

LOUISVILLE HISTORIAN

A publication of the Louisville Historical Commission & Society

Issue No. 28 November 1994

Eileen Schmidt-Editor

MUSEUM CORNER

Several groups of children from Fireside, Coal Creek, and Louisville Elementary schools have toured the museum buildings this fall. John Waschak spoke to some of the children about mining and explained the tools that were used to dig out the coal.

We are in the process of cataloging some artifacts received during the past few months.

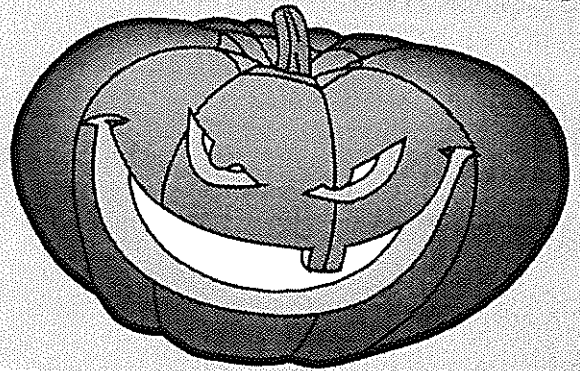
Many new members have joined our historical society, and many others have renewed their membership. We are again enclosing a slip of paper to be used in renewing your membership if you have not already done so. Thank you all for your continuing interest and support. If anyone would like to volunteer to help with the work of the Commission such as sitting in the museums during the hours which we are open and helping from time to time with special projects please call 665-9048 and leave a message or call 666-6853.

We are happy to welcome Dave Ferguson as a member of the Commission. Dave is a native of Louisville and a former school teacher in the Denver Public schools. He replaces John Garcia who resigned recently. John was a very productive member of our group and worked hard with us for a number of years, especially during the renovation of the buildings.

PARADE OF LIGHTS

The annual Parade of Lights will be held on Friday, December 2, 1994. Our museum buildings will be open from 6:00 p.m. until 9:00 p.m. Cookies and wassail will be served. Our Christmas ornaments will go on sale for the first time this year. This year's ornament is a Victorian angel. We will also be raffling a nativity set which was crafted by members of the Historical Commission following the Parade of Lights festivities. Tickets for this raffle may be obtained from any commission member, during the hours the museums are open, or during the Parade of Lights. We hope you will plan to visit the museums then.

THE HISTORY OF THE JACK-O-LANTERN



The Halloween Jack-O-Lantern comes from an old Irish legend about a man named Jack, who reportedly lured the Devil up a tree to pick an apple. As soon as the Devil climbed the tree, Jack carved the sign of the cross in the bark of the tree to prevent him from climbing down.

In order for Jack to set the Devil free, Jack made him promise never to seek his soul. The Devil promptly made the promise.

When he died, Jack wasn't allowed into Heaven, because of his sinful ways of living. So he tried to settle in Hell, where in compliance with their agreement, the Devil wouldn't allow him to remain.

As Jack was walking away, wondering where to go, the Devil threw a hot coal at him, which landed in a turnip Jack was eating.

Legend has it that Jack must now carry his turnip lantern with him forever as he spends all of eternity looking for a resting place. In America, the turnip has become the pumpkin, and carving it into a Jack-O-Lantern with a light inside which symbolizes the hot coal, has become a Halloween tradition.

LOUISVILLE HISTORICAL COMMISSION MEMBERS

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THANKSGIVING IN HAWAII

Although we associate the early celebrations of Thanksgiving with the New England colonies, we forget that this American holiday was also observed in other parts of our country at the same time. A good harvest was always something for which those early settlers were thankful, and often a day of "thanksgiving" was set aside for feasting and prayer. Also as the New Englanders moved further west and expanded their horizons to other lands, they took their customs with them. It is interesting to note that while immigrants from New England were settling the Midwest, a small group of Yankees left New England sailing south and then west around Cape Horn to spread the gospel to the natives of the Sandwich Islands.

