

Bulletin of the Kenton County Historical Society

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2019



Karl Lietzenmayer receives
“Lifetime Dedication to Kentucky History” Award

The Hauer Family of Northern Kentucky

The Corps
A Vietnam Veteran Reminisces

Karl Lietzenmayer Receives “Lifetime Dedication to Kentucky History” Award

John Boh

On November 9, 2018, a chilly Friday evening in Frankfort, Karl J. Lietzenmayer was honored in the Old State Capitol by receiving the annual “Lifetime Dedication to Kentucky History” award. This honor recognizes very special dedication: the hard work of a Kentucky historian over two decades or more. Shown on the presentation screen was a copy of a recent *Northern Kentucky Heritage* magazine cover and a nice photo of Karl and Peggy Lietzenmayer in costume for a Stephen Foster presentation, one of Karl’s other history projects and sidelines.

The long-time Editor of *Northern Kentucky Heritage* was selected by judges from the Kentucky Historical Society. These award presentations are done each year by the Society after its annual business meeting. Karl’s was the last of the sixteen awards presented.

From its start in 1993 to the time of this award, Karl oversaw publication of 51 issues of *NKH* magazine. Karl recruited volunteers, including editorial aides and the very many authors – all-unpaid. He handled flyer distribution and other publicity initiatives. He compiled and edited, he arranged paid-professional layout, paid-commercial printing and the bulk-mailing. He had the pleasure of using the good work of some professors and talented students. For many upcoming issues, however, he had to search hard for enough authors with material of interest. He sometimes reworked and re-wrote from raw material. Karl also wrote many newly-researched articles of his own. Persistent follow-up, finalizing documentation, a selection of photos and other facts and details finished the process. Amazingly, for each issue Karl presented usually six or more articles. Readers also got multiple book reviews, the “In the Region” news column, and more.

Awards master of ceremony, Dr. Amanda L. Higgins, also noted Karl’s other achievements as a

public historian. To find more history articles, Karl established long-term relationships with the Public History Department at Northern Kentucky University and with the History Department at Thomas More College. Talented students got to see the results of their research and writing published maybe for the first time in a public venue. It is a proud example of successful professional collaboration. Karl furthermore regularly submitted copies of historical photos from the magazine to the archives of the Kenton County Public Library and elsewhere.

Dr. Higgins noted Karl’s work on the Covington Floodwall Murals. He is listed as an advisor with other historians who contributed history leads and specific sources to Robert Dafford and his crew of painters. Karl, furthermore, has regularly led tours below the floodwall, interpreting the subject matter depicted above in each of the murals.

Dr. Higgins made mention of Karl’s Stephen Foster presentations accompanied by wife, Peggy, a pianist. They include Karl’s singing interspersed with historical commentary from his research. Dr. Higgins noted that Karl had printed *The History of Covington to 1865*, meticulously researched and written by another local history expert, the late John E. Burns. Karl re-typed the lengthy manuscript, including innumerable footnotes, edited it, and even created an index. Hoping to refute “urban legends,” Karl some years ago traced Lafayette’s trip through Kentucky and into Ohio at Cincinnati. He did a presentation in a small but packed room at the Northern Kentucky Regional History Day. Karl has also been a regular organizer of History Day, referring speakers and giving presentations himself.

Karl has been told what an amazing achievement publishing a top-quality regional magazine like *Northern Kentucky Heritage* has been. It was done with



Above: Karl Lietzenmayer giving a recent presentation on the Covington Floodwall Murals
courtesy the Kenton County Public Library Archives

On the cover: Karl receiving his award at the Old State Capitol in Frankfort
courtesy the Kentucky Historical Society

unpaid contributors like himself, with an occasional monetary donation, and by relying on 300 or more subscribers to cover the costs of magazine layout, commercial printing and mailing.

The new *Gateway City Covington, Kentucky 1815-2015* cited some of the magazine's articles as source material in the 200-year old city's first complete history. Karl also co-authored the chapter on radio, music and entertainment. Karl contributed many articles to the *Encyclopedia of Northern Kentucky* (2009), including one on Stephen Foster. Karl's other volunteer history and community work is too numerous to mention.

Society president Bob Webster, Secretary John Boh, and friend James Horner accompanied Karl to Frankfort. Karl's son Eric and grandson Ryan also attended.

