



St. Matthews, Kentucky Area History



A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

This is one of many sections that contain information, photos, newspaper articles, internet items, etc. of the St. Matthews area. Many of the items came from Al Ring's personal collections but many people have helped and I have tried to give credit where I can.

The purpose of this "collection" was to create the history of St. Matthews, Kentucky. Being retired I now have time to do many of the things I have always wanted, this project is just one of them.

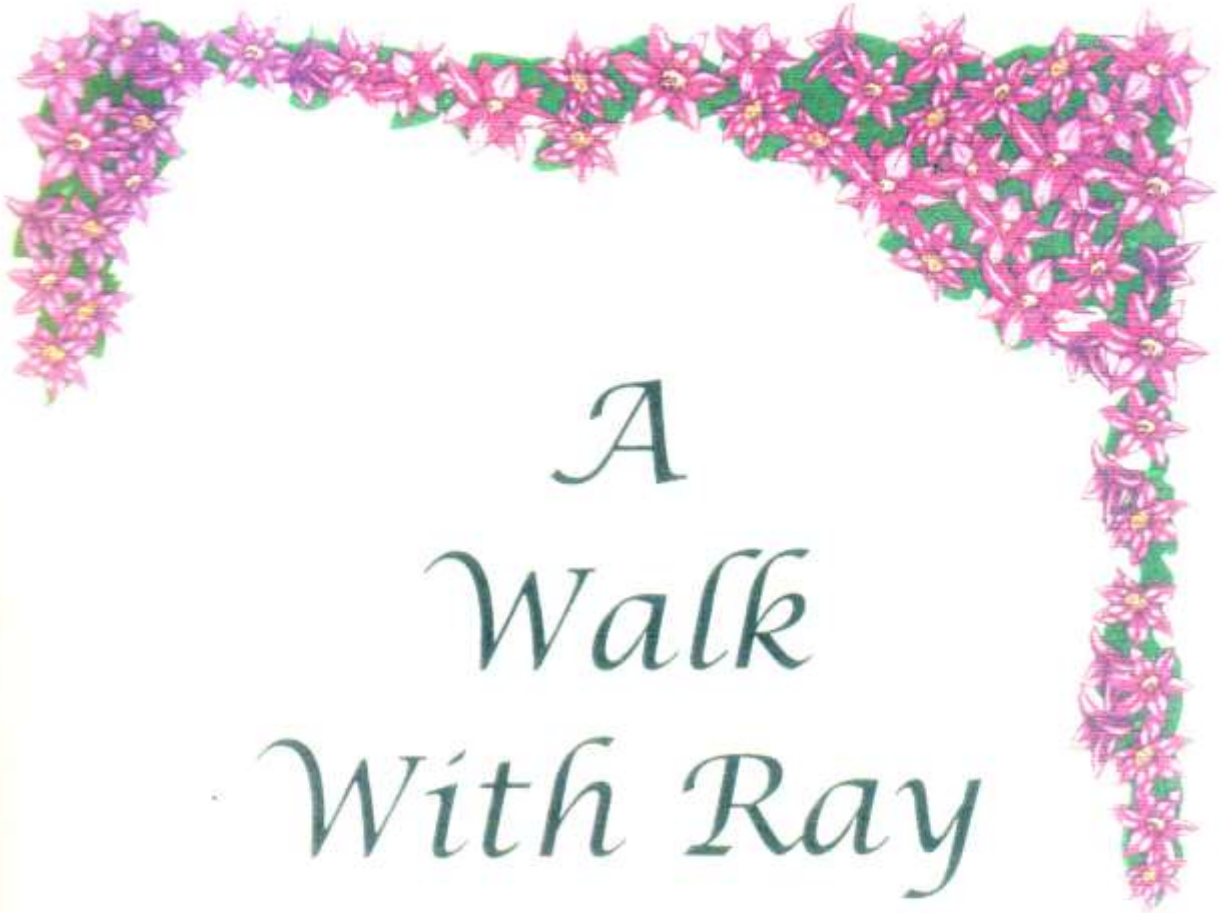
All graphics have been improved to make the resolution as good as possible, but the reader should remember that many came from copies of old newspaper articles and photos. Credit to the source of the photos, etc. is provided whenever it was available. We realize that many items are not identified and regret that we weren't able to provide this information. As far as the newspaper articles that are not identified, 99% of them would have to be from one of three possible sources. *The Courier-Journal*, *The Louisville Times* or one of the *Voice* publications. Books that we have used for some information include, *Randy, Cactus, Uncle, Ed and the Golden age of Louisville Television*, *Waggener High School Alumni Directory 1996*, *Waggener Traditional High School Alumni Directory 2007*, *Memories of Fontaine Ferry Park*, *St. Matthews The Crossroads of Beargrass* by Samuel W. Thomas, *St. Matthews, 25 Years a City Two Centuries a Community*, *St. Matthews 1960-1995*, *Waggener Lair's 1958 to 1962*, *The Holy Warrior*, *Muhammad Ali, Louisville's Own (An Illustrated Encyclopedia Of Louisville Area Recorded Pop Music From 1953 to 1983)*.

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Special thanks to Ralph Kempf and Joan Kempf McGivenney: (Brother and daughter of Ray Kempf)



A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



*A
Walk
With Ray*

*Memories of
Raymond
Joseph Kempf*

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

With the encouragement of my daughter, Joan, I have penned a few incidents of my life that I hope will be of some interest to my family. I am not finished, just planning another phase, 1930-1948 then 1948 to the present. So you haven't seen the last of me (as former President Nixon said). Love to all of you, you make life a pleasure.

When Joan asked me to write something about my being born and living in St. Matthews for 86 plus years, I decided I should write that it was no picnic growing up poor-but, boy was it fun! People today accuse you (me) of being filthy rich, coming from and living in St. Matthews. Perhaps these writings will show that there were hardworking people who lived in this community long before it was one of the "in" places to live.

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Drawing of 157 St. Matthews Avenue

This depicts the home my 5 sisters, 6 brothers and I grew up in. It was built by my maternal grandfather, Adam Hommrich for my mother, Eleanor Hommrich and her husband Carl Kempf during 1914. It was located at 157 St. Matthews Avenue, St. Matthews, Kentucky until 1999 when it was razed for commercial development. It was last occupied by my sister, Mary Jean Kempf.

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My name is Raymond Joseph Kempf. I was born on July 30, 1916, the second son of Eleanor and Carl Kempf, Sr. My older brother, Carl, Jr., was born August 15, 1915. I was followed by Alvin G. (2-21-1918), Paul R. (7-31-1920 - 7-31-1985), Mary Jean (8-15-1921), Joseph L. (5-18-1923 - 10-22-1988), John T. (9-3-1925 - 12-15- 1995), Margaret T. (10-28-1927), Patricia (5-8-1930), Ralph E. (8-27-1932), Virginia (1-11-1935) and Helen "Ruthie" (1-29-1938).

My mother, Eleanor Hommerich, was born 2-14-1892, the daughter of Anna Marie Book and Adam Hommerich (born in Nassau, Germany). My father, Carl Sr. was born 1-23-1890, the son of Frank and Mary Ann Kempf.

We all lived in a house at 157 St. Matthews Avenue. The house has since been torn down and offices have been built on the site but I have many memories of my family, the house, the animals and the garden in this spot while growing up. I lived in St. Matthews all of my life; long before it became known as a suburb of Louisville or the East End. These are some of my recollections.

Night is falling Mother dear,
The long day is over.
Before thy beloved image I am kneeling once more,
To thank you for keeping me safe this day and to ask this
Night to keep evil away.
Many times have I fallen this day, Mother dear,
Many graces are neglected since last I knelt here.
And God who will judge me has numbered them all,
He has counted each grace and numbered each fall.
In the book it is written against the last day,
Oh Mother, ask Jesus to wash them away.
And if before dawn I should draw my last breath,
Be near me, dear Mother, with Jesus to plead,
My savior will pardon if thee intercede.

Taught to me by my mother, Eleanor Hommerich Kempf, at age 5.
Raymond Kempf
December 27, 2001
Age 85

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I was born July 30, 1916 between two and three am. It was a very hot night. In my (our) younger years, we slept downstairs in what later became the living room. In 1923, after Grandma died, we were moved upstairs to her old quarters. Not having electric lights, my father lit a lantern and walked us up to our room, put us to bed, then went downstairs and sat the lantern at the bottom of the steps. We usually fell asleep quickly and my father took the lantern and put it away. When we got electric lights, we were in seventh heaven, just flip a switch and there was light in a bottle, which we couldn't blow out.

In 1924, with the family growing larger by the year, my father decided to finish the entire upstairs to three rooms and four huge closets but no bath.

My step-Grandmother's brother had recently come here from Germany, name of Earnest Dockweiler. He was a carpenter and he laid out and built the rooms with cross ventilation so some air did circulate. We older boys did a lot of lath working and nailing. Frank Hatter (neighbor) did all of the plastering. He added hog hair (from our hogs) to the plaster, which added strength. I recall that Dad asked Frank what he was owed and he replied \$40.00. Three rooms, four closets and a huge hall and stairway. A real bargain.

I recall getting lights in the stable, no more carrying a lantern when feeding, milking or shoveling manure. Every year the cow would have a calf and it was our job to bucket feed it. You would fill a bucket with about 2 inches of milk, put your hand in the bucket and let the calf suck on them. This was their way of learning to drink from a bucket. It was called weaning, the same as for children except for the fingers and the bucket.

My father owned a model T Ford that was used only for going to work. We had two gates, one at the front of the property and the other surrounding the chicken yard. In the evening we opened each set of gates for Dad. The Ford would go to the garage – it was never used for anything but going to work. When I got older, my mother would let me go up to the railroad tracks to meet my Dad. He would then ride us the one block home and we would hop out and open the gates. What a thrill!

We walked everywhere – school, church, grocery and once a year rode the interurban (downtown) for Christmas shopping.

Twice a year, we killed hogs, at Thanksgiving then again in December or January (the colder, the better). It was a fun time for us kids, but when we grew up, we were required to do a lot of helping. We would set the scalding trough the night before, and split plenty of firewood. About 4:00 a.m., Frank Hatter would come over, light the fire and when the water was

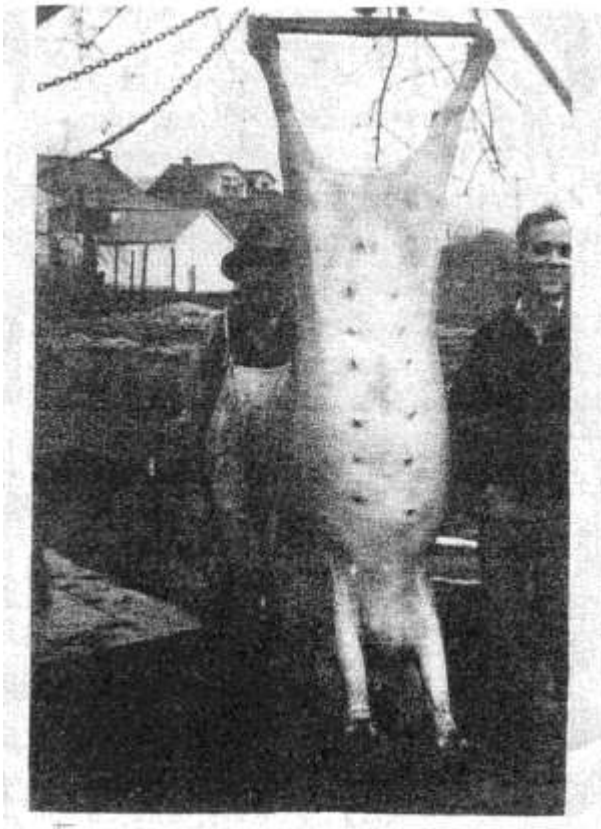
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hot enough to scald the hog's hair off, we/they would go to the hog pen and kill the critter. Dad was the hot water tester. He would dip his elbow in the water, not the hands. As I grew older, I was allowed to man the chains, a method that was used to remove the hog from the scalding water. I straddled the trough and was responsible for getting the hog out of the water before the hair set. Otherwise, you would have to shave the entire hog. A BIG JOB!

There was wine available to cut the grease internally and to help a person warm. One year, we fed "Porky", the dog, too much beer and we had a drunken dog on our hands. After the hair was removed, we got a gamble stick to prepare the hog for hanging up to gut it. I still have a gamble stick, would be happy to show it off!

After that, the carcass was put on a long table, cut up to make liver sausage, stuffed (Suzanne has the press) and then cooked. Then we made pork sausage, stuffed it and trimmed the hams and bacon, cured the hams and bacon and hung it in the smokehouse and smoked it for about a week.

I forgot to mention the hog had to be bled and that was Dad's job. He would slit the throat and then Uncle Louie would get a pan and catch the blood to make blood sausage. The blood had to be stirred continuously so it would not get lumpy or congeal, in which case it was no longer usable. It usually took us two days to make sausage. The second day, we rendered lard. We would put a sweet potato in the kettle and French-fry it. Boy, it was good! I still have the original kettle that was used to render the lard.



Frank Hatter
and
Ray

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1914- My parents married in October 1914 and set up housekeeping on St. Matthews Avenue. My grandfather, Adam Hommerich, built the house and did a good job. Grandpa Hommerich also built St. Martin's School. It is still in use-over 100 years old. But, all buildings need maintenance once in awhile and ours was no exception. So, this is where Uncle Louie comes in. (my father's brother). My grandmother Kempf also lived with us (a package deal). Uncle Louis would visit every Saturday afternoon, bringing the necessary tools to do whatever needed to be done. On Saturday, we usually had soup for supper and it may or may not have been enough for everyone. Anyway, some one would look out the window and see Uncle Louie walking down St. Matthews Avenue and would immediately say, "Here comes Uncle Louis, put a little more water in the soup." To this day, that expression is still used in the Kempf family.

→ SIEMENS & HOMMRICH ←
~~~~~  
**Builders & Contractors.**  
1523 & 1525 Shelby St., bet. Lampton & Breckloridge.  
~~~~~  
LOUISVILLE, KY
ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

A Bit of Folklore- 1914-1946

At home, my father kept a lot of cats. He used to give them milk when he finished milking. Anyway, cats are noted for keeping themselves clean and well groomed. So, whenever a cat was washing itself, it was a sure sign that company was coming and the direction its' tail was pointing was the direction the company was coming from. This proved to be true 90% of the time.

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Recollections of RJK

Across the road from us, about an acre of ground was fenced off and in the area was the original Greathouse School. The school later moved on Frankfort Avenue (Shelbyville Road then) where Tom Payette is now located. At one time there was a family by the name of Ninekirk. We played with one of the sons, named Frank. Anyway, sometimes Frank would do something to upset Grandma and in her broken English she would say, "Gosh, darn that Ninederv."

We had gooseberries, grapes, apples, peaches, cherry and plum trees plus chickens, cows, hogs and at one time, a horse. Us boys tried to get a goat, but we were voted down. When we got older, we would take matches and toilet paper from the house and go to the grape arbor (August, September), get dried grape leaves, roll them in the toilet paper and smoke. It wasn't very good!

In the early 20's, all oranges came wrapped in paper. We were requested to use the wrappers instead of purchased toilet paper.

As we got older, we were assigned duties (work) on the farm. Carl milked (I never milked much). Carl had the job of getting kindling wood in every night for fire starting the next morning. I was always glad that I wasn't the oldest. We didn't get natural gas until 1941. We chopped wood, cut logs (no chain saws) all summer in order to have a good supply in winter. In summer we used a coal oil stove. It was my job to keep the coal oil tank full. My mother gave me the coal oil job because it always left an odor on your hands, which doesn't go with cooking.

We worked the garden as soon as we were able to use a hoe. I think Dad should have been a psychologist, because he bought each of us a hoe and made us proud to own and use it. Of course, one brother outwitted Dad. He broke the handle.

We were assigned various tasks farm work, and there was also a baseball field nearby (Holy Trinity) and our friends would come by and we might do a halfway job, but believe me, Dad always caught on real quick. He decreed, "Get your work done, then play ball." And we did.

There was a large pond over near Chenoweth Lane where we ice skated in winter (where Kennison Avenue is now). One Saturday, Carl fell on the ice; he got cold but was unhurt. Since it was Saturday, he didn't have to take his weekly bath. The rest of us boys were envious of him.

In my young years, there was no such thing as garbage collection. We fed the pigs all of the table scraps plus dishwater and buried the glass and tin and burned the paper. The dishes were washed with homemade lye soap- no suds whatsoever. Even today, I could walk around the home pace and show

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the places we dug pits for tin and glass. Oh yes, Grandma made her own lye, pour hot water over wood ashes, mix the result with liquid grease and you have home-made lye soap. (no lather)

Speaking of projects, one of the first things I remember happening is putting in a drain line from above us to the creek just down St. Matthews. All the neighbors worked together and installed about 700 feet of drain tile one holiday. Then, we all had dry yards instead of ponds after heavy rain.

One year, we put a new roof on the barn, then the next year paint the house roof (tin), then paint the house, plus the garden, plus taking care of the animals-twice a day, feed, milk, gather eggs, hoe weeds, plant and harvest crops. In 1941 mentioned earlier, natural gas became available and your truly installed it, including lots of digging. In 1950, sewers were available and once again, I did the installation. It passed inspection the first time in both projects.

One project that happened every summer was blackberry picking. In our younger years, under six years old stayed home with Grandma) while my mother, dad, Uncle Louie, Uncle Fred Klusman (Joe Herp's grandfather) and others went blackberry picking. They would go to various friends' farms. They would leave about 4:00 am and return by noon with buckets full of berries. Of course, mother and grandma had to take care of the berries, make jelly, can them whole and save some for wine. Dad and the rest of the men would take a nap while the women worked. Dad sure did make good wine. One incident I remember, the wine was stored in barrels in the cellar part of the basement. One day, we decided to try some of the wine, so I was elected to open the wooden spigot. Well, it stuck open and a lot of the wine spilled onto the dirt floor. Needless to say, I was scared. However, Dad never noticed or chose not to fuss at me. When we became older we were sent (walked) to Arterburns (now Beechwood Village) to pick blackberries. We would walk there, with instructions to fill a 3-gallon bucket, and then we would take a swim in the pond, which was near the railroad tracks. One day, a train had stopped near where we were and we were offered a ride home in the caboose. Boy, we were in heaven. The conductor stopped the train at St. Matthews Avenue and let us off. Fond memories.

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When I was about one year old and my older brother Carl (11 months older) and I were put outside to play, we were put into a box approximately two foot square. The box had previously been used to store lime, which was used to sanitize the stable area.

Mother would give both of us our bottles and we were quiet for a short time (ask any mother). Carl had teeth and would talk to a degree. So, he would take his bottle, bite a hole in the nipple and drink his milk real fast. Then, he would hand his empty bottle to me, saying in effect, "Here you are", and he would take mine. My bottle would be almost full and Carl would repeat the biting of the nipple all over again.

When I was quite young, our family, the Toninis and Hommerichs would go to Starlite, Indiana to visit the Books, all relatives. The kids always ate at the second setting but we sure ate well. I remember plenty of good food, pies stacked all over the kitchen. The house where we would eat is still standing and my children have had it shown to them numerous times. I remember visiting the barns, seeing barrels of apples stored there.

All of the roads were dirt and no bridges on the creeks; you just drove through (ford is the word). After heavy rains, you would just wait for the water to recede before trying to cross. My last trip to the Book residence was in 1946 and we took a pint of whiskey to my mother's Uncle Joe Book, the last of the Books who we were close to. I have since visited the farms of some of the grandchildren, picking strawberries, cantaloupe, etc and they are all great people.

In connection with the trip to Starlite, I must mention getting the car ready. Dad would announce weeks earlier that we were going to Starlite. That meant finding a couple of extra spare tires. Cars were not equipped with spares in those days. Dad would check everything to be sure the car was ready. Finally, the big day arrived. We left early in order to be there on time, also allowing for at least two flat tires. All of the drivers had bragging rights and the one with the most flats was a hero. Two flats were normal; three and you were the hero. All tools and equipment, including jack, tire tools, pump, spare inner tubes and patching materials were all taken with us.

Backtracking a bit! After a fabulous meal, we were invited to go to Vespers at St. John's Catholic Church. It was more or less mandatory – we went because it was our duty. The day would be complete when we went to the cemetery, a usual procedure at that time.

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At about 1900, two men, RW Hite and John Fenley, plus several others including Newt Simcoe, started the St. Matthews Produce Exchange for the purpose of buying onions and potatoes from local farmers and they in turn resold to buyers from out of town, including New York. I have seen a horse-and-wagon loaded with potatoes lined up on St. Matthews Avenue and out Westport Road. The potatoes were weighed, wagon and all, then the wagon was emptied and the wagon alone was weighed again. The last weight was subtracted from the first and that was the weight that the farmer was paid for. The potatoes were graded #1, #2, and #3. Number threes were thrown aside and eventually some farmer picked them up and used them for hog feed. Dad used to send us to the shed, where Kayrouz is located now, to get some of the potatoes for our use. Well, ole man Hite saw us getting free potatoes, so he chased us away and ordered the foreman to pour kerosene (coal oil) on the potatoes so no one could use them.

I worked there very little-guess \$.20 an hour was too rich for my blood!

We called ole man Hite a tightwad, saying he was so tight he looked over his glasses to keep from wearing them out.

The grandmother on my mother's side was my step-grandmother but I couldn't ask for a more loving grandmother. She always had hugs for us and was really happy when we visited. I can see her today going into her huge pantry and getting us a treat whenever we visited her.

MRS. KATHARINE HOMMICH, 72, of 719 Gwendolyn, died at 8:45 a.m. Thursday at St. Joseph Infirmary. She is survived by five sons, the Rev. Richard Hommich, Shelbyville; Sgt. Edwin Hommich, Fort McCallan, Ala.; J. William Hommich, Joseph Hommich and Frank Hommich; three daughters, Miss Clara Hommich, Mrs. Edward Todini and Mrs. Carl Kempf, thirty-three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Funeral services will be held at 9:30 a.m. Saturday at St. Rose's Chapel and at 10 a.m. at St. Vincent de Paul Church. Burial will be in St. Michael Cemetery.



Carl Jr., Ray, Al, Paul and Grandma Hommich
Carl Jr., Ray, Al, Paul and Grandma Hommich

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My grandmother Kempf lived with us. In fact, she died at 157 St. Matthews Avenue in 1923. Anyway, she spoke better German than English. She would say, "put it in the sinder will," meaning "window sill."

A little more about my Grandmother Kempf. Although she was born in Elsen, Germany, she came to America at about age ten. She and her family arrived at New Orleans, took a steamer to Louisville, then settled near Lanesville, Indiana. The Civil War broke out when she was about ten years old. In 1863, John Hunt Morgan made a raid going across Brandenburg, Kentucky to Corydon, Indiana then east to Cincinnati, Ohio. My grandmother was at the age of going into womanhood. She also had a sister just a bit older, so Great Grandpa Kempf took the girls and the horse and hid in the woods for about three days. Had the girls stayed in Lanesville, they surely would have been taken advantage of, as Morgan went eastward from Corydon through Lanesville. Martin Sullivan has checked the court records in Harrison County for any deed relating to the location of the farm. We have come to the conclusion that the Kempfs rented the farm land, hence nothing in the official records.

Grandpa Kempf went into the woods, cut a poplar tree and hewed an ironing board, which was passed down to my mother, who tiring of it made firewood of it, about 1930. Both of my grandparents are buried in St. Michael's Cemetery in Louisville. Suzanne, Joan and Steve have visited the grave and can tell anyone the location.



Sept. 1923 - 4th Grade

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Another story about my Grandmother Kempf and the cows. In the hot summer, times the large pasture across from our home would be all dried up and forty mules would clean out all of the good grass. So, "Grandma" would get a chain and lead the cows out the back (all farmland) to a hillside that sloped to a creek, and the grass was really green there- no animals to eat there. Anyway, while Grandma was leading the cows, and Carl and I following, the cow suddenly started running (cows can smell good eating) and the chain was wrapped around Grandma and dragged her down the hill to the green grass. Carl and I thought she was a goner. I can still see her rolling over and over on that hillside.

However, when the cow stopped to eat, grandma got up-shook herself off and said, "Let's go watch the cows!" Remember, this is when women wore long dresses and long petticoats.

Grandma would teach me about nature and all learned a lot. For instance, if you cut a limb from a tree, you need to protect the fresh cut. She would put a dab of mud on it- nature's remedy.

I was home from school, for lunch, the day she died, January, 1923. Carl, Al and I returned to school, but when the Sisters got word of her death, we were sent home. Grandma was laid out in the living room at 157 St. Matthews Avenue. Funeral services were at Holy Trinity, where Trinity High School is now. Burial was at St. Michael's cemetery.

Another Grandma Kempf story. About 1920, my father bought an Army cot, the fold-up type, supposedly for nap taking only. However, our paper carrier spied it sitting in the hallway. He asked to borrow it and my mother graciously said yes. However, Grandma got word of the lending and she said, in no uncertain terms, "NO!" I can still hear the commotions that, "NO, he can't borrow it," brought to the house. (Grandma might have paid for it.)

About Grandma Kempf. She always poured her coffee from the cup to a saucer and then proceeded to blow it and drink it when it cooled a bit. Once in awhile, Grandma would let Carl or I blow it; boy what fun for a four year old! She also would take a saucer, pour in a shot of whiskey, then set it afire. After the alcohol burned off (producing a pretty blue flame), she would get a teaspoon and give us a taste. I suppose she drank the rest.

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My mother's favorite expression, "Gott en Himmel" meaning "God in Heaven". Another, "You have to take your own hide to market", meaning you must save yourself. Another, "You go before God alone."

From my mother- he or she ate "many a piece of sour bread", referring to someone marrying out of the Catholic Church and the marriage not working out.

Kids at theater asking father to buy candy. Father, "Look under the seat and get some chewing gum."

Another one- Man, "Would you believe it? I ran over myself. I asked my son to run across the street to get me some candy, but he wouldn't do it, so I ran over myself."

My mother had an expression for a fancy dresser, who wore a bow tie with a white shirt. She would say, "He looks like a mule looking over a whitewashed fence."

Occasionally, one of us children would swallow something and get it caught in our airway, causing some discomfort but not severe enough to make the person cough. My Grandma Kempf would refer to this as, "It went down your Sunday throat."



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This Halloween story may be long and boring, but it really happened.

