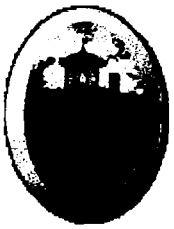

A Place in Time

The story of Louisville's neighborhoods

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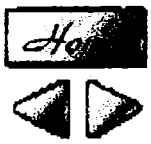


Limerick

GENEROSITY WAS CORNERSTONE UPON WHICH IRISH AND BLACKS BUILT THEIR NEIGHBORHOOD

By Pat O'Connor © The Courier-Journal

Limerick. Its very name brings up thoughts of the Irish -- shamrocks, leprechauns, the wearing of the green.

But the Limerick neighborhood was home to a small, close-knit community years before the first Irishman put down roots in the area. Before the Civil War, much of the area was farm land. Starting in the 1830s, a small community of blacks lived in the area between Broadway and Kentucky Street. Many were slaves who labored on a large plantation at Seventh and Kentucky streets; others were free blacks who were household servants.

In 1858, the Louisville & Nashville Railroad bought the Kentucky Locomotive Works at 10th and Kentucky streets for $80,000, and within a decade, the railroad had built repair shops and a planing mill. At about that time, many Irish workers began moving their families from Portland into Limerick, nearer their jobs.

Typically, they lived in modest brick or wood-frame houses or shotgun cottages, which were later replaced by the three-story brick and stone structures that line the streets today.

L & N also hired black laborers, who lived with their families in homes in alleys behind streets.

But from the mid-19th century until about 1905, Limerick was known as the city's predominant Irish neighborhood. Some historic accounts credit Tom Reilly, an early resident, with giving the neighborhood its name, and others believe it was named for the county or city of Limerick, which is on Ireland's west coast.

At about the same time that the Irish began settling there, the Dominican priests were seeking a Louisville site for a new parish. The sudden influx of Irish Catholics there prompted them, in 1865, to purchase three acres from Sixth to Seventh streets and from St. Catherine Street to about halfway to Oak Street.

A local architect, H. P. Bradshaw, designed the limestone St. Louis Bertrand

Church, which was completed in 1872 at 1104 S. Sixth St. Its late-13th-century Edwardian English Gothic style was a popular one for churches constructed in the 19th century.

Irish residents' social life revolved around the church, which was heavily in debt for its construction. Fairs, bazaars, card parties and "outright begging" helped the parish pay the debt by 1914.

Early Irish and black Limerick residents were known for their generous spirit. The Irish "gave freely to every cause," as witnessed by their labor in building St. Louis Bertrand Church and at church picnics and fairs, according to one recollection in the church's Golden Jubilee book, written in 1916.

"Old Mrs. Moran would stop a priest on the street, put down her milk cans and serve him to a drink of buttermilk. Mary and Tom Brown would come in with their roll of butter and can of milk for the Sisters' dinner. Mrs. Kennedy would send her pitcher of soup and loaf of fresh bread," wrote Sister Vincentia Maguire in the collection.

Black residents helped others who were less fortunate by sewing "patching" coats. The patching of coats was started in the 1940s by members of Ebenezer Baptist Church when it was located at 711 W. St. Catherine St., where Mount Moriah Baptist Church is today. (Ebenezer has since moved to 1057 S. 28th St.) Colorful, 2-inch patches would be sewn on a coat and stuffed with money, and when the coat was completely covered with patches, it was given to a poor family.

Besides St. Louis Bertrand, another significant Limerick institution was Central Colored High School, built in 1873, at the southeast corner of Sixth and Kentucky streets. Later, the high school moved to Ninth and Magazine streets and was renamed the Mary D. Hill School.

Also, the Kentucky Normal and Theological Institution, the state's first institute of higher education for blacks, was opened in Limerick in 1879 by the General Association of Colored Baptists in Kentucky.

The school, between Kentucky, Zane, Seventh and Eighth streets, was established to train young men as ministers. In 1884, the school's name was changed to State University of Louisville, offering theology, medicine, education and law degrees.

Many of Kentucky's first black educators earned degrees there.

State University changed its name to Simmons University in the 1920s, in honor of William J. Simmons, who was university president from 1880 to 1894. Financial problems during the Depression forced the university to sell its property to the University of Louisville and move to 18th and Dumesnil streets, where the Simmons Bible College trains ministers today.

In 1931, the university set up the Louisville Municipal College for blacks on the campus, making it the third municipally supported liberal arts college in the country. But the college only operated until 1951, when the university decided to

integrate its programs.

Meanwhile, the Limerick neighborhood had entered a period of transition. The L & N Railroad had moved its repair shops in 1905 to the Highland Park neighborhood in South Louisville. Many Irish laborers followed, and younger Irish-Americans, many of whom had become craftsmen, white-collar workers, lawyers and doctors, moved to more affluent areas.

As the Irish left, blacks moved from their alley homes to the front of the streets, where they could own a cottage.

They began referring to their neighborhood as "Limbrick."

In more recent years, hundreds of people have attended the annual summer Limbrick Festival, which started three years ago as a neighborhood reunion.

Limerick today is a blend of people from all incomes and ethnic backgrounds. Deney Priddy, president of the Limerick Neighborhood Association, said about half the residents are senior citizens but younger people are buying homes there.

The 1980 U.S. Census figures showed that 57 percent of the neighborhood's residents were black, 39 percent were white, and the remaining residents were made up of American Indians, Eskimos or Aleuts, Asians or Pacific Islanders and people of Spanish origin.

Some Irish-Americans remain frequent visitors to St. Louis Bertrand. The Rev. Mark Heath, its pastor, estimates that about 30 percent of his parishioners are Irish-Americans from the metropolitan area.

Beautification programs are now under way in the area. Members of the neighborhood association are planting fall flowers at the traffic triangle by Fifth and Kentucky streets, and next spring, more seasonal flowers will be planted. Concrete benches have recently been placed at sites in the neighborhood for residents waiting for the bus or for those just wanting to rest on a shopping trip before going home.

Priddy said association members talk with people considering a move within the city, including those being displaced by the Standiford Field airport expansion project, telling them to think about Limerick.

"Our neighborhood has public transit at its doorstep, and there's not a big problem with getting to and from jobs during bad winter weather," said Priddy. "We are close to the Kentucky Arts Center, fabulous restaurants and other downtown activities.

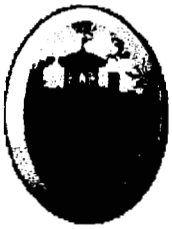
"People are changing here," he said, "but they are willing to hold onto the neighborhood's history."

DID YOU KNOW:

- Louisville's Irish community had its own weekly newspaper, The Kentucky Irish American, beginning in 1898. The newspaper was founded by Limerick resident John Barry; his sons, Mike and Joe, continued it until 1968.

- The Louisville Colonels baseball team played at Eclipse Park, at the northwest corner of Seventh and Kentucky streets, in the early 1900s. The Yankees, with Babe Ruth, played exhibition games there.

- During the Civil War, Union military forces built an arsenal at the northeast corner of Seventh and St. Catherine streets. Barracks were built along Seventh Street between St. Catherine and Oak streets.



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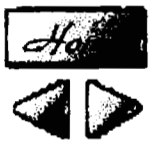


Old Louisville

SOUTHERN EXPOSITION BROUGHT A WEALTH OF GROWTH; HOMES STAND AS A RICH MIX OF STYLISH DIFFERENCES

By John C. Pillow © The Courier-Journal

In an attempt to win friends and influence people in 1772, Lord Dunmore, the royal governor of Virginia, awarded more than 30 land grants in the vicinity of the Falls of the Ohio.

The recipients were prominent Virginians whose favor Dunmore needed to further his own ambitions. Among them were Arthur Campbell, Thomas Bowyer and Henry Harrison, who received approximately 1,000 acres each. Their claims included most of an area now known as Old Louisville, bounded by Broadway, Eastern Parkway, Interstate 65 and Ninth Street.

As the name indicates, the neighborhood's origins coincide with those of Louisville itself.

However, in recent decades it has taken on a distinctive personality -- an almost paradoxical identity.

Some Old Louisville residents are wealthy, others barely make ends meet. Jefferson County Judge-Executive Harvey Sloane lives on South Fourth Street, only a few blocks away from a Salvation Army shelter for homeless people on South Brook Street.

St. James Court remains one of the city's most prestigious addresses, but census data shows the Old Louisville area has consistently had a higher unemployment rate than the rest of the city.

Most of Old Louisville's 12,000 residents are white, but a quarter are black.

In short, Old Louisville can best be described as "neither," according to Edward Hart, 46, who has lived in a Second Street apartment for 10 years.

"It is neither white nor black, neither rich nor poor. It is just Old Louisville. That's what I like about it. It is sort of like the real world; you can't put a label on it," Hart

said.

But at its start, Old Louisville was easily labeled. Located just south of the city's central business district, it became Louisville's first suburb.

In 1817, brothers Cuthbert and Thomas Bullitt purchased a 1,000-acre tract that overlapped the Campbell and Bowyer claims. They bought the land, which became known as Bullitt's Addition, from the heirs of the original recipients.

In 1825, shortly after the death of the Bullitts, several of Louisville's leading citizens began to purchase and subdivide the property.

Between 1830 and 1860, large tracts between Broadway and Magnolia Avenue were platted by men like foundryman Benjamin Cawthorn, railroad promoter Woodford Dulaney, attorney George Weissinger and merchants John Jacob, Collis Ormsby, Robert Ormsby and Henry Dumesnil.

In 1836, Louisville annexed lands south of its limits, taking in the area between Broadway and Kentucky Street.

Most of Old Louisville remained rural, however. Jacob's Woods, named for John Jacob, was a large wooded area surrounding what is now Breckinridge and Fifth streets. It was a popular picnic grounds until 1845, when Jacob subdivided it.

At that time, most of Old Louisville consisted of country estates, slave and free-black tenements, a rope factory, pit farms and slaughterhouses.

A major change came in 1882, when, primarily due to the urging of Henry Watterson, editor of The Courier-Journal, the city decided to put together an industrial and mercantile show. The show, according to Watterson, was meant to "advance the material welfare of the producing classes of the South and West."

The Southern Exposition covered 45 acres south of where Central Park now exists, on land owned by the wealthy duPont family.

When it was opened on Aug. 1, 1883, by U.S. President Chester Arthur, the exposition featured the soft glow of incandescent lights, an invention of then-Louisville resident Thomas Edison.

The exposition ended in 1887 and served as a catalyst for new construction in the area.

Development was concentrated in the area between Ormsby Avenue and the current University of Louisville Belknap campus. Architecturally, the influence of the Romanesque and Queen Anne styles prevailed in grand homes of the area until the 1890s, when they gave way to the Chateauesque and Renaissance Revival styles, according to records at the Louisville Historic Landmarks and Preservation Districts Commission.

In 1890, William Slaughter led the development of St. James Court on the recently

cleared site of the Exposition. The court was envisioned as a haven for the upper class.

Slaughter set up deed restrictions to ensure that all houses on the court were constructed of either brick or stone. Today, the court does have one wooden home, at 1412 St. James Court. It was the former playhouse of the DuPont children and was moved to the court in 1905 after the family sold the land to the city that was turned into Central Park.

One of the more notable structures on the court is the Theophilus Conrad house, at 1402 St. James Court. Completed in 1895, Conrad House features carved gargoyles and massive arches. It was built by Arthur Loomis, a well-known local architect who also designed the J.B. Speed Art Museum.

After World War II, suburbia became a national rage, and people began abandoning the inner city.

Mae Salyers remembers that she and her husband, David, were considered "eccentric," because they decided to stay.

"We were renovating homes downtown before it became fashionable," said Salyers, of St. James Court.

In the late 1960s and early '70s, by some accounts, Urban Renewal, which was designed to help the inner-city, actually added to the deterioration of Old Louisville.

Tenements were razed in areas west and east of downtown, especially on old Walnut Street, and it displaced numerous poor residents, many of whom moved into small apartments in Old Louisville. As the crime rate increased, so did deterioration of some blocks.

Part of the area began to make a comeback when J. Douglas Nunn, a Courier-Journal urban affairs reporter, wrote numerous articles comparing the neighborhood with such places as Washington, D.C.'s Georgetown and Boston's Beacon Hill, thriving areas also populated by old mansions and located near universities.

In 1961, Nunn obtained a leave of absence from the newspaper and joined with attorney Eli Brown in forming a corporation called Restoration Inc., which purchased and renovated 11 homes on Belgravia Court.

The program stimulated the nearly complete rehabilitation of both Belgravia and St. James courts.

But the real impetus for change in the area was the Neighborhood Development Corp., which was formed in 1968 by five area churches. Mae Salyers was its first director and held the post until 1980. She is now chairman of its board of directors.

"Up until that time, zoning had been done to Old Louisville and not for Old

Louisville," Salyers said. "The NDC helped change that, first by organizing the people in the neighborhood and giving them a voice in those matters."

In the early 1980s, NDC led the charge to push for an areawide rezoning in Old Louisville, which was approved by the Board of Aldermen in 1983.

"It was actually a process of about three to four years, and involved a myriad of meetings," Salyers recalled. "Most of the area was R-8, which is residential but allowed for offices. We got it downzoned to to R-7, which is strictly residential.

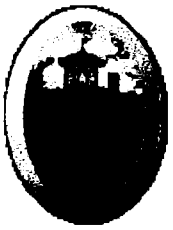
"We were trying to protect the integrity of the neighborhood," she said. "If the old buildings were used for offices, that meant everyone was gone after 5 p.m., and the place would have been a ghost town at night."

Today, Old Louisville boasts several resident and business groups that make it one of the best organized areas in the city.

The Oak Street Task Force consists of business representatives from the Oak Street area, while various block associations operate under an umbrella group, the Old Louisville Neighborhood Council.

The largest annual event in the area is the St. James Court Art Show, held every fall. The show, started in 1957 as a way to thank artists for their help in renovating the neighborhood, has grown to be one of the largest art shows of its kind in the country. It features nearly 500 exhibitors and draws more than 100,000 visitors each year.

Gussie Smith, 81, has lived in Old Louisville most of her adult life. The St. James Court resident said she is proud of the neighborhood's history and its recent success. "Now if you need something done," she said, "there is always somebody willing to do it."



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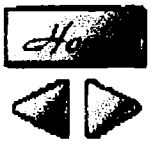


Portland

CITY SERVED AS DETOUR POINT FOR FALLS FREIGHT AND TRAVELERS; JIM PORTER RULED THE WHARF TAVERNS

By Shawn M. Herron © The Courier-Journal

As the natural stopping place for boats going upstream to the Falls of the Ohio, Portland once flourished on the portage business.

In the early 1800s, freight and passengers were taken off boats and hauled to Louisville along the turnpike, now Portland Avenue, made dangerous by bandits preying on the heavily laden wagons. Once safely in Louisville, they could reload the boats that had been taken over the falls or load new boats waiting at the Louisville wharf. By 1819, business was booming.

The City of Portland was surveyed and platted perhaps as early as 1812, or as late as 1814, at the direction of its original landowner, William Lytle. The main streets included Ferry (now North 36th Street), which led to the Portland-New Albany ferry, and Commercial Street, now North 34th Street.

In 1817, the "Enlargement of Portland," as it was called by map makers, was added to the west, starting at Chestnut Street, now North 38th Street.

Many of the Portland "estates" commanded an outstanding view of the river and the Falls. The Squire Earick house at 719 N. 34th St., believed to have been constructed in the boom time between 1800 and 1820, later served as the home, court and jail for the first Portland magistrate, Jacob Earick.

Local legend has it the house sported a tunnel from the cellar to the river, perhaps used as an underground railway station before the Civil War. The tunnel apparently collapsed during the 1937 flood. (The house was recently purchased by the Portland Development Organization to be used as offices, a community center and a small museum.)

The Campbell House, at 3430 Rudd Ave., was built about 1840 by William Campbell, a steamboat captain who chose to retire within sight of the river. Many other sick and injured rivermen, in later years, had stays at the U.S. Marine Hospital on North Western Parkway, which opened in 1847, also overlooking the Ohio. (The proximity of the hospital to the river was hoped to facilitate their

recovery.)

The fortunes of Portland and its neighboring community, Shippingport, were cast in another direction by the construction of the Louisville & Portland Canal. While the natural obstacle of the Falls of the Ohio led to the founding of the two communities, it was also seen as a barrier to development. Construction of the canal was completed in 1830 and alleviated the necessity for all boats to unload to pass through the Falls.

Transportation still played a big part in shaping Portland, however. Plans were made for a Lexington-Portland railway, and Portland officially incorporated in 1834 in anticipation of the event.

In 1837, after those plans fell through and the railroad decided it would terminate at Louisville instead, Portland officially became part of Louisville in exchange for a side track between Louisville and Portland. Main Street business owners obtained an injunction against the dirty, noisy railway shortly thereafter; this so incensed Portland residents that they once again became independent in 1843.

By 1852, however, they had accepted the inevitable and rejoined Louisville for the final time.

In the 1840s and '50s, Portland was home to "Big Jim" Porter, the Kentucky Giant. Standing 7-foot-8 or an inch or two taller -- legends differ -- he presided over several taverns in the wharf areas of Portland and Shippingport and could be seen tooling his horse-drawn cab along Main Street with his paying customers. At his death in 1859, a special 9-foot casket was required.

During the Civil War, sentiments in Portland, as in Louisville, were divided. Many Portland men joined the Ninth Kentucky Regiment to fight for the Confederacy. They were obliged to hide in the swampy riverbank at Greenbush, now part of Shawnee Golf Course, to wait for transportation downstream.

Fights broke out even during Mass at Our Lady's Catholic Church on Rudd Avenue. When the organist unexpectedly broke into a rousing rendition of "Dixie," only the quick intervention of the priest prevented bloodshed.

The wharves and warehouses in Portland gradually went empty after the Portland Canal was deepened and widened in 1871 to accommodate the larger boats. Louisville and Portland both suffered from the destruction of the 'forwarding and commission' business, as the portage business was known, but life on the wharf did continue into this century.

The river played a role in the social as well as economic life of Portland.

Elizabeth Kraft, now of Rudd Avenue and a lifelong resident of Portland, recalled the early 1900s:

"Mother and Nanny would walk down to the wharf, where they had a public park with tables and benches. Mother would send me over to the tavern with a bucket,

where I could get almost a gallon of beer and all the sandwiches I could hold for a nickel.

"We would sit for hours, with them passing the bucket back and forth, watching the boats pull in and out and the rivermen dancing with the dance-hall girls on the veranda of the hotel."

Floods were ever the bane of Portland. The early 1880s brought several that deluged the river side of Portland, destroying a number of homes.

But none could compare to the 1937 flood, which devastated Portland as well as a good portion of Louisville and Jefferson County.

Families were uprooted for months and faced the problem of restoring homes that had been under water for weeks. Many homes closest to the river were destroyed, including most of those on Shippingport Island.

As soon as the water receded, there was talk of building a floodwall to protect the city, but World War II intervened. The plan was not realized until the flood of 1945 again put Portland under water.

More than 140 homes were eventually taken for the floodwall and in the early 1960s for the Sherman Minton Bridge and the Watterson Expressway, which sliced through Portland. Many of the residents relocated in Portland, inside the protection of the new floodwall.

For the first time, Portland was no longer fronted by the river, and homes that had once possessed an imposing view now faced the blank earth barricade and a concrete freeway.

In the 1950s and '60s, Portland experienced a migration, with many of its younger residents following industry south and east.

The bustling commercial district on the river was left to the vagaries of nature and has returned to a wild state. Today, the view from atop the floodwall toward the river shows only the barest suggestion of roads, the wharf is buried under riverbank, and the buildings have long disappeared beneath the weeds and undergrowth fed by regular flooding.

In recent years, Portland has experienced a rebirth.

Historic homes are being renovated and occupied; the larger ones have been subdivided as apartment housing.

The appreciation of its history and community spirit shows in the annual Portland Festival, which started in 1975 and now draws thousands, and in the Portland Museum, which spotlights the waterfront and the neighborhood's history of dependence on the river.

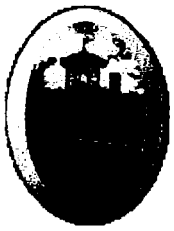
Molly Leonard, president of the Portland Development Organization and a

longtime booster of Portland, said most people don't know much about the community.

"I love to ask people who say they would never live in Portland if they've been there," she said. "Usually, they haven't."

"They're amazed at the beautiful homes and proximity to downtown. Portland has its problems, but the people there recognize them and work to resolve them. That's what makes it such a terrific community."

Shawn M. Herron grew up in Portland and plans to move back there next year.



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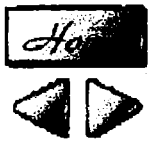


Russell

WITH INFLUENTIAL INSTITUTIONS, GLAMOROUS HOMES, THE AREA SERVED AS TESTIMONY TO HEIGHTS OF BLACK ACHIEVEMENT

By Betty Winston Baye © The Courier-Journal

Fifty years ago the Russell area was home to many well-to-do blacks. They lived and entertained lavishly, especially during Kentucky Derby week when their house guests often included the black rich and famous for whom there were no rooms at downtown inns because of the color of their skin.

Former state Rep. Mae Street Kidd lives in the 2300 block of West Chestnut Street in a home that she and her husband, the late Horace Leon Street, bought a half-century ago. Years ago, one could always tell when Derby was near because, she said, "We'd always paint the trunks of the trees along the street white. It was beautiful!" Today, parts of Russell still are as beautiful as Kidd recalls. The area has scores of homes, churches and public buildings that are of such architectural significance that in 1980 most of the predominantly black neighborhood was listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

Yet Russell in the 1980s is merely a shadow of its old self. There are vacant lots and abandoned buildings throughout the district, which is roughly bounded by Ninth Street on the east, Market Street on the north, Broadway on the south, and the Shawnee Expressway (I-264) on the west.

Russell's decline as a posh place to live and as a center for black-owned businesses began during the 1960s. Longtime residents say the neighborhood's downturn was hastened by integration, which opened the doors for middle-class blacks to move to other areas, and urban renewal, which decimated the population in eastern Russell.

The area is named for educator Harvey Clarence Russell Sr. Born in 1883 in Bloomfield, Ky., Russell was a teacher and dean of Kentucky State College and president of both Kentucky Industrial College and West Kentucky State Vocational School. The U. S. Office of Education declared Russell to be a "specialist in Negro education."

Russell moved his family to the area that would later bear his name in 1926. When the former Harvey C. Russell Junior High School, at 18th and Madison, was rededicated as the Russell Apartments for the elderly and disabled in 1984, Bessie Russell Stone, now of Cincinnati, said of her father, "He just inspired you to want to learn."

The Russell area has historically been a blending of wealthy, working-class and poor people, so today one finds stately mansions sharing a street with modest dwellings, including cottages and camel-backed shotgun houses that were built more than 100 years ago.

Russell's evolution into what preservationists have called "one of Louisville's finest Victorian neighborhoods" came primarily after the Civil War, when many wealthy families moved in.

German immigrant Basil Doerhoefer was an early developer and landowner in Russell. In 1887, Doerhoefer, who was part-owner and president of American Tobacco Works, built a home at 2422 W. Chestnut that today is known as the Doerhoefer-Hampton House.

The house, which is now owned by the city and used for community events has been renovated and is named in honor of Doerhoefer and Sarah and G. Wade Hampton, the black couple who bought the house in 1944 and rented the upper floors to "young marrieds and single women," according Mary Hackley, a neighborhood historian and chairwoman of the Russell Neighborhoood Area Council.

Other prominent early residents were Max Drach, who is said to have designed many of the area's buildings; Michael Blatz, proprietor of Falls City Stone Works; Philip Stitzel, of U. P. Stitzel Brothers Distillery; and Alex Gilmore, a steamboat captain who built his home at 1633 W. Chestnut.

By the early 1900s, blacks were also firmly establishing themselves in Russell. One of them, Samuel Plato, was the first black architect contracted to design post officees. He lived at 2509 W. Chestnut. Another of Plato's design credits is the Broadway Temple A.M.E. Zion Church at 13th and Broadway.

America's first public library for blacks is in Russell. The Western Branch of the Louisville Free Public Library, on 10th Street off Chestnut, opened in 1908 and still is in use.

Russell has at least a dozen churches that were built in the late 19th century, and many played significant roles in the social and political lives of Louisville's blacks.

In 1887, for example, the National Colored Press Association convened at Fifth Street Colored Baptist Church, at 19th and Jefferson. The Rev. W. J. Simmons, for whom Simmons Bible College is named, presided over it.

The discussions during that convention 102 years ago had such contemporary themes as "the equality of the races," "the condemnation of prejudice against the

Negro," and "the relation of the Afro-American to existing political parties."

Plymouth Congregational Church, at 16th and Chestnut, was founded as a black congregation in 1880. In 1917, under the Rev E. G. Harris, the church established Plymouth Settlement House as a "living quarters for working girls" and as a place where children and adults could be entertained and educated in various disciplines. Today, the settlement has been replaced by Plymouth Renewal Community Center, which continues the church's mission of offering educational and spiritual uplifting to residents.

Central High School, which for much of the 20th century was Louisville's only high school for blacks, is also in Russell. Central was at 9th and Chestnut streets from 1913 to 1952, when it moved to its current site at 11th and Chestnut.

Carman Weathers, a 1953 Central graduate and now a teacher at Buechel Metropolitan School, said the school's strength in the days before integration was the ability of its teachers to give students "an inner picture of self as opposed to what you saw on the outside."

Central's principal, the late Maude Brown Porter, and teachers such as Lyman Johnson and Victor Perry "encouraged intellectual competition," she said.

"The kinds of experiences I had dealing with teachers at Central inspired me to be one."

In its heyday, Russell's section of Walnut Street, now Muhammad Ali Boulevard in tribute to the Louisville-born boxer, was a mecca for black entrepreneurs and big-name entertainers who regularly performed at such popular nightspots as the Top Hat Club, Charlie Moore's, The Idle Hour and Joe's Palm Room. Only Joe's Palm Room still exists, although in a new location and under different ownership.

During Derby week, Walnut Street became "Cadillac Alley" because of all the folks who returned to Louisville to visit family and show off how well they were making it up North, out West and back East.

In 1910, a reporter for The Indianapolis Freeman newspaper said the Russell area was "extremely popular with black professionals and businessmen." The reporter gushed that the black-owned residences he visited had "all of the modern conveniences found in homes owned by whites."

Chestnut Street was the place to live, said Kidd, recalling that her neighbors years ago included Bishop George Clement of Africa Methodist Episcopal Church; at least three doctors; an assortment of teachers; and insurance executives.

The late Frank Stanley Sr., publisher of "The Louisville Defender," the city's premiere black newspaper, lived in the 2800 block of West Chestnut. And in the 1960s, the Rev. D. E. King, then-pastor of Zion Baptist Church, could often be found conferring in his Russell home with Martin Luther King Jr.

But Russell began to fade during the 1960s.

Many thriving black-owned establishments, especially along Walnut where the Village West housing complex now stands, were driven out of business by downtown urban renewal. Because much of the land acquired in Russell during urban renewal has never been fully redeveloped, the area's eastern end has become something of an invisible line that separates Louisville's mostly black West End from downtown.

Still, Minor and Jesse Daniels, longtime Russell residents who live in a three-story mansion in the 2300 block of West Chestnut, hope the community will experience a renaissance. The Danielses said they are the fifth set of owners of the house. Its original occupant was Confederate Army officer Ruben T. Durrett, and before the Danielses bought the home it was a funeral home.

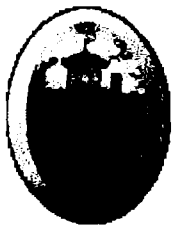
The recent renovation of several old homes in the 2100 block of West Chestnut into apartments, as well as old home restorations by individuals has given many in the community reason to be optimistic that Russell may once again become an "in place" to live.

Hackley, 69, of S. 25th Street, has lived in Russell for 63 years. She loves the community and believes many of its beautiful old homes can be saved if elderly property owners would consider deeding their homes to groups that would renovate and maintain the property.

"I'd rather see a vacant lot than a deteriorated house," Hackley said.

But whatever happens, for some black Louisvillians -- such as 40-year-old Michael Snow, now of Old Louisville but who attended the old Russell Junior High School -- Russell will always be fondly remembered as having once been "our Beverly Hills."

Betty Baye has lived in Russell since 1984.



A Place in Time

The story of Louisville's neighborhoods

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Shawnee

FARMS OF THE 1800S GAVE WAY TO PARK AND DIGNIFIED HOMES; RACIAL MAKEUP HAS CHANGED

By John C. Pillow © The Courier-Journal

When Omar and Florence Baird purchased their home on West Broadway in 1964, they were the only black family on their block.

That wasn't the case for long. "As soon as we moved in, 'For sale' signs went up all over. I know it wasn't a good year or two before all of the white people had moved out," Florence Baird said.

The Shawnee neighborhood, with its large Victorian homes, well-manicured lawns and oak-shaded streets, actually hasn't changed much over the years, except for the faces of the people who live there.

At its inception it was one of the more affluent neighborhoods in the city, but the wealthy began to leave in the 1930s and were replaced by middle-class families, many of whom worked at the old Ford truck factory on South Western Parkway or at one of the plants in nearby Rubbertown.

Later, many middle-class white families moved to other parts of the county when the area was integrated in the early '60s.

But despite the predictions of gloom and doom voiced by many of those who left, the Shawnee area has thrived, according to its residents.

"Ain't nobody ever bothered me," said 81-year-old Robert Fields, who has lived on Amy Avenue since 1951 and is the only white resident left on his block. "It was all white when we moved here, but it was just sort of a gradual change; my neighbors died out, and black families moved in."

Fields, a retired truck driver, said he is happy there.

"This has always been a nice place to live. It still is," he said.

The Shawnee area, which borders Shawnee Park on the west, Broadway on the south, Parker Street on the north and 34th Street on the east, was primarily farms

and dairy land until the early 1890s.

Before the turn of the century, Louisville's park system was designed by noted landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted, who also designed New York's Central Park. Shawnee, finished in 1892, became the city's second park, after Iroquois.

Shawnee, like all of the city's Olmsted parks, has been placed on the National Register of Historic Places, according to Ann Hassett, executive director of Louisville's Historic Landmarks and Preservation Districts Commission.

Upon the park's completion, residential districts grew rapidly on its border. In 1895, the city annexed the park and adjacent blocks, which resulted in the extension of streetcar lines.

According to Hassett, the Shawnee area contains some of the city's best examples of late-19th-century architecture, including the Italianate, Renaissance Revival and Victorian Gothic styles.

The neighborhood may eventually be placed on the National Register of Historic Places, a status now enjoyed by nearby Parkland, Russell and Portland.

"We believe that a yet-undefined area which begins at some point on West Broadway and includes Shawnee Park and the Shawnee area is significant architecturally and historically to be placed on the National Register," said Hassett.

Much of the Shawnee area, as well as some of the Chickasaw neighborhood, was originally owned by tobacco manufacturer Basil Doerhoefer around 1900. The area was subdivided, and the lots were purchased by owners and officers of local corporations.

Members of the Doerhoefer family built several well-regarded mansions in the Russell neighborhood before buying land and moving to Shawnee. A street north of Garland Avenue still bears the Doerhoefer name.

The area's most notable structure, according to the landmarks commission, is the former Doerhoefer mansion at 4432 W. Broadway. The three-story frame residence formerly housed Loretto High School and now belongs to Christ Temple Apostolic Church. It was built in 1906 and features a monumental classical portico.

Other notable Shawnee-area buildings are the old firehouse at 37th and Broadway, built in 1913 and now an apartment building, and Christ the King Church at 724 S. 44th St., built in 1928.

The Catholic Church, the first denomination in nearby Portland, also had a strong influence on the Shawnee neighborhood. The old Flaget High School, a boys' school at 4420 River Park Drive, fielded some of the state's most powerful athletic teams.

In 1946, entering its first meeting with the long-established St. Xavier, the Braves were a six-touchdown underdog but went on to post a 13-12 victory. Guided by coach Paulie Miller, Flaget won state football championships in 1949, 1952, 1953, and 1961. After Miller departed, the school won Class AAA titles in 1967 and again in 1971 with only 323 students.

Flaget player Paul Hornung went on to win a Heisman Trophy at Notre Dame and became pro star with the Green Bay Packers. Flaget teammate Howard Schnellenberger now coaches at the University of Louisville and coached the University of Miami to a national championship in 1985.

Both were residents of nearby Portland.

As more Catholics departed the neighborhood, Flaget struggled to stay open. It merged briefly with the nearby all-girl Loretto High School in 1973, becoming the city's first coed Catholic high school. The school finally closed in June 1974. The building has been renovated and is now an apartment complex for senior citizens.

Shawnee High School, the only public high school in the area, also had its share of athletic success.

The school opened in 1929, and Robert Clem, an assistant principal during the school's first year, received the top job in 1930 and held it until his death in 1968.

Shawnee fielded several outstanding basketball teams and its 1973 edition, led by Wayne Golden and Ronnie Daniels, won the state championship.

Jack Gish, whose family has operated Gish Hardware at 3725 River Park Drive for 50 years, said his memories of the neighborhood go way back to buildings that no longer exist.

"I remember the slaughterhouse on 41st and Market, and then there was the old Shawnee Theatre on 38th and Broadway. It was right next to this deli and all of the kids used to go in there buy candy and then go to the theatre and see a movie for a dime," Gish said.

When Roy Gish, Jack's late father, started the hardware store in 1939, there were seven other hardware stores in the area. "We are the only ones left. It hasn't been easy, but we are still here," he said.

Gish also has fond memories of the old Fontaine Ferry amusement park on South Western Parkway, which provided entertainment for most of the area's children.

However, some of the newer Shawnee residents don't have such pleasant memories of the park.

The park wasn't integrated until 1964 and was the site of several demonstrations in the early '60s.

"I didn't realize I was black, and black was different until I stood outside Fontaine

Ferry one day," said John Green, 40, of Cecil Avenue. "We didn't understand why we couldn't go in there. When you are a child and you see other children having fun, you can't understand why you can't do it too.

"It was a very sad feeling. Even after they let us go in, nobody really felt welcome."

The park closed in 1969, shortly after an incident involving looting and vandalism.

That incident also served to drive many of the remaining whites out of the neighborhood, according to Gish. But he wasn't one of them. He kept his home on 36th and Market streets until 1980, when he moved near Bowman Field.

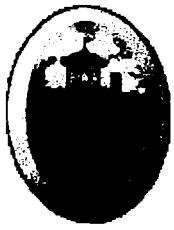
"I'm trying to set up some sort of retirement place. My wife has been after me to quit, but this is all I have ever really done," he explained.

Gish said he has been questioned about why he continues to operate a business in the area. "My friends have asked me why I stay, but I like it down here. My theory is that you can get robbed anywhere."

"A lot of people don't know that there are a lot of religious people in the West End. There are probably more churches and church-going people down here than anywhere else in the city. I got good customers and they appreciate me being here. I think that is important."

Other residents reflected Gish's faith in the neighborhood.

"I'm proud to live here," Green said. "The homes here are as nice as any in the city."



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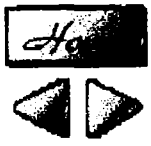


Buechel

PREDATORY ANIMALS WERE OUSTED, BUT WILD LIFE LIVED ON IN A DEFIANT RUSTLER, BASHFORD MANOR THOROUGHBREDS

By Bill Pike © The Courier-Journal

People in Buechel would probably scream -- or worse -- if they looked out their windows and saw the area as it appeared during the early 1800s, at least according to one history.

"Buffaloes were still numerous. . . . Bears were plentiful, and as they made visits up and down Bear Grass creek, would occasionally pounce upon a hog. Wildcats and panthers often exhibited their fondness for young pigs, and it was difficult to preserve sheep from their ravages." But Buechel's rich land lured more farmers, displacing wild animals and launching a history that includes livestock rustling, legal battles, a visit by no one less than actress Elizabeth Taylor and a theft of nearly $2 million.

The area experienced slow growth for 170 years and then a blastoff of development during the 1950s and '60s.

Buechel's development started in about 1790, when George Hikes built its first sawmill, grist mill and wool-processing machine.

Hikes lived in a stone house on property next to what is now St. Michael's Antiochian Orthodox Church, 3026 Hikes Lane. Most of the original house burned down and was rebuilt. "Hikes Lane was the driveway back to the house from Bardstown Road," said Edna Hikes Terrel, Hikes' great-great-granddaughter.

Hunsinger and Fegenbush lanes are named for other early settlers.

But nothing was named for Paschal Craddock, who stole livestock during the early 1800s, his neighbors said.

The last straw came when neighbors found 16 stolen hogs in Craddock's sty. They told Craddock and two men who apparently stole the animals for him to clear out within six months.

Here's how the story ended, according to "History of the Ohio Falls Cities and Their Counties," published in 1882:

"The two accomplices took the hint and left the country, but Craddock, with a stubbornness equal to his meanness, failed to comply, and ere he lived out his six months a little stray vengeance overtook him, and Paschal Craddock was no more."

An area called Two Mile Precinct -- so named because its northern edge was two miles from Louisville -- included Buechel during the area's early days, said Jean Terry, president of the Buechel Area Historical and Preservation Alliance.

Today, Buechel is roughly bounded by Bashford Manor, Hikes and Six Mile lanes on the north; Breckenridge Lane on the east; Buechel Bank Road on the south; and Newburg Road and Progress Boulevard on the west. The area, which long ago included pastures and vegetable and potato farms, includes the small city of West Buechel.

Buechel got its name in the 1870s, after John Buechel bought a tavern-hotel on Bardstown Road, just south of the Southern Railroad tracks, and set up a post office in it. Visitors called the area "Buechel," and people sent their mail there.

"The tavern was the halfway house between Louisville and Bardstown," said Hugh Tobaben, who grew up next door to the place. "They just had plain old rooms. It certainly wasn't the Seelbach, but it was cheap, and they had good fried chicken and chili and roast beef sandwiches."

The Buechels sold the tavern in 1951, and it was demolished in 1983 after a fire.

Another landmark was Fanelli's ice-cream shop, which from 1912 to 1983 was at 4119 Bardstown Road. It had the best ice cream around, according to Tobaben, who worked there during the mid-1930s, when he was a teen-ager.

"I started out washing ice-cream cans at 50 cents a day," Tobaben said.

In 1909, Charles Scroggan established Buechel Bank, primarily to stimulate potato production, a big enterprise at the time in the area.

Scroggan, who was involved in several other businesses, seemed the right fellow to start a bank. He once made $9,000 by buying and selling Bashford Manor Farm, where Bashford Manor Mall now sits, in one day.

Buechel's commercial strip along Bardstown Road during the '20s and '30s also included a hardware store, grocery stores, a drugstore and a barber shop.

Some found that a bit lacking.

"There really wasn't much out here. There wasn't much to do when I was a kid," said David Pfeiffer, 56, who grew up in Buechel and now runs Leatherman Pharmacy, 4014 Bardstown Road.

"We'd catch a Blue Motor bus and go downtown to the movies on Fourth Street," Pfeiffer said.

But other youngsters found simpler entertainment nearby.

"There was a great deal of hunting," Tobaben said. "Red foxes were still in the area. A lot of rabbits got trapped. There were sinkholes around here with animals in them, like skunks."

Tobaben's brother searched cornfields for arrowheads.

"One farm -- we called it the Crawford Estate, out Bardstown Road from the center of Buechel -- must have had a big battle one time," said Charles Tobaben, who now lives in Atlanta. "I had quite a collection of arrowheads, and so did my friend who lived next door."

After graduating from the old Hikes Graded School, Buechel youngsters went either to Fern Creek High School or a Louisville school.

"I went to Atherton because it was a city school, and I was a country girl. I graduated in '29," said Ruth Kleinsteuber, who grew up on Six Mile Lane when it had "a few scattered houses here, there and yonder."

Kleinsteuber, whose father ran the Buechel train station for the Southern Railroad for 53 years, said she would never forget the 1937 flood, even though Buechel wasn't under water.

"The furnaces at the Southern office downtown got flooded, and they moved their headquarters to Buechel. All the big shots from the Southern office -- maybe a dozen or more of them -- were stationed in our house.

"You can't believe what a madhouse it was. We had three beds, a couch that opened up and a pallet on the dining-room floor. When one person got out of a bed, another would get in. You know there wasn't any privacy."

Another landmark was Bashford Manor Farm, known for thoroughbred horses. But at times, more than four-legged critters walked its fields.

"I sat on the fence and watched Elizabeth Taylor and Montgomery Clift when part of 'Raintree County' was filmed at Bashford Manor," Pfeiffer said. "I remember that they painted one side of each barn white to make it look good for the movie."

In 1947, Louis Arru built the Skyway Drive-In Theater on Bardstown Road at Hikes Lane.

"Buechel was still a sleepy little village," Arru said. Other businesses near the corner were Club Sahara, Jerry's Restaurant and Miller's Restaurant, which Arru called "a chicken-every-Sunday type of place."

Between Jerry's and the Sahara, Arru said, stood a "ramshackle little hamburger

place, something of a mess, about 10 by 15 feet."

"You know who ran it? . . . It was Foster Brooks, no kidding," Arru said. "When I was building the Skyway, we would go over there for lunch, and Foster would fry the hamburgers and boil the hot dogs. He was usually in there by himself."

The drive-in was followed by other new buildings as the post-World War II building boom took off in Buechel and other suburban areas. "One by one, the farms became subdivisions," Pfeiffer said. "It was sad, really, to see it."

And Buechel's boom got a boost -- but good -- when General Electric's Appliance Park opened in 1950.

To handle Appliance Park commuters, Buechel Bank Road was widened to four lanes between Newburg Road and Appliance Park in 1951. That same year, the old Buechel Bus Lines doubled its number of buses -- to eight -- running between Buechel and Louisville.

While land sales skyrocketed, officials announced plans for the Buechel Bypass in 1953, which later fed traffic around Buechel's commercial district instead of backing it up on Bardstown Road.

As the boom began, Louisville eyed the fat property-tax pie baking in Buechel and proposed annexing much of the area one day in 1951. Two days later, some residents of West Buechel proposed incorporating their area to stay out of Louisville, where taxes were higher.

Buechel folks filed no fewer than six lawsuits to fight Louisville, tying up the mattter in court until 1955, when the big city called off the annexation attempt because it had caused bitterness.

But annexation mess wasn't the only messy situation in the area at the time.

In 1954, West Buechel issued $2 million in bonds for streets and other improvements. Texas financier BenJack Cage put down $275,000 for the bonds, signed a note for the remaining $1.7 million. He later left for Brazil, and the money was missing.

Texas convicted and imprisoned Cage, now deceased, a few years later on embezzlement and other charges, but West Buechel never got back its money, which left some disgruntled citizens ready to dissolve the city.

The last major development in Buechel was the completion of Bashford Manor Mall, which opened in 1973. By the late 1960s, longtime residents say, most open areas, as well as the Buechel they had grown up in, were long gone.

"When I was a little girl, I wouldn't have been able to imagine how crowded Buechel is today -- no way, no way," said Dorothy Taylor, who grew up in a house where the Buechel Volunteer Fire Department station now stands.

"I couldn't have begun to tell you what would happen, no way. There's so much out here now."

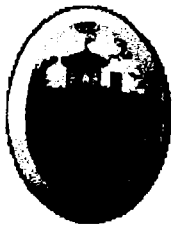
DID YOU KNOW:

- Anton Busath, a Buechel man who owned the old Busath's Candy Store at 445 S. 4th St., coated marshmallows with caramel and called them Modjeska caramels during the 1880s.

  Busath named the candy after a Helena Modjeska, a famous Polish actress who caught his eye when she starred in the drama "A Doll's House" in a downtown Louisville theater.

- Bashford Manor Farm, where Bashford Manor Mall now is, produced three Kentucky Derby winners, Azra in 1892, Manuel in 1899 and Sir Huon in 1906.

  In addition, Proctor Knott, named for a former Kentucky governor, finished second by a nose in the 1889 Derby.



