- a feather crown is bad luck to have around.) My daddy said any feather pillow'd do that over a period of time.¹⁷⁷

WEATHER SIGNS

(In misting rain) Well, I always heard that when it's raining and the sun is shining, it won't rain long. I spoke to a black woman who was passing. She replied: "They always told me 'The Devil's beating his wife.'".

Grandmother Peavler used to say:
'the moon changes tomorrow. We'll have a change in the weather.' (We were having rain after a long dry spell.) 178

I've heard old people say that there'd be more babies born when the moon changed. My friend from the hospital was there. She said "Well, I know that for a fact." 179

What is it they say: "red sky at morning, sailors take warning. Red sky at night, sailor's delight." There was a colored woman who worked for us. She knew all the weather signs. My husband Charles was always asking her about them. She was usually right, too. 180

I always heard if you had a big lot of blooms on the locust trees, you'd have a good crop year... And if there was a lot of nuts for the squirrels and lots of hair on the cows and horses it would be a bad winter. 181

Folks down home used to say "Count the number of fogs in August. That's how many heavy snows there will be that winter. I counted about four heavy ones this year. 182

In the Fall you watch. There'll be three big frosts, then a rain. 183

FOOTNOTES

- 1Martha Hubbard
- 2Sophronia Glass
- 3 " "
- 4Robert Jones DRAPER COLLECTION
- 5Sophronia Glass
- 6Charles Parrish- speech
- 7Richard Taylor, 1984
- 8Martha Hubbard 1984
- 9Elizabeth Frymire 1984
- 10Dorothy Gale Norman 1984
- 11Elizabeth Frymire 1984
- 12Sophronia Glass Feb. 7, 1986
- 13Alice Blanton
- 14Sophronia Glass
- 15 " " Dec. 15, 1980
- 16 " " " " "
- 17 " " "
- 18 " " Nov., 1984
- 19 " " Sept. 3, 1984
- 20 " " Oct. , 1985
- 21 " " Aug. 16, 1985
- 22 " " " " "
- 23Bob Smith
- 24Sophronia Glass Jan 1, 1986
- 25 " "
- 26Bill Hubbard Aug. 14, 1986
- 27Sophronia Glass
- 28Nevia Taylor July 2, 1986
- 29 Margaret Anderson 1957
- 30Sophronia Glass Dec. 30, 1980
- 31Col. George M. Chinn July 16, 1986
- 32Sophronia Glass Dec. 30, 1980
- 33 " " Sept. 20, 1984
- 34Clem O'Connor 1978
- 35STATE JOURNAL Mar. 2, 1980
- 36Sophronia Glass Mar. 2, 1984
- 37 " " Feb. 28, 1985
- 38Col. George M. Chinn Jan. 23, 1981
- 39Sophronia Glass Mar. 2, 1984
- 40Virginia Flannery Oct. 7, 1984
- 41Chinn Jan. 27, 1981
- 42Orville Nelson Jr. Jan. 27, 1981
- 43Chinn Jan. 27, 1981
- 44Ibid
- 45Ibid
- 46Chinn, July 16, 1986
- 47Blanton July 18, 1986
- 48 " Dec. 5, 1985
- 49Glass, --- 1984
- 50Chinn, July 16, 1986
- 51Ronald Edgar Collier Sept. 24, 1985
- 52Chinn July 16, 1986
- 53Linda (Ramsey) Ashley 1978

- 54 Early Frankfort, Ky- Glenn p.27
- 55 Sophronia Glass Mar 17, 1984
- 56 " " "
- 57 " " Apr. 4, 1984
- 58 Martha Hubbard, 1972
- 59 Glass Feb. 29, 1984
- 60 Virginia Clift 1984
- 61 Glass Feb. 29, 1984
- 62 " "
- 63 Nevia Taylor Feb. 17, 1986
- 64 " " Aug. 9, 1986
- 65 Glass Dec. 27, 1985
- 66 State Journal July 7, 1986
- 67 Orville Nelson Jr. July 14, 1986
- 68 Corrine Nelson Sept. 5, 1986
- 69 Evelyn Carroll Sept. 5, 1986
- 70 Corrine Nelson Sept. 5, 1986
- 71 Bill Pullaim July 16, 1986
- 72 EARLY FRANKFORT, p.36
- 73 Glass Feb. 25, 1985
- 74 Vincent Pappa Aug. 1, 1983
- 75 Louise Blythe " " "
- 76 Pappa, ibid
- 77 Blythe ibid
- 78 Orville Nelson -1984
- 79 " " Nov.12, 1986
- 80 Bob Smith Nov. 13, 1986
- 81 " " " " "
- 82 Bill Pulliam Nov. 26, 1986
- 83 extracts from Oct. 26, 1986 STATE JOURNAL
- 84 Alice Blanton
- 85 Glass March, 1986
- 86 Ibid
- 87 George W. Simmons Jr. May 23, 1985
- 88 Sophronia Glass Jan. 25, 1986
- 89 Frankfort state trooper Oct.27, 1986
- 90 Edna Milliken July 15, 1986
- 91 Colette Cardwell Sept, 1986
- 92 Sophronia Glass
- 93 Frank Sower Dec. 12, 1983
- 94 Milton Thompson Dec. 22, 1983
- 95 Ralph Palmore Sept. 28, 1982
- 96 Orville Nelson Jr. Sept. 30, 1982
- 97 Don Wolner Sept. 28, 1982
- 98 -----at Russell Yancey's retirement dinner Sept.28,1982
- 99 Elsie Butler Oct. 3, 1986
- 100 Carre Allen Oct. 25, 1985
- 101 Hazel Whitson, 1981
- 102 Bill Hubbard
- 103 Bob Smith (?)
- 104 Glass Nov, 1985
- 105 Blythe Apr, 1985
- 106 Catherine Fraine July 31, 1984
- 107 Blythe Aug. 25, 1984
- 108 THE UNCELEBRATED OF THE EARLY NINETEEN HUNDREDS IN THE CORNER
OF CELEBRETIES, Margaret Averill, 1974, p.12