During the ceremony, the Behringer Crawford Museum received an "Education" award for its recent exhibit on the Korean War. The annual Kentucky History Awards ceremony always follows the annual meeting of members and staff of the Kentucky Historical Society. The KHS is also an agency of state government.

BULLETIN CORRECTION

We apologize that a photograph was mistakenly included in the November/December 2018 issue (page 7). The photograph was captioned that it was a home constructed by Dudley and Amanda Petty, while in fact it had nothing to do with the article.

The Hauer Family of Northern Kentucky

Dan Knecht

Jacobus Hower was born on March 7, 1825, in Prussia, Germany, the son of Mathiae Hower and Maria Gertrudis Schuman. He immigrated to the United States, arriving in New York City on May 1, 1852 on the ship *Nanny and Emma* out of Bremen, Germany. His destination was Cincinnati, Ohio.

In 1858, Jacobus married Margaret Holl and they soon had a daughter, Mary, and a son, August. By 1860, the family was living in Covington, and on the 1860 census, the children included Mary, August, Tresia, Maggie, Cooney, and Rosa.

Jacob died in 1895 and was buried in St. John's Cemetery in Fort Mitchell. In 1900, Margaret is living with her daughter Rosa, and in 1910 she is living with her daughter Tresia.

August Hauer was born in 1859 in Kenton County. He changed the spelling of his last name and in 1885, he married Elizabeth Lewing. In 1900, they were living in the Horse Branch Road area of the county and had the following children: Elizabeth, Mary, Joseph, Kate, John, and Henry.

Elizabeth died sometime between 1904 and 1910, and on that census the following children were listed: Mary, Katie, John C., Anthony, Henry, Lewis, and Martin.

John C. Hauer was born in 1895 in Kenton County. He became a successful businessman and builder, even though he only had a fifth grade education. In 1921, he purchased the lot near present-day Buttermilk Pike and Dixie Highway in Fort Mitchell. There, he built and opened the Dixie Tea Room as an ice cream parlor. He sold sandwiches, lemonade, and other items as well. The original two rooms of the structure are still in use today.

In 1925, John C. Hauer married Evelyn M. Schroder. The couple had two daughters, Romona in 1926 and Ariana in 1929. The family lived over top of the Dixie Tea Room, which was at the end of the Green Line streetcar line. A fuel pump in front of the building made it a frequent stop for automobile travelers, but John also had a barn where people could feed, water, and rest their horses. He loved horses.

When Prohibition ended in 1933, John opened a beer garden in the back of the Dixie Tea Room, which became quite popular. There were slot machines and a bookie but, unlike so many other gambling establishments in the region, John was not connected to the mob. In 1937, he sold the business to Al Frisch who renamed it the Greyhound Grill.

After the sale of the business, John Hauer moved his family to a farm in Boone County, where he trained racehorses. In the 1940 Census, they had an additional daughter, Fay, born in 1934. Although he moved to Boone County, John remained active in Fort Mitchell by developing the South Fort Mitchell business district; first with a Kroger store in 1937, Toll's Pharmacy in 1940, the four-Star Dixie movie theater in 1940, and the post office in 1949.

John's love for racehorses continued, and he had soon raised a filly, *Ari's Mona*, named after his daughters. *Ari's Mona* won the Kentucky Oaks at Churchill Downs in 1950, with 15-year-old trainee jockey Bill Boland aboard. The next day, Boland won the Kentucky Derby, the only time the same jockey won both races. *Ari's Mona* still holds the record for the best time in the one and 1/16th-mile Kentucky Oaks. The 1950 trophy sits in the Kentucky Derby Museum at Churchill Downs in Louisville.

While the family moved to Boone County, incidentally, right next to the farm of the famous horseman and thoroughbred trainer Jerome (Rome) Respress, daughter Arianna (Ari) Hauer remained in Fort Mitchell, at the home of her grandparents. She continued at Blessed Sacrament School, and then attended high school at Notre Dame Academy. Ari played softball and excelled at both slow and fast pitch, generally playing third base. After high school, she received a letter asking her to try-out with the Chicago Colleens, one of the women's professional baseball teams. Ari declined the offer, electing to remain in Northern Kentucky.