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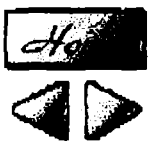


Camp Taylor

THE MILITARY'S INFLUENCE LIVED ON LONG AFTER WORLD WAR I IN AREA'S HOUSES, CAMARADERIE

By Grace Schneider © The Courier-Journal

Champagne corks popped. The Courier-Journal newsroom filled with Louisville's top business leaders, eagerly toasting the biggest news to hit the city in a decade:

Louisville -- on June 11, 1917 -- had been selected by the U. S. War Department as the site for a huge military camp. Camp Zachary Taylor was born shortly after, six miles south of town, on rolling farm land covered with cornstalks, cow pastures, barns and vegetable gardens.

It's hard to picture today, in a time of peace and distaste for the trappings of war, how news of getting a major camp was greeted in Louisville then. Something like a riotous celebration after the University of Louisville wins a basketball championship.

Everyone shared the joy, according to newspaper articles in the days after the announcement.

Business people and others saw the announcement for what it was worth -- thousands of dollars in revenue for a city of 235,000.

As time has shown, Camp Taylor forever altered the landscape of the area mostly between what is now Poplar Level Road and Preston Highway. Hastily hammered together, it became the nation's largest military training camp.

After World War I, much of the camp was dismantled. Many of the homes in the area were built with wood from the barracks, stables and other doughboy castoffs -- and were built over the concrete pads that were once used as bathrooms and showers for the camp's barracks.

The modest, mostly wood-frame, one-story homes set the tone for the neighborhood. Today, Camp Taylor is filled with clapboard homes, brick bungalows and many undiscernible former latrines.

Like a lot of young couples, Helen Allgeier Beyerle and her husband Robert patched together a home and a life, starting with their $750 latrine and 120-by-200-foot lot on Clark Street in the early '20s.

"It was nice. It was only six rooms, but I lived in it for 27 years," said Beyerle, 92, the mother of 11 children -- nine born while she lived on Clark Street.

Beyerle now lives on Taylor Avenue, in what was once the heart of the military camp.

She still remembers how people considered the camp site "country" before construction began in the summer of 1917.

The government hired 10,000 carpenters and builders. Because there weren't enough local tradesmen, workers were shipped in by train from places such as Chattanooga, Tenn. Short of housing, Uncle Sam paid to put up the men at the old Galt House at First and Main streets. One day, according to newspaper accounts, 2,000 men carrying tool satchels lined the street waiting to check in.

By late August, a complex big enough to house one-fifth of Louisville's population -- 47,500 men at one time -- had risen, stretching from the present-day grounds of Joe Creason Park southwest to Durrett Lane at Preston Highway.

Some 45.3 million feet of lumber went into building the camp. Total cost: $7.2 million.

Its headquarters were located on what's now the northwest side of the Interstate 264 interchange at Poplar Level Road, the present grounds of Taylor Memorial Park.

A popular boardwalk and amusement area attracted soldiers -- and young women hoping to meet them -- on both sides of Preston Highway near Springdale Avenue. A 53-acre hospital complex sprang up near what's now the Durrett Education Center on Preston.

Lester C. Monk, a 22-year-old farmer from Jersey County, Ill., was the first man to enter the camp. "It was just 9:03 o'clock on that September morning when this young son of democracy became a member of the camp," wrote correspondent Maurice Dunn, in a souvenir booklet printed about the camp.

Local boy John Lee Herbert, of 1717 Payne St., was third.

Their first military meal consisted of sirloin steak with brown gravy, mashed potatoes, stewed tomatoes, peach roll, bread, butter and iced tea.

The inductees, who came from Kentucky, Illinois and Indiana, needed good meals. Some days they woke at 3 or 4 a.m. and marched south on Preston to a rifle range near what is now the Snyder Freeway. Or they dug trenches near what is now the juncture of Crittenden Drive and the Watterson Expressway.

Altogether, more than 125,000 men were trained at Camp Zachary Taylor, "but even more were demobilized and discharged there," according to a 1959 article in The Courier-Journal Magazine. Overwhelmed with 63,000 trainees at one point, the Army erected a tent city in a triangle near what is now Belmar Drive, Preston and the old Southern Railroad tracks.

Disaster struck the 84th -- the name of the division established and stationed there -- in 1918. A flu epidemic put 13,000 men in the hospital and killed 824. People living nearby remembered seeing caskets stacked and tied on trucks leaving the grounds.

Dark days awaited the entire camp after the war ended. The government moved most of its operations to Camp Dix in New Jersey and sent the artillery to what was then called Camp Henry Knox, now Fort Knox.

After serving returning troops, the government chopped the property into parcels and sold it off during the 1920s. The $7 million investment returned $1.1 million.

Some of the soldiers, including Robert Beyerle, bought lots. And a working-class neighborhood, home to bricklayers, carpenters, plumbers and electricians, grew up there during the Depression.

A few tobacco warehouses located in the area, drawing laborers to the community.

Wrote U of L student Margery Plyler in a 1939 English paper on Camp Taylor, on file at the university's archives:

"Living conditions are generally rather poor, but they reach their lowest ebb in what is known as the 'Hospital area' -- so-called because it was here the war-camp hospital was located.

"This is supposedly where the prostitutes and hangers-on of the Camp settled at the close of the War. Here one sees an odd collection of tumble-down shacks where the only seemingly good feature is that the inhabitants are able to get plenty of fresh air."

"It was a poor neighborhood then," said Bob Vogelsburg, of Sylvan Way, who was born and raised in Camp Taylor and remembers hearing stories of the post-camp era.

Most people left school early for factory jobs or a trade, Vogelsburg, 57, said.

The community, annexed by Louisville in 1950, was close-knit, thanks to large families who settled, married among each other and stayed.

"Everybody seemed to have some other relative there," said Betty Horton, of KY 61 in Bullitt County, who organizes an annual reunion for people who grew up in Camp Taylor.

People remember good, simple times. For Horton's husband, Barney, it was sitting

outside Catherine Allgeier's kitchen on "baking day" when the mouth-watering, yeasty smell of fresh bread wafted through Warren Street.

Allgeier, the mother of 12, including Fourth Ward Alderman Cyril Allgeier, would hand hot slices slathered with homemade butter out the door to a waiting throng, Betty Horton said.

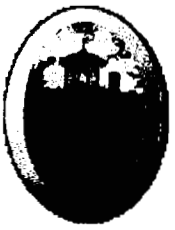
Some faces have changed, Vogelsburg said, but "the community looks the same as it did when I was a kid."

And many of the old names, like Allgeier and Beyerle, are still there.

"The children," he said, "and the grandchildren stay."

DID YOU KNOW:

- F. Scott Fitzgerald was stationed at Camp Taylor and mentions it in his novel "The Great Gatsby." The character Daisy Fay is from Louisville.
- Nearly 2,000 foreign-born draftees took the oath under a tree on Lee Street. The so-called Naturalization tree was cut to a stump more than 20 years ago.
- Wooden sewer lines served the camp, and later the community. Many people believe some of the lines are still used, but that's not true. Pipes were shoved through the lines by the late 1930s.
- Although parts of barracks buildings that were converted into homes are difficult to recognize now, many homes with two chimneys, at opposite ends of a structure, are converted barracks latrines.
- The camp contained 2,090 buildings, including 114 officers' quarters, 399 enlisted men's barracks, 284 stables and 12 hay sheds.



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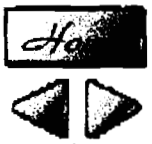


Fairdale

EARLY CITY OF NEWTOWN LIVED, DIED WITH FLOW AT SALT LICK; LAND DISPUTES ABOUNDED

By Bill Pike © The Courier-Journal

The recorded history of Fairdale dates back almost 200 years to a long-dead city. But the community's present name is 75 years old. The name came from a meeting on May 30, 1910, when residents met at Mount Holly Road to think up a new name for the area.

"They were disturbed because people referred to Fairdale as the Wet Woods or Woods Precinct," said Marylyn Nelson, of Fairdale Road, who has researched the area's past for about 10 years.

Residents wanted a more flattering name, so they voted to call the area "Fairdale," a name suggested by resident Oscar Reed.

Fairdale had a new name, but an old history of land hassles, buffalo trails, a salt lick, colorful characters and the one-time city.

The city, called Newtown, was incorporated in the area in 1794, 16 years after George Rogers Clark founded Louisville. Newtown began dying about 35 years later, said George Yater, a local historian and author. "It wasn't much more than a gleam in somebody's eye," Yater said.

But while it gleamed, Newtown was home to a rough and ready crew at a nearby salt lick, Yater said. "People who worked the salt mines -- you might say -- were pretty rough folks."

The lick, Jefferson County's first big industry, "was going night and day" for a few years, Yater said.

Salt from the lick was advertised as far away as Lexington, where The Kentucky Gazette newspaper ran ads in 1787 boasting "A constant supply of the best of salt, from Mann's Lick," according to Yater's book "Two Hundred Years at the Falls of the Ohio."

The area's population had grown because of the jobs offered by the lick, and

Newtown, roughly bounded by the present Seaboard System Railroad tracks, Wilson Creek, Fairdale Road and South Park Hills, was founded.

When the lick ran out of salt about 1830, Newtown went under, Yater said.

The center of the lick, called Mann's Lick, was between present Glengarry Drive and Southern Ditch, Nelson said. Mann's Lick gave its name to Manslick Road, which originally linked the Portland area in Louisville, Fairdale and Frankfort, she said.

Wilderness Road, which ran from Seventh and Main streets in Louisville to Bullitt County and on to the Cumberland Gap, also connected Newtown and Louisville.

Both roads originally were trails buffalo used to get from Indiana to the salt licks, Yater said. The buffalo crossed the Ohio at the falls, where the water was shallow, he said.

Smaller licks were in the area bounded by Kenwood Hill, the Bullitt County line, Greyling Drive and Preston Highway, Nelson said. Bullitt's Lick was in present Bullitt County west of Shepherdsville, Yater said.

Explorers who accompanied surveyors sent into the area by the state of Virginia, which included Kentucky until 1792, settled in the area in the early 1770s, she said.

Property records indicate that the McCauleys, who lived in a cabin near a spring on top of one of the South Park Hills, were the first family to own land in the area, Nelson said.

After Newtown faded away, the area was "sparsely populated," she said. "For most of its history, that area has been very rural," Yater said.

Newtown legally disappeared in the late 1890s after a change in the state constitution required cities to elect officials and have meetings if they wanted to remain incorporated, Nelson said.

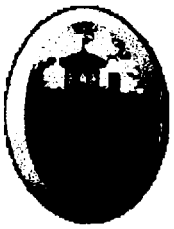
She added that many residents at the time probably didn't know they lived in an incorporated area.

According to several historians, Joseph Brooks, for whom the area of Brooks in northern Bullitt County is named, was the first owner of Mann's Lick, Nelson said.

Brooks was a big source of historical information for Nelson because he was involved in numerous lawsuits, mostly over land ownership, she said. "Lawsuits abounded like running water. . . . They fought like cats and dogs over the land," Nelson said.

Besides lawsuits, Nelson researched deeds and other legal documents, old maps, books, family records and other sources of history.

"The more I research, the more I wonder why we weren't part of Bullitt County. Our history is more aligned with Bullitt County's than Jefferson County's," Nelson said.



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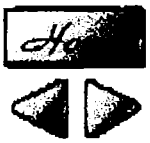


Newburg

FREED SLAVES FOUND LAND TO CALL THEIR OWN IN A SWAMPY SECTION THAT TOOK THE NAME PETERSBURG

By M. David Goodwin © The Courier-Journal

Nelson Goodwin beamed as he reminisced about the intertwined histories of Newburg and Petersburg.

As Goodwin recounted days in the early 1900s, when he sat under a chestnut tree and listened to "Uncle" Ed Green describe his experience as a plantation slave, his raspy voice was not slowed by age. "Life back then was simple but hard," the 82-year-old amateur historian said. "I loved those times. What gets me is that I can't believe how we were able to survive."

Little information exists on how these two racially segregated communities -- less than one mile from one another along Shepherdsville Road -- came to be. Together they form present-day Newburg.

Petersburg was settled by a freed slave, Eliza Curtis Hundley Tevis (also spelled Tives, Tivis, Travis and Tivas in various records), in the 1820s or '30s.

Petersburg was then known as the Wet Woods, a vast swamp thought to be uninhabitable. It was the only land in the area that whites would sell to blacks.

Petersburg got its name from Peter Laws, a freed slave who built a log cabin in the area shortly after the Civil War.

The original Newburg, directly south of Petersburg, was settled by four German immigrant families in the 1830s.

Much of area's early history is logged in Goodwin's mind. He has interviewed old-timers and pored over former slave owners' diaries, newspaper clippings, and history and deed books to settle contradictions and document oral traditions.

He is still considered the grandfather of Newburg's oral history. At age 4, he said, he recalled being mesmerized by Green's stories of his brutal life in the antebellum.

"Nobody could write then," said Goodwin, who has traced his own slave heritage in the Petersburg area back to 1790. "A lot of the older people wouldn't let you talk to them about it . Many of them raised their kids like they were. They thought they were suppose to keep them dumb and stupid."

Tevis was the first freed slave to own property in the Wet Woods, near the present Petersburg Estates. But there are discrepancies about the mulatto woman's history.

Some accounts say she was a half-sister and slave to John B. Hundley, a wealthy Louisville plantation owner and bachelor. Others say she was Hundley's mistress or a highly valued servant, said Mary Jean Kinsman, photography curator for the Filson Club.

It is known that when Hundley developed smallpox in 1819, Tevis was the only person who would go near him, and she nursed him back to health. Either in return for her goodness or after his death, Hundley or his brother Thomas freed her, the accounts say.

He left her $2,000 and about 20 slaves in 1820, Goodwin said.

Accounts also say she inherited a farmhouse near what is now Preston and Liberty streets.

Ioa Symnes Coates, who lived in the area, said in a paper she wrote for the Filson Club that Tevis later became a slave holder and owned 50 slaves "whom she either hired out, or compelled them to work for her on her farm."

Aunt Eliza or 'Liza, as she was called, later became wealthy because of her slave dealings, Coates said.

In 1919, Coates told Courier-Journal reporter Homer Dye Jr.:

"When families were separated at the old Louisville slave market, the owners often would give the little children to her and she would keep them till they grew up and hire them out to the neighboring plantations. My mother used to hire the children to do our work and whenever a child came recommended by Aunt 'Liza we were never disappointed."

Everyone agrees that Tevis settled in Petersburg after being freed. She married Henry Tevis, a freed slave, in 1843 but signed a marriage agreement putting all her property in trust.

Together, the Tevis couple paid $600 for 40 acres in the Wet Woods in 1851, Kinsman said. The property was near or part of the original Hundley plantation, which was later called Bashford Manor estate.

They raised cattle and hogs and employed white laborers and black slaves on their farm, all of which has disappeared.

Today, a cemetery on Petersburg Road occupies the spot. The Tevises, slaves, and

earlier settlers are buried there, as well as people from the modern-day community.

Oral tradition states that the Tevises owned land in the Wet Woods in 1820, not 1851.

"I really do think that the oral tradition was exact," said Kinsman. "But everything that has been written about the Newburg area was written by people who didn't even live there.

"They were not into the tradition of keeping diaries or documents or writing letters. Their history has been based on oral traditions passed down from generation to generation."

Shortly after Eliza Tevis moved to the area, four German immigrant families established the original Newburg in the 1830s near Poplar Level and Shepherdsville roads. Newburg means "new town" in German.

The families -- the Heafers, Harts, Hearings and Arnolds -- built their community just southeast of the Wet Woods.

"In the 19th century, Newburg was considered a coach stop to Louisville," said David Morgan, a researcher at the Jefferson County Office of Historic Preservation and Archives.

"It was only about a day's ride away on horse and buggy to the city." It was a self-contained community with a post office, a blacksmith shop, a hotel, a store and several homes and businesses.

By 1879, the Shively, Hikes, Oldham, Bullitt, Brentlinger and Seelbach families owned property in the area.

After the passage of the Emancipation Proclamation in 1863, the family of Col. George W. Hikes, a Revolutionary War hero, wanted to sell some of its several thousand acres near present-day Newburg and what's now General Electric's Appliance Park.

Freed slaves were promised 40 acres and a mule after the proclamation.

But for Peter Laws, one of the family's slaves, the promise apparently went unfulfilled.

Instead, the family decided to sell 50 acres -- at $1 per acre -- to its freed slaves in the Wet Woods, an area shunned by white buyers as too swampy.

When Laws was freed, he built a log cabin in the Wet Woods in the 1860s.

"A white man teased him about it and began calling it Petersburg. The named stayed," Goodwin said.

Soon, other freed slaves migrated to the area and built cabins.

During the early 1900s, the twin communities remained surrounded by farms. Gradually, Newburg became the tag for the entire area, presumably because the post office bore that name, Goodwin said.

General Electric brought more residential and commercial growth to Newburg in the 1950s. But the biggest change came in the late 1960s, when urban-renewal programs wiped out the area's unpaved roads, outhouses, unlighted streets and substandard housing. It brought sidewalks, sewers, new roads, a community center and more than 100 new homes.

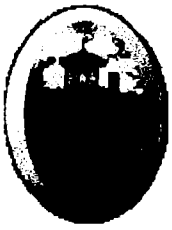
The next decade saw an expansion of the community's boundaries and an influx of nearly 3,200 blacks, many moving from areas affected by urban renewal in Louisville's West End, Smoketown and Limerick. During the same period, 4,000 whites moved out of Newburg.

Newburg was incorporated as a city for five years, from 1982 to 1987. A weak tax base and legal battles between residents about the need for a city finally resulted in its dissolution.

Through all its changes, Goodwin wishes Newburg still were known as Petersburg "because it's named after a black man. The only reason why that area grew so much was because Negroes couldn't buy any other white land so they moved there."

DID YOU KNOW:

- Forest Baptist Church, 3622 Petersburg Road, became the first church in Newburg in 1867 and held its first service in the home of Eliza Tevis.
- Legend has it that the night-wandering apparition of Pascal Craddack, a shyster lawyer who claimed to be the nephew of slave owner John Hundley and was later murdered, still wanders along the Wet Woods, west of Shepherdsville Road. - Broadmoor Estates, built in the 1950s, was the county's first subdivision for blacks.
- In 1969, 24 sixth-graders at Newburg Elementary named 14 Newburg streets after famous African-Americans and community leaders.



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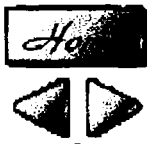


Okolona

EARLY TRAVELERS FOUND BIG OAK A SIGN OF SAFETY; MOTHERHEAD'S WAS THE PLACE TO BE FOR FUN IN THE '40S

By Beth Ahonen © The Courier-Journal

Just like the legendary mighty oak that once towered above it, Okolona has grown from a small farming burg nine miles south of Louisville into one of the county's largest communities.

The massive oak stood for many years near the corner of Preston Highway and Okolona Terrace, serving not only as a landmark but also as a symbol of a deep-rooted, family-oriented community. While the tree no longer stands -- it was cut down in the early 1970s after being struck by lightning -- the area has continued to grow and prosper, boasting some of Jefferson County's largest businesses, a burgeoning shopping corridor along Outer Loop and a quick route via the Gene Snyder Freeway to eastern reaches of the county.

According to local lore, Okolona was not the community's first name.

Filson Club records show it listed in the early 1800s as the Cross Roads precinct, with a later change to Lone Oak.

But when the post office was built around 1900, people discovered there already was a Lone Oak near Paducah. The name ultimately chosen is said to be either a creative rearranging of Lone Oak or an Indian name.

Nowadays, Okolona is generally considered to stretch from Fern Valley Road south to the Bullitt County line, with Interstate 65 marking the western edge and Fegenbush Lane, Beulah Church Road and Cedar Creek Road outlining its eastern fringe.

According to the 1980 Census, those boundaries embrace some 42,161 residents.

Mattie Ellen Lawson, who has lived on Okolona Terrace for 50 years, said the tree and the old Wilderness Road trail that ran from Bullitt County to Louisville played a vital role in the area's history.

"The Wilderness Road came through Gap in Knob and across the Salt River in Shepherdsville, followed the Blue Lick Pike (now Blue Lick Road) and turned north at the Preston Pike (now Preston Highway)," said Lawson, 78. "As people would come across the Wilderness Road, they tried to come in groups . They always talked about meeting at the big oak to camp."

These days, a drive along some of the main roads -- Preston Highway, Outer Loop, Fern Valley Road, Shepherdsville Road -- provide no inkling of what life was like in the late 1800s and early 1900s, longtime residents say.

According to a history published by the Okolona Woman's Club in 1956, the area was settled in the late 1700s by several Virginians and Pennsylvanians, including Col. James Francis Moore, Charles and John C. Beeler, James McCawley, James Robb and the seven Bates brothers.

They and their descendants farmed the land, gradually splitting up the original large land tracts into smaller and smaller individual homesteads.

Churches were built through the early 1800s, from Little Flock Baptist Church in nearby Fairdale to Bethesda Chapel, a non-denominational church owned by the Methodists and located near old Manslick Road.

In 1860, Bethesda became Cooper Chapel and moved to a spot near the current Cooper Memorial Methodist Church on Preston Highway, while in 1888 Little Flock set up a mission in Okolona later called Meadow Home Baptist Church. That changed its name in 1953 to Okolona Baptist Church, after helping to form Highview Baptist Church.

Meanwhile, St. Rita Catholic Church, housing one of the area's oldest schools, opened its doors in 1921. It provided a parochial education through the eighth grade for area children, who would otherwise have had to drive to Louisville.

That's when Okolona was known as a farming area with some mining to produce charcoal for Louisville homes. It was infamous for its Wet Woods, a strip of swampy forest running south from around Fern Valley Road to Outer Loop and west from Preston Highway to near National Turnpike. The area, reportedly once inhabited by robbers and murderers, is now peppered with subdivisions, shopping centers, small industries and a landfill.

In 1922, a Louisville Herald article described it:

"Many tales of mystery and crime are told concerning these localities. There is a tale which recites the desperate deeds of a band of robbers who were supposed to haunt 'Ash Bottom.' Numerous murders were said to have been committed by these bands of outlaws, which buried the bodies of their victims deep under the surface of the marshes."

Lawson remembers hearing stories even in the 1930s of the Wet Woods' reputation.

"When people started back home, they would make darn sure they could get from Louisville to an inn," such as one that stood at the present corner of Preston Highway and Ulrich Avenue, said Lawson. "It was dangerous after dark. Robbers or what have you would catch you in the woods or on the corduroy road."

(Preston Highway was called a corduroy road because it was logs laid side by side over the swampy ground.)

Rita Neblett, of Farman Court, grew up in Okolona during the '30s and recalls relatives from Louisville teasing her about living outside the city limits.

"I remember my uncle, as a kid, coming out and saying you live out in the boonies," said Neblett.

But to her and others, Okolona wasn't the boonies -- it was a self-reliant family.

"It was lovely. You didn't have to lock a door," said Esther Rush, 77, whose family owned a 54-acre farm on Shepherdsville Road near Newburg. "It was all farmers and gardeners then."

"Okolona's just a different place" now, said Mary Jenkins, 91, who taught school for 48 years in Okolona. "So many changes, new buildings. Southern High School and the Baptist Church used to be just fields out there."

The way of life was different, too, said Jenkins, who lives at Wesley Manor Retirement Home.

"We went to church so much," she said. "Everything was in the home in that day. You didn't eat out. Today people eat out so much."

During the Depression, grocery shopping was done at either Miller's, Van Fleet's, Fitzgerald's or Crouch's, with Sellers Feed and Hardware filling other needs. Only Sellers still stands.

For social outings, the place to go was Motherhead's Ice Cream, a restaurant and ice cream shop located at Preston and Outer Loop.

"That was the central hangout for teen-agers," recalled the Rev. John E. Carter, pastor of Okolona Baptist Church since 1951. "People came out from the city on weekends to get ice cream. It was quite well-known around the county."

Mary Lou Smallwood, who now lives on Famous Way, remembers spending many an afternoon at the ice cream shop or at the movies.

"Motherhead's, that's where most of us went after school or after any activity," said Smallwood. "During one period, we had a movie house over Van Fleet's grocery store. It was in the early '40s. It was always full."

Retired assistant school superintendent W. R. Beams graduated from Okolona High School in 1934; he returned in 1936 to teach and coach there; and he became

principal of Okolona Elementary School in 1951.

When he began his career, Preston Highway was still a two-lane road and the Louisville Water Co. had not run lines that far out.

"There were hardly any buildings between Okolona and Camp Taylor. The Outer Loop was a two-lane road called Robbs Lane," said Beams, who now lives on a farm in nearby Brooks. "The interurban railway used to run out here and turn around at Blue Lick Road."

But when General Electric opened its plant around 1953, changes started coming.

"That created the need for housing and schools," Beams said. "The growth meant people. With people, the community changed."

From then on, the booming economy spelled a population explosion, which brought improvements in schools, roads, sewers and recreation.

According to Carter, the Preston Street Improvement Club urged the state Department of Highways to widen Preston Highway to four lanes, while the Preston Street Supper Club raised funds for community parks and the swimming pool at Southern High School.

The Preston Street Water District ran waterlines throughout the community. It was taken over by Louisville Water Co. in 1974.

Since then, Okolona has witnessed continued growth. With the widening of Outer Loop to four lanes came the influx of shopping complexes, beginning with Jefferson Mall in 1978.

The long-awaited Gene Snyder Freeway was finished in 1987 and gave the community faster access to eastern Jefferson County.

In 1983, the area witnessed the fallout of booming business.

Plans by the city of Louisville to annex Okolona led to the community's attempt to incorporate as a fourth-class city.

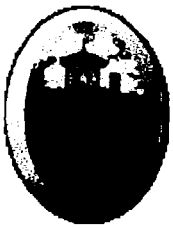
Although the state Supreme Court ruled in 1986 against incorporation, an agreement between city and county government was reached which prohibits any annexations until 1998.

For now, many residents are happy with their growing community. "I've seen so many things happen," said Lawson. "It's wonderful. I'm glad to see all the shopping centers come in our area. I'd love to see a theater out here."

"I'm glad to have the growth of Okolona because everyone used to down it so," said Neblett. "I'm glad to see it progressing. We've all come a long way."

Beth Ahonen has lived in Okolona since she was born in 1966. Her family moved

to Okolona in 1957.



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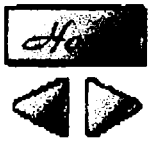


Brooks

AREA BEARS NAME OF SETTLER WHO DEVELOPED SALT FURNACES, ATTAINED VAST LAND HOLDINGS

By Joseph Gerth © The Courier-Journal

Nestled next to a knob in northern Bullitt County, the Brooks community was settled in the late 1700s, back when Kentucky was still a county of Virginia.

Joseph and Nancy Brooks left their home in Pennsylvania in 1779 and traveled down the Ohio River to Maysville, Ky. There, they started a trek on foot that would lead them to the Falls of the Ohio. They would eventually settle on a ridge south of Louisville. According to Burks Williams Jr., a sixth-generation descendant of Joseph Brooks, the trip wasn't easy, nor uneventful.

Legend has it, he says, that Nancy Brooks wanted a bit of luxury in her life and insisted on bringing her feather bed to their new home. But once in Kentucky, they ran into trouble.

Williams said Indians stole the Brookses' only horse, leaving them with no way to transport the mattress. But being of tough pioneer stock, Nancy Brooks persuaded her husband to strap it to the back of the family cow.

The Brookses settled near the Falls and stayed there until 1784, when Joseph Brooks went to work in the Bullitt's Lick Salt Works near Shepherdsville. About that time he built a fortified cabin near a freshwater spring along the Wilderness Trail, close to what is now the southeast intersection of Interstate 65 and Brooks Hill Road.

That area still bears his name, and water still bubbles up from the walled-in Brooks Spring, originally called either Phillips' or Stewart's spring, according to a 1974 history of Bullitt County published by the Bullitt County Historical Commission.

Brooks opened the first salt works at Mann's Lick near what is now Fairdale, and he pumped water through piping made of hollow logs from Mann's Lick to his salt furnaces, where the Ziniz Inc. plant is now located at Blue Lick Road and Maryville Drive.

Williams said he found portions of the hollowed logs while plowing a field there in the 1940s.

In the next 30 years, Brooks amassed about 12,000 acres in southern Jefferson and northern Bullitt counties.-- Williams said his ancestor paid for the land in British pounds.

The exact amount of land that Brooks owned is unclear because, due to previous claims and unsophisticated surveying techniques, his ownership was challenged in many court battles over disputed deeds. Although he lost some property, he won the majority of the cases, said Williams and Royce Burns, a Brooks resident and amateur historian.

According to 1810 tax rolls, nearly 3,800 acres of Brooks' land were located in Bullitt County in the Brooks Run and Clears Run watersheds. According to those records, there were no other landowners along those two creeks.

At that time, the property Brooks owned in northern Bullitt County stretched from Mud Lane in Jefferson County south to Gap-in-Knob, just north of KY 44 at Shepherdsville, Williams said. From west to east, the area went from the top of the knobs to what is now Preston Highway, he said.

Williams said the geographical Brooks area today is somewhat smaller, encompassing the area from Blue Lick Road in the east to Brooks School House Road in the west, and from the L & N Golf Course in the north to Gap-in-Knob in the south.

But C. A. Hourigan, of the county Planning and Zoning office, said he would consider Brooks' northern boundary to be Jefferson County and its western boundary to be Holsclaw Hill Road.

The name of the area has also varied over the years.

Burns said one map dated 1863 called the area Brooks.

According to Sherry Cain, manager of communications for the U. S. Postal Service in Louisville, the post office in Brooks was known as Brooks Station beginning with its establishment in 1858. From 1867 to 1885, it was called Mount Vitio, but Cain couldn't say how that name originated. Since that time, she said, it's been know simply as Brooks.

In the early years of Brooks' settlement, Indians continued to hold claim to the land.

According to "A History of Bullitt County," published by the Bullitt County Historical Commission, Col. John Floyd, county lieutenant of Jefferson County, was shot to death in 1783 by Indian warriors who spotted him wearing a bright red cloak near Clear's Station not far from Brooks' cabin.

Around the same time, Walker Daniel, the first Kentucky state attorney general,

was ambushed along Brooks Run at what is now Blue Lick Road -- just a half-mile from Brooks' cabin.

Over the years, the threat of Indian attacks died down and the Brooks family spread throughout the area. Williams said there is some property that hasn't been out of the family since its patriarch got land grants for it more than 200 years ago.

Within a mile of the spring are later-generation Brooks family homes, including the Solomon Neill Brooks home on Preston Highway and the home of William B.M. Brooks, a state representative in 1871 and 1872, on Hebron Lane. Both homes, built in the mid-1800s, are constructed of bricks fired on the property by slaves.

Williams, 76, was born in the Solomon Neill Brooks house and has lived in the Brooks area all his life. He went to elementary school at the Hebron one-room schoolhouse before attending Shepherdsville High School. To get to Shepherdsville he rode a train, which cost 14 cents for a round trip.

He studied by the light of a coal-oil lamp because there was no electricity in Brooks until Franklin D. Roosevelt's Rural Electrification Program of the late 1930s and early 1940s.

Williams' wife, Pauline Williams, said she and her husband had to drive to the old A & P at the corner of Preston and Eastern Parkway for groceries after they built their home in 1940. Burks Williams said that once they got there, all they bought was sugar and coffee. Any other groceries they either grew themselves or bartered for.

Then, in 1954, Interstate 65 came through, bringing people, traffic and development, said Williams.

That was a stark contrast from 1922, when his father first bought the property on which Williams lives, in an area that was a farming community.

"Wasn't but about 10 vehicles a day would pass through here," Williams said. "And most of that was horse and buggy or mule and wagon."

But now, Williams said, he wouldn't even guess how many cars and trucks speed past his house each day on the interstate. And while Williams and a few other residents still farm their land, most of the property has been developed residentially.

A few houses sprang up in the area over the years but development picked up in the 1960s. C. K. Hauenstein developed Windward Way off North Hebron Lane in 1960. Two years later, Overlook Acres was developed and then, in 1967, Howard and Esther Myers residentially developed part of their farm next to Brooks Elementary School.

Development in the 1970s moved west when David Will developed Brooks Hill, Brooks Hill Farms, Brooks Station and Brooks View subdivisions. More

subdivisions followed throughout the area.

Along with the development came problems.

In 1964, A. K. and Christine Reising began operating an industrial waste dump on Brooks Hill Road which came to be called Tri-Cities. That dump and others, Smith Farm and the Valley of the Drums, brought the community more notoriety than it wanted.

In 1976, the U. S. Environmental Protection Agency found Arthur J. Taylor was polluting streams and the ground at Valley of the Drums, off KY 1020 near the L & N Golf Course.

The next year, the EPA discovered toxic chemicals were being dumped illegally at Smith Farm off Pryor Valley Road. It removed more than 6,000 barrels of toxic waste in 1984, but more than 100,000 barrels remain. The site is on the EPA Superfund list and will receive federal dollars to assist in the cleanup.

In 1987, EPA officials learned Tri-Cities had tainted three drinking wells near the dump. The site was proposed for the Superfund list last year.

A battle between residents and Hillview over a truck stop proposed for land next to Brooks Elementary School also brought attention to the community. Despite residents' protest, the truck stop was built at the I-65 interchange at Brooks Hill Road.

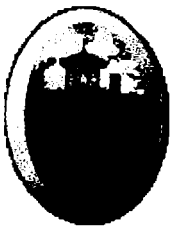
The residents' group, the Concerned Citizens of Brooks, still has three appeals pending in the Kentucky Court of Appeals.

The Concerned Citizens talked for a time about incorporating as the city of Brooks in order to protect their community, but it's been only talk.

Hourigan of the planning office said he would like to see the area become a city. "I wish they would go ahead and incorporate so we knew where they were," he said.

DID YOU KNOW:

- Among Indian artifacts in the Brooks area is a 5-foot-tall bust of an Indian and a boot carved in a stone on Buttonmold Knob.
- When and why it was carved is unknown, but legend has it that at the point created by the angle of the boot and the Indian's nose is a buried treasure.



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Hillview

LAND OF CORNFIELDS BECAME A KIND OF BATTLEFIELD AS GROWTH SPURRED EFFORTS BY SOME TO INCORPORATE

By Joseph Gerth © The Courier-Journal

When Paul and Betty Korfhage moved to Overdale subdivision in 1956, they settled in a small rural community that had more cornfields and tractors than it had lampposts and cars.

"Just anywhere we looked, we saw cornfields," Betty Korfhage remembers. The couple were accustomed to the rural life and they liked it. They had lived south of Shepherdsville for a number of years, but Paul Korfhage wanted to move closer to his job at General Electric's Appliance Park.

There were 29 lots in Overdale then; most hadn't been developed, Betty Korfhage said. Maryville wasn't there. Neither was Bullitt Hills, Hunters Hollow, Summit Hill or Lone Acres subdivisions.

At the time, Preston Highway was a relatively narrow strip and there was no Brooks interchange at Interstate 65 to drop travelers off at the community's doorstep.

Big farms owned by the Steedley, Helm, Foster, Dawson and Williams families encompassed the countryside. G. B. Helm said he bought his farmland in 1948 from the Sanders family, which had farmed the land beginning around the Revolutionary War.

But beginning in 1960, the peaceful setting that Helm and the Korfhages found just south of Jefferson County evolved into a fast-growing, urban area. From 1960 to 1970 Bullitt grew 65.9 percent -- faster than any other county in the state. Northern Bullitt County, led the way at a 103.3 percent clip.

Hillview was spawned from a number of subdivisions, primarily Maryville subdivision, which John A. Walser began developing in 1960. The first homes Walser built were "starter homes" and sold for about $10,000.

Many homes in Maryville were purchased under the Federal Home

Administration's 325 loan program. That allowed some buyers to purchase homes with low-interest, government-subsidized loans and required no down payments.

Walser eventually built about 2,400 homes which, in 1974, would serve as the core of a new sixth-class city called Hillview. The city grew rapidly as people fled Jefferson County's taxes and court-ordered busing. It was designated a fifth-class city in 1976. Two years later, Hillview attained fourth-class status.

In its first four years, it surpassed Shepherdsville as the county's largest city. In 1978, it had about 4,200 people, 700 more than its southern neighbor.

When the area's population mushroomed in the 1960s and early '70s, before the city was formed, the residential growth was not much of a boon to Bullitt County coffers. Property taxes on $10,000 homes alone would not cover the costs of providing police protection and schools, repaving roads, providing proper drainage and other services -- services that many transplanted Jefferson Countians had taken for granted.

Schools were overcrowded. Vandalism often went unchecked. There were problems with drainage. Junked cars littered some front lawns and some people didn't mow their grass.

A 1971 Louisville Times article described a sign outside Maryville that proclaimed a community with "all city conveniences" -- water, street lights, sanitary sewers. Some residents said the sign should add "all city problems."

A few years later, a Courier-Journal reporter defined the name Maryville as "suburbia gone awry." It was a definition with which many residents, although unhappy with it, agreed.

In 1972, the Northern Bullitt Area Council formed under the leadership of Joe Varner, then 25.

About the same time, the North Bullitt Postboy newspaper was established in the area.

The council worked to register voters to give the area some pull with county officials, and it pushed for erecting Maryville Elementary School. The council also fought to have a swimming pool built in the city, Varner said.

Varner, now a vice president for Third National Bank in Nashville, said the council pointed itself toward eventual incorporation and through its voter registration drives, became involved in county politics. "Still, the area was so far removed from Shepherdsville. They wanted to disown the area," Varner said.

But the council came to rely on the help of three county officials.

He said they were promised support from then-state Rep. Thomas Givhan, then-county attorney Chester Porter and then-County Judge-Executive Arson Moore, "as long as we kept voters behind them."

Korfhage, who was not a member of the North Bullitt Area Council, said the council was instrumental in getting roadwork done and keeping street lights working.

Ironically, Varner said residents "found themselves short of services and ended up creating what they were trying to escape."

Varner moved from Maryville in 1973, but residents continued to push for incorporation.

Not long after Varner left, the council increased its efforts to incorporate, said Richard Doran, of Maryville Drive.

Doran said a group consulted attorneys on how to incorporate, they drew boundaries for a half-mile-square city in an area with the greatest population density and circulated a petition calling for the creation of a city.

Armed with signatures of more than two-thirds of the registered voters in the proposed city, council members went to attorney Fredric Friske's office to have incorporation papers drawn.

"When we got there, they said we had to have a name for the city. At that point, it was the last thing on our minds," Doran said.

Whatever they decided, Doran said, there would have been plenty of people angry with their choice. Some people wanted to name the city Maryville. Others wanted Overdale. Still more wanted Zoneton, Doran said.

But, sitting in Friske's office, a small group that included Bob Strickland, Jackie Wright, Doran and maybe a few others -- Doran isn't sure -- agreed on a name.

"It was Jackie's idea," Doran said, adding the group decided to name the city something different from the subdivisions already there because they hoped the city would be bigger than that.

Doran said they chose "Hillview" because the city offers a vantage point of the knobs that rise behind the Brooks area.

The incorporation took effect in 1974.

Incorporating wasn't the end of the battle, however. Residents opposed to the formation of a city started their own petition to have it dissolved. Most didn't want to pay more taxes; some thought the city couldn't pay for itself. On Jan. 14, 1975, the group filed a motion in Bullitt Circuit Court to rescind the order creating the city and to have all tax money refunded.

The motion was accompanied by 401 signatures, including R. L. "Rip" Carter's. Carter, who would become the city's second mayor and eventually a county magistrate, said in an interview he was against incorporation because it only included a small section of the area.

"I felt like if you were going to do part of it, you should do all of it," he said.

Ultimately, the challenge was turned back.

The city has continued to grow through annexation and development. In moves that are still being contested in the state court of appeals, the city annexed the area around the Brooks interchange.

Now, the Helm farm is being developed into Tanyard Springs, a commercial and residential subdivision that will include 197 homes, several apartment buildings, three shopping centers and an office building.

Helm said the development was named for Tanyard Branch, a creek running through the property that, in turn, got its name from a tan yard -- where they tanned animal hides -- along the creek many years ago.

His house on the farm, built in 1835 and on the state Register of Historic Places, was torn down in 1986 to make way for a proposed shopping center. Helm said the hand-tooled ash flooring was donated for the construction of a building at Shakertown, and other parts of the house went to a similar project in Tennessee.

Helm said a Sanders descendant once told him that John J. Audubon often stayed at the home and painted.

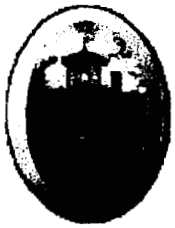
In February, the City Council voted to change the name of Maryville Drive to Hillview Boulevard in an attempt to give the city its own identity and a break from its past. The name change is scheduled to occur when the county implements its new street-numbering system.

Korfhage is pleased with the city's progress.

There's a public swimming pool, more parental involvement in the schools, and a youth baseball league, Korfhage said.

She also thinks the stigma attached to Maryville is also on the wane. "I think giving the whole area a different name has helped."

"All we need now is our own post office," she said.



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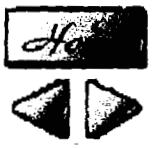


Lebanon Junction

EBB AND FLOW OF ITS FORTUNES HAVE BEEN LINKED TO A TURN OF THE TRACKS, THE TIDE OF A RIVER

By Bobbie Harville © The Courier-Journal

Off Interstate 65 at the southern end of Bullitt County is Lebanon Junction -- a small, friendly town whose narrow streets and old buildings take you back in time.

Incorporated in 1895, Lebanon Junction grew up around the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, which in 1851 chose the site as the best place to split off a track to the city of Lebanon in Marion County, from the main line headed south to New Orleans. Lebanon Junction was a refueling point and the last stop before northbound trains made the long haul over steep Muldraugh Hill.

Though once a booming railroad town, Lebanon Junction is now quiet except for the clatter of passing freight trains and the rumbling from Fort Knox's nearby artillery range.

But in the era of steam locomotives, the town bustled with railroad crews as passenger trains and freight trains departed on the hour. The engineers, firemen, brakemen, conductors, flagmen and section hands who settled in the area were the brains and brawn of the railroad -- men like Uncle Doc Carter, who used to laugh as he pulled out the throttle on the trip to Corbin 142 miles away, scaring rookies so much they refused to ride with him.

When the railroad came in, it built a two-story wood-frame hotel for workers on Main Street, since there was little housing. In 1904, it is said that acting town marshal Alfred Frye Haley, grandfather of current County Judge-Executive C. F. Haley Jr., died in a gun battle on the steps of the hotel. The building burned in 1912 and was not rebuilt.

When the L & N began moving its operations north to the South Louisville yards off Grade Lane in 1905, Lebanon Junction lost its head of steam. For a while it had been the largest city in Bullitt county. But the diesel engine enabled a train to go farther with fewer stops, so the Lebanon Junction yard was gradually phased out.

Still, even into the 1970s and early 1980s, the L & N remained the town's

economic lifeblood. So many railroad workers commuted between Lebanon Junction and South Louisville that the railroad ran a commuter bus. But in 1987, the railroad, now CSX Transportation, eliminated most jobs at its South Louisville yards.

Lebanon Junction native W. A. Masden, 72, recalls the prominent role the railroad played in the town.

His late father, Walter "Bud" Masden, was an train engineer and his 44-year-old son Steve now works at the CSX yards off Grade Lane.

"I learned to read and write before I went to school off the boxcars," Masden said.

The Civil War was an important chapter in Lebanon Junction's history, because the railroad was a constant target of the Confederates. In 1861, Confederates burned a bridge over the Rolling Fork of Salt River and Union General William T. Sherman and 4,000 troops made headquarters in the station at Lebanon Junction.

During Confederate General John Hunt Morgan's Christmas raid, troops laid waste to the huge wood trestles on Muldraugh Hill and reached as far north as the Salt River Bridge in Shepherdsville. Morgan's Cavalry was later pushed back.

Family farms once dotted Lebanon Junction's landscape, and some people made a name for themselves by raising crops or dairy farming.

Maraman is a prominent family name in the area. County maps show two Maraman roads, one in Shepherdsville off KY 61 and another in Lebanon Junction, off KY 61 just east of Interstate 65.

The influential Maraman family rapidly branched out in the early days. Francis Maraman bought land south of the Salt River in 1813 and became one of the county's richest and prominent citizens. It is believed that Maraman's grandson, George Walter Maraman, established a farm on the road off KY 61 near Lebanon Junction in the late 1800s. Lebanon Junction annexed the Maraman property in 1985 and made Old Maraman Road an official name. Today Sam and George Maraman still farm corn, hay, soybeans and oats on 168 acres there.

