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The Call of the Pewee

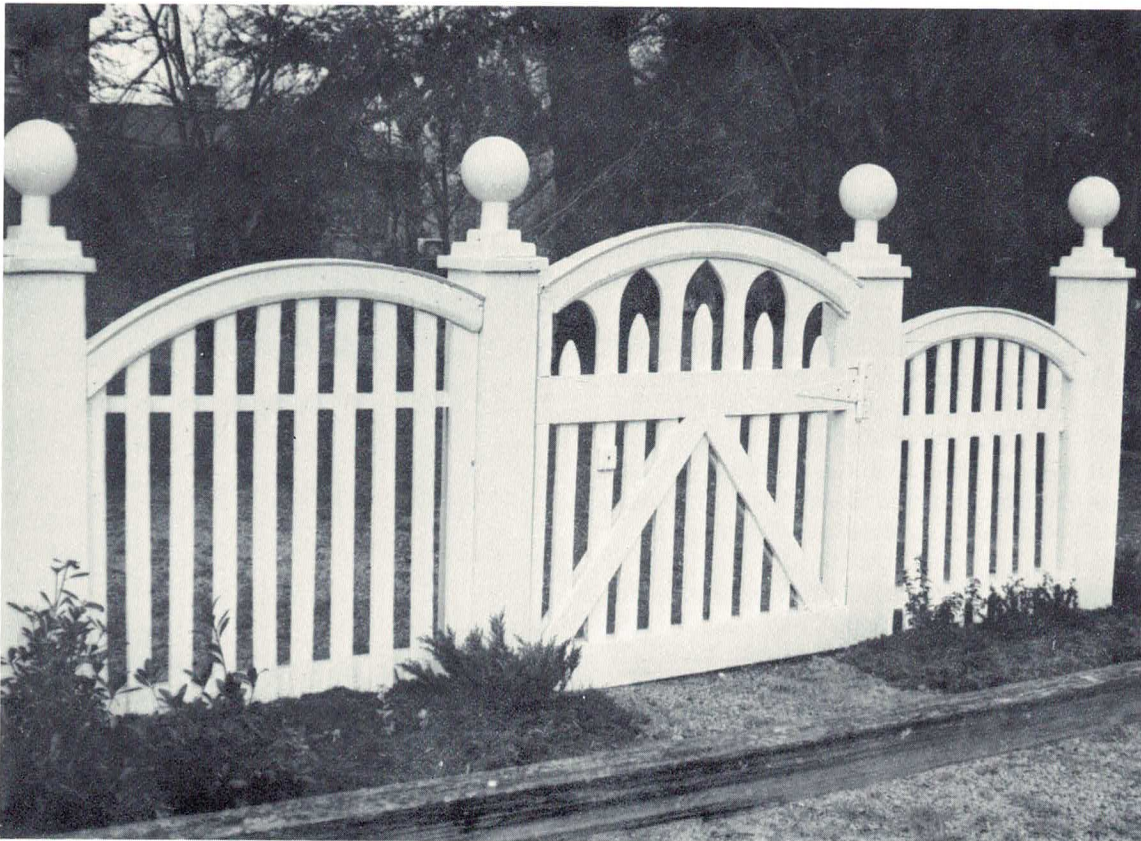
PEWEE VALLEY, OLDHAM COUNTY, KENTUCKY



VOL. 6

JUNE 1975

NO. 6



THE OLD REBORN—The old gate from Clovercroft returns to its original site.



Vivien Hoskins Reinhardt

THE Pewee Valley City Council met on May 5 at the Town Hall. All Council Members were present.

Welcome to two new Volunteer Policemen who were sworn in by Mayor John F. Stewart. They are: Stephen Nobles and John Ogden.

The Council wishes to thank the many people who helped so well on Clean-Up Day. Much trash was removed from the City and it was pleasing to have approximately 150 persons enter the poster contest. This was a great increase over the 60 entrants of last year. Mrs. Otis (Gin) Chaudoin received special mention for her unusual talent for driving the truck and getting the trash picked up.

It was brought to the attention of the Council that some out-buildings are going up in the City without Building Permits. A closer check will be made in the future.

Mr. Carroll Reid, Oldham County Civil Defense Director brought the Council up to date on all the latest procedures for a tornado warning.

A visitor to the Council Meeting this month was Robert Wright, Jr. of Ash Avenue. He came to the meeting to observe the City Council in action. Bob is a Life Scout in the Ballardsville Troop 153, and is working on his Citizenship Merit Badge.