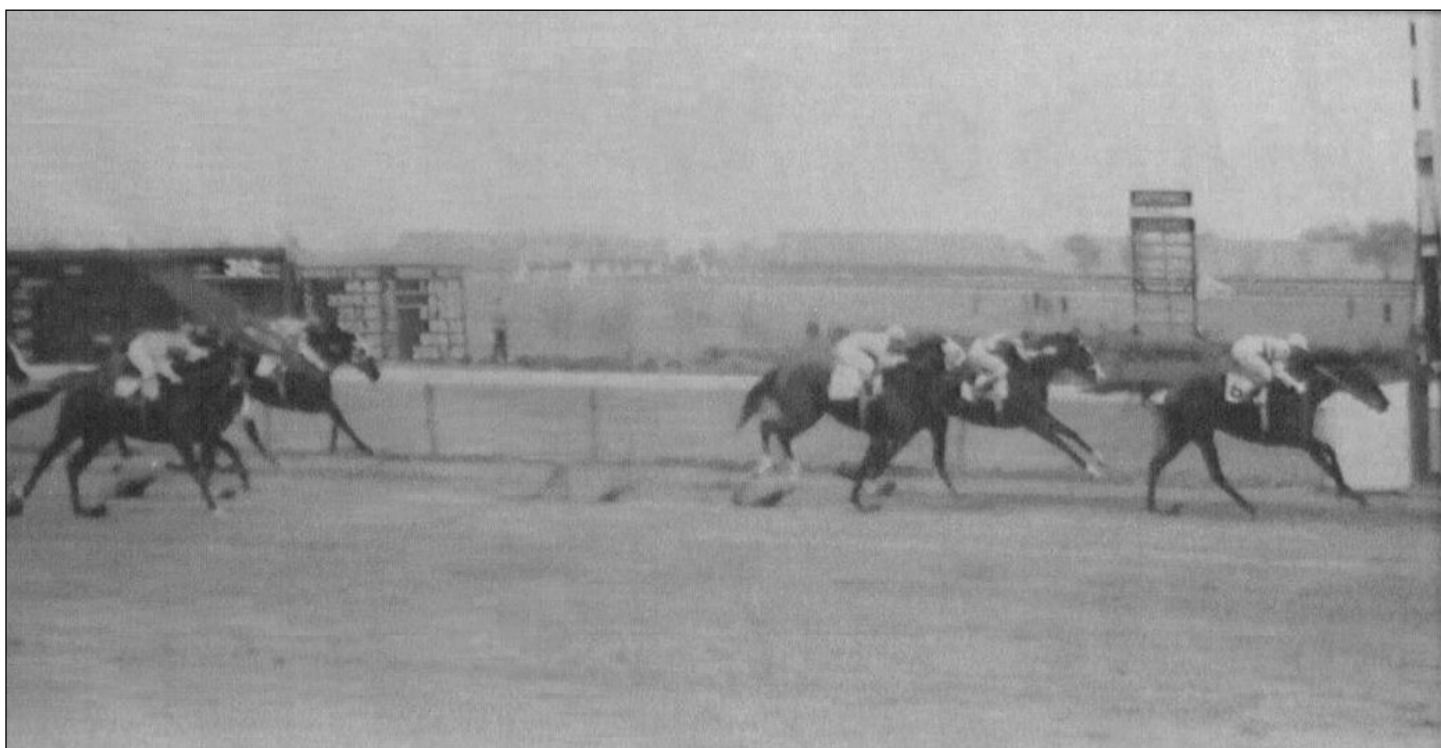
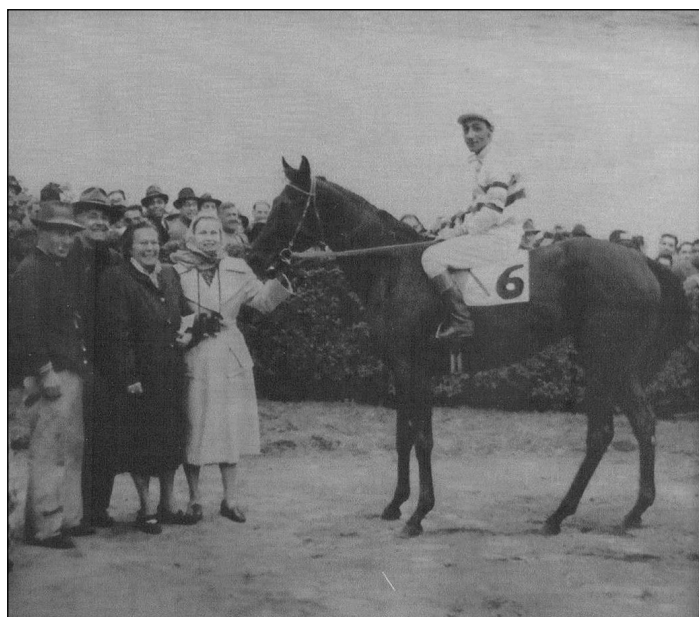
Locally, Ari played on several softball teams, the best of which was the Blue Hornets. That group won the Cincinnati District Championship in 1956 and the following year, they won the prestigious Indianapolis Tournament. Ari was voted Most Valuable Player.