Many of the town's institutions and businesses were founded during the railroad's heyday.

A school for all grades operated in 1880 with 80 pupils. The Lebanon Junction bank was organized in 1897.

In 1912, Lebanon Junction's streets were lined with four general merchandise stores; one ladies' and gents' furnishings; a drug store; a grocery, bakery and restaurant; two barbershops; one butchershop; three shoemaking shops; one livery and sale stable; and one blacksmith shop. The population was 1,200, about half of what it is now.

Mullin's General Store, one of Lebanon Junction's oldest buildings, is a landmark.

The 103-year-old structure on Railroad Avenue has changed hands many times over the years but still offers home delivery of groceries. The upper floor, which once stocked clothing, boots and other general merchandise, is now used for storage.

Just across the tracks, W. A. Masden opened a hardware store on Poplar Street about 1947 and ran it for 35 years. The three-story building -- which was originally a flour mill -- stocked lumber, furniture, feed and other merchandise.

Today, Masden said, he still repairs some of the major appliances he sold back then. The store, now owned by Richard Walker, still serves as a morning gathering place for the townsfolk.

Electricity came to the town in 1927 and the first water system was established in 1935. St. Benedict School on Poplar Street, the first parochial school in Bullitt County, opened in 1948 with about 60 students. The Peoples Bank of Shepherdsville opened a branch bank in Lebanon Junction in 1949.

In 1983, an annexation doubled the town's population to more than 2,600, said Mayor Gerald Tamme, who served as mayor for 17 years and as a councilman for 12 years before deciding not to run for re-election this year.

Floods and a major fire have tested the town's durability over the years.

On May 24, 1912, a fire raged through the town, destroying three dry-goods stores, a drug store, a cleaners, pool room, two houses and a Knights of Pythias meeting hall.

This prompted efforts to develop a fire department. At first there were bucket brigades. Also, the L & N had a switch engine with a long hose that was used to protect those areas within reach of the track. In 1912 or 1915, the city bought an eight-man pumper, and it bought a Model T truck chassis in 1925, the same year the first volunteer fire department was organized.

The story of Lebanon Junction would not be complete without the floods. Over the years, Lebanon Junction has been swamped periodically with the waters of the nearby Rolling Fork of Salt River. Major floods soaked the city in 1937, 1964, 1978 and February of this year. The water usually rises to cover about a third of the city -- land west of the railroad tracks and south of the Interstate 65 interchange.

James Hoagland, a Lebanon Junction native, was 7 years old during the 1937 flood -- the worst in the town's history. High water flooded buildings, displacing many families.

"You couldn't get in or out," Hoagland said. "It flooded the tracks and the trains couldn't get though."

Around 1965, a levy was built, but it hasn't ended the plague of water.

William and Wilma Crady's Walnut Street home survived the two most recent floods. Each time the Cradys packed up their furniture and went off to stay with friends or relatives for about a week until the water subsided.

William Crady, 56, said there was 38 inches of water in the house in 1978.

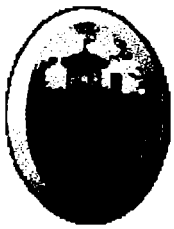
The Rolling Fork "came up over the floodwall on a Sunday at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We live a mile or so from the wall and moved out about 12:30 that night."

The water came faster this past February, he said. About 120 people were evacuated when the Rolling Fork crested at 51.7 feet, tying a mark set in 1978. The 1937 flood was estimated at 55 feet.

Though the residents tend to ride out the rising waters, some say the flooding has hurt the town's growth. Others say the city is experiencing a resurgence.

The town library moved to a larger building on Main Street that was renovated by townspeople in 1987, and the post office recently moved to KY 61. New construction includes two apartment buildings and a truck stop.

Many townspeople, like William Crady, are upbeat about the community and plan to stay in Lebanon Junction, come hell or high water. "You couldn't take a stick of dynamite and blow me out."



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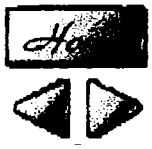


Pitts Point

LITTLE REMAINS OF OLD HAUNTS FOR STEAMBOAT TRADE; HENRY CLAY WENT ASTRAY AFTER HIS STAY

By Grace Schneider © The Courier-Journal

When Fort Knox helicopters buzz over the spot where the Salt River meets the Rolling Fork, the pilots glimpse a curious patchwork of stone foundations.

It's the remains of Pitts Point, once called Kentucky's only real ghost town. But it doesn't even deserve that reputation anymore. Little is left of the port that bustled during the height of the post-Civil War steamboat era. In the 1950s and '60s, one could still see collapsing skeletons of buildings, weed-strewn streets and maybe a ghost or two, according to local legend.

But only a few foundations remain today, said Col. John Campbell, a retired director of the Patton Museum of Cavalry and Armor and a Radcliff resident.

And with each year, memories -- probably the best documentation of Pitts Point available -- die with its aging former residents, many of whom still live around Bullitt and Hardin counties.

"The town itself wasn't very big," recalled Evelyn Dawson Roby, of Raymond Road. She was born in Pitts Point in 1915, when about 90 people lived there.

Once the Salt River brought life and commerce there. The remote little outpost thrived when steamboats plied the Salt River's waters. But when sidewheeler packets like the "Mattie Hays" disappeared and the auto came of age, the death knell sounded for Pitts Point.

It might have survived as a farm community, but the federal government purchased the entire town around 1940 and all families were forced to move to make way for Fort Knox.

Each year on Memorial Day, descendants of the former residents are allowed back on the military base to decorate graves and walk the paths of forefathers.

Exactly when the first settlers came to Salt and Rolling Fork's mouth is unknown.

Records show that brothers John and James Pitt bought 600 acres at the junction in August 1831 from Abraham and Hannah Froman for $1,500.

Abraham Froman operated a ferry across the river then.

First called Pittstown, the village was incorporated in 1861 as Pitts Point. Population: 300.

That may sound small, but Pitts Point was a big player then, first as a key shipping point for salt produced at nearby Bullitt's Lick and later as a customs inspection point for tobacco, hemp and salt.

Farmers came from miles around to ship their goods down-river to West Point and on to markets in Louisville, New Albany and other ports on the Ohio. Since low waters often prevented steamboats from churning up the Salt River to Shepherdsville, Pitts Point "was practically the head of navigation" on the river, according to West Point historian Richard A. Briggs, writing in the Courier-Journal magazine in 1956.

In the days after the Civil War, Pitts Point was also known as a college town.

Pitts Point Academy, one of many small colleges that sprang up in the late 1860s, was operated by a Professor Gwynn (some spellings show Gwen) until about 1879. Considered one of the best schools in Central Kentucky, according to Briggs' article, it had 200 students at its peak.

"All the people who went there are long gone," said Brooks resident Pauline Williams, 76, whose mother attended the school.

The academy's ruins remained for many years, according to a 1967 Courier-Journal column by Joe Creason. But the last relic of Pitts Point's heyday finally fell in the late 1950s or early '60s.

The same column discusses a popular political saying of the day involving Pitts Point. Statesman Henry Clay stayed there in 1832 while campaigning for the presidency against Andrew Jackson. He boarded a boat, bound for a speech in Louisville.

A Jackson supporter bribed the captain and Clay was driven up -- rather than down -- the Salt, forcing him to miss his speech. "When Clay was beaten, this gave rise to the saying that he had 'gone up the Salt River,' a lament used by defeated politicians," Creason said in his column.

Other stories about Pitts Point focus on the Salt River.

Several former residents recalled a family named Druin that lived on the Hardin County side of the town. They trapped, fished and sold their catch to townspeople. They also operated a ferry -- actually little more than a johnboat -- across the river in the early 1900s.

Rua Shouley, of Cedar View Drive, recalls riding the ferry across the Salt River from her family's farm and walking a mile to the one-room Pitts Point School.

Her eighth-grade teacher, who also lived on the Salt's north side, left his horse in her father's barn and rode across with her.

That was already long past Pitts Point's prime. When the steamboats stopped docking at its banks, the college shut down; and later, so did the post office. Longtime residents drifted away. Several families moved so their children who had completed eighth grade could attend high school in Shepherdsville.

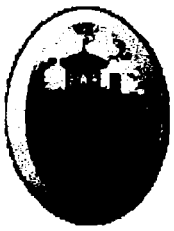
By the time Sara Fay Lee Myers arrived to teach at what was then known as the Brown's Run School in 1933, Pitts Point was "pretty much a ghost town."

Only a few families still lived there, but it was enough for the county to continue operating the one-room school from July to January.

Myers, 74, lived on a farm off KY 44 and rode down Pitts Point Road to the river, she said, with a milkman. The Druins rowed her across the Salt for 10 cents. She stayed the week at Pitts Point and returned home on weekends.

"It was remote even then," Myers, of Brooks, recalled.

So out of the way, said Roby, that even in the 1920s, the horse-drawn set far overwhelmed the horseless carriage. When her father surprised the family and drove up one day in a new Model T, she said, "we like to fell on the floor."



A Place in Time

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Shepherdsville

SALT OF THE EARTH PROVIDED ROOTS FOR FIRST SETTLER, TOWN HAS WITHSTOOD THE TESTS OF FIRE AND WATER

By Bobbie Harville © The Courier-Journal

Shepherdsville, spawned by the saltworks at Bullitt's Lick, is the oldest city in Bullitt County.

Its closeness to the salt licks and the falls of the Salt River made it an ideal location for Adam Shepherd to establish his namesake community. A prosperous businessman, Shepherd came to Kentucky from Baltimore and built a mill and store at or near what is now Shepherdsville during the late 1700s. In addition to making salt, he owned an ironworks in Tennessee and a brokerage firm in New Orleans.

Salt-making was a profitable venture in the days when settlers traveled hundreds of miles to buy the meat preservative. By the early 1800s most of the saltworks lay idle because ravished forest left little wood for the salt furnaces and it became too expensive to produce.

In 1793, Shepherd bought 900 acres on the north bank of the Salt River and began laying out streets and alleys. When the county was created in 1796, Shepherdsville was chosen as its county seat, and the first session of county court was held in the home of Benjamin Summers in 1797.

Much of the property in the Hebron community once belonged to the Summers family, and Benjamin Summers is credited with building the first church in the county near what is now Zoneton.

By 1800, Shepherdsville had a population of 96, according to "Collins' History of Kentucky." The first county courthouse was built in 1804. The post office was built in 1806 and the current courthouse on Buckman Street was erected in 1900.

In 1847, the growing town bustled with business and activity: There were two churches, four general stores, two groceries, five doctors, seven lawyers, three taverns and 12 mechanical trades. The population was about 400, according to the Bullitt County Historical Commission's "History of Bullitt County," published in

1974.

The Louisville & Nashville Railroad went through the city around 1855, creating a main stop there and making travel and freight movement convenient.

Shepherdsville played a prominent role during the Civil War mainly because of the railroad. Confederate troops led by Gen. John Hunt Morgan destroyed the railroad bridge over the Salt River during their "Christmas Raid" in 1862. And a federal embargo was placed on goods being shipped south from Louisville, so the merchants piled their wares on wagons and carried them to Shepherdsville to be loaded on the train.

During the war, it is also believed that Union troops used the First Baptist Church of Shepherdsville building on Buckman Street as a hospital for those wounded in the battle of Perryville.

Just outside Shepherdsville, a spring thought to have medicinal properties gained popularity with locals and tourists.

In 1838, John D. Colmisnil bought the springs, and began developing the area. At one time, the resort covered 20 acres and offered cabins and a hotel that could accommodate 800 guests.

Shepherdsville has had its share of tragedy over the years. A train disaster struck on Dec. 24, 1917, near the present KY 44 crossing. According to historian Tom Pack, a Bardstown-bound train was stopped when The Flyer, running late on its way from Chicago to New Orleans, plowed into it from behind, killing 48 and injuring many others.

Mildred Ratliff, who was 14 at the time and living just outside of Springfield, recalled that some neighboring children were killed on the Louisville-to-Bardstown train.

A former teacher, Ratliff taught in the Shepherdsville area for 17 years, beginning in 1924. Within her first three years there she had moved to Louisville and was commuting by train to teach. It was during one of those trips that she saw another Shepherdsville tragedy, the burning of Troutman Bros. Mammoth Department Store.

As the train passed, she saw dense smoke coming from downtown Shepherdsville.

"There were flames all over, explosions . . . . It burned to the ground," Ratliff said. The two-story building, which carried everything from caskets to cloth, burned quickly because there was no fire department to stop the blaze, she said.

And, of course, there have been floods.

The Salt River, normally gentle of flow, has made headlines for Shepherdsville over the years. Because of its proximity to the river, the city is susceptible to periodic flooding, as it demonstrated in 1961, 1964 and 1989. But the worst was

the flood of 1937.

Ratliff said she and her husband had just built a house on First Street when water rose to cover its roof.

The Red Cross provided shelter in the nearby Salt River community until the water receded, Ratliff said. Then, "We just cleaned it up. It was kind of wet and bad living, but that's all we could do because everyone was in bad shape then."

Adrian Jones has been mayor for four years and served on the City Council from 1943 to 1963. He's seen the city's main stretch, KY 61, grow from a narrow, two-lane street to a wide, paved highway.

Jones recalls a time when the city "didn't have enough money to patch holes" in the streets so council members each took a section of the city and collected money for the work.

In 1943 Jones opened a hardware store on Second Street, but "the flood of '61 put me out of business. There was 6 feet of water in my store and I didn't have a dime of insurance," he said.

The flood three years later was about equal to that of 1961, Jones said. About 200 people had to be evacuated and the furniture of some evacuees was stored in boxcars at the L & N Railroad station on a high spot near KY 44.

When the water rose in 1978 and in 1989, it damaged mostly outlying areas, Jones said.

Despite the flooding, the city has grown and developed thanks to the contributions of its citizens. Some prominent names in Shepherdsville include Buckman, Ridgway and Maraman.

Bullitt County maps show two Maraman roads, one in Shepherdsville off KY 61 and another in Lebanon Junction east of Interstate 65. The family rapidly branched out in the early days. Francis Maraman bought land on the south side of the Salt River in 1813 and became one of the county's richest and most prominent citizens. The Maramans owned 3,000 acres along the river and operated a ferry.

The family thrived in the early days, but the next generation lost most of the wealth when a flood swept away the start of a large sawmill and gristmill operation.

"My family on both sides were pioneers in this area," said Shepherdsville resident Dorothy Maraman.

"My grandfather George operated a store in the 1800s. My grandfather on my mother's side graduated with the first class of doctors out of U of L and practiced in the Cedar Grove area."

George W. Maraman & Sons store was a mainstay in town for many years. The

family later established Maraman's Funeral Home, which still operates on KY 61 and is owned by David Billings.

The county's Ridgway Memorial Library, built in 1963, is named in memory of Dr. Samuel Ridgway and his wife, Margaret Hardy Ridgway. A new, expanded library on Walnut Street was built in 1973. Ridgway moved to Shepherdsville in 1905 and practiced medicine in the county for nearly 50 years.

Shepherdsville's main street is named after J. D. Buckman Jr. because of his contributions to the county and the state. Active in politics, Buckman was elected Bullitt Circuit Court clerk in 1933, served several terms in the House of Representatives and Senate, and was state attorney general.

The construction of I-65 in the late 1950s had a substantial impact on the city, taking over where the railroad has left off and making it easier for people to commute.

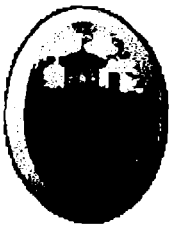
Shepherdsville experienced rapid population growth along with the rest of the county in the 1970s when hundreds of families from Jefferson County came to avoid school busing or to find a simpler way of life.

The city also annexed the 3,000-acre Salt River area, which included about 2,700 residents, in 1974. At that time, the business district was located primarily on KY 61 between KY 44 and the Salt River. Now it extends along KY 44 to I-65. Fast-food restaurants and shopping centers are among the businesses in the area.

By 1972 the city's population had exceeded 3,000, earning it fourth-class status, and residents later voted to allow liquor sales by the drink. During the era of women's liberation, Shepherdsville hired its first female police officer, Sue Gabhart, in 1972, and it elected its first woman mayor, Margie Eddington, in 1974.

Today, Shepherdsville's population is about 5,000, and city leaders say they're optimistic about what lies ahead.

"I think our future is good," said Jones. "The outlook for continued growth and improved lifestyle is good."



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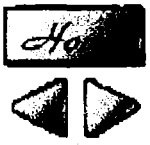


Berrytown Griffytown

BLACKS MADE HOMES IN SHADOW OF ANCHORAGE EMPLOYERS; SHARE, CARE WAS RULE OF DEPRESSION

By Larry Muhammad © The Courier-Journal

Civic leader LaVerne Davis sped through the Berrytown-Griffytown neighborhood in her customized van, relishing the hum of her tires on the smooth road.

"There used to be potholes out here so big two or three people could lie down in them," she said. "I drove into one one day, threw my battery into the hood, and it exploded." Only in recent years have the roads been paved, mainly the result of agitation by the Berrytown-Griffytown Improvement Organization, of which Davis is president.

For most of the century, these impoverished little hamlets in eastern Jefferson County were populated by servants of the affluent in neighboring Anchorage.

So everywhere Davis turned, there was evidence of progress -- and glaring reminders that a lot more needed to be done.

But what she was looking for, among the nooks and byways of her beloved community, were the landmarks of its historic past.

There was the Berry Home, built by Berrytown founder Alfred Berry; the old Louisville & Nashville Railroad tracks, where neighborhood men poached from coal cars during the Great Depression to keep their families warm; and Pilgrim Baptist Church, whose Griffytown congregation worshiped in the basement for 11 years during the 1920s and 1930s because the sanctuary was mysteriously set afire twice.

Davis meets regularly with J. R. Hughes and James Jones, former presidents of the neighborhood organization; her uncle, Louis Bald, and sister, Marietta Trowell; and Mary Booker, granddaughter of an early settler.

Huddled around Davis' kitchen table, they pored over old records, photographs and sketchy, barely legible notes on neighborhood figures and locales.

The lack of documented material has resigned them to seeking oral accounts of their history, and a somewhat grudging reliance on "Anchorage," Leone Hallenberg's history published in 1959.

However, they are determined their own history will correct what they call its inaccuracies and include its omissions. Booker, for example, said her grandfather, Preston Hall, a key landowner in Anchorage at the turn of the century, wasn't identified as a black man.

In 1906, Hall sold five acres in Anchorage to prominent attorney and Louisville socialite Judge John Marshall, according to the book. The sale included a cottage, where the Marshall family lived.

Bald, 72, who was born in Anchorage, said the book's omissions help maintain the perception that it was a white enclave.

"When I was born, my parents lived in a little shanty back in the woods near Hobbs Chapel," said Bald, referring to a gothic edifice that became Anchorage's founding religious institution in 1878 but no longer stands. "That was probably something that carried over from slavery. But on my birth certificate, it says 'near' Anchorage."

Bald's parents later moved to Berrytown and then Griffytown, joining other black families who had lived there since shortly after the Civil War.

No one knows the specific dates that these unincorporated communities were settled, though county maps show Alfred Berry owning property there in 1879.

Hallenberg's book puts the founding of Griffytown in the same era, after freedman Dan Griffith bought a cabin once owned by Middletown settler Minor White, then moved it to Old Harrod's Creek Road. It was destroyed by fire in 1956.

Until World War II, the communities survived by supplying cooks, butlers, maids, drivers and gardeners for Anchorage families.

During these years, Hallenberg records little contact between the Anchorage squires and their servants. In 1908, members of Anchorage's St. Luke's Episcopal Church invited a Griffytown congregation to the groundbreaking of a new cathedral, she wrote. And in 1915, when the Anchorage PTA got a train carrying the Liberty Bell to stop in town, neighboring schools -- including those in Berrytown and Griffytown -- were invited.

But the neighborhood researchers, most of them lifelong residents who still live in the homes of their ancestors, are steeped in memories of people, places and events of the past.

Davis remembered George Williams, who despite his blindness was laundry man and baby-sitter to many residents shortly after World War II.

Others recall the sharing during the Depression that gave Berrytown and

Griffytown a reputation for caring for their own.

"My grandmother says that during those times, most servants could bring home food and stuff," said Jones, 53. "She said one time in the '30s, a white man complained to the manager of Graytower (a former resort) that the black help was taking all the food home. And he said, 'Don't worry. They're just getting the rest of their pay.' "

Graytower, which flourished for years in the first half of the century in an antebellum mansion; the L & N train depot, which no longer exists; and Lakeland, a mental institution that is now Central State Hospital, were the chief employers of Berrytown and Griffytown residents until after World War II.

Davis and Trowell recall the 1940s and 1950s from the perspective of students at the two-room Forest School, now an annex to First Baptist Church, or eating lunch at the Forest Sandwich Shop on La Grange Road, the teen hangout of the day.

"It was the only restaurant we were allowed in back then, other than the Middletown White Castle," Davis said.

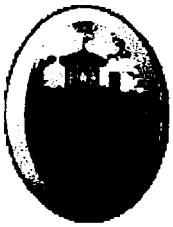
With the arrival of industry in the 1960s, many residents left Berrytown and Griffytown for Louisville. The old neighborhoods were left with vacant properties and overgrown lots. They received few services from the county, which eventually bought the vacant lots but left them undeveloped.

"We were getting the stinky end of the stick," Hughes said. "So we started fighting for water, gas and sewage lines, the same that other communities had."

In 1966, they started the Berrytown-Griffytown Improvement Organization, which helped get county services and money for neighborhood renovation in the 1970s.

But Hughes notes that many of the communities' lots and houses still are vacant, representing history yet to come.

"It's as if the whites set these little plots over here for their servants," he mused. "But now that we don't work for them anymore, they'd just as soon let us rot."



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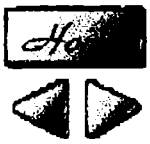


Fisherville

MINERAL SPRINGS HAD TOWN AWASH IN TRAPPINGS OF LUXURY AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

By Keith L. Runyon © The Courier-Journal

Snuggled in the valley of Floyds Fork, along Taylorsville Road some 20 miles southeast of downtown Louisville, Fisherville may be one of Jefferson County's best-kept secrets: a peaceful country town.

But some who recognize the town's potential -- including access to the Snyder Freeway and Taylorsville Lake -- may be unwilling to leave it as it is. "Nobody knows Fisherville," laments furniture store operator Margaret Pound. Indeed, there's not even a reference to the town on the nearby freeway exit at Taylorsville Road.

To the visitor who does know the way, Fisherville doesn't look much different than it did a generation ago: the winding main street of Old Taylorsville Road with a few houses, a post office, a store, an empty building that was once a Masonic Lodge and vacant lots. Buildings look spiffier, and the old grocery, owned for many years by the late Leslie T. Runyon Sr. and later Leslie T. Runyon Jr., now is home for the Pound store.

"The only thing we had in Fisherville in those days was a garage, a tavern and our general store," recalled Runyon, who now lives in Louisville. "We had one of the first telephones in Fisherville; the number was 7-R. I have memories of going to meet the Southern Railway Train to send and receive mail twice a day."

Sometimes things weren't so simple. On election days during the Depression, Runyon said, when his father's store was also the polling place, "usually there were fisticuffs . . . because of the competition for patronage jobs in the late 1930s."

Gradually, new growth is edging toward Fisherville. The Eastwood fire department opened a $75,000 station there this year to replace a building that lacked running water and indoor plumbing. And nearby on English Station Road, there's an industrial park.

Because the town is unincorporated an exact population is unavailable, but the postal route operating out of Fisherville serves between 100 and 150 families.

Although it has no formal boundaries, Fisherville generally runs along both sides of old Taylorsville Road, between Fisherville Road and English Station Road.

It is named after Robert Fisher, who began grinding flour on Floyds Fork in the 1840s. Others soon followed.

But by the turn of the century, the mood was quite different -- sophisticated, some might say. The wealthy and the health-conscious from Louisville made their way to Fisherville because of its spa; it was the regional answer to Bath, Saratoga or Baden-Baden. One of the town's two hotels, the Blue Rock, offered 40 rooms and sometimes served Sunday dinner for as many as 300.

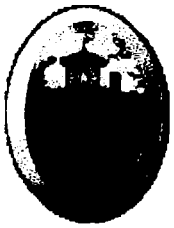
But the mineral springs ran dry in 1914, and the tourist business evaporated. Several years later, the Blue Rock closed. Rail service to the town ended, too.

Both hotels were demolished.

The lack of water remains an issue. Today, however, the question is whether Fisherville should be connected to waterlines from Louisville. If that happens, the belief is that interest in the quiet landscape will intensify.

Some say they hate to see a building boom but voice fears over the lack of water service, especially because of higher insurance rates. Still, opposition remains stiff, and at a hearing in August, 15 landowners in the area opposed extension of the waterline.

At the time, area resident Douglas Wheeler put it this way: "I like being out in the country and the quiet."



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Glenview

EXCLUSIVE ESTATES ON THE BLUFF CATERED TO THOSE RETREATING TO THE RESPLENDENT AND RECLUSIVE

By Phyllis Hurd © The Courier-Journal

Lush foliage hides the well-preserved estates of Glenview like thick dust hides relics of human history.

The Glenview relics can be uncovered through a pair of public stone gate posts at the north entrance to its 80 acres off River Road. In the late 1800s, Glenview was a collection of country estates, most of them owned by well-to-do families who settled on the high bluff overlooking the Ohio River.

To commute to their jobs and businesses, some Glenview property owners joined with others farther east to build a commuter train line. In 1871, the Louisville, Harrods Creek & Westport Railroad was formed, running on narrow-gauge rails from First Street in Louisville to Prospect.

The train and Glenview's proximity to Louisville prompted an influx of visitors in the summer and boosted the number of year-round residents.

"Glenview is considered to be the first suburban area," said Jack Kannapell, mayor since the community incorporated as a sixth-class city in 1985.

Although a few other "semi-rural subdivisions" were settled before or about the same time, officials with the Jefferson County Office of Historical Preservation and Archives agree that Glenview was the area's first suburb outside of what is now Louisville's city limits.

The train station, built in 1887, now houses the Glenview post office.

Although he never lived there, Wilson Collier, 81, was Glenview postmaster for 36 years, from 1938 to 1974.

"When I first went to Glenview, there were 18 houses," he said. Today there are about 220.

Collier said children used to spend time at the post office after school, and he'd

"mix it up a little bit" in games of football and baseball with them when his duties were finished.

"They had a good time," Collier said.

Barry Bingham Jr., 56, a longtime resident of Glenview, remembers those days and called Collier "a prince."

"How he had time to sort the mail, I don't know."

Glenview was founded on property that belonged to Virginia planter James Smalley Bate in the early 19th century. Bate named his estate Berry Hill, after his Virginia residence. His property was split into parcels for his seven children after his death.

In 1868, meat packer James C. McFerran bought the youngest son's acreage -- the largest share -- and it became a trotting-horse farm that McFerran named Glen View. Later, the name was changed to Glenview Farms.

Developer John E. Green, who acquired the estate after McFerran's death about 1885, renamed it Glenview Stock Farm.

Today the boundaries of the city are Lime Kiln Lane on the east, River Road on the north and property lines near Brittany Woods Circle on the south and near the Knights of Columbus clubhouse on the west.

In the late 1880s, a club was built for growing number of wealthy visitors from the city who came seeking a bucolic retreat.

The Fincastle Club provided visitors a recreation and party location. The club, reportedly named for Fincastle County in Virginia, included cottages that provided summer lodging for five Louisville families.

An amphitheater, built circa 1928, now stands on the site once occupied by the Fincastle Club, on property owned by Bingham.

A 1936 article in the Louisville Herald-Post describes the close-knit environment at the club site:

"Judge Alex Humphrey, dean of Louisville lawyers, had bought the Fincastle clubhouse and remodeled it for a dwelling. Some of the cottages and cottagers still gathered round. Summer sojourners of those days have pleasant reminiscences. A picture that endures is that of the judge, sitting on his front porch, by his side a megaphone -- a handy thing for howdy-do's and what-not to the neighbors."

Unlike their estates, many residents of Glenview are not hidden in Louisville civic circles.

The Bingham and Ballard families, among others, have been active in local business and politics.

Judge Robert Worth Bingham, once U.S. ambassador to Great Britain and a former owner of The Courier-Journal, bought an estate in Glenview after inheriting $5 million from his first wife, who died in 1917. His son, Barry Bingham Sr., lived there until his death in 1988 and his widow, Mary Bingham, lives in a small house on the property still.

The Bingham estate was built and owned by a member of another prominent family, the Ballards. Charles T. Ballard, who was president of the Ballard Flour Mills until he died on May 8, 1918, called the estate Bushy Park. The Binghams renamed it Melcombe.

His brother, S. Thruston Ballard, served as lieutenant governor from 1919 to 1923. His Glenview estate of Landsdowne consisted of 42 acres, 19 rooms and three cottages.

S. Thruston Ballard and his wife established a school in 1914. A Filson Club Quarterly article says the school, Rogers Clark Ballard Memorial School, was named for their son, who died as a sixth-grade student after his appendix ruptured.

The building, atop a hill on Lime Kiln Lane near River Road, still stands, now known as The Chance School. It is undergoing renovation.

A structure at the foot of the hill was also a train station for the Louisville, Harrods Creek & Westport Railroad. Called Florida Heights, the skeleton of this station still stands.

An executive for Belknap Hardware, Charles W. Allen Jr., lived in Glenview from his birth in 1914 until his death in 1977. The Allen home is called Eleven Hearths. Allen's widow, Alberta, still lives there.

The Allen home was built at the turn of the century. Alberta Allen said materials for the home were carried up steep paths by mules after railroad cars brought the materials from Louisville.

She said Glenview homes were frequently sites of debuts, weddings and Kentucky Derby parties. "That was the time that you saw more of Glenview than at any other times," Allen said. "That and at the post office."

While sequestered from the perils of urban life, Glenview homes were not immune from the flood of 1937, the crest of which was measured there at over 57 feet.

Charles Allen's brother, Lenox, wrote a book about the flood called "Life at Glenview." The floodwaters overwhelmed the community, covering the post office and damaging many homes. In one home, the "piano was upside down in the living room, with its keyboard bare of varnish and its keys probably ruined forever," he wrote.

In the book, Lenox Allen reflects on the effect the flood had on daily life:

"The stillness was fascinating -- not a human voice, not the sound of an

automobile, so common in Glenview, broke the spell."

A study by the Jefferson County Department of Historic Preservation and Archives of Glenview structures says that some estates were designed by some of the finest local architects of their time.

John Bacon Hutchings and his son, Eusebius, were particular favorites. The Hutchingses designed the Melcombe and Eleven Hearths homes, among others. The local firm Nevin & Morgan also created designs of architectural merit, the study says.

Today, newer homes -- generally for the upper middle class and wealthy -- have encircled the estates.

The Glenview Historic District is the section of older structures within the city limits. Thirteen properties in the district have been named to the National Register of Historic Places.

Although residents of Glenview for the most part welcomed the historic district, a 1983 effort by Louisville to annex the area was rebuffed.

Kannapell has been involved in Glenview's government since he headed up the Glenview Property Owners Association in 1974.

After a costly battle with Louisville over annexation, the tiny community became a sixth-class city in 1985 and Kannapell its mayor.

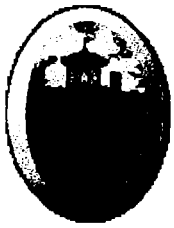
The population when Glenview filed for incorporation was 561, which included residents on Brittany Valley Road, who joined Glenview's fight to avoid Louisville's annexation of their homes.

However, about two years ago, Kannapell said, Brittany Valley Road was released from the incorporation.

The population of Glenview is now 511, and Brittany Valley Road, belonging neither to Glenview nor Louisville, is a "no man's land," Kannapell said.

As for the Glenview community, Kannapell sees it as a "confined neighborhood" without cause for much in the way of change.

"I think a lot of people that moved here would like it to stay pretty much the same," he said. "It's got some tradition to it."



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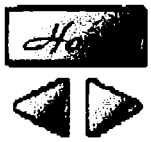


Harrods Creek

SETTLERS TOOK A TURN AT MILLS; VERDANT HILLS AND LOWLANDS WERE HOME TO DIVERSE GROUPS

By Grace Schneider © The Courier-Journal

Corn fields, lush woodlands and meandering creeks dotted Harrods Creek in the 1940s. Farmhouses, barns and a few small summer cabins were scattered beside River Road.

A grocery store, post office and garage sat near Wolf Pen Branch and River roads. A classic farm community?

Hardly. Harrods Creek has always been more than that. Its unusual geography -- an area bordered by the Ohio River, bisected by two large creeks and surrounded by a collar of high hills -- has drawn a diverse mix of people since the late 1800s.

In the waning days of the last century, the pretty hillsides were home to wealthy Louisville families; the creek and the river, to working-class whites. And through a twist of opportunity, a group of blacks carved a niche there, too.

All three groups still have a place in the community, which is bounded roughly by the river on the west; U.S. 42 on the east; Lime Kiln Lane to the south; and the area near Hays Kennedy Park on the north.

Harrods Creek's story began in the late 1700s. The Ohio's current made the waterway's mouth a logical stop for flatboats.

Some accounts say that the creek was named for James Harrod, who came to Kentucky in 1773 and founded Fort Harrod, the site of present-day Harrodsburg. Other records point to Capt. William Harrod, whom George Rogers Clark tapped to command the first fort at Louisville in 1779.

A settlement started sometime before 1775 near the present-day River Creek Inn on River Road and Guthrie Beach Road. A popular spot for flatboat men was the old Harrods Tavern.

Its remains are the thick stone walls and fireplace inside the Captain's Quarters bar and restaurant.

The Transylvania Co., a frontier firm that also established Transylvania Seminary (now Transylvania University) in Lexington, laid out a city upriver from the creek. Lots were sold, but the town never developed, according to records at the Jefferson County Office of Historic Preservation and Archives.

Transylvania Avenue, which branches west off River Road, is located on what became known as "the seminary land."

In the waning days of the 18th century, Harrods Creek was a hot spot. Cargo was unloaded at a wharf and sent south on Louisville-Westport Pike (now River Road), or over another roadway to Middletown and Jeffersontown. The stop let travelers avoid Louisville, which was known as a disease-infested swamp.

Louisville, however, had been cleaned up by the early 1800s. After about 1810, most of the traffic bypassed Harrods Creek for the growing town downstream. But the former was still popular for its ferry to Utica, Ind.

Farmers and millers, attracted by the rich bottomland and abundant water, sank roots along the creek and the Ohio River. At least four mills served the area, including an early version of Wolf Pen Mill, which some accounts say burned down twice. A sturdy stone mill dating to 1870 still stands off Wolf Pen Lane on Sallie Bingham's estate, Wolfpen Farm.

A stone wall thought to be a remnant of another mill sits beside a beautiful stairstep waterfall on the farm.

Local legend holds that a flax mill was operated there during the early 1800s by a man named Bash. An enemy caught up with Bash and torched the mill to cinders one night -- with the miller and his wife inside. People still call the creek Bash's Branch, said Martin Sweets, 75, of Prospect.

Another settler, Thomas Barbour, built a grist mill on Harrods Creek in 1808, and an 1878 map shows a Barbour family farmed 92 acres beside Harrods Creek.

Barbour Lane -- also the former name for Wolf Pen Branch Road before it veers off Barbour Lane east of U. S. 42 -- bears the family's name.

Since those days, the community's evolution has mirrored that of other Jefferson County suburbs, such as Anchorage and Glenview, according to county records. Once covered with farms, the area became dotted with summer estates for Louisville's wealthy. The interurban railroad built in the early 1900s helped foster these suburbs.

Other sections of Harrods Creek became full-time residences for people such as John Lang, 84, a mechanic and son of an estate overseer who owned land that now houses Mooser's Garage at 6337 River Road.

"I always called this a hand-me-down neighborhood," said Mary Lang, John Lang's wife, whose family has lived in Harrods Creek since the late 1800s. "Land was passed from generation to generation."

Mary Lang once operated the Chick Inn restaurant, at 6325 River Road. She leases it now to another business owner.

In Lang's day, say area residents, the Chick Inn's fried chicken and other dishes went unmatched.

"They had the best fried oysters you ever put in your mouth," Sweets offered.

Sweets until recently lived in Nitta Yuma, an unusual housing development up the hill from River Road at Wolf Pen Branch Road.

In 1890, Brown-Forman distillery founder George Garvin Brown and two business partners purchased 100 acres of hilly farmland off Wolf Pen Branch.

They built three spacious homes and formed the Nitta Yuma Co. (an Indian term meaning "high land"), outlining an arrangement in which each owner paid a pro-rated share for upkeep and other community expenses. Their descendants still live there. Other homes were added to the enclave, but much of its exclusive ambiance remains.

Another blue-chip enclave, Ashbourne, is an estate directly across River Road from the Chick Inn and the Lang home. Sally Brown, the wife of deceased distillery magnate W. L. Lyons Brown, lives in the home.

Some of the blacks who moved to the area worked for people in the "big houses." But not all black roots can be traced to Nitta Yuma and Ashbourne.

Harry Merriwether and his son Isaac bought two acres in two separate tracts on Harrods Creek in about 1890 and their family members have lived in the area since.

So have the descendants of James Taylor, a black man who bought a farm near what is now Bass Avenue and subdivided it, selling to blacks only.

Harrods Creek's "diversity" makes it interesting, said Meme Sweets Runyon, of Nitta Yuma.

Although the mix already was present in Harrods Creek by 1890, it became more pronounced as the farms bordering the Ohio gradually gave way to summer cottages and later to full-time riverside homes after World War II.

In those days, all worlds met at Helen Robertson's general store and post office at the middle of the fork at River Road and Wolf Pen Branch, recalled the late Robertson's daughter, Alice McDonald, of the St. Matthews area.

"You didn't need a newspaper," said Mary Lang. "All you had to do was go to Robertson's."

The river and creek, recalls Glenview resident George McBride, was plied by lots of rowboats and small craft. Later, the area began to attract a following of weekend

water worshipers that has burgeoned today, with enormous sailboats and cabin cruisers skimming the currents.

"At night along the creek and along River Road, the bug-repellent lights flicker on. Jukebox songs stir the air; laughter comes from taverns," said a 1965 article in the Louisville Times.

Certainly one of those laughter-filled taverns was the Pine Room, a popular nightclub and restaurant that burned down in 1977 after 35 years in business.

"I got a lump when the Pine Room burned," McDonald said. "It was quite a place."

The Pine Room is now a real estate office -- an appropriate business considering the building boom under way today.

"Everyone wants to live by the river anymore," said McBride, who operates a towing firm from his 1,400-foot Ohio River frontage just south of Captain's Quarters.

Large lots are being subdivided to accommodate big-ticket homes, many displacing summer cabins, mobile homes and other modest remnants of a bygone era.

Amelia Guthrie Habich, whose family has owned the Captain's Quarters land and adjoining tracts on Guthrie Beach Road since 1933, is selling 47 of her 52 acres.

Despite strong opposition from many residents, developer Fourth Avenue Corp. is proceeding with plans to fill banks near the creek and river to build 32 homes and a 198-slip marina.

The Langs and others worry that development in their neighborhood and up the creek in Oldham County is polluting their precious stream and wiping out the small-town feeling they enjoy.

"In the spring, sometimes it really stinks," said Mary Lang. But she admits, pollution or not, there's no place like Harrods Creek.

"It's still the most beautiful place to us."

DID YOU KNOW:

- For a week in 1934, the kidnapping of a Harrods Creek resident grabbed the national spotlight. A "filling-station" employee nabbed Alice Stoll, 26, the daughter-in-law of Stoll Oil Refining Co. president Charles C. Stoll. The kidnapper demanded a $50,000 ransom.

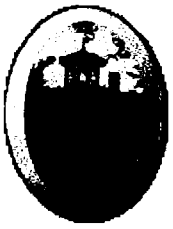
  Sightseers and reporters converged on the community. Many reportedly waited for news at the Harrods Creek post office and grocery store.

  After about six days, the ransom was paid and Stoll was released in

Indianapolis. Thomas H. Robinson Jr., of Nashville, Tenn., was captured 18 months later in California, convicted and sentenced to life in prison.

- The one-room Harrods Creek School once stood just north of the River Road bridge over Harrods Creek. A white Masonic Lodge building is there now.

- A tavern once stood on the site of Ashbourne, the W. L. Lyons Brown estate on River Road at Wolf Pen Branch Road. County records show the house, parts of which date to the early 1800s, was also a home for Confederate veterans of the Civil War.



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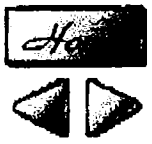


Harrods Creek

AMBITIOUS JAMES TAYLOR PAVED WAY FOR BLACK COMMUNITY WITH SUBDIVISION

By Grace Schneider © The Courier-Journal

Nearly 6-goot-3, strong and "very, very handsome," James Taylor cut quite a figure in his day.

But more than his looks, the farmer, developer and quarry owner who died in 1965 is remembered in Harrods Creek for carving out and ensuring the survival of a black community there. Black roots in Harrods Creek date to the slave days. After the Civil War, freed blacks found homes in pockets around southern Oldham County, Harrods Creek and Prospect.

Taylor was born in 1885 and raised by his grandmother, a midwife, on Wolf Pen Branch Road. His neighbor, a black minister known as Brother Kennedy, is said to have built a school for blacks on what is now Jacob School Road.

Students came primarily from the all-black sections called The Neck, near what is now Hoskins Beach Road, and Happy Hollow, an enclave off U.S. 42 on a road of the same name.

But it was Jacob School Road and James Taylor's subdivision, stretching along River Road from about Carslaw Court past Duroc Avenue that became the core of the black community after the 1920s. Both those areas were once owned by the Shirley family, whose farm holdings in the area date to the mid-1800s. (The Neck and Happy Hollow have disappeared as families died out and sold to developers.)

In those days, most whites didn't sell property to blacks. But one branch of the Shirley family apparently ignored convention. Deeds show A. E. Shirley sold his farm to Taylor around 1920.

Another Shirley sold to individuals such as 70-year-old Chester Trowel's father, who bought one acre on Jacob School Road in 1919 for $300. That was big money for a farmhand making 85 cents a day.

Why did they sell when others wouldn't?

"The impression I've always gotten," said Trowel, of Bass Lane, "is that these people were just interested in helping out blacks, seeing them do well."

James Taylor more than fulfilled that hope.

At age 14, Taylor bought a team of mules and a plow and began contract farming in the area. He branched off into construction, road building and eventually real-estate development. Taylor subdivided the old Shirley farm in 1924 and began selling to blacks only.

"At first he sold only to family," recalled Taylor's daughter, Minnie Alta Broaddus, 77. Later, he "carefully screened" buyers for other lots on Shirley Lane, Bass and Duroc. Many of the people worked on farms or for nearby estates.

"He always said by the time he was 35 years old he wanted to have $35,000 in the bank," said Broaddus. "He overdid that."

"He was a wonderful person, a real businessman," recalled Laura Brooks, 82, the granddaughter of Jefferson Jacob, the slave for whom a now-defunct Jacob School was named.

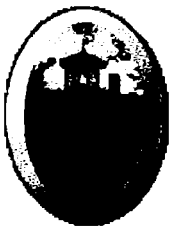
She bought a lot in the 1940s from Taylor, who was "very, very handsome" and worked as a domestic for the Garvin Brown family for 37 years, she said.

She and others remember Hays Kennedy, the daughter-in-law of Brother Kennedy. She spent years operating programs for children in Harrods Creek. The park west of Taylor's holdings bears her name.

Green Castle Baptist Church on Rose Island Road and Harrods Creek Baptist Church at 7610 River Road, remain primary institutions for blacks in the area.

Brooks, Broaddus and Trowel agree it's important to them to live where their forefathers worked.

"I've been here all my 70 years," Trowel said. "I know practically everybody out here. Everyone is very friendly."