The meeting was recessed until May 19 at 7:45 P.M. when the Council will meet at the home of Mayor Stewart to work on the Budget for the coming year.

Pewee Valley Clean-up Day

OUR annual clean-up and trash pickup day held on Saturday, April 26 was a real success. The weather cooperated and we had a fine day for our project. The turnout of volunteers was very good. We had nine trucks and about forty hard-working citizens who covered all the highways and byways of Pewee Valley. By noon we had filled the two dumpsters located in front of Town Hall.

A luncheon was served at noon for all the hungry workers. At this time a drawing was held for the youngsters who had worked all morning and those holding a lucky ticket received an Eisenhower dollar.

The winners of the poster contest were announced immediately following the luncheon. All 148 posters were very good and much thought and effort went into each poster. The judges, Mrs. Lillian Brackett and Mr. Herbert Ross, really had a tough time making their decisions. The winners in each category are:

1st-2nd-3rd grade—1st Prize—Philomena
Williamson
2nd Prize—Todd Grekoff
3rd Prize—Greg Fuqua

4th-5th-6th grade—1st Prize—Sara
Hendrickson
2nd Prize—Tina Cabbasies
3rd Prize—Domi Holsclaw

7th-8th-9th grade—1st Prize—Patricia Meyer
2nd Prize—Bruce Taylor
3rd Prize—Bruce Whisman

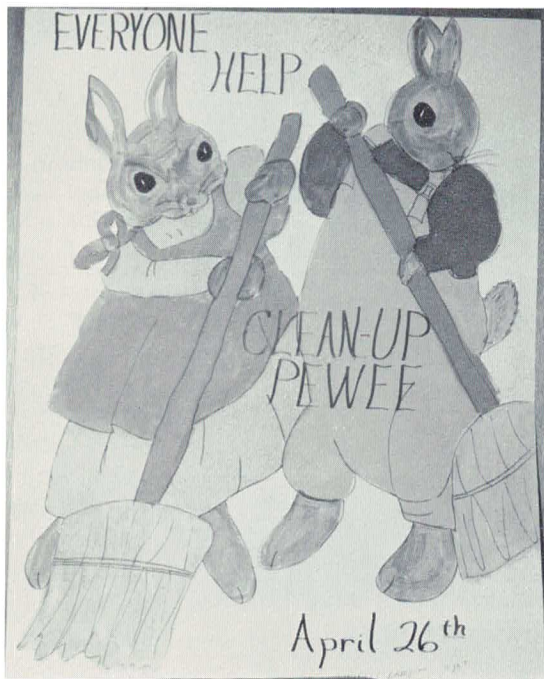
Adult Division—1st Prize—Marty & Danielle
Dampier
2nd Prize—Marty & Nicky
Dampier
3rd Prize—Betty Stuedle

The first place winners won a cash prize of \$5.00 and the second and third place winners received an Eisenhower dollar. A special thanks to Beard's Grocery who served as poster headquarters.

On behalf of Pewee Valley I would like to thank all the volunteers who worked so diligently to make our fair city spic and span. Thanks to the ladies who served a delicious lunch. A big thanks to Mobile Waste Controls of Kentucky who furnished the dumpsters.

See you all next year!

Walter F. Hayes, chairman
Pewee Valley Clean-up



PRIZE WINNER

From The Kitchen Of . . .

ELSIE HEIMAN

CHICKEN CREOLE

2 c of diced chicken (cooked or boiled with celery or bay leaves)

In 3 T chicken fat saute 2 T chopped onion and 2 T chopped pepper

Stir in 3 T flour— $\frac{1}{4}$ t salt,
 $\frac{1}{4}$ t paprika

Add $\frac{1}{2}$ c tomato puree, 1 c chicken broth, let it come to a boil

Add 1 t lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ t horseradish, 2 c diced chicken, $\frac{1}{2}$ c sauted mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ c chopped pimento

This can be prepared ahead. With a rice ring, tossed salad, hot rolls and a light dessert, you have a lovely dinner and can enjoy your guests and not spend all of your time in the kitchen.

BOOK REVIEW

John L. Froning

“ALL Creatures Great and Small,” by James Herriot (Bantam). A heartwarming true story of a Scottish veterinarian in the Yorkshire countryside during the thirties. It is hard to believe this is Dr. Herriot's first book, as his natural storytelling ability will capture you immediately in the opening chapter. He writes with total descriptive authority about animals, their births, diseases and cures. The owners of these animals are very unforgettable characters themselves, and are introduced throughout the book. It is told with such humor, honesty, and warmth, that it is intended for all to read. You will be entertained completely, as it is a beautiful book! It has been on the New York Times and Time Magazine's best seller list for over three months. Now in paperback.