Later in life, Ari became the first female coach in Knothole Baseball in Northern Kentucky. She not only coached for several decades, she worked as a fundraiser, uniform provider, and she gave a banquet

for her team at the end of each season. In April of 2010, Ari was inducted into the Northern Kentucky Sports Hall of Fame. On June 3, 2017, Ari received the Northern Kentucky Sports Hall of Fame's first annual Par Scott Lifetime Achievement Award.

Two images of *Ari's Mona* from a race in Jamaica on November 7, 1949. Bottom: the official photo of the finish of the race and top: the winner's circle photo. The jockey was the famous Eddie Arcaro and posed with the horse is (from left to right) John C. Hauer, Romona Hauer, and Arianna Hauer.

courtesy the author



The Corps

Mike Norman

This is the third in our series of interviews with Vietnam vets from Kenton County. Military life is a unique experience. Put two veterans at a table and you will hear stories. We would like to revive and preserve some of the stories that would never be included in the history books. Some will be first-hand accounts, others will be oral histories which have been transcribed and edited. This edition comes from Mike Norman, Holmes High School. Special thanks are once again extended to our own Al Murphy, the veteran sitting on the other side of the table in each of these stories.

The Corps

As a teenager, I was never too interested in schoolwork. One day I walked into the principal's office and announced, "Mr. Draud, I am quitting school, today." The next day I walked into the recruiter's office and signed the papers to enlist in the Marine Corps.

I left home and my civilian world in May of 1967 for the Marine Corps Recruit Depot (Boot Camp) near San Diego, California, with seven or eight other guys from the Cincinnati area. We got off the plane in San Diego and there was a Drill Instructor (DI) waiting for us. He very nicely told us to put out our cigarettes and put the butts and any gum we were chewing into a nearby butt can. He lined us up, two abreast, and marched us over to a bus which was already mostly filled with other recruits. He told us to go single file onto the bus and fill from the back first. He was just talking to us like a normal person. He said we should sit with our hands folded into fists on our knees, and we should stare a hole in the back of the head of the guy sitting in front of us. No looking around. No talking. Not bad, so far. That bus door closed and we got about thirty feet from the curb and the shit hit the fan.

Everyone remembers basic training, regardless of the branch of service. It is "not-so-bad" for some and "not-good-at-all" for others. Most of us laugh about most of it afterwards, but not so much at the



Mike Norman (left)

time. Things happen during basic training. We all know stuff happens, but we don't always see any advantage to talk about it. Even after all these years, Marines remember that "Semper Fi" means "Always Faithful."

To say that Marine Boot Camp was a culture shock is about as nice as I can be. During Boot Camp, the Marines control every piece of your existence. A trainee is not a person, he is a boot, plain and simple. First, it is physically hard and draining. There is lots of marching, and running, and physical exercise. Platoons are regularly punished with push-ups and other stuff when any one guy makes any kind of mistake. Early in the training cycle, there are a lot of opportunities for physical punishment because somebody is always doing something wrong. Usually, there is no talking allowed. They wear you down. They control every second of your time, basically from 4:30 am till 9:30 pm. You don't do anything unless you are told to do so, and it is demanded that everything is done exactly how they want it done.

They want everyone to look the same, talk the same, move the same, and maybe even to think the same. There is a Marine way to do everything and everybody will do everything the Marine way. When a Marine is given an order, they don't want you to consider other opportunities, they want you to do exactly what you are told. They wear you down.

There is plenty of the "hurry up and wait" stuff. Anytime we were in a wait period, we were expected to read our little red Marine Corps notebook. We carried it in our back pocket all the time, and we were supposed to read and study it every minute that we were not busy. They wear you down.