Old man Crowder owned a barbershop at the intersection of Westport Road, Chenoweth Lane and Shelbyville Road. It was across the road from a blacksmith shop (where the White Castle is today). This shop had plenty of wagon wheels and scrap iron scattered about, so every Halloween the older guys (ages 16-26) would gang up on Old man Crowder. (I might have been there too except I wasn't allowed out- too young!) Every year the 16-26 age guys would plaster the front of the barber shop with iron, wagons, corn fodder and one time, a cow. Crowder started to protect his shop by sitting in the barber chair with a shotgun across his lap. About 2:00am, there was no mischief going on, so Crowder would go home. The older guys would then go to work, putting all the shop scrap, wagons, etc in front of the shop, really blocking the entrance to the shop. They also put a wagon, fully assembled, on the blacksmith's shop roof. The owner's son was a ringleader. Crowder would come to open the shop, and seeing all the vandalism, would say, "them EFERNAL SOB's!" The 1930's brought an end to both the barbershop and the blacksmith shop.

Mr. Crowder kept a spittoon in the center of his barbershop and to this day, I can see him standing behind the barber chair, take aim and hit the spittoon ninety percent of the time.

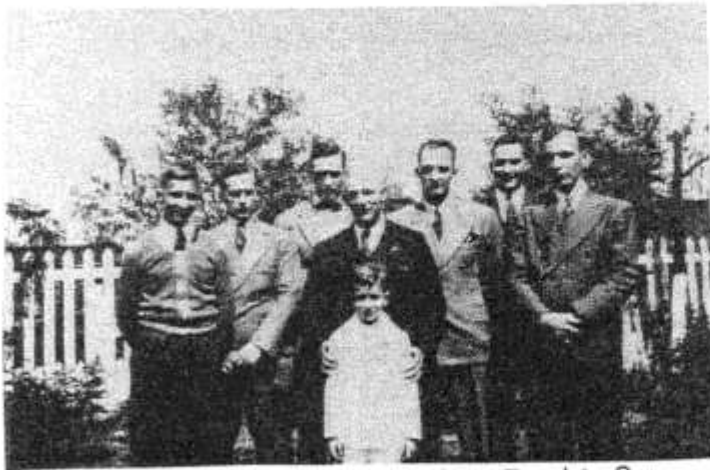
1928- There was a dairy farm located on Lexington Road and Cannons Lane. It went east to approximately Bauer Avenue and south to present day Willis Avenue. It was owned by Dominic Zehnder, father of Joe and Dominic who started Zehnder Brothers Creamry (Dairy). I have been on the farm, in fact, our cows were taken there to be bred. I recall the demolishing of the farmhouse and barns. The Kempf family received quite a large amount of the scrap lumber from the buildings. We used it mostly for firewood. I recall shingles stacked at least 12 feet high, which we used for starting fires for cooking, heat, etc. Their dairy store remained in business until about 1955 and is now called Meiers Tavern.

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This incident happened when I was six or seven years old. As previously mentioned, I always came home for lunch. One day, I came home, ate as usual and was in a hurry to get back to play on the ball field that is now Trinity Field. Caps were always worn and I couldn't find mine. After much searching, I found it by the kitchen window (this later became a bedroom). Out of the blue, I shouted, "Here is the S.O.B." The next thing I knew, I got a real bop on the head. To this day, I don't know where I heard that word, but I do know it was not at home because Dad never talked like that.

At the corner of Westport Road, at the railroad where there is now a service station, there were two homes. One was for the section foreman (RR) Mr. Jones, a real gentleman. However, his kids were mean. The other house contained workers for a certain section of the L&N RR. On Sunday, Mr. Jones would put on clean overalls and sit on the porch facing the RR and read the Bible.

My mother cut our hair, it being rather expensive to send seven boys to old man Crowder or Nally's. In the hot summer, we would be summoned to the back porch for the usual ear-lowering project. Mother had hand clippers which half cut and half pulled the hair. We dreaded the project but it had to be done. Later on, Dad took us to a Mr. Kaelin on Lexington Road and he had electric clippers. We sat in his kitchen and since we all knew his kids, we rather enjoyed this project. This same Mr. Kaelin also cut hair at the St. Thomas Seminary for free. (Mr. Kaelin was from St. Matthews)



Jack, Joe, Paul, Carl Sr., Carl Jr., Al, Ray
R.E.

420-43

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My mother had to wash clothes almost every day-12 kids and two adults. One Saturday, the wash was left out overnight and the next day it was all gone- someone had come and stolen it!

In the summer, my mother would can just about everything that we grew. All kinds of jelly and preserves, half gallons of beans, pickled onions, peaches, pears were canned. We had at least two, maybe three barrels of Irish potatoes, bushels of sweet potatoes, about 15 gallons of lard, a large crock of sauerkraut. Eggs were preserved in a jelly like substance called water glass. We always had a bushel of apples, some we grew and others we purchased from an orchard on Lime Kiln Lane, from a Mr. Eifler. We made our own kraut-a real fun evening. I still have the cutter but not the crock.

One way to know that the weather was changing was to observe the animals. The cows, pigs and horses would act very unusual and by observing them, you would know that a change of weather was coming.

A cow will not drink water that is unfit or contains any poison. Pigs will eat coal as it contains many minerals that they normally can't get. Milk often soured when a thunderstorm was approaching. (This was in the days of ice boxes.)

Recollections of RJK

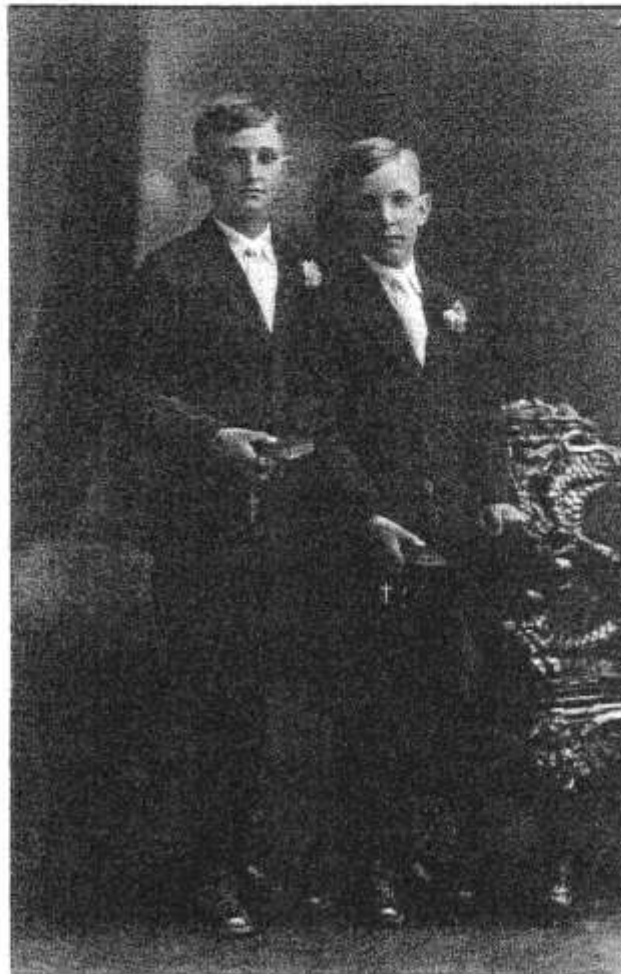
Every so often, we would go to the county quarry located at Hubbards Lane (a dirt road) and Brownsboro Road. There was a small pond there and once again we couldn't resist going in the dirty water hole. When the workers were going to blast, they blew a whistle and everyone ran for cover. Then an all clear blew and we returned to the swimming hole. I saw a lot of rock moved out of that place.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

When I was about ten years old, my brother Carl took me for a bike ride on the handlebars. After a few yards, my feet tangled with the spokes and down I went, splitting my lip just under the nose, all the way to my teeth, also splitting my nose. Good old Doc Rapp came to the house (house call). I remember seeing him begin to work on me. He took a piece of cardboard and made it into a funnel. He poured ether in it and holding it to my face, sewed the lip back and repaired the split nose. In September of 2002, I had surgery to remove skin cancer and plastic surgery removed all traces of the cross on my nose.

An accompanying photo shows Carl and myself all dressed in new suits for our First Communion. (This was in 1923) Boy, were we hot stuff! My father, being a tailor and having worked at Bray-Robinson clothing manufactures on Story and Frankfort Avenue, now Hadley Pottery, took us there for tailor made suits. We even had our initials on the inside pocket. The afternoon of the First Communion, our parents had relatives and friends for a nice party. I don't know what Carl received, but I got about \$12.00 and a baseball glove.

Carl Jr.
and
Raymond's
First Communion
May 1923



A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

As mentioned previously, our cow stable was populated by many cats, mostly to keep the rat and mice population down. And, they did a good job. But, cats love to multiply, so we always had plenty of newborn kittens for which we had no room. So, as soon as a new batch of kittens were born, we received our orders; drown those kittens. So, with a bucket of water and a short stick, we made quick work of them.

This is another story about the famous St. Matthews potatoes. There was a potato farm on Breckenridge Lane that ran from about Winchester Road to Hillsboro Road and from Breckenridge Lane to Browns Lane. It was owned by Herman Winchester, a bachelor, and some said that he was moon struck. Hence the nickname, Moon.

One year, maybe 1929, Moon dug his potatoes and he hired people to pick them. They were paid approximately \$.30 per barrel. Well, the guys worked about five hours, then decided to cut out, get their money and go spend it. The usual procedure was to put two or three barrels in one area, fill them, and then move to an unfilled area. The pickers went to Moon, said "Look over our barrels, pay us because we must go." So Moon did so, said OK and paid the pickers. Later on, Moon drove the wagon into the fields to pick up the barrels and found that the pickers had turned the barrels upside down, filled in the head space with potatoes-maybe a peck. Boy, did Moon get excited. Those pickers never did return.

1914-1935

There was a black man living in St. Matthews, his name was John Moore. He lived on Shelbyville Road, about 100 yards east of Holy Trinity Church (now Trinity High School). He did concrete work, ditching & drainage, bricklaying and sanitary pit work. He put in the original pit at 157 St. Matthews Avenue and it worked from 1914 to 1949. One thing I recall is he saying that the blasting (he was an expert at dynamiting) created a seam in the rocks and all of the liquid drained away to be filtered through the limestone ten feet down. I recall seeing him put a new cap on the pit. First, he put a timber about three feet down the hole, then put bricks and mortar within reach at the top ground level. He then climbed into the opening, standing on a 2x6 and laying brick to form a strong arch. I asked him how he was going to get out and he responded with, "No problem. This arch will hold a freight engine." I didn't see him come out of the hole, but by 4:00pm, he was out. The arch supported his weight and he literally lifted himself out.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

In the 1920's, there was an auto agency in St. Matthews called Schuler Motors. They sold Hudson, Essex, cars that were upscale at that time. Four brothers either owned or worked there. Henry and Casper Schuler played the uke and banjo and would visit our home partly to drink beer and partly to strum the banjo. One tune that I remember went:

Show me the way to go home.
I'm tired and I want to go to bed.
Had a little drink about an hour ago,
And it's gone right to my head.
Wherever I may roam,
Over land or sea or foam,
You can always hear me singing this song,
Show me; show me, the way to go home.

Bauer Brothers Grocery in St. Matthews was located on Shelbyville Road and they also had an entrance off of Westport Road. There was a narrow drive by Bauer's side door that was used to load delivery trucks. It ended about four feet down Shelbyville Road, so all vehicles either backed in or out. Fr. Knue pulled into this drive and not realizing there was no forward exit, just drove over the 4 foot-embankment. Needless to say, his car was hung up real good.

My trips to Bauer's Grocery bring back many memories. Mother would send us to get a \$.25 round steak, which was the size of a large plate and it was enough for all of us to get a fair size piece. Mother would tell us to ask "Uncle" Henry Bauer for a soup bone for \$.10. Well, when we would get home, Mother would send us back to tell "Uncle" Henry that there was no meat on the bone. His reply was, "You asked for a bone!"

Mrs. Hatter (next door neighbor) would send us to the grocery for her groceries and she always gave us a dime for our effort.

Mother always had a charge account at Bauer's and she knew exactly how much she owed. She would give us the money to pay her bill. That was a pleasure since on paying your bill, you got a free sack of candy – you could even pick out your own.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

1920-1935 I have previously mentioned Bauer Brothers grocery, owned by two brothers and a nephew. One was the butcher, one the grocer man and one ran a bar-no beer or liquor-this being during the Prohibition period. The saloon sold sandwiches, soft drinks, ran a card game and this I didn't know about until after the business closed; "Coley" was selling booze. Hence, they had a thriving business and a good income.

In the early twenties, there lived a couple next door to us, names of Jim and Alice Hagan, L&N railroad workers from New Haven, Kentucky. Jim would work in his garden just outside my parents' bedroom. He always wore a red bandana and boy could he honk his horn(nose). He would always call out, sometimes around 5:00 am, "Alice, Bring out my piss brown overalls!" and she would.

1923 Of this incident, I was fortunate to be an observer only. I was in the second grade and my brother, Carl, was in the third. For some reason, Carl and Bob (that is his real name) got into a fistfight during morning recess. Carl easily won that fight and promptly forgot about it, but the loser didn't. He got his cousin, who was older and larger than Carl, and when we returned to school from lunch, this big guy was waiting for Carl. Needless to say, this big guy won and got revenge for the cousin. There was nothing Carl could do except take the beating. I recently visited a nursing home (weekly for me) and happened to meet a sister of the big guy. She stated that he is still living (about 90 years old) and is as skinny as a matchstick. Today, it would have been an even fight.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

My early memories of a family cow go way back-1920. My grandmother and myself would go to the pasture (about 80 acres), across the road from 157 St. Matthews Avenue and bring her (the cow) to near our home to milk her. When I was young and small, my grandmother would put me on the back of the cow and let me ride to the point where she would be milked. I will never forget when Grandma informed me that I was too heavy for the poor cow. I almost cried.

Once a year, the cow would go dry-no milk or butter. We were able to buy milk (bulk) at \$.10 a gallon at Zehnders. But, butter was too expensive. Since Grandma kept geese, mostly for eating, she would roast a goose-usually at Christmas- and save the drippings (goose grease) and that's what we spread on our bread instead of butter. Remember, this was before cholesterol was "discovered".

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

When I was fourteen years of age, our cow became sick and in short order, went down. When an animal goes down, there is no cure. It was later determined that the cow had undulant fever. We watched the cow lie there and lash out with her hooves, in fact, pulling part of the stable doorframe apart. After several hours, she expired. Pero & Stoker, a dead animal retriever, was called and they came and picked up the remains. For us, it was a very sad situation. Pero & Stoker was an animal carcass rendering plant on River Road. They rendered the carcass to make tallow grease, used in making soap.

As part of the cow story, we needed another cow, pronto! My father had no extra money at that time. A good milk cow might cost thirty or forty dollars. So, enter John Fromiler, a bachelor neighbor who was also a bootlegger. He supposedly sold beer to a lot of high officials in Louisville and Jefferson County. He told my father to go buy a cow, so us kids would have plenty of milk. He would furnish the cash and dad could pay him back so much per week. He mentioned that as little as 50 cents per week would be okay and he would not charge any interest. Those kind of people are far and few between today!



Carl Kempf
1946

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

Late 20's

As has been mentioned, our family always had cows and in the twenties, it was no problem to find a good pasture. Dad told us to take the cow to a lot across St. Matthews Avenue by the railroad to what was the office of St. Matthews Produce Exchange, owned by one RW Hite. Old man Hite knew who owned the cow and he caught us passing on our way home from school but he questioned us anyway, "Whose cow is that?" he asked. I said that it was ours and his reply was, "get ours cow out of my yard!"

Another time, we took "ours cow" to the pasture at the rear of our property. Old man Hite knew we were using his property but said nothing. However, pretty soon, Grady Dunn, his flunkie, appeared at the gate and proceeded to barricade the gate. He made a darn good job because it took Dad and all of us older boys a couple of hours to remove the barricade. However, we got the message and never again pastured the cow out back.

My worst experience that I can remember involved the grocery. Our chickens quit laying eggs when the cold weather set in, usually from December through January, so one evening, I was sent to Bauer's for one dozen eggs. I was given the eggs in a paper sack, (a dumb policy), and started home. I had to cross four sets of railroad tracks at St. Matthews Avenue and trains were switching there. I ran to beat a train that was backing up, tripped and fell, with one leg still on the track and a train backing toward me. I suppose it was my guardian angle who told me to pull up my leg; otherwise it would have been cut off. I arrived home with scrambled eggs, maybe one or two good ones left, but no lecture. I was too scared to even talk. I went up to my bed and just lay there until the next morning.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

In the late twenties and early thirties, it was my heyday for going sleigh riding with my own sled. Each of us boys, Carl, Ray and Al had our own. We went to various hills nearby but the best was at Theodore Zehnder's farm and Aubrey Cossar estate. Mr. Cossar was the Louisville Postmaster and he lived in the house at the end of Ridgeway Avenue. It is still there in 2003.

We started out with our small sleds but that wasn't exciting enough for us. There were about fifteen or twenty boys from St. Matthews looking to have a good time. Mr. Cossar would encourage us to use his hill, which ended in a creek, which is where we all ended up.

However, the opposite hill was much longer so we had to try it. (This hill is now in use at Holy Trinity Church) We started out by cutting a hole in the fence for our small sleds but we weren't satisfied with that so we took a whole section out – about 10 feet. One of our group lived on a nearby farm and he brought a corn sled, about 8 feet wide and 10 feet long, for us to use.

Needless to say, the 10 foot hole wasn't quite big enough for a sled that had no steering whatsoever. So, we took another post and 10 foot section out (remember, this is a cow pasture). Mr. Zehnder was just a might upset. He and my father were good friends but we never heard any more about the fence removal.

About ten or more of us would get on the corn sled and slide down – boy what fun! We couldn't guide it, but, except for the hole in the fence, we didn't care. We stayed on the sled until we landed in the creek and got soaking wet. We then carried the corn sled back up the hill, on our shoulders, and started the whole process all over again – boy that was fun for us 12 year olds. We always had a huge bon fire where we dried ourselves between trips.

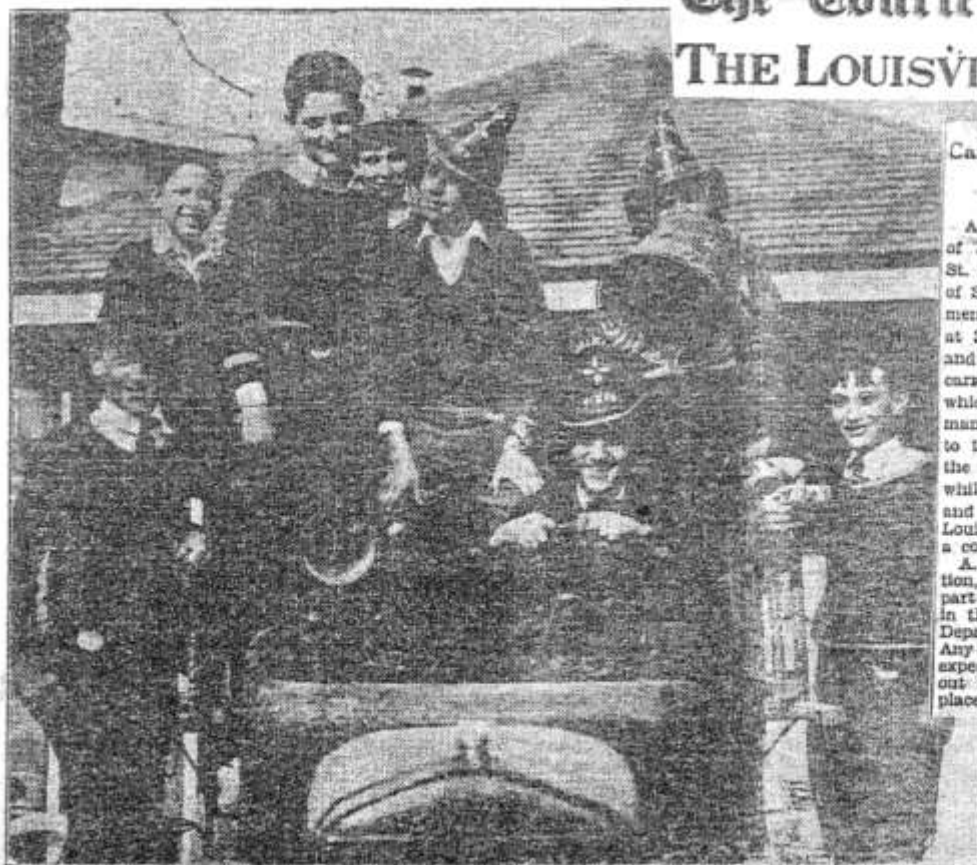
A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

I have previously mentioned the Zehnder Brothers Dairy located in St. Matthews. The business was started during the horse and buggy days (early 1900's). In 1924, they still used the horse and wagon to deliver milk, etc. I believe that it was in March of that year that my brother and I were kept home from school (sore throat or flu). About 10:00 am, we noticed smoke coming from the stable area of the dairy- this is now a parking lot for Meiers and St. Matthews Hardware. The horses were in the stable when the fire started and were led out safely, their heads covered by the coats of the workers, as a horse will not leave a burning building willingly. Once outside, the horses were left standing alone and they immediately returned to the stable-their home. Needless to say, four horses perished. I can still picture the headlines of the Louisville Times, an evening paper at that time. We watched all of the commotion from our kitchen window at 157 St. Matthews Avenue.

LOUISVILLE, KY., APRIL, 1930.

Station 17 Boys Act As Firemen

The Courier-Journal
THE LOUISVILLE TIMES



Carriers Voluntarily Fight Early Morning Blaze In St. Matthews.

A short time ago, when the home of Jerry Diggins, Ridgeway Avenue, St. Matthews, caught on fire, carriers of Station 17 acted as volunteer firemen. When the fire alarm sounded at 3:30 o'clock one Sunday morning and nobody responded to the call, the carriers, who were at the substation, which is next to the Fire Department, manned the equipment and hastened to the scene of the blaze. Some of the boys used the chemical pumps while others formed a bucket brigade, and held the fire in check until the Louisville Fire Department could send a company.

A. W. Redmon, manager of the station, said that the boys have taken part in putting out fires several times in the past. The St. Matthews Fire Department is a volunteer company. Any person who hears the alarm is expected to do his share in putting out fires. New equipment is to be placed in service in a few weeks.

Left to Right—Raymond Willa, Mevin O'Neil, Carl Kemmer, Raymond Kempf, Cecil Siggers, Manager A. W. Redmon, Marvin Douglas and Alyn Kempf.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

The first train accident happened when I was ten years of age. A neighbor, Professor Moore, a teacher at Male High, attempted to cross at the St. Matthews crossing, but the car stalled on the tracks and the five o'clock train was due. Professor Moore saw the train coming and instructed his son, Bobby (my age), to jump out, which he did. Professor Moore didn't make it out and was killed. It was quite a mess.

A couple more remarks about Grandpa Hommerich and the building of my beloved boyhood home. In 1914, the main mode of travel was horse and wagon. Grandpa and his carpenters lived in Louisville and it was time consuming to travel by horse and buggy. So, sometimes they camped out for several nights, which saved considerable time. After Grandpa died, one of the Semion brothers took over the completion of the house. My father questioned Mr. Semion about something he was doing and his reply was, "Dots goot enuf for the country!"

In the 1930's there was a severe drought, all pasture and woodland became very dry. The place where we picked blackberries (Arterberns) caught fire one hot summer day (I would say 200 acres). I naturally saw the smoke and took off walking the railroad to the scene of the fire. There were shovels, rakes and brooms available to fight the fire. About ten of us fought the fire. It was hot and dirty. After a couple of hours, Jim Butler, who lived where the Howard Johnson's Lodge was located, appeared with a bucket of water and one dipper. Mr. Butler gave every white person a drink, calling each one by name, including me. He then went around a second time and finally to one lone black man. He finally got his water, but he had to wait until last. But, the custom then was you didn't drink out of the same cup that a colored man drank from.

There being lots of boys at home, hence lots of shoe soles wearing out. My father had a shoe last (I still have it). I don't know the origin of it. But, Dad and Frank Hatter soled all of our shoes. We got lots of nails to irritate our feet, but at least we had good soles and heels. Later on, as we got older, we took our shoes to Nicholas Linebach, who was the great-grandfather of Father Martin Linebach, who presided at the wedding of my grand-daughter, Julie McGiveney to John Baum.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

In a recent conversation with my daughter, I was telling about Plehns Bakery. In 1924, Kueno Plehn and his wife built a bakery and apartment at Shelbyville Road and Meridan Avenue. Kueno was a hardheaded Dutchman who took no flak from anyone. We would finish delivering morning papers, usually about 6:00am and I would sometimes meet John Gering, Frances' brother, and we would go to Zehnder Brothers for a quart of milk and then go across the street and wait for Kueno to open the store. We pooled our money and usually accomplished this with about a quarter.

One morning we watched and waited as Kueno stocked the cabinets but he was in no hurry to open the store. So John said, "Hey, Kueno, open up!" Kueno just shook his fist at us and said, "I'll open with my fist!" In late years, after he retired, I would meet him bringing his wife to Our Lady of Lourdes and we had some friendly conversations. Mrs. Plehn was an aunt of Bernie Bowling so that explains the present day ownership. A painting of Plehn's Bakery is now on the wall at the Kroger store on Hubbards Lane.

Years ago, streetcars operated on Broadway. There were islands near the middle of the street for passengers to board and discharge from the streetcar. These islands were raised and had rails, sunk endways at each end. This provided a real safety feature for the passengers and they were also immovable. Well, Kueno was traveling Broadway and hit one of the barricades, fracturing his skull and suffering many bruises. It wasn't a year or so later when Kueno did the same thing, only this time his injuries were minor.

When prohibition arrived in 1921, a lot of people started making home brew. My father was one who did. He made the brew with malt, barley and hops. Our job (the children) was to wash the bottles and wash we did. Then, we helped fill, moved the hand capper, and then to shelves along one wall of the basement at 157 St. Matthews Avenue they went. My parents told of being awakened at night when the yeast started working too fast and it would blow the glass neck off the bottles.

One disadvantage of home brew was that there always was about one half inch of yeast in the bottom of the bottle, so if you drank from the bottle and set it back down, all the yeast mixed with the clear beer. To help solve this problem, you would pour the entire bottle into a rather large glass in one pour.