When Captain James Cook landed on these islands, he named them for the Earl of Sandwich, but later they became known as Hawaii. The missionaries arrived in the islands in 1778. Traders from throughout the world had introduced firearms, alcohol, and foreign diseases to the people of these beautiful islands which resulted in a breakdown of their Hawaiian culture and religion. The Yankee missionaries were able to convert the Hawaiians to Christianity very rapidly. Schools were established, an Hawaiian alphabet was developed, and the missionaries became trusted advisors to King Kamehameha III. Trade with China and the business of resupplying whaling ships kept Hawaii in regular contact with New England.

Life in Hawaii was challenging and strange for the Yankee missionaries, but they were bonded together by a sense of purpose which helped them keep up their spirits. In an attempt to bring a little of New England to their present home, they decided to celebrate Thanksgiving Day.

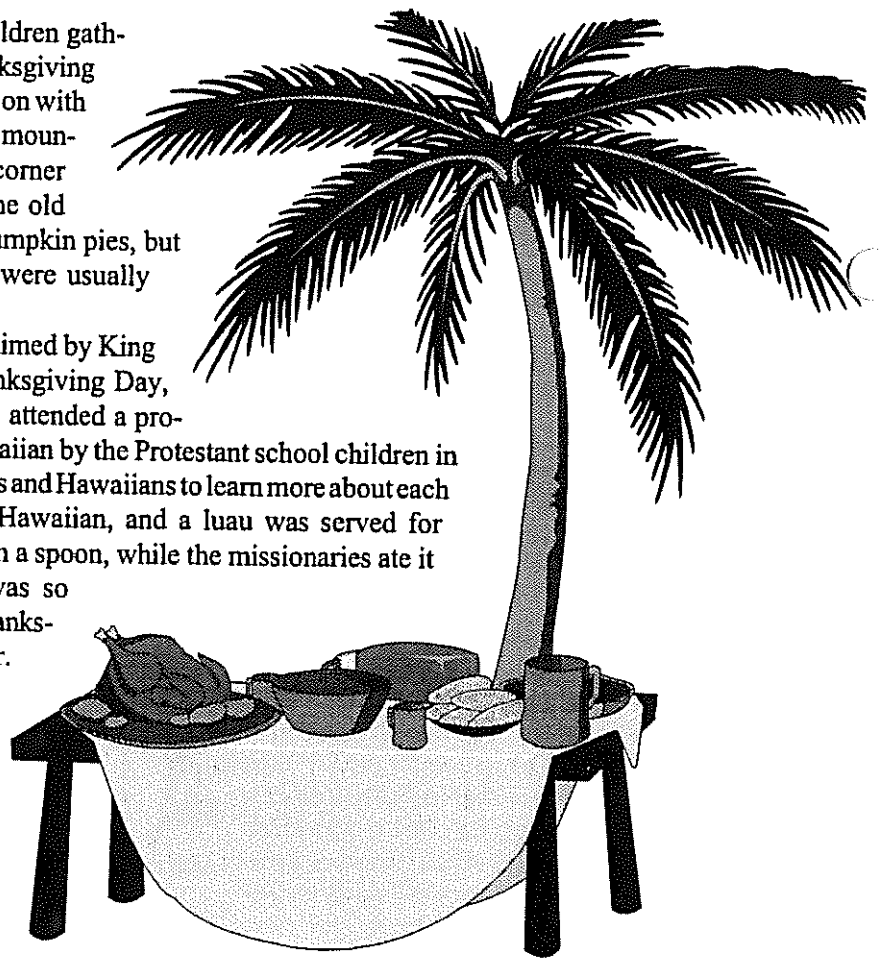
Thanksgiving was celebrated as early as Thursday, December 6, 1838, by the congregation of the mission in Honolulu. Following a church service, the missionaries ate an "old-fashioned" dinner together.

In 1841, twenty-five adults and thirty-two children gathered at the Honolulu mission house to have Thanksgiving dinner in a room decorated especially for the occasion with wreaths made of evergreens brought down from the mountains and shells, lava, and minerals arranged in one corner to form a grotto. The women prepared food in the old fashioned New England style with chicken and pumpkin pies, but oranges and bananas replaced the apples which were usually served.