Think about eating. During Boot Camp you do not eat breakfast, lunch and dinner. You go to chow three times a day. After rigidly moving by side-steps through the line and having your food dumped onto your metal tray, your group of six or eight properly puts their trays on the table and stands at attention and waits. A designated Boot reads "Grace" from a little card. The DI gives the order, "Ready, seat." Every butt must hit that bench at the same time. If not, you stand up and do it again. It was not uncommon to do this three or four times to satisfy the DI. Once the sitting is completed, you can eat. Rather, you take a spoon and shovel your food into your mouth as fast as you can because the DI will end that ritual in a very few minutes. Don't bother with coffee because it's hot and you ain't gonna be there long enough for it to cool. Don't even think about talking. You are stuffing food in your mouth as you move toward the garbage cans and back to training. They wear you down.

The worst thing about Boot Camp was the Drill Instructors. There are usually three or four with every platoon all the time. They are constantly watching for the slightest mistake. They don't speak. They scream. They scream in your ear. They scream so loud and fast that they can't help scatter spit with the words. When they scream in your face, it is not a comforting shower for the boot. They probably didn't use any words that were new to me, but I swear I had never heard those words put together in phrases like Drill Instructors did. At times, Drill Instructors were almost not human, or so we thought.

DIs had another unique technique for correcting mistakes at chow. When some violation was identified, the DI might offer "motivation medicine." The DI would create a big glass of medicine - some mixture of hot sauce, soy sauce, mustard, pepper, and anything else available. The boot could choose to chug that foul mixture, or choose a more traditional punishment, such as pushups. I never drank the medicine.

All DIs were sticklers for discipline. There was no such thing as a nice DI. Until Boot Camp was actually over (when we got a four hour kiss-and-make-up session), we never saw any glimpse of a normal person. Sgt. Bissett was the worst. He screamed the loudest and he never stopped. It was always one thing after another with Bissett. DIs rotated overnight and weekend duty coverage. We hated it when Bissett had duty. He never gave us a minute of peace, always screaming about something. He told us, "At night, I lay there next to my wife and I think of tortures I could do to you dumb bastards." We thought he hated the world. He obviously loved his work.

One incident stands out. Heads (latrines or bathrooms) were cleaned and inspected just like every part of the Marine, the weapon, the bed, the foot locker or the barracks area. We regularly and thoroughly cleaned and polished every knob, drain cover and copper pipe in that restroom. Head duty was assigned to groups of five or six boots, often as a part of a punishment. It was not too different than you see on TV, on your knees with scrub brushes and sometimes toothbrushes. I was on head duty one day with Bissett. We thought we were ready when he entered to conduct his inspection. The cleaning detail was standing at attention as he made his way through the area. We had been there a few weeks, so we had been through the routine before. Although we were "eyes forward," everyone would, without being obvious, follow his progress. From behind, we noticed him lean forward over one of the commodes and extend his hand down. He straightened, his back still toward us, and held his hand in front of him for observation. He turned toward us, eyes wide and bulging. He reached his upturned right hand forward in the direction of the nearest boot. The middle finger was extended and revealed a tiny brown spot on the fingertip.

“What is this, private?” The DI screamed.

Understand, as far as drill instructors are concerned, boots know absolutely nothing, so the best response to a question is always, “Sir, the private does not know. Sir.”

“Private, is it possible this looks like s_____?” he asked.

The obviously terrified response was, “Sir, the private does not know, Sir.”

“The private does not know, but I think it looks like s_____,” he exclaimed. He raised his finger to under his nose. Sniff. Sniff.

“And I think this smells like s_____,” he added. He turned his hand over, stuck out his tongue and wiped the brown spot across his tongue. He smacked his lips, twice. “And I think this tastes like s_____!”

No one moved, or barely even breathed. I’m sure I heard a couple of guys try to stifle their gagging. Bissett went ballistic. He screamed. He ranted and raved. He made sure that each and every one of us understood that this mistake would be corrected and would never happen again. He stormed from the latrine.