STAGES



The Cast of COME BLOW YOUR HORN

MUCH TO REMEMBER

A History of Pewee Valley

Katie Smith

The Paving of the Streets

ON November 7, 1899, the citizens of Pewee Valley voted to allow the Board of Trustees of Pewee Valley to incur a debt of '\$5000.00 for the purpose of grading and paving the streets.' 10 Bonds, \$500.000 each were sold, divided into 3 classes: Serial numbers 1, 2, and 3 to mature in 5 years; 4, 5, and 6 were to mature in 10 years; 7, 8, 9, and 10 were to mature in 15 years from the date of issue.

"A Scottish engineer, John L. MacAdams, (1756-1836) devised a road surface made of loosely packed broken stone using water as a binder. Later the macadamized surfaces were generally mixed with hot asphalt, tar or some similar binder." (Compton's Encyclopedia).

The town fathers met June 18, 1900 in the Town Hall.

"It was moved and seconded that Maple Ave. be the first work done and the macadam be 12 feet wide and be put on the west side of the avenue and that a wing be run from the front Gates of those parties living on the east side of the avenue to the macadam on the west side.

2—Oak Lea Ave. be the second piece of work in order.

3—Railroad Ave. from Section house to Macadam in front of H. M. Woodruff's house on north side be the third piece.

4—The fourth piece of work be Rollington St. from Intersection of Pike to the culvert on west side of Shermans place, but after much discussion it was moved that the fourth piece of work be Rollington St. from Intersection of Pike to culvert near Bakers Old Blacksmith Shop, 8 feet wide.

5—Fifth piece of work be Tulip Ave. R.R. to Elm and the macadam be 8 feet wide.

6—Sixth piece be Elm Ave. from Warrens gate to Maple Ave., 8 feet wide.

7—Seventh—Ashwood from southern limits to Warren's Hill."

Mr. M. J. McClusky was hired as the contractor and Mr. R. H. Young as the Engineer. August 6, 1900, R. H. Young submitted the following estimate of work completed:

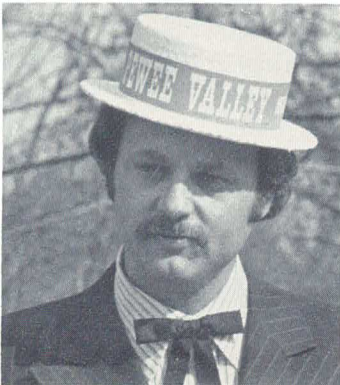
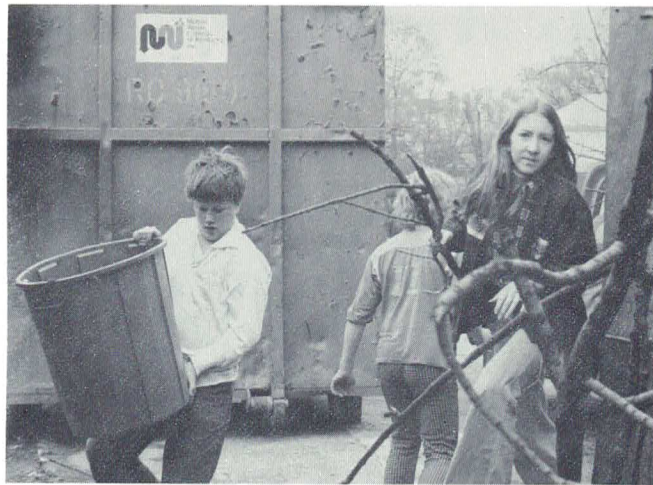
Recapitulation

Tulip Avenue	\$146.40
Maple Avenue	580.16
Muir's Lane	42.56
Cross Street	20.85
Railroad Street	192.00
	<hr/>
	\$981.97

The streets were completed. Thereafter until the bonds were retired May 8, 1915, the taxes levied provided a section which read:

"An Ad Valorem tax of ___ cents on each one hundred dollars valued is hereby levied for the year ___ to be applied to the Sinking Fund."





"A FINE Old Country Home"



LANDMARKS

Ann Montgomery

DRIVING through the ivy-covered stone pillars at 114 Central Avenue one is captivated by the immensity of the Elden DuRand Jr. home. Its twenty-two rooms and five baths would most probably be a bit much for the average couple. But, Carolyn and Elden DuRand, along with Carolyn's sister who resides with them now, use every bit of space for their many hobbies and interests. In nearly every window, for instance, one finds plants of every kind, especially Carolyn's one-of-a-kind violets.