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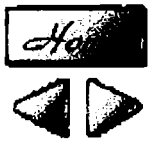


Jeffersontown

HUGE FAMILY FARMS, BUFFALO, LINN STATION FORT MARKED LANDSCAPE; DISEASES DELAYED GROWTH

By M. David Goodwin © The Courier-Journal

During the mid-1700s, the Jeffersontown area sat on the crest of a hill overlooking crystal-clear streams that meandered through the area. Before white settlers arrived, Indians tracked through the foliage stalking beavers, elk, bears, wild turkeys and wildcats.

But the mainstay was buffalo, which dominated the region and blazed many of the trails that Virginia surveyors and settlers would later follow. "At one time we had the most buffalo herds of any state in the Union," said local historian Rudy Schooling, a descendant of the Tyler family, one of Jeffersontown's first families in the 1780s.

More than 200 years later, Jeffersontown is considered one of Kentucky's fastest-growing cities.

The roaming buffalo have been replaced by automobiles that bustle along Hurstbourne Lane and Taylorsville Road.

Eighteenth-century log cabins and huge farms have been replaced by subdivisions and industrial parks.

It's a life far different from the one known by Hanah Severns Linn, one of Jeffersontown's earliest settlers, according to records from the Virginia State Archives in Richmond.

Before her marriage to Benjamin Linn in 1778, she lived on a tract near the present site of the Stony Brook Shopping Center on Taylorsville Road at Hurstbourne Lane. After their marriage, the Linns received 400 acres from the Virginia land commission. (Kentucky was then part of Virginia.) They later built Linn Station, a fort where settlers sought refuge from Indian assaults.

Within a few years, the area was beginning to thrive. Settlers began arriving from Virginia, Pennsylvania and Maryland to purchase land, build log cabins, start plantation farms and open businesses. By 1790, Indian attacks had diminished, and

nearly 30 families had moved to the area.

"You find that the very earliest settlers in Jeffersontown were of Scotch-Irish descent," said Robert Jobson, of Marlin Drive and author of "A History of Early Jeffersontown and Southeast Jefferson County." "Usually the Scotch-Irish were followed by the German-Americans."

Early settlers included the Hites, Tylers, Oldhams, Chenoweths, Leathermans, Fredericks, Funks, Bruners, Stuckys, Blankenbakers, Hokes and Yenowines.

These families began to establish a small commercial district that revolved around four churches, two tanneries, a teamster and a tailor shop.

Edward Tyler Sr. was 62 when he moved his family from Pennsylvania in 1780. Tyler's three sons -- Moses, William and Robert -- settled in the Jeffersontown area while he moved to Louisville and operated a tavern.

After his tavern burned down in the 1790s, the elder Tyler retired to Jeffersontown. He and his sons established farmsteads about a half-mile from one another.

Today, the 600-acre area -- called Tyler Settlement Rural Historic District -- is used for agricultural purposes. The settlement, east of Jeffersontown, still has several of the Tylers' original log cabins and barns.

A large portion of the Tyler settlement is known as the Blackacre Nature Preserve, a 170-acre tract used for environmental educational purposes by Jefferson County public schools.

By 1794, the Shepherd family owned several thousand acres along Floyds Fork. Peter Shepherd was a private with Gen. George Rogers Clark's force when he secured the Northwest Territory.

For his help, Shepherd was given several thousand acres, including the land that became Bullitt County. Shepherd never lived in Jeffersontown and opted to settle in the Bullitt County region. Shepherdsville is named for Shepherd's son Adam, who surveyed the area.

Peter Shepherd gave a few thousand acres along the Chenoweth Run creek to sons Adam and Michael. The brothers deeded about 500 acres of timberland near Beargrass Creek to Col. Frederick Geiger in 1794. That same year Geiger sold 122 acres to Abraham Bruner. It would be within Bruner's 122 acres that Jeffersontown proper would be laid out three years later.

On May 5, 1797, five settlers petitioned Jefferson County Fiscal Court to form a town, naming it for then-Vice President Thomas Jefferson. Jeffersontown was incorporated minutes after Middletown was awarded its town charter.

After receiving the charter, Bruner surveyed 40 of his 122 acres and established 120 lots, four streets (Main, Market, Water and Shelby streets) and four alleys (Bruners, Grape, Peach and Water), which became Jeffersontown.

Up until 1825, public records and many inhabitants interchangeably referred to the area as Brunerstown and Jeffersontown.

Jobson said many German-American settlers wanted the town named after one of their own, Bruner. But the majority of the first settlers were from Virginia and thought it only logical that the town be named after the illustrious statesman.

During the early 1800s, Jeffersontown was the center of a thriving agricultural area whose fertile soil produced bumper crops of fruit, vegetables, tobacco and grain. In addition, several farmers operated dairies and small businesses.

By 1840, Jeffersontown had 12 churches, 20 taverns, two schools, several businesses and 350 residents.

The taverns played a vital social role for the townspeople and farmers.

"It was the area information center, where one could discuss the latest news of national and local interest," Jobson said in his book. "On its doors the city fathers posted newly passed laws and election announcements."

For a time, disease delayed the town's development. When drinking wells were installed in the 1800s, residents fell victim to typhoid fever and flux. Jobson said barns and outdoor toilets drained into wells and cisterns.

"They didn't know what the sewage could do to their drinking water," he said in an interview.

In fact, the sewage lines weren't corrected until the 1920s, Jobson said.

By 1822, cholera had hit.

Lillie E. Levi, who lived in the area, said in a 1909 paper she wrote for the Filson Club that cholera threatened to devastate the entire county.

Two men, John Muster Jr. and James Harrison, were the only "good Samaritans . . . who tended the sick, made the coffins, dug the graves and said a 'God be with thee' as each neighbor and friend was laid to rest," Levi wrote.

"The towns were practically deserted and there were few ones left to care for the sick. business was suspended and those who were able to leave the plague-stricken district fled for their lives."

The early 20th century witnessed the formation of several new economic and cultural institutions. The Jefferson County Bank organized in 1904. The Jeffersonian newspaper was founded in 1907. Jeffersontown High School opened in 1912.

The coming of the Interurban electric streetcar line in 1902 strengthened Jeffersontown's ties to Louisville.

Marcia Horton, 73, of Maple Road, remembers riding the interurban to Louisville for 60 cents.

"When I started going to U of L I would hop on the train every day," Horton said. "You could catch it anywhere along Taylorsville Road."

The most distinguished regular passenger was Henry Watterson, editor of The Courier-Journal. Watterson moved to his country estate, Mansfield, on Watterson Trail in 1896. He was a regular patron from 1904 until his death in 1921.

The Interurban lasted until 1932, when it was displaced by automobiles. Schooling said he and his parents rode on the Interurban's final run through Jeffersontown.

"We knew it was going to be the last trip so we got on it at Grand Avenue and rode it up to the main square in town," he said.

In the 1940s, much of Jeffersontown was still considered a rural area, with fewer than 1,000 residents. In 1950, the county Board of Education closed Jeffersontown High School and bused white students to Eastern, Fern Creek and Seneca high schools. Segregation was still in effect and black students continued to attend Jeffersontown Colored School, which closed in 1961 and now houses Standard Electric Co., at 10400 Shelby St.

During the 1950s Jeffersontown started to grow, largely because of General Electric's Appliance Park near Buechel. Subdivisions began to creep across the agricultural landscape, and by 1960 more than 3,400 people lived in the city.

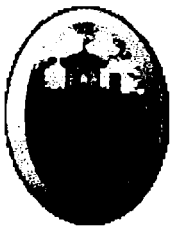
Suburbanization accelerated during the 1960s with construction of Interstate 64 and the development of Bluegrass Industrial Park. The high school was reopened. And by 1970, Jeffersontown's population had reached 9,700.

Growth continued unabated during the 1970s and 1980s as new subdivisions, apartments and condominium complexes, and shopping centers mushroomed along the Taylorsville Road and Hurstbourne Lane corridors. Population stood at nearly 15,800 by 1980.

Today, Jeffersontown's population is about 24,700, based on city tax rolls. It's the second-largest city in Jefferson County and the 14th-largest in Kentucky based on 1986 population figures.

As the city continues to grow, Mayor Daniel Ruckriegel said, it's going be tougher to retain much of the rural past.

"I remember when there were nothing but farms and dirt roads out here," said Ruckriegel, who lives in a restored 18th-century home. "But for the past 20 years Jeffersontown has been growing. And sure I miss the past, but I also like the way Jeffersontown is headed."



A Place in Time

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Lyndon

TRAIN TRACKS WERE THE TIES THAT BOUND A COMMUNITY OF COMMUTERS IN EARLY 1900s

By Kay Stewart © The Courier-Journal

Along the railroad tracks on his own land, Alvin Wood built a depot in 1871 so he and his neighbors wouldn't have to go to St. Matthews to catch a train.

Wood called his depot Lyndon, apparently after Lynn's Station, a fort built in the 18th century on a nearby fork of Beargrass Creek. Trains began making Lyndon a regular stop and the station also became the post office, with Wood in charge as postmaster.

Nearly 120 years later, its founder's train stop near Vinecrest Avenue is gone, but Lyndon is booming.

The fourth-class city -- incorporated in 1965 to avoid annexation by St. Matthews -- is roughly bounded by the Watterson Expressway on the west, Westport Road on the north, Whipps Mill Road on the east and Shelbyville Road on the south.

It contains subdivisions, apartment complexes, shopping districts, traffic congestion -- but little evidence that Lyndon began as a train stop surrounded by woods and fields sprouting potatoes.

By the early 1900s, with the interurban electric train making regular stops in Lyndon on its route linking Louisville with La Grange, the town grew into a commuter community and residents settled in bungalows in the woods.

Today, not far from a maze of apartment complexes and subdivisions, some fine Lyndon heirlooms are hiding on shady roads and at the end of long, tree-lined drives.

Each tells a part of Lyndon's history.

Virginia Wood Hodge, the great-granddaughter of Alvin Wood, lives on Wood Road in the farmhouse where she was born in 1920. The street bears the family name, she said, because the road was built on land once owned by her great-

grandfather.

He bought 200 acres in the area in 1865, she said, and built the train station there.

Wood's brick home, built by his slaves near Wood Road, was destroyed by fire in 1952. Hodge said the land at one time included slave quarters.

More than 20 years after the railroad station was built, Wood's son, George Wood, built a station for the Interurban commuter train that ran to La Grange near Lyndon Lane and La Grange Road, Hodge said.

Residents got prescriptions and milk delivered by the electric train, and children rode it to school.

Decades before the interurban train came through, members of the Ormsby family, wealthy early settlers, had built two elegant mansions on Lyndon's outskirts.

One of the homes, hidden at the end of a long drive off La Grange Road, was the centerpiece in the mid-1800s of Col. Stephen Ormsby's estate. Ormsby gained fame as a colonel in the Louisville Legion, which fought in the Mexican War in 1846.

His father, Judge Stephen Ormsby, came to Louisville about 1791, when he was appointed judge of Jefferson District Court. He was also a Jefferson circuit judge and a member of the U.S. Congress before he became president of the Bank of Louisville.

The judge bought about 1,000 acres along Goose Creek in 1803, and a year later his only son was born there, according to records of the Jefferson County Department of Historic Preservation and Archives.

According to oral tradition, Judge Ormsby heard an old superstition that a man over 50 who builds a new home would never live to enjoy it, so he deeded the 800-acre estate in 1830 to his son and charged him with building the house. The son and his wife, Martha Sherley, had 11 children, all born at the estate -- called Maghera Glass, a gaelic phrase meaning "green grass." The judge died there in 1844, as did his son 25 years later.

In 1896, the house and part of the estate were sold to the Kentucky Military Institute, which built numerous other buildings on the property and had both a preparatory school and a college division there at one time.

The school was attended by five Union and two Confederate generals, including John Morgan, and quit holding classes during the Civil War because its cadets and most of its faculty were on the battlefields.

The school closed in 1973 and the old mansion and grounds are now Ten Broeck Hospital, which specializes in drug and alcohol treatment.

East of that site, just outside Lyndon's boundaries at the southeast corner of

Whipps Mill and La Grange roads, one of Judge Ormsby's grandsons built a stately mansion with an elaborate iron porch and balcony. The home sits on a small hill, which is why Hamilton Ormsby may have called it Bellevoir, "beautiful view."

In the late 1800s, the estate was known for its dairy cattle and trotting horses. It even had its own railroad terminal, Ormsby Station.

Ormsby descendants sold the property in 1912 for use as a children's home. The county closed the Ormsby Village complex for needy and troubled juveniles in 1979 but restored the mansion two years ago.

The county is now developing the estate -- with the mansion as its centerpiece -- into a commercial office park called Hurstbourne Green.

South of Bellevoir on Whipps Mill Road in Lyndon, Grace Perry, the descendant of German settlers, lives at Mill Stream, a 100-year-old estate built by her late father, E. L. Rothenburger.

Rothenburger grew up on nearby Oxmoor Farm, where his parents worked. Perry said German immigrants in the late 1800s rented parcels of the farm, owned by the Bullitt family, to grow potatoes. Some of them later bought land for farming.

Decorating Perry's yard is a millstone from the old Whipps Mill, which operated along the Sinking Fork of Beargrass Creek more than 175 years ago. Her father found the stone in the creek while he was fishing, she said.

Near the heart of Lyndon, Progress School, a one-room, wood-frame building at Whipps Mill and Wood roads, opened in 1891 for grades one through eight. Sisters Linnie and Lizzie Bach, piano-playing descendants of composer Johann Sebastian Bach, taught there as a team from 1912 to 1918, according to "Lyndon Lore," a history of the area published in 1972 by The Lyndon Homemaker's Club.

Mary Emily Hawkins, of La Grange Road, was a pupil there from 1919 to 1925, when the school had two rooms and a pot-bellied stove. But it lacked running water and children had to carry their own water from home, she said. Hawkins carried hers in an "elegant" perfume bottle.

The school, which closed in 1936, was remodeled and is now a private residence.

Before the turn of the century, with the train stop linking Lyndon to Louisville, George R. Washburn tried to develop his 50 acres near the tracks into Warwick Villa -- "the beautiful little suburb on the high tide of prosperity." But the panic of 1893 caused financial problems and few houses were built.

Washburn sold the original lots just west of Lyndon in 1928 to Henry Holzheimer Sr., who successfully developed a Warwick Villa subdivision in St. Matthews.

The property had been in the Washburn family since 1815, according to county historic records. The two-story framed Washburn House, built in the 1830s, is still on Fountain Avenue, surrounded by newer homes.

Although the original subdivision failed, Louisville residents around the turn of the century were riding the train to the Warwick Villa Hotel, which fronted the railroad tracks near Washburn Avenue.

The hotel had "social prominence" as a summer gathering spot because of the "fresh country air and delicious meals for which the hotel was famous," according to "Lyndon Lore." The hotel, however, was destroyed by fire and was not rebuilt.

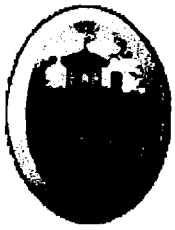
Hotel visitors probably drank from the nearby Indian Mineral Wells, which operated into the 1940s.

The Interurban Co. also attempted to draw Louisville residents to Lyndon. The train company owned and promoted a park on the south side of La Grange Road near Benjamin Road. But, according to "Lyndon Lore," attempts to boost ridership by luring people there to "enjoy a day in the woods and fresh air" were not successful and the park was sold.

The interurban train discontinued service in 1934. Its path was later covered when La Grange Road was widened from two to four lanes.

The apartment complexes lining La Grange Road now are a stark contrast to Hodge's 100-year-old home and the bungalows just a few blocks away on Wood Road.

"This used to be the country," Hodge said. "It's all so different now."



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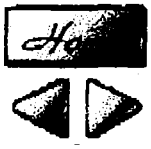


Middletown

AS A PRIME STAGECOACH STOP, THE COMMUNITY SAW MUCH OF ITS ACTIVITY CENTERED ON TWO THRIVING INNS

By Kay Stewart © The Courier-Journal

In 1797, landowner Philip Buckner successfully petitioned Jefferson County Court for permission to establish a town on 500 acres of rolling hills along the Sinking Fork of Beargrass Creek.

The court named it Middletown, apparently because it was midway between Louisville and Shelbyville, and Buckner's land was divided and sold to the highest bidders. Middletown quickly became a popular stagecoach stop on a dusty country road surrounded by rich farmland.

More than 190 years later, Middletown is a booming suburb with the Gene Snyder Freeway cutting across U. S. 60, one of the county's busiest commercial strips.

But just blocks from the traffic jams are unhurried scenes from Middletown's early days.

Main Street and Old Shelbyville Road, just south of U. S. 60, are lined with log, brick and stone homes built by some of Middletown's earliest settlers -- pioneers who rode the Ohio River in flatboats, a Revolutionary War captain, a lawyer whose home became a stagecoach stop and an inn that attracted famous guests.

About a mile north of U. S. 60, hidden in the woods near Avoca and Aiken roads, is a small stone springhouse where a pioneer family was attacked 200 years ago by Indians. The springhouse, now roofless with crumbling walls, may be the oldest structure in Jefferson County, according to the county Office of Historic Preservation and Archives.

Richard Chenoweth, a founder of Louisville who rode the Ohio River in 1778 with George Rogers Clark, built the springhouse on his homestead, where Indians attacked on a summer evening in 1789.

Chenoweth and his wife, Margaret, survived their wounds, but three of their children died. Margaret Chenoweth, who was scalped, remained bald and kept her

head covered with a cap, according to historical accounts.

Since 1966, Boy and Girl Scouts have visited the springhouse twice a year on a hike called "The Chenoweth Massacre Trail."

The fear of Indian attacks had subsided when the county court officially established Middletown.

Two busy spots in the burgeoning town were The Middletown Inn, now a residence and small business at 11705 Main St., and the Davis Tavern, a building that now houses apartments and offices at 11180 Old Shelbyville Road. William White, a lawyer who presided at Jefferson County Court when the town was established and appointed its first trustees, may have built the Davis Tavern building originally as his home before 1800, according to county records.

In 1841, the home was sold to Susan B. Davis and became known as the Davis Tavern, a stagecoach stop, hotel and slave-trading post.

The hotel was known for the quality of its cheese, made in the basement. Its famous guests included Henry Clay, John C. Breckinridge and the Marquis de Lafayette, according to a 1922 Louisville Herald story.

The story was reprinted in 1946 in "Middletown's Days and Deeds," a history of the town by Edith Wood, 88, a former school teacher who was born and raised in Middletown and now lives in a retirement community on U. S. 60.

The Middletown Inn was built with logs, also around 1800. An addition was built of brick in 1804, with a stairway of 15 steps to commemorate Kentucky as the 15th state of the Union.

The inn, which is now covered with stucco, operated until about 1920. But its tavern, where early town trustees were probably elected, was forced to close about 1890 as a result of an anti-drinking crusade by a minister and a doctor, according to Wood's book.

By 1813, the Head, Hobbs and Lawrence General Store was operating on Main Street. Benjamin Head, one of its founders, was a Revolutionary War captain who built a magnificent stone home at 11601 Main St. near the site of the store. The home, now owned by Charles and Charlotte Matthews, is immaculately restored.

Head rode horseback to Philadelphia and Baltimore to buy the store's stock, according to Wood's book. A ledger from the 1820s kept by Basil Hobbs, the store's bookkeeper, listed some prominent early settlers -- the Bullitts, Geigers, Popes and Hites -- as customers. They could buy coffee for 25 cents a pound and whiskey for 23 cents a gallon.

In the early days, the town also had a cigar factory, comb factory, cabinet shop, tailor and blacksmith.

Middletown wasn't the scene of any Civil War battles, but soldiers from both sides

passed through, and two skirmishes in the nearby hills were preludes to the Battle of Perryville.

As the war raged, in October 1864 Dr. Luther Paris Wetherby wrote to his uncle in New York that highway robberies and lootings were common around Middletown and he was keeping "five guns loaded with buck shot" in case his home near the center of town was attacked.

Wetherby, whose letter was reprinted in Wood's book, was a New York native who arrived at the Davis Tavern about 1860 and fell in love with Hattie Brown, the innkeeper's daughter, said Lawrence Wetherby, his grandson and a former Kentucky governor.

Wetherby said his grandfather, who was honorably discharged in 1862 as a surgeon for the Union Army, married Brown, bought the tavern and turned it into his residence and office.

In the early 1900s, Middletown was a farming community with about 250 residents who rode in horse-drawn buggies on dirt roads, said Wetherby, 81, who was born and raised in Middletown and now lives in Frankfort.

On occasion, oil was squirted on Main Street to keep the dust down, but that created another mess. Wetherby said he sometimes got "bawled out" for tracking oil into his home.

As a boy, Wetherby went on house calls with his father, Dr. Samuel David Wetherby, in a horse-drawn carriage. The family had a stable behind its house on Main Street and got water from a backyard well. The home was torn down about 1970.

Wetherby attended school in a building where grades 1-4 were taught in one room, grades 5-8 in another.

He and other youngsters worked on farms in their spare time. Wetherby remembered milking cows at a farm situated where the city of Douglass Hills is now. His mother bottled the milk, and he carried it around town in a basket, charging 10 cents a quart.

For fun, Halloween was a "big time," Wetherby said. Pranks included hoisting a car to the top of the town's bank building on Main Street and greasing the tracks of the interurban line with soap so the train had trouble stopping.

The interurban's arrival in 1910 allowed Middletown to grow into a commuter community, but Wetherby said the town remained small and rural until about 20 years ago, when development began rapidly spreading east from Louisville.

A major town controversy erupted in the early 1930s when the state decided to build U. S. 60 around Middletown to the north, instead of through the town along Main Street and what is now Old Shelbyville Road.

A newspaper article reprinted in Wood's book said residents were divided on what path the road should take and a "near riot" broke out at a public meeting on the issue.

In an interview, Wood said residents feared that the town would die if the highway bypassed Main Street. But today the loop in U.S. 60 around Middletown is credited with saving the old buildings on Main Street and Old Shelbyville Road from the bulldozer.

The main business district, however, shifted one block north to U.S. 60, where cabins and cottages opened in the 1930s. "Colonial Cottages," featuring private baths, charged guests $3 to $5 a night, and "Jones's Camp" was a collection of cabins that became apartments during the housing shortage after World War II. Both sites have been demolished.

In 1937, the Ohio River flood that devastated Louisville united Middletown in many ways.

Residents took in hundreds of refugees, providing blankets, clothes and meals, which were served at a schoolhouse.

As an outgrowth of flood relief, residents organized two clubs that remain active -- the Middletown Woman's Club and the Middletown Civic Club. The latter's first projects included securing city water for Middletown and organizing a volunteer fire department.

After years of failing to elect trustees and assess taxes, Middletown was told by the Kentucky Court of Appeals in 1962 that it had lost its charter as a city. The town incorporated 10 years ago as a fourth-class city and today has more than 5,000 residents.

Just as they had in the 1930s over a new road's route, residents were bitterly split over whether to incorporate.

Today, the town remains split over development issues, with some people favoring more commercial growth while others want it stopped.

Commission meetings, which can last hours, sometimes feature vitriolic debate with comments yelled out by some business owners and residents who regularly attend.

One resident who has opposed more commercial growth in residential areas is City Commissioner Terry Wetherby, a cousin of the former governor. While Lawrence Wetherby was governor, his brother, George S. Wetherby, took office as Jefferson County Judge but died in 1954 less than four months later.

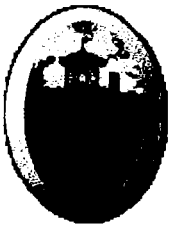
The former governor -- the only Kentucky governor from Jefferson County -- said he was able to win his statewide race in 1951 because he was from a small, farming town -- not the big city of Louisville.

But with the development that's occurred, Middletown isn't rural anymore, Wetherby said.

"I'm sad to see it," he said. "It does away with the old-time country town."

DID YOU KNOW:

The hills around Middletown in the 1780s were the scene of several Indian attacks. In 1786, Abraham Lincoln, the grandfather of the 16th president, was killed on his land along Long Run Creek about seven miles east of Middletown. Lincoln and his three young sons were returning home after a day of planting when he was attacked. Tom Lincoln was only 10 when he saw his father die, and years later he told the story to his own children, including Abraham.



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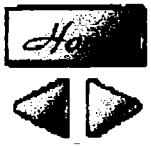


Prospect

NATURE'S ENDOWMENTS SEDUCED SETTLERS; COUNTRY STORE WAS A FOCAL POINT THAT SERVED MEN OF PLOWS AND POWER

By Kay Stewart © The Courier-Journal

Prospect was once known as Sand Hill.

Longtime residents say landowners didn't like that name even though it aptly described a part of the landscape. According to a story passed down for generations, some folks decided a new name was needed to go with a U. S. Post Office built around 1900 to serve the area.

"Someone said, 'We've got a good prospect here,' and they called it Prospect," said William Cropper, 81, who was born and raised in Prospect but moved to St. Matthews two years ago.

Another version is that Prospect got its name in the late 1800s after the Louisville, Harrods Creek & Westport Railroad stopped its route there.

The railroad apparently lacked funds to continue to Westport, but the story residents like to tell is that the "prospect" was so good that railroad workers decided not to go farther.

Prospect's picturesque bottom land and river bluffs -- some of the most beautiful in Jefferson County -- attracted pioneers in the late 1700s who stopped at Harrods Creek on flatboats.

But the semblance of a town apparently didn't emerge until after the railroad came through in the mid-1800s. In the early 1900s, the interurban train brought more growth to the area.

Still, Prospect remained a rural outpost with a mix of residents -- blacks descended from slaves, wealthy landowners who commuted 12 miles west to downtown Louisville to work, and poor whites who worked on the farms.

Today there's still a mix of residents, but Prospect has changed dramatically in the 25 years since the opening of Hunting Creek, the granddaddy of Jefferson County's

expensive suburban subdivisions, with its own country club and golf course.

The town itself didn't incorporate until 1974 and today has about 3,800 residents, most of whom live in high-priced subdivisions off U. S. 42.

"It's just an urban situation now," said Joe Snowden, whose family for 52 years operated The Prospect Store on U. S. 42 just north of Covered Bridge Road.

"Originally it was mainly farmers," Snowden said. "Most everybody was a farmer of some sort, and today it's sort of a community for executives of General Electric and companies of that nature."

The Prospect Store, which opened about 1911, was considered the quintessential country store and center of town.

Snowden retired in 1981, but the store continued to operate until a Five Star Food Mart and gas station expanded to the site.

In the 1930s, the store sold overalls to farmers and steaks to gentleman farmers. Three loaves of bread cost a quarter, Snowden said.

Shoes, nails, fly-swatters and cornmeal were stocked. If Snowden didn't have what a customer wanted, he would order it.

Henry Wallace, who grew up on nearby Rose Island Road, said the store's best commodity was gossip.

"It was the gathering place, a news center," Wallace said.

Wallace, who owns 600 acres on the north side of U. S. 42 near Prospect, couldn't stand the thought of the store being demolished for the expanding food mart and gas station next door, which Newcomb Oil built in 1987 after demolishing the former Prospect City Hall that had stood since 1903.

So earlier this year, he bought the frame building for a dollar and moved it almost directly across the street to his property. Workers are remodeling the store, and Wallace hopes to rent space in it for three apartments.

The store, a garage, post office, bank and pool hall lined the small stretch of highway at one time, Wallace said. All that is left now is the frame post office, which houses The Refinishing Store.

Old-timers, Wallace said, still think of the strip as "the center of town," even though that area is just east of incorporated Prospect.

Just north of the strip in a vacant field, the interurban train, which served Prospect from about 1910 to 1934, made its turnaround to head back to Louisville.

When the interurban quit its hourly stops each day, the steam train came to Prospect at midnight on the same tracks.

The train brought farm supplies and other goods to Prospect and returned to Louisville with farm produce, Wallace said.

Wallace remembered that his grandfather's furniture from Philadelphia arrived on the midnight train about 60 years ago and was hauled to his house the next morning in a wagon pulled by a team of horses.

South of the interurban stop, at U. S. 42 and Covered Bridge Road, is a Prospect landmark -- the ornate brick farmhouse that James Trigg built in the mid-1800s.

Trigg, a successful farmer and president of the Narrow Gauge Railroad, which once served the Prospect area, owned land that is now part of the Hunting Creek subdivision.

The home he built was the center of high society during the 25 years it was owned by Mark Ethridge, a former publisher of The Courier-Journal, and his wife, Willie Snow Ethridge, an author whose 15 published books included three about life in Prospect.

On Derby Day in 1956, the Ethridges' guest, author John Steinbeck, wrote "Ode to the Kentucky Derby" in the home on a typewriter borrowed from his hosts. The next day, the composition appeared in The Courier-Journal.

In the 1940s, the Ethridges entertained big-band musician Benny Goodman at a square dance and dinner party following his performance with The Louisville Orchestra.

The home, now owned by Joseph M. and Sandra Day, was open to the public earlier this year as the 1989 Bellarmine Women's Council Show House.

On the south side of U. S. 42, at the end of a one-mile, tree-lined drive between River and Rose Island roads, is a stunning white frame home whose former owners include James Garvin Brown, the founder of the Brown-Forman distilleries, and William F. Knebelcamp, president of the Louisville Baseball Co., which owned the old Louisville Colonels baseball team.

The home, now owned by auto dealer Joe Cross, was once the centerpiece of a farm called Sutherland. Much of the farm land, however, is now being staked off for a pricey subdivision called Sutherland Farms.

STM, the developer, has agreed not to build on one lot believed to contain an Indian burial mound dating from 100 B.C.-200 A.D.

While there has never been a professional excavation of the site, it is probably a prehistoric cemetery, according to information at the Louisville-Jefferson County Planning Commission.

Near the Sutherland Farms site, the curve in River Road used to be called Cropper's Curve after William Cropper's ancestors, who owned much of the bottom land in the area.

Cropper remembers riding the interurban to Ballard School, which is now The Chance School, a private institution, at 4200 Lime Kiln Lane.

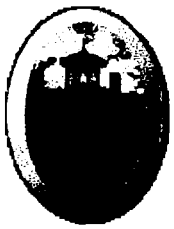
And he clearly recalls his first car ride. He was walking to catch the interurban when a chauffeur driving a Brown-Forman executive asked him where he was headed.

When Cropper said he was going to school, the chauffeur told him to get in.

"I thought, 'Well, if I had been the King of England, I couldn't be any prouder,' " Cropper said.

That was when Prospect was still "a little ol' country town," Cropper said.

"It's an entirely different place now."



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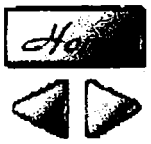


Beechmont

ECLECTIC MIX OF HOMES REFLECTS EVOLUTION OF AREA THAT BEGAN AS A SHADY SUMMER HAVEN

By Kristin Faurest © The Courier-Journal

Conceived in 1871 as a subdivision for manufacturing employees and executives, and finally developed around 1890, the Beechmont neighborhood was touted as "Beechmont the Beautiful," "Beechmont the Peerless" and "The Grand Dame" of Louisville's newly developed South End.

The neighborhood, originally bounded by Wampum Street, Kenwood Way, Southern Parkway and First Street, boasted home lots that were bigger and more expensive than those in adjoining Highland Park. By the turn of the century, Southern Parkway was lined with large frame houses of various designs. The development of the swamplands south of Louisville was due to urban population pressures, the electric streetcar, and the expansion of the L & N Railroad, according to Carl Kramer in his book, "A History of Two Centuries of Development in Central and South Louisville."

Other factors that gave life to Beechmont were Southern Parkway and Iroquois Park.

Originally known as Grand Boulevard, Southern Parkway was completed in 1893 as part of landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted's concept of a system connecting parks and parkways "like the spokes of a wheel, with downtown being the hub of the wheel," said Mary Lou Northern, president of the Beechmont Neighborhood Association.

Louisville Mayor Charles D. Jacob's 1889 purchase of 313-acre Burnt Knob, later known as "Jacob's Folly," "Jacob's Park" and finally Iroquois Park, was added incentive for southward growth. The park encouraged residents of city homes to escape urban noise by putting up airy summer houses among the plethora of beech trees a few miles south of downtown -- hence the name Beechmont.

"This was originally the summer neighborhood of Old Louisville, but my parents lived here all year round," said fourth-generation resident Betty Rieber.

By 1922, the subdivision was annexed into Louisville.

Rieber said the original architectural style that prevailed around Southern Parkway was Craftsman, a turn-of-the-century response to the formality and excesses of homes built during the Victorian era. "It emphasizes hand-done work," she said.

Even the old Beechmont streetcar station at Third Street and Woodlawn Avenue had a decorative latticed front to suggest a summer house.

Rieber said small cottages were juxtaposed with four-bedroom homes, because when Beechmont was developed, "You didn't have the kind of division, sectionalism that you have now. Everyone lived together because that's where the transportation was."

According to a 1955 Louisville Times article, Beechmont was linked to Louisville in 1900 by a streetcar line between Fourth Street and Central Avenue, and Third Street and Woodlawn Avenue.

Beechmont's first church was erected in 1893 on the southeast corner of Second Street and Wellington Avenue. Although it was Methodist, other denominations also used the building. Mary Sunderland, of Southern Parkway, who has written two books about Beechmont, said the church has been renovated and converted to apartments. "They didn't even change it that much," she said.

The neighborhood was always peppered with unusual characters. "People who were attracted to Beechmont were frequently artsy, literary types," said Northern, a writer.

Or performers. Sunderland, a former opera singer, recalled George and Annie Liable, two midgets who performed in shows all over the country, and Johnny Feighan. Feighan, who died last year, was the neighborhood's premier storyteller for decades.

"He just loved kids, and was known by everyone," she said, also recalling the kindness of Raymond "Doc" Frankel, who owned a pharmacy at Woodlawn and Southern Parkway from 1919 to 1942. "Everybody liked him. If any teen-agers got in trouble, he'd go over and take care of them."

Beechmont was lucky enough to escape the 1937 flood, and, Sunderland said, the neighborhood became a temporary disaster shelter for downtown and West End residents fleeing their waterlogged homes. Southern Junior High School became a temporary food supply station.

It wasn't until after World War II that the cultural and architectural tones of Beechmont changed. Northern said that during the 1940s, development of smaller, less elaborate homes in Beechmont accelerated.

In subsequent years, more South End neighborhoods began to be considered part of the Beechmont neighborhood, which now runs from the Watterson Expressway on the north to Southland Boulevard on the south, and from Taylor Boulevard on the west to Allmond Avenue on the east, according to the city of Louisville's neighborhood directory.

"It was a response to the need for affordable housing for GIs," she said. "Also, when the '37 flood hit, there was also a building spurt then because of people looking for higher ground."

When postwar development on Southern Parkway closer to Iroquois Park began, Rieber said, "There was a lot of dissent. People didn't want it."

She said the type of housing being built at that time was not as distinctive as the original Beechmont neighborhood's.

Regardless of the development, Beechmont exhibited a clear pattern of population decline in the 1960s.

"Many people left Beechmont due to eastern county development," said Northern. "The idea of moving into new homes changed a lot of people's feelings about older city neighborhoods. People didn't want the responsibility. Families were smaller and didn't need big homes."

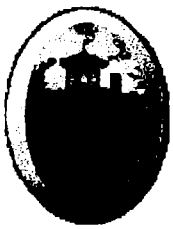
While the original Methodist church and many older homes in Beechmont escaped postwar demolition, some were eventually torn down for new apartment complexes or schools.

"I think one of the saddest chapters in Beechmont's history was that developers came through and tore down big houses like that and put up apartments," Northern said.

Among the casualties, Sunderland said, was a home built in 1850 near where Woodlawn and Bellevue Avenue now intersect. It was originally the summer home of the S. A. Lyon family, who lived in the Seelbach Hotel the rest of the year.

Rieber said a huge New Orleans Colonial home near Southern Parkway by where Iroquois High School now stands was abandoned and boarded up for decades before it was torn down and the area was developed.

As a child, she said, she was told not to go near it, but like the building, the lore that accompanied it has been lost. "A long, morbid story was involved somewhere," she said, "but I can't remember exactly what."



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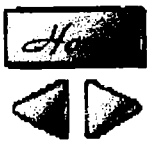

Highland Park

RAILROAD WORKERS FORMED A COMMUNITY OF BASIC PLEASURES, PLAYING IT ROUGH BUT STRAIGHT

By Bill Pike © The Courier-Journal

One hundred years ago, developers started building Highland Park to accommodate workers from the nearby Louisville & Nashville Railroad yard -- the hub of transportation in those days.

T. C. H. Vance began laying out streets in what is now Highland Park during the 1880s, and sold plenty of lots to railroad workers. The area got its name because it's on high ground, and Vance's daughter gave many of its streets Indian names, such as Wampum and Mohawk. Today, it is ironic to note that the South Louisville neighborhood faces the wrecking ball to make way for expansion of an airport -- this era's transportation hub. It should also be noted that some residents are fighting to preserve the area, which long has had a reputation for fighting.

Highland Park was actually a city in 1890, when it incorporated, and it grew from 195 families in 1894 to 323 families in 1900, according to tax records.

The small city also included Beechmont and Wilder Park until Louisville annexed them all in 1922 after a five-year fight settled by the U. S. Supreme Court. Today, the Highland Park neighborhood includes only the area east of the railroad tracks; it's also bounded by the Kentucky State Fair & Exposition Center and Standiford Field.

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on Park Boulevard. "Stella McDaniel ran a beauty shop in the front. Her brother-in-law ran the original McDaniel's Funeral Home in the back during the horse and buggy days. . . .

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"She'd spank your butt with a yardstick," Toohey said. "I know."

Highland Park's heyday followed World War II until construction of the Watterson Expressway led to the razing of dozens of homes and most of Adair Street -- the neighborhood's second most important street.

"Highland Park was at its boomingest in the early '50s," said Toohey, who at the time ran an automobile-parts store on Park Boulevard and now has 14 such stores across the state.

"They brought in the Watterson and that changed traffic," Toohey said. "A lot of traffic went by Highland Park, instead of through it, and that hurt business."

And even during the time Highland Park boomed, the seeds of its destruction were being sown. In 1947, officials moved commercial aviation from Bowman Field to Standiford Field because Bowman was too small.

Residents didn't foresee the long-range ramifications of the move. "Everybody in Highland Park thought it would help the area if we had the airport," Silverman said.

Standiford Field had been developed during World War II for cargo planes made at the Curtiss-Wright Co. plant, where International Harvester later located on Crittenden Drive.

"Where Standiford Field is now was truck farmers," Toohey said. "They put their plants out real early. They would try to be first to take fresh vegetables downtown to the Haymarket to get the best prices."

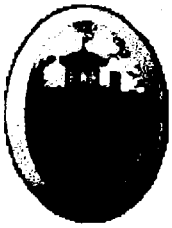
Construction of the fairgrounds, which opened in 1956, meant the loss of more homes and further cut the area's rural flavor.

"A man named Mann owned that land over there," Toohey said. "He was a horse trader. He had horses and old plugs and mules and donkeys all over the place."

A sharp decline in the number of jobs at the L&N yard -- now owned by CSX Transportation -- hurt Highland Park during the '70s and '80s, as some residents moved away to find work. A general decline in the number of manufacturing jobs in the area added to the problem.

But the death knell for Highland Park may have sounded last year, when officials announced that Louisville and Standiford Field wanted its land.

The former little town -- wooed, won and then spurned by Louisville -- had come full circle.



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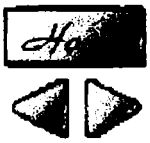

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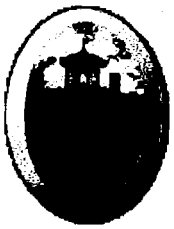

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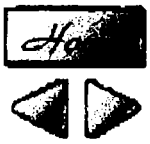

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"She'd spank your butt with a yardstick," Toohey said. "I know."

Highland Park's heyday followed World War II until construction of the Watterson Expressway led to the razing of dozens of homes and most of Adair Street -- the neighborhood's second most important street.

"Highland Park was at its boomingest in the early '50s," said Toohey, who at the time ran an automobile-parts store on Park Boulevard and now has 14 such stores across the state.

"They brought in the Watterson and that changed traffic," Toohey said. "A lot of traffic went by Highland Park, instead of through it, and that hurt business."

And even during the time Highland Park boomed, the seeds of its destruction were being sown. In 1947, officials moved commercial aviation from Bowman Field to Standiford Field because Bowman was too small.

Residents didn't foresee the long-range ramifications of the move. "Everybody in Highland Park thought it would help the area if we had the airport," Silverman said.

Standiford Field had been developed during World War II for cargo planes made at the Curtiss-Wright Co. plant, where International Harvester later located on Crittenden Drive.

"Where Standiford Field is now was truck farmers," Toohey said. "They put their plants out real early. They would try to be first to take fresh vegetables downtown to the Haymarket to get the best prices."

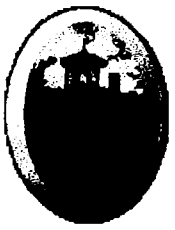
Construction of the fairgrounds, which opened in 1956, meant the loss of more homes and further cut the area's rural flavor.

"A man named Mann owned that land over there," Toohey said. "He was a horse trader. He had horses and old plugs and mules and donkeys all over the place."

A sharp decline in the number of jobs at the L&N yard -- now owned by CSX Transportation -- hurt Highland Park during the '70s and '80s, as some residents moved away to find work. A general decline in the number of manufacturing jobs in the area added to the problem.

But the death knell for Highland Park may have sounded last year, when officials announced that Louisville and Standiford Field wanted its land.

The former little town -- wooed, won and then spurned by Louisville -- had come full circle.



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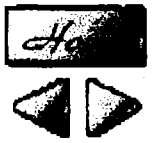


Kenwood Hill

HEIGHTS FIRST HOUSED COOL RETREATS; SENNNING'S, SUMMERS PARKS ADDRESSED THE PLAYFUL SIDE OF PEOPLE

By Linda Lyly © The Courier-Journal

Narrow roads weave around a mountain that once served as a lookout for Indians. Bright red, yellow and rust-colored leaves are scattered on front lawns in a neighborhood once considered a summer escape for Louisvillians.

Although residents now live in Kenwood Hill year-round, it has retained its peaceful nature. Businesses line its borders -- Southside Drive to the east, New Cut Road to the west, Palatka Road to the south and Kenwood Drive to the north -- but much of its New Cut Road side runs along Iroquois Park.

Today, residential Kenwood Hill is home to physicians, attorneys, plumbers, real-estate agents and retirees, according to Marcella Gossage, 66, who has lived there her whole life.

The neighborhood is picturesque every season, she said. While the leaves of fall paint a mural of colors across the hill, Gossage said, "We have a beautiful view of Louisville when the leaves are gone."

From the tops of Kenwood and Iroquois hills, Cherokee Indians once watched buffalo herds follow a trace, now Preston Street, to the Falls of Ohio.

The neighborhood remained practically untouched residentially until the 1890s, when a few elegant homes and elaborate log cabins were built primarily as summer homes. There, the wealthy could escape the city heat, according to the script of a 1986 walking tour of Kenwood Hill by Alice Davidson.

The earliest known property owners were the Phillipses, after whom Phillips Lane was named.

In 1864 and 1868, they sold land in the area of Cox's Knob (as Kenwood Hill was first known) to Benoni Figg. He wanted to fell the virgin forest trees there for his charcoal business.

Figg also built a small sawmill on the hill and opened a rock quarry to supply road builders in the area. Later, he built the Louisville & Nashville Railroad's Strawberry Station, at New Cut and Third Street roads.

Charles Gheens, who married Figg's daughter, Mary, acquired property in 1876. When the Panic of 1893 forced Figg to sell much of his land, his daughter, Katy Delph, bought several acres. She built a house at Kenwood Drive and Laughlin Avenue, now the site of DeSales High School.

The community was christened Kenwood Hill in 1890, when Kenwood Park Residential Co. bought land from the Gheens family and developed it.

Two years prior, Iroquois Park was merely a dream of Louisville Mayor Charles D. Jacob. He viewed the wooded area as a Shangri-La, but even his closest friends shook their heads at his plans of making it a city park.

"Burnt Knob," as it was called when the mayor arranged its purchase in 1888, was four miles outside the city limits.

But Jacob saw the property as an escape for city dwellers and persuaded the General Council (the city's governing body then) to purchase the 313 acres. He wrote a personal check for one-third of the $9,800 to close the deal quickly.