We stood dumbfounded for at least a minute and then slowly and carefully began moving about to clean that latrine again. Naturally, no one said a word. An hour later, the inspection was completed and shortly after he found some other reason to scream. Later that night and in the first few days after the incident, some guys tried to convince others that it was a charade. Very quickly it was forgotten because there was always the next unbelievable thing that would happen for us to have to deal with. That incident sealed Bissett’s reputation with us. Bissett was an animal. Bissett was nuts.

There was one thing about training that I liked, however. I liked the firing ranges. I liked to shoot. In fact, we did have one shooting instructor, I remember his name was Ski. He often told us, “I am

not a DI. I am not here to holler and scream. I am here to teach you to shoot.” The DIs were not involved once they turned us over to him. He was much more relaxed. Smoke breaks were more frequent. He was going to make sure that everybody qualified. There was actually a lot of one-on-one, especially with some guys who really struggled with weapons.

I made it through Boot, and ITR (Infantry Training Regiment), and BIT (Basic Infantry Training), which was just a little more detailed refresher. Then, I got to go home on leave and came back for a couple more weeks called “staging,” in preparation for an overseas assignment.

I arrived in Vietnam in September of 1967. On March 16, 1968, while serving with the 26th Marines, I was on a night LP (Listening Post) off of Hill 861, near Khe Sanh. Me and two buddies got busted-up by a booby trap. Over the next several months, I had surgeries in hospitals in Da Nang, in Japan, and in Memphis, Tennessee.

I eventually mostly recovered. At least, I recovered well enough to pass all of the requirements to return to regular active duty. I was off any profile. I was stationed in Camp Pendleton and I did not like stateside duty. It was monotonous and boring. After a few months of that, I went to the 1st Sergeant and waived my rights and said I wanted to volunteer to go back to Vietnam. They had me talk to some kind of shrink or counselor to make sure I didn’t have some kind of death wish, or maybe I was insane. I told them. “I’m not nuts. I’d rather be there than here.”

I had decided I knew enough about Vietnam that I wouldn’t be surprised by much that happened over there. I wouldn’t be scared every day. My previous experiences would give me a leg up. I returned to Vietnam in May of 1969, a little more than a year since I had been medevacked out of Vietnam.

I was again an infantryman, working in several places in the hills to the west of Da Nang. I had been in-country for a few months and was pretty much back-in-the-saddle. By that time, I was an E5 and had

been elevated into the position of a Platoon Sergeant. I have to say that was different for me. I had never been anything more than a fire team leader in the past. I knew about the “out-in-the-bush” stuff, but not much about the other stuff that had to be done.

Luckily, I had a gunny sergeant who recognized my situation and he really helped me out. He was a tough SOB who had actually been a DI for several years. If we needed something, he would do whatever he could to get it. I don’t know how he pulled it off, and maybe I shouldn’t mention it, but he actually sent each man two cans of beer a couple of times when we were in the bush. He ran a tight ship, but he was always fair.

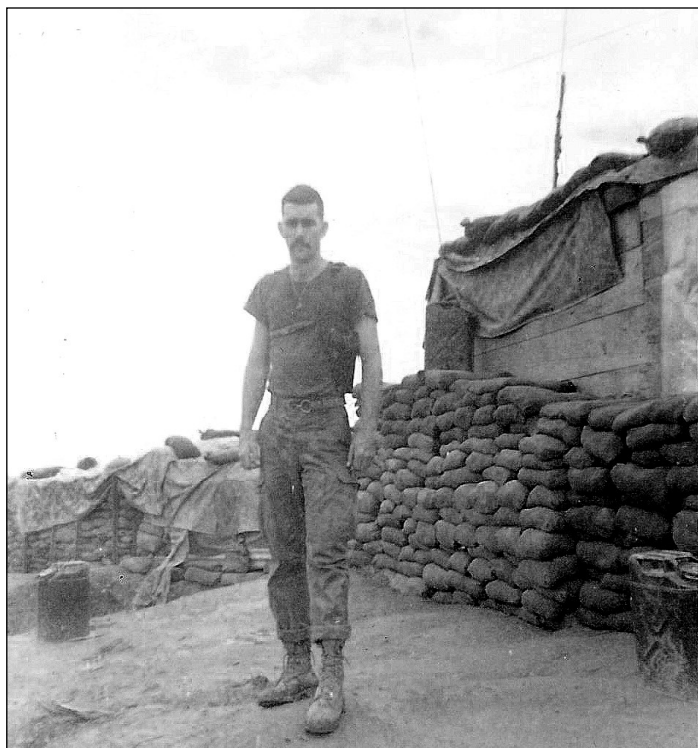
One day I was sitting near the top of the hill when I noticed a guy climbing off a truck down below. I did a double-take, but I was sure by the way he was walking... it was Bissett. I hadn’t seen him since Boot Camp and had never seen him as anything but my Drill Instructor. I slowly walked toward him. When I got about ten feet from him, I called out. “Sgt. Bissett!”