The front two rooms of their home were

originally a log cabin which was built around 1850. These of course have been covered up and the home has been enlarged time and again. These additions can still be detected from the basement and attic. This has been home for the DuRands for the past thirty-one years. Their two sons, Allen, and Elden III, are now married, but Carolyn says that both their wives enjoy spending hours in their full attic selecting furniture and miscellaneous for their own homes. The attic alone is roomy enough for a tennis court!

The fine old home now houses a darkroom, a greenhouse, and plenty of space for Mr. DuRand's hobby as a ham radio operator. He spends time talking to people all over the world. Carolyn's interests are so varied and she shows so much enthusiasm for each one,

that she must have a secret for having more than twenty-four hours in each of her days! She is a braille transcriber, an avid horticulturist, a photographer, a furniture refinisher, and also devours books, and enjoys upholstery—to name a few. Both DuRands get pleasure from travelling, which they do extensively to many parts of the world. They really seem to have a knack for enjoying life to its fullest.

The three acres of the property are very neatly kept, with quite a variety of trees, shrubs, and flowers. In the back is the garden where they raise practically everything. They



never buy vegetables, Carolyn says.

The interior has many interesting pieces, as the lovely dining room shaker table, which has an enormous lazy susan self-contained in the center. The many nooks and crannies of the home, plus its vast porches provide still more appeal. It's a hobby just taking care of their home, but one which the DuRands tackle with pleasure, as they do most chores themselves. If you ever happen to see Carolyn up on the roof cleaning out those 100' gutters give her a toot or wave as she may be waiting patiently (and observing nature) for her husband to hold the ladder for her to descend!

New Pewees

Irene Williams

BILL and Sue Wellnitz moved into their new residence at 110 Dogwood Lane the first part of April this year. They are very glad to have arrived "home" again. Bill was raised in Crestwood and after graduating from Auburn University in veterinary medicine, serving in the Air Force and practicing veterinary medicine in Cynthiana, Ky. for two years, he and Sue decided to return to their hometown area. Sue was raised in the eastern section of Jefferson County. After looking for just the right place, they decided that Pewee Valley was just perfect for them.

The Wellnitz's have two children, Clinton age 2, and Amy who is just nine weeks old. Needless to say, having two youngsters and moving into their house is more than enough to keep Sue busy.

Bill has set up practice at the Plantation Animal Clinic just off Westport Road. When he has time to relax, he says he enjoys the out-of-doors.

Welcome to Pewee Valley, and after seeing the Dogwood trees in bloom this Spring, the Wellnitz's have picked a beautiful time to return.

By the way, Oleta and Bob Christensen are now the proud parents of a new baby boy!

Pewee Valley Public Library Hours

(Basement of St. Aloysius School)

Tuesday — 6:00-8:00 P.M.

Friday — 2:00-8:00 P.M.

Saturday — 10:00-4:00 P.M.

Music News

THE Kentucky State Music Festival ended with the Piano Division on May 2nd at the University of Louisville School of Music. Seven pupils of Louise Mahin were entered in 10 events, 7 piano solo and 3 piano ensemble. The participating students were Gail Lytle, Karen Hill, Laura Chatari, Kim Havens, Charlie Stuedle, Evan Rommel and Dan Robinson. Gail Lytle and Laura Chatari received Superior ratings in both solo and duo, and the remainder received Excellent ratings. Judges for the event were Marie Taylor from Murray State, Sam Hodges from Georgetown College and Larry Keenan from Morehead State.

Gail Lytle, Laura Chatari, Debbie Cantrell, Dan Robinson and Evan Rommel competed for 9 cash prizes in the first annual Corneille Overstreet competition sponsored by the Arts Club of Louisville. Over 100 music students from the Greater Louisville area played in the event. Gail Lytle won 1st prize and Evan Rommel won 3rd prize in the 12 to 15 year age group.

Gail Lytle and Laura Chatari, both 10th graders from Westport High, were accepted on audition for the 3 week Summer Youth Keyboard Institute under the direction of Nathaniel Patch at the University of Kentucky.

The Call of the Pewee

is published by the Pewee Valley City Council (John Frith Stewart, Mayor) and is mailed free to all Pewees. To submit news or to order extra copies (\$.15 each or \$1.80 for a year, mailed anywhere), phone Editor William H. Buckler (241-4114).