The city park board was organized soon after, and its first act was to buy 225 additional acres around the area, which was first known as Jacob's Park, or Jacob's Folly. It was officially named Iroquois Park on Aug. 13, 1891.

In its early days, the park was not accessible because there were no roads from the center of town. That dilemma was solved with the June 14, 1893, opening of Southern Parkway.

Two other parks no longer in existence are richly entwined in Kenwood Hill's history: Summers Park was at the present intersection of Iroquois Park and Southern Parkway, while Sennings Park was at Kenwood Drive and New Cut Road.

An 1896 Courier-Journal article mentioned Summers Park, and Tom Owen, an archivist with the University of Louisville, said his father, Newt Owen, told him it was the site of picnic areas, swings and other play equipment as late as the 1930s.

Sennings Park was built in the late 1800s by Fred Senning, who came to Louisville from Germany in 1868. After opening a restaurant, hotel and the city's first commercial bowling alley, Senning and his wife, Minnie, decided to try their luck in the community growing around Iroquois Park.

Although their establishment was called a park, it featured dining and dancing under gas lights. In the 1920s, they added a miniature zoo -- considered another first in the city.

The facility, between Iroquois Park and Kenwood Hill, closed after Senning's

death in 1939. Minnie Senning sold the property for $10,000 to B. A. Watson the following year. He converted it into the now-defunct Colonial Gardens.

Kenwood Hill remained scarcely populated until 1942, when construction began on its first subdivision. By 1948, the hill had been carved up by various developers, and in the 1960s, most of the subdivisions were fully developed.

"Devil's Backbone or Bust" was the slogan of builder William Eckles and his father, T. G., who built houses on the south side of Kenwood Hill known as Devil's Backbone, according to a 1961 article in The Courier-Journal.

Developers, however, failed to take drainage into account and paid little attention to adapting the steep, forested hills. Severe water runoff problems and extensive soil erosion developed, damaging the remaining forest, roads and house foundations. Retaining walls were constructed in recent years to deal with the problems.

Near one subdivision of about 25 homes were three cabins owned by Lou Tate on Kenwood Hill Road. Two of Tate's cabins housed looms, where she held weaving classes.

In 1960, Tate, along with neighbors Mr. and Mrs. Hal Tenny, sponsored a Midsummer Arts and Crafts Fair, with a weaving exhibit in Tate's cabins and a clothesline showing of paintings on the Tennys' patio.

Already the area had a history. The Tennys' remodeled log cabin on Possum Path was once the home of two Louisville teachers, Mary and Patty Hill. Patty was credited with writing the lyrics to "Happy Birthday."

Tate's cabins, known as Little Loomhouse, are still the site of weaving classes. The property is on the National Register of Historic Places.

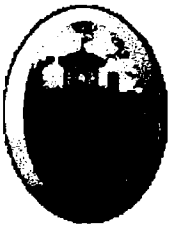
Residents are proud of their community's history.

But mainly, they like living in Kenwood Hill because of the serenity Mayor Jacob sought more than 100 years ago.

Despite the residential development, Nellie Burdette of Kenwood Hill Road said, "It's still nice. We don't have roads that are heavily traveled."

And Paul Brockman, 66, of Gheens Avenue, moved to the neighborhood 25 years ago because "everything is close. It's convenient to everything."

At the same time, Gossage said, "It's off the beaten path. We like the privacy here."



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Lake Dreamland

RESORT HAD THE GREAT OUTDOORS AND '50S BROUGHT CLUB EL RANCHO, BUT BARENESS OF NECESSITIES HURT

By Lina Bryant © The Courier-Journal

After World War II, moving to Lake Dreamland seemed like a good deal.

The resort that had been built more than a decade earlier was going under, and its developer, Ed Hartlage, was offering people a chance to rent abandoned lake cottages -- cheap. As the doctors and businessmen who vacationed there left, people who weren't as well off came in.

The cottages had their own yards, and many had scenic views of the lake and the nearby Ohio River. Although five people bought their lots outright, most paid a nominal rent and moved into cottages or built homes.

But what seemed like "paradise" to one resident who moved there in the 1950s backfired for a number of reasons:

- Most people didn't own their property, so some tenants let it run down. - The area was designed for summer living, and many cottages and homes never had public water or sewers.
- Since the residents didn't own the land, the government couldn't provide financial aid, utilities or roads.

Iretta Watson of River Front Drive, who has lived in Lake Dreamland since 1954, also says transients ruined the neighborhood, which is now home to about 120 families.

"One day it will be paradise," she said. "It was before, and I think it will be again."

A stroll through the area -- which extends roughly from the Ohio River to Camp Ground Road, between Senn Road and Bramers Lane -- reveals a neighborhood surrounded by large trees, a murky lake and the Ohio River. The floodwall cuts the area in half, giving the appearance of two separate neighborhoods. Many houses need painting and repairs, but others are well-kept, with plants and decorations.

There is little written record about the resort in its heyday.

It was begun when developer Hartlage dammed Bramer's Run to form the lake. According to Mary Hartlage, niece of Ed Hartlage by marriage, the people who stayed at the resort during the early years traveled from Louisville during the summer.

Hartlage, of Camp Ground Road, said that until the 1950s, resort vacationers used to swim, fish and boat in the lake, and a few people even rode horses along it.

But a lack of conveniences -- and what some deemed to be necessities -- brought the resort down, as it would later contribute to the residential community's downfall.

"Lack of running water, electricity, paved streets and fashion boutiques was no longer a novelty but a nuisance," wrote Veronica Lotze in a 1987 history project on Lake Dreamland prepared by students and teachers at Western High School.

"Winter winds and high water were responsible for much property damage. Expensive repairs season after season soon convinced the owners that, in spite of the stress, city life was more their style."

The newcomers inherited those same difficulties. Through the '50s and '60s, the area had no sewers or publicly maintained roads and limited water service.

In 1982, Jefferson County Community Development officials said the Lake Dreamland area had some of the worse housing in the county. Health Department officials claimed that some houses had sewage backed up beneath them, some had caved-in floors and ceilings and some lacked toilets or running water.

The land and lake were plagued with pollution and litter.

The history of the center of social life in the community paralleled the community's decline.

Hartlage converted a dairy barn into a community building that Lotze called a "lake-side country club." It was the site of dances and social gatherings. Later, it was turned into Club El Rancho, a tavern and dance club. "When we first moved out here, the club was going pretty good -- Club El Rancho was right over there," Watson said, pointing down the road from her home. "And they had the big bands. We'd sit out on the porch and listen to them, and they really had good crowds."

In 1957, the club was featured in The Courier-Journal as being a forerunner on the music scene, bringing a new brand of music to Louisville called rock 'n' roll.

"A reporter and photographer returned to the relatively tranquil downtown section with their ears buzzing after a call on a recent Friday night at the Club El Rancho . . . ," read the article.

According to Lotze, who with her students interviewed about a dozen residents for

their history project, the club was overrun by a "motorcycle-type gang" in the 1960s and burned down in 1967.

Lotze said some residents speculate that a Lake Dreamland resident torched the place to get rid of the nuisance and noise.

During the '60s a reform movement took hold, led by an activist resident named Charles Jones, also called "Mad Dog Jones." He died in 1987.

"He was a wonderful man," said Lotze. "He was very involved in trying to give a positive image to Lake Dreamland."

The residents formed a community council and worked to get a park and utilities, renovate run-down property and clean up the green areas and the lake.

In April 1983, a neighborhood association incorporated in hopes of gaining eligibility for state and federal programs.

Some cleanup and renovation has been done, and the county blacktopped the roads in recent years. But the lake remains polluted, there are no sewers and some areas still don't have water.

Finally, last year, the county was able to buy the land from the estate of Ed Hartlage, who died in 1980, and it plans to spend $2.1 million improving the area. Although the county will deed the land over to the residents, it has also imposed a death sentence of sorts on the community.

Under county plans, current tenants will own their land. Forty houses will be renovated or replaced by trailers. But the deeds will stipulate that when the current owner or his family leaves, the land will revert to the county.

Because it is in the flood plain, the county plans to turn the property back into a "land trust."

In 30 years or so, "the neighborhood will probably cease to exist," said Sharon Wilbert, director of the county Family and Neighborhood Services Cabinet.

For all its difficulties, the area has commanded many residents' loyalty. Watson said that in 1964, she and her husband bought Hartlage's "homeplace."

"They said a big ol' steamboat captain built this house," Watson said proudly as she sat in a chair in her huge living room with its excellent view of the river.

"We lived in town, and we had six babies . . . so we came out here, and this was the ideal spot," Watson said. "We had the lake and the river. We had a big yard. It was really pretty when we first moved out here."

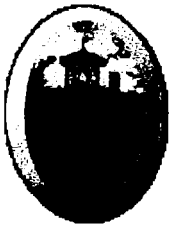
Freddie George, of Overbrook Drive, has lived in the area for 40 years, in three different homes.

George has many fond memories of fishing on the lake; he claims there still are carp, bass, catfish and trout to be caught. He said he also frequently sees river crane, ducks and other wildlife.

"It's a pretty nice and quiet neighborhood," George said. "It's just like one big family down here. We don't have that much problem."

Eddie Brennenstuhl, president of the neighborhood association, has only lived in Lake Dreamland for 10 years, but he said he thinks most residents will stay as long as possible.

"Everybody I know wants to stay here," said Brennenstuhl. "There's a few that pop off and say, 'Buy me out, I'll leave,' but where would they go? . . . Where would they find a house . . . to rent for as cheap?"



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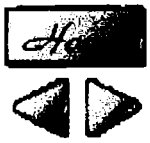


Parkland

BETWEEN UPHEAVALS, AREA THAT BEGAN AS HOMESTEAD SAW RISE OF LITTLE AFRICA, BUSINESS DISTRICT

By John C. Pillow © The Courier-Journal

Homestead, Ky., sounds like a town from the days of Daniel Boone, a peaceful settlement carved out of mountain wilderness.

Actually what was Homestead is now called Parkland and is located in the southern part of the West End officially bounded by 34th Street on the west, Broadway on the north, Woodland Avenue on the south and 26th Street on the east. Homestead first was surveyed in 1871, and the town was incorporated in 1874. In four years, its unofficial boundaries reached as far west as the river and included swamp land later known as Little Africa.

When a building boom hit in 1884, residents changed the name to Parkland to better describe the town's lush beauty.

Soon Parkland became one of Louisville's most prestigious suburbs, and great care was taken to keep it that way.

Under the direction of Mayor Orris Hagerman and a City Council composed of fellow Masons, strict ordinances were enacted that prohibited drinking establishments and factories with "malodorous fumes." A church dotted nearly every corner.

Parkland was thriving.

Then disaster struck on March 27, 1890.

One of the most powerful tornadoes ever recorded in Jefferson County descended upon Parkland. The twister slammed the town with such force that it not only lost most of its of homes, but its independence as well. Devastated by the enormity of the storm and unable to recover on its own, the town saw its council dissolved, and Parkland was annexed by Louisville in 1894.

By the turn of the century, Parkland was not only rebuilt, it was expanded. The

outstanding Victorian, Romanesque, and Queen Anne buildings built before the tornado set the precedent for the renovation. Magnificent mansions appeared, such as the Queen Anne structure at 2815 Virginia Ave. built by local architect L. D. Bailey. Still standing as a private residence, it features horseshoe-shaped wings and a central turret.

Other beautiful residences lined Virginia Avenue and Cypress Street. On Hale Avenue, originally called Bismark, and on Woodland Avenue stood sturdy, working-class buildings: bungalows, shotguns and 2 1/2-story Victorian dwellings.

The stunning houses and pristine, tree-shaded streets of "White Parkland" directly contrasted the wood shacks, leaning shanties and public outhouses of "Black Parkland," most of which was called Little Africa. Located in what is now the Southwick-Cotter Home area, it was southwest of central Parkland and extended as far west as 37th Street.

Joseph Cotter, a writer and former principal of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor School, was born in 1876 and was one of its first citizens. William McGowan, a founding member of Virginia Avenue Baptist Church, was also an early resident.

Many Little Africa residents later built or purchased homes nearby on Woodland Avenue and Hale Avenue to form the rest of black Parkland.

Pharmacist A. J. Duncan opened a drugstore. Duncan later became mayor of Little Africa and headed the Parkland Improvement Club, an organization of black residents "who were not opposed to segregation," and "whose aim was to improve Parkland by laying cinder walks, having mailboxes put up, streets leveled and other movements," according to a letter Cotter wrote to city officials in 1916.

The group was also dedicated to improving blacks' station in life and saw education as the key. Cotter wrote the organization's timeless creed, which says in part:

"Let us lose ourselves in the welfare of our children. May no blot upon our character become a canker upon theirs. The child is the only force that raises or lowers a community. Society has its ebb and flow in the cradle and the school room. He who steals and kills may be reformed behind prison bars, but he who fails to educate his children libels posterity."

In 1916, Little Africa had 700 black homes and the improvement club held a much-publicized 25th-anniversary celebration. Prominent white citizens such as Jefferson County school superintendent Orville J. Stivers and merchant John Buschemeyer sent letters of congratulation.

Little Africa existed for another 32 years. It was bricked over when work began on the Cotter Homes housing project, built specifically as black housing. It was completed in 1953, and Lang Homes was built a few years later.

Little Africa was no more, but it lives on in the minds of many.

"I can barely remember going through there with my dad. People had chickens and pigs. It looked like it used to be old slave tenements," said W. P. Porter, who owns a mortuary on Virginia Avenue and is president of Parkland Alliance, a neighborhood group.

By the time Cotter Homes was finished, Parkland was an active business center with bumper-to-bumper traffic in the area bounded by 26th Street, 28th Street, Dumesnil Street and Virginia.

"It was just about the busiest spot in town, next to Fourth Street," said Willard Downs, operator of the Parkland Gulf Station, 2714 Dumesnil St., since 1959. "There was just about every type of shop you could name -- theaters, bakeries, hardware stores, a bank, a record store."

Most shop owners leased their buildings from Israel Siry. Florence Lebby, Siry's granddaughter, said she and her family have fond memories of Parkland.

"My grandfather always said it was touched by God. He really loved Parkland. There was so much going on here. Every kind of business you could name. It was a world of its own," Lebby said.

"It was a tremendous business district. If you wanted to shop here, you had to park your car four blocks away," Downs said. "Parkland was thriving."

But in the spring of 1968, disaster struck again. Seventy-eight years after the town of Parkland was destroyed by a tornado, the Parkland neighborhood was hit by a cyclone of a different sort -- man-made mayhem -- but with results no less severe.

The Rev. Martin Luther King had been assassinated in April. Racial tensions were at powder-keg level in cities around the country, and Louisville was no exception.

On May 28 James Cortez, a former aide to Stokely Carmichael and a national Black Power advocate, held an afternoon rally at 28th and Greenwood, an area of pool halls and juke joints that was a popular hangout.

After what police described as an "inflammatory speech" by Cortez, the fuse was light and the dynamite exploded: Rioting erupted, store windows were smashed and their contents whisked away.

Two teen-agers were killed. James Groves Jr., 14, of 32nd Street, was shot by police, and 19-year-old Washington Browder, of 30th Street, was killed by a liquor store owner. Police said both were looting.

Vivian Landrum, who lives on Cypress, was in her second-grade class at Parkland Elementary when the rioting started.

"I knew something was wrong because I always walked home from school, but the teachers made my mother come and get me that day, and she got me and some of my friends," Landrum, 28, said. "There were police and soldiers everywhere. That night the whole neighborhood was blacked out and the National Guard was

running all through our yard. We didn't go back to school for a week."

The troops occupied Parkland for seven days, and afterward stores again were looted. Business owners complained bitterly that the guardsmen had left too soon.

Within a short time the merchants -- the few who had bothered to rebuild -- left. Only the Parkland Gulf Station remains from the pre-riot days. Frances Friel, who was a clerk at Hines & Sons Hardware store on Dumesnil before the riots, went into business with George Stovall two weeks after the riots. The Friel and Stovall Hardware and Variety Store at 1213 S. 28th St. is a stone's throw away from the old store.

"As a white person during that time I had to go in partnership with a black person to stay in business," said Friel, 65, who explained that if you didn't paint "Soul Brother" on the door, the rioters would burn it down.

"I decided I wanted to stay. I wasn't going to let a few bad apples turn me away from a place that I loved and that I knew had good people.

"I love it down here. I always have," said Friel, who has a home in Okolona but lives mostly at the store.

Downs, 53, feels the same way.

"The only reason why I have stayed down here this long is because of the people," he explained. "I would rather be here than any place in town."

In 1980 the business district was made a local preservation district, and the neighborhood was placed on the National Register of Historic Places. The historicial designation has spurred limited renovations, with developers enticed by investment credits and homeowners attracted by low-interest loans.

"There is a big difference now. Some of the old houses have either been removed or renovated. The area isn't nearly as blighted as it once was," Downs said.

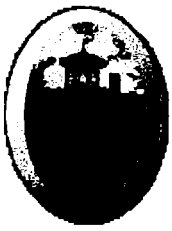
Derbytown Developers, a local firm, has been charged by the Louisville Urban Renewal Commission with jump-starting the district. New plans call for investment of at least $6 million for 60 apartments, about 15,000 square feet of offices and a medical center.

Woodrow Boggs, president of Derbytown Developers, said work should start in the spring.

Parkland residents say tomorrow wouldn't be soon enough.

"I hope I live to see the changes," Friel said. "It is something that I have prayed for, for a long time."

John Pillow has lived in Parkland since 1982.



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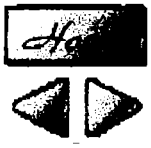


Shively

SPIRITED APPROACH TO ISSUES EMBODIED IN DISTILLERY BATTLE

By Bill Pike © The Courier-Journal

Shively was a little town with big ideas 50 years ago. A week after it incorporated on May 20, 1938, the city's trustees annexed eight distilleries that Louisville wanted, igniting a fight with its big neighbor.

While Shively eventually won, the annexation set the stage for a history that often has sizzled with political fights and controversy. But on the other side of the "Lively Shively" nickname are neat lawns, full churches, pride and civic involvement.

"For a long time the motto was, 'Pay your taxes, go to church and mind your own business,' " said Doris Tarpley, who has lived in Shively for more than 40 years.

The two strands of Shively's history -- serious politics and community stability -- tell of proud people with old-fashioned values.

"I fought in World War II, and I love my country," said L.G. Smith, who flies the American flag in his well-tended yard on Quinn Drive.

It all began when Christian Shively settled near the present Seventh Street Road-Dixie Highway intersection in the 1780s. Slowly, vegetable farmers, many of them German Catholics who were thrifty, clannish, neat and proud settled on the rich soil.

"Much of what this city is goes back to those Germans," said the Rev. Gerald Timmel, pastor of St. Helen Catholic Church, which was founded in 1897 at Dixie Highway and Crums Lane.

Several small stores soon formed the center of a community called St. Helen's.

When the area got its first post office in 1902, residents wanted to name the facility St. Helens. But another Kentucky post office had that name, so it became the Shively Post Office.

When Shively incorporated as a sixth-class city the name stuck. The city had 1,035 residents and St. Helen church was at its center.

Many residents wanted to form the city because they needed services, said Henry Scamahorne, of St. Joseph Avenue, a member of the original Board of Trustees.

Executives of distilleries on Seventh Street Road also wanted the area incorporated so Shively could annex them and keep them out of Louisville, with its higher taxes.

In short order, Louisville officials discovered the week-old city had annexed $20 million worth of distilleries. --

In the late 1940s Louisville struck back, annexing a mile-wide strip around Shively, which could have ended its growth if it hadn't been shot down in court.

The stakes in the annexation maneuvers were considerable. Shively officials proudly said their city, with its $25 million tax base, was Kentucky's richest.

By 1960, more annexation and the post-World War II building boom had given Shively 15,000 residents and the distinction of being Kentucky's fastest-growing city during the '50s, according to U.S. Census Bureau figures. But Shively's financial well -- the distilleries -- dried up by the early 1970s as declining sales and changes in state whiskey and property-tax laws drove most of the distilleries away, Mayor Bill O'Daniel said. Also, federal money was cut during the 1980s, and Pleasure Ridge Park residents fought a 1984 annexation attempt until Shively gave up.

The controversy that surrounded the annexation illustrated something else about Shively: Its politics are often divisive.

"If you get into politics out here, you have to be tough," said Evelyn Glass, who in 1972 became the only Republican ever elected to the City Council and who served through 1974.

In 1965, for example, exiting Mayor Joseph Davis and the council expanded the eight-person council to 12, packing it with members who sided with Davis.

The new mayor, O'Daniel, refused to recognize the additional members, and at meetings only eight glasses of water were set out. A court decision later upheld O'Daniel's view.

Campaigns for city government grew especially rough in 1981, as allegations flew over claims of vandalism to campaign signs and reports of threats. Also, the Shively Newsweek editor said he was roughed up over campaign coverage.

The Kentucky State Police watched over the polls to ensure a fair election, and voting day ended without incident.

Shively's image ----then received a knockout punch in 1984, when former Police

Chief Michael Donio pleaded guilty to extortion charges and received a five-year prison sentence and a $10,000 fine.

Donio admitted he took money for allowing prostitution and other vice at the old Red Garter Lounge on Seventh Street Road.

"People still talk about it. It had a very negative impact on the city's self-image," said the Rev. Joe O'Quinn, pastor of Rockford Lane Baptist Church.

He said the Donio episode left the city with a bad name that's unfair to Shively's "good people."

The Shively many of its residents value is far from the rough-and-tumble politics and the Seventh Street Road strip joints.

Bill Conley, who has lived in Shively for 48 years, recalls Saturday-night dinners at Ernstberger's Tavern, which until the late 1960s was across Dixie Highway from Bacon's Shively Center.

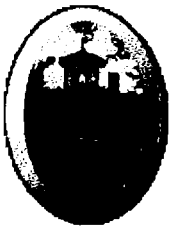
"Their chili and bean soup, oh Lordy! And their bratwursts were out of this world," said Conley, of East Lane.

Conley also recalled a woman who came to the old Shively Police court one night seeking a divorce.

"I told her, 'Don't get divorced,' " said Conley, who was then bailiff. " 'You'll just end up with another man just as bad. Keep the one you have and train him.' "

The woman never came back.

"We have a good old Shively out here," said Conley, who later served as judge. "We do what needs to be done."



A Place in Time

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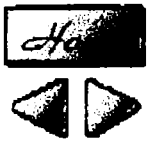


Waverly

TUBERCULOSIS HOSPITAL WAS HEART OF AN ISOLATED COMMUNITY, INSPIRING LOYALTY IN PATIENTS, STAFF

By Beverly Bartlett © The Courier-Journal

In the first half of this century, the Waverly Hills Tuberculosis Sanatorium gave a lot to the neighborhood below it.

Cinders from its boiler room paved a portion of East Pages Lane beginning at Dixie Highway. And almost every family near the intersection found some employment there.

The hospital was built on a mountain ridge off Dixie Highway in 1911 through the efforts of several prominent Louisvillians who were concerned about the spread and treatment of tuberculosis. Over the years, the neighborhood around it acquired the name.

But the hospital no longer operates there, and these days the area is known as Waverly Hills to only a very few.

Most of the hospital buildings that still stand are vacant and nearly hidden from the road below. However, a few of the houses once used by doctors are now private residences on East Pages Lane.

The entrances to the hospital have been closed off, but residents say teen-agers walk up there anyway. Charles Severs, a Valley Station physician who now owns the main hospital building, has reported extensive vandalism.

And Kenneth Wade Fey, a lifelong resident of the area, said that even the hospital's name is slipping away. People refer to their neighborhood now as Pleasure Ridge Park, he said.

But the hospital left a legacy -- a quiet, woodsy backdrop for the neighborhood, land for a park and a golf course, and a colorful, if occasionally morbid, history.

When the hospital opened in 1911, it had 8 patients, but it soon reached its capacity of 40. At the time, Jefferson County had one of the country's highest rates of tuberculosis, a highly contagious, sometimes fatal lung disease characterized by

coughing, hemorrhaging, fever and shortness of breath.

And the hospital, which offered plenty of bed rest and fresh air as well as some surgical methods of treating the disease, was thought to be an excellent facility. In 1924, the hospital was expanded to house 400 patients.

Many people died at the hospital, and because hospital officials were concerned that the sight of hearses would be bad for morale the bodies were sent to the bottom of the hill through a steam tunnel.

The steam kept the tunnel warm and was also used by employees who needed to walk up the hill during the winter. Fey remembers that he and other children would go into the tunnel to warm up after sledding. The entrances to the tunnel have been blocked off, but it still exists underground, Severs said.

As the number of patients and workers grew, a community developed on the hospital grounds. Most employees lived there. Some shared large homes, while doctors had private residences for their families. A dormitory-type building was constructed for nurses.

Almost all the employees' needs were met on the premises. The doctors and staff could order groceries from the hospital's storeroom and make other purchases at the gift shop. The hospital raised hogs for a while to provide meat. A bus made daily stops, and a former patient began making taxi runs there, said Mary Steele, a one-time patient and employee of the hospital.

The hospital also held Protestant and Catholic church services each week, and some employees and patients naturally made friends at their home on the hill. Steele met her husband, Douglas, while they were both patients. After they recovered they continued to work at the hospital and lived in a large house with some other employees.

"We were all a big happy family," said Steele, who now lives on Manslick Road.

Stolla Prewitt also met her husband at the hospital, where she worked for more than 17 years. When she came to Waverly Hills in 1941 as a young nurse, she knew nothing about the surrounding area. And because she worked 6 1/2 days a week, she rarely had time to venture off the mountain ridge.

Prewitt, who now lives on Hi-View Lane, remembers walking through the grounds and looking out over Dixie Highway. She watched the scattered homes and wondered who lived there and what their lives were like.

"We only knew the community of the hospital," she said.

The community that stirred Prewitt's curiosity was a quiet farming area that didn't become urbanized until after World War II, said Fey, who lived at the intersection of Pages Lane and Dixie Highway.

In the late '20s or early '30s, Fey's mother would travel up Dixie Highway to take

vegetables to the city. In later years, she told her son that she knew every family that she passed on the way.

Fey, who was born in the early '30s, remembers delivering papers as a child. He covered an 18-mile route that included all of Greenwood and Johnsontown roads, a large portion of Dixie Highway and several side streets. He served 103 customers.

"There was nobody here," he said.

Most of the area was farmland. His father and other locals would earn extra money by working in the hospital's boiler room or making rounds of the hospital grounds.

Fey said the only other business in the area was a dairy owned by the Hettinger family. It was named Chesterfield Dairy, and before the name Waverly Hills took hold some residents referred to the area as Chesterfield Station, Fey said. There wasn't an actual train station there, but trains did stop to pick up milk.

As the hospital grew, the Waverly Hills reference became predominant in the neighborhood. Although the buildings can't be easily seen from Dixie Highway, the main entrance to the hospital begins near the intersection of Dixie and Pages, where an apartment complex and mobile-home dealership now sit.

Eventually the need for sanitariums diminished when researchers discovered streptomycin, an antibiotic that could be used to treat tuberculosis patients at home.

The hospital closed in 1961, and its patients were transferred to Hazelwood Tuberculosis Sanitarium in the South End. Some hospital employees also ended up at Hazelwood and some got jobs at a nursing home that opened at the Waverly Hills site, but Fey said many people were left without work.

Shortly thereafter, more than 100 acres behind the hospital were turned into Waverly Park, which currently totals about 300 acres and includes the nine-hole Bobby Nichols Golf Course. Some higher-priced subdivisions have been built along Arnoldtown and Third Street roads in the Waverly Park area.

The nursing home at Waverly Hills was closed by the state in 1980, allegedly for poor patient care.

The grounds were purchased from the state in 1983 by J. Clifford Todd, a Simpsonville developer who along with Frankfort architect Milton Thompson wanted to house a prison at the site. When state officials rejected that idea, largely because of public outcry, the owner considered building apartments there. That idea also fell through and the land was sold in three parcels in 1986.

Severs bought 29 acres that included the main hospital and some smaller buildings. The other parcels were sold to Mack Dickerson of Glasgow, Ky., and Thompson. Although all three want to develop the land, no definite plans have been announced.

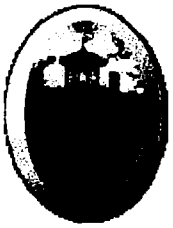
But the current silence and emptiness of the Waverly Hills grounds belies the memories that employees have of that place.

Douglas Steele remembers it fondly as a place that changed his life.

He entered thinking he didn't have much chance to live. He was a patient for more than five years, but when he left the hospital he was healthy and married, and he had a new career. He worked at the radiology department after he recovered and works with the county health department today.

And when the Steeles remember the hospital, they talk of people playing practical jokes on each other and patients reportedly sneaking out to go to concerts. They remember a community filled with life and laughter and visitors.

Each afternoon everyone -- even staff -- rested for a couple hours before visitors arrived. During that time, the hospital was silent, but it sprang to life quickly, Mary Steele said. "As soon as 3 o'clock came, you could hear feet pattering down the hallway coming to see their people."



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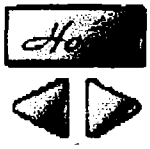


Wilder Park

RAILROAD WORKERS WEAVED A SOCIAL FABRIC THAT'S BEEN TIGHTLY KNIT AND LONG-LASTING

By Bill Pike © The Courier-Journal

When Georgia Dorsett was a child in the 1920s, she and her friends often skated and played catch and hide-and-seek in the streets of Wilder Park.

"The adults would sit on the porches and watch us and talk. I remember looking up and seeing them many times," Dorsett said. "We never played unattended. It was mostly women watching us and talking -- our mothers. Most of the men worked on the railroad and were out of town." That vignette from long ago sums up what Wilder Park was -- and still is -- all about: a close-knit neighborhood of neat homes and working-class families.

"I grew up in this house," said Dorsett, now a widow in her 70s living in what used to be her parents' home. "I've never known anything but Wilder Park."

Other longtime residents say the neighborhood, roughly bounded by Third Street, the Watterson Expressway, the CSX railroad tracks and Central Avenue, hasn't changed much since the first homes were built nearly 90 years ago. The area is still mostly residential, with some businesses and industry around its fringes.

"It doesn't look too terribly much different, not at all," said A.B. Roman, who has lived in Wilder Park for more than 40 years.

Wilder Park's story began in 1891, when real-estate agent Angus Allmond began laying out streets in the area owned by and named for a woman named Wilder Collis.

However, due to various delays, no homes were built until 1901, said Leonard Francisco, a maintenance mechanic who researched Wilder Park history for a class at the University of Louisville.

Collis, a woman of means who lived in a downtown hotel, often checked on the developing subdivision.

"Nearly every evening she and her coachman would go to Wilder Park," Francisco

said. "There was a gate at the entrance, and after the gateman would open the gate, Mrs. Wilder would flip him a coin."

An 1892 magazine advertisement gave a glowing account of the neighborhood-to-be.

"Wilder Park has hexagon Block Pavements, City Water at City Rates, Street Car Facilities, 5 Cent Fare to any part of Louisville, no City Taxes, Building Restrictions, Broad Avenues, and Beautiful Shade Trees."

Wilder Park also had a clubhouse, where some Civil War veterans had a big reunion in 1895.

"It was the Grand Army of the Republic. They fed burgoo to 100,000 people," Francisco said.

"I have a picture of them cooking burgoo in trenches. They were cooking in huge pots in trenches. They cooked something like 50 beeves, 600 sheep and 120 shoats, which are young swine."

Most of Wilder Park was developed by 1920, and Louisville annexed it in 1922, said Carl Kramer, who runs a business called Kentuckiana Historical Research and has written about southern Louisville history. So much for no city taxes.

Originally, Second Street was named Wilder Boulevard, and the area's east-west streets were named for letters of the alphabet.

"The deed to my house says I live on T Street," Dorsett said. Many of the streets were renamed for members of the Wilder family, such as Collins Court, which was named for Wilder's sister, Ruth Collins, said Francisco, who lives in Pleasure Ridge Park.

Many early residents worked for the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Co., which built a yard just east of Wilder Park in 1905.

"All this was around here was railroaders," said Dorsett, whose father was a conductor. "That's about all that lived here then."

Most of the railroaders had blue-collar jobs, as boilermakers, switchmen and brakemen. "We didn't have many executives," Dorsett said.

The railroaders grew close because they lived and worked side by side. And the closeness has endured.

"We all have a key to everybody's house, so if something happens we can get in," Dorsett said. "Besides, if I lock myself out, I can always find a key."

Wilder Park was an exciting place for youngsters during the 1920s and '30s, she said.

"There was Bluebird Valley. That was a woods between Fairmont and Florence , and some people had shacks in there. We weren't supposed to play in the woods because our mothers thought something would happen to us, but you know kids." The woods later lost out to houses.

Dorsett and her friends also weren't supposed to talk to hobos in the railroad yard, but they did so anyway.

"Some kids would take food over there and eat with the hobos. The hobos were real kind to us. They liked to talk to us because they were away from their homes and children. It was during the Depression and they were looking for work."

Dorsett also recalled the old Bronner's Grocery, at Second Street and Kenton Avenue, where she worked as a clerk when she was a teen-ager.

"Mr. Bronner was good to the neighborhood," she said. "If a family had a death, he always sent them groceries."

The hottest spot in Wilder Park for teen-agers was the old Cozy Theater, which was on Third Street near Central Avenue until it closed in 1965.

"The Cozy! Now that was the Saturday-afternoon thing to do," Dorsett said. "I saw movies with Tom Mix and Hoot Gibson and people like that. You got in for a nickel in the late '20s."

Thirty years later, Marjorie Nachand watched Audrey Hepburn on the big screen. Well, sometimes she watched.

"We used to sneak up in the balcony with our little boyfriends and hug and kiss," said Nachand, another lifelong Wilder Park resident. "An usher would come up and run us out."

The soda fountain at Demling's Pharmacy, which was at 3781 Southern Parkway until it closed during the '60s, was another spot for gathering.

"Cherry cokes at the fountain -- I remember them," Nachand said. "Nowadays they come in cans and they aren't the same."

"My boys used to go down there to Demling's and get things you can't get now -- shakes and things at the fountain," Pauline Simmons said.

Simmons' sons also entertained themselves in Huston Quin Park, at First Street and Fairmont Avenue, which was named for a Louisville mayor during the '20s.

"My little boys -- one's 50 now, and one's 40 -- used to put up tents in Huston Quin and camp out down there all night," Simmons said. "There's no telling what would happen if boys tried that now, even in a quiet neighborhood like this."

Dad's Sandwich Shop, which was at 3801 Southern Parkway until it closed during the '50s, was a popular spot to eat.

"They used to roast chicken over an open fire on spits. It smelled so good," Dorsett said.

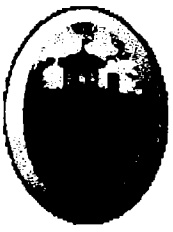
Simmons worked at the restaurant during the late '40s and early '50s. "When the Amphitheater was booming, that's when I worked there," she said. "I made 75 cents an hour, including tips."

Francisco, who went to the Wilder Park Festival in 1986 to talk to residents about the area's history, said the people were open and friendly.

"They talked my head off," Francisco said. "They're hard-working, honest, church-going, friendly people."

And if many of the old-timers are gone, similar-spirited newcomers are taking their places -- such as Mike Jupin, director of South Louisville Community Ministries, who moved to Wilder Park 12 years ago.

"It's still hard-working, blue-collar people," Jupin said. "This neighborhood is holding its own and maybe getting stronger. When I bought my house, I was the youngest person on the block. Now about half the block is people in their 20s or 30s."



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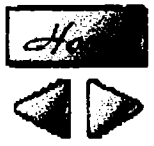


Anchorage

EDWARD HOBBS' ACTIONS GAVE TOWN STRONG ROOTS FOR GROWTH; RIVER CAPTAIN PROVIDED NAME

By John Ed Pearce © The Courier-Journal

Much of the history of Anchorage revolves around Edward Hobbs, a surveyor, architect, builder, naturalist and businessman who moved to Anchorage in 1844. His mark is still indelibly on the town. He planted hundreds of trees along the winding lanes of the early village He was also president of the Louisville-to-Frankfort Short Line railroad that came through Anchorage in 1849 (it later became part of the Louisville & Nashville), and the depot gave the community its first name, Hobbs Station.

Martin Brengman settled near what is now Anchorage in 1794, and 61 years later his granddaughter married retired riverboat captain James Goslee, who brought with him an old anchor that he placed on his front lawn on Evergreen Road. He declared that he had found his final anchorage.

Goslee was killed in 1875 by one of Hobbs' trains, and when the town was incorporated three years later, it was named after his home.

Part of Anchorage's charm stems from the survival of so many of the big homes of its original settlers. On Lucas Lane, the Ken and Julie Sales family live in the beautiful log house Isaac Hite built in 1778 after he returned from fighting with Daniel Boone and George Rogers Clark.

In the post-Civil War era, the area boasted three private schools. Bellewood Seminary, a finishing school for girls, flourished, then slowly lost enrollment and was converted into the Presbyterian Children's Home. Pine Hill Boarding School for Boys on Lucas Lane is now a residence.

The Forest Military Academy was ravaged by fire and eventually sold. Between 1880 and 1900 Anchorage became a favorite site of summer homes for wealthy Louisvillians. The train station is almost the only reminder of the old interurban railroad, which kept Anchorage from becoming simply a cluster of summer homes and helped it to become a real town. In 1900 Percival Moore, a rich Anchorage resident, founded the Louisville, Anchorage & PeWee Electric Railway, known thereafter as the interurban.

Before the interurban, people working in Louisville had to wait for the infrequent L&N runs or endure a 20-mile buggy ride. The interurban put them in downtown Louisville in time for work and got them home for dinner. Anchorage sprouted more year-round homes. Two years later the town board voted to hire a policeman. By 1909 a committee was investigating ways to get city water.

But perhaps the most significant spot in Anchorage is the area around the post office, near the corner of Bellewood and Ridge roads. Just to the west of the post office stands the gray stucco structure known as the insurance building, while across the railroad tracks, built in the same style of architecture, stands the school.

Log Cabin Lane gets its name from the cabin, still standing, that John McMichael built in 1840. Evergreen Road is named for the estate of Edward Hobbs, and the James Hannah home, built before L&N Railroad tracks cut through his front yard, is now the City Hall.

If there was a red-letter year for Anchorage, it was probably 1911, when the Citizens National Life Insurance Co. arrived and built what has since been known as the insurance building. Taxes paid by the company enabled the town to develop the Anchorage Graded and High School, which has been the heart of the town ever since.

It got another windfall in 1916, when the Southern Pacific Railroad moved its corporate headquarters into the insurance building. The tax yield was a boon to Anchorage, enabling it to keep taxes low and services high, and to maintain a fine school.

"We had perhaps the finest school in the state," Mayor Peyton Hoge III recalled. "Many of the faculty members were qualified to teach in college. We had a great football team."

But the good times faded somewhat with the Depression. In 1932 the Southern Pacific moved its offices to Woodford County. The tax loss forced the school to cut expenses sharply for the first time.

"Money from the Southern Pacific built our school," said resident May Jones, "and when the railroad moved, it took the icing from the cake. We still had the insurance company, and its taxes kept us on a high level for a while, but when it left, we had to fall back on ourselves, had to raise taxes sharply."

And in 1937 the interurban stopped running. "The competition of cars and buses was too much," Hoge said. "It's ironic. Think of the business it could do today."

In the years after World War II, the town's attractiveness threatened to become its undoing. Little-lot subdivisions were springing up around the county. Several people in Anchorage began attempts to develop their land into small tracts. Anchorage was torn by battles to preserve its big lots and to prevent encroachment by industry.

Citizens turned their guns on an effort by William Reynolds to locate a

headquarters-research unit of the Reynolds Metals Co. north of town, roughly where E. P. "Tom" Sawyer State Park is now. It was not an official action, but so much opposition was generated that Reynolds abandoned the plan, then moved his headquarters, and his home, to Richmond, Va.

Fears of such intrusion later came true when the Ford truck plant was built on Chamberlain Lane, just northeast of the city.

"We didn't want the Ford plant," said Hoge. "It was rammed down our throats. They put it just far enough away so that we couldn't annex it and get any taxes from it, but we got all the headaches."

Suddenly, a flood of workers and equipment for the plant poured through Anchorage, which doubled the size of its seven-man police force and set out to slow down the traffic. In a year, police court fines rose from $3,500 to $45,000.

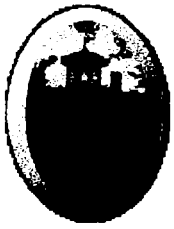
An even more bitter fight erupted when George Egger, a prominent resident and major landowner, proposed 160 homes along Lucas Lane.

"Before 1960," said Mildred Ewen, "people here didn't really appreciate what they had. Then George Egger planned to build homes on little, half-acre lots. He would have had his own sewage-treatment plant, and the effluent would have run right through town toward the lake on Lakeland Road.

"I called the Preservation Alliance, and John Allen surveyed our town and selected houses for preservation. Mary Oppel helped us put together an application for designation as a Historic District, and we were so designated by the Interior Department. That made the developers realize that they would have substantial opposition."

City Hall also wheeled into action.

"We had a public meeting, and over 70 percent of the people opposed the plan," recalled Hoge. "That was during my first year as mayor. After the meeting Mrs. Egger came up to me and said, 'Peyton, I hear they don't pay you anything to be mayor. Well, I want you to know you're worth every penny of it.'



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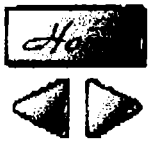


Ballardsville

LOFTY POSITION IS BEFITTING FOR BAPTIST CHURCH THAT HAS BEEN REFERENCE POINT IN CITY HISTORY

By Kim Chappell © The Courier-Journal

Ballardsville Baptist Church sits atop a hill overlooking the town, seeming to keep watch.

The history of this quiet farming community is entwined with that of the church, founded in 1827 as Hopewell Baptist. Even today, the church stands as a symbol of the town's simple charms, despite encroaching development at its borders with La Grange, and Henry and Shelby counties. The town name first appeared in Oldham court documents in 1828, the year generally recognized as its founding. It was known as a crossroads then because portions of it then were in Shelby, Henry and Oldham counties. It was named in honor of Bland William Ballard, a pioneer and Indian fighter who came to the area in 1779.

The Baptist church was founded by William Kellar, beginning as an offshoot of La Grange Baptist Church. When formed in 1827, there were two branches; the first met at Fible Lane, the second at the old Lick Branch meeting house. It was in that one-room log cabin that the first service of the church was held.

The branches were combined in 1837 with the opening of Ballardsville Baptist, at the intersection of KY 22 and KY 53.

A fire on March 17, 1946, apparently caused by a faulty kerosene heater, destroyed much of the old frame building. By the following August, another cornerstone was laid, and renovation got under way. During construction, services were held in the basement of the old church.

Ballardsville's old-timers like to remind newcomers that the church has always been an integral part of the community.

"We kinda warn them about the church," said Mary Bruce Caldwell, who has lived in Ballardsville with her husband, John, for 52 years. "We don't preach at them, but just we tell them how we feel about it.

"We feel like the church has grown up with us," she continued. "For us older folks,

it has served as a kind of stability."

For many like Caldwell, Ballardsville's history still seems tied to happenings at the church.

For example, when Caldwell talks of the closing of Ballardsville Elementary School in 1968, she remembers it as "a bad year all around. . . . That was the year they took our school away, and the year one of our pastors died."

The majority of residents still farm for a living, and generations have grown up there. Caldwell said residents think of the town as an extended family.

"We've always worked together, and I think that's one of the ways we're different from city folk," she said during a recent interview at her 535-acre farm on East KY 22. "That's something we notice about people that move in. You try to get them to speak or to wave -- you know, be friendly with them -- but it seems like they're a little bit different."

Caldwell concedes that times have changed.

"Well, take for instance, years ago when the first phone route came through here," she said. "We were the last people out this way that got a telephone, and there were six on our party line. Many times, when we went away, we left the house unlocked so our neighbors who did not have a phone, and who might get sick and need to call the doctor for help, could come in and use the telephone. But you wouldn't dare do that now."

Still, in contrast to the controversy last year concerning the redistricting of Oldham County schools, Ballardsville residents took the closing of their only school -- Ballardsville Elementary -- in stride.