We both stopped and stared at each other. “I’m Sgt. Norman. You probably don’t remember me, but I was a private at the time. You were my DI when I was in Boot Camp.”

Now, Bissett was a Marine and had been a Marine a lot longer than me. He was wearing the stripes of a Staff Sergeant. He was no cupcake. As we faced one another, I could see that he had no memories of me, but he probably had been through meetings like that before me. I think he recognized there was no fire in my eyes. He kind of put his arms up in front of his face. “You’re not gonna hit me, are ya?” he asked.

“Naw, I ain’t gonna hit you,” I replied. “I ain’t mad at you. I just wanted to see what it would be like to talk to you, just man to man.”

We shook hands and began talking, bullshitting like any other two grunts. He had just arrived on this hill and had been given charge of our Weapons Platoon (60mm and 81mm mortars). I led



him back to the company area as we shared a few common memories of people and a few events from Boot Camp. I introduced him to my lieutenant. I walked him over to the mortar team and helped him get squared-away there. I gave him some tips on where some things were located and how some things were handled on this hill. We had a good visit. I told him if he needed anything to give me a holler.

We actually met a few more times over the next couple of months. Nothing dramatic, just Marines. He eventually told me how the DIs worked together to make up stuff to mess with boots, but, “We were not trying to kill you,” He admitted they stepped out-of-bounds sometimes, but quickly added that they had a serious job to do. They had to prepare a Marine for war and they did it the best way they knew how.

Oh yeah, one more thing. He admitted the brown spot on the tip of his finger was a tiny, melted piece of Hershey’s chocolate.

In memory of Phillip Wayne Salters, USMC, Hue, 1967-68.

Mike Norman.

Kentucky Trivia

A new, ongoing feature from Michael Crisp's
"The Best Kentucky Trivia Book Ever," available at
bookstores or at michaelcrisponline.com

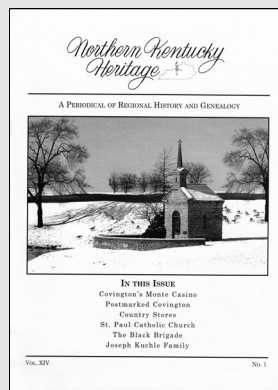
The Basics

Questions

1. What is the state nickname of Kentucky?
2. What is Kentucky's state motto?
3. What is Kentucky's official slogan?
4. What is Kentucky's official state bird?
5. What is Kentucky's official state flower?
6. What is Kentucky's official state butterfly?
7. What is Kentucky's official state fruit?
8. What is Kentucky's official state insect?
9. What is Kentucky's official state fish?
10. What is Kentucky's official state tree?

Answers

1. "The Bluegrass State," although this is only traditional and is not recognized by any lawmaking bodies.
2. "United We Stand, Divided We Fall."
3. "Kentucky: Unbridled Spirit."
4. The Cardinal, specifically, the bright red male.
5. The Goldenrod, also the state flower of Nebraska.
6. The Viceroy Butterfly, found throughout the state during the months between April and November.
7. The Blackberry, often used to make jams and jellies.
8. The Honey Bee, which is the official insect in sixteen other states.
9. The Kentucky Spotted Bass.
10. The Tulip Poplar, which replaced the Kentucky Coffee Tree in 1976.



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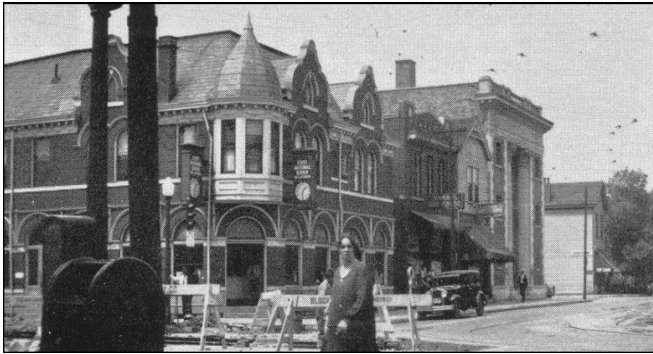
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Bulletin articles should be no longer than 500
words and should have at least two references.
Magazine articles should have several references
and endnotes, as well as images or graphics.