The first "Hawaiian Thanksgiving" was proclaimed by King Kamehameha in 1849. To celebrate his first Thanksgiving Day, King Kamehameha, the queen, and other officials attended a program presented partly in English and partly in Hawaiian by the Protestant school children in Honolulu. A definite effort was made by the Yankees and Hawaiians to learn more about each other's culture. The New Englanders prayed in Hawaiian, and a luau was served for Thanksgiving dinner. The Hawaiians ate "poi" with a spoon, while the missionaries ate it with their fingers. Since this first celebration was so successful, King Kamehameha, proclaimed other Thanksgiving holidays, but it was not observed every year.

As Hawaii became more strongly attached to the United States and Thanksgiving Day became a national holiday, the Hawaiians, naturally celebrated along with other Americans each year.

The Hawaiians are very happy to be part of the United States, and are especially pleased to have a part in the observation of the old traditions of our country.



WHEN THE CHIMES RANG

Many years ago as I read Erma Bombeck's book, *At Wit's End*, for the first time, I found the chapter regarding Christmas to be not only amusing, but also very touching. The following is an excerpt from Bombeck's book, *At Wit's End*:
 "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen..."

That clicking sound you hear about this time is the result of fourteen million husbands pushing the panic button. They are pushing it because they are hours away from Christmas and still have no gift for what's-her-name, mother of his four children. One of the more conscientious husbands can always be counted upon to come up with the item mentioned last July when his wife snarled, "What I need around this house is a decent plunger!" Inspired by his power of retention he will sprint out and have a plunger wrapped as a gift. No one will be more surprised than he when his wife cups it over his mouth!

Others will seek out the advice of young secretaries who have read all the magazines and know that happiness is an immoral nightgown. Depending upon the type of wife she will (a) return the nightgown and buy a sandwich grill, or (b) smile gratefully and wear it to bed under a coat, or (c) check out the secretary.

For the most part husbands are cast adrift in a sea of confusion and bewilderment, sniffing perfumes, fingering sequins, and being ever on the lookout for a woman who looks like his wife's size.

Don't ask me why my heart goes out to these desperate men. Maybe it's that time of year. Maybe it's the den mother in me. Maybe I have really forgotten the rotten gift I found in my stocking last year: a gift certificate for a flu shot! At any rate, some of my women friends have asked me to pass along to men some guideposts to shopping.

First, women are never what they seem to be. There is the woman you see and there is the woman who is hidden. Buy the gift for the woman who is hidden.

Outwardly, women are a lot of things. They're frugal souls who save old bread wrappers and store antifreeze during the summer in the utility room. They're practical souls who buy all black accessories and cut their own hair. They're conservative souls who catch rainwater in a saucepan, and take their own popcorn to the drive-in. They're modest souls who clutch at sofa pillows to cover their exposed knees. Some still won't smoke in front of their mothers. So, they're dependable, brave, trusting, loyal, and true? Gentlemen, take another look.

Hidden is the woman who sings duets with Barbara Streisand and pretends Robert Goulet is singing to her. Who hides out in the bathroom and experiments with her eyes. Who would wear a pair of hostess pajamas if everyone wouldn't fall down laughing. Who would like to feed the kids early without feeling guilty. Who thinks about making ceramics, writing a play and earning a paycheck.

That's all the help I'm going to give you birds. You've got just a few hours to get to know your wife. If you still think she rates a monogrammed chain saw, that's up to you!

There is a wonderful story of Christmas, about a great cathedral whose chimes would not ring until, as the legend goes, the real gift of love had been placed on its altar.

Year after year, great kings would offer up the riches of their land, but the chimes would not ring.

One year, a small waif in a shabby coat entered the great cathedral and proceeded down the long aisle. He was stopped and asked what he could possibly give that kings had not already offered. The small boy looked down and hopelessly examined his possessions. Finally, he took off his coat and laid it gently at the foot of the altar.

THE CHIMES RANG.

To receive a gift, molded from love and sacrifice, selected with care and tied up with all the excitement the giver has to offer, is indeed rare. They don't come along often, but when they do, cherish them.

I remember the year I received my first "Crumb Scraper." It was fashioned from half a paper plate and a lace doily. I have never seen such shining pride from the little four-year-old girl who asked, "You don't have one already, do you?"

The crumb scraper defied description. When you used one part of the cardboard to guide the crumbs into the plate, they bounced and scattered through the air like dancing snowflakes. But it didn't matter.