- 109 Mrs. H.K. Lyon Oct. 27, 1980
- 110 Lyon Oct. 31, 1980
- 111 Bob Smith ,1985
- 112 Margaret Anderson 1957
- 113 Nevia Taylor July 2, 1986
- 114 Glass Apr. 8, 1985
- 115 "Putty" Gilpin 1985
- 116 Sophronia Glass
- 117 Glass, Dec. 7, 1984
- 118 Glass April 8, 1985
- 119 Blanton Dec. 9, 1985
- 120 Glass Apr. 8, 1985
- 121 UNCELEBRATED, p.9
- 122 Milton Thompson Sr. Jan. 30, 1986
- 123 Ken Goin Jan. 29, 1986
- 124 Sophronia Glass Mar. 7, 1985
- 125 Nevia Taylor Sept, 1985
- 126 Taylor May 18, 1985
- 127 Louise Blythe
- 128 Sophronia Glass Aug, 1985
- 129 Blythe Sept. 25, 1985
- 130 Mrs. Corrine Nelson Nov. 24, 1983
- 131 Glass
- 132 Ibid
- 133 Hazel Hutcherson Nov. 7, 1985
- 134 Virginia Flannery " " "
- 135 Reba Peavler Feb. 2, 1986
- 136 Ken Goin May 5, 1986
- 137 Goin, Jan. 29, 1986
- 138 Blanton Feb. 15, 1986
- 139 Gloria Glies Nov. 5, 1986
- 140 William Jacobs Dec. 8, 1985
- 141 Jacobs Jan. 16, 1986
- 142 William H. Clelland Jr. Jan. 22, 1986
- 143 John H. Guy III
- 144 Marion Rider 4-7-1986
- 145 Stephen Lee Dec. 4, 1985
- 146 Alice Blanton May, 1986
- 147 Thompson Sept. 9, 1986
- 148 Glass Oct. 26, 1984
- 149 UNCELEBRATED, p.13
- 150 Glass Aug. 16, 1985
- 151 Wilena Cinnamond Apr. 19, 1984
- 152 UNCELEBRATED, p.11
- 153 Glass May 23, 1986
- 154 Glass Dec. 5, 1985
- 155 Virginia Flannery July 2, 1986
- 156 Glass Oct. 21, 1985
- 157 Linda Anderson Oct. 21, 1985
- 158 Blanton Apr. 21, 1985
- 159 Ibid
- 160 Sam Horn May 3, 1985
- 161 Oatney Wells May 4, 1985
- 162 Eugenia Blackburn May 18, 1984

- 164 Evelyn Carroll Dec. 2, 1986
- 165 Sophronia Glass Sept, 1986
- 166 Carroll, 1982
- 167 Orville Nelson July 21, 1984
- 168 Susan Foster 1985
- 169 Sue Coke Phillips Aug. 11, 1982
- 170 Alice Blanton Dec. 19, 1981
- 171 Sophronia Glass Apr. 9, 1985
- 172 Ibid
- 173 Glass Apr. 9, 1985
- 174 Glass Nov. 22, 1985
- 175 Margaret Nelson 1983
- 176 Ibid
- 177 Sophronia Glass
- 178 Zelma Nash August, 1985
- 179 Reba Peavler " "
- 180 Edna Milliken Apr. 1986
- 181 Elmer Anderson May 20, 1984
- 182 Ron Bryant Sept. 8, 1986
- 183 Elmer Anderson 1980

C O N C L U S I O N S

The people of Frankfort are diversified. The transients care very little about the city. They have their own homes, families and lives elsewhere.

The people who have moved their families here usually buy a home or rent one, and join a club or organization. They start going to D.A.R., Odd Fellows, Elks or Zoning Commission Meetings. They watch the newspaper to see what plays, movies or public performances will appear soon.

There are several strata of society. The mayor and city planners and "powers that be" run the city. There is a second level of "old money" and "new money" involved or interested in building projects and city business. The lower stratas have no power and no money. Therefore, their causes are ignored unless they happen to coincide with those of the powerful. This leaves the little fellow somewhat jaundiced and resentful.

The Governor and state politicians stay somewhat aloof from the city. They may or may not attempt to be part of the community. (The Carrolls did, the Browns did not.)

The town does have a unique flavor and history; and its people are interesting. I hope that I have portrayed them with honesty, good humor and kindness.