Vignettes of Pewee Valley

Florence Dickerson

GRAND PANJANDARUM

IN July of 1856 a Noble Butler purchased from A. W. Kaye four acres of land "on the waters of Floyds Fork." This was Tulip-hurst and Professor Butler, a Greek and Latin scholar, lived there a number of years. He contributed much to Pewee Valley, sometimes in an erudite manner and sometimes with tongue in cheek.

We believe Noble Butler wrote the following treatise on Pewee Valley entitled "Antiquitates peweeji, A Discourse on The Antiquities of Pewee," pronounced by The Grand Panjarandarum and dated July Fourth, 1858.

In the beginning was the world, and the world was without form, and void; and darkness brooded upon the face of the deep. Emerging from this darkness came a point of light, gradually swelling into an orb, and as gradually showing in its uprising, a form like to the globe. From its culminated apex, as in the stories of old Norsemen mythology, rose a tree, the Ygraddin of Pewee's heroes. Closed at first it gradually swelled—its bud, its leaf, its flower, opened to the eye of the new born day, till bye-and-bye, its balmy fragrance stole over the darkness, and its own radiance illuminated the chaos, of an universe. Other worlds, in that chaos, caught its light, and one glorious Prometheus stole its golden fire, and became the SUN.

Through this chaos came the other worlds, each seeking its share of that divine radiance—a part gathered its divine radiance — a part gathered its pure white

blossoms, and, hiding them in their Ethiop bosoms, became STARS. And one late wanderer caught only the reflected radiance on her round face, as all the others sprang away to their places in the sky. Gentle and quiet Luna! she dared not mingle with the rushing throng, but her mild radiance blesses more than all the golden glories which her sisters stole. On topmost bough of this radiant tree there perched a little bird—the guardian of its beautiful treasures. A gentle little bird, whose only care was to live on its branches, and to revel 'mid the shade of its deep green leaves. Little knew the bird and little recked the bird of the glories stolen from her happy home. Her song outgushed, as ages ago her throat had thrilled "peace on earth, peace on earth." Her bird-throat gushed as ever with the notes of her paradise. "Pe-wee! Pewee!" she sang; and "Pewee, Pewee" was re-echoed from the growing light, and from the receding darkness. Grew the orb, till earth was fairly born, and echoed and re-echoed over all its broad expanse was the songbird's shrilly note. "Pewee, Pewee" proclaimed a new born earth. "Peace and good will, peace and goodwill," sang the mystic bird, And leaf, and bud, and flower, grew and bloomed, and blossomed to the music of the songbird's note. On pine-crowned hill top, and in violet-hallowed valley, the strains are swelled upon the breeze. The new born earth rejoiced in its gladness, and the melody of this bird was the voice of its rejoicing.

Too hallowed was the shade of the Ygraddin for ought to live beneath. It was the temple of the universe. Paradise was created and outside of the shade of the glorious tree, man was born and woman smiled. As Eve rose from Adam's side, and in her wondrous beauty half amazed, fawn-like startled, gazed around, the guardian bird again trilled forth his little song; and Eve, with instinct caught from Heaven, first learned his magic words — "Pewee. peace and good will." Adam woke, and as he clasped his bride, all blushing in her maidenhood, "peace and good will, peace and good will," tremble through the air, and trilled the echo of the new-born happiness of the earth's earliest pair. Released from clasping arms Eve stole forth to greet the world's first orchestral. The bird flew down to meet her clasp, and from our mother's lip drank then the rosy dew.

Anon, the tree shook off its beauteous flowers, and golden fruits grew rich and round upon its laden branches. Then the angel came and told the trembling pair of new created ones; that if that fruit was plucked, the bird no more would sing, but all its feathers molt, and he transferred to paradise again would be, on earth no more to sing, till "peace on earth, peace on earth" should come to earth again. Believing and transfixed was Eve; then another came and smiling like a god, bid her go pluck the golden fruit, and live herself a deity. With reluctant step and slow, our mother then consented. The fruit was plucked—the bird outflew; but still, as his wings beat the ambient air, there came from the empyrian vault above, the echoed notes, "Pewee, peace on earth, Pewee!" The curse on the two sad mortals came, and thousands of years went into the dim land of dreams, ere yet again the notes of the mystic bird were heard on earth.

This, like the fabled histories of early Greece, is the mythical legend of our own beloved Pewee. It has no Homer to sing its age. The mantle of that poet has fallen upon these unworthy shoulders. Would that his strains might enoble his loved land, as those of his great prototype did the lands of Achilles, and Paris, and Helen.

More about the Grand Panjandarum next month.

TOWN GALLERY



Ted Merhoff