I remember a bookmark created from a piece of cardboard with a picture of Jesus crayoned on the front. It was one of those one-of-a-kind collector's items that depicted Jesus as a blond with a crew cut. Crayoned underneath the picture were words to live by, "OH COME HOLY SPURT."

My favorite, though, was a small picture framed with construction paper, and reinforced with colored toothpicks. Staring out at me was a picture of Robbie Wagner. "Do you like it?" asked the small giver excitedly. "I used a hundred gallons of paste on it. Don't put it near heat or the toothpicks will fall off." I could only admit it was beautiful, but why Robbie instead of his own picture. "The scissors slipped and I goofed my picture up," he explained. "Robbie had an extra one."

There were other gifts--the year of the bent coat hanger adorned with twisted nose tissues and the year of the matchbox covered with sewing scraps and fake pearls--and then the small homemade gifts were no more.

I still receive gifts at Christmas. They are thoughtful. They are wrapped with care. They are what I need. But oh, how I wish I could end low and receive a gift of cardboard and library paste so that I could hear the chimes ring at Christmas just once more."

Most of us receive many beautiful gifts at Christmas, but some of the most cherished ones such as a Christmas corsage made of small pine cones and ribbon, a macramé pot holder, a clay dish painted dark maroon, and an ash tray made of ceramic tile are kept in a special place now and have become a part of very wonderful memories.

CHRISTMAS SOCIAL NOTES

The following news items were taken from a *Louisville Times* dated Thursday, December 28, 1933.

"The golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. William Willis was observed Christmas Day by a family dinner, at which were present their daughter Elizabeth; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Willis and daughter Mary Catherine; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Callonne and daughter Margaret; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Graham and son Kenneth. One daughter, Mrs. Lillian Chapman, still lives in Scalplevel, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Willis were married at Middlesboro, Yorkshire, England, on Christmas Day. Forty-seven years ago they came to the United States and settled at Patton, Pa., a coal mining town. Mr. Willis had been a miner in England.

Twenty-six years ago the family came to Louisville, attracted again by coal mining.

Mr. Willis has reached the age of 74 years, and his wife is 69. Both are usually well, and should enjoy many more years of wedded happiness. They have six grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Mary Helburg and daughter Miss Marie entertained Mr. and Mrs. Ernest James at Christmas dinner Monday.

Henry Zarini and family spent Christmas Day at the S.N. Downs home in Boulder.

Mrs. Elsie Thirlaway, her son Giles and Miss Gertrude Liddle spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. R.A. Rowe in Poudre Canon.

Miss Winifred Carveth is at home for the holidays. She will resume teaching at Rawlins, Wyoming, the first of next week.

Miss Patricia McCorkle is at home for the holiday vacation. She is taking post graduate work at the State University in languages and violin.

The Misses Nora and Jennie Moffitt came from Denver to spend Christmas at the home of their mother. Mrs. Moffitt is not so well lately.

Charles Zarini, Jr., came home from Denver University to spend Christmas, but returned to Denver the first of the week to resume work on a CWA project.

The Security Benefit Association held an enjoyable Christmas gathering of the members and their families Saturday evening. The lodge distributed 130 sacks of candy to those present.

The attendance at the Christmas dance at Redmen Hall Monday evening was fully up to the expectations of the committee in charge. A new year dance will be held at the same place next Monday evening. The Wabash Orchestra will play; they will play also at the dance at Lafayette on Saturday night.

Miss Georgine Robinson is spending her Christmas vacation with Mr. and Mrs. George A. Barker at Holyoke, Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Lecomte entertained Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Demoulin and son August, of Lafayette, at dinner, Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cable had as dinner guests Christmas Day Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hamilton, Sam Hilton and Raymond Hilton.

Mrs. Kate Allera and sons John and Joe and his wife had as their Christmas guests: Charles Liley, wife and four sons; Charles Zarini, wife, and son, Charles, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nesbit entertained a company of relatives and friends at a Christmas dinner Monday at 2:00 p.m. The following persons were guests: Mr. and Mrs. Eph Nesbit and Miss Margaret Young, of Denver; Mr. and Mrs. Gershon Nesbit and son Robert and

Mr. and Mrs. William Andrews.