Email us if you have any questions.

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Then and Now



Two views of Ritte's Corner in Latonia (looking at the northwest corner)

Left image courtesy www.nkyviews.com / right image courtesy Wordpress.com

Mystery Photo

Can you identify the Mystery Photo? The answer is found below.



Answer:

Section of the original staircase with the castle of Daniel Henry Holmes (Holmes High School)

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I Bet You Didn't Know

*Tidbits from Kentucky's heritage
for every day of the calendar year*

January 3, 1839: John Bullock, Kentucky's first School Superintendent, gave his first report to the state legislature.

January 16, 1781: The first court was convened in Kentucky at Ft. Harrod.

February 4, 1791: An act was passed by the U.S. Congress providing for the admission of Kentucky as a state on July 1, 1792.

February 9, 1861: Jefferson Davis was named president of the newly-formed Confederate States of America.

February 13, 1818: General George Rogers Clark died at Locust Grove, his sister's home on the outskirts of Louisville.

From: *On This Day In Kentucky*, by Robert Powell

Programs and Notices

Kenton County Historical Society

Saturday, February 2nd, 2019

2019 is the centennial year of the death of famed Covington-born artist Frank Duveneck. A presentation by author James Ott is scheduled for Saturday, February 2nd, 2019, at 10:30 a. m., in the Erlanger Branch of the Kenton County Public Library. Duveneck trained in Covington, Cincinnati, and in Germany, and became a nationally-acclaimed artist, praised by novelist Henry James and so many others. He became a popular art teacher in Munich and Bavaria and at the Art Academy in Cincinnati. His paintings are seen at nationally-prestigious art museums and locally at the Taft and Cincinnati Art Museums. The Kenton County Library also has a collection. He resided in Covington in his later years and is buried in Mother of God Cemetery. On February 2nd come hear the speaker, a recent biographer of Duveneck.

Behringer Crawford Museum

Holiday Train Display

Sunday, January 13th will be the final day of the museum's holiday exhibits and programs. Still to be seen by adults, children and grandchildren will be the Holiday Toy Trains running in their 27th year on 250 feet of track "through busy cities and snowy countryside"; see Wiley Wahoo's Winter Wonderland, "an animated exhibit based on the children's book by Kenton Hills author Diana Grady"; and see the Dickens Village exhibit of "hundreds of miniature, hand-painted, ceramic mansions, shops and figurines, all lit and decorated for the holidays."

Updates:

See the Behringer Crawford museum website about for programs. A New Year's Eve celebration and program on December 31st from 10:30 a. m. to 1:00 p. m. will teach party crafts, and provide games and snacks for children and the whole family. After January 13 the museum will be closed two weeks for taking down, putting away, cleanup, for reorganizing and for adding storage hardware for current and recent additions to the collections. A new sports exhibit is in the upcoming schedule.

Northern Kentucky Regional History Day

March 23rd will be the day, and the Erlanger Branch of the Kenton County Public Library will be the site, of the 26th annual Northern Kentucky Regional History Day. On the present schedule: At 9:00 a. m. Professor John Schlipp will do the opening presentation on "Music, Musicians, and Entertainers from Northern Kentucky and the Tri-State Region." Schlipp (an Assoc. Professor Librarian at the NKU/Steely Library) will show "the development of the region's music, musicians, and entertainers and how their works resonate yet today." His research on regional music and entertainment was presented in *Gateway City: Covington Kentucky, 1815-2015*, the *Kentucky African American Encyclopedia* and *The Encyclopedia of Northern Kentucky*.

Three sessions of workshops with three presentations in each are scheduled to follow. Topics will be about the Civil War, "the Anti-German Hysteria during World War I in the Greater Cincinnati Area," African American troops from Boone County and about specific historical sites and other topics. Historical societies, libraries, museums, historic sites and book authors will show their publications and projects. Breakfast pastries and drinks will be at hand. There should be enough parking very close by. The Erlanger branch recently underwent a substantial expansion of library and meeting space.