Overcrowding at the school and a need to find a larger home for the local school board offices led to the school's closing in May 1968. The students were sent to Crestwood and La Grange elementaries, schools superintendent Robert Arvin said. The Oldham County Board of Education moved its offices there later that year.

Alton Ross of La Grange, who was superintendent of Oldham County schools at the time, said "a few people were disappointed," but that "for the most part, they understood the need."

But when talk about building an airport near Ballardsville circulated in the early 1970s, residents got fired up.

In 1963, officials with the Louisville-Jefferson County Air Board had begun looking into ways to ease projected air-traffic increases at Standiford Field.

Rather than expand Standiford Field, officials explored the possibility of building a huge "jetport" outside Jefferson County -- somewhere within the Louisville-Indianapolis-Cincinnati air corridor -- to accommodate commercial air traffic in those cities.

In 1970, after Cincinnati officials declined to put the jetport there, the Air Board decided to build the facility somewhere on the outskirts of Jefferson County. Two sites were proposed -- Finchville in Shelby County and land near Mount Zion Road in Ballardsville.

In 1973, after months of debate between airport officials and angry residents near the proposed sites, the idea was dropped.

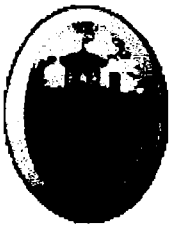
"I think the idea died because the cost was just too excessive," said Oldham Planning and Zoning Administrator Joe Schoenbaechler. "It was too expensive to start from scratch and to put an airport that far away from Louisville."

But Schoenbaechler added that the "screaming and yelling" of many Ballardsville residents also helped stop the project.

Caldwell agreed, noting that the controversy "kept everybody stirred up for quite a while.

"And just thinking about it makes you worry, you know?" she said. "I mean, even though people say, 'Well, they'll pay you a good price for your land,' you really don't want to leave after you've lived in one place for so long.

"And I think about how it would be to come down the highway and not see anything familiar. Maybe just one tree or one little hollowed place would be about all you could go by to tell where something stood."



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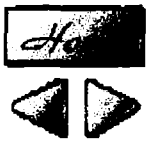


Crestwood

RAILS PUT FARMING COMMUNITY ON THE TRACK TO COMMERCIAL AND RESIDENTIAL DEVELOPMENT

By Kim Chappell © The Courier-Journal

In the early 1900s, railroad conductors on Louisville & Nashville trains chugging through the heart of Crestwood would shout the name "WHISKERS!" as they passed through.

Milton Carl Stoess Sr., a longtime resident of the area, said the city's nickname stems from Crestwood's previous name, Beard's Station, in honor of Joe Beard. Although the railroad brought that less-than-dignified nickname to the community, it also brought commerce and new residents. Both the Louisville and Frankfort rail line, laid in 1851, and the Interurban Railway, laid in 1905, precipitated growth in Crestwood.

And still today, Crestwood attracts city dwellers from Louisville -- now usually travelling out Interstate 71 in cars -- making it one of Oldham County's fastest growing commercial and residential hubs.

According to a 1974 Oldham Era article, Beard became one of the area's first transplants when he bought 263 acres on Floyds Fork in 1839 and moved there from Fayette County. His home, called Woodland Cottage, was on what is now Waldeck Farm on KY 22.

In October 1850, Beard bought a tract of land containing "two acres and 16 poles" where the railroad and KY 329 intersect and built a warehouse. When the tracks were finished in 1851, the warehouse became the railroad station. Prior to the railroad days, travel to and from the small farming community was by stagecoach. According to an Oldham Era article written during the 1940s by Lou C. Clore, Samuel Grimes ran a stage coach from La Grange to Louisville, "a round trip of 52 miles, in one day, over a dirt road. Two trips were made weekly."

The railroad shifted much of the area's development to Crestwood from Floydsburg, which did not have a railroad.

Several sources agree that Crestwood was established in 1857, although no one is sure of the significance of that date. In any case, it was primarily a rural

community at that time.

L & N acquired the railroad and in 1881 built a new depot at Beard's Station, where it had a stock pen and a ramp for loading cattle and sheep. That building was used by the South Oldham Fire and Rescue Squad until 1979, when it was demolished. The fire department built a new station across the street.

When the Interurban Railway from Louisvillle was completed, it brought more commerce to the area -- including a livery stable, distilleries, a creamery, grocery stores, a meat market and a bank.

It also carried freight.

Around 1920, "we shipped cream by the electric railroad from Brownsboro to Peru (now Glenmary)," said Helen Yager, 92, who moved from Brownsboro to Crestwood around 1950.

Yager also remembers as a teen-ager making the trip from Brownsboro to Crestwood to bowl or visit the town's ice cream fountain. Usually she'd walk but "sometimes we'd ride horse-and-buggy and sometimes we'd ride horseback." To accommodate the growing number of visitors to Crestwood, Robert Yager built a hotel in 1908. Until 1975 when it was razed, the hotel building was used for doctors' offices and a beauty shop.

Some of the new residents did not take kindly to the city's "Whiskers" nickname. In 1909, its name was changed to Crestwood.

Around that time, Beard Deposit Bank, which started in a two-story house on KY 146 in 1893, changed its name to Crestwood State Bank. Today the bank stands on the same lot.

Stoess, 75, has lived in the area all his life and said the name "Crestwood" probably stems from the fact that the city lies "right on the crest of a ridge."

"And the railroad track runs right up through that ridge," he said in a recent interview. "If you let a drop of water land on one of those rails, and let it splash, half of it would go into Curry's Fork and Floyds Fork and the other half would go into Harrods Creek. That's the divider. Plus, at that time the city was wooded, so hence the name."

Around the turn of the century, elementary school was held in a Baptist Church on Floydsburg Road before locating in the former Crestwood Elementary, which still stands on KY 22.

The high school was built nearby in the 1920s and continued there until Oldham County High School was built in 1953.

Raymond Lowry, a lifelong resident of Crestwood, was in the 4th grade at Crestwood Elementary when the high school was built. He said until then, high school was held in a two-room house in Centerfield.

One of the most memorable events in the city's history was also related to the railroad.

In 1968, a freight train derailed at the junction of KY 146 and KY 22 when a steel pipe stored on one of the cars came loose and fell between the car and the track. Rocket propellant stored in another car caught fire, setting off a massive explosion. The huge orange fireballs could be seen for miles and landed on several buildings, sparking several fires.

"When that car caught fire, those rocket propellants just took off," Stoess said. "It lit up the whole sky around here. One of my friends who runs a dairy farm out here about three miles out of Crestwood thought the end of the world had come."

No one was killed in the blaze.

Stoess said that during his childhood, residents depended on the railroad and farming.

"We used to ship a lot of potatoes out of here," he said. "All the kids used to gather up here and have potato fights. I think that's where I got my first black eye."

Another product that figures prominently in Crestwood's history is orchard grass seed. Oldham County was considered the top producer in the country -- and possibly the world -- of the seed until the late 1960s, and an annual festival was started in 1952 in honor of it. The national Orchard Grass Festival soon included a much-touted beauty pageant as well. It continued into the mid-1960s.

Before the community incorporated in 1970, the Crestwood Civic Club took it upon itself to make public improvements.

The first project for the club, which started in 1914 and is still exists today, was to build a sidewalk in front of the post office. In 1917, it installed a warning bell at the railroad crossing and in 1927 its members installed the city's first street lights.

An influential town figure around the turn of the century was Alexander E. Duncan, whose family settled in the nearby Floydsburg area in the 18th century. Duncan, born in 1878, operated a store in Crestwood until 1903 when he moved to Cincinnati. In 1912 he founded Commercial Credit Corp., which later become one of the largest credit firms in the country.

Years later, he returned to the Crestwood area to build a monument to his late wife -- Flora Ross Duncan. The chapel, Duncan Memorial Chapel, was built on the community cemetery grounds in 1936 and is still used for weddings and special ceremonies.

An important part of Crestwood's development was the struggle for construction of utilities. Efforts to bring public water spanned nearly 30 years and finally succeeded on Sept. 1, 1965.

One of the first large residential developments in the area, Stoess said, was the

Clorecrest subdivision, built in the late 1960s after the city hooked on to public water.

"That was the first subdivision to have water. From then on out, the subdividers came in droves."

Crestwood was incorporated in 1970, and since then has seen continued development.

Stoess and his brother, Clayton, were among the primary reasons for that development.

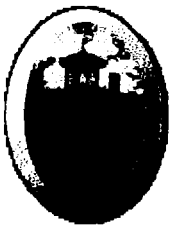
Today, the Stoess brothers own a majority of the commercial property in the center of town, including a funeral home, hardware store and furniture store. They also own much of the property across the street from the funeral home, property that houses a drug store, supermarket, several shops and a gas station.

Both Stoess and Robert J. Deibel Jr., an area businessman whose family is prominent in local politics, say the continued development is inevitable.

"Many residents would like to see Crestwood stay the way it was 20 or 30 years ago," Deibel said. "But that's not realistic. So you do the best you can, because you're not going to stop it."

Stoess said many people are just trying to make the best of it.

"The people that have lived here all our lives, well, we take the attitude that if we had said that 30 years ago, none of us would be here," he said. "We're willing to share the good life."



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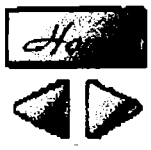


La Grange

AS A CROSSROAD, AREA WON DESIGNATION AS COUNTY SEAT, PULLED IN TRAIN BUSINESS

By Angela Struck © The Courier-Journal

Mary Pryor Brown and Frances Yager tell of their younger days in La Grange, when Main Street bustled with shoppers and people-watchers on Saturday nights.

"You couldn't stir people with a stick it was so full," Yager said. Ballard Brothers general store and Barr's Grocery were popular stops for Saturday-night shoppers in the 1930s. And people packed the street so much that "you had to really drive to find parking," she said.

Distant cousins of the man who donated land to form La Grange, Brown, 74, and her sister, Yager, 69, remember the town as a close-knit, friendly one where they hardly ever saw a stranger.

Today, Saturday nights on Main Street are relatively quiet. The town's commercial growth has spread south toward Interstate 71. And the interstate and the advent of school busing in Jefferson County brought many unfamiliar faces to the city.

But La Grange hasn't lost its friendly charm, said Brown, who lives in the Fourth Street home her grandfather built in 1916, and Yager, who lives in Henry County. And as it continues to grow, it strives to preserve its past.

La Grange was formed in 1827 when prominent landowner William Berry Taylor donated a 50-acre tract to become the county seat.

It sat at the "crossroads" -- the spot where the road from Westport to Shelbyville crossed the road from Louisville to New Castle. Today, the two principal streets of Main and First (once called Main Cross Street) roughly follow the paths of these two early roads.

Oldham County citizens voted in 1927 to make La Grange the county seat after people complained that its existing one of Westport, then a bustling river town, was not centrally located, said Joe Overstreet, a county resident who has researched Oldham's history.

Harboring a spring, the land sits high on a flat area that drops steeply to the north and south. Taylor decreed that the town be named La Grange, after the home of France's General Lafayette, who had visited the area in 1824.

La Grange was laid out in a 16-block gridiron format, which placed the courthouse square near the center and included 96 town lots. From a temporary building on the square at their July 1827 session, the county courts ordered that a permanent courthouse be built, according to a history written by Carolyn Brooks, a consultant hired to help nominate part of the city to the National Register of Historic Places.

But before the one-story wood-framed, gable-roofed courthouse was finished, the General Assembly, under political pressure, returned the county seat in 1828 to Westport. It remained there until a second citizens' vote moved it permanently to La Grange in 1838.

Until then, La Grange didn't see much development. Its population in 1830 was 27. But by 1840, the year the town was incorporated, the population was 233.

Religious groups began establishing themselves in La Grange about the same time it again became the county seat, Brooks wrote.

Baptists were the first, building a church about 1838 or 1839. The first Methodist Episcopal Church was built in 1842, and the first Christian Church went up about 1845. Funk Seminary, a prestigious school that evolved into the now-defunct Masonic College, was established in 1842.

La Grange expanded again in 1851 when the Louisville & Frankfort Railroad Co. began constructing a line connecting the two cities. For the first time, according to Brooks, La Grange was able to compete with Westport as a commercial and shipping center.

After nearly dying during the Civil War, development picked up again. In 1869, a railroad line running northeast to Covington was built, and La Grange became a junction town. The county built a bigger and grander brick courthouse, which still stands today, after the original wooden one burned in 1874.

Also after the Civil War, blacks began moving into town and clustering in two neighborhoods, one along South Second and Adams streets and the other along North First and Lee streets. The areas remain the principal black neighborhoods.

The early 1900s saw the most changes in La Grange, according to Brooks. Telephones and electricity came in. Two disastrous fires in the 100 block of East Main Street destroyed many of the buildings, which were replaced by most of the current commercial structures.

In 1907, the interurban rail line, the Louisville & Eastern, was extended from Louisville to La Grange, making it "for the first time a truly suburban town with hourly train service to the city," Brooks wrote.

Brown and Pryor remember when the railroad, which slices through downtown

along Main Street, was a big part of life.

Brown used to catch the 6:19 a.m. train to the University of Louisville in the 1930s, when it took about 1 1/2 hours to reach the city. They also would ride the interurban line into town to shop.

"It used to be a day's adventure to go to Louisville," Yager said.

The Oldham town also got its share of visitors by rail. Hobos would hop off freight trains and look for dinner in La Grange, Yager said. When they found a house that served up a good meal, they'd put a mark in front of it so the next hobo would know where to go.

La Grange residents also opened their doors during the 1937 flood, when trains brought loads of people from Louisville.

Fun in town often revolved around Mary D's, a sweets shop that also dished up some good soups and sandwiches. And people would go see movies for 15 cents on Main Street at the Griffith Theater, which has since burned down.

Overstreet, 83, remembers meeting friends after school at the courthouse yard for some intense games of leapfrog. And they played football where the new county jail stands today.

Across from the courthouse is the Sauer Building, now the home of Kincaid Hardware. Upstairs in what was known as the Opera House, Overstreet and his friends played basketball. People also gathered there for shows and dances.

Overstreet drove the city's streets recently remembering when he used to travel its dirt roads in a horse and buggy. He slowed his car on Madison Street in front of a neat gray house with white trim.

"That's the house where I was born," he said, adding that the road once was named North Street.

Overstreet's father worked in real estate, and the family moved a lot, he said. Besides North, they lived on Walnut Street, Main Cross Street, at the end of Jefferson Street (the site is now on Sixth Street) and on the other end of North Street.

Driving along the well-kept homes and yards of Fifth Street, Overstreet recalled the blackberry patches that used to be part of the Taylor farm.

"This is so vastly different from what it was when I was a kid," he said.

At the corner of Fourth and Jefferson streets, he pointed out the Radcliffe Funeral Home, which stands on the site of the former Taylor-Willett House, probably the first house to be built in La Grange.

Down Second Street, he told of the public spring. He used to bring ponies to the

spring to drink, he said, and sometimes trains going through town would unload their horses and water them there.

He looked down KY 53, where shops, offices and fast-food restaurants crowd each other on what used to be farm land. His grandmother lived in a house where La Grange Square Shopping Center is now, he said.

Development nearly ceased during the Depression, according to Brooks.

The first city water system was installed in 1930, and the Mallory-Taylor hospital was built in the late 1930s. From then on, the town stayed about the same until 1970 and the completion of Interstate 71.

"That's what changed La Grange's life," Overstreet said. Expansion began around the interstate, and the interchange became a stopping point for a lot of people.

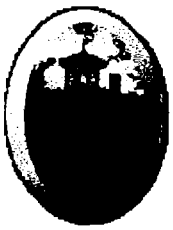
Commercial development has sprung up south of downtown. Apartments and sewers have moved in.

Plans for a new subdivision, called Gleneagles, have recently been approved for land south of the city that it intends to annex.

And with recent growth has come a call to preserve the past. Two historic districts, one encompassing much of downtown and the other focusing on homes in Russell Court, have been established.

Brown is glad to see that, she said, because the town and its residents need to be reminded of their heritage.

"It's important for people who go back a long way . . . and to let their descendants remember and to know."



A Place in Time

The story of Louisville's neighborhoods

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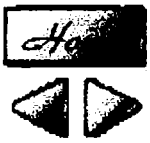


Lake Louisville

1920S PROMOTION, HOTEL RECREATION ENTICED VACATIONERS TO RESORT; DEPRESSION ALTERED ITS COURSE

By Grace Schneider © The Courier-Journal

To look at Lake Louisville today, you'd never recognize the resort community of 65 years ago.

Old tires, mufflers, tricycle skeletons and a sea of old brown bottles crouch in the broad, teardrop-shaped mud field south of KY 22. While many of the subdivision's homes are neat and well-kept, more noticeable are the run-down, one-story former summer cottages whose yards are decorated with car carcasses, sofas and rusted refrigerators.

Last month, state officials drained the lake because of safety concerns about the dam. This recent chapter in Lake Louisville's history could be split between The Depressing and The Hopeful.

On one hand, what's left is an eyesore that many residents believe will only drive down the area's lowest property values.

But a ray of hope shines on the 60-home community that straddles the Oldham-Jefferson county line. Scattered through the winding streets are a few neat, new homes.

"You've got some rebirth going on there right now," said Joe Schoenbaechler, Oldham's planning and zoning administrator, noting that four home permits were issued there in the last two years.

Decades ago, before the Depression, Lake Louisville was a spanking new resort, with a hotel, clubhouse, pavilion, bathhouse, dock and two-story diving platform.

Swimmers splashed on the beach. Romance cruised on the lake, as couples rowed around on the placid waters. People like Virginia Baker remember riding out from Louisville in the late 1920s with her church group for a daylong picnic and hayride.

"It was really a nice place," recalled the Okolona resident.

Like the neighboring cities of Orchard Grass Hills and Coldstream, Lake Louisvilla had been rolling woods and farmland.

Farms owned by the Norwoods, Caspers and Barnetts formed what is now the subdivision and lake, where several small creeks and springs converge. At one time, a brandy distillery stood nearby, south of the present lake, said KY 146 resident Chilton Barnett, whose family sold 40 acres for the formation of Lake Louisvilla.

Then, in the early 1920s, New York developer and speculator Warren Smadbeck teamed with two now-defunct Louisville newspapers, the Post and the Herald, in a scheme to win subscribers and promote the development.

For $58.50, people could buy a 20-by-100-foot lot if they also purchased a six-month subscription to one of the papers.

The area, gushed advertisements, "is bound soon to become known as one of the best and most pleasant resorts of its kind in the United States."

That probably overstated the case, but it was a nice place, Barnett said.

An old poster at Barnett's Pewee Valley antique shop advertising the Lake Louisvilla Hotel proclaims it "the ideal place to spend your vacation or week end."

A person could tee off on a golf course in the "Lakeside section" north of KY 22, go dancing, play tennis, swim, take a boat out on the lake and use the bathhouse showers.

A one-night package included a Saturday-night stay, with dinner, Sunday breakfast, another dinner and chicken supper all for $5 per person -- about $31.50 in today's prices.

The hotel burned down sometime in the late 1920s, after about three years in operation, Barnett said. That didn't seem to matter to many Louisville patrons coming out to summer cottages for an afternoon.

Then the Depression struck. Newspaper clippings say that fewer and fewer people came out from Louisville. Many cottages fell into disrepair.

Some properties reverted to the county for unpaid taxes.

Smadbeck, who retained several hundred unsold lots of the 1,720 originally platted, didn't pay his taxes either. In 1950, the lots were sold to paint-company executive Herman Marcus, now deceased, who at the time owned a farm in what is now Orchard Grass Hills.

Still, the lake and surrounding countryside retained its charm for some people. Dr. George White, a general practitioner and father of five, bought 13 lots on the

hillside north of KY 22 in about 1934 and eventually built a large stone house that still stands near the South Fork of Harrods Creek.

Working around a staggering schedule of house calls, White and his family would drive out from their Shawnee Park home on Sunday, recalled his wife, Claribel White, 85, of Old Louisville.

The children splashed in the creek below the spillway. Her husband cut weeds and she whipped up a picnic lunch. "The children loved it. They had a grand time," she said.

During the 1937 flood, the Whites moved to the stone house for three weeks until the waters subsided in western Louisville. After the children grew up they stopped going to the house, and Claribel White converted it to three apartments in the 1960s.

She sold it around 1970 and it is still occupied.

Larry Allgeier's family didn't own its summer cottage as long, but the 50-year-old pharmacist shares the Whites' fond memories of the lake.

His father bought a cottage and 10 lots in 1947, and the Audubon Park residents would pack up and move there each summer.

Allgeier's father commuted to Louisville to work while the family relaxed. "The first few summers, I would put on a bathing suit in June and not come out of it till August," recalled Allgeier.

Though he spent most days swimming and paddling a rowboat up creeks to "play pirates," Allgeier said he looked around occasionally and realized "the place was not in the best shape."

Although an association levied fees based on the number of lots owned and an additional annual fee was charged for each cabin, many people didn't bother to pay.

Though most lakeside properties were well-kept, some other areas away from the lake became home to people living in sheds and other substandard dwellings.

"I just remember there were people who lived in the woods year round," said Allgeier, whose father sold in 1950 when he saw his investment dwindling.

The mid-1950s probably marked the end of Lake Louisvilla's life as a retreat and its emergence as a year-round residential community, said E. M. "Mac" McElroy, 54, of Geneva Road.

"People who bought were people like me, people in their 20s and 30s with kids."

The haven for young, working-class families experienced the same problems the association had. Residents formed a city in the late 1950s in an effort to clean up

the area, said McElroy, a former council member. But it was dissolved in 1972 when people complained they weren't getting enough in return for their taxes.

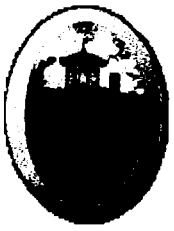
A cleanup effort, many residents believe, is still needed.

Attempts to trace the source of pollution in the lake -- believed to be caused by leaking septic systems -- have come up short. So did the recently completed five-year legal battle waged by a group called Save Lake Louisvilla.

Eleven past and present residents had filed suit to prevent the state from draining the lake. Now, unless someone comes up with $250,000 for dam repairs -- an expense the state won't pay -- the lak is gone forever.

To 26-year resident Jesse Law, the action kills hope of a revival. "I've fixed up the four houses I own out here, but now I've got a big mudhole in my back yard."

Property values plunged like water headed down the South Fork, he said. "I don't think you could sell your place if you tried. It's a shame."



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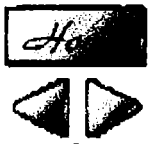


Pewee Valley

SMITH'S STATION WAS SEED FOR GROWTH; EMPHASIS ON THE AESTHETHIC AROSE FROM AN ARTISTIC OUTLOOK

By Angela Struck © The Courier-Journal

Don't call Pewee Valley a city -- at least not around its mayor, Vivien Reinhardt.

"To me, Pewee Valley is a town," the 25-year resident said. The distinction, Reinhardt said, lies in the community's atmosphere: "a genuine caring for each other" and an appreciation for "preserving the beauty, the trees and the naturalness of Pewee Valley."

Such charm has drawn visitors and residents to this southern Oldham town throughout its history.

Carolyn Brooks, a consultant hired by the Pewee Valley Historical Society to help nominate parts of the town to the National Register of Historic Places this year, wrote in a history that the town is thought to be "almost unique" in Kentucky.

"Nowhere else in the state, except in neighboring Anchorage, is there such a discrete railroad-related suburban community with such an architecturally significant collection of residences associated with so many figures of note."

Pewee Valley so impressed author Annie Fellows Johnston in the late 1800s that she used the setting and the people for "The Little Colonel" books, a series of nationally known children's books about a young girl whose adventures revolved around the Locust, a Pewee Valley home.

In 1929 she wrote about the town: "Thirty years ago, wandering down its shady avenues was like stepping between the covers of an old romance."

Settlers in the early 1800s sparked that romance.

That's when a small settlement called Rollington -- centered along present-day Rollington Road -- became a stopping point on the roads from Louisville to Brownsboro, and Middletown to Westport, according to Brooks. Michael and Rosanna Smith, who developed a farm in the area about 1810, were among its first

settlers.

In 1835, the Oldham County Court commissioned the Smiths' son, Henry S. Smith, to survey the Rollington-to-Floydsburg road, the earliest route that crossed through present-day Pewee Valley, Brooks wrote. It followed much of today's Central Avenue and then cut to the northeast toward Floydsburg.

G. T. Bergmann's 1858 "Map of Jefferson County, Kentucky" says Rollington Road was lined with about a dozen buildings, including a tavern, a sawmill, a school, a church and, most probably, a store.

The turning point in Pewee Valley's history, according to Brooks, came in 1851 when the Louisville & Frankfort Railroad completed its line between the two cities. A stop called Smith's Station was set up about 1 1/2 miles from the Rollington settlement.

"It is believed that the Smith of 'Smith's Station' was Henry S. Smith who . . . owned a large tract of land adjacent to the railroad," Brooks wrote.

Year-round and summer homes began springing up around the station after the railroad started commuter service in 1854. In 1856, the community's first post office was started, and an 1858 map shows about 15 residences.

"Many of these first suburban residents were wealthy, worldly individuals who came to Pewee Valley to build country estates," Brooks wrote. "They established the character of the community which, into the 20th century, continued to be a place with an unusually high number of talented artists, journalists, and intellectuals."

Among those were Noble Butler, a teacher with a master's degree from Harvard University whose grammar text was widely distributed in Kentucky; W. N. Haldeman, owner of the Louisville Morning Courier and, after the Civil War, founder of The Courier-Journal; William D. Gallagher, poet, journalist and newspaper editor; and Elisha Warfield, a noted novelist.

The town is said to have received its name about this time when a group of residents who had gathered heard the song of the pewee bird. However, the second half of the name is a mystery because the town is actually on a ridge.

Though development stalled during the Civil War, it picked up afterward. Pewee Valley's three current congregations -- Episcopalians, Catholics and Presbyterians -- built their first churches in the 1860s, indicating the influx of people and the growing prosperity and stability of the community, Brooks wrote.

Some prominent residents financed the construction of a depot, which was completed in 1867.

Located on the east side of the railroad tracks at the intersection of Central Avenue and La Grange Road, the depot became the community's center. Early in its history it appears to have housed the post office and a store, Brooks wrote, and later it was

used for meetings and such community events as boxing matches and bake sales.

In 1866 Henry Smith bought 220 acres on the east side of the tracks and began laying out roads and subdividing the land, creating Ashwood (now Ash), Tulip, Maple and Elm avenues. Their names refer to the trees, many of which still survive, that Smith planted along them.

The area's black residents lived in cottages behind the large houses of wealthy employers. Also, an 1879 map shows a collection of about 10 houses and a chapel just outside of town in the area known as Fraziertown, a small black community that developed after the Civil War.

And across town along Old Floydsburg Road stood Pewee Valley Baptist Church, which functioned for a few years also as a school for black children. Stumptown, a more recent black settlement, grew up in this area.

In 1870, Pewee Valley was incorporated.

The town was described in 1874 in "Collins' History of Kentucky" as "the most beautiful of the suburban villages of Louisville," Brooks wrote. Its population was given as about 250, and it was reported to have three churches, two hotels, four stores, and one physician.

Pewee Valley's development as a summer vacation spot peaked in the late 19th century. The Villa Ridge Inn, no longer standing, was built near the depot in 1889, and a number of large homes also were used as summer residences.

The turn-of-the-century was an era captured by two noted residents, author Johnston and photographer Kate Matthews.

Johnston had lived briefly in Pewee Valley in the 1890s and returned to live in the Beeches on Central Avenue in 1913. Matthews photographed the locales and people of Pewee Valley, and her work is represented in important national collections. Her family's home, Clovercroft, burned in the 1950s.

The biggest change in the town during the first three decades of this century arrived with an electric railway, the interurban in 1901, with service every half-hour to Louisville. It strengthened already-close ties with Louisville by making commuting easier and allowing some older children to ride the cars to school in Louisville, Brooks wrote.

The Villa Ridge Inn became an important part of the community after opening as the Kentucky Confederate Home in 1902. Residents mingled with the Civil War veterans at the state-supported home.

Louise Marker, 71, remembers going to the home, which no longer stands, for the weekly free picture show as a child.

But one thing she misses most in town is the railroad depot. It was torn down in 1960 to straighten La Grange Road. Marker, who was born in Pewee Valley and

now lives on Old Floydsburg Road just outside town, said the depot "had a large platform out there that we used to roller-skate on."

Marker's family lived on Tulip Avenue, and she remembers sleigh-riding on the town's streets in the winter and swimming in Floyds Fork in the summer.

"There was always a bunch of kids to play some kind of game," she said.

After school, Marker and other youngsters would visit Miss Fanny Craig, who would read to them. Craig at one time operated what was probably the town's best-known school in a small building behind Edgewood, her mother's house on Central Avenue. The school building was demolished in 1988, when the property was subdivided. The house was renovated.

"We were really blessed with having so many nice older people that took an interest in kids," Marker said.

Katie Smith, the town's historian, was inspired by Matthews' photography and, along with her cousin, got some tips from her.

"We tried the picture business but weren't too successful," said Smith, of Tulip Avenue. "But we had a lot of fun."

Smith, 67, wasn't around for much of the time when Pewee Valley was a vacation spot. The construction of large houses for vacationers and wealthy commuters had virtually ceased by the 1920s. The Depression hit, and in the 1930s commuter rail service in Pewee Valley stopped and the population dropped.

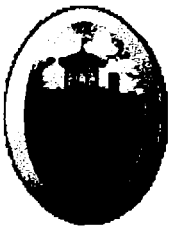
It was in the 1960s that the town really began to make the transition to the Louisville automobile suburb it is today, Brooks wrote. Lloydsboro, Pewee Valley's first large modern subdivision, was laid out in 1962. The pace of new development picked up in the late 1970s and 1980s as subdivisions were built, and the town now has a population estimated at about 1,200.

Smith has been an unwilling witness to that growth. After living in Pewee Valley for several years as a child, she came back to the town in about 1954, married and eventually reared her own children there.

"I just hate to see all the acreage, pieces of property being subdivided," she said.

But she still thinks fondly of her town.

"It was a wonderful place to grow up. There was so much love," Smith said. "It still is a wonderful place to grow up."



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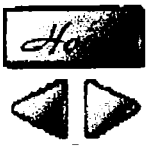


Westport

BUSY PORT HELD COUNTY SEAT AS IT LURED SHOWBOATS AND SHIPPING IN A SWIRL OF ACTIVITY

By Angela Struck © The Courier-Journal

> *"The streets, the buildings, and even the trees themselves seem to cling proudly to the importance that was theirs in the time of flourishing river traffic. For it was the river that gave birth and life itself to the town."*
>
> *-- from "Westport" by Helen Fairleigh Giltner, 1947*

The river today meanders past Westport, the pace of activity bearing little resemblance to that of the 19th century, when boatloads of settlers and goods from faraway places made the waterway a lifeline to a bustling port.

These were the town's glory days. When it boasted of stores, hotels, mills and warehouses. When farmers from the countryside funneled into the port with livestock and produce ready for shipment.

Once a hunting ground of Cherokee Indians, Westport served as the county seat of justice for much of the 1820s and '30s. Its founders envisioned it as a port to the West.

But that vision was never realized. The county seat ultimately was moved to La Grange. Railroads gradually replaced steamboats. And Westport has become a town that residents say hasn't changed much over the years and won't change much in the future.

See for yourself.

Wander back three miles off U. S. 42 along KY 524, a twisting road that drops 400 feet toward the river and years back in time.

There, on the four-block town's Main Street, is Westport Methodist Church, which served as the county courthouse from 1831 to 1838. The community center, built in 1882 as a one-room schoolhouse, stands nearby.

Emmett Thompson, 87, was born in Westport in 1902 and went to that school, where he finished fourth grade. After classes he helped a local farmer plant corn for 10 cents an hour -- big money back then.

He tells of times when the main means of transportation out of Westport was the Ohio River.

The river "was this town," he said.

Few residents had cars then, so they'd catch boats between Louisville and Cincinnati. Thompson remembers sitting on his porch, watching for a boat to round the bend and take him to Louisville to shop. He'd run down to the river and wave a handkerchief, signaling for it to stop.

Thompson even has stories passed down from his grandfather, who used to run a market wagon. He would buy butter, eggs and chickens from folks in and around Westport and sell them in Louisville. Then he'd load up with goods such as calico, gingham and coal oil to sell at home, where people would know he was back when they heard his seashell horn.

Thompson's granddaughter still has that horn.

Jim Chambers, 67, remembers carrying a five-gallon can of cream to town about once a week and selling it for $1.50.

"That was our money for the week," said Chambers, who was reared on a farm outside Westport and has lived in town since 1949. "Man, we'd get a loaf of bread and a pound of bologna, and we was living high."

His memories of the river include the showboats that docked at the town in the 1930s. Patrons would pay 25 or 50 cents to see a play, he said. The river also helped the town during the Depression, when men pumped sand and gravel out of its waters to use for building U. S. 42.

Baseball was big in town. Every Saturday night, teams from Westport, Centerfield, La Grange, Bedford or Chestnut Grove in Shelby County battled on the commons.

Chambers has lived all but about eight years in or around Westport. For decades, he ran Chambers General Store and served as the town's postmaster, earning him the title of unofficial mayor.

He's seen the town change, especially after World War II.

"There used to be a lot of farmers," he said. But after the war, the number of full-time farmers declined as more people worked in Louisville.

Chambers, who remembers the fire department's annual fish fry as one of the big to-dos in town, likes Westport's smallness and neighborliness. Estimates vary, but the population is around 200.

"The community itself lives like a family," he said. "At one time, it was very much that way."

Westport began as a 300-acre tract granted to Elijah Craig in 1780, when the land was part of Virginia. It became a part of Shelby County in 1792, when Kentucky became a state.

Joseph Dupuy and Harman Bowman agreed to buy Craig's land in 1796 and soon began advertising in the Kentucky Gazette that lots were for sale in the town of Liberty, according to the book "Westport," by Helen Fairleigh Giltner.

The name was changed to Westport in a later announcement, probably because of a planned road that was to lead to the "Illinois country," Giltner wrote. By 1800 Levy Boyer operated a ferry from Westport across the river. Warehouses along the river were built to hold the hemp, flour, tobacco and pork that was shipped to New Orleans, and by 1801 the first lot was sold.

Steamboats and increased river traffic fueled development, which had been slow at first.

In December 1823, Oldham County was created, and Westport was selected as the county seat.

Among the first actions of county officials (then justices of the peace) was setting tavern rates and ferrying charges. Dinner cost 37 1/2 cents and a night's lodging set you back 12 1/2 cents -- the same amount that would pay for a half-pint of whiskey. A man and his horse could cross the Ohio on a ferry for 25 cents.

In 1827, county residents got a chance to select a permanent seat of justice and voted for the "crossroads," which became La Grange. The next year, under political pressure, state officials moved the seat back to Westport. And in 1831, the justices met in the new courthouse at Westport.

However, residents voted again on the site of the county seat in 1838, and La Grange won 655-198. The courthouse in Westport eventually was deeded to the Baptist, Christian, Methodist and Presbyterian churches. Today, the Baptists have a separate church, and only the Methodists meet in the former courthouse.

Despite losing its designation as county seat, Westport lived on as a river port.

Giltner cites George W. Hawes' Kentucky State Gazetteer and Business Directory for 1859 and 1860, which said the town of 500 had: a Methodist and Baptist church, one high school, one Masonic Lodge, one Division Sons of Temperance, two grist mills, one steam and one water saw mill, two hotels, three general stores, three physicians, one attorney and notary public, two magistrates, three blacksmiths, three boot and shoemakers, one cabinet maker, one carriage and wagon maker, two clothing dealers, one cooper, one milliner, two nurseries and seedsmen and two plowmakers.

A distillery was built in 1882 near the river at the northern boundary of the town.

But by 1880 the town was showing the results of the declining river traffic, Giltner wrote, and the population had dropped to 219.

The railroad was also a factor in Westport's decline. In the 1850s, with the railroad going through it, the county seat of La Grange drew transportation and business away from Westport, Giltner wrote, "and the little town was never again to know the prosperity it had enjoyed in the thirties and forties."

Floods have since washed away the old riverfront buildings, but old-timers are eager to build up Westport's past, said Diane Sanders, Chambers' niece. She lives in the Westport area and is writing a history of the town.

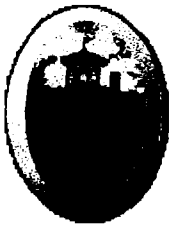
"It just don't seem to change any," she said. "Everybody just likes it the way it is and wants it kept that way."

The river still brings people to Westport. Weekend pleasure boaters converge on the public dock during the summer. They might stop first at Westport General Store and Eatery -- one of only two businesses in town -- for suntan lotion and snacks.

Even new development brings reminders of the past. The name of the still-developing Westport Village connotes a simple, easy life on the river, and the streets are named after past Westport-area residents.

Sharon Spath and her husband, Bill, built their home in Westport Village. They've lived in Westport for only 1 1/2 years, but in their surroundings they feel the presence of the town's history, Sharon Spath said.

And like so many lifelong residents, they expect to spend the rest of their days there, where they can sit in the comfort of their home, watching the river flow past.



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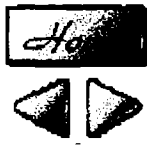


Bonnycastle

ESTATE EVENTUALLY YIELDED LAND FOR HOMES, MANSION FOR GIRLS' SCHOOL AND ACREAGE FOR PARK

By Marcella Johnson © The Courier-Journal

One hundred years ago, Cherokee Park and Eastern Parkway were forest and farmland. Cows grazed between scattered estates along Bardstown Road. City planners had just begun envisioning it as a beautiful place to build streets, homes and a park for a growing Louisville. Eventually the area developed into the Bonnycastle neighborhood, named after a family that lived on a grand estate there. It filled with homes and apartments, developed a bustling commercial strip along Bardstown Road and harbored open land in tranquil Cherokee Park.

The first settler, Isaac Everett, purchased about 150 acres from Angereau and Myrah Gray for about $25,000 in 1848 and set out making plans for a fine new mansion and farm named Walnut Grove outside of Louisville.

Everett was a successful dry-goods merchant and co-proprietor of the old Galt House. In 1849, his wife, Adele Barney Everett, died, leaving him with two small children, Harriet and Isaac Jr.

Slaves built the Walnut Grove mansion for them in the 1860s, and it still stands near Cowling and Maryland avenues. Historical accounts vary on when the family lived there, but Everett eventually gave the land to Harriet, who married John C. Bonnycastle. They began living on the estate in the late 1860s, according to Louisville's Historic Landmarks and Preservation Districts Commission.

The Bonnycastle estate covered much of what is now the Bonnycastle neighborhood, which is bounded by Eastern Parkway, Bardstown Road, Speed Avenue and Cherokee Park.

The Greek-revival style, 2 1/2-story, brick mansion featured porches, large rooms and marble fireplaces. Its long driveway marked by stone gates at Bardstown Road went along what is now Bonnycastle Avenue, to Cowling -- originally called Everett Avenue -- then into a circular driveway in front of the house. Their nine children had plenty of room to play.

A honeymoon cottage was built behind the mansion around 1900 for one son, Arthur C. Bonnycastle, and his bride Mary Eva Wieland, a German immigrant. Anne Helm, of Alta Avenue, their great-granddaughter, said the family recalls their romantic meeting. "He was engaged to someone else, saw her on a trolley and fell madly in love," said Helm.

The brick cottage was on a hill above a small spring that still pours into a small goldfish pond. The cottage had large beds of flowers and benches. The cottage, later sold, was torn down last year and a new home is under construction on the land.

John C. Bonnycastle died in 1884 before the neighborhood's development surged. As Louisville looked for land on which to grow, Harriet Bonnycastle donated part of her estate to the city for the development of a park that she and planners hoped would make the area attractive to developers.

The city hired noted landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted in 1891, and he made the Bonnycastle land part of Cherokee Park. Eastern Parkway was designed to connect Cherokee with Iroquois and Shawnee parks.

The expansion of trolley service south along Bardstown Road at the turn of the century made new homes in demand. Bonnycastle began selling parcels of land for development during the next 20 years. Helm said real estate brochures described the area as a place to find "lush, country living."

Harriet Bonnycastle maintained the mansion and a 14-acre, bell-shaped parcel of the land bounded by Cowling, Spring Drive and Speed Avenue until she died in 1906. The family sold the mansion to the Kentucky Home School and the remaining land was sold.

Kentucky Home School was a private college-preparatory institution that operated there until it moved in 1948. About 100 girls each year attended classes from kindergarten through 12th grade.

Adath Israel B'rith Shalom purchased the property in 1948 and greatly altered the look of the property, removing the mansion's porches and building a synagogue where the curving driveway to the mansion had been. The back of the new building came to within a few feet of the front of the mansion.

Highland Evangelical Church now uses both buildings.

Another landmark home was known at one time for its gardens and later as a haunted house, according to Diane Shelton, of Murray Avenue, who wrote a history of the neighborhood this year.

The property, next to the Bonnycastle estate, was owned by Dr. Henry Bullitt and later by Albro Parsons and his son Albro Jr. It was at what is now the southwest corner of Alta Avenue and Parsons Place. The three-story, Gothic Revival brick mansion was built in the late 1850s, and the estate's garden flourished with exotic trees, flowers and shrubs.

Parsons worked in the insurance business and his son was a doctor. They lived in the mansion until the mid-1920s, when they moved to Great Britain. The home was rented for several years and eventually boarded up. Children called it "the haunted house."

The structure was destroyed by a mysterious fire on Halloween night in 1935, according to a University of Louisville class report by Edward Brownstein in 1939.

The garden was developed into what is now Edgewood Place, a one-block court of houses that share front yards divided only by parallel sidewalks. In the 1920s several large brick apartment buildings were built in the neighborhood. The largest, the 11-story Commodore at 2140 Bonnycastle Ave., was designed in 1929 by Joseph and Joseph architects. Around the same time, the firm was designing the Willow Terrace-Dartmouth apartment buildings on Willow Avenue, the now-defunct Rialto and Majestic theaters, the original Atherton School on Morton Avenue and the Republic Office Building on Fifth Street.

Around the turn of the century, Bardstown Road was evolving as the lifeline of the neighborhood. Small businesses, including feed and hay stores, lined the road near Bonnycastle, which was the trolley turnaround until 1912, when the route was extended to Douglass Loop (and later to Taylorsville Road as the city grew).

A traffic light at Bardstown Road and Bonnycastle Avenue kept order as early as 1935, when a Piggly Wiggly grocery store was at the corner. A variety of stores, including a bakery, dry goods store and the Uptown Theatre in the Schuster Building near Eastern Parkway were nearby.

The Cherokee Sanitary Milk Co. that operated on Bardstown Road is well-remembered by longtime residents. Its delivery trucks were a common sight in the area. It also sold ice cream and candy. Scowden Kohnhorst, a resident of Bonnycastle Avenue since 1915, recalled that the shop was a popular place to go after church on Wednesday nights when "it cost 15 cents for a double dip and it was very, very good."

In 1939, Charles Herold wrote for a University of Louisville class report that, "The Bardstown Road shopping district has become so important that many think it will eventually replace the Fourth Street shopping district."

That section of Bardstown Road has remained a vital artery to the city, sporting restaurants and shops in the old buildings.

A fire station, Engine 20, that is still in use at 1735 Bardstown Road, was built in 1916. Kohnhorst recalled seeing the fire equipment pulled by horses "streaking down the road, and all the people would chase after it to see what was happening."

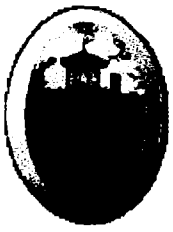
Emergency services had a lot to contend with one spring afternoon in 1974, when the peaceful community was struck by an event that changed the character of the area.