Mr and Mrs. Allan McDonald served a Christmas dinner with members of the family and friends present. They had with them: Mr. and Mrs. Walter Leggitt, Robert McDonald, wife and three children, of Boulder; Walter Birkett and lady friend, and Ruth Birkett and her young man, of Denver. The Birketts are nephew and niece of Mrs. McDonald.

A Denver choir, a Denver violinist and two visiting priests assisted in the Christmas Eve midnight mass at South Boulder Catholic Church. There was a good attendance.

The popularity of the community Christmas tree surpassed that of all previous years. The 880 sacks of candy, nuts, and fruit were all passed out at the tree, and a few children remained unprovided for, the attendance being more than the committee estimated.

Lester Rockley came home from Greeley to spend Saturday, Sunday and Monday. His holiday vacation was cut short because he holds a CWA job on the college campus. Several students work three hours a day to spread out the employment. Lester is doing good college work, and has a grade of two Cs and two Bs. The average grade is four Cs. He is preparing for teaching and coaching in athletics. He is in his third college year.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Watson and family, of Denver, spent Christmas Day with Earl Biggins and family.

Mr. and Mrs. H.A. Moore had as their guests for Christmas dinner Monday noon: Donald Moore, wife and baby; Mrs. Sam Sutton and children of Eric; and Mr. and Mrs. John "Bud" Steuble of Longmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hockaday had a family Christmas dinner Monday noon, and had as their guests: Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hockaday, Jr., and child of Denver; Roy Hockaday, wife and children, of South Boulder.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Andrews had a Christmas dinner on Sunday, and had with them: Wallace Andrews, their son, John Birkett, Miss Wilma Raney, Miss Thelma Jones and Wm. Birmingham, all of Denver; and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Leggitt.

Miss Lillian Watson and Mr. Carl Biggins were guests at a Christmas dinner last Sunday at the Joe Watson home in Denver. On Monday evening Miss Watson was among the dinner guests of Mrs. Jane Brown at her home in Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Liddle entertained at a Christmas dinner Monday noon. Those present were their daughter Gertrude, Giles Thirlaway, Miss Lillian Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Varley and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dirkes.

The G.O.P. class of the Community Church met last week with Helen Bosko. Dorothy Fotis was assistant hostess. Seventeen are in the class and all were present. A Christmas tree had been decorated and presents were exchanged.

Christmas brought new bicycles to many boys of the town. The Christmas program of the public schools brought a full house at the high school auditorium last Thursday evening. The following program was presented with much credit to the pupils and teachers:

High School Orchestra	Siren Waltz,
	Parade of Wooden Soldiers
Operetta	The Toys That Had to Wait
Rhythm Band	Shoemaker's Dance, Klappdans
Christmas Carols	Medley"

'TIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY

When John (Ring) Dionigi was Town Marshal, his two young daughters, Yvonne and Marion, decided they would walk to the Hub Store on Main Street to buy their mother and dad Christmas gifts with money they had been saving for some time. It had been snowing, and there was water running in all the ditches and gutters. The girls were very careful and particular about their selections. After they had paid for their purchases, Marion was clutching the tie she had bought her dad close to her so that she wouldn't drop it in the water standing in the street. She slipped and fell in a ditch and completely ruined her dad's tie, but she didn't hesitate for a minute—she ran to the town hall and asked her dad if she could "borrow" some money. Back to the hub Store she went, purchased another tie and wrapped it in pretty paper for her dad's Christmas gift. He just didn't realize that he had paid for his own "gift."