When Prohibition ended in April 1933, there was a mission going on at Holy Trinity Church and naturally we attended. When the mission was over, we made a bee line to Dutch's Tavern, same place today as it was 70 years ago. There was a crowd at the bar, about four or five deep. We finally got our beer, then another but that was all. The bartender knew us and our age, so he told us in a nice way that he would lose his beer license if we were found drinking on the premises. We drank our beer and left.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

In about 1928, several of my brothers, myself and a couple of big boys, (14 years old) decided to visit the construction site of a new bridge being built at Monahan (Beargrass Creek) and Browns Lane. We also decided to smoke a few cigarettes since we were away from home. We were happily smoking away when a car came by (the bridge was closed). I took it upon myself to tell the driver that he could ford the creek. Without looking, I stepped into a large nail (we being barefoot) and needless to say, it hurt. The driver of the car offered to drive me home and we accepted.

When we arrived home (157 St. Matthews Avenue), my mother immediately got a pan of warm water and a bottle of Carbolic Acid, the standard remedy for puncture wounds. I soaked the injured foot, when suddenly I realized that I was the holder of a cigarette. There were two hidden under my shirt. I am sure that my mother could smell the smoke on my clothes but she said nothing. As soon as possible, I slipped the cigarettes to a brother and I was never asked about them or given any form of punishment. (I had had enough already).

During Prohibition, 1922-1933, whiskey, beer and wine were not allowed to be sold. In order to get whiskey, one needed a doctor's prescription for it. My father always owed Dr. Rapp for all the Kempf babies he delivered, so about twice a year, Dad would go to Dr. Rapp and make a payment on the account. Five or ten dollars was a lot back then. Then, my dad would ask for a medical prescription for whiskey, which the good doctor always gave him. I can still see Dad showing off the pint of whiskey that was prescribed as medicine.

This is a story that happened on St. Matthews Avenue in 1924. Next door to the Kempf's home lived Ed and Kate Queeney. As was the custom, every Saturday the kitchen was scrubbed down. Kate had finished scrubbing her kitchen and who should walk in but my four-year-old brother, Paul. It was his custom or routine to visit Kate and receive a cracker. Paul toddled in, walking on the newly scrubbed floor and Kate lit into him about walking on her clean floor. Paul stood there listening to her and calmly said, "Kate, when you are finished fussing at me, can I have a cracker?"

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

Also in 1930, I and brother Carl and Al became newspaper carriers. We got early every morning at 4:30am, except Sunday, which was 3:00am. We went to the station, stuffed and folded the papers, then went delivering, rain or shine. I delivered from Cannons Lane to Breckenridge Lane, Lexington Road about two blocks south. The rest was farmland. In the evening, while delivering, I would occasionally pass Frances Gering, who was walking home from school. Her bus stopped at Eline Avenue and she walked the rest of the way to her home at 238 Breckenridge Lane. In 1948, she became my wife and during the next four years, the mother of my three children, Suzanne, Joan and Steve.

In between all of this, I worked on quite a few farms in St. Matthews. I never did get rich, but I received 25% of what I earned, (the same from the paper route).

One incident I remember, I got a job working on a hay baler. We went way out in eastern Jefferson County and when we got there, the owner informed us that the pay was 1 cent per bale. We baled 100 bales that day- so much for that job! I never went back.

Most of the farms also fed us. I remember working at Andy Kaelins on Rudy Lane and Mrs. Kaelin put a huge platter of fried eggs (on Friday and during Lent, too) and she would insist that I take two or more, (at home, I was the limit). Such memories!

I recently talked with Phillip Kaelin, 98 years old, who lived at Ridgeway and he remembered the ballpark on St. Matthews Avenue. He also knew my father and remembered him.

Going back to the big garden, Snow Kaelin and brothers (Snow died in 2002) used to plow it with one horse. Later on, Andy Kaelin (of Rudy Lane) plowed with a tractor and still later on, I had someone till the garden.

A short one about Gene Blanford, a County Policeman. He lived on St. Matthews Avenue at the railroad (now Jim's Body Shop). He was returning home (after dark) on his motorcycle when he spotted a hoot owl in a tree in the yard. He stopped, pulled his pistol and with one shot, he killed the owl. He was a hero in our book. This would be in 1927.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

Since about 1932, the Kempf Family has been making turtle soup. When the soup was ready, there was always a half-barrel of beer, which was a good combination.

Several days before cook day (usually on a Saturday), Frank Hatter gathered and cleaned turtles and Dad gathered vegetables from the huge garden. Then on Friday, we cooked the turtle, chickens and beef, ground it very fine, then put the meat in the icebox, ground the vegetables, put them on ice and tapped the keg of beer. Frank would come over about 4:00 am on Saturday and start the fire to cook the soup. It would cook till about 2:00pm or whenever Frank said it was done. Then we ate soup and drank beer.

We still use the same recipe and procedure today- only Dad and Frank Hatter are long gone. My brother Ralph has taken over and he does a bang-up job.

P.S. I have the recipe in my kitchen and it is available to any of the family.

While living at 157 St. Matthews Avenue, I was awakened one summer morning in 1938 by the fire engines sounding their fire alarm. We boys got up, grabbed our bikes and went looking for the fire. We didn't have to go far. It was Holy Trinity Church. Some water was being poured on the fire, but it was useless as the fire had too much of a head start. Added to the problem, US 60 (Shelbyville Road) was being rebuilt and the fire engines couldn't get near the building. The building was completely destroyed and had to be rebuilt. The local fire chief's son had climbed into the attic and lit the fire. He had access to the building during the evening bingo. He served about one year in jail for his effort.

At the corner of Westport Road, at the railroad where there is now a service station, there were two homes. One was for the section foreman (RR) Mr. Jones, a real gentleman. However, his kids were mean. The other house contained workers for a certain section of the L&N RR. On Sunday, Mr. Jones would put on clean overalls and sit on the porch facing the RR and read the Bible.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

Fr. John Knue was Pastor of Holy Trinity from August 1938 until his death in 1945. This story concerns one of his many friends. A man named Ernest Payne, a friend from McQuady and not a Catholic, would get a gang and go hunting (rabbits, etc). There would be several more hunters and they would maybe take a break for lunch. Ernie Payne would say, "Father Knue, do you think I'll get to Heaven?" Fr. Knue would solemnly shake his head and say, "no way" because the Bible says "there shall be no pain (Payne) in Heaven."

When I was inducted in the Army, (World War II-1942), one of the last things I did as a civilian was to tell my beloved Pastor, Fr. Knue goodbye and get his blessing. A friend, A.C. Brown and I visited him and as I recall, the first thing he said was, "Kneel and I will give you my blessing." I guess it helped. I returned home three years later, all in one piece. Fr. Knue died while I was overseas.

As we became older (after 1935), we still carried papers and worked on various farms, but we also moved around the world a bit. One guy that I remember was Buddy Bauer. He was a good friend. One day it was suggested that on a certain evening we would go out (what for, I don't remember). His reply was, "I have to haul some lumber for my father." Well, later on, we found out that he was taking a certain young lady out. So, the expression "hauling lumber" was known to mean taking a young lady out. I had a plate made for my car (a few years later) which simply stated LUMBER WAGON.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

A couple of remarks about the 1937 Ohio River flood. There was 57.1 feet of water on the lower gauge of the Ohio, most of Louisville was flooded and St. Matthews, being high ground, a lot of people were forced to be evacuated to St. Matthews. My father's brother and wife lived at Shelby and Broadway and the water was 6 feet deep in their kitchen. They came to 157 and stayed for about 2 weeks.

I was 21 and had a driver's license and the evacuation people made arrangements for a daily special train to bring refugees to St. Matthews, Lyndon, etc. One day, Mr. Stout came to me, handed me the keys to a brand new '37, 4 door Dodge. My instructions were to go to Lyndon, park by a siding in front of K.M.I. on LaGrange Road and transport refugees from the train to the unused K.M.I. barracks. This was January and the school was in winter session in Florida. Not many people showed up but we were there to help them.

One other flood incident. At the eastern end of Jefferson Street, at Baxter, a pontoon bridge was made of whiskey barrels. It extended to the present day Lexington Road. People were brought in boats to the Jefferson Street end, walked about 200 yards on the pontoon, and then got off on dry pavement to await transport out of town.

When the flood receded, I was called back to work and was assigned as a helper to the electric company owned by the elevator company. I went to work helping a guy who had been in the flood in Jeffersonville, Indiana. He said the water forced them to move to the second floor of their home and all the sanitary facilities were on the first floor. So, my question was, what did you do for accommodations? His reply, "We s___ in the newspaper and threw it out the window.

When helping in the electric company, the management wouldn't pay me shop helper wages, but one day we were on the Clark Bridge and I asked the owner about my helper wages. He agreed to get the permit and to pay me the higher scale. It didn't hurt to ask!

In 1930, raw sewage appeared in the creek on St. Matthews Avenue. The Kempf family was suspected because so many children (12) were in the house. Subsequent dye checks proved the sewage wasn't from 157-never found out where it was from-but it wasn't from 157.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

In the early thirties, a street was laid out at the rear of our property (157 St. Matthews Avenue). However, there was no water, so a Mr. Ray Johnson proposed to Dad to furnish enough pipe to tap into our water line and to furnish water for one or more houses. Well, Dad took the bait and we boys got the contract. We dug the trench, installed the lines and an uncle made the connections to the Kempf line. However, Dad decided it was not a good deal, as no reimbursement was offered for the water used and it would diminish the pressure at our home. However, the line stayed and we used it for watering the garden. I would say the line is still underground, today, 2003, in spite of all the building at 157 St. Matthews Avenue. In some places, it was four feet deep.

Frank Hatter lived next door to us with his stepmother and brothers. His mother and my grandmother weren't too keen about each other. I have seen the two of them turn their backs to each other. Grandma would say, "She ought to go to Jasper (Indiana) where she belongs."

During the 1940's, Frank Hatter was a part time bartender at Gerstles. Pop Gerstle still operated it and he often wondered why Frank could get loaded, drinking nothing but beer. So, one day, Pop Gerstle happened to see what caused Frank to get loaded. Frank would fill a glass almost full of whiskey, then put a collar of beer on the top, so it appeared that he was always drinking beer only.

In 1935-36, Seagram Distillery built six huge warehouses on Seventh Street Road. The company I worked for installed elevators in the buildings. During construction of these buildings, temporary elevators were constructed on the outside of the building-in fact, that's the way our elevator machinery was moved to the penthouse. One day, Joseph Bowling, a roofing contractor, was using the temporary elevator to move roofing materials to the roof. The elevator was overloaded and crashed six stories, killing Mr. Bowling, (father of Bernie Bowling, Sr. who later on assumed ownership of Plehns Bakery). Back to the construction elevator story. The next day, I was to deliver material to the six buildings and hoist it to the penthouse. I was a little leery about the lift and I asked the operator if he thought it was safe. His reply, "We just put a new platform on it and kept hauling material up!"

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

My early years wouldn't be complete without mentioning the infamous outhouse we used at Holy Trinity during my eight years there. The Church-School building was built with indoor plumbing but was unusable because there was no sanitary sewer, (until 1950). So, the boys had one; an eight holer, plus a long trough for stand up jobs. The girls had their own a short distance away. (Both were dug over a pit) Well, the boys couldn't keep the floor dry so the powers to be put up a sign saying "Keep floor dry". It was nailed to the framing and both ends hung over the uprights. Some of the older guys just bent the ends back and forth and the ends eventually came off. The sign now said P Floor. Someone, (probably the janitor) told Father B. (pastor) about that and soon all the boys were lined up and given a lecture; scared the hell out of us.

Next thing, someone took the round button which screwed on (and off easily) of the lights. One turn to the right and the lights went on, one more turn to the right and the lights went off. Turn to the left and the button came off. Well, someone did that and all hell broke loose. Us younger guys couldn't reach the switch but we were all given the lecture again. Boy, that outhouse sure upset a lot of higher ups.

Since we were permitted to go home for lunch from school, we often took the long way back to school.

I recall one October; we went out Westport Road past the railroad crossing to Old Man Cammack's, where we knew we could get pears direct from the tree. Well, the old man was outside, so we asked if we could have some pears. He said yes, take all that you can eat, but off the ground. He then went into the house, so we immediately started picking from the tree. Well, the old man saw us and as a result we were barred forever from his yard.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

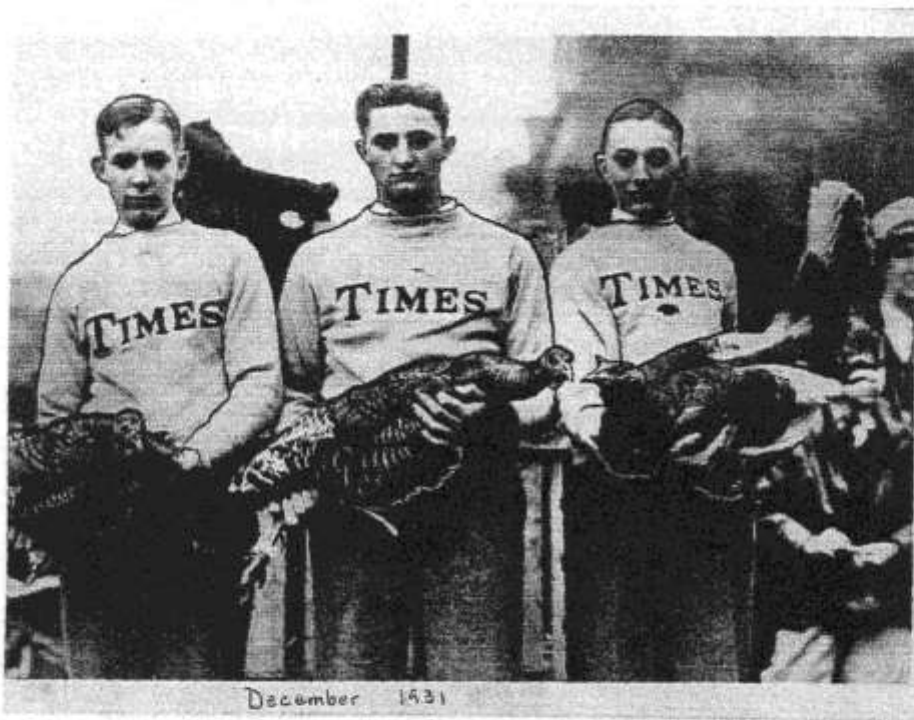
We played baseball in the summer at Holy Trinity Field—now Trinity Field. We played and dodged cow piles for many years. We also let the field grow, cut it, mowed it with horsepower, then raked the hay and hauled it to our barn, all with a fast running Zehnder Brothers Milk Wagon horse. If you have never seen a milk wagon horse, just picture a nervous horse that never stops.

Center field at Trinity was a little short so the powers engaged Bill Ochsner to remove a tree in the center. Bill planted (I think) eight sticks of dynamite under the tree and all of us went way back (me too) and Bill set off the dynamite. All went well and everyone expected to see the tree tumble but when the smoke cleared, the stately elm was still standing. So, it had to be cut down with a cross cut saw- no chain saw then. I might mention that this tree was part of the back yard of the aforementioned Nicholas Linebach, great-grandfather of Fr. Martin Linebach. This house has been removed and the new Marshall Center at Sherrin Avenue runs through there.

For many years, St. Matthews had strictly a volunteer fire department. The original truck was kept under a lean-to at Greshaber's Saloon, (later Gerstles), where the P.N.C. is now located. Later, a two car garage, owned by Buschmeyer-Ogden Drug Store was made available-rent free. Doc Ogden lived upstairs and was always available to take a fire alarm call. He would then activate a siren, volunteers would come quickly and he would give the address of the fire. The rest is history. The attached picture and clipping probably explain it all.

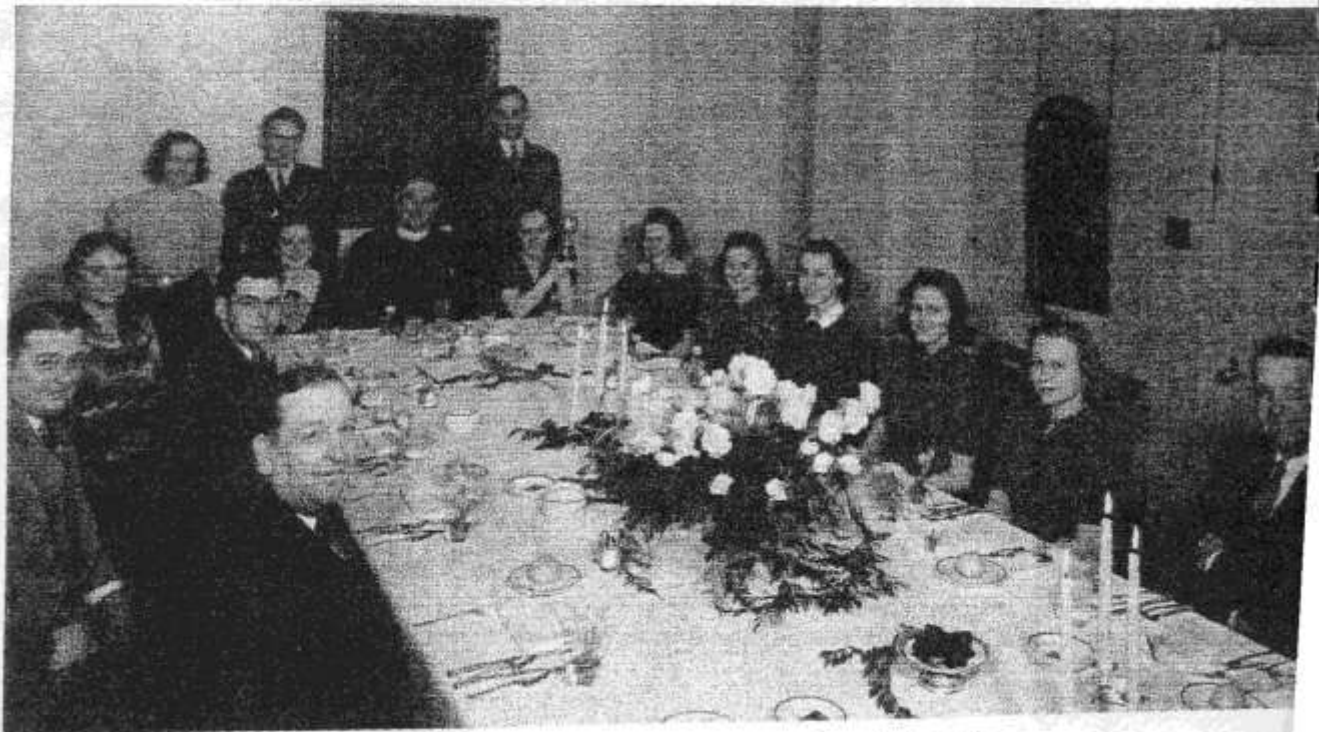
The picture of all the pretty young girls is the Holy Trinity Girls Basketball Team in the late thirties. They won the league (note the trophy). The sponsor, The Courtesy Shop, which was a drive in ice cream place, held a banquet at the Brown Hotel-high class! Jerome Roppel (deceased) was the coach and I was the assistant coach and team manager.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



Live turkeys
for Christmas
compliments of
the Louisville Times
Newspaper to
its carriers
Ray, Carl, Al

December 1931



Manager of a winning basketball team (girls)

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

An additional comment about baseball parks in St. Matthews. The first known ballpark was on St. Matthews Avenue about one hundred yards south of my boyhood home. As a young child, I recall seeing the remains of stadium seats. My mother and several old timers stated that baseball was played there in the early teens, 1913 etc. The ground was owned by Mrs. Stabeler and later on by her daughter and son-in-law, Ed Bowles.

The ballpark was then moved to Ridgeway and Westport Road, near where Klein locksmith is located. Later on, in the early thirties, the field was again relocated to Holy Trinity Field, now known as Trinity Field.

In September of 1930, I started my high school career, still wearing short pants (knickers) plus long black stockings. I rode a bus from St. Matthews Avenue to Bardstown and Longest Avenue, transferred to the Oak Street Trolley, then to Brook and Oak. I did this for four years. My father worked at Louisville Bedding Company, at Preston and Main, and he occasionally drove us (he went out of his way) to Preston and Kentucky where we walked the couple of miles to Brook and Oak. The streetcar was \$.05, which we did not have.

In June 1933, I quit school to go to work. Big deal- 56 hours a week for \$11.20. In December, I was laid off, so I returned to Manual for my senior year and I received my diploma in February 1935. I am always thankful that I did get my diploma.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

In June 1930, I graduated from the 8th grade at Holy Trinity School, then located where the present Trinity High is. The good nuns had us assembled in the basement of the school so we could march to the assembly hall to receive our diplomas. One guy decided to go out the window (a short cut). He got away that night but we all returned the next day for photos and boy did the nun give the wise guy a good going over.

We would sit in the classroom in early spring, (windows open) and hear the local farmers doing spring plowing. Boy, did those nuns have a hard time getting and keeping our attention.

The L&N Railroad ran a three-coach accommodation (free ride) for their employees. It went out to Frankfort about 5:30 pm and returned to 9th and Broadway the next morning. One morning the train was passing by Westport Road and one of the students in class stood up and kept saying, "Here come the dinky!" jumping up and down the whole time. Needless to say, he was dealt with accordingly.

I started high school (duPont Manual) in September 1930 and was still wearing short pants, knickers with long black stockings. For Christmas, (this was the depression year), I received my first pair of long pants. The knickers were lined, hence no scratching. I complained of the scratchy long pants and to this day, I can hear my mother saying, "Get used to being scratched because long pants are unlined!"

I had only one pair of long pants, so they had to do for Church, etc. (except for work at home, then we wore overalls). One day we were in the forge shop at Manual, looking at a color chart used to determine the temperature of the iron we were using. Well, this guy comes up beside me, holding the white-hot iron while looking at the chart. So, the next thing that I knew, I had a hole in the trouser leg of my pants. I didn't get a new pair but Mother did put a neat patch on the hole.

My older brother, Carl, was called by his last name by all the brothers and sisters. The reason was that when changing classes, most students took a shortcut through the forge shop and those coming and going spoke to each other using last names only. So, when Carl and I passed each other, we said, "Hello, Kempf" and that greeting stuck with Carl until the day he died.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

I graduated from Manual in February 1935 and the ceremony was held at Halleck Hall, where the present day Manual is located, having moved there in the school year of '51.

As previously stated, I graduated in February 1935 from Manual and I thought that I would take life easy for awhile, jobs being scarce and all. But, lo and behold, I had a cousin who worked for Abel Elevator Company and Wilhelm & Schnur Electric Company and they needed a helper in the shop. So, I went for an interview and was hired. I spent seven years with that company and it gave me a good background for my future.

When I was a senior in high school, I set my sights on U of L. I wanted to study electrical engineering. Times were hard; money wise, and there wasn't much encouragement at home (no money) so, as I previously stated, with diploma in hand and a job offer, I took the paycheck offer at Abell Elevator Company. I have no regrets but I sometimes wonder, "what if".

John Gerstle, who was my wife's stepfather, operated a saloon on the corner of Breckenridge Lane and Shelbyville Road from 1921-1924. He later moved to where the present day Gerstles is located. John was known to bootleg whiskey (Prohibition time), and there was a patrolman (cop) by the name of Gene Blanford who heard word that the police were going to raid Gerstles. He suggested to John that he hide the whiskey in a sinkhole in the cornfield a short distance away. A house was later built in that sinkhole and it is still there today. It is a stone one, the second from Willis Avenue, right side, going south. The story is told that John did hide the whiskey in the sinkhole and that night the aforementioned policeman went out and stole the whiskey.

Pop Gerstle was a bootlegger who drove to Bardstown, Kentucky to purchase his liquor. He often told of his trip there, taking his wife, Minnie, and the four stepchildren, Alvina, Frances, John and Carl. He never expected to be stopped by the revenue people, having a car full of kids.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

Frances Gering's family:

She was the daughter of John Gering, Sr. and Minnie Ress. Minnie was from St. Menriad, IN and John was from Louisville. He died at age 24, leaving four children (in birth order: Alvina, Frances, John & Carl). He came home from work one day (a lumber mill worker) and said he was not feeling well. Shortly after, he died of a heart attack. I have some pictures of his family (really old times). Frances' grandparents came from St. Meinrad and lived on E. St. Catherine Street. Grandpa Ress used to walk from St. Catherine to visit Minnie and children – about six miles. I spoke with Grandpa and asked why he would walk such a distance and he said he had nothing else to do, so he would make a day of it.

Backtracking a bit to 1925-26, a man named John Gerstle was a friend of Minnie and, in fact, a suitor before she married John Gering. After becoming a widow, John courted Minnie, married her and moved to St. Matthews buying what was Greshabers Saloon located at Breckenridge Lane and Shelbyville Road. When the property, where the present day Gerstle's is located, became available, John bought it. There was an animal feed store where the frame shop is now and the present day Gerstle's was a residence of a black family. This was the first home in St. Matthews of John Gerstle and Minnie, Alvina, Frances, John & Carl. I carried papers from a carrier station for 4 years that was located where the frame shop is now.

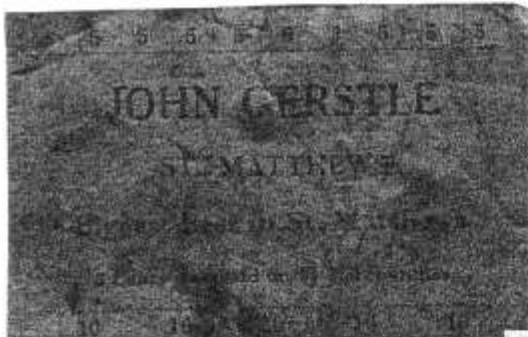
One morning, we were at the station folding and sacking our papers and someone went out to get his bike, but it was gone. A gang of us struck out, hopefully following a trail. We soon came upon a young black male riding the stolen bike near Westport Road and Hubbards Lane. Brave me, I rode up to him and demanded he remove himself from the bike, which he did, much to our surprise. I don't think I would do such a thing today!

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

I am going to write about life in 1947 through about 1977. In late December of '47, I met John Gering (Frances' brother) at church and asked him if he could me get a case of whiskey – wholesale. He said “yes” he could and he said he and Mary (his wife) were going to a New Year's Eve party at Lou Turner and his sister Frances was going, but needed an escort. So I got the whiskey and a date for the same price. We went to the dance on New Year's Eve and stayed out all night (I was younger then) and went to 5:30 Mass at St. Louis Bertrand. I don't remember breakfast. It was all smooth sailing from then with Francis Gering. In two months, we decided to marry and by June 19, 1948, we were!

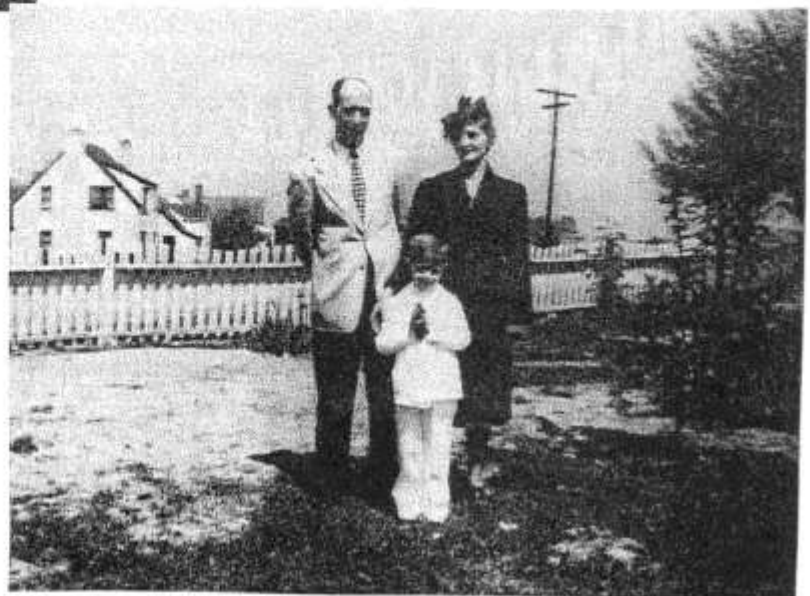
Frances's sister, Willie, was already engaged to Larry Pohl and had a September wedding planned. I never did know if we upset their schedule, but everything went smooth for all concerned. Our first born, Suzanne, arrived June 23, 1949. All you counters out there – check; the answer is one year and four days later. Then in August 1950, Joan arrived and in July 1952, Steve arrived, so that was our family.

Our first home was at 4212 Norbourne Blvd and we paid the pricey sum of \$10, 250. Today, those houses are selling for \$120,000. In 1956, we moved to 707 Macon Avenue and in 1977, Frances, after a three-year bout with cancer, died on March 28th. I have managed to hang in there, thanks to my three wonderful children. What the future holds, no one knows.



Coupon from
Gerstle's Place,
“Biggest Beer in St. Matthews”

Dad, Grandma Kempf
Paul David Hommrich
(deceased)



A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

In 1941, I was working at Abell Elevator Company, after having graduated from Dupont Manual. However, after seven years, I was dissatisfied with the pay I was earning. I went to the U.S. Employment Agency, (Edwin Hommerich was my contact) and received a recommendation to be interviewed by the Tube Turn personnel office. I was hired immediately and told to report to work at 3:00 pm, that very same day. Needless to say, the Abell Elevator people didn't like that. They wanted to know why I hadn't told them that I was dissatisfied; maybe something could have been done. But, the decision had been made.

I was hired at Tube Turns for \$.45 per hour, which was very good pay at that time. Within two weeks, I received \$.10 more per hour making \$.55 per hour-boy, what a deal!

This plant was 24/7, meaning the plant operated around the clock, seven days a week, no time off. We made wartime materials, shell casings and a lot of tank parts, plus pipefittings. We worked two weeks on each shift. The worst change was getting off at 7:00am on a Sunday, going home to Church, etc, returning back to work at 3:00pm for the 3-11 shift, then getting off at 11:00pm, then returning to day work at 7:00am on Monday. The hardest part was adjusting to sleeping at different times every two weeks. I also had several young brothers and sisters who kept me awake during the daytime when I was trying to sleep. On occasion, I would go next door to Ed Queeney's and sleep in their upstairs. There was all peace and quiet.

After about one year of shift work, the company decided to let us vote whether to continue rotating shifts or work one shift regularly. It so happened that I had enough seniority, with lots of others, and we voted rotating shifts out. So, now I have straight day work and spent the next 39 years on day work. I may have worked three or four nights during that period but no more. The worst thing about the 11-7 shift was that about 4:00am, a person would get so drowsy that you had to prod each other to keep awake.

All the while that I worked at Tube Turns (1941-43), the company would get me a deferment from the U.S. Army draft. This kept up until September of 43, when the government said they needed more soldiers. So, on October 2, 1943, I became Private R. Kempf and until April 1946, I served my country in Arkansas, France, Germany and Czechoslovakia. I am proud that I served and will write more about that latter.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

I will attempt to tell you of my time spent working for the U.S. Government at \$30.00 per day-paid once a month. As previously stated, I was drafted, sworn in on October 2, 1943. I was given three weeks, until October 23rd to wind up my civilian affairs. I took a leave of absence from Tube Turns, wrote a will, put all my civvies into the cedar chest and desk (which I still use) turned the lumber wagon over to Mary Jean (my sister) and waited for October 23rd. We reported to the Jefferson County Armory, were given shots, and marched to Kunz's on 4th Street for lunch, then to 10th and Broadway- the railroad station. The train would go east through St. Matthews. I was able to look out the rear and see my former home; sort of heartbreaking. But, I am just 24 years old.

We arrived at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, given more shots, plus all of our Army clothing and stayed there for three nights. We were then put on a train for ???-this was top secret.

After a day of traveling, we were told to sleep in our seats as we were going to Camp Chaffe, Arkansas. What a letdown!

We arrived at Chaffe, met by a ceremonial band, fed and hauled to some godforsaken barracks made from tarpaper. They were really only shacks. I was assigned to Engineer Company as tool room keeper, T5 or Corporal.

After about 4 weeks of training, I received word that my step-grandmother had died and I received the news after retreat at 10:00pm. The duty officer did all he could to get my leave and money for a train (no planes then) and this is where Walter Daoust comes in. We bunked next to each other and he graciously gave me enough for a train ticket. That was the start of a friendship that lasted almost fifty years. Also, at Fort Smith, the nearby town, Walter and I would go in on Saturday nights to drink beer and then return to Camp Chaffe. Later on, Ruth, Walter's wife, would come to Fort Smith and I would go to their room. Also, Fort Smith is where I met Barney Amshoff. He and Alvina (Frances' sister) were in one of the joints we would visit.

In January of 44, we went to New York to ship out to France and to fight Germany. In the North Atlantic, a German U Boat found the ship on radar but the alert crew dropped several ash cans (depth bombs) and that was the end of that scare. But, there was no sleep that night. One thing about 14 days on a ship- no salt free water for showers. When we got to LeHarve and into France, the first thing I did was to go to a nearby creek (25 or 30 degrees) and proceed to get a soft water bath.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

Later on, when we moved to a chateau, the officers took the chateau and the enlisted got the barn. We rigged up a shower, stole a stove, stole some electricity and we had a lineman from Georgia hook it up. We slept in the hayloft. But, the plumbing was outside in the cold, wide open, mighty elements. We were outside Orleans, where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake.

Shortly we moved on to where the action was. We arrived at Nuremberg and took possession of a high-rise apartment. We chased the people out and were permitted to pick our own room. I found a feather bed and needless to say, I had a good night's sleep, clothes on and my rifle for a partner.

Someone was taking pot shots at us and we were determined that they were coming from a nearby church steeple. So, the tanks were called up and BOOM – no more pot shots. We guarded a DP Camp (displaced person) in Nuremberg and we placed these people in what was a ballpark surrounded by a wooden fence. After one night, we looked at the ballpark and there was no fence. These people had used the wood to keep warm and to cook. They were not so dumb.

We marched to Marienbad, Checkolosvokia one night, arriving there early the next am. Once the troubled Germans were dispatched, we were greeted graciously with flowers, white flags, food and no guns. We then marched to a wooded area, which became our home for about a week. Later, we went to Marienbad in Czechslovakia and took over a group of homes and had a real bed to sleep in. Also, a beer joint was next door which we were allowed to visit. We also wore wool uniform, it being about 60 degrees (in summer). Our food became better, no more C or K rations. Instead, we had fresh eggs-we thought we were in heaven.

After about four months in lots of towns in Czech., I was transferred to Munich, Germany. I worked in the military government of Bavaria, building materials director.

Our job was to allocate building materials, lumber, cement, glass, steel, etc, that was used to repair or rebuild Germany. A person would come to us requesting so many 2x4 or x# rolls of tarpaper, etc. We would automatically cut their order in half and they knew that! So, if they needed 50, 2x4's, they would request 100 because they knew we would cut their request by 50%. The Army Engineers required weekly reports, but who knows what were done with the reports.

I saw a lot of sights in and around Munich. First, I was stationed downtown, and then we moved to a huge office out of town. One night, I was Charge of Quarters and this kraut came in and mentioned Kempf as his

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

name. He indicated that he might be a relative so I asked him if he had any money. He said no, so I told him to go, as I wasn't interested in deadbeats.

In early April of 45, I received notice that I was going home. I rode in a boxcar from Munich to LeHarve. I had the "G.I.'s" and almost missed the boxcar at a rest stop, trying to relieve myself from both ends. I managed to get aboard the train that would eventually take me home. I arrived in the States on Easter Sunday, 1946 and proceeded to Camp Attesbury, Indiana for discharge, which I received within one week. When I returned home, I still had a car but the cows and hogs were gone but some chickens remained. After six weeks of 52-20 (returning vets were entitled to unemployment for 52 weeks at \$20.00 per week), I decided to return to work at Tube Turns and stayed there until 1980. I had been at Tube Turns from my return from the war (April 46) until I retired on July 30, 1980. (my birthday).

As I mentioned, I married Frances Gering in June 1948 and no doubt she was the best thing that ever happened to me. She worked until the three children came along, then retired until they were in high school, then went back to work at Bycks and later Shillitos. She semi-retired in 1974, after having been diagnosed with breast cancer. She lasted until March 28, 1977. I surely lost a soul mate. She loved her children, loved to work, even at home, cooking, housework, flowers and probably even me. I don't believe that I could have found a better person. I was fortunate to have a very supportive family in my three children; without their help, I don't know if I would be here today. (26 years later)

Finally, my thanks for helping me through all of these years. My descendants: Suzanne and Scott Robinson, Kevin and Renee DeLozier, Kailey and Ryan DeLozier, Beth DeLozier, Joan and Bill McGiveney, Julie, Johnnie and Jack Baum, Tim and Hunter McGiveney, Brian McGiveney, Steve and Linda Kempf and Steve, Jr and Kelly Kempf.

More about the free cruise to Europe... in 1945. Seasickness was very prevalent, maybe 75% of the GI's were sick. I became sick and stayed that way for about one week. No food, very little water and bed rest, if you could call a canvas bunk, 4 tiers high, with me on the top bunk, bed rest. You would just lie there and expect to die at any minute. However, we all recovered, did our duty, won the war and returned in one piece.

We would have Mass on the ship and it would be necessary to have one soldier kneel behind the alter and hold the chalice steady, due to the constant rocking of the ship.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

One night, one of our guys managed to climb down an airshaft to the commissary (galley, kitchen) and swipe a box of hot dogs. At that time, I wasn't sick and needless to say, I received my share.

Another night, while in the North Atlantic, we passed close to an iceberg. Being in the top bunk, I received the most or first of the fresh air that was blown into the huge area. This iceberg air was really cold so I proceeded to stuff the register with every magazine I had. Rather quickly, it got stuffy in this area, but at least I didn't freeze.

We stayed at Camp Shanks, N.Y. for two or three days before the boat ride. It was so cold, we had stoves in the barracks but it was still cold. I used two blankets and a sleeping bag, overcoat and long johns plus a shelter tent and I still froze. When we boarded the banana boat, one guy kept saying, "Say a prayer for the Russians."



16th Armored Division Patch

Item	Aug. 27 - Sept. 2	September 3 - 9	September 10 - 16	September 17-23
Cigarettes or Cigars or Tobacco				100
Book match				
Box match				
Tooth paste				
L. soap				
T. soap				
Shave cr.				
Razor B. S.				
Candy Bar				
Roll				
Ch. gum				

Army rations

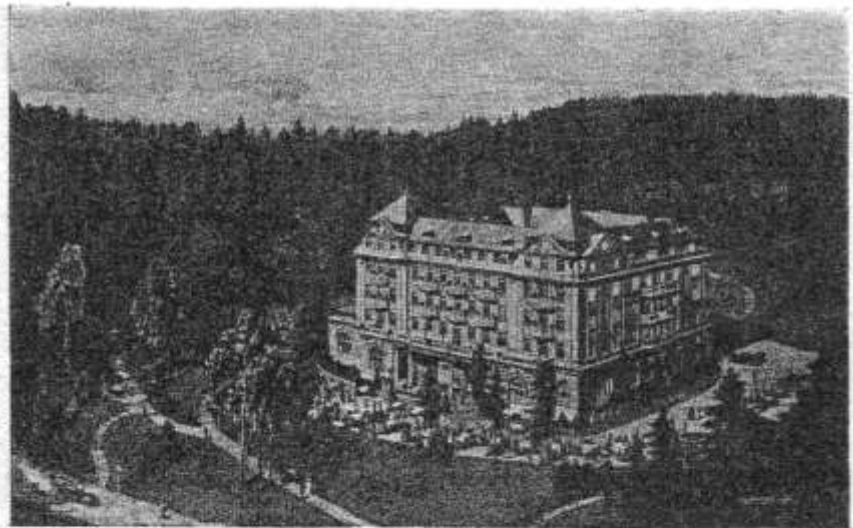
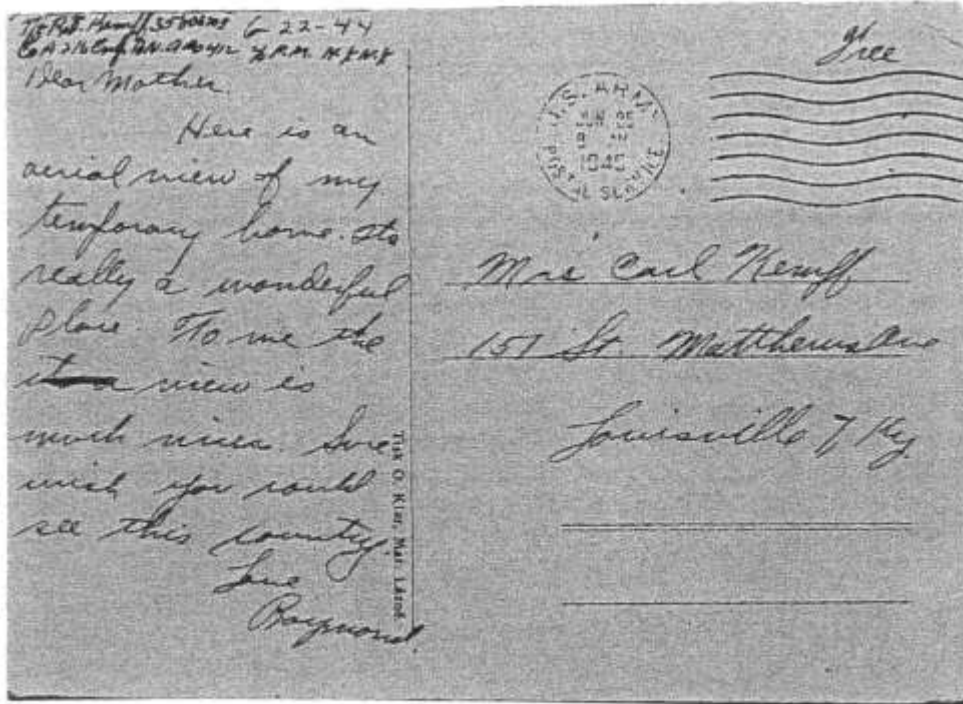
ARMY EXCHANGE RATION CARD - ETO

5928
 No - 6189 - Date issued: AUG. 45
 Name: Raymond J. Kempf ASN 34406105
 Signature: Raymond J. Kempf
 Organization: Co. A 216. 216. - 216. 216.
 Signature Unit C.O.: Richard P. [unclear]

Capt. C.E.

Anyone apprehended reselling, trading or bartering merchandise to unauthorized persons as covered by AR 210-65 will forfeit all rights to exchange privileges and will be dealt with under appropriate article of war.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



MARIÁNSKÉ LÁZNĚ

HOTEL ESPLANADE

Československo

Ray, Eleanor, Carl Sr, Al

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



Tuesday, 25 December 1945

Breakfast

Grapefruit - Orange
juice blend
Prepared cereal
Milk
Scrambled eggs
and Eggs, dhy
Toast butter
Apple butter
Coffee
*

Dinner

Pineapple juice
Roast turkey - Sage dressing
Giblet gravy
Cranberry sauce
Candied sweet potatoes
Buttered asparagus
Carrot sticks
Assorted pickles

Dinner

Hot rolls - Jelly
Hot mincemeat pie
Plum pudding
Sliced cheese
Mixed dried fruit
Oranges or apples
Bread - butter
Nuts - candy
Coffee
*

Supper

Tomato soup
Baked ham
French fried potatoes
and Potatoes dhy.
Escalloped corn
Coke slow
Ice cream and Vanilla pudding
Peach sauce
Fruit cake
Bread - Butter - Jelly
Coffee

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



Army photo
Taken in Louisville, Ky.
1944



SS Santo Rosa
our troop ship to France 1945



Post Photo Shop
CAMP CHAFFEE, ARK. 1943

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

FB&I
P&S



Honorable Discharge

This is to certify that
RAYMOND J KEMPf

35806705 TECHNICIAN FOURTH GRADE COMPANY A 216TH ARMORED ENGINEER BATTALION

Army of the United States

is hereby Honorably Discharged from the military
service of the United States of America.

This certificate is awarded as a testimonial of Honest
and Faithful Service to this country.

Given at SEPARATION CENTER
CAMP ATTERBURY INDIANA
Date 25 APRIL 1946

R. D. Prizzelle
R. D. PRIZZELLE
MAJOR 1ST

FB&I-P&S
25 4 19 ERB

ENLISTED RECORD AND REPORT OF SEPARATION HONORABLE DISCHARGE

1. LAST NAME-FIRST NAME-MIDDLE INITIAL KEMPf RAYMOND J		2. ARMY SERVICE NO. 35 806 705		3. GRADE T/4		4. DATE OF SERVICE CE		5. GRADE AUS	
6. COMPANY CO A 216TH ARMO ENDR BN		7. DATE OF SEPARATION 25 APR 46		8. PLACE OF SEPARATION SEP CEN CAMP ATTERBURY IND		9. PLACE OF BIRTH CO KY		10. DATE OF BIRTH 30 JUL 16	
11. ADDRESS AND HOME TELEPHONE NO. AT SEPARATION SEE 9		12. HEIGHT (FEET) BLUE		13. HAIR (COLOR) BROWN		14. WEIGHT (POUNDS) 176		15. SPECIAL ABILITIES AND SKILLS 0	
16. RELIGIOUS BELIEFS AND PRACTICES <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NONE <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER									
17. MILITARY HISTORY									
18. DATE OF ENLISTMENT 2 OCT 43		19. DATE OF SEPARATION 23 OCT 43		20. PLACE OF ENLISTMENT LOUISVILLE KY		21. GRADE AT ENLISTMENT B5		22. GRADE AT SEPARATION SEE 9	
23. POSITION TOOLROOM KEEPER 242		24. POSITION RIFLE MGN		25. NUMBER OF MONTHS 24		26. NUMBER OF DAYS 10		27. NUMBER OF DAYS 10	
28. THEATER OF OPERATIONS CENTRAL EUROPE									
29. AWARDS AND DECORATIONS AMERICAN THEATER RIBBON; EAM E THEATER HIBBON W/3 BRONZE STAR; GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL; VICTORY MEDAL WORLD WAR II; OCCUPATION MEDAL GERMANY									
30. OTHER AWARDS OR DECORATIONS NONE									
31. SERVICE RECORD									
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A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



Carl, Eleanor Kempf
Frances, Ray Kempf
Minnie, John "Pop" Gerstle
June 19, 1948
(right to left)

WEDDINGS

Gering—Kempf

The marriage of Miss Frances Gering, daughter of Mrs. John Gerstle, and Raymond J. Kempf, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Kempf, Sr., were married yesterday morning at 9 o'clock in Holy Trinity Church. The Rev. Richard Hamman, the bridegroom's uncle, read the nuptial prayer.

Given in marriage by her brother, Mr. John L. Gering, the bride wore a gown of Victorian style with a fitted bodice which fell from a waistline of ivory tulle. She carried white tulle gossamer centered with an orchid.

Her attendants were Mrs. G. C. Amundson, a sister, who was mother of honor, and Miss Mary Ann Kempf, witness. They wore similar gowns of pink and blue with white tulle and white gloves.

Mr. Alfred Carl, Jr. was best man, and Maxine Jane Kempf and Verna Daniel were the bridesmaids.

A wedding breakfast was served in the afternoon, and a reception was held in the home of Mrs. Gerstle.

After the wedding, the bride and groom were taken to the home of Mrs. Gerstle.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

My church, Our Lady of Lourdes, of which I am one of the founding members, recently held a 50th anniversary of its' founding. This is an excerpt, which was noted in the Parish newsletter.

Ray Kempf served in the European Theater of Operations during World War II. He was stationed primarily in Czechoslovakia, as part of the 16th Armored Division, rebuilding bridges and locations that had been wiped out by the American bombs. He enjoyed riding the horses from the area that had been captured by the 16th Armored Division. The troops were briefed daily about the war in the Pacific and Ray was still in Czechoslovakia when the news was released about the Japanese surrender. He was looking forward to his return home and reuniting with four of his brothers, who were also serving in the war.

Army of the United States

SEPARATION QUALIFICATION RECORD

USE THIS FORM - IT WILL NOT BE APPLIED IF LOST

This record of his achievements and credit rating enables him to show his standing in the service when he leaves the service. Each person who has completed or is about to complete his service should be registered by personal interview. The information should include education and post-employment plans based on his individual's own conditions. The record has space for changes in later education, separate transfers, specializations or changes in status, so that it may show the path that he has traveled in life.

PERSONAL DATA		BIRTHDAY		DATE OF DEPARTURE
NAME (Last, first, middle initial)	NAME (Last, first, middle initial)	MO.	DAY	YEAR
JOHN, RICHARD A.		11	28	1945
SSN (Last, first, middle initial)	ADDRESS			
46-1-10794	403-10-794			
EDUCATION	EDUCATION			
HS (Last, first, middle initial)	HS (Last, first, middle initial)			
St. Matthews High School, Louisville, Jefferson County, Ky.				
UNIVERSITY	UNIVERSITY			
St. Matthews High School, Louisville, Ind.				
POST OFFICE ADDRESS				
403-10-794				
SUMMARY OF MILITARY QUALIFICATION				
<p>SERVICE RECORD—Served overseas with the 16th Armored Engineer Battalion in France, Germany, and Czechoslovakia for 141 months. Performed various duties in connection with the maintenance, transport, and storage of tools. Insured tools to workers, maintained stock cards, arranged tools systematically in bins, made weekly inspections of tools, and performed repairs on equipment. Also was chief clerk in an office handling affairs of military government.</p>				

MILITARY RECORD

USE THIS FORM - IT WILL NOT BE APPLIED IF LOST

This record of his achievements and credit rating enables him to show his standing in the service when he leaves the service. Each person who has completed or is about to complete his service should be registered by personal interview. The information should include education and post-employment plans based on his individual's own conditions. The record has space for changes in later education, separate transfers, specializations or changes in status, so that it may show the path that he has traveled in life.

PERSONAL DATA		BIRTHDAY		DATE OF DEPARTURE
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A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

1955

My boyhood home was about 150 yards from the L&N Railroad tracks and the noise from the trains never bothered us. In fact, when we had visitors, they would often ask if the train noise bothered us and the usual reply was, "What noise?"

Latter on, after marrying and having three children, I would take the kids to see Grandpa and Grandma Kempf and suddenly the dogs started howling (especially Troubles) and the children would run to the front yard. For what? The train whistle hurt the dogs' sensitive ears and they would howl. The children, hearing the dogs, knew that a train was coming and they would go to the front yard to see the choo-choo.

When the children (Susie, Joan and Steve) were young, maybe 4,6,7, I would take them to Big Rock and to Grandma Kempf's on Sunday morning-that way, Frances could cook, read the paper and do what needed to be done, uninterrupted. Susie and Joan were playing by the basement concrete steps at 157 and Susie tried to jump across the gap- a distance of about 4 feet. Well, she missed the other side and hit he head on the concrete retaining wall. It was quite a bloody mess. Naturally she cried and cried. I took her to Doc Winter's home on Wiltshire Avenue and he sent me to St. Anthony's Hospital-no Baptist East back then. Dr. Carl Winter (a brother) sewed her forehead up and after almost fifty years, there is hardly a scar.

Example of dry humor: Dr. Brown fell into a well and drowned. He should have attended the sick and left the well alone.

August 31-August G. died and that was the last of August.

2Ys UR

2YsUB

1CUR2Ys4me

If you turn the number 773Y upside down, it will spell the word HELL. This was the number reflected from the headlights of the sinking Titanic.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



Scout cookies go on sale next Thursday

Well aware that the Girl Scout cookie sale will open a week from today and go through April 22 is Mrs. Raymond J. Kempf, 707 Macon Avenue. Mrs. Kempf is troop leader for No. 227 in which daughter, Joan, 10, left, is a member. Daughter, Suzanne, 11, belongs to Troop 243. Oh, yes, Mom's cookie chairman for No. 243.

Courier - Journal, about 1959

DO YOUR FEET HURT?
NURSE RELIEF SLIPPERS
FOR TENDER FEET

Soft black kid, flexible soles, medium round toe, low heel with rubber tap.

Size 4 to 10;
C, D, E widths.
Just received
new lot. We
now have
all sizes.

5695

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

This is a note, written by my mother, on July 7, 1974.

A Tribute to My Twelve Children and Their Families

Carl, first boy, has always been dependable and respectful and has a wife whom we all love.

Raymond is too good to everyone. He is never too busy to lend a helping hand and has a wife like no other.

Alvin is at Jeff - too far away and knows when to be silent but is never too busy to listen. He has a wife who can chase away the blues anytime.

Paul is much too big but is a good-hearted fellow. He has a wife who has a heart as big as she is.

Joe is a good fellow but, like Paul, is too heavy also. He has a wife like no other.

Jack is very ambitious, clever and has a wife who knows how to manage things especially.

Ralph is the 7th son and is everything anyone would expect of a son and who has followed in the footsteps of the older ones, respects everyone and has a wife whom we all love.

Margaret is always at our beak and call, being a nurse. She has done many good turns for all the family, has a husband who is always ready to help in any situation.

Patricia is always ready to do something for anyone and especially for her mother and has a husband who is ready and willing to do many things for the family and we all respect him for his kindness.

Virginia has been hit hard in her young life but seems to make the best of any situation and we all admire her for her steadfastness, she is loved by all. She has a husband, who like Virginia, has been hard hit with problems concerning his health.

Ruthie, dear child, has had many kicks in her short life but hope, by prayers and better life, will be able to live in peace.

Mary Jean, God bless her, she has been more than faithful to me in my last years and has always been faithful to me and cares for me like she is doing this for someone who

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



Front row, Left to right

Margaret Bode, Pat Sullivan, Ginger McKune, Ruth Weibel, Jack Kempf, Ray Kempf
Mary Jean Kempf, Al Kempf, R.E. Kempf, Carl Kempf, Jr.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



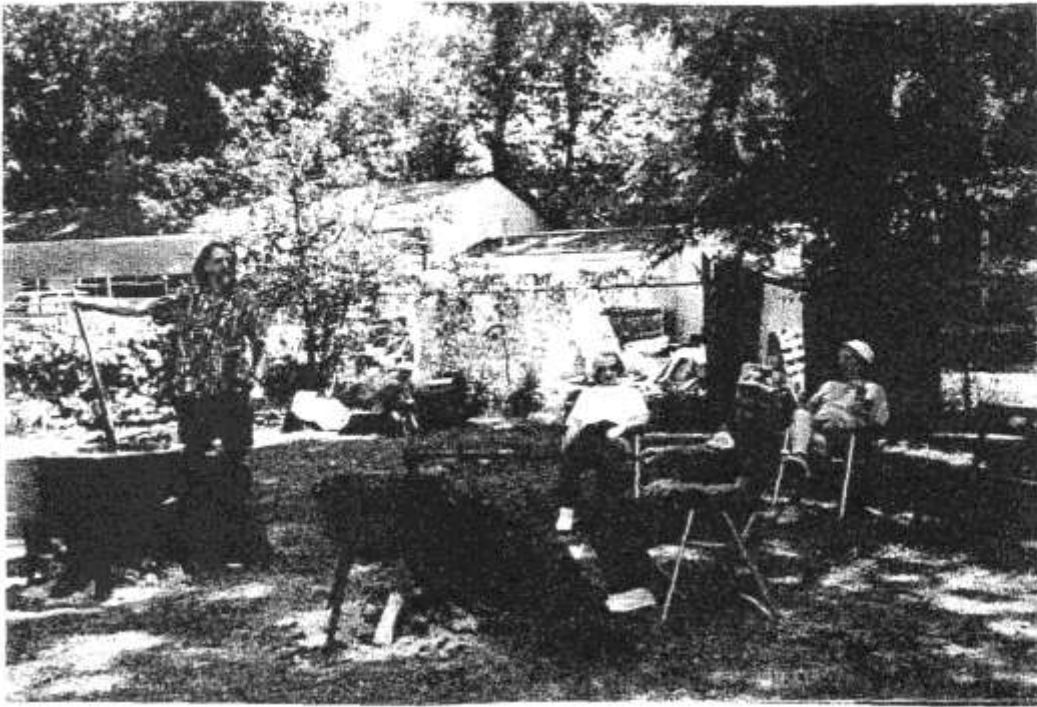
Mother, Steve, Susie, Joannie
on steps of Norbourne Blvd
about 1952



Susie, Joannie, Steve
on steps of 707 Mason Ave.
about 1958

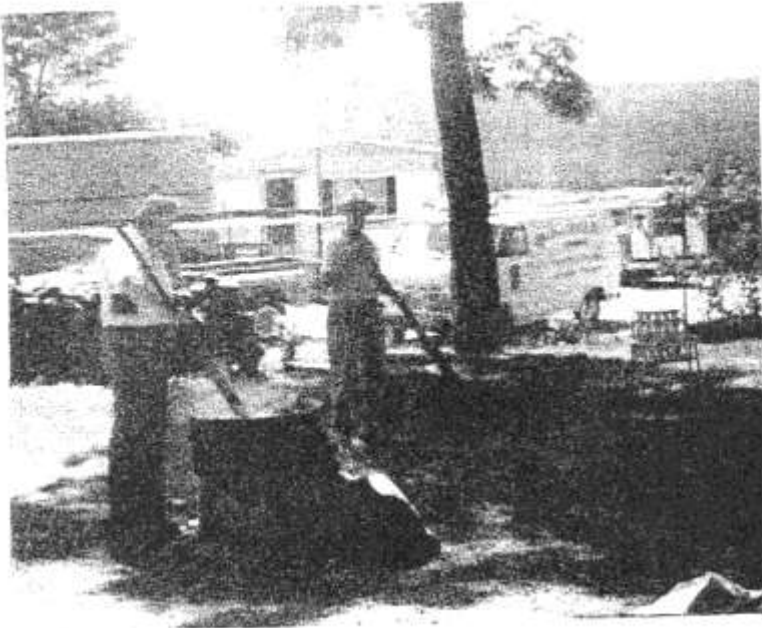
A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

Kempf's Turtle Soup



1996

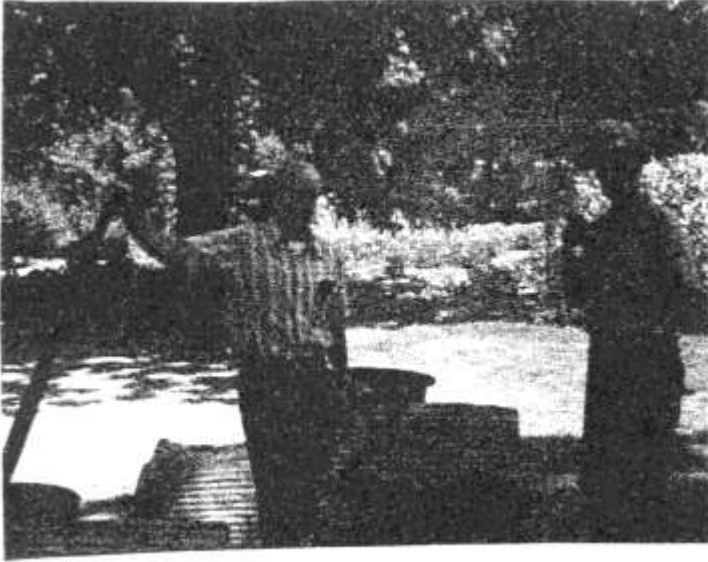
John, Ruth Weib
R.E. (Georgia)
Dad



1983

Paul Bode, Dad

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



1983

R.E., Dad

1980



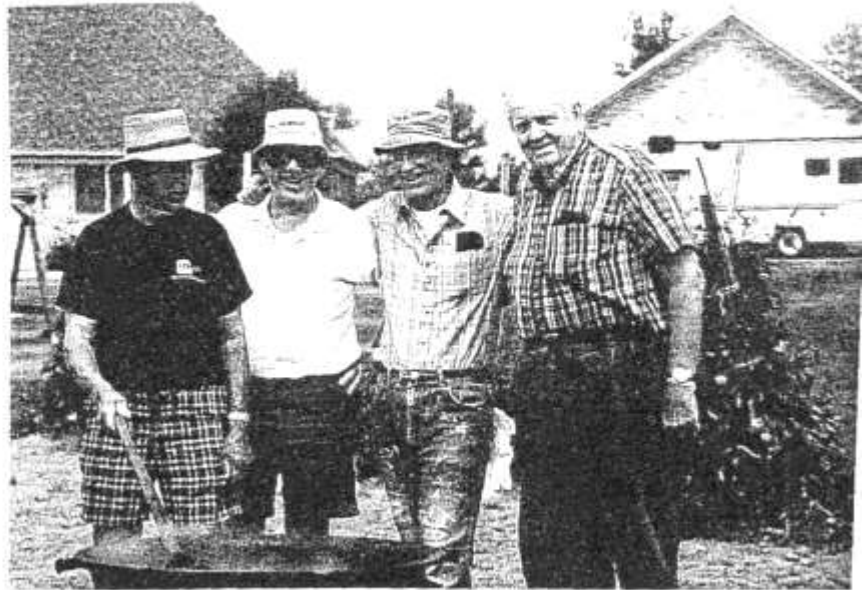
Jack, Ray, R.E., Paul, Al, Carl Jr., Joe

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



1987

Dad



2000

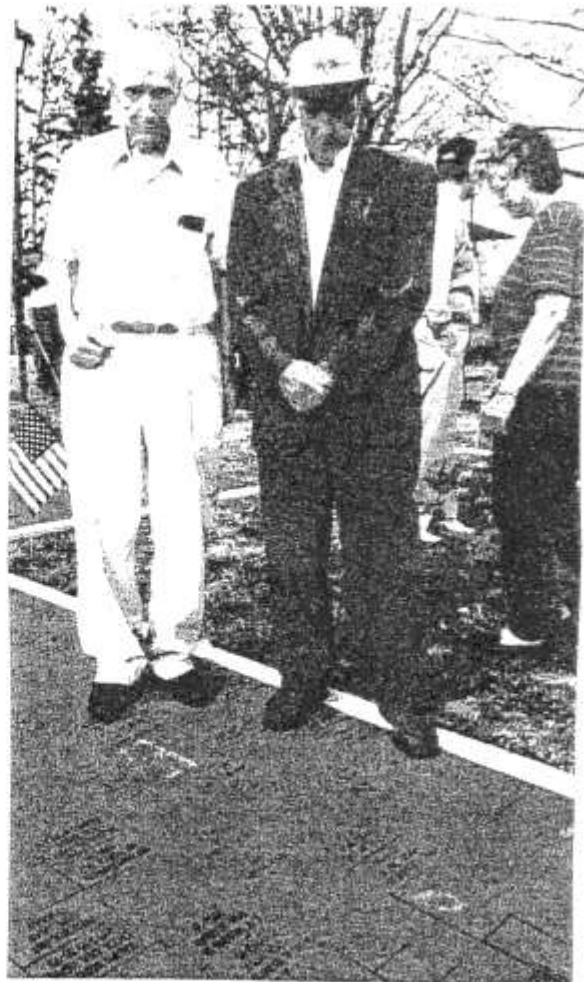
Dad, Don McKune, R.E., Paul Bode

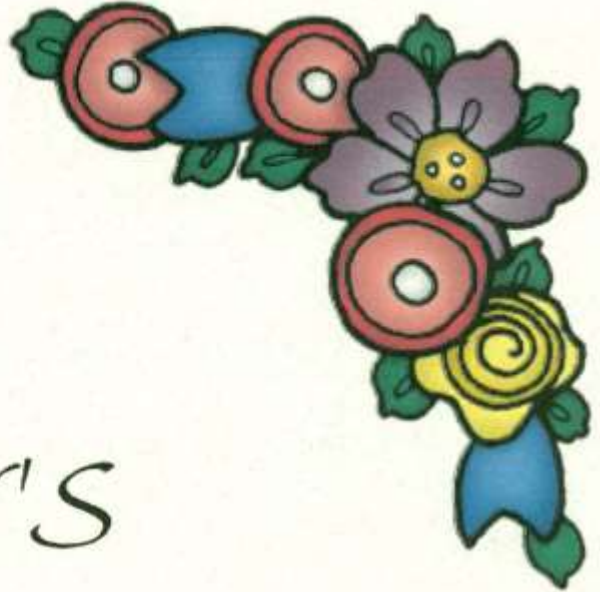
A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



Dad at his
75th Birthday Party -
shirt has 75 pockets!
(made by Susie)

Al, Ray Kempf
Veterans Memorial
Jeffers town, Ky.
(brick with 5
Kempf names
who served)





RAY'S
STORIES



NOVEMBER, 2004



A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



*It is with love and gratitude, that these books of my memories have been completed. I hope all enjoy it as much as I have enjoyed recalling all of these stories that make up who I am.
Happy reading!*

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

MEMORIES OF RAYMOND JOSEPH KEMPF

January 6, 2004

I HAD PLANNED FOR THESE STORIES TO BE IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER
BUT MY BRAIN DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY - ENJOY AS IS! *Ray*

I have previously mentioned that I intended to write more about my boyhood, youth and living in St. Matthews.

One of my earliest recollections is of the remains of the St. Matthews Episcopal Church which was situated on St. Matthews Avenue at the L&N railroad crossing-where the present Palmer-Ball plant is located. As I recall, there wasn't anything left except the bricks which were strewn about the perimeter of the building. In the early days, lumber was hard to find, so I assume whoever dismantled the building took all of the usable lumber and left only brick bats.

Directly across St. Matthews Avenue, where Jim's Body Shop is now located, was a large L shaped house and it used as a boarding school for females, owned and operated by the Episcopal Church. The school closed and was sold to Mr. Blandford, who lived there quite a few years.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

I recall a small pond on the property that ducks used in the summer as well as a cow or two. In winter, it froze over and that's where we did our ice skating, or falling on our bottoms.

To the rear of our property, was about a 50 acre potato farm owned by Jacob Stitch. When Mr. Stitch would dig his potatoes, July was the first crop and October would be the second crop, we would go into the fields when they finished picking and root the hills for #3 potatoes or #1 potatoes, which the picker might have missed. If we had a good evening, we might get a peck or more. We were proud of being able to bring something besides our appetite to the table.

When Grandma Kempf lived, she would gather the older boys, Carl, Raymond and Al, get a large basket or bucket and take us to the railroad to pick up coal. At that time, trains used coal for fuel and the coal tender may have been overloaded, so often small or large lumps fell off the side of the tender. We always got enough coal to keep the kitchen fire going for one day.

In summer, after the hay was cut and stacked and apple and pears weren't quite ripe, we would pick a few fruits and put them in the haystack to ripen. If you didn't forget that you had put them there, you would have a delicious apple or pear after about two weeks. If you did forget, well, you had a handful of mush.

Dad would send us to Philip Fischer's grocery and saloon to get a bucket of beer and \$.25 worth of brick cheese. Mr. Fischer would cut the cheese, wrap it, then weigh it,

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

then if it was over or under \$.25, he would unwrap, cut off or add to it; boy, what a waste of time. To my knowledge, this was the first grocery-saloon in St. Matthews, except for Dan Gillmans Tavern, for whom Gillman Avenue is named.

We also were sent to Kuhl's, corner of Massie and St. Matthews Avenue. They also sold a good kind of brick cheese.

In 1923, when I was in the second grade at Holy Trinity Grade School, the good nuns decided to form a Junior Choir (a good idea). We were rehearsing and Sunday morning, at the 8 o'clock Mass, another classmate, Dutch Bauer (Susie and Joan went to school with his daughter) looked over at me and said, "You can't sing!" and that convinced me to quit trying. To this day, I cannot sing and don't even try to.

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1922-1923

HOLY TRINITY SCHOOL																															
Report of Raymond Kempf of the _____																															PARENT'S SIGNATURE
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Ray's report cards

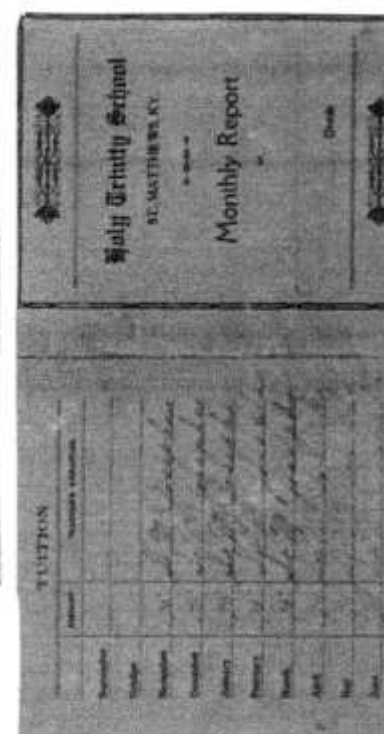
1925-26

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

Kempf Raymond
 Side Five Room Three School Holy Trinity

1926	1927		1928		1929		1930		1931		1932		1933		1934		1935		1936		1937		1938		1939		1940		1941		1942		1943		1944	
Math	Reading	Spelling	Writing	Dictation	Grammar	Arithmetic	Science	History	Geography	Physical	Music	Art	Health	Character	Attendance	General	Examinations																			
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Total																																				

Ray's report card 1926-27



I have recently had several visits with Bessie (Ratterman) Ruckreigal, who is a patient at St. Matthews Manor Nursing Home, located on Browns Lane. She has a wonderful memory of people and places plus remembering where they lived back in the 20's. She has quite a few photos of the old St. Matthews, including the Post Office, when it was located at Westport Road and Chenoweth Lane. This building is approximately 30 x 20 and is now located at her former home on Westport Road, at the railroad crossing, which is approximately 150 years old. I was a school mate of a fellow who lived there and it was great fun to go into the house, explore it and explore the barns. I remember horses, cows and lots of farm equipment. I also recall when the farm equipment was auctioned off.

In the early 1930's, my brother Carl and I obtained a job at a local Gun Club, by the name of Sutcliffe Gun Club. The people did target practice with clay pigeons and

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

someone was needed to work in a pit to load the clay pigeons (saucers) as well as a boy to cock the release mechanism for this. We would do this for about four hours on a Sunday afternoon and we would receive the sum of \$1.00. We rode our bikes to the farm on Browns Lane, where the present Watterson Expressway goes under, and there was the Gun Club.

One Sunday, we were returning home at about dusk and several neighbors, one a Mrs. Fravert, stopped us and inquired about our brother, Joe. It seems that he had been struck by a car on St. Matthews Avenue, just about 100 yards north of our home. We were shaken up, and not knowing anything about the accident, we couldn't answer any questions. Upon inquiry, we were told that Joe ran in front of the car and suffered a fractured skull and other bruises. Dr. Joseph Ray treated him and Joe eventually fully recovered. Mother always said that this accident put Dr. Ray in the limelight in St. Matthews and was the beginning of a long and successful medical career for him in St. Matthews.

In this day and age, quite a stir is made about starlings; they make a mess, carry disease, etc. No one wants anyone to poison them or do anything to harm them; everyone just wants them to leave their property and go elsewhere. Well, Uncle Henry Bauer had a solution and no objections. He lived where the Burdolf Building is located on Shelybville Road, opposite Plehn's Bakery. Uncle Henry simply brought out his shotgun and as fast as the starlings returned to the trees, he shot them. It didn't take long

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

for the starlings to get the message. One or two evenings of buckshot solved the problem.

An Addition about my brother, Joe

In October, 1988, my brother Carl, his wife, Ann and myself went to Europe; London, Paris, the Netherlands, Holland and Belgium. We were in Paris, prior to going back to England and then to fly home, when we received the word, late at night, that our brother, Joe, had passed away. It being a weekend, it was almost impossible to get a flight out of Paris or London. Ann got on the phone and spent several hours calling Delta in the USA and we were finally scheduled on a flight to London, then to the US. We did get home in time for the viewing, funeral services and burial.

More About Ratterman-Ruckreigel

Years ago, it was the custom to have a summer kitchen and to have a kitchen in its normal place in a home. At the Oechsli-Ratterman home, there is an addition to the rear of the house, seen from Ridgeway (still seen today), where in late May, the wood-coal burning stove was moved to the summer kitchen and all the cooking was done there. I have helped on such a move and then in October, the stove was moved back into the regular kitchen.

After a six o'clock breakfast, the dishes were washed and the table reset for a 10:00 am snack, then lunch at 12:00, then a short nap, then back to the fields till the 6:00 supper.

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More About Blandford

The Blandfords had Guiana hens and they would hide their eggs and it would be our job to find them. If you wanted to set them (for hatching), you didn't touch them with bare hands, you used a large spoon to transfer the eggs to a new nesting place. Of course, the mother hen always knew where to find the new nesting place.

My first memories of having a dog go way back to the early twenties. We had a terrier named "Snooks" who was a good rat catcher and he did keep the stable rat free, but he sure didn't like the 4th of July. His favorite sleeping place was behind the kitchen stove (coal burning) and you didn't get to rest there, unless you got there first. Even then, Snooks would growl and nudge his way into the warm spot.

Recently, November, 2003, there was news about the Farmer's Market in downtown Louisville going out of business, giving way to a medical center. I recall going to the Farmer's Market or Haymarket with my father in my early years. The market ran from Floyd to Preston Street and from Jefferson to Liberty. Dad would check prices on the items he wanted from three or four farmers then purchase what was needed. We would occasionally take Uncle Louis along, boy what a bargain hunter. He would check every farmer in the entire area and finally wind up at the spot that he started from (one hour later) and buy from that farmer.

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The entire area was ringed with water fountains for the horses, which ran continually and overflowed into a sewer nearby. The fountain was a huge bowl, holding forty or more gallons of water.

Another item about my brother, Paul. He was just a toddler and he decided to take a walk to the hog pen. It so happened that there was a sow with piglets who didn't like anyone around her brood. One end of the feed trough extended out of the pen, so that feed(slop) could be dumped in the trough. Well, Paul put his hand in there and the old sow was eager to protect her babies so she took a bite out of Paul's hand. It was chewed up pretty well, but again, Old Doc Rapp fixed him up good as new.

There was an old pear tree stump in the middle of the hog pen, which the hogs used to rub themselves against and it was our job to keep the stump oiled with a mixture of old motor oil and kerosene. The mixture kept lice, etc. from finding a home on the hogs.

Speaking of kerosene (coal oil), my parents bought it in bulk at 10 cents a gallon. We kept a 40 gallon drum in the basement. I recently went into a store and kerosene was displayed for \$4.95 per gallon. What a markup!

January 3, 2004 (3:00pm)

I have just returned from a trip to Irish Hill to pick up a 1930 model radio. It sure plays good now and it quite an antique.

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On the way home, I drove Lexington Road at Cochran Hill. Years ago, it was much steeper, regrading it made it much easier to navigate. In the early twenties, my father was driving home from work, it had snowed, and the going was rough. Dad was going uphill real slow when some yokel ran alongside yelling, "keep it in high gear". Now there were two speeds on a model T, high and low. Dad couldn't hear him so he stopped-big mistake. He slid down the hill and had to start all over again.

In the late twenties, maybe 1926, all of the family went to visit Grandmother Hommerich, who lived at 719 Gwendolin, in Louisville. (This street is found in Germantown) After greetings were done, we boys went out to play in the front yard and in the Model-T Ford. Well, we were horsing around and my younger brother, Al, suddenly fell out of the car and hit his head on the curbing, creating a nice gash in his forehead as well as a lot of blood and tears by all. Al was taken inside and cleaned up and it was determined that he needed ole Doc Rapp. He was summoned to 719 and after looking over the injury, he said that sutures were needed. As he was prepared for such an emergency, he set Al in a kitchen chair and sewed him up. Good ole Doc Rapp! Al is now 85 and there is hardly a mark on is forehead.

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This fact was borne out by the fact there was one family had him for all twelve of their childbirths, of which eight took place at the family home. Women's medical concerns were his specialty; for this expression of health care, he had studied carefully here and abroad, a fact we will discuss later in talking about his education. It was in this aspect of his practice that he has been most remembered and it was one in which he continually sought to minister to, alleviate, assist and support his patients.

Exquisite may have been the best adjective to describe his kindness. No time of day or night was inconvenient if someone needed him; he was tireless in coming to their needs. I recall one midnight call to our house when I was quite ill at age seven or eight. Then there was his drive which in those days probably took at least 30 minutes from his home/office at 620 E. Broadway on a cold February night in 1918 to our [Kempf] home at 157 St. Matthews Avenue, arriving around 10:00 . He delivered a healthy baby boy at 11:45 p.m.

Our mother, forgetting what time it was, said, 'Now I have a child born on Washington's Birthday.'

Doctor Rapp's eyes twinkled and said, "Ah no, Mrs. Kempf; we are 15 minutes away from midnight!"

These two instances concerning the Kempfs and good ole Doc Rapp were taken from a biography written by Dr. Rapp's nephew, Henry Mayer. My brother, Al, was the 11:45 pm birth.

Speaking of the Hommerichs, one of my mother's brothers was named Frank, and he would ride his bike to St. Matthews to visit Mother and Dad. One Sunday, he and Dad decided to hike to Beargrass Creek and Breckenridge Lane, (back then Breckenridge Lane stopped at what is now Hillsboro Road. It was made through in 1930.) Before then, a gate was kept locked and you had to have permission to open the gate. I assume these guys climbed the fence and walked to the creek. There they soon discovered lots of sun-fish, so not having any fishing equipment, they took off their shirts and try seining

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

the fish. I don't know if they caught anything. In a nice, joking way, Mother said that they both were crazy.

When I was quite young, Uncle Frank used to toss me up in the air and catch me in his arms. I'll never forget when he told me that I was getting too big to be tossed around. It was fun while it lasted.

Years later, Grandma Hommerich gave us some well used bikes and no doubt, one of us boys, got Uncle Frank's bike. That was called a "hand-me-down".

I have previously mentioned about Prohibition and the illegal sale of whiskey, so now I'll tell about three places I knew that made and sold whiskey. One that went out of business, in a fashionable way, was on Massie Avenue. One could go near the place and smell the odor of whiskey. One morning, at about 2:00 am, we awakened to fire sirens and a huge lit up sky, just northwest of our home. It seems that the still caught fire and burned the entire house down. I have had slight contact with one of the surviving children of the owner, but I don't dare mention the whiskey making incident.

Another bootlegger was on the east end of Massie. He didn't make the stuff, just purchased it in bulk, then bottled it in ½ pint and pint bottles. The guy's name was Joe- and the expression was that the customer was drive to the house, honk their horn and call out, "Hey, Joe, throw me out a pint!"

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Another place was here on Macon, (1933-34). The guy made the stuff in his basement and one could smell it all over the neighborhood. None of these merchants were ever caught.

One more story about Father Knue. I was scheduled to serve Mass one Sunday. I don't remember the time but it was probably, 10:00 am or later. Anyway, I was late getting to Church and I tried to explain to Father Knue that I forgot to tell my mother to call me at a certain time. Well, he lit into me like a gang of bumble bees. Part of the conversation I remember quite well. Fr. Knue said, "What's the matter with a grown man, (I was about 20), who can't get himself up?" What else he said I don't remember but I did know that I went out and bought myself an alarm clock and to this day, it sits beside my bed and awakens me whenever I set it. This has happened for almost the past 70 years. Thank you Fr. Knue.