A tornado on April 4 did extensive damage to homes and to the large trees that

lined Eastern Parkway, Cherokee Park and streets in the area. In the wake of its destruction, it did help unify members of the Bonnycastle Homestead Association, which had formed a few months earlier. The group sprang into action replanting trees and seeking zoning help from the city to deal with developers who began purchasing damaged homes to replace them with apartments. In recent years the association has remained active in zoning issues to protect the single-family character of the neighborhood, a part of the Highlands Historic District. It planted a flower garden on Spring Drive at Cherokee Park. It was also the first association to join the Louisville Friends of Olmsted Parks, a group to seeks to restore and preserve parks designed by Olmsted. Partial proceeds from September's Bonnycastle Homestead Association Festival on Spring Drive will go toward an improvement project in the park.

As Barbara Jeziorski, association president, leads the group, she has a constant reminder of the way things used to be. The back yard of her home on Spring Drive overlooks the Bonnycastle mansion and the land where the cottage sat.

"To drive in from Bardstown Road and to see that structure must have been impressive," she said. "We are fortunate to have a 200-foot front yard, but they had 2-1/2 blocks of front yard."



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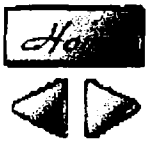


Butchertown

WHEN MEAT PACKERS SET UP SHOP, IT SPAWNED A HOST OF LIVELIHOODS FOR GERMAN IMMIGRANTS

By Bill Pike © The Courier-Journal

In times past, the view out the front door of the old Staley's Market offered more than cars, trucks and buses. "I can remember when they drove cattle and hogs on foot down Story Avenue to the slaughterhouse," said Bob Staley, whose father opened the market on Story Avenue in 1937.

"Guys would have sticks and big canes to make sure the animals went where they were supposed to go, and streetcar conductors would clang-clang-clang their bell to get the animals out of the way," said Staley, who closed the grocery and retired last year. "It was something to see -- and hear."

Cattle and hogs and guys with sticks have been part of Butchertown's history going back to the 1830s.

The area which is roughly bounded by Main Street, Mellwood Avenue, Interstate 65, Beargrass Creek and the Ohio River, sprang up, as its name suggests, as a center for butchers.

And butchering continues there at Bourbon Stock Yard Co. and two meat-packing plants, Armour Food Co. and Fischer Packing Co. Otherwise, the area, which in recent years has rebounded as a residential area, is a mix of homes, business and industry.

The force behind the development of Butchertown was the need of farmers in the Bluegrass to sell their pork and beef, and the desire of residents of the Deep South to buy it. Louisville was the obvious spot to slaughter animals and ship their meat south on the Ohio River. Because herds entered Louisville on the old Frankfort Pike (now Frankfort Avenue), the town's butchers moved east -- presumably to get first crack at incoming animals.

Inns sprang up for drovers. One of them, Bourbon House, was built in 1834 and was the forerunner of Bourbon Stockyards, which was built in its present location in 1869.

During the 1830s, German immigrants -- with names such as Kleisendorf, Leibold, Grieshaber and Schmitt -- began settling in the area, moving to streets with such all-American names as Washington, Franklin, Quincy and Adams.

Many butchers opened shops on Story Avenue because a fork of Beargrass Creek just south of there was convenient for dumping waste. The butchers were soon joined by tanners, coopers who made barrels used in shipping meat, and others. "Soap makers and candle makers could scrape fat off the banks of the creek," said Leslie Tichenor, a Butchertown resident and amateur historian.

The most detailed chronicle of the area's early days is a booklet by the Rev. Diomede Pohlkamp, who from 1917 to 1924 was pastor of St. Joseph Catholic Church, 1406 E. Washington St.

Pohlkamp's book, published in 1946, tells of hard-working, down-to-earth people.

"The homes of the poor and middle class people were neat, but not lavishly furnished, for they were honest people and bought only what they could pay for," Pohlkamp wrote.

They were also colorful people, according to Pohlkamp.

"Old timers tell me that Ed Pfaffinger and Sam Hertel made their rounds through the East End in a meat wagon, peddling their wares to the housewives. They announced their coming by blowing their butcher horns . . . "

And if the meat wagon didn't come to their area, residents went to the source.

"In the early days of Butchertown, the poor people of the city would come in droves to the butchers armed with bushel baskets and wash baskets to get cheap meat," Pohlkamp wrote. "Pig tails, pig feet, spare ribs and soup meat were sold at 10 cents per bushel basket and 15 cents per wash basket. How things do change with time."

Butchertown's first school, the German American Civic School, opened in 1854, and St. Joseph Church opened in 1866. The first pastor's name -- the Rev. Leopold Walterspiel -- surely made German newcomers feel at home.

When Butchertown residents of the last century wanted to enjoy themselves outdoors, they often went to Schwab's Grove, later known as Third Woods, which was along Mellwood Avenue about a mile east of Brownsboro Road. Especially popular was the Fourth of July party put on in the grove by St. Joseph Church.

"The stellar attractions were the bowling alleys, which were collapsible," Pohlkamp wrote. Other activities included baseball, races, fireworks and quoits, a game in which players toss rings on a peg.

Woodland Garden, which was on Market Street near the present Stock Yards Bank & Trust Co., was another recreation center. It featured bowling alleys, a merry-go-round, shooting gallery, swings, food, wine, beer, music and a dance floor.

And beer apparently was a must with the residents. By the turn of the century, Butchertown featured at least three breweries -- Franklin Brewery, on Franklin Street; and Oertel's and Steurer's, which were on Story. A fourth brewery, Clifton, was at Brownsboro Road and Ewing Avenue.

The owner of the Oertel Brewery, which closed in 1964, impressed Staley.

"Mr. Oertel -- that's John F. Oertel -- had his own cook at the brewery. The cook would come to our store for food and take it back to the brewery and cook it for Mr. Oertel," Staley said. "Mr. Oertel liked common food, but he wanted it fixed right."

Oertel wasn't the only neighborhood businessman that young Staley knew. There was also the owner of Meyer's Drugs, on Story Avenue at Webster Street, where the Butchertown Pub now is.

"I used to go up there and play checkers when I was a kid with Baldy Meyer," Staley said. "He used to call my mother and tell her to send me up there."

Butchertown began fading as a commercial center after the 1937 flood, when many businesses moved to higher ground. Then, construction of Interstate 64 during the 1960s isolated the eastern part of Butchertown from the rest.

But the biggest blow came in 1966, when shocked residents realized that in 1931 officials had made a rezoning decision that seemed at odds with the area's residential character.

"They zoned the entire neighborhood -- everything -- industrial," said Jane Bowles, a Butchertown real estate agent who helped get the zoning changed back to residential later in 1966. Until then, she said, industries had been eating up Butchertown housing at an "alarming" rate.

During the ensuing battle with the Louisville-Jefferson County Planning Commission, a new neighborhood pride was born, led by Butchertown Inc., a group of residents who fixed up houses.

"At that time, there was a lot of interest in rehab," Bowles said. "Butchertown Inc. did some rehabbing and individuals did some. Most of the properties were really run down."

Low-interest federal loans paid to fix up many homes. Federal money also paid for brick sidewalks installed during the late 1970s, Bowles said.

The spiffed-up neighborhood began attracting new residents -- young professionals drawn by the area's proximity to downtown.

But not everyone welcomed the new trend.

"They stay a few months and then they're off somewhere else," said Dorothy Johnson, who has lived on Washington Street for 40 years. "The neighborhood

wasn't as fancy years ago as it is now, but I liked it the other way. You knew everybody."

"Yeah, that's how it was: Everybody knew everybody," said Staley, who now lives in Lyndon. "You'd walk up and down the streets at night, and stop at people's front yard and talk. Now, nobody knows anybody, except maybe for over there on part of Washington Street."

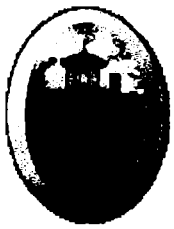
But at least one thing hasn't changed. When the wind is right, or wrong, the odor from the stockyards seeps through the area like the breath of the past, harkening back to Butchertown's early days of cattle in the streets.

DID YOU KNOW:

Butchertown's most spectacular fire perhaps occurred on Aug. 14, 1890, when the Kentucky Distillery Co. and the Great Western Pork Packing Co., both on Story Avenue, burned to the ground.

Explosions hurled whiskey barrels hundreds of feet into the air, while the whiskey from other barrels drained into nearby Beargrass Creek, according to accounts at the time.

Catfish in the creek went on a "glorious spree" for several days, according to the old Louisville Anzeiger newspaper.



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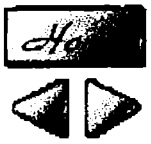


Cherokee Triangle

BUILT FOR THE HIGH-MINDED, NEW EASTERN SUBURB ATTRACTED PROMINENT FIGURES, ARRAY OF DIVERSIONS TO GIVE IT MANY SIDES

By Wendy Conlin © The Courier-Journal

Given the many architects and engineers that have lived within its boundaries, one would expect Cherokee Triangle to be a geometric figure of perfect proportions.

But its crooked sides may be more appropriate -- as full of nooks and crannies as its history. Two shrewd Louisville businessmen developed the area. James Henning and Joshua Speed predicted in the late 1800s that many Louisvillians were bursting to leave the flat land near the river and stretch upward toward the "Hill," as the Highlands was called.

"Louisville was having its growing pains," said Ed Franz, whose family lived in the Triangle from 1882 to 1928.

In 1870 Henning and Speed laid out a subdivision bounded by Bardstown Road, Highland Avenue, Slaughter Avenue (now Patterson) and a wooded area near Cave Hill Cemetery, according to Anne Karem, who published a history of the area in 1971.

Expansion was no uphill battle. Many were eager for the high life. But only those affluent enough to have access to transportation -- mainly horses -- could reasonably consider entering the new neighborhood, Franz said.

The first mule trolley -- a mule-pulled railroad-type car -- had started in 1864. It came up Broadway, but the end of the line was at the entrance to the Triangle.

The open area in front of Cave Hill Cemetery, dedicated in 1848 as a rural cemetery, was the turnaround for the mule cars, said Franz, whose mother recounted the story to him years ago.

From the beginning the homes were stately and spacious, matching the income, power and status of many of the residents, Karem said. Carriage houses, stables and servants' quarters were common.

Among the prominent folk in the Triangle was Judge William B. Fleming, who settled in the 900 block of Cherokee Road. Franz, who was born in that block in 1907, was struck by one feeling for the judge: awe.

Fleming had built a reputation as a leading citizen. He was particularly instrumental in an early neighborhood "crusade": keeping the electric streetcars off Cherokee Road in the 1890s.

The trolley had started with the Broadway line in 1889, and the city had begun laying tracks for a new line down the red-clay residential street when protest arose.

The judge was joined by an unlikely group of troopers. The women of Cherokee Triangle grabbed their knitting needles and their chairs and sat in the street in a quiet defiance, according to a resident's account reported in an April 27, 1974, Courier-Journal history of the area.

The new line did come -- down Bardstown Road, leaving Cherokee its quiet residential flavor.

Residents learned to love the streetcars, said Jane Comstock, 79, who has lived in the Triangle since 1917. So much so that the trolley became more than just utilitarian: Two party cars with multicolored lights, the Marguerite and the Allegro, could be rented out.

Among the early notables who lived in the Triangle were John A. "Bud" Hillerich, who turned out the first Louisville Slugger in 1884; and J. Stoddard Johnston, Kentucky's secretary of state from 1875 to 1879.

The trolley line helped spur business along Bardstown Road, where clusters of grocery stores, bakeries and other services sprouted, Franz said. And, of course, entertainment havens such as pubs also flourished.

One during the 1890s was Zehnder's Garden on the point of Bardstown Road and Baxter and Highland avenues, where a Kentucky Fried Chicken now stands. The family beer garden had a pond on the property used to chill the beverages, according to a history compiled by the Cherokee Triangle Association.

On Sunday afternoons Cherokee Indians would ride up on horses to perform in "Dr. Ira Newhall's Camp" at the garden. The shows demonstrated the wonders of the doctor's cure-all "medicine."

Off busy Bardstown, tamer entertainment also existed. The Highland Free Library was a favorite, particularly for children, Franz said. Started in 1901, it was first housed in the trolley barn at Baxter and Highland avenues, in space donated by the railway company.

But the vital Triangle area needed more. The library became a branch of the Louisville Free Public Library in 1905, the first branch library south of the Mason-Dixon Line, Karem said.

In 1907 neighbors raised $4,000 to buy a lot in the 1000 block of Cherokee Road, and the Andrew Carnegie Foundation paid $29,000 for the building that houses the library today, the association's research showed.

The area had continued to grow steadily during these years, Karem said. One of the draws, of course, was Cherokee Park, which had opened in 1892.

Residents strongly identified with the rolling acreage as a peaceful symbol of their neighborhood, said John Rogers, who has lived in the Triangle since the 1940s and wrote its history for the Louisville Times in 1955. In fact, the Cherokee Triangle name evolved informally due largely to that identification with the park -- and the triangular shape.

It's fitting then that the man who helped forge the park has become the Triangle's best-known landmark: Gen. John B. Castleman.

A Confederate soldier, he was chairman of the Board of Parks Commissioners and is largely responsible for the park systems.

A monument, depicting Castleman astride his Arabian mare, Carolina, is at Cherokee Road and Cherokee Parkway. It was dedicated in 1913 -- while he was still alive. "It didn't disturb him at all that they were going to have this statue made," said Rogers, who called the unflappable Castleman a complete gentleman.

A more anonymous landmark tucked away in the Triangle is Parr's Rest Inc. in the 900 block of Cherokee Road, which may have been the earliest retirement home in Louisville, Franz said. He watched it go up in 1914.

Philanthropist Daniel G. Parr, a prominent Louisville businessman in the late 1800s, ordered in his will that the home for indigent Kentucky women be built.

To enter the home, residents needed only white gloves and a black dress, which they wore to dinner each evening, administrator Ruth Cushenberry said.

The neighborhood also has taken pride in its "firsts."

The Enterprise School, a two-room white frame structure, was the first elementary in the Triangle. It was built in 1865 at Bardstown Road and Cherokee Parkway, where a branch of the Bank of Louisville now stands. What is now a parking lot was a playground where students held Maypole dances every spring.

One of the first churches was the Episcopal Church of the Advent at Baxter and Bardstown, Karem said, and it has changed little since its cornerstone was laid in 1887. During the flood of 1937, a medical unit from Harlan, Ky., set up a hospital in the building to treat flood victims.

While the flood spared the Triangle, the area's hardships started soon after that. After World War II, many affluent families left the city for the suburbs, Rogers said.

"Areas out near Bowman Field became what the Triangle used to be," Franz said.

Many of the large homes fell into disrepair. Others were split into apartments, and carriage houses often were converted into living quarters and rented out.

In 1962 a group of residents formed the Cherokee Triangle Association to stop the decline. Largely through their work, the Triangle was named the city's third preservation district in 1975.

"I think they have to give a lot of credit to the Triangle Association," said Rogers. "They changed things."

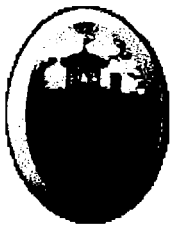
Developers Roger Davis and Gil Whittenberg gave the area another shot in the arm when they built 1400 Willow, a high-rise condominium complex overlooking the park, for $16 million.

Today adaptations to homes are monitored, and multiple-family dwellings are not allowed in some parts. The area has picked up again, and many young people are among the population of 4,405, the 1980 Census of Population and Housing showed.

"It's a place that should be kept nice," Comstock said.

DID YOU KNOW:

- In the late 1890s, a bridge at Willow Avenue and Cherokee Parkway led into Cherokee Park. Guards sounded bugles at regular times, and children knew which notes meant it was time to run home for dinner.
- Grinstead Drive was known as Daisy Lane until 1899 because of a huge daisy field on its east side where couples often walked on Saturdays in the spring.
- Patterson Avenue used to be called Slaughter Avenue. Residents sought the name change because "slaughter" brought to mind gruesome images. Actually, though, the street was named for one of the early landowners, as are many of the Triangle's streets.
- Much of the land that became Cherokee Triangle was owned by the parents of President Zachary Taylor.



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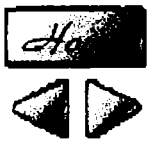


Clifton

RESIDENTS KNOCKED 'ANGORA HEIGHTS' DOWN TO EARTH; BREWERIES OFFERED 'COMMON BEER'

By Rob Cunningham © The Courier-Journal

Legend has it that the steep bluff overlooking the old Brownsboro Turnpike is what inspired Joshua Bowles, a prosperous riverboat captain, to give Clifton its name.

Bowles reportedly fled to the hills to escape the smoky, sooty air of downtown Louisville, and in 1842 he built a 26-room estate near what is now the corner of Vernon and Sycamore avenues. But Bowles' haven, with its long, level pathways atop the bluff, eventually turned into a bustling outpost on Louisville's developing road and rail links to St. Matthews, Shelbyville and points east.

Ever since, Clifton has blended the peace of a residential retreat with the bustle of the city. Commerce and industry still hum along Frankfort Avenue just around the corner from quiet, leafy streets lined with unpretentious old houses.

"I think pretty much the original houses that were there are still there," said Raymond Burkholder, now of St. Matthews, who was born in 1908 and grew up in Clifton during its heyday.

Sandwiched between Butchertown and Crescent Hill, Clifton is bounded by Interstate 64 to the south, Brownsboro Road to the north, Mellwood Avenue on the west and Ewing Avenue on the east.

The area has maintained the ungentrified character of its early history. The short story of Angora Heights is a good example.

According to a local history published in 1962 by St. Frances of Rome Catholic Church, that's the original name of a 19th-century subdivision on a hillside near Payne and Spring streets.

Apparently, the fashionable-sounding name was intended to honor the most distinctive feature of the area, Ed Whalen's Goat Farm. But it didn't wash with the neighbors, who promptly re-christened the tract Billy Goat Hill and left high-toned Angora Heights to oblivion.

According to this excerpt from a church history, one of Whalen's goats also left its imprint in the lore of St. Frances of Rome, which was founded in 1887 at Payne and Clifton Avenue.

"It was on a Sunday morning and of all times during the 7:30 a.m. Mass that a goat had escaped the confines of his domain; several boys were chasing it. . . . The goat, about three paces in front of the boys, galloped . . . into the church and up the stairs into the choir. . . . The parishioners started out of the pews toward the altar, thinking the goat would jump over the choir railing into the pews below. The boys finally caught the goat, held his hind legs and pulled him backwards all the way down the choir steps. . . ."

Goats were not the only celebrated animals of the neighborhood. After the Civil War -- during which a Union fort was built on the bluff near Bowles' mansion -- Louisville's growing network of mule-powered rail cars reached Clifton, most of which had been annexed by the city in 1856.

Despite the stoves installed in some of the open-air trams, they were icy cold in winter and "frequently inhabited by mice," according to the historians at St. Frances. Passengers had to get out and help put the cars back on the rails when the unpredictable mules jerked them awry. The system folded in 1901.

By then, the old Louisville, Cincinnati & Lexington Railway had become part of the Louisville & Nashville system and the train conductor picked the daily mail off a hook as the train rolled past Bowles Station on the Shelbyville Pike at Clifton Avenue.

Later, young boys like Burkholder delighted in riding the interurban trolley as it clanged through the neighborhood and went on to exciting destinations such as Shawnee and Fontaine Ferry parks.

Meanwhile, the Kentucky School for the Blind was continuing to build its reputation as the nation's first and foremost educational center for the visually impaired -- and as Clifton's most distinguished institution.

The school was created by the General Assembly in 1842 and first located downtown on Sixth Street between Walnut and Chestnut streets. When the school went looking for elbow room in the 1850s, the cliffs of Clifton beckoned, just as they had for river captain Bowles.

It was said that the white dome atop the monumental, five-story Greek Revival structure built to house the school on Frankfort Avenue could be seen from passing boats on the Ohio River.

The school, and three industries for the blind at the same location, lend a unique quality to the neighborhood. Crossing signals are equipped with buzzers to help students and visually impaired neighborhood residents cross safely.

Bill Roby's convenience store at Frankfort and Haldeman Avenue helps students learn to shop for food. Parents in the neighborhood advise their children to avoid

creating unseen hazards by leaving their bikes in the middle of the sidewalk -- although the youngsters often forget the advice.

"They have a great care in their hearts for these children, people around here," Roby said.

"It's a neighborhood of people that are involved. They care," Roby said. "I think it's unique . . . an area where houses have personalities, houses that have seen the evolve-ment of life and of death. People that move away will come back within five years."

Most of Clifton's residential development occurred between 1880 and 1910, according to Joanne Weeter, research coordinator for the city Historic Landmarks and Preservation Districts Commission and a board member of the Clifton Community Council. Shotgun houses are common on the sloping ground nearest to downtown. Farther east, the dwellings are generally larger and mostly of wood, with Victorian, Queen Anne, Carpenter's Gothic and American Four-square among the most-favored styles.

Seventy-five years ago, Frankfort Avenue was lined with groceries, drugstores and dry-goods stores where a family could buy whatever it needed within a short walk from home, Burkholder said.

Saloons also dotted the neighborhood, offering a dark brew called "common beer" that was concocted in breweries also in Clifton and cooled with ice cut from Edwards Pond near Brownsboro Road, Weeter has learned.

Among the new streets that sprouted off Frankfort Avenue during the boom years was Keats Avenue, named for George Keats, the brother of the great English poet, John Keats. Louisville's Keats, along with W. S. Vernon and W. B. Payne, earned the honor of having streets named after them in Clifton by serving on the city charter committee in 1828.

Burkholder and his friends were especially fond of broad, smoothly paved Bellaire Avenue, an ideal place to roller skate because of its roller-coaster hill and a dead end overlooking Brownsboro Road that kept the street relatively free of traffic. The children also used their skates for the long, daily trek to the George Rogers Clark School on Galt Avenue, he said.

The narrow, 4.3-acre Bingham Park was created in about 1915 by the sons of famed urban-greenspace champion Frederick Law Olmsted. It was originally called Clifton Park.

While the blind school's dome and the Bowles mansion are gone many of the old buildings are still standing. The former Shelbyville Turnpike tollhouse -- which became a police station at about the time of World War I -- now sits vacant and for sale at 2311 Frankfort, according to Weeter's research.

A short distance away at 2317 is a pre-Civil War structure that housed Widman's Saloon and Grocery for nearly 75 years, then became a statuary business and

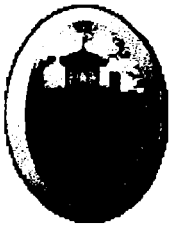
recently has been home to a sandwich shop.

The Albert A. Stoll firehouse at Frankfort and Pope Street, an architectural gem in the Gothic Revival style, was built in 1890 and probably served as a hub of community life. It was named after the city's 1895 school board president.

But the goats, the mule trains, the streetcars, the dry-goods stores and the common beer are gone.

"Frankfort Avenue has changed quite a bit," Burkholder said.

Rob Cunningham has lived in Clifton since 1985.



A Place in Time

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Crescent Hill

RIDGE'S CONTOUR GAVE RISE TO NAME; MULE CARS GAVE WAY TO ELECTRIC TROLLEYS ON FRANKFORT AVENUE

By Martha Elson © The Courier-Journal

Looking back on growing up in Crescent Hill in the early part of this century, Ethel Briney, 86, remembers it as a self-sufficient community centered around church, library, home and school.

She grew up in what is now generally considered "the heart of Crescent Hill"; her earliest years were spent on South Bayly Avenue (then Park Avenue). She also lived on Crescent Court and Kennedy Avenue and in a big house on Stilz Avenue that rented for $25 a month. "We had no cars," said Briney, whose father was a lawyer. "We did a lot of walking."

She remembers walking past the fire station at Franck and Frankfort avenues on her way to George Rogers Clark School -- which was closed in 1977 and converted into condominiums in 1982 -- and seeing the horses that pulled the engines.

On the way home, she stopped at Knopf-Hudson grocery for jumbo pickles and bought "great big chocolate kuchens" for a few pennies at Schaich Bros. confectioners along Frankfort Avenue. She toured the tree-lined neighborhood in a pony cart and later rode downtown on a streetcar.

"All of our social life was right there in Crescent Hill," recalled Briney, who now lives in the Highlands. "I didn't know there was anything else going on in the world. It was really a delightful place to raise children. That's why our parents moved to Crescent Hill."

Today, the look of the neighborhood, which celebrated its 100th anniversary in 1984, has changed some. The neighborhood suffered from an exodus to the suburbs in the 1950s and was hit badly by the 1974 tornado. A few modern buildings have gone up, and some of the older buildings along Frankfort Avenue are vacant or in disrepair. Overall, it is still a healthy residential neighborhood, with a less-than-vibrant commercial district.

But in many ways, the character of the neighborhood is the same. And plans pushed by the neighborhood community council are being carried out to further restore, rebuild and preserve it -- particularly the commercial district along Frankfort Avenue.

Crescent Hill generally encompasses the area between Ewing Avenue, the St. Matthews city limits, Brownsboro Road and Lexington Road. It's sliced in half by the old L & N railroad tracks and Frankfort Avenue, with streets branching off zipper-style.

According to the 1987 book "Crescent Hill Revisited," by Samuel W. Thomas, the area was known as Beargrass in the 1800s, because of its location on a ridge between the Muddy Fork and the main course of Beargrass Creek. By the 1850s, Shelbyville Pike (now Frankfort Avenue) and the Louisville & Frankfort Railroad traversed the area.

The tracks are a key to the development of the neighborhood, which has been described as the first railroad and mule-car suburb of Louisville. Besides standard passenger trains, mules pulled streetcars on tracks along Frankfort Avenue at the turn of the century. By 1901, the mules had been replaced by electric cars.

The 38-acre Fair Grounds were strategically placed in the area that is now Crescent Avenue in 1853 to take advantage of the first train service in and out of Louisville. An estimated 20,000 people packed the grounds for a national agricultural fair in 1857.

After nearly 25 years of operation, the Fair Grounds were auctioned in 1875 as the Fair View subdivision, named for merchant and insurance agent Thomas S. Kennedy's Fair View estate across the street. Adjoining land was bought in 1883 by the St. Joseph's Orphan Society, which constructed the St. Joseph's Orphans' Home (now St. Joseph Children's Home and St. Joseph Child Development Center).

Although the origin of the name Crescent Hill is uncertain, according to one account, Catherine Anderson Kennedy, Thomas S. Kennedy's wife, so dubbed it when the reservoir was being built in the 1870s and she saw the shape of the lake and the hill where it was located. Others say the name was in use earlier and was chosen because of the shape of the ridge.

In any case, the area was incorporated as Crescent Hill in 1884 and most of it was annexed by Louisville by 1897. By 1922, all of Crescent Hill was in the city.

For today's residents, Crescent Hill still offers many of the same attractions original residents remember. Jane Dudgeon, who has lived in her house on South Hite Avenue for 75 years, said the biggest change is that few people sit out on their front porches. She remembers Judge Huston Quin, a former mayor of Louisville who lived on Kennedy Court, taking Sunday strolls to visit neighbors.

In "Crescent Hill Revisited," longtime resident Louis Ogden Stiles reminisced: "The town . . . was also a church-going community. Everyone went to some church

on Sunday." Among the churches that still are landmarks are Crescent Hill Baptist, Crescent Hill Presbyterian, St. Mark's Episcopal, Crescent Hill Christian and Crescent Hill United Methodist.

Today, perhaps the most prominent landmark is the Peterson-Dumesnil House, site of many community and private gatherings. It was bought in 1982 by the Crescent Hill Community Council and now is managed by Peterson-Dumesnil House Foundation Inc. The mansion was built after the Civil War by tobacco businessman Joseph Peterson, for whom Peterson Avenue was named. (Peterson Avenue's steep hill reportedly was once used as a testing ground for new motor cars).

Other Crescent Hill streets -- Ewing, Franck, Galt and Kennedy -- also bear names of once-prominent residents. Field Avenue and Emmet Field Elementary School are named for Circuit Judge Emmet Field, who lived in the area of Crescent and Field avenues until his death in 1909.

Throughout its history, the train has played a vital role in Crescent Hill. Today, the tracks (owned by CSX Transportation Inc.) are still a thoroughfare for freight. At one time, three stations served Crescent Hill and workers could commute by rail to Louisville.

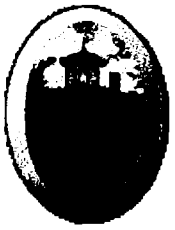
Hilda Miller, 63, who grew up on Wentworth Avenue and now lives off Brownsboro Road in the area, recalls how downtown residents rode the train to Crescent Hill to escape the flood waters in 1937. Neighborhood residents opened their homes to them. "Oh, gosh, we had about 13 in our house at one time," she said.

Miller, a longtime member of Crescent Hill Baptist Church and its bookkeeper, also remembers the train soot. "You could hear it when it hit the pavement."

Crescent Hill still is described as having the atmosphere and amenities of a small town.

"I don't know that there's any other place to live but here," said Miller. "I've never thought about living any place else. Everything I need is here."

Martha Elson has lived in Crescent Hill since 1980.



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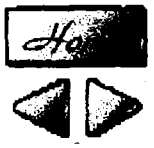


Douglass Loop

LANDSCAPE OF LANDMARKS INCLUDED KAELIN'S QUARRY, WOODBOURNE HOUSE, BELKNAP SCHOOL

By Jack Barry © The Courier-Journal

Seventy years ago, the Outer Highlands were out in the country. Trevilian Way meandered from Bardstown Road to Dundee Road alongside an unnamed, untamed creek.

Daniel Doup was the principal landowner in the area, along with Louis and Fred Kaelin, who operated a quarry and a horse and dairy farm. Today, the strip from Douglass Loop south to the intersection of Bardstown and Taylorsville roads, known then as Doup's Point, is a busy commercial district, featuring a supermarket, fast-food restaurants and shops. Residential sections radiate from the roadway -- a far cry from the rolling farmland that survived until the 1920s.

Most of the valley through which Trevilian Way runs, including the quarry that has become Lakeside Swim Club, was owned by the Kaelins until they sold it in 1923.

If you headed north on Bardstown from Doup's Point during the 1920s, the biggest landmark was the Woodbourne House, located on what is now the grounds of the Douglass Boulevard Christian Church at Woodbourne Avenue and Bardstown Road.

Built in the 1830s by Starks Fielding, a Mississippi cotton planter, the Greek Revival home was a true Southern showpiece, according to the church's research.

George Douglass, president of Western Union Telegraph Co., bought the home and the 200 acres that stretched east to Big Rock in Cherokee Park in 1870. But many area residents remember the mansion as Rugby University School.

The exclusive preparatory academy for boys operated from the mid-1930s to 1949. Many, according to the church history, became Louisville business leaders.

"Rugby had the quality people," said Cornelius Hubbuch, 80, who lived on Alfresco Place in the 1920s.

That's about the time that the Outer Highlands began to spring up outside the

Highlands proper.

A recent history of Lakeside, written by former club director Jack Thompson, includes a copy of an advertisement about the 1923 auction of the Kaelins' property that noted, "Most Louisvillians now appreciate that the Highlands, for refined social environment, unusual natural beauty, high elevation and convenient accessibility to the city, is unequaled.

"It is in the Highlands that you will probably seek location for your home, and when you do, you will be surprised to learn how few really choice sites at reasonable cost, are still available."

So, the ad suggested, potential homeowners would be wise to look a little farther out, specifically at the new Lakeside subdivision, for "home sites that will suit the most discriminating home-seekers."

At the time, the Lakeside subdivision comprised Lakeside Drive and Eastview and Page avenues.

"The mapping out of the subdivision was planned by Olmsted Bros., the famed architectural firm of Brookline, Mass.," according to a 1923 article in The Louisville Civic Opinion, referring to the firm headed by Frederick Law Olmsted, designer of New York's Central Park and Louisville's parks and parkway system.

"This assumes," gushed the writer, "beauty and symmetry to the entire plan of the subdivision."

At that time, only two houses stood on the property. One was the big farmhouse that still overlooks Trevilian Way on the curve of Eastview Avenue's final hill. The other is located still at the back of Glanz Plumbing, near the intersection of Bardstown and Taylorsville roads. Both were built before the Civil War.

Besides the Woodbourne House, the best-known structure in the area was William R. Belknap School, named for the hardware magnate.

Built in 1915, the rectangular, three-story, brick structure containing 18 classrooms, an auditorium and a cafeteria was called "one of the city's unheralded architectural treasures," by The Courier-Journal because of its exterior ornamentation, exquisite detailing and high ceilings.

The building was designed by architect J. Earl Henry, who worked for the firm of Louis Henry Sullivan, designer of the world's first skyscraper.

Belknap School was closed in 1978 and was sold in 1983 by the Jefferson County Board of Education to Transport Association Inc.

Just down the hill from the school was Kaelin's Quarry, which became known variously as Kaelin's Lake, Highland Lake, Spring Lake and, finally, Lakeside Swim Club, when underground springs filled the quarry with water to a level that at one time reached all the way up to -- and sometimes across -- Trevilian Way.

The lake was probably about 20 feet deep, enough that brave souls were seen to dive off the cliffs along Eastview Avenue, careful to avoid the rocks at water's edge.

Much of the quarry water was pumped out in the mid-1920s, and in 1929 300 smallmouth bass were placed in the lake, providing a popular fishing hole.

The creek into which the lake occasionally overflowed was covered by sewers in the 1930s, but before then it was known to be populated by water moccasins, which had the unpleasant ability to find their way into nearby houses, according to neighborhood legend.

After World War II, Lakeside Swim Club began to develop into the establishment it is today.

Although Bardstown Road is packed with storefronts from Highland Avenue to the Watterson Expressway, one of the first commercial districts started in what's now known as Douglass Loop.

Long before developer Bernard Dahlem ripped down an old clapboard building in 1935 and built Steiden's grocery, Arnold's Five and Dime and Taylor Drug Store on the west side of Bardstown, several businesses already lined Dundee Road, said Dahlem, 60, who lived then on Rutherford Avenue.

"That was always a bunch of neighborhood shops," he said.

The streetcar turn there gave it the name Douglass Loop and its attraction as a business hub, Dahlem said.

One popular '30s Loop spot was Drew's Restaurant, where Taylor Drug is today, recalled Hubbuch, of Middletown. "They had good steaks. It was just good family dining."

Later, Drew's moved south on Bardstown and eventually gave way to a succession of restaurants. Today, a Wendy's restaurant is there.

Across the street in the 1930s were two families whose names are well-known now.

The Kunzes, of restaurant fame, moved in 1939 to a large, two-story frame house in the block of Bardstown just south of Kroger.

"Streetcars were still running then, " said Fred Kunz Jr., 61.

The nearest neighbors to the south were the Dattilos, who own produce markets at Douglass Loop and on Taylorsville Road, said Kunz, who now lives in Indiana.

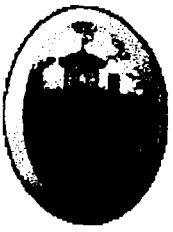
In 1956, Fred Kunz Sr. tore the house down and developed the property that later became Louisville Trust (now a Liberty bank branch), a post office (now a Roadrunner video store) an adding machine shop and furniture store.

Fred Jr.'s sister, Marjorie Ann Kunz Godecker, still owns the bank property and the building that houses the video store.

But longtime residents probably remember better the big neon sign south of the Kunzes' home at Bardstown and Trevilian Way. Cream Top Dairy, an institution from 1930 to 1970, proclaimed itself home o "The World's Largest Milkshake."

"Probably back then, all they had was vanilla, chocolate, strawberry," Kunz said, but "it was popular. It really was."

Jack Barry was "born and raised" in the Outer Highlands, and now lives nearby, on Sherwood Avenue.



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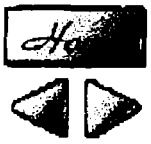


Irish Hill

SIZE BELIES COLORFUL PAST; DISTILLERY, SLAUGHTERHOUSE PLIED THEIR TRADE AS PRISONERS LABORED AT CITY WORKHOUSE

By Gayle Cutler © The Courier-Journal

One admirer calls Irish Hill "the neighborhood you find when you're lost."

Unobtrusively tucked among Phoenix Hill, Butchertown and Cherokee Triangle, Irish Hill is easily overlooked. Slightly more than 1,000 residents live in the six-block-long, three-block-wide neighborhood -- one of the smallest in Jefferson County, according to 1980 U.S. Census figures.

But it's not short on history.

Not surprisingly, Irish Hill was named for 19th-century Irish-Catholic immigrants -- although a large number of Germans also settled there -- and for its high ground, which later provided a refuge and dry evacuation route for many West End Louisvillians fleeing the 1937 flood.

Irish Hill -- bounded by the eastern side of Baxter Avenue; Lexington Road and Beargrass Creek; Interstate 64; and Eastern and Cave Hill cemeteries -- had its first section laid out in 1859 by landowners Benjamin J. Adams and John C. Hull, for whom Hull Street is named. Five years later, the rest of the neighborhood was subdivided by Ward Payne, who gave his name to Payne Street. Irish Hill's two most significant residences were built soon after and still exist as apartment buildings.

They are the Valentine Schneikert house, at 1234 Lexington Road; and the Nicholas Finzer house, at 1212 Hull St. Schneikert, a prominent Louisville brickmaker, built the Italianate structure about 1868. The Finzer house is a two-story brick Renaissance-revival structure built about 1869 for Swiss-born Finzer, a tobacco merchant.

Lorena Rufer, whose late husband Charles was Finzer's grandson, lived in the Finzer house for about 15 years. She said that youths used scissors to meticulously trim the large, steeply sloped lawn and that "it was so cool on the hill you didn't need air conditioning."

Rufer, who said she's about 70, moved next door when the family sold the house several years ago.

"The family didn't want to sell it; they wanted us to own it," she said. "But it was too much of a white elephant for me."

The Finzer and Schneikert residences, along with St. Aloysius Church and the former Rogers Street Firehouse are listed individually on the National Register of Historic Places. And part of the neighborhood, including Baxter Avenue and Hull Street, are part of the Highlands National Register District. The church, at 1129 Payne St., was founded in 1891 to provide a stabilizing center for the Irish, after St. Brigid's Catholic Church moved from the area to Hepburn Avenue in 1890. The Rev. Joseph A. O'Grady was St. Aloysius' first pastor. Soon after, the church opened a school on its grounds.

A new school was erected on the site in 1947 and operates today, supported largely by the neighborhood and by families who send their children to St. Aloysius even though they no longer reside in the neighborhood.

A new church was built in 1957.

The firehouse, home to Steam Engine Co. 11, was constructed in 1883 at 1122 Rogers St. and was closed in 1977. It was placed on the national historical register in 1985. Today, it is the home of John Lair & Associates photographic studio.

The tiny neighborhood boasts several other landmarks, including Eastern Cemetery, the old Beargrass Pork House slaughterhouse building, and the Kentucky Distillery and Warehouse, now named Distillery Commons.

The 1840-built slaughterhouse, at Baxter and Hull, soon will be demolished for a parking lot for the new Computer Shoppe that's scheduled to open this month in the old Louisville Drying Machinery Co. building. The slaughterhouse had connections to Bourbon Stockyards and Butchertown.

In the early 1900s, Kentucky Distillery was the largest whiskey warehouse in the world. Today, the building houses several businesses, including Kinetic, a visual-communications company, and the new Cliffhangers restaurant and nightclub, which opened in July.

Perhaps the most interesting vanished structure is the City Workhouse, which operated from 1878 to 1954 at Lexington Road and Payne Street.

Longtime Payne Street resident Bob Kenney said prisoners in chains would break up blocks of rock from a nearby quarry. People convicted of crimes such as public drunkenness, he said, would be sent to the Workhouse.

"Every Monday morning, the Black Mariah -- a horse-drawn paddy wagon with a bell on the floor -- would come down Payne Street on its way to the Workhouse," said Kenney, 77. "The driver would kick the bell, clang, clang, clang, clang, and the kids would all scatter to get out of the way."

The building was torn down in 1966, and Breslin Pool was built on the site in 1974. A skateboard park is under construction there, too.

While some lifelong residents are descendants of the neighborhood's original inhabitants, many young families have been attracted by its housing. For the most part, the housing stock is modest, predominantly frame shotgun houses, with an almost equal number of owners and renters.

Kenney and Michael Thomas formed the Irish Hill Neighborhood Association in 1976 to solve several problems, including two vacant and dilapidated houses. The group met every month in the cafeteria at St. Aloysius.

"The buildings were falling apart and were dangerous to children, and the abandoned firehouse was a problem too," said Thomas, now of Germantown. "And the neighborhood in general had an image problem" in part because of publicity surrounding a 1972 shooting in Cherokee Park that involved a man and a police officer, both of whom had grown up in Irish Hill.

After the association was formed, "a lot of people really started to take an interest in their homes," he said. "Some of the biggest eyesores are now some of the biggest showplaces."

Also, the group helped get traffic lights installed near St. Aloysius school and formed a block-watch organization, which assisted Louisville police in apprehending a suspect later convicted of child molestation, Thomas said. For that work, the neighborhood took second in The Louisville Times' neighborhood projects' recognition contest in the late 1970s.

The neighborhood association disbanded in the early 1980s, following a dispute between one of the officers and his neighbors. Now Pine Street resident and building contractor Charlie Williams hopes to reorganize the group.

"The neighborhood is pretty tight without one, but it could be better with more communication between neighbors," said Williams, an 11-year resident. "I happened upon it one day when I was lost, and fell in love with it."

Williams and partner Ben Tyler, through their Safari Inc. building company, recently renovated and converted the Finzer and Schneikert homes into apartments, and they have done extensive fix-ups on five houses in the neighborhood, which they own and operate as rental properties.

Currently, Williams, Tyler and Jim Bealmer, who owns the former Joyce's Pub, at 1201 Payne St., are remodeling that building, which is expected to reopen soon as Baxter Station Pub & Grille, in memory of the old Baxter Station railroad depot. The remains of that station rise above Beargrass Creek near the intersection of Lexington Road and Chestnut Street, just outside the neighborhood's boundaries.

The remodeling will restore the pub building to its original state. Originally Stottmann's Grocery, the store began operating in 1884 and was known as Stottmann's Cafe & Grill through the 1950s, when a hungry resident could dine on

fried fish (15 cents) and turtle soup (5 cents), and play shuffleboard or watch television.

Unlike the original business, however, the pub will feature an model train running overhead from room to room on a track.

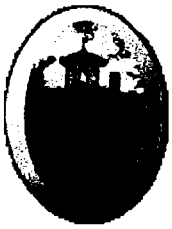
Williams plans to ask the city of Louisville to light up the railroad station's remains, to preserve its historical significance, and to work toward getting Irish Hill's name changed to Baxter Station, because of the railroad's former significance to the area.

Alderman Melissa Mershon, whose First Ward includes the tiny neighborhood, is planning about $55,000 in neighborhood improvements this fiscal year and next, including planting 150 trees on Hull, Cooper and Payne streets and Lexington Road.

Plans also include building retaining walls at the bottom of the hill along Lexington Road and extending the sidewalk on Lexington Road from Cooper Street to the Distillery Commons property.

"The Irish Hill neighborhood is tightknit, and its neighbors are warm and loving," Mershon said.

In some ways, the spirit of Irish Hill today is very much the same as the old neighborhood association's slogan: "Love thy neighbor, keep the Ten Commandments, and when you die you will go to Irish Hill."



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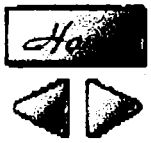


Phoenix Hill

EARLY RESIDENTS DRANK DEEP OF SOCIAL LIFE AT PARK; AREA HAS TAKEN WING AGAIN OF LATE

By A. Clarice Partee © The Courier-Journal

A phoenix, according to Webster's, is a mythological bird that sets itself afire and rises renewed from the ashes to start another long life.

Many residents in Phoenix Hill believe the name fits the neighborhood, which was founded by German settlers in 1861, but fell upon hard times in the mid-1900s and is now undergoing a revitalization. The neighborhood, bounded by Main Street to the north, Preston Street to west, Broadway to the south and the Baxter/Broadway intersection to the east, actually began as a small park in 1861.

Then, Phoenix Hill was also known as the "East End." It was one of many German communities formed during the period from 1847 to 1867, when about 1 million Germans emigrated to the United States. At the end of the Civil War, Louisville had more than 14,000 German natives in its population of approximately 100,000.

Like other German-based communities, Phoenix Hill maintained a small park or garden as the center of its social activity. In 1866, the Phoenix Hill Brewery was built and a public recreational site was developed in an area bounded by Hull Street and Baxter, Barret and Rubel avenues. The community rose to popularity as a premiere recreation area.