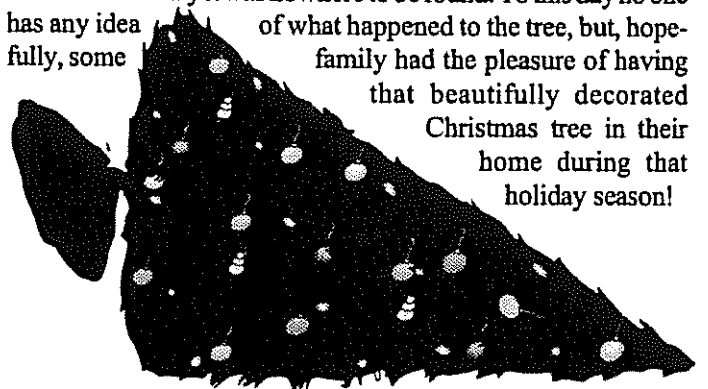
The Jim Sneddon family was having a sad Christmas the year their son, Bobby, was about eight years old. Bobby had a very serious strep infection in his leg, and there was a fear that the leg might have to be amputated. The family decided they had to do something very special to brighten their holidays. A Santa Claus suit was borrowed, and they persuaded an old friend, Ed Brierly, to dress up as Santa and pay Bobby a visit at home on Christmas Eve since he couldn't go downtown to receive his treat at the local Christmas tree. On Christmas Eve everyone was so excited, and Bobby was so happy to have had a personal visit from Santa Claus. After Santa had left to visit other sick children, Bobby looked up at his mom and said, "Mom, did you ever notice how much Santa Claus looks like Ed Brierly?"

One year when Don, Nick DiGiacomo's son was just beginning to get around very well, he just wouldn't leave the Christmas tree alone. Nick had nailed the stand on the bottom of the tree to the floor, but it was still knocked over by Don. He put a nail in the wall and anchored the tree to it with a piece of wire, but still the tree wasn't safe. Nick finally found a solution to his problem, he remembered the old play pen. The decorated tree stood in the middle of the play pen, which was placed in the living room where the whole family, including Don, could enjoy it without the fear of having it knocked over.

As the Bob Enrietto family was arriving at the Sneddon home for Christmas dinner, they met Olive at the door dragging the Christmas tree behind her. She explained that it had fallen over, and she just didn't have time to deal with redecorating it right then because dinner was almost ready. When she went back into the kitchen with the others following her, they were all very surprised to see turkey giblets all over, there were even some hanging from the ceiling. She had forgotten about the pressure cooker on the stove with the giblets in it when she went into the living room to deal with the Christmas tree. There was no giblet gravy that year!

A few years ago a "little black cloud" seemed to be following a Louisville resident as she was making preparations for the holidays. After having a frozen water pipe and a mouse (she hadn't seen one in her house for years), she decided to get on with the task of getting ready for her son's Christmas visit. The Christmas tree was decorated and stood in place in the living room so she began the preparations for making pizzelles. As she broke a dozen eggs into a mixing bowl and turned the electric mixer on, she heard a crash from the living room. The Christmas tree with all its beautiful decorations had fallen over, but she remembered she had left the mixer on in the kitchen. What a sight! When she entered the kitchen eggs were dripping from the ceiling and running down the walls and the kitchen cupboards. With tears of frustration streaming down her cheeks, she turned off the mixer and began the work of cleaning up. A few days later everything was back in order and the pizzelles were ready to be served. She was finally ready to enjoy the holidays—not so! A loud crash was heard coming from the living room—sure enough the Christmas tree had toppled over again. This time it was anchored to the wall with a wire attached to a nail. At the time there was nothing funny about it, but now everyone is able to laugh when they think of it. It is one Christmas she and her family won't forget for some time—a Messy, Merry, Christmas!

A few years ago, Lawrence Enrietto, marketing officer at the Bank of Louisville, called his old friend, Eugene Caranci, Director of the Louisville Chamber of Commerce, and asked if Eugene would go with him to pick up a fully decorated Christmas tree for the lobby of the Bank. Eugene got his truck, picked up Lawrence at the bank, and off they went. They picked up the tree, put it in the back of the truck, and drove to the Bank. When Lawrence went into the building to find someone to help unload the tree, Eugene walked to the back of the truck to check the Christmas tree. To his surprise, there was no tree in the truck. Thinking that somehow they had taken it into the building without him seeing them, he walked into the Bank. He was amazed when he saw that there was no tree standing in the lobby. Of course, they began looking for it, and decided that the best thing to do was to retrace the route they had taken to the Bank. So off they went again sure that they would find it, after all, a large fully decorated Christmas tree couldn't be too hard to spot; but to their dismay it was nowhere to be found. To this day no one has any idea of what happened to the tree, but, hopefully, some family had the pleasure of having that beautifully decorated Christmas tree in their home during that holiday season!





Seasons Greetings

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