One thing I recall very easily is painting the home at 157 St. Matthews Avenue. This was every three to four years and it involved a lot of time. First, we painted the tin roof red, then the dormers, side and back of the house. This usually took about two weeks or more. If it rained, you had to wait until the wood dried. All of us boys learned to apply paint just like the pros.

This story would not be complete without mentioning Mary Jean and all that she did taking care of our Mother. I think that today, most of the family realizes the work she did, so for all of us, a great big THANKS! About this same period of time, I was

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going through a similar situation-mine lasted until 1977, Mary Jean's until 1978. May they Rest in Peace.

I will write about my brother Jack, (John Thomas). He played football at Manual and was a smart man. He worked at International Harvester as a Pyrotechnician Instrument Specialist in heat treating. One day he was working on a furnace and it blew. Jack was thrown to the floor and suffered a broken leg. He walked or crawled away from the explosion to avoid further injury.

A true story about a country boy who worked at Tube Turns. There was a company-wide layoff and John Thompson was on the list. He was told on a Friday that he was to be laid off. On the following Monday, here is John, back ready to go to work. His boss, Shorty Tharpe told John that he was laid off. John's reply, "Well, I have to work someplace so I might as well stay here." Shorty shrugged his shoulders and remarked, "What can I do?" so John stayed on the payroll.

Another time, the heat treat gang was having evening lunch, about 7:00 pm and the above John passed around home grown tomatoes and everyone remarked how good they tasted and John remarked, "Yea, the old lady empties the slop jar on the garden every morning." You never saw such spitting out of tomatoes.

There was a tool grinder we called Red who could smoke a cigarette and never drop the ashes. Everyone complimented him about that feat and boy, did he eat it up.

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Red would put his lunch box by the exit (when empty) so at quitting time, he picked it up and he was gone. One day, one of his buddies nailed the box to the table and Red just about broke his arm trying to pick up his lunch box and run out of the door.

While on the subject of Tube Turns, I was working on a job called set-up where you set the machinery to do a certain job, then turned the job over to an operator. One day I was assigned a real tough looking character and I had been forewarned that he was an ex-con. After meeting him I felt let down, he let me know that he wouldn't take any scruff. I did ask him what he had been in the penitentiary for and he replied, "I killed a man. Just hit the SOB over the head with a baseball bat." Everyone was afraid of him, even the supervisors. He finally quit at T.T. and started a roofing business but soon quit that and today he operates a night club at Shephardsvile called Gobels. Financially, he is better off than ninety percent of the guys he worked with.

We had another worker at T.T. who was a real good-hearted guy but had one bad habit. He would chew tobacco and spit in the coolant tank, which held the oil base coolant that kept the machining tools cool. Whenever his signature was required, he would say, "You sign my name, my hands are greasy," because he couldn't read or write.

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Ray's gang at Tube Turns, 1979

Among my many relatives was the Tonini family. Mrs. Ed Tonini was my mother's sister and we were frequent visitors to their church goods store. In 1930, I was an up and coming young businessman (actually a boy). I carried papers and made about \$4.00 weekly and I was allowed to keep 25% of my earnings, approximately \$1.00 per week. Back to the Toninis. They sold church goods, prayer books, rosaries, medals, etc. They decided to sell radios and I was an early customer. Uncle Ed had a table radio that sold for \$30.00 and he agreed to sell one to me at his cost, \$20.00. I bought the set, used it at home until 1948 and when I married I took it with me. I eventually put it in the basement and played it occasionally until it finally quit. Two years ago, in 2002, I took it to a shop. The man kept it for 2 years, became ill, called and asked me to pick up the set- unrepaired. I did and took it to a hard to find radio repair shop. Today, the radio sits

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in my living room, playing like it is brand new. You even have to wait for the tubes to warm up before the sound comes out. I believe the seventy-five year old antique is worth about \$300.00.

Ed Tonini was the first to marry a Hommrich girl and when my parents announced that they were marrying and settling in St. Matthews, Ed had a field day, saying, "Why are you taking that girl (Eleanor, my mother) way out to that godforsaken place called St. Matthews?" Fast forward to 1950, the Tonini children marry and guess what- they move to St. Matthews. Elmore had the misfortune to lose his house in a fire. However, it was rebuilt and he still lives there(2004). The church goods business was also moved to St. Matthews.

Years ago, (1928-29), there was only one good place to roller-skate in St. Matthews and it was between the East and West lanes of Norbourne Blvd., between Breckenridge Lane and Browns Lane. It was well lit and safe and parents weren't afraid to let their children skate. I did my share of skating there.

When my parents moved to St. Matthews, (1914), there was only one method of keeping food, there was no electricity but there was an ice box. Milk was kept on one or two shelves but the ice didn't keep it real cold. Dad would put a couple of bottles of beer in with the ice and Mr. Weber would come every day and deliver ice, which you would order by placing a marked card in the window. There were four prices, 10 cents, 15 cents, 25 cents and 50 cents. You would buy the 50 cents on Saturday because there

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was no Sunday delivery. The ice would have to last until Monday. There was an Arctic Ice plant on Westport Road that manufactured ice and when we made ice cream, we would take our wagon and buy 25 cents worth of ice.

In 1930, Kentucky had the worst drought in history; all pasture died, farmers lost their crops and some farm animals died from lack of water. Shelbyville, Kentucky was hard hit. In fact, they ran out of water because the lake went dry. Every evening, the L&N Railroad would make a train (about 50 cars) and haul water to Shelbyville. Overnight, they would be emptied and returned to Louisville in the morning, refilled and sent back to Shelbyville.

Louisville never experienced a water shortage because of the Ohio River. If the Ohio went dry, it would be the end of time.

Very often, one of us children would say to Mother, "I am thirsty," thinking perhaps we could get some Kool-aid, but no luck. The standard answer was, "There's a faucet that connects to the Ohio River."

Another true story. Chickens have the ability to fly short distances and ours were no exception. "Grandma" told us to get a scissor and clip their wings. We clipped both wings but they still flew. Grandma asked us what we clipped and then told us to clip one wing only-this will unbalance the chicken and it would be unable to fly. It worked!

In the late twenties, there was a woman who lived in St. Matthews who was very peculiar, not only in her actions, but her dress and her speech, all of which made her

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shunned. She would get water cress from a spring house near Beargrass Creek. Water cress was a delicacy and it brought a good price. I can still see her carrying a basket on one arm, making deliveries.

One strange thing that involved this woman. One day, a hit and run driver hit a pedestrian at St. Matthews Avenue and Shelbyville Road. It happened late at night and the body was left lying on the interurban(bus) car tracks. Late at night, the interurban came through and the motorman, not seeing a body on the tracks, proceeded across Meridian Avenue. Needless to say, the body was cut to pieces. The coroner picked up what he could and the next morning, this peculiar woman was seen going along the streetcar tracks, picking up flesh and bones and putting them in the same type of basket that she sold the water cress from.

Previous mention has been made of my days at DuPont Manual High School. I will mention several teachers. The first one is R. W. Marshall, a country guy but really smart. He also owned the Marshall Planning Mill on Breckenridge Lane at Willis Avenue. He kept a chalk box, sawdust filled, in his upper desk drawer, and that was his spittoon.. He taught Geometry and knew it backwards and forwards and if you tried to cross him, he would say, "Now, you just gitty on up and gitty on out of here."

Another teacher was Grover Cleveland Newton. He was smart and took no nonsense. He was bald and made no bones about it, often referring to his head as "Newton's Bald Head!"

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Another teacher was E.T. Halsey, a very good English teacher. He later became a Catholic priest and became a good friend of my mother.

One more teacher, Royal W. Fowler. He taught woodworking. Mr. Fowler's shop had an electric glue pot that you plugged in, 1&3 for hot and to keep warm 2&4.(Back then, the pot had two separate plug-ins or contact points.) We would finish roll call and Mr. Fowler would call out, "Sweeney, put the glue pot on 2&4." (Sweeney was just a student but we assumed the teacher's pet.) That expression is still heard today whenever a group of Manual grads get together.

Form M. T. 104 304

LOUISVILLE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
DuPont Manual Training High School

Report of Kempf, Raymond Joseph
of English 7a Second Term 1933 1934

	Kempf	Lucia	Sweeney	Wagner	Wagner	Hend
Feb.	G	G	P	X	P	X
March	G	G	VG	G	P	G
April	VG	G	F	G	F	VG
May	VG	G	G	F	F	G
June						
Term	VG	G	G	F	F	G

There are ~~no~~ study periods at school. A student should devote an hour each day at home on the preparation of each lesson.

PARENT'S SIGNATURE

1 Mrs. C. Kempf
2 Carl Kempf
3 Mrs. Carl Kempf
4
5

E., excellent 95-100% F., fair 70-79%
V.G., very good 88-94% P., poor 55-69%
G., good 80-87% V.P., very poor 0-54%

CP Chapin
Principal

Void unless signed by Principal

Manual's report card, 1933-34

Getting back to the family. The next one to mention is Margaret. She was born in October at 157 St. Matthews Avenue. Mrs. Hatter, our next door neighbor came over to

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see Mother and the new one, Margaret, and her first remark was, "You should name her Rose, in honor of October being the Rosary Month. Today, no one knows about Rosary Month.

A one liner about Uncle Louie- He would say, "I will consecrate and medicate," meaning I will concentrate and meditate.

In the early 1930's, during the time that I spent at duPont Manual, I was interested in football, as a spectator. I believe that I saw almost all Saturday games from 1930 through 1934. I don't know who subbed the paper route, but I saw a lot of high school football. One reason was because my brother, Carl, played football and started every game for the three years. At that time, there was no offense or defense teams, just tough guys who played sixty minute periods.

When Carl graduated from Manual, he worked some, then he , Al and I played for a St. Matthew's team. It was there that Carl was recognized as a potential college player. He was offered a scholarship to Eastern State Teacher's College, now called Eastern University, and once again, he started every game at fullback. So, every home game, we drove to Richmond to see Carl play. It was there that he met his future wife, Ann, who survives him and lives in Georgia.

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In the near future, I will be opening some letters that I wrote while in the military service- so beware. However, I won't be boring on my trials and troubles of being a good soldier.

Did you ever wonder why you are always thirsty after eating fish? My mother had the answer, "the fish wants to swim!"

A bit more about my newspaper delivery days. My route included the Masonic Home, which has numerous buildings. I suppose I delivered about twenty-five Courier Journals, daily, to the Home. My favorite stop, around 6:00am, was the boiler room-heating plant. In winter, the operator would invite me inside and suggest that I put my back against the firebrick wall - boy, that was a nice place to warm up. I would go to the dining hall and the aroma of yeast rolls was wonderful. Some samples were given too. The baker's name was Koeltz-a nice German name. I was also allowed(actually it was necessary) in the widows' building as I was required to deliver the paper to individual people. I rarely saw these customers, as their bill was paid by some relative in a distant state.

Back to Frank Hatter. He or his mother owned an old-fashioned record player;not the disc or platter, but the cylinder shape(tube) about 2 inches wide and about 4 inches long and hollow. About twice a year, Frank would invite us kids over and listen to records being played. There was a lot of old timer music played, which was thoroughly enjoyed. Frank later gave the record player to my mother and when I married, she gave

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it to me. I still have it, it needs some fine tuning, but it still gives out a different kind of music than we get today.

The photo below shows Walter Doustt and his dog named, "Duffy" drinking bottle beer in Cleveland, around 1946. I suppose that I took the picture, as I was there in 1946.



I previously mentioned attending many football games at Manual Stadium. At present, a group, the PTA Alumni, school and faculty have arranged a memorial to former students. It is situated inside of the stadium's main entrance and to be viewed, one must enter the stadium. I, with my remaining brothers (2003-04), decided to purchase a brick for the memorial. Last week, 4-10-04, I visited the site and located the brick marker which is inscribed, 7 KEMPFS, a fitting memorial to my six brothers and myself. To view the memorial, go south on Burnett, past the ticket windows. There is a drive in gate to the practice field, go in, turn right, the memorial is just inside the general admittance gate.

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MRS. CARL KEMPF FOR CARL KEMPF, M'33-1/2, writes that Carl was happy playing football one year for Neal Arntson and one year for Ab Kirwan. After graduating from Eastern Kentucky University, taught Industrial Arts, worked at Lockheed Aircraft for 25 years before retiring. He is now legally blind, so any news about his 33-1/2 year class would be welcomed. [Editor's Note: It is always a pleasure hearing from one of the Kempf brothers. Any family that graduates seven brothers from Manual (1933-1/2 to 1950) can get my attention any time. Any of Carl's classmates can reach him at 2023 Gober Ave., Smyrna, GA 30080-1110. Take time to drop him a line or two. FHB]

SEVEN KEMPF BOTHERS

2 DECADES AT MANUAL

1930-1950



Jack, '44; Ray-34-1/2, Ralph '50, Paul-'37 (deceased), Alvin '35, Carl '33 Joe '42-1/2, (deceased)

Taken from duPont Manual (Brook & Oak) Newsletter, December, 1997

It is time to mention another one in the line of twelve. Patricia (Pat), ninth in birth order, has a heart of gold and will help you whenever you need help. For instance, she balances my checkbook and has been doing that since the death of my wife, for about 27 years now and I have yet to get a bill from her.

Next in line is brother Ralph (RE). He is also a hard worker and is always ready to help on any project. He grows a huge garden and cheerfully shares its' bounty with everyone.

I need to mention my 75th birthday surprise party. I was told that there would be a retirement party for Suzanne's husband, Scott, as he was retiring from the police

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department. I was reluctant to attend such a party. I needed to attend Saturday Mass, etc. So, a grandson, Stephen, was assigned to make sure that I attended the party. I agreed to attend, intending to only show my face and leave.

Well, I walked in the police lodge, supposedly to wish Scott farewell, when everyone shouts, "Surprise!" and then I realized it was for me. It really was a pleasant surprise - thanks everyone!

I would also like to mention the Onyx beer joint. It seems that everyone would stop there, either going out for the evening or returning in the early am. The owner would let the empty beer bottles sit on the tables and by 1:00 am, there were a lot of dead soldiers left by quite a few party goers.

Another favorite was the Grog Shop-good food, good drinks, high prices but a good atmosphere. Ask Scott Robinson, he stayed there with his parents when he was a youngster. One thing that I remember about the Grog Shop was a support column near the bar. Early in WWII, one of the regulars was drafted for the Army and as he left, on his last night as a civilian, he took his necktie (everyone wore ties then) and tied it around the support column.

By the end of the war, the column must have had a couple hundred ties. I believe the first tie may have belonged to Scott's Uncle Bill or Fred Feraday.

When the guys, (beer drinkers) ran out of money at the Grog Shop (strictly cash back then) they would go across the street to Gerstle's and Pop would give them credit.

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Pop Gerstle didn't really like doing that and would threaten to quit giving credit, but he was soft-hearted and never refuse anyone credit. (It was still illegal to sell whiskey on credit.)


After spending the evening on the town and visiting various joints, the last stop was the famous White Castle, then located about 100 yards east of Gerstle's. How anyone could digest those things, nobody knows, but that was always the last stop before going home.

My wife, Frances, had lived and worked in Madison, Wisconsin in the mid to late forties and when we married here in St. Matthew's, several of her friends came for the wedding. It was natural to return the visit, so in 1953, with 3 kids, make that 2, Steve stayed with Al and Melanie, we visited Madison. We stayed for one week, had a grand time fishing, visiting the various lakes and seeing Frances' friends. We returned to Madison several times for vacations and visits and always enjoyed ourselves.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

Certificate of Baptism

This is to Certify, that Frances Elizabeth
Daughter of John J. Janning and Philomena Bess
born on the 17th day of August 1916
was Baptized on the 20th day of August 1916
According to the Rite of the Roman Catholic Church
in Holy Trinity Church at Louisville, Ky.
Sponsors Charles Bess By the Rev. E. J. Menkes
Francis Bess
as appears from the Baptismal Register of this Church.
Record by [Signature] Date 23 April 1924



One incident that I recall, we were fishing on Lake Mindota, and a storm came up. We high tailed it to the dock but there was a hitch—we had to go through the locks first to get to the boat harbor. It was raining cats and dogs and we had to wait for the locks to fill with water in order to move out. Needless to say, all of us got soaked, no raincoats, no place to go that was dry. I recall that that was my last fishing trip in Wisconsin. But, we always caught fish when we did go fishing.

The same day that we got soaked when the storm came up on Lake Mindota, we had been catching a lot of fish, even Frances caught quite a few. However, she almost got all of us arrested when about thirty or more boats were fishing a small area where the fish were really biting. Frances blurted out to no one in particular, “I am fishing but

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don't have a license. Heine Hueble quickly said to quit bragging and concentrate on fishing.

One evening we were at the Hueble cottage having a marshmallow roast. Heine roasted for everyone. He gave one to Joan (about 3-4 years old) and she immediately stated, "It's boint" meaning burnt. So, Heine put an unroasted marshmallow on a stick and gave it to Joan, saying, "Here, boin (burn) it yourself!"

The first night of this vacation, there was a big fireworks celebration (4th of July) held at Vilas Park. Naturally, we all went; Mr. Karls, Kay, Helen, Ray, Frances, Susie and Joan. Joan didn't like the fireworks and all of the noise, so she cried during all of the display. I held her in my arms for about an hour and we all lived through it.

Wouldn't want to do that today!

The Wisconsin people, the Karls, have visited us in Louisville several times. I have enjoyed their visits.

I must mention Virginia, #11. She has had a hard life, being afflicted with polio at a young age but she rode it out, giving birth to three children, losing one of them shortly after birth. Ginger evens wears a brace and that doesn't stop her.

We, my family, have spent some time visiting Marietta, Georgia where my brother Carl and his wife Ann and family lived. Carl is gone now, his family has married and moved all around, so we don't go to Marietta much anymore. But, I think the kids and Frances always enjoyed visiting Marietta.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

I can count seven trips to Europe with all except one being paid for myself. The free one I would have rather passed up, but Uncle Sam paid for it and told me to go, see the rest of the world and maybe get your butt shot off for good measure.

History: The 16th Armored Division was activated at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas, 15 July 1943, and remained there during the entire period of its training prior to overseas movement. Like the 20th Armored Division, it does not bear a nickname and was never allotted to the Regular Army subsequent to World War II. After undergoing the normal cycle of training and successfully completing all required unit and division tests and exercises at Camp Chaffee, it left for New York late in January 1945, and sailed for Europe on 5 February. Arriving in France on the 19th, it spent several more weeks in training before moving to assembly areas in the vicinity of Mainz, Germany, and subsequently participating in operations in Bavaria and Czechoslovakia during the final days of the war. It performed occupation duty in Pilsen and the surrounding area after VE Day, then left for the United States on 17 September 1945. It sailed from France on 6 October 1945 and, upon landing in New York, was inactivated at Camp Kilmer, N. J., on 1 October 1945.

Date of: Activation - 15 July 1943, Camp Chaffee, Arkansas
Inactivation - 15 October 1945, Camp Kilmer, New Jersey

Battle Credits: Central Europe.

Commanding Generals (WWII Period):

Major General Douglass T. Greene - July 1943 to August 1944

Brigadier General John L. Pierce - September 1944 to October 1945

Combat Chronicle: After arriving in Europe, the 16th Armored Division spent several weeks conducting additional training, first in France and then near Mainz, Germany. Finally on 28 April, it began moving to Nurnberg where it assumed the security and patrol mission of the 80th Infantry Division in that city. On 29 April, the 23d Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron was detached and in turn attached to the 80th Infantry Division which, in conjunction with the 20th Armored Division, had launched an attack to the southwest to seize the city of Salzburg in Austria. Crossing the Isar River at Nieder-Neuching on 1 May, the 23d cleared Aufhausen, Altewarding, Neuhausen, Papferding, Indorf, Pretzen, and Walpertshausen by evening. Then having been reinforced by additional elements from the Division that night, it pushed out again to the south and east on 2 May, taking Haag and reaching the Inn River at Wasserburg. All units of the 16th Armored Division were relieved from attachment to the 80th Infantry Division at this point and rejoined their parent organizations on 4 May. The following day, the 16th Armored Division turned its security mission in Nurnberg over to the 4th Infantry Division and moved east to forward assembly areas in the vicinity of Weidhaus. From this location, it jumped off the next morning, passed through the 2d and 97th Infantry Divisions at 0600 hours, and attacked down Highway 14 with Combat Commands "B" and "R" abreast to seize the beer and munitions center of Pilsen. After overcoming scattered and sporadic resistance, it reached the center of Pilsen by 0800 hours and, by late afternoon, had cleared the city of all remaining significant resistance. The capture of Pilsen marked the deepest point of penetration into Czechoslovakia from the west. The 16th Armored Division remained in the vicinity of Pilsen following VE Day and performed occupation duty until it departed on 17 September for France from which it sailed for the United States on 6 October 1945.



Ruthie turned out to be #12. I don't know if last gets the hash but she is a fine sister. Being last is supposed to spoil you but she has made her own way, the hard way.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

This is a report that my grandson, Jim McDumay, wrote about me for a high school English report.

11/94

I am going to do my paper on my Grandpa, Raymond Kempf. He is a tall, blond German. He was born and raised on an acre, in what is now St. Matthews, or right next to Jim Hendrix Autos. They grew vegetables on their land and his dad worked as a tailor. He graduated from Holy Trinity Elementary School and Manual High School. He is a very disciplined person.

He went to work at Tube Turns, a steel factory, right out of high school. The first few years of World War II, he was exempted from the draft because Tube Turns made materials for the military. Eventually he was drafted and sent to Europe. When he returned home, he soon was working at Tube Turns and soon married my grandmother. They moved to Macon Avenue, where he presently lives.

In 1949, my grandma gave birth to their first born, Susie. One year later, she gave birth to my mom, Joan. Two years later they had their youngest, Steve. Eventually all of the kids grew up and moved away. In 1976, my grandmother noticed a lump on her breast. She had surgery but by March of 1977, she had died. My Grandpa worked at Tube Turns for nearly 40 years and only missed two days of work, one of which was my Grandma's funeral. He is a very strong person.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

My Grandpa is now 78 years old, retired and living in the house on Macon. He keeps himself busy still. His sister lives in the house he grew up in, where he still plants vegetables. He fixes lawn mowers for people and attends Church, faithfully, every day.

I think that the only thing that bothers me about him is that he has spent his whole life helping everyone else and seldom helped himself. I think this world would be a lot better off with a few more Raymond Kempf's in the world.

This may be a question and answer section but I opened this page for questions and my version of the answers. First, we will talk about the holiday activities.

On Thanksgiving, we always killed a hog-maybe two. So, that took care of the morning and sometime, around noon, a meal. After some of us had begun high school, us older ones went to the Male-Manual football game, so our big meal was in the late evening, around 6:00 PM. Poor mother! Breakfast, some lunch, then turkey, dressing, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, peas, cranberries, don't remember salad because Dad didn't eat salads and salads weren't in season. There would be apple and mince pies and a layer cake. Boy, what good eating!

At Christmas, the front room was off limits for a couple of days before the BIG DAY and on Christmas Eve we would have our Christmas. The room had ten foot ceilings and the tree was that tall. We older boys would walk out the railroad to Arterburns Farms and cut the biggest tree we could find. Then we would drag it home.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

The Christmas dinner was a repeat of Thanksgiving, except if Dad didn't raise turkeys, we had chicken. (same difference) When we were quite young, we would go to Grandmother Hommerich's and eat at the second setting and there was still plenty of food. (too much- burp!)

New Year's Day was a repeat of the food and most of the time, the REAL hog killing, three or four hogs-but boy, did us boys enjoy the hog killing days. One thing we didn't like was when one of us was drafted to go to Bauer's Grocery to purchase something that was needed. I guess we were afraid that we might miss something.

Another question about taking care of young ones. It was always the oldest's job to take care of the next one and I remember Mother telling Carl, "Take care of your brother," and he did. In the same way, I was assigned to take care and watch over Al and he in turn had charge of Paul. After that came Mary Jean and that was a different world. I think she just followed us around, except she couldn't roam as freely as we did.

Another question- dating- a good question. Details are lacking-I did some. One lived in the neighborhood and believe it or not, one right here on Macon Avenue, near Lexington Road. One time, all of the way out to Pleasure Ridge-boy-you had to take you lunch and extra gas. I have written about my true love and you all know the outcome.

About upbringing and morals, all I can say is that growing up in today's world is very different than when I was younger. One example, years ago, you were afraid to do wrong because you knew you would probably go to hell. Today, there is no such

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

thought. As for upbringing, morning prayers, night prayers, meal prayers, Lenten services, Sunday vespers, all compulsory in the younger years. Then, later on, it is engraved in you and you automatically do these things.

I recall the first car that Carl and I bought together, a '39 Plymouth. The first thing that we did was buy a quart of oil-25 cents and we split the cost of that. After I went to work at Abell Elevators, I bought my own car and that was where all of my paychecks went.

One car that I remember was the '37 Chevy which was decorated with "Lumber Wagon." I left it with Mary Jean when I went into the service and it was still in good condition when I returned. When I married in 1948, I had just purchased a new '47 Chevy so I had a good car to start my married life.

Our first house was at 4212 Norbourne Blvd. The cost was \$10,250. The mortgage payment was about \$60.00 per month. Mom Gerstle loaned(?) us the down payment and later on we attempted to repay her monthly but she refused our payment. I have tried to do something similar with my children but the details, I don't remember.

(Joan's note- I had given my dad some questions that I asked him to write about-thus this question and answer page. I am typing this on Memorial Day, 2004. I am trying to talk my father into going to see the World War II Memorial in Washington, DC but he is unsure because of the amount of walking that it might entail. My dad is proud to have served his country but very hesitant to spend a lot of time talking about his time spent in Europe.)

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

The following is an article that appeared in the Courier-Journal, March 24, 1999

Old homes in St. Matthews give way to office complex

Kempf house near Westport dated to 1914

MARTHA ELSON
The Courier-Journal

Mary Jean Kempf loves to tell stories about her family's 85-year-old homestead on St. Matthews Avenue.

She and her 11 brothers and sisters grew up there. In later years, more than 100 family members and a few neighbors gathered there each August for a turtle-soup dinner cooked in the back yard.

Kempf, a retired business manager for the Ursuline Campus Schools, lived there until she sold the property last fall to developers and moved to a Lydon patio home.

The red-roofed house in the 100 block is gone now — along with a bit of St. Matthews history — to make way for a \$4 million office condominium complex being built by local developers Anthony Steier and Sid Anderson. They expect it to be occupied by October.

Steier also is building the Westport Office Condominiums on Westport Road across from Target, which he said are 65 percent sold. He expects them to be occupied by July.

Although the St. Matthews Avenue site is next to an automotive shop and close to Westport Road and the railroad tracks, the change still comes as a surprise to some. The plans did not require a zoning change or public hearing by St. Matthews or the Louisville-Jefferson County Planning Commission.

Kempf's house was built in 1914 by her grandfather. She said her father and the owners of the properties on either side rezoned them for commercial use in the 1940s, before public review for rezonings was required.

A coal yard was operating near the tracks at that time, Kempf said her father was looking ahead to a time when he thought more commercial development was likely.

Kempf had put the property up for sale four years ago, but then changed her mind. A broker ap-

penached her last year, and she decided to sell. "You have to do what you have to do," she said last week. "It was time to move."

A couple of two-story office buildings with 28 units, and 100 parking spaces in front, are planned on the Kempf property and one next door.

To clear the property, Kempf's house was burned recently by the St. Matthews Fire Protection District as a training exercise. The house on the other property was demolished.

That house, which was built in 1910, was owned by Katherine Queeney, who also sold it to Anderson and Steier and moved last year to a retirement center. Queeney's sister-in-law, Thelma Duffy of St. Matthews, had operated a day-care center there for 20 years until the 1970s.

Duffy said last week it was sad to see the house torn down, but "there's not much we could do about it but remember the good times we had in it."

Staebler Avenue resident Denise Vickers said last week she had no idea of the plan until the fire department came to burn down the Kempf house. "It's

disappointing to see the houses go because this is a residential area," she said. Kempf's house "had the prettiest red, tin roof," she said.

"I'll miss seeing them," said David Colman, another Staebler resident.

Kempf is sentimental about her house, and she and her family have some important mementos. She has a painting of the house — showing a blooming tulip magnolia — on her mantle, a carved, wooden replica of it and a shadow box of it.

Before the house was burned, a nephew from Georgia interested in woodworking, took most of the hardwood floors and woodwork to use them in a house he's building.

Kempf has a couple of wood window sills in her garage, along with some bricks from the house. The garage at the St. Matthews house also was moved by the family, and they dug up flowers and bulbs and transplanted them to their homes.

Pal Nicholson has rented the house two doors from the office site for six years and said she had gotten to know her neighbors.

"It will never be the same," she said. "All of a sudden this street is going to be very busy."



BY STEVE DUBRAK, THE C-J

Many years ago, the water system was set up so that a homeowner paid \$12.00 per

year for water—all you cared to use! However, sprinkling was not allowed, as this would

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

use excessive water. Threaded faucets were not permitted, so you couldn't screw a hose on the outdoor faucet. So, here is where the thief came in. It was an adapter type of fitting that required a user to tie it on the faucet, and the other end had threads to screw onto the hose. Hence, the name, thief! In theory you would be sprinkling outside and since this was not permitted, the thief would be used to allow for this. I have in my possession a thief that was used at 157 and I hope that you can make it out from the pictures below. (The pictures were taken on my 88th birthday!) Anyone wishing to see said thief can see it at my home.



Here is a thief; the faucet, not the person

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

German

Ah Bay Say

Katz schalfen in schnee

Schnee Gehen wek

Katz schofen en dreck

English

ABC

Cats sleeping in the snow

Snow goes away

Cats sleep in the dirt

ABCD the Goldfish

Abie see the goldfish

LMNO goldfish

Hell, them no goldfish

Tim McGiveney had a very good question- How did the German people accept the Americans as conquerors?

The American soldier in occupation duty was wholeheartedly accepted as occupier at the end of World War II. The Americans did not brutalize the people. The people of Europe were fed, given clothes and furnished fuel for heat at no cost. American money also rebuilt what American money ha destroyed. I, myself, was assigned to Military Government, where we allocated building materials to rebuild the country,(Germany).

In years gone by, almost all clothing and dry goods stores were owned by people of Jewish decent. They had a knack of determining the amount of money you had in your pocket and they wouldn't let you out of the store until he sold you something else in

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

order to separate you and your money. But, here comes the expression, "Jew him down." The owner didn't want to loose a sale, so you made an offer and if it was reasonable, he would accept it; this was called Jewing him down.

This is a letter written to my Dad from his sister, Margaret

Raymond,

I can't let Book II go to press without telling you how much we enjoyed your stories about the Kempf family and early life at 157 St. Matthews Avenue. I've always said that you are the family historian and now, as the years tick away, each line is more dear and valuable. Thanks is little to say for the time involved recording and to Joannie for the compiling. What a keepsake for all of us.

Not only are you the family historian, but you are always willing to help. So many times, you were called for plumbing, electrical, appliance, water, gardening, firewood cut, etc. Kathleen and Bill, as preschoolers, were trying to make a "Cross for Jesus" out of sticks, found in the yard. As they tried unsuccessfully to nail it together, I heard them say, "When Uncle Ray comes, he will help us put it together!"

So many projects in our home, you helped and guided us and we carry lots of memories of the early years: the crew building a room in the basement, surface water shunt, clothes line, electrical outlets, etc. Years have gone by but the addition still

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

remains. I will always love and thank God for Raymond J. Kempf, the second oldest of my seven wonderful brothers.

Our Love and Gratitude Always,

The Bode Family

Margaret, Paul, Kathleen, Bill & Jerry

Additional letters are included from Barbara Boles (niece), Ralph (brother) and Tom Owens (University of Louisville, Archives)

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

December 16, 2003

Dear Uncle Raymond,

Thank you so much for putting down your memories and thanks to Joannie for prodding you to do so and compiling this "book". I really appreciate receiving a copy and will make copies for my family to read and enjoy as I have. My mother-in-law Tillie (Barnes) will surely enjoy reading it too as she grew up in St. Matthews and will recognize people and places.

One thing I know for sure is that the KEMPF FAMILY IS a FAMILY that I am proud to be a part of and all of you brothers + sisters have been a wonderful example to your children, spouses, nieces, nephews and grandchildren. You all show us what "FAMILY" is.

Uncle Raymond don't stop writing, we all have much to learn.

Love,
Barbara

12/17/03

Dear Raymond:

I just want to tell you how wonderful it was to read "a walk with Raymond".

I learned a great deal from it, especially about the grandparents, and the building, your home #157.

It was especially meaningful to me that you shared some of your very personal thoughts. It only serves to allow me to love and admire you more - if that is possible.

Thank you for sharing this with all of us.

Love & Prayers

R.E.

12/1/2003

Joan:

Please sign and return.

Thanks for thinking of us. Your
Dad's volume will be in our
St. Matthews Neighborhood
History File.

Look forward to subsequent
volumes.

Tom Owen

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

My fifth great-grandchild arrived on 07 November, 2003- too late for inclusion in the first book. He was named Samuel William (after both grandfathers) Baum, weighing in at exactly seven pounds.

An old Army phrase. The military was the first to give its trainees a ten minute break each hour while in training, (but not in combat). The command went like this:

“The break is over

Off your ass and on your feet.

Out of the shade and into the heat!

Break is over!”

I would like to mention this story about my Army training at Fort Chaffee. It was early November and a very cold night and we went on a forced march and an overnight bivouac,(sleep-over). One of the first things you do at the bivouac site is dig a latrine, (toilet). We dug the latrine and was proud of it; remember it's pitch dark. But what made us really happy was that we dug it directly in front of the officer's area. Secretly, we hoped some brass would fall in. I recall lying on the cold ground and almost freezing and hoping and praying we could get up and move around. We had two-men tents and my friend, Walter and I shared a tent.

Letters Home



A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

Dear mother

Alton Ill. 25th Nov 45
Home

It seems that every time I go to Mass over here something different takes place. From what I saw today I believe that I could write a book. I just wish that you could witness some of the various services that go on over here.

First of all everyone who came to church brought their own palm. However over here they don't have palm so they use what is called *boswood* & call it hedge. Anyway the service started off with the usual blessing of the palm, only this time everyone held their own, and the priest walked down the aisle and blessed it as he walked. Oh yes, he had two assistants who played the organ and sang.

After all the *boswood* was blessed the priest went outside, and the entire congregation followed him out. He had service with *Prunif* & *condell*. They marched around the outside of church and at one point each person placed a piece of the *boswood* (palm) at the

at one of the graves, and each one placed a piece on the grave. During all of this the church was empty, the women took part in the procession. They closed the doors so no one could go in during the procession.

If St. Anne could ever see one of these affairs over here I know he would love me too.

During the reading of the Passion everyone remained seated. I don't know why, but I suppose it's the custom ^{over} here. During the rest of the Mass part of the people sit, part stand, & part kneel. It seems that certain reactions ^{of people} take place.

During the elevation they rang all the bells that were in the tower that seemed odd to me. After Mass the three priests & servers started walking down the road. We never did see where they went, but I imagine they were going to the nearby cemetery. I am enclosing some of the *boswood* (palm) also some *Bacter* & *Flowers*. I don't know what will take place next Sunday, but I'll bet it will

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

be still more elaborate

Its been raining all afternoon and a very miserable day at that. I have to go on guard shortly, so I'll stop for now. I'll pencil this sometime tomorrow
Feb 26.

Well I just got off guard. I had to clean my guns & now I am thru for the day. I received one letter from you today, it seems that it was held up for postage

That offer for the iron pipe, sounds good. I'm almost tempted to sell it however I think she had better keep it, because this war will be over soon and then I'll need it.

I see that my letters ^{to you} arrive in no general order either. I guess they just sent them out as they please. Did you get any that I wrote while on the boat? I wrote quite a few

I am glad that you are writing daily because when one letter a day comes makes a fellow late happier.

My buddy received several more packages today. But so far I have none

I hope they didn't go to the bottom of the big pond.

Well weather its about time to go I'll sign off for now.

Love to all
Ray

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

Thanksgiving Day
November 22, 1967

Dear Mother,

Happy Thanksgiving to all. One thing sure & certain, I won't have to put in another one over here, or for that matter away from home. If everything works out O.K. I should be a civilian within the next four months.

It's almost eight o'clock here & since we are approximately six hours ahead of Louisville it should be time for the kickoff at the big game. Sure wish I could be there to see it. Guess I won't know the results for a couple of weeks. I'll have to get your letter telling me about the game.

We had our big meal here tonight & believe me it was big. I am sending the menu & you can see for yourself what we had. I am so full that about all I feel like doing is laying down. I sure hate to have to leave this nice restaurant here. They had just finished fixing it up & even decorated it with colored lanterns. We moved our tables & chairs

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

We moved our office yesterday & last night, but for the present we are still living here in downtown Munich. However within the next couple of days we are supposed to move back to Third Army. I'll sure be glad when we do get settled at one place for keeps.

Glad to know that Al is finally getting out. He has been in long enough. Perhaps it won't be long until Paul gets to come home because he has enough points.

Am enclosing another part of the army insignia. Hope it doesn't get lost. I'll have three separate pieces which I'll want you to keep for me.

Well Mother guess I have said enough for now, so I'll sign off. I'll be seeing you soon.

Love to all
Raymond

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

28 Nov 45
Munich.

Dear Mother.

There is hardly anything at all going on around here now. Things are just dead, that's all. Most of the old Third Army has moved to Bad Tölz & with all the men the Military Govt. has there still aren't enough to fill this place. When I ran here last Sept. the place was full of men & it didn't seem at all lonely, now with everyone gone it's a lot different. I have an idea that things will quiet down more yet, because each day more & more of the fellows are leaving for home.

According to the radio last night the news is pretty good. However one day it's good & the next it's bad, so I just sort of look between & hope for the best. However it can't be too much longer. As long as they continue to send replacements then I stand a good chance, even with my 35 points. Guess by now Al is a very lucky civilian & has gone to work as a civilian &

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

like & when you like & no one to tell you what kind of uniform to wear or how to wear it.

We are still living downtown & each day we travel back & forth. One of the fellows has a jeep & we go in it. Its really a ~~big~~ good deal sort of like when you live at home & work in town. Only in this case you are still a soldier.

I have gotten used to this new way of eating here at Army. At first I couldnt get used to bringing my own food or pouring my own coffee. But now I make out O.K. We sit 12 men to a table & its a long reach for the coffee, bread etc.

I am sending a few more pictures. Hope you are saving them for me. I should have quite a pile of them now.

Oh yes, I sent a booklet about the Passion Play "Happ it gets there. You know the town of Oberammergau ^(my spelling is not correct) is not far from here. The man who plays the part of Christ gave me the book. I also talked to the woman who plays the part of the Virgin Mary. Would like to see the play, but its better that I do!

18 Dec 45
Monich.

Dear Mother:

There isn't a thing to write about
just now, but I'll start anyway & maybe I
can think of something.

I just returned from one of my daily afternoon
trips to the Red Cross. I make it at least
twice a day for coffee & donuts. Pretty soon
I'll be getting fat. But that doesn't matter, just
so I get home damn soon. I am nearing 39 so I
guess its about time for that middle age spread
to start.

I plan on going to the show tonite. There is a
damn good show on "Back to Batavia". However we
have one of those old time projectors and it
takes about twice as long as an ordinary
showing does. After each reel is shown they
must stop everything & change over. Sort
of reminds me of when I was a young
lad & they had the famous "Evelyn" at St. Matthews
I had some good news & also some bad
today. But first the usual rant

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

he heard of it. anyway ² he has invited all of us
to his house on Christmas day & I think I'll take
him up on it. I might as well browse around
with the big shot for a while.

The other news is that I have to work on
New Year's Day, I dont mind too much because
there isnt anything to do anyway. Its just
the fact that my name always shows up
for C.I. on Sunday's & Holidays. Last Christmas
I had guard duty back at Camp Chaffee. However
I bought my way out of that. Gave a buddy
eight bucks to pull it for me. Over here
money means nothing so I'll pull it myself.

Well Mother I am out of news now, so I'll
say so long & take care of yourself. See you
soon.

Love to all
Raymond.

P.S. Received a letter from Ma Hoff today. He is
a lucky guy to be a civilian

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

Local Board No. 85
Jefferson County

52
111

JAN 29 1943

085

410 Lincoln Bank Bldg.
Louisville, Kentucky

January 29, 1943

Mr. Raymond J. Kempf,
157 St. Matthews Avenue,
St. Matthews, Kentucky.

Dear Mr. Kempf:

You have been reclassified to Class I pending your
physical examination.

Please report to Dr. L. D. Mason, 306 Ky. Home Life
Building, Friday, February 5, 1943 at 8:30 A.M.

Very truly yours,

Local Board #85

FOR VICTORY



BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND STAMPS

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

Prepare in Duplicate

Local Board No. 111 Jefferson County	SEP 20 1943
414 Lincoln Bank Bldg. (Local Board Room - 2nd Floor)	



SEP 20 '43

(Date of mailing)

ORDER TO REPORT FOR INDUCTION

The President of the United States,

To Raymond Joseph Kempf
(First name) (Middle name) (Last name)

Order No. 1896

GREETING:

Having submitted yourself to a local board composed of your neighbors for the purpose of determining your availability for training and service in the armed forces of the United States, you are hereby

notified that you have now been selected for training and service in the Land or Naval Forces
(Army, Navy, Marine Corps)

You will, therefore, report to the local board named above at 414 Lincoln Bank Bldg., Lou., Ky.
(Place of reporting)

at 7:30 p.m. on the 20th day of Oct., 1943
(Hour of reporting)

This local board will furnish transportation to an induction station of the service for which you have been selected. You will there be examined, and, if accepted for training and service, you will then be inducted into the stated branch of the service.

Persons reporting to the induction station in some instances may be rejected for physical or other reasons. It is well to keep this in mind in arranging your affairs, to prevent any undue hardship if you are rejected at the induction station. If you are employed, you should advise your employer of this notice and of the possibility that you may not be accepted at the induction station. Your employer can then be prepared to replace you if you are accepted, or to continue your employment if you are rejected.

Willful failure to report promptly to this local board at the hour and on the day named in this notice is a violation of the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940, as amended, and subjects the violator to fine and imprisonment.

If you are so far removed from your own local board that reporting in compliance with this order will be a serious hardship and you desire to report to a local board in the area of which you are now located, go immediately to that local board and make written request for transfer of your delivery for induction, taking this order with you.

John T. Kelly
Member or clerk of the local board.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



1945

TACHAU

Tachov, Czech. September 1, 1945
The pistol is a P-38, used by the
German SS, now the property of yours truly.



I believe on the dock
waiting to go home, Le Harve, France

1946



FORM 1040 A

THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT
INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE

UNITED STATES
INDIVIDUAL INCOME AND DEFENSE TAX
RETURN

1940

COPY TO BE
RETAINED
BY
TAXPAYER

FOR GROSS INCOMES OF NOT MORE THAN \$5,000 DERIVED
FROM SALARIES, WAGES, DIVIDENDS, INTEREST, AND ANNUITIES

(NOTE.—If you are engaged in a profession or business (including farming), or are a member of a partnership, or had income or losses from the renting or sale of property, use Form 1040)

To be filed with the Collector of Internal Revenue for your district on or before March 15, 1941

PRINT NAME AND HOME OR RESIDENTIAL ADDRESS PLAINLY BELOW

Raymond J Kempf
(Name) (Use given names of both husband and wife, if that is not your name)

157 Palmetto Ave
(Street and number, or rural route)

Louisville Ky
(Post office) (State)

IF YOU NEED
ASSISTANCE IN
PREPARING THIS
RETURN, GO TO A
DEPUTY COLLECTOR
OR TO THE
COLLECTOR'S
OFFICE

QUESTIONS

1. What is your occupation? Machinist
2. Check whether you are a citizen or a resident alien
3. Did you file a return for any prior year? No If so, what was the latest year? _____ To which Collector's office was it sent? _____

4. Are items of income or deductions of both husband and wife included in this return? _____
5. State name of husband or wife if a separate return was made, personal exemption, if any, claimed thereon, and the Collector's office to which it was sent: _____

Item and Instruction No.	INCOME		
1. Salaries and other compensation for personal services. (From Schedule A)		\$ 819 01	
2. Dividends			
3. Interest on bank deposits, notes, mortgages, etc.			
4. Interest on corporation bonds			
5. Other income (including income from annuities, felicitaries, etc.). (From Schedule B)			
6. Total income in items 1 to 5			\$ 819 01
DEDUCTIONS			
7. Contributions paid. (From Schedule C)		\$	
8. Interest paid. (From Schedule D)			
9. Taxes paid. (From Schedule E)			
10. Other deductions authorized by law. (From Schedule F)			
11. Total deductions in items 7 to 10			819 01
COMPUTATION OF TAX			
12. Net income (item 6 minus item 11)			\$
13. Less: Earned income credit, either (a) or (b). (See Instruction 13)			
(a) If item 12 is \$3,000 or less, enter 10% of such item		\$ 81 90	
(b) If item 12 is more than \$3,000, enter 10% of item 1 or 10% of item 12, whichever is smaller, but not less than \$300			
14. Personal exemption. (From Schedule H-1)		800 00	
15. Credit for dependents. (From Schedule H-2)			
16. Balance of net income taxable (item 12 minus items 13, 14, and 15)			\$ NONE
17. Income tax (4% of item 16)			\$
18. Less: Income tax paid at source on tax-free covenant bonds		\$	
19. Income tax paid to a foreign country or United States possession. (Attach Form 1196)			
20. Balance of income tax (item 17 minus items 18 and 19)			\$

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

Here's an old saying! See if you can figure it out without looking ahead!

2 Y S UR

2 Y S UB

1 C UR

2 Y S 4 ME!

(Too wise you are,

Too wise to be.

I see you are,

Too wise for me!)

I still have a few more thoughts to add to my history. One concerns my Aunt Ella, an older sister of my father. She was married to a man who was known to be a gambler. One late night, or early morning, he was returning home and robbers approached him, intending to relieve him of any gambling winnings he might be carrying. The robbers shot and killed Frank Straley in his own yard. Aunt Ella happened to be up and witnessed the shooting. Needless to say, the shooters were arrested and brought to trial. Aunt Ella, having witnessed the shooting was called to testify. During the trial, she was asked by the presiding judge what she was doing, being up at that hour. (I suppose this

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

was two or three in the morning.) “I was doing something that you couldn’t do for me
was her response.

Everyone seemed to enjoy the first part of “A Walk With Ray,” so thanks to all
the compliments. My special thanks to me daughter, Joan, who computerized my
scribbling.

TYPIST NOTE: I incorrectly typed the birthday of Carl Kempf, Sr., the man who star
all of this family, incorrectly. His correct birthdate should be January 28, 1890. Mode
machines are wonderful but human error is what makes us humble.

My grandson, Stephen, asks where and how I learned to work with tools,
woodworking and various other handy skills. It goes back to the days on the farm. A
person had to be able to do most everything, anytime, with a minimum of equipment.
You made do with what was available. If the hogs, cows or chickens broke out of the
pen, you had to fix it at once.

Attending Manual High School ('34 ½), I learned the basics of woodworking,
blacksmithing, foundry, machine shop and mechanical drawing. After graduation, I
worked at Abell Elevators and Wilhelm & Schnur Electrical and I learned mechanics a
electricity on the job. Then, 40 years at Tube Turns, so I guess I was qualified for
something.

CLASS 1934

duPont Manual Training High School

Stanley A. Allsmitter
M. Stuart Atkinson
William G. L. Attix
Harry V. Bantz
George A. Barr
Kermit R. Bennett
Stanley M. Berry
Carl Walter Bobbrien
Carlton C. Boegel
William Perry Boul
Earl Brown
Walter Roy Bruner
John Andrew Carson
Ben Louis Collier
James P. Cornwall
Ray William Deibel
Charles Baxter Eggers
Albert Louis Eggleston
Earl P. Fears, Jr.
Fred Fischer
Braudius B. Fortney, Jr.
John H. Fredrick
James Leroy Gibson
George Frank Goldsmith
Jack Graham
James Grant, Jr.
E. Robert Haag
Theodore Philip Harris
Douglas Vernon Hickerson
Homer Churchill Hickerson
Mehler T. Hofstatter
John K. Huber, Jr.
Frank C. Hughes
Dale Edward Hull
Russell L. Jockell
Charles H. Jones
Raymond Kempf
Henry R. Kennedy
John Edward Kraus, Jr.
William Elmer Kretzmann

Urban Conrad Link
Joe Linker
William Garland Lucas
Woodson W. McGraw
Richard Albert Madlon
Benjamin A. G. Mehr
Richard E. Melton
Benjamin L. Miller
Robert E. Mitchell
George C. Mohr
Frank Morgan
John M. Nalley
Edgar W. Norton
Arthur Wade Palmer
Ernest A. Palmer
James S. Park
Charles M. Peterson
Thomas Joseph Pinto
Newton B. Poyner, Jr.
Owen Scott Price
George W. Rubsch
William L. Saca
John Philip Saul
E. W. Schmidt
Charles William Schroeder
William Paul Schultz
J. G. Scott, Jr.
Karl Edward Seary
George Ross Shephard, Jr.
Walter Jackson Sherman
Frank J. Shook
William Spain
Richard Vincent Stabitz
Marshall Stalker
L. B. Stivers
Thomas S. Tucker
Erwin Weber
Charles E. White
John C. Wile
Charles Henry Zimmerman

TWENTY-FIRST MID-YEAR COMMENCEMENT

OF THE

**duPont Manual Training
High School**

Monday, February 4, 1935

REUBEN POST HALLECK HALL

Second and Lee Streets

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

He also asked about the ink we used in school. First of all, no one dipped the pig tails of the girls in front of you in your inkwell. In a Catholic school, with nuns, that was a big no-no. As for the ink - the nuns would send us older boys out to get ripe polkberries, which were plentiful. We would put the ripe berries in a cloth sack and squeeze the juice out; this made a very good ink. Also, at the time, there was very little glue or paste, so we made our own from flour and water. The only trouble was, the paste developed an odor, so it had to be used within a couple of days.

I have previously mentioned the family of Frances and I will add, she also had two half-sisters. Willie and Margie, who with Minnie and John Gering's children, made a happy and loving family. (If you want some additional information about John Gerstle check out www.gerstles.com. There is a very nice history of the St. Matthews bar and it's owner.)

At Holy Trinity Church, we had a saintly priest by the name of Father Besinger - a wonderful man and an excellent priest. I don't remember all of the prayers that he used when saying the Stations of the Cross, (which were very important during Lent) but the last lines were, "Help me, by thy grace and then do with me what thou wilt." I have tried to use that phrase for a good part of my life for a pattern.

Joan asked several questions about my early life on the farm. It seemed that it was colder then, (maybe that is my imagination, but in winter, no grass to cut, no garden to

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

weed, etc.) but we still laid in plenty of firewood. Dad always said, "Cut and chop the wood today," and he meant it.

Dad would sell two or three hogs in June, to get top price, and he would use the proceeds to buy coal, eight to ten tons, enough to last those long and extra cold winters. In the early years, 1914-1922, the coal bin was just a partition in the basement. Later on, we dug out under the porch, poured footings and a floor, (yours truly was in on the work). We slept upstairs and it was rather cold in the winter. There were many mornings that our windows were covered with ice. I can still hear Dad shaking the ashes on the coal furnace, also a sign that it was time to get up. I might mention that the summers were no picnic upstairs. It seemed that it never cooled off. I spent two summers at home after military service and I either slept on the living room floor or on a glider on the front porch.

Spring officially begins on March 21st. But, that is no indication that winter is over. In fact, in early April and May, there are several "winters" that let you know that winter has not given up yet. Probably the first winter is called dogwood, followed by snowball, blackberry and a few others that folks have different names for. This is also the time that these plants set their buds. However, the 10th of May is regarded as the end of the seasonal cold and the end date for a frost.

I will make mention of one pleasant happening while I was on occupational duty in the U.S. Army at Munich, Germany. As previously mentioned, I worked regular

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

office hours. So, one day I am sitting at my desk and who comes in but Forest Schoenbachler. He was stationed nearby and got a pass to visit me. I recall that we went to chow together, had a good time, and talked about everybody and everything. I don't remember but I suppose that he stayed for the night.

I have previously mentioned the old time cylinder record player with which Frank Hatter entertained us many evenings years ago. Recently, I dug out one of these old time records "Bears Oil". Unfortunately, the cylinder record and the phonograph have been around for a long time, hence the quality of the voices is very poor. I played the record for some of my family members. It starts with a Negro minstrel questioning then goes to the questions and answer part. The interlocker(Master of Ceremonies) asks this question: "What is the first thing that smells when entering a drug store?" (Remember, this is the 19th century!) So, the first lead man begins to rattle off such things as "bears oil", " the man behind the counter" and various other old time remedies no longer available. He repeats "bears oil" again and again and is called down for repeating an answer. After a long session of possible answers (all wrong), he finally gives up and asks again, "What's the first thing that smells when you enter a drug store?" Amid many chuckles and forbidden words, the answer is, "Why it's your own nose!"

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

As seen on a tombstone:

“Little Mary make big mistake.

Rely on horn instead of brake.”

In a recent conversation with my son-in-law, Scott Robinson, he asked me if I had ever heard of “Blue John”? With an emphatic, YES, I proceeded to tell of my experience with Blue John.

Once a year, the cows would go dry (give no milk) and we would have to go to the Zehnder Brothers Dairy for our milk. Having a house full of kids, my parents couldn't afford gallons of pasteurized whole milk (no homogenized then), so we bought skim milk at 10 cents a gallon, bring your own containers. This was milk that had been run through a separator and all of the cream taken off and used for butter. When you poured the milk into a glass, it had a distinctive blue hue or background, so hence the name “Blue John.”

I will return to Blue John in a moment. Scott showed me an article in the Masonic Home Journal which started this question. The article had pictures of buildings at the Masonic Home (in St. Matthews) which brought back many memories of my newspaper delivery days.

This article mentioned about a young calf nursing. Often, when he was nursing, the young calf would butt his head against the cow's bag, and then the writer stated that the calf was getting “blue john”. Being near the teats, and by butting, he was in effect,

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

mixing the milk with the cream. Our opinion of the butting process was that the milk wasn't coming fast enough, so by butting the bag, the milk would come faster. Draw your own conclusion.

I have also mentioned about the cow dragging Grandma Kempf down a hillside. About 1927, the St. Matthews Produce Exchange outgrew the St. Matthews Avenue facilities and planned to move to where the present Colony Way is - restaurants, shops, Klein Brothers Locksmith, etc. This building was quite large with aprons going out each end of the building, thus permitting loading of several boxcars with onions and potatoes. In the inside of these wings, several thousand cubic yards of fill was needed in order to bring the wings to the level of a boxcar. A lot of fill (dirt) was available at the same hill that Grandma fell on. So, Mr. Hite brought in a steam shovel. The shovel proceeded to cut away the hillside and the dirt was moved to the new building and the aprons. I think it took about three or four weeks to accomplish all of this. Remember, this was all done with horse and wagon. All of this took place in the summer, June-July, (no school), so needless to say, I and several of my brothers, plus our friends, spent a lot of time "helping" on that job. When the building was being erected, a tornado came through and destroyed it. However, "Daddy Hite" went ahead and rebuilt it. I can recall seeing the destruction done by the tornado.

I recently had to winterize my outdoor water faucet which serves for watering my garden, since the pipe is above ground level. The only solution is to turn the water off a

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

the source-namely in the basement. This brought to mind the method used by many of my neighbors years ago. Not every house had indoor plumbing, hence the water supply was outside and subject to freezing. So, anyone with an outdoor only water supply would have to insulate the outdoor faucet. Even today (2004), I can see the super insulating job done to keep the water from freezing.

First, the faucet was wrapped with cloth. Then, a used whiskey barrel, with both heads removed, was placed over the outdoor faucet. Then, a short piece of garden hose was run from the faucet, through the bung hole of the barrel and out to where it was accessible. Then, the entire barrel, up to the faucet handle, was filled with horse manure(which was plentiful), which is a good insulator. The opening at the top was covered with cloth or burlap, as it had to be accessible. I have seen a lot of these in my younger days. In my backyard, I have a faucet that was used many years ago, in the above manner.

I made several mentions of Mr. Blandford, who lived at St. Matthews Avenue and the railroad. In 1926, he took sick and died. The wake was held at his large home there. On the evening before the burial, all the visitors came and paid their respects and a few settled into the kitchen to talk. The following joke was told by a clergyman. It seemed this Indian was ill, possibly bowel trouble. He duly went to the medicine man who prescribed some Indian remedy, instructing the Indian to return in one week. At the end of one week, he reported to the medicine man and was asked, "Did you move?" The answer was no, so he prescribed some more medicine with instructions to return in one week. Next week, the Indian returned and the medicine man asked him, "Did you move" The Indian's reply was "Me no move, but soon must as the teepee is full of shit."

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

I have heard this at least once a day during my Army career.

Soldier, "I am leaving the first."

Question, "First of what?"

Soldier, "The first chance I get!"

As I approach the end of Phase II, I will be a bit different and mention a name familiar to us seniors - General Douglas MacArthur. General MacArthur was well known during WWII, a good general but very controversial. You either loved him or hated his guts. I didn't have to serve under him, so I can't complain.

Harry Truman appointed him Supreme Commander of Korea (Korean War) but he disregarded orders by Truman pertaining to troop withdrawal. Truman ordered Mac home and immediately fired him. Well, old MacArthur wouldn't take the firing lightly so he decided to go before Congress (Senate and the House) and state his side. After a long-winded talk, he ended with a story. (I will paraphrase this)

Many years ago, on the plains of West Point, there was a ballad said by the young trainees which went like this, Old Soldiers Never Die, They Just Fade Away. "So, now take my leave of you and I will just fade away." Needless to say, he had the audience tears.

So now, with that famous quote, I'll also just fade away.

Goodbye,

Ray, 2004



Ray Kempf Oct. 2004

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



Ray and Frances' Wedding, June 19, 1948
Walter Daoust, Mary Jean Kempf, Al Kempf, Ray, Frances, Alvina Amshoff, Jack Kempf, John Gering

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



Photos taken September, 2004
The Whole Group!
(Front L to R)
Kevin, Kailey, Ray, Hunter, Jack,
Susie, Tim, Linda, Sam, Julie, Johnnie
Scott, Beth, Renee, Ryan, Joan, Kelly,
Brian, Bill, Steve, Stephen



Kailey, Jack, Hunter
Beth, Brian, Ryan, Kevin, Ray, Stephen, Tim, Sam, Julie



Great-Grand Kids
Ryan(2), Ray(88), Sam(10 mo.), Jack(3)
Kailey(4), Hunter(10)

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



*From Your Family,
With Love*

Easter 2002



A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



It's hard to narrow down what memory comes to my mind about Dad. I guess I have the "most", being I'm the oldest child. I can remember working in the garden. We, the 3 children, would be either pulling weeds or picking the vegetables as they ripened. After our hard work we sometime stopped by Ehlers and got an ice cream cone. It sure tasted good because we were hot and worn out from working. We had other jobs to do for Dad. On Sundays we would clean his car windows. We did receive an allowance for all this work-.35 cents a week.

I can also remember having fun with Dad. On snowy Sunday mornings Dad would pull us on a sled attached to his car-just through the neighborhood and didn't go fast at all. We had a ball. It was great. Dad was always there for us and didn't have "favorites" He was able to fix anything you gave him and has most of the parts and pieces to fix things are in his basement.

I remember Dad always checking on me when I was sick with my numerous sore throats. I would wait for him to come home from work because he would always come up to check on me, to see how I was. I'm sure there are many other memories that I could also write a book about but I'll stop her. Love to Dad.

Susie


CONSIDERING I HAVE C.R.S. I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH OF ANYTHING. I GUESS KIDDING ASIDE, AFTER FIRST MEETING RAY IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO REALIZE RAY IS VERY HANDY AT FIXING THINGS AS WAS MY FATHER. IN FACT IT TURNS OUT MY DAD AND RAY KNEW EACH OTHER FROM YEARS PAST WHEN THEY WERE CALLED ON TO REPAIR MANY THINGS AT GERSTLES PLACE ON FRANKFORT AVE. I REMEMBER RAY TELLING ME SOME OF THE BROKEN DOWN THINGS THEY FIXED. I REMEMBER FROM SOME OF OUR DISCUSSIONS WHEN I WOULD DROP BY TO SEE HIM- HIS STRONG BELIEF IN GOD AND HIS CHURCH.THERE ARE OTHERS BUT MOST AF ALL I REMEMBER THINKING THIS IS A PRETTY GREAT GUY AND I WAS RIGHT.
SCOTT

In my 29 years so far I have many memories either through being told by Grandpa or from my own recollection. At a young age before my long term memory kicked in I am told Grandpa once said to me, "Poor Beth!" I responded saying, "I'm not poor!" in a matter of fact tone as to show my strength and stability through words. Later memories that I do remember include picking strawberries and apples and eating more then I was picking, always being able to find a drumstick or Klondike bar in Grandpa's freezer, watching my coin collection grow every Christmas and receiving bicentennial quarters during Sunday dinners. Later on I was able to switch roles and always have a freezer full of ice cream for Grandpa when we met for lunch at Edy's, Grandpa always wearing his Edy's hat.

Beth DeLozier

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

The main memory I have about Grandpa is:



Traveling to IN to get apples. We would meet at Grandpa's get into his car and drive down 64 though the tunnels honk the horn and ride across the double decker bridge to get to the orchard. Once we arrived in IN we got off the highway and on to country roads that would wind around I lost my stomach a hundred times on those roads because of the hills and valleys on the way. Once at the orchard we never just bought apples at the store we got to ride the tractor to the field to pick the apples. I was always the tallest so I got to get the apple high up in the tree. I don't remember how many apples we pick I just remember picking the apples. We would then ride the tractor back to the store. There we would look at all the different vegetables and Apple Cider, Grandpa always bought apple cider for us. I know we got back into the car but, I don't remember the ride home. We all must have been sleeping from the long day except Grandpa.

Kevin DeLozier, Sept. 2003

Because I am from Minnesota, Ray expects and does a few things different for the Northern:

1. Tom & Jerry's are expected for the holidays
2. Special green beans must be made for me
3. I know how Rhubarb should grow and love cooking with it.

Renee DeLozier, Sept. 2003

Question: What do you think when I ask you to think about Grandpa Ray?
Kailey - I love Grandpa

Question: What makes you laugh about Grandpa Ray?
Kailey - The funny faces Grandpa makes

Question: What do you think of about Grandpa Ray's house?
Kailey - Looking for easter eggs and playing marbles

Kailey Marie DeLozier, Sept. 2003

Ryan's memories of Grandpa:

Ryan will have alot of pictures to remind him of his G-Grandpa.

"Give me five"

G-Grandpa always when he sees Ryan will ask him to give him five. Give me five is one thing that Ryan has learned from G-Grandpa.

Ryan Peter DeLozier, Sept. 2003

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

About two years ago, I asked my dad to write down some memories that he had of his then, 85 years. Now we have finished his 87th birthday and his book of memories is about to be finished. It is in no way finished, maybe just closed down. My dad is much of the storyteller, binding your every movement to his words and he never thought he has anything that others would want to hear, having finished only high school, but he is a man who will captivate an audience, when given the chance.

I remember him working an awful lot at Our Lady of Lourdes School, helping out in any way he could-long before the idea of stewardship became popular. One year, he had the job of cutting new pencil holders into new desks and I was allowed to go with him after dinner one night. My job was to sweep up the shavings and sawdust left behind. It seemed magical to be able to walk with my dad into an empty school building, do what needed to be done and then leave.

I also remember a time that he took a bunch of the neighborhood kids sled riding. It would probably be considered criminal today, but he tied a bunch of sleds on the back of the car and pulled us around the block, snow flying everywhere and us kids had the time of our lives. When we returned home, wet clothes were tossed everywhere but mother just went with the flow.

My dad had always been there for me. When I first married and times were tough for us, I would call him on the phone and just by the way I said, "Dad" he would respond with, "How much do you need? or" "How bad is it broken?" or "How soon to you want it fixed?" Even today, his support is always there for all of his kids grandkids and now great-grandkids. He offers help in any way possible.

My dad, as most daughters would say, is one in a million. After Mother passed away, we became very close and I will always treasure the lessons that he has taught me and try to be as good a person as he is. I love you, Dad.

Joannie

September 2003



A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

TRAVELING
WITH RAYMOND

- Laramie, a "FEW MILES" outside of Cheyenne for our motel.
- "The Big Daddy of Them All" Rodeo
- Raymond driving up the Rockies with a 1000 feet drop, I move to the center of the car.
- Walking Fort Laramie
- Savannah, Charleston and that special restaurant in Wilmington, N.C.
- Visiting the Amish in Ohio, and Heine and Emma along the Lake
- Checking for Sunday Mass schedule near the motels
- Cedar trees from the Waddy farm

WORKING WITH
RAYMOND

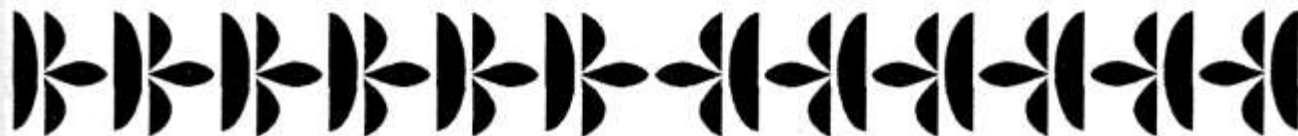
- "Oh God!" "It's 8:00 am and Raymond will be here in 15 minutes.
- Raymond tells me to pass a 5/8" wood screw and I just learned there are differences between nails and screws
- After about three hours of holding wood, I ask Raymond if it is time for lunch yet.

PRAYING AND CELEBRATING
WITH RAYMOND

- "Lillies of the Field"
- Christmas Eve at Lourdes, St. Louis Bertrand, St. Raphael, St. Boniface, Our Lady, Ursuline Motherhouse, Holy Spirit
- Abbey boxes, stamps. Silver dollars, and every practical gadget under the sun

Raymond is our children's only grandparent and my only father-in-law. As my family tells me all the time, "You are so lucky to have Raymond! He is so good to his family!" I know that!! I am lucky and proud to have him in my life and he is one of my greatest blessings. I am proud to know such a good man and a model for me (except the work part!)

Bill McGiveney, Sept. 2003



A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



Julie

I have many memories of Grandpa. I have been so lucky to have a grandfather who wanted to spend time with me and see me as much as possible. Because of this, I have very fond memories of a very, very special man in my life.

I will always remember Sunday dinners at Grandpa's. To me, Sundays always mean green beans and mashed potatoes. No one could ever make them like Grandpa does. Mom sure did try, but her mashed potatoes just never measured up. Grandpa must have that magic touch. It makes me so happy that I am able to share this tradition with my husband and my children.

I remember Grandpa's basement. He always had extra pieces of wood for us to play with. One Sunday, Tim, Brian and I made our parents our couch! Out of scrap wood and sheets. Grandpa helped us keep the surprise under wraps until the big day. Mom and Dad didn't even sit on the couch. Oh well, it was a great time spent with Grandpa in the basement workshop.

Christmas's will always have memories of Grandpa's house. Grandpa would play games and we would always get our "big" gift from Grandpa. That was always so exciting. And we couldn't wait to open the Abbey Press boxes... filled with all kinds of goodies.

Grandpa is a wonderful man and I have been blessed to share my life with him. I am so happy he chose to spend and share his life with me and all of his family. He is a true jewel and I will always cherish all my memories of him.

Julie McGiveney Baum
Sept. 2003

Jack

Jack will remember mashed potatoes and green beans. He always likes Great-Grandpa's mashed potatoes over any other (even though he prefers ketchup over gravy on them!). He'll also remember playing in Great-Grandpa's sink. Great-Grandpa just lets him help wash dishes and splash water everywhere. Jack thinks it is so much fun. Jack will always have his grandfather's woodworking touch around. Jack LOVES his stools that his great-grandfather made.

John Fitzgerald Baum, Jr.

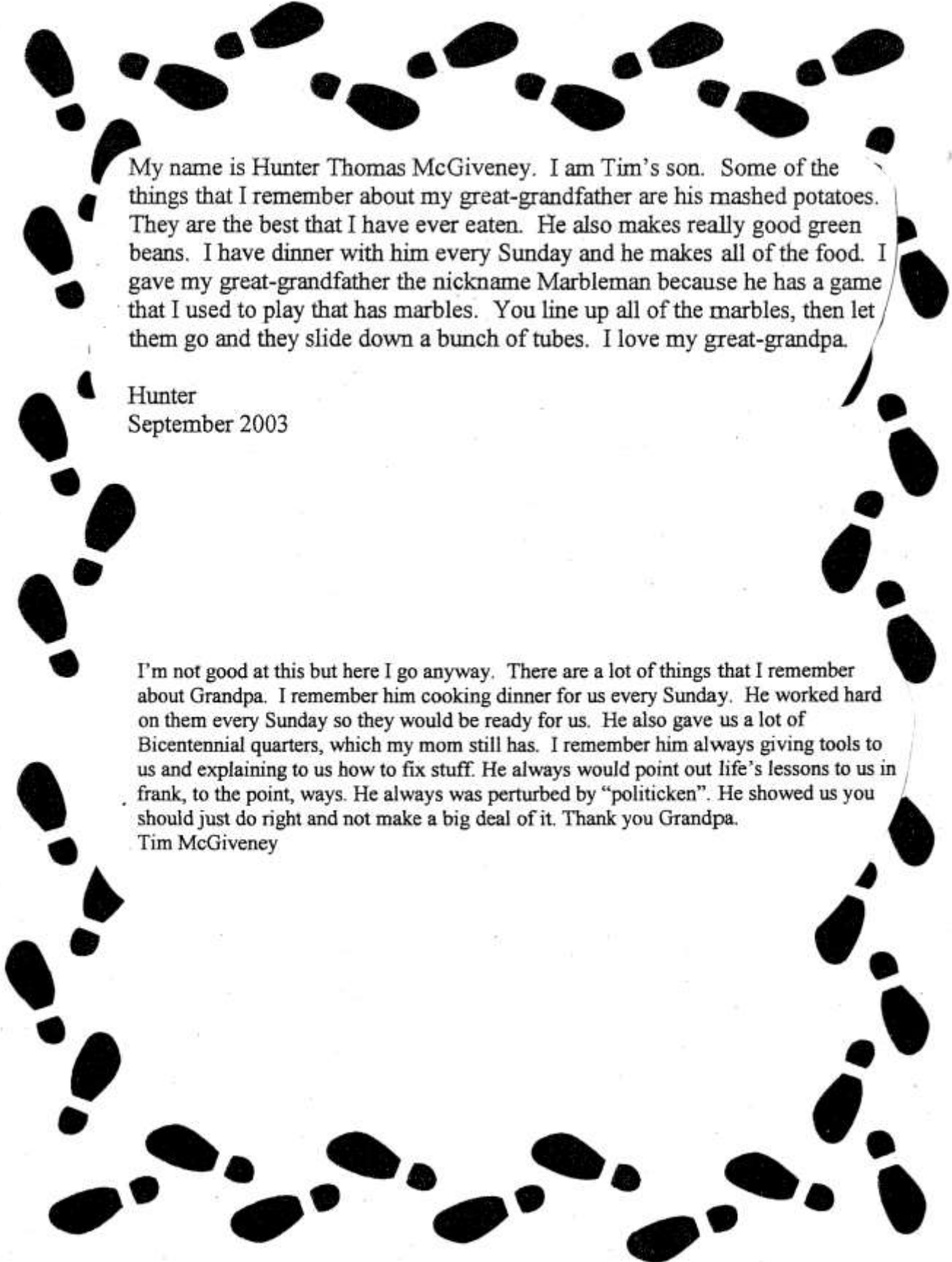
Memories of Ray

Ray Kempf is a man I both admire and respect. I was first introduced to him by attending the traditional Sunday meal with my girlfriend, Julie, Ray's granddaughter. Julie had spoken of him often and I already knew him to be a special person.

So I married his granddaughter and continued with Sunday meal, getting to know Ray more each week. I can honestly say that he is not only a grandfather to me but also a good friend. I enjoy chatting with him and learning from his experiences. His work ethic and manner of doing what needs to be done has been an invaluable lesson to me. Always ready to help with any project I am involved with and always there, Raymond has shown me what a loving family is all about. I am blessed to know a man who acts with so much integrity, morality and character. And, he makes a mean meatloaf!

John Fitzgerald Baum, Sr. (Johnnie), October 2003

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

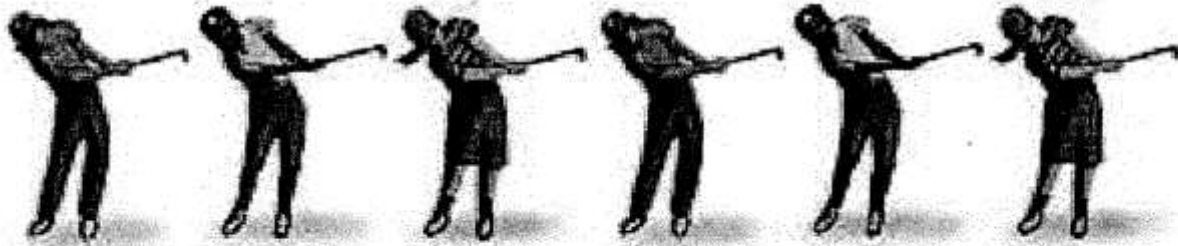


My name is Hunter Thomas McGiveney. I am Tim's son. Some of the things that I remember about my great-grandfather are his mashed potatoes. They are the best that I have ever eaten. He also makes really good green beans. I have dinner with him every Sunday and he makes all of the food. I gave my great-grandfather the nickname Marbleman because he has a game that I used to play that has marbles. You line up all of the marbles, then let them go and they slide down a bunch of tubes. I love my great-grandpa.

Hunter
September 2003

I'm not good at this but here I go anyway. There are a lot of things that I remember about Grandpa. I remember him cooking dinner for us every Sunday. He worked hard on them every Sunday so they would be ready for us. He also gave us a lot of Bicentennial quarters, which my mom still has. I remember him always giving tools to us and explaining to us how to fix stuff. He always would point out life's lessons to us in frank, to the point, ways. He always was perturbed by "politicken". He showed us you should just do right and not make a big deal of it. Thank you Grandpa.
Tim McGiveney

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



I have been fortunate enough to have many experiences with my grandpa. I will always remember when my parents were hesitant to let me begin driving a car that it was grandpa who turned the keys over so I could chauffeur him around the area. As a little kid I will never forget the gardening that was done on St. Matthews Ave. Golfing has been something that we will always share a passion for, one that was probably instilled through walking the course with him at such a young age. I have gained an innumerable amount of knowledge on woodwork, home maintenance, and how to fix just about anything from a lawn mower to installing a telephone line. It was always a great learning experience but also a rewarding experience.

Brian Francis McGivney Oct. 2003



A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf

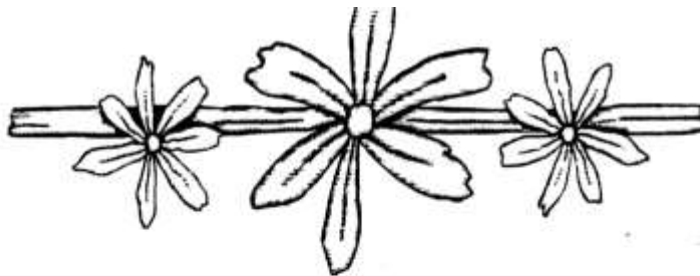


MEMORIES OF DAD

Steve shared that "from as far back as I can remember I recall the helping hand always offered by my Dad. Whether the request for help came from family or friend, Dad's answer was always immediate," "When do you want to do it?". Next comment would be "I'll be there". Steve said , "He would then set about organizing the event, getting all the materials, plan the day and then get it done. This is something that continues today but to a less extent due to his age. Whether the request was to cut up a tree, install a water heater or do electrical repairs the request was always met with prompt willingness on Dad's part. There has never been a time when whatever I have asked Dad for he has not been right there to help in any way possible. He may not realize it but because of his actions he has taught both myself and his grandson this valuable lesson of helping others."

Linda's memories of Dad center around Christmastime and the way Dad orchestrates Christmas Eve. "The entire evening is spent with Raymond giving of himself to all of his family, once again. He probably never realized it but that night, we feel, is a legacy to his constant selflessness and how he wants to give whatever he has to others. Despite how other the last few years after his retirement his income had diminished, the Christmas Eve event certainly never diminished in any respect. From the delicious buffet full of each family's special recipes, to the little bottle with the numbers we get to draw from, Raymond makes that night so special. It is a tradition he has passed on and one that remains everpresent in our minds of how generous Raymond is, not just at Christmastime, but throughout the year." Linda said she also "loves those Abbey gift boxes and is excited to see what surprises are inside. The fact that Raymond gets one for aiiiiiiiiii of the family members is special, too. Even the way he gives the gifts out is fun . And the way we all look forward to those stamps, toothpaste, kleenex, those great firestarters, the window scrapers, and of course those McDonald's coupons and the special coins for the grandkids...all of these things mean so much to his family every Christmas as he carries out yet one more act of generosity toward those he loves. It has been such a special event for the over 28 years we have been married and coming to his annual Christmastime family evening. Raymond may wonder if all his efforts are appreciated but I know how much they mean to all of our family and how much we appreciate the generous heart he has had for all our married life, as do our children. Raymond has brought strength, faith, love and tradition to our family, as well as a generous spirit for which we all have been blessed to be on the receiving end of year after year. Our families have all benefitted from the leadership Raymond has given us as the Patriarch of this family. Leadership that included an emphasis on his strong Catholic values which embodied not only his love of God and his spirit of generosity, but teachings through observing his actions of what faith, love, compassion and family really mean in life," Linda said.

A Walk With Ray Memories of Raymond Joseph Kempf



Grandpa always give very useful gifts; I appreciate this generosity and practicality about him. Everyone needs Kleenex, toothpaste, and stamps! One gift in particular that Ray gave to me brings fond memories. Steve's Grandma Frances had bought a pot set - one pot at a time. She was waiting to use them until she could buy the whole set. She passed away before ever opening her new Fancy-Pans. Ray saved the pots for all of those years and gave them to me before I married Steve. He wanted only me to open the boxes, because he thought I would appreciate having a nice pot set just as Frances would have enjoyed them.

I always enjoy all of my gifts from grandpa, and the pot set is my favorite.

I use them almost everyday and I can remember the dear feelings he has for Frances. Thank you for passing a family heirloom on to me.