A large pavilion contained a roller skating rink, four bowling lanes, a dance floor, a stage and a 111-foot bar where Bohemian Beer was served. Terraced gardens graced the vast grounds, complemented by a fountain and picnic tables under large trees.

From the park people could view downtown Louisville. German neighborhood bands seranaded patrons. Food and beer were sold.

In 1897, lady contestants were featured for the first time in its six-day bicycle races, the "bicycle bowl"; the duo of Montgomery and Stone appeared at the park before going on to vaudeville.

There were policemen's and firemen's picnics, and the cakewalk was reportedly

introduced to Louisville at the park. Bohemian and lager "Phoenix Beer" produced by the brewery was cooled and aged in arched stone caverns that ran under the resort

ark.

Prohibition closed the brewery in 1919. In 1938, the decaying brewery was torn down and the area was used for landfill. A few stones from the walls and stables still stand at 508 Baxter Ave.

Until about 35 years ago, the community was populated by German families. Then blacks began moving in and whites began moving out.

Over the years, businesses began to leave the area and much of the housing fell into disrepair. Then, the Phoenix Hill Association was organized in 1975 by local businesses.

In 1977, Phoenix Hill was declared a model revitalization area by then-Louisville Mayor Harvey I. Sloane. In 1978 a 58-block area was made eligible for federal funds for revitalization.

In 1979, Grace Blake was hired as executive director of the Phoenix Hill Association. She remembers the neighborhood then.

"It was old buildings and poor people. Many of the houses had been sitting for 100 years. They're very old buildings, not well-insulated. Heating bills are high, and many of the houses required repairs and the families couldn't afford to keep them up," she said.

With the backing of the Phoenix Hill Association, several renovations and building projects took root in the early 1980s. These include:

- Creation of a comprehensive modernization plan for Clarksdale Public Housing.

- Constructing Phoenix Place, 268 apartments, at a cost of $21 million.

- - Turning the former Kentucky Lithographing site, 600 E. Main St., into Billy Goat Strut, which has 32 units and a commercial first floor.

- - In 1988 the Chestnut Street Corridor was built to connect Jefferson Street and Baxter Avenue to Gray and Campbell streets. This helped "get some of the heavy traffic out of the residential core of Phoenix Hill," Blake said. Portions of Phoenix Hill were placed on National Register of Historic Places in 1983.

Some of the area's most prominent landmarks are also undergoing renovation, including the Cloister, in the 800 block of East Chestnut Street. It was built in the 1860s and originally housed the Ursuline Convent and the Ursuline Academy of the Immaculate Conception, a Catholic girls' school. The school closed in the early 1970s.

In 1977, Ray Schuhmann developed it into a shopping complex called The Cloister, which takes up most of a block. In 1981 Schuhmann sold most of The Cloister to The Louisville School of Art, which closed in 1983. Late that year, a restaurant moved in, but it closed the next summer.

The building lay dormant for five years, but now is being renovated as housing for low-income, single-parent families.

The steeple of St. Martin Catholic Church at 639 S. Shelby St., has decorated the Phoenix Hill skyline since 1853, when it was built by German immigrants.

The church contains full-size statues of saints and an angel, a vibrant organ, stained-glass windows and an elevated pulpit. The remains of St. Magnus, a martyred centurion and St. Bonosa, who both died in the year 207 A.D., are kept in separate glass enclosures located off to the side of the altar.

Restoration is under way to maintain the historic aura of the church, and in August the Tridentine Mass returned. The Mass, spoken in Latin by a priest facing the altar and with some of the prayers said silently, had been absent from Catholic worship services since the 1960s.

Mary Frances Smith, a neighborhood association board member who lives on Marshall Street, has lived in the neighborhood for more than 40 years. For her, at every turn, images of once was come to mind.

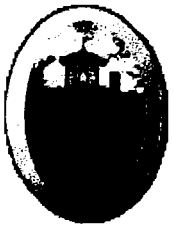
"When I first moved here the houses up and down Marshall had wooden fences," Smith said. "Sidewalks were brick.

"Up and down Walnut streets were private homes. Some had brick walks and iron fences. There used to be a dry goods store which is now the condominums. Where the townhomes are was Nick's Bakery. Across from Nick's Bakery was the French Drugstore."

Many believe the neighborhood, living up to its name, has risen back to life.

Today, the trash-strewn vacant lots, ragged sidewalks and shabby housing are almost gone. The determined nudge of businesses and residents committed to the area has awakened the neighborhood, residents say.

"Phoenix Hill today and Phoenix Hill yesterday is just as different as night and day," said Smith.



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St. Matthews

DEVELOPMENT OF COMMUNITY NEAR BEARGRASS CREEK WAS ROOTED IN POTATO FARMS, A PROTESTANT PRESENCE

By Gayle Cutler © The Courier-Journal

When Col. John Floyd settled in the area in 1779, he chose the high, dry, fertile ground of present-day St. Matthews for his home.

Floyd, a surveyor and the area's first resident, invited other prominent Virginians to join him at the lush Middle Fork of Beargrass Creek, later called "the garden of the state." Eager settlers came from Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland and New York. They were joined in the 1860s by German and Swiss immigrants. Some 200 years later, their legacy lives on with the many descendants who still proudly call St. Matthews home.

A fourth-class city today, St. Matthews developed at the same time as Louisville and, around 1840, began to be called Gilman's Point, according to Beargrass-St. Matthews Historical Society records. It was named for Daniel Gilman, who opened a stagecoach tavern at "The Point" -- the juncture of Shelbyville and Westport roads and Breckenridge Lane. This is where the community's original business district developed.

But around 1850, the deeply religious Protestant community renamed it more suitably after the first church, St. Matthews Episcopal Church, which had recently been built on what's now St. Matthews Avenue. The name "St. Matthews" became official in 1851, when the newly established post office adopted it.

Today, every Protestant denomination is represented in St. Matthews churches, with a heavy concentration of Baptists. The city has three Catholic churches, the oldest being Holy Trinity, built in 1882 on the present site of Trinity High School. A new Holy Trinity Church was built in 1950 near Brownsboro Road.

Potatoes were big business in the community's early days.

St. Matthews was known as "the potato capital of the world" from 1910 to 1946, when the St. Matthews Produce Exchange -- once the second-largest potato shipper in the country -- was dissolved. The community's central location along the

tracks of the Louisville, Lexington & Cincinnati Railroad, which were built in the mid-1800s, facilitated the shipment of potatoes to northern and southern markets. Also, tracks for The Louisville and Interurban Railway Co. were laid in St. Matthews in 1901, enabling people to commute to Louisville, Middletown and Anchorage.

The building that housed the Produce Exchange, which was run by R. W. Hite, still stands at Westport Road and Clover Lane as The Colony shopping center.

One of the largest potato farms belonged to German immigrant Henry Holzheimer Sr. and was located along Chenoweth and Breckenridge lanes until 1928, when it was subdivided for development.

One by one, all the farms were broken up, as the land became more valuable for real estate than for farming. The original farmers and their descendants -- including Holzheimer and the families Brown, Rudy, Nanz, Monahan and Oeschner -- remained in St. Matthews and became the backbone of the community, lending their names to city streets and providing leaders in politics, church, social, business, educational and civic institutions.

In 1905, the city's first bank

was opened by Louis Bauer in Holzheimer's old tavern at The Point, later owned by brothers Louis, Henry and John Bauer. It

was The Bank of St. Matthews, at the corner of Chenoweth Lane and Shelbyville Road, and is now a branch of First National Bank. The Bauer family runs Bauer's Restaurant on Brownsboro Road today.

In the late 1920s, the first modern shopping district developed on Frankfort Avenue, near what is now the Vogue Theatre. The movie house opened in 1938 and became one of the social centers of the day, charging 16 cents for a ticket.

The 1937 flood marked the start of the area's biggest growth years for residential development. Since Crescent Hill was completed up to Cannons Lane, St. Matthews was the logical starting-over spot for people with flood-devastated homes.

Developer A.J. "Tony" Eline, whose descendants are prominent figures in St. Matthews today, wrote in a 1938 real estate brochure, "We believe that this high, dry land is a safe investment. . . . Besides fine soil, clear skies, perfect location and city conveniences there is the added inducement of low taxes."

Eline went on to develop the first small shopping districts, and the A & P grocery and the Bacon's store on Shelbyville Road just east of "The Point," as well as many of the present subdivisions in St. Matthews.

The Eline Garage was the forerunner of all the automobile dealerships on Shelbyville Road and sold the first Model T Fords in the Louisville area. The auto dealership is now St. Matthews' Station shopping center, which is owned by one of

Eline's grandsons, Brad Breeland.

Despite its many riches, St. Matthews had serious drainage problems and incorporated as a sixth-class city in 1950 to work toward getting sewers.

"Things were in a deplorable condition," remembers John Barker, who was a member of the City Council for 31 years.

"I couldn't sit in my own back yard because of septic tanks running over. The stench was everywhere. Half the streets in St. Matthews flooded after just an inch of rain, and the streets had big holes because of the water," said Barker, 83, of St. Germaine Court.

So bad was the problem that St. Matthews became known in some circles as "the land of the lakes."

In 1954, the city gained fourth-class status, and when Mayor James Noland resigned in 1958 because of poor health, St. Matthews businessman and engineer Bernie Bowling Sr. became mayor. He initiated a $2 million sewer construction project and directed the city until 1984, when he died at 62.

Today Bowling's son, Bernie Bowling Jr., runs the family business -- Plehn's Bakery -- and serves on the City Council.

Incorporation galvanized the community in the 1950s.

The business association, today named the St. Matthews/Eastern Jefferson County Business Association to reflect the growth of the area, was formed in 1950 by business owners who successfully halted a proposal by the highway department to make St. Matthews Avenue one way. They said it would have hurt local businesses and prevented the fire truck from traveling both north and south on St. Matthews Avenue.

Also in the 1950s, the community banded together to establish the YMCA and the Eline Memorial Library, the only branch of the Louisville system not owned by the city.

The city's two high schools also were established in the 1950s.

Trinity High School has provided Catholic education to young men since 1953 and has grown from 88 graduates in 1957 to 290 in 1989.

Waggener High School was founded in 1954. It was named for Mayme S. Waggener, who had been principal of Greathouse School, an elementary then located on Shelbyville Road. In 1959, Waggener was one of the first four high schools to offer the new "advance program." In 1973 it had 35 merit scholars, tying for first place in the nation. Its principal at that time was Art Draut, the present mayor of the city.

Despite the establishment of major shopping areas such as The Mall in St.

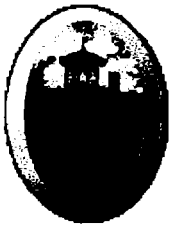
Matthews, small business has always been the city's bread and butter. Cleaners, drug and hardware stores, service stations and restaurants -- many still run by their founding families -- make up the core of the city's 1,500 businesses. New business growth includes expensive boutiques located in former residences along Chenoweth Lane.

"St. Matthews is an all-American city," says Lynn Olympia, the founding president of the Beargrass-St. Matthews Historical Society.

"This is a closely knit community," Olympia said, "where the ideals of home, church and community still come first, as they did with the original colonial settlers."

DID YOU KNOW:

- St. Matthews' founder Col. John Floyd, killed by Shawnee Indians on April 8, 1783, is buried behind the present site of Jamestown of St. Matthews apartments off Breckenridge Lane.
- Breckenridge Lane is named for pioneer Alexander Breckinridge, but it is spelled differently because of an error in street sign markings.
- St. Matthews' original business district at "The Point" has been outside the city limits since it was annexed by Louisville in 1958, after a bitter 12-year fight.



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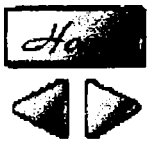


Beaches

DIXIE, ABBOTTS AND KULMERS AREA CARRIES BEAUTY, BOUNTY OF INDIAN HUNTING GROUNDS

By Grace Schneider © The Courier-Journal

William Johnston was the sort of son any dad would be proud of.

Asked by his father to hop a flatboat from Pittsburgh to Kentucky 1782 to lay claim to 1,000 acres north of where the Salt River flows into the Ohio, young Johnston enthusiastically packed his bags. A year later, he was probably sorry he did.

On a surveying mission near the Salt River's mouth, Johnston and two companions were attacked by Indians. They shot Johnston's horse out from under him and held him captive, though he escaped later that day.

That was just one of many struggles settlers endured in making a home near the Salt River.

Today, the same area Johnston was after -- Kulmers, Abbotts and Dixie beaches -- is a placid, isolated fingerlet between KY 44W and the Salt River.

Sandwiched between the Ohio River and the old Illinois-Central railroad tracks, a restaurant, salvage yard and about 45 homes, many of them evolved from summer cottages, line the river.

Pontoon boats, rowboats, canoes and an assortment of other seaworthy contraptions sit beside most houses.

The beauty and peacefulness is what inhabitants swear by. They talk of the view of the Southern Indiana hillsides, waterfowl and the bird's-eye view of barges traveling the Ohio.

The beauty wasn't lost on the Indians either. And they weren't eager to surrender their prize hunting grounds without a fight.

The woods near the mouth of Salt River became known for many skirmishes.

Though Johnston escaped from the Indians that day in January 1783, but on another trip up Pond Creek a year later, Cherokees killed and scalped Johnston's two companions. Johnston was wounded but got away.

The determined settler finally sunk roots after 1791, when the government sent a garrison of 19 men to his settlement, writes Richard Briggs, author of "The Bicentennial History of West Point, 1776-1976."

Johnston laid out and established a town named Williamsville at the mouth of the Salt River.

The Kentucky legislature, in one of its first acts, authorized the town's incorporation in 1792 -- making it one of the state's first cities.

It stretched roughly one mile north from the Salt and another mile east roughly to the Salt's boundaries. With West Point, which faced it on the other side of the Salt River, the communities, like twin cities, became known as Mouth of the Salt River.

Historians speculate that Williamsville lost out to West Point because it was more prone to flooding.

"The more forward looking settlers decided that the time was ripe to establish a town on the west bank of the Salt River, for it was already evident that Williamsville would not serve the purpose," wrote Briggs in his "The Early History of West Point."

The flood of 1832 washed away most of Williamsville's cabins. Today, remains of a few foundations can still be found in the area near Kulmers Beach, according to 20-year Abbotts Beach resident Tom Kasey.

Old maps show the area -- called Meadow Land precinct -- was farm land owned by the Applegate family from about 1850 into the early 1900s. And Briggs' two West Point histories tell of self-made businessman Stacy Applegate, who made his fortune in lumber and selling wood to steamboats for fuel.

Applegate's descendants, including Lucille Applegate Mudd, still live in West Point.

When she was a girl, said Mudd, 73, her family drove up two-lane Dixie Highway to visit Uncle Harry Applegate at his large, two-story, stucco home near Kosmosdale.

"It was a beautiful place," Mudd said, and in her memory, one of the few big homes between Shively and West Point.

A small train stop, called Riverview, was located on the railroad line that dates to 1874. Its name apparently referred to the wide open view drivers had of the river.

In those days, said Edward Schnieders, 78, of Brinson Drive, Dixie Highway didn't veer east just south of the Kosmos Cement plant as it does today; it followed the

river's edge.

"There were big trees on both sides," said Schnieders, who built five homes on Dixie Beach 30 years ago.

Even though Fort Knox was growing and more cars traveled Dixie Highway during the late 1930s and '40s, the lush woods beside the Ohio remained a popular spot for hunters and fishermen.

Catfish, carp, perch, bass, jack salmon and eels were the catch of the day. And duck hunters aimed for mallards, canvasbacks, teals and wild geese.

Cabins, or "camps" as they were called, gradually were built up along the riverside. People rented property, Kasey said, and built their own dwellings.

Today, thanks to the county officials who assigned road names, Abbotts Beach and Kulmers Beach bear the names of men who owned property beginning in the 1940s and '50s -- R. Fay Kulmer and Charles Abbott.

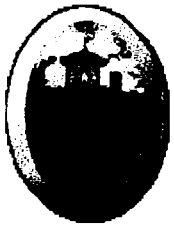
Kulmer, who now lives in Baltimore, sold the last of his property -- containing 11 homes and summer cabins and 18 acres -- to the beach's longtime renters eight years ago.

Abbott, 81, who still owns a home on Abbotts Beach Road and sold off all but six of the 25 acres he owned, said a lot has changed since the '40s. Floods and high water have eroded the river banks. Gone are most of the towering beech and cottonwood trees that shaded the banks.

The river is dirtier, he said, and the waterfowl aren't as abundant.

But, said Hilda Bard, who bought her Abbotts Beach cottage in 1969, it's still a beautiful place to live.

"The serenity, the peacefulness. There's no place like it."



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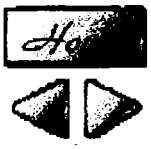


Kosmosdale

CEMENT FIRM BECAME CENTER OF WORKERS' UNIVERSE, OFFERING PLACES TO LIVE, LEARN, HEAL AND SHOP

By Linda Lyly © The Courier-Journal

At the beginning of the century, there were 12 duplexes along Dixie Highway in Kosmosdale -- six for white employees of the Kosmos Cement Co., six for black employees.

Other families lived on farms in an area along the river known as the "village across the lake," referring to a nearby basin. The cement plant ran a school, a medical office and a company store. The only other businesses were a blacksmith shop and a grocery, former resident John Celletti said.

Although today Kosmosdale is little more than a blip on the map 18 miles southwest of downtown Louisville, several old-timers look back fondly on the days when a small community thrived around a company.

It is from the cement plant that the area got its name. Kosmos is a type of stone used in the cement-making process, said Celletti, a 74-year-old former mayor of Shively who lived in Kosmosdale until he was 15.

"The cement plant, they're the focal point," said Gordon Ritchie, whose family has lived in the area since Civil War days.

Celletti's parents came from Italy so his father could work at Kosmos in 1906. The family lived in the company town until 1930, and the elder Celletti worked for the company for 65 years.

The largest number of families living in Kosmosdale at one time -- both on Dixie Highway and along the Ohio River -- was about 40, said Celletti, who now lives in Buechel.

He recalled the activity on Dixie Highway in the 1920s.

"I can remember as a kiddo when the Army used to move their soldiers on foot or in caravans from Fort Benjamin Harrison to Fort Knox," Celletti said.

He also watched Meade County farmers move their livestock through the area, on the way to market in Louisville.

But there was little urgency to take the same trek to the city, for the cement plant met most of its employees' living requirements.

Medical attention was available three times a week, Celletti said. Employees could shop at the company store until it closed in the early 1920s. The company also maintained a three-room school for eight grades, he said, "even at the time when I went to grade school."

The Cellettis lived in Kosmosdale during his freshman year of high school, so he and four other boys traveled by trolley to Male High School downtown. Ronald Watson, 74, has lived along the Ohio River near the Kosmos plant all his life and remembers attending Kosmosdale School about a half-mile north of the facility.

The company school was maintained by the Jefferson County school district for a time, but Celletti said it was eventually removed. Watson Lane Elementary opened in the area in the 1950s.

During the 1950s the company town's population dwindled and by the mid-1960s it no longer existed, as workers settled in Valley Village, Valley Station and other communities along Dixie Highway.

The company housing was demolished, and where it once stood is a park for cement plant employees, said Watson, who has lived in the same house on Dixie Highway for 50 years.

Watson Lane, which was a dirt road during his childhood, was named after his grandfather, said Watson, who operated a grocery in Kosmosdale for more than 30 years.

"Now around the cement plant, all there is are businesses," said Watson. Ritchie grew up in a two-story, white frame farmhouse built just south of the cement plant in 1911. His family bought the property in 1863, when Morgan's Raiders were making their rounds through the Ohio Valley.

"Jesse James was supposed to have spent a night here," he said. "I don't know if he did. But that's what I was always told."

Most of Kosmosdale's residents have come and gone through the years, Ritchie said, but he has never lived anywhere else.

The community wasn't always called Kosmosdale, according to the book "Kentucky Place Names." It was established on July 20, 1854, as Grassy Pond. It became Riverview in 1860 and Kosmosdale, for the plant four miles north of Salt River, in 1905.

In the 1870s, mail from Shively to Kosmosdale came to Valley Station, the community between them.

It later was delivered to the railroad depot constructed by cement plant owner Samuel J. Horner in the early 1900s, Celletti said.

Despite the area's small population, Horner persuaded Illinois Central to operate a small passenger and freight depot in Kosmosdale. In exchange, Horner built a one-story, stucco station with a small portico and hipped roof.

More than 80 years later, the depot, its window panes long gone, remains on a lonely plot south of the cement plant. It is included in the Jefferson County Office of Historic Preservation and Archives' book of historic sites, and the Kentucky Heritage Commission lists it as one of the state's historic interests.

Kosmosdale Baptist Church was organized in September 1905. During the spring and summer of 1922, Kosmosdale Baptist and Salem Baptist Church in nearby Valley Station, "feeling the need of mutual assistance and full-time preaching," appointed committees to consider a merger, according to the 1959 Valley Woman's Club publication "The Early History of Valley Station."

That fall, under the leadership of the Rev. R. L. Payne, the churches formally merged and agreed to build a house of worship east of the Illinois Central Railroad near Meadowlawn, a community three miles north of Kosmosdale. Members of the new church, named South Jefferson Baptist Church, paid $400 for the land. The congregation had a membership of 220. The church still exists at 6505 Pendleton Road.

The current Kosmosdale Baptist Church at 7012 Shipley Lane was built in 1964 and its parsonage in 1968, according to longtime member Betty Beck, 58. But the congregation began meeting in the late 1950s in a school, she said.

Today, a few of its members come from Kosmosdale, member Joyce Senior said. But they also come from the other Jefferson County communities along Dixie Highway, as well as neighboring Meade and Hardin counties.

Although Kosmos Cement Co. has been around for 84 years, it has been updated over the years.

"When you talk about cement-manufacturing facilities, that facility has been there a long time," said Karen Twitchell, treasurer of its parent company, South Down.

But with extensive renovation in 1971, she said, "The Kosmos plant has some of the most modern technology."

It has the capacity to produce 720,000 tons of cement a year, Twitchell said. Its limestone reserves should last another 50 years.

The operation has remained the same as the plant has passed through several owners. It left the Horner family's hands in 1957 when Flintkote Co. of New York bought it.

Based on the value of Flintkote stocks traded for Kosmos stock -- all owned by

members of the Horner family -- the transaction involved a stock value of more than $15 million.

Genstar bought Flintkote in 1979, and in 1981 Kosmos was sold to Connecticut-based Moore McCormack Resources. Moore McCormack was then purchased by the cement plant's current owner, Houston-based South Down, in May 1988.

The other big business in the community, LG&E, built its generating unit in 1972. With a capacity of 330,000 kilowatts, it was nearly one-third the capacity of the company's entire system at the time.

The environment has put Kosmosdale in the news in recent years.

The cement plant was the object of a suit filed by Jefferson County officials in Jefferson Circuit Court in 1972. Judge Richard A. Revell ruled that Jefferson County could issue up to $18 million in bonds that would permit construction of new production facilities at the plant and installation of air-pollution control equipment.

Last month, Southwest residents were celebrating, as they took credit for keeping a hazardous-waste incineration out of their neighborhood.

Houston-based CECOS International announced on Sept. 15 that it was abandoning two-year plans to build an incinerator in Kosmosdale.

Amid all the controversy, Ritchie has considered selling the family farm where he raises dairy cows, hay and grain.

"I've had a lot of pressure to test the waters to see if I should sell," he said.

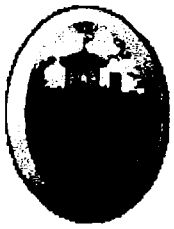
But Ritchie doesn't know if he could give up the property that has been a part of his family for so long.

Living within earshot of the cement plant, Ritchie has even grown accustomed to the noise involved in the production process.

"When they shut down, it's real quiet," he said.

But he said he appreciates Kosmos for giving the community its longevity and said it will continue to do so long into the future.

"The cement plant is bringing in new money," Ritchie said. "They'll be a strong plant for a long time to come."



A Place in Time

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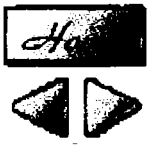


Pleasure Ridge Park

IT BEGAN AS A PLAYGROUND FOR CITY DWELLERS, BUT PRIDE HAS FORGED A HISTORY OF INDEPENDENCE

By Beverly Bartlett © The Courier-Journal

If your perception of Pleasure Ridge Park is one of firefighters, high school basketball and Dixie Highway -- with its lights and signs and bumper-to-bumper traffic -- you're thinking of the right place.

But forget all that. Think about the name. Concentrate on the words: Pleasure, ridge, park.

Now what do you see? How about a mountain ridge, covered with leaves of gold and red, and families having picnics and maybe couples dancing? What about a distillery that gives free samples of its whiskey at noon? And roads with so little traffic that a boy could ride his bicycle down it and his mother wouldn't worry?

That would be the original Pleasure Ridge Park. A place that got its name about 100 years ago when Louisville residents took excursion trains to what is now the intersection of Greenwood Road and Dixie Highway and spent the weekend at the Paine Hotel, where they could walk across the street to dance and picnic at Muldraugh Ridge.

People don't do that anymore, because the modern-day intersection of Dixie and Greenwood is anything but an escape from the urban world. The four corners are the sites of a White Castle -- a building used as a landmark by many residents -- a used car lot, a Hardee's and a bank. Pretty typical of city life.

But Pleasure Ridge Park, which essentially includes the area bounded by the Ohio River, Lower Hunters Trace, Dixie Highway and Johnsontown Road, isn't a city. Its residents have made sure of that by fighting off proposals of incorporation or annexation. It doesn't have a city council or a town hall. The only things that say "Pleasure Ridge Park" are the high school, the fire department and a few shops.

But the people, they say it proudly: "I live in PRP."

According to the 1980 U.S. Census, about 25,000 people can legitimately make that claim. That's quite a jump from 1948, when the late Frank J. Murphy, a

hardware store owner, opened a post office there. In a 1965 interview -- four years before his death -- Murphy said that only 50 people used the post office that first year, but a Courier-Journal report at the time put the number at 500.

Either way, it was small compared with the 16,000 that the post office served at the time of Murphy's retirement in 1964. By then, a post office building was constructed at his old hardware store spot, and Murphy had given up retail work to be a full-time postmaster.

But the new post office was not Murphy's only attempt to bring change to his community. He was part of a failed attempt to form a city in the mid-1950s and was part of a successful attempt to establish a volunteer fire department.

Murphy grew up in the old Pleasure Ridge Park train depot, according to Jane Miller, Murphy's niece who lives on Greenwood Road.

The original train depot was built in 1874 by the Elizabethtown & Paducah Railroad, now known as Illinois Central Railroad. But most histories and recollections of the building go back no further than 1910, when Ella Murphy, Frank Murphy's mother, was named ticket agent there.

She moved to Pleasure Ridge Park with her five children after her husband died doing railroad work. As ticket agent she was in charge of the daily operations of the depot, which was located near the intersection of St. Andrews Church Road and the railroad track.

Those operations were important to the early development of Pleasure Ridge Park. Although there is no longer a station there, the railroad once provided transportation for the export of goods produced in the area, including whiskey, lumber and dairy products.

Despite the presence of those industries, most of the area was settled by farmers. The Wallers, who still own land on Greenwood Road, are one of the area's earliest farm families. The Wallers' original tract came from a land grant given to George Waller's father-in-law for fighting in the Revolutionary War, according to a history written by the Valley Woman's Club. George Waller's family moved to the area around the turn of the 19th century.

Much of the small portion of PRP that lies east of Dixie Highway was settled by French and German Catholics, who in 1851 built St. Andrew's Church, which no longer stands.

By 1858, a map dubbed the intersection of Greenwood Road and Dixie Highway as Painesville, apparently because L. M. Paine owned much of the surrounding land. Dixie Highway has been known as Salt River Road, the Louisville and Nashville Turnpike and Valley Pike.

By the late 1800s, the Paine family owned even more of the area, including the Paine Hotel, a store, a post office and a distillery that reportedly gave out free shots of whiskey every day at noon. (The Paine post office opened in 1874 and closed in

1910. The area used Valley Station's post office until Murphy opened his in 1948.)

George Thornhill, who as a child moved to the Paine Hotel in 1940 after it was converted to apartments, can remember riding his bike on the highway in front of the building, unhampered by traffic. He described the old hotel as a two-story wood structure with a high porch.

He said the building was converted to apartments after it was purchased by Dr. Wade Shacklette. The building also held the doctor's office, a small store and the area's telephone switchboard. A subdivision, Shacklette Acres, and an elementary school have been named in honor of the doctor, who died in 1965 at age 88.

Thornhill, who now lives in Shively but owns a bakery in Pleasure Ridge Park, said the old hotel building was torn down about 10 years after he moved there. A gas station was built on the lot, which now holds a used car lot.

Much of the area's fastest growth came in the '50s and '60s. Cheap land, the availability of automobile transportation and the growth of both Louisville and Fort Knox after World War II are frequently credited with sparking the population boom.

But ask residents why they live there and they don't answer with talk of cheap land or Fort Knox and Louisville, they talk about neighbors and family.

"It's home," said Miller. "I never had a desire to live any place else."

And many residents point to the institutions that bear the name Pleasure Ridge Park.

The fire district, which currently has about 100 firefighters and serves an area that extends beyond what the post office officially deems Pleasure Ridge Park, is the largest volunteer department in the state and a source of great pride in the area. The department started with 16 firefighters in 1950.

The community seems especially proud of the department's work with the annual WHAS Crusade for Children. PRP firefighters, who collect from friends and family and anyone who travels down Dixie Highway, invariably bring in more money than any other fire department. This year the department's total was $117,000.

In fact, PRP was the first department to pledge money to the campaign. Thirty-five years ago, Ernie Bohler, who was the department's chief at the time, set a goal of $400 and challenged other departments to do the same. It was the second year of the crusade and his action is generally credited with being the start of heavy firefighter involvement. Firefighters across the state now collect about 60 percent of each year's total.

Pleasure Ridge Park High School opened in 1958 with 900 students. It now enrolls almost 1,500 students, about half of what it was in a period of overcrowding in the '60s, when the school ran double shifts. The school boasts of being the home to the

1989 boys' basketball state champions.

The high school is built on land purchased from the Wallers. Charles Waller still lives on Greenwood Road, just a little west of the school. He can remember a time when his home was surrounded by farmland, but with the close of World War II came the subdivisions that he says has made his community less close.

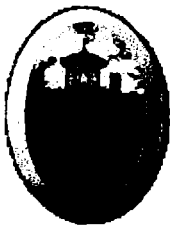
Still, Waller, like other longtime residents of the area, doesn't seem to resent the changes and doesn't plan to move further away from the city.

"My ancestors have been here since the 1700s," he said. "I have no desire to live anywhere else."

DID YOU KNOW:

- At least as far back as 1831, stagecoaches carrying Louisvillians to Nashville would travel down what is now Dixie Highway. Passengers would board the coach at about 5 a.m. downtown and stop for breakfast in Pleasure Ridge Park at the Nine Mile House, where a tollgate blocked the road. Bill's Pawn and Gun Shop is now located in the building at 7917 Dixie Highway.

- German and French inscriptions can still be seen on tombstones at the old St. Andrew cemetery on St. Anthony Church Road. St. Andrew's Church was established by German and French Catholics and was reportedly built out of stone that was hand-quarried in the area. It no longer stands.



A Place in Time

The story of Louisville's neighborhoods

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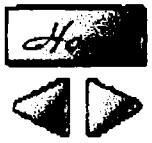


Sylvania

EMBATTLED FROM THE START, COMMUNITY HAS FASHIONED ITS CHARACTER AS ONE OF RESILIENCE

By Linda Lyly © The Courier-Journal

Literally. It's right there off Terry Road, an actual street in their southwestern Jefferson County neighborhood. Although some neighborhood memories are less than pleasant, residents of the small community of some 200 homes bounded by Greenwood, Millcreek and Sylvania roads and Terry Lane speak proudly about its humble beginnings and hopefully about its future.

Longtime resident Carolyn Mims said the neighborhood was established in 1925, shortly after developers decided that the land sat too low for a planned river resort. The area was then subdivided for low-cost housing, setting up a lifetime battle against the label "poverty-stricken."

Although residents say they aren't sure how Sylvania came by its name, several noted that it has long been known for its heavily wooded areas, and "sylvan" means "a place of woods and trees."

Since its start, the neighborhood has battled problems with unsanitary conditions, poverty and more recently, its reputation.

A 1963 Courier-Journal article about the area quotes one resident complaining about lack of services from Jefferson County. "We are a forgotten community," he said.

Even so, longtime residents -- many of whom call themselves "Banians" -- speak proudly of their home. In the midst of a battle over Sylvania's economic status in the late 1950s and early 1960s, a neighborhood boy with a lisp mispronounced the name, thus giving birth to a neighborhood slogan, "I'm a Banian and proud of it."

Virgie Yates, a 74-year-old resident who came to Sylvania in 1945 with a family of six and had seven more children while living there, said the neighborhood has "come a long way" over the years.

"When I moved here, it was all mud," said Yates, of Memory Lane, noting that "it

was about the only place I could afford, money-wise."

Today, the neighborhood seems a mix of its past and its goals for the future.

Tiny, well-kept brick and frame homes sit next to average-sized dwellings and an occasional tar-paper shack. Some lawns are cluttered with toys and gardening equipment. Others are carefully landscaped and surrounded by fences. Signs along several streets warn, "No Dumping."

Dumping was one of several problems the neighborhood faced in the early 1950s. In 1952, a survey of 214 homes by the Louisville-Jefferson County Health Department found 99 unprotected wells and 46 homes with no water supply. The study also found 129 open-pit or surface privies and 179 instances of rat harborage.

Current residents say that unsanitary conditions are in the past and that they now have indoor plumbing and improved roads.

"All we lack now is sewers," Yates said, noting that the area still uses septic tanks.

Ethel Henon of Rutledge Road said, "I think the black mark has been removed from Sylvania many years ago."

Even during the early days, residents maintained that they were not poverty-stricken.

In the late 1960s, they organized to protest being designated as such by the Louisville and Jefferson County Community Action Commission, now the Community Action Agency.

Mims, 55, of Sylvania Road, was the neighborhood's representative on the commission, and she remembers those days. "It was just a little hell and fury," she said.

In May 1966, the commission reported that, based on the 1960 census, 90 percent of Sylvania's residents had incomes below the poverty level of $3,000 a year for a family of four.

In April 1968, that figure dropped to 73 percent, but Mims said she looked at the community's application to the federal poverty program and pointed out that the commission hadn't drawn the correct boundaries.

By August of that year, the commission had redefined Sylvania's boundaries to include a much larger area, covering everything west of Dixie Highway to the Ohio River, with Lower River and Cane Run roads as the northern boundary and Ashby Lane as the southern boundary. The poverty level for that area then was reported to be 5.1 percent.

The commission opened an office in the neighborhood in 1965 to provide adult education, legal aid and activities for teens, among other services. It was ordered

closed by federal poverty-program officials in 1969, after protests from residents who didn't want to be labeled poverty-stricken, Mims said.

Over the years and throughout the struggles, Sylvanians pulled together, collecting food and money for neighbors when wage earners were laid off, someone was ill or other troubles struck.

Most recently, the neighborhood found itself in the headlines when gasoline-soaked rags were thrown into the home of a black family moving into the predominantly white neighborhood. Two Sylvania men were convicted, and a 16-year-old juvenile was charged. The family immediately moved out.

Residents dismiss the episode as a solitary occurrence.

Henon, 76, described the area as "nice and quiet."

Yates said the neighborhood is not as closely knit as it used to be. People move more often, she said, and choose to watch television over visiting neighbors.

Yates remembers the days when residents met at the grocery at the intersection of Rutledge and Sylvania roads. "You got all the news of the neighborhood," she said. "That was exciting back then."

Sylvania no longer has a store. Its meeting place now is a community center off Rutledge Road.

Constructed by the Metropolitan Park and Recreation Department about 20 years ago, the Sylvania Community Center has a gymnasium, kitchen and rest rooms. It has been used for company picnics and club meetings, as well as arts and crafts classes for children.

Outdoors, there are lighted basketball and tennis courts, a baseball diamond and children's playground.

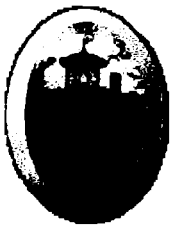
"We're equipped to do anything," recreation supervisor Joe Thomas said. "It's nice. "People like it."

After working at the center for two years, Thomas moved to Sylvania 10 years ago. "It's a nice place," he said, "not like the reputation it's had for several years."

Those who have lived there longer agree.

Mims said people often note that her family is not poor and ask why she doesn't move away from Sylvania.

But she came to the community as a child, raised her family there, and now one of her children is living in the community, so she tells any skeptics she may encounter: "I prefer to live here. It's home."



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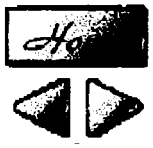

Valley Station

FARMERS CLEARED THEIR OWN ROAD TO SHUN A TOLL; PACE OF CHANGE HAS NEVER BEEN FAST, ITS PATH RARELY EASY

By Beverly Bartlett © The Courier-Journal

As a whole, the people of Valley Station are not easily courted by "progress."

In recent years, they have fought attempts to run sewer lines through their neighborhoods, and they chased off a company that wanted to build an industrial facility near their homes. Even a railroad pier, a seemingly innocent structure allowing the railroad to cross Dixie Highway, did not come easily to Valley Station. But more than 100 years ago, the small farming community that had settled there apparently accepted one change readily. The Elizabethtown & Paducah Railroad laid tracks through the region, and farmers embraced it with a name chosen in a somewhat obvious way:

The railroad station was built in a valley.

The 1980 U.S. Census indicated that 35,000 people live in Valley Station -- a far cry from the days when apparently no one was eager to move there.

Apparently, no Indian tribe ever called it home, although they did use it as hunting grounds. And most pioneers who journeyed out this way sought land with better drainage. The valley between the Ohio River and Muldraugh Ridge, which extends from Iroquois Park to Fort Knox, was almost swampy in places.

But some people did settle there and, as drainage systems improved in the 19th century, it became more populated. Some early settlers were descendants of James Moore, who lived in the late 1700s near what is now Okolona and owned land throughout the area.

Early in the last century, Gabriel Farnsley built a home just off what is now Lower River Road, intending to live there with his bride. The marriage, however, was called off, and the house was eventually sold to the Moremen family during the Civil War.

The Farnsley-Moremen House stayed in the family until last year, when Jefferson County purchased it, planning to restore it as a historic home.

Several such houses were built on the large farms of the area during that time -- a period when stagecoaches traveled down what is now Dixie Highway on their way to Nashville. The stagecoaches and other travelers had to stop periodically to pay tolls to use the highway. In Valley Station, one such tollgate existed near Ashby Lane.

That gate however, was a hassle for farmers wanting to go to the nearby railroad station or general store; it costs 20 cents a wagon. So they united to build their own road, which would allow them to bypass the tollgate. An improved version of that road still exists and is known as Deering Road.

Also in the mid-1800s, one of Valley Station's earliest churches was built. The Valley Woman's Club's history cites an 1843 survey noting that Robert Miller gave half an acre near what became Deering Road to Methodist Episcopal Church. The church grew and eventually divided into two congregations, which later evolved into Valley Christian and Bethany Methodist churches, both standing on Dixie Highway today.

The stagecoach died out after the Elizabethtown & Paducah Railroad, now called Illinois Central, was built in 1874. A depot was built near the intersection of the railroad and Valley Station Road.

Lynds Dodge, a New Yorker who came to Jefferson County to build the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, also owned a store and post office near that intersection, in the heart of Valley Station.

Alma Thomas was born in a apartment her family rented behind Dodge's Store in 1910.

She remembers going into the store, picking out candy and charging it to her father. The building still stands, although it has been renovated and now houses an auto parts store.

Thomas, who now lives on Third Street Road, said drainage was a problem when she was a girl. In recalling that the area flooded easily, she remembers on one occasion watching people float in a washtub around a house that stood across the street from the store.

The worst flooding, of course, was in 1937.

Marie Hockett, who moved to Valley Station as a child, remembers her family's home being transformed into a Noah's Ark of sorts. Residents who lived closer to the river brought their cows, horses and dogs and left them in the Hocketts' back yard, which was set just east of what is now Dixie Highway.

"This little place back here was just full," said Hockett, who still lives in the house.

Nancy Basham, a descendant of the Moremens, was another refugee during the flood.

When water seeped through the floor of their home on Dixie Highway near Valley Station Road, her family moved to the third floor of Valley High School, which had recently been completed.

Basham said they stayed for about 10 days, entertaining themselves by playing pingpong and using the school library.

"We just had a good time," she said. "Of course, we were kids. I'm sure Mother and Daddy didn't have a good time."

The '37 flood occurred during Valley High's first school year. Many of its students, like Basham, had transferred from Medora High School, which had been established in 1921 near the intersection of Pendleton and Orell roads, according to the Valley Woman's Club history.

That school was the first high school in the southwest part of the county, and it grew out of an earlier Medora School that served younger students.

Meanwhile, area black children attended Orell School near the intersection of Orell Road and Dixie Highway.

Alberta Rowan attended that school in the 1930s before moving on to Central High School. She remembers getting rides to the school from William Rowan, uncle of the man she later married.

She said William Rowan, who still lives in the area, purchased some sort of delivery van and drove around the county to pick up all the Orell School students who didn't live close enough to the school.

At that time, black families, most of whom were farmers, were scattered throughout the area, although several lived near and worked at Kosmosdale Cement Co. Several also lived along Lewis Lane.

Shortly after it was built, Valley High School became too small. The area grew rapidly after World War II, abounding with new subdivisions, especially during the '50s and '60s. Cheap land, the availability of automobile transportation and the proximity to both Louisville and Fort Knox made the area attractive to new homeowners.

The high school grew along with the community; twice during its history it resorted to running double shifts of classes. The school now has about 1,300 students.

School desegregation, by way of busing in 1975, hit Valley Station hard. A night of rioting on the second night of busing marred the area's reputation, Basham said.

News accounts indicate that protesters set bonfires in the middle of Dixie

Highway, and rioting grew so severe that police closed portions of the street. At the time, police estimated the number of rioters at 1,500 to 2,500.

Basham said she believes that since that time, most people in the community have accepted busing and are happy with their integrate schools.

And Rowan said she thinks the rioters weren't indicative of a general race problem in the area. In fact, she said the street she lives on is predominantly white, but she's never had a problem. Her children and grandchildren "don't even know what it is all about," she said.

Longtime residents, like Rowan, say they grew up loving the rural, quiet nature of Valley Station.

Hockett especially remembers the beauty of Easter sunrise services that were held atop Thompson Hill, near Johnsontown Road, on what is now the site of the Beth Haven Baptist Church and School. From that breathtaking site, the worshipers could see all the farm land between them and the river, she said. But the hill no longer stands. Much of it was hauled off by the truckload for a glass company that needed sand more than 50 years ago, according to her son, C. G. Hockett.

Some recent issues facing the community have revolved around changing the quiet nature of the neighborhood, including a proposal to build a hazardous-waste incinerator in nearby Kosmosdale, and the ongoing issue of sewers. The company that wanted to build the incinerator, CECOS International, withdrew its proposal earlier this year, citing changes in the market. But local officials and residents celebrated the decision as a victory of a diligent grass-roots effort against the proposal.

Some members of the group that opposed the incinerator, Concerned Citizens Coalition, also protested a railroad pier that they believed was a dangerous obstacle along Dixie Highway. Some safety changes were later ordered by the state's Department of Highways.

Sewers have also been an ongoing issue for the community -- much of which uses septic tanks. The Metropolitan Sewer District is considering a plan that would extend sewers to most of the commercial strip along Dixie Highway, but the Southwest Homeowners Association has vowed to fight the plan if it will force residents to hook up to the system.

But while Valley Station residents seem to often find themselves squabbling with outsiders about changes in their community, most say they aren't against change per se.

"It's the reverse," said Renee Butterworth, president of the Concerned Citizens' Coalition and a Valley resident. "They want to improve their quality of life."

"I really feel if we have something good to develop out here . . . we're really for it," she said. "But we have to see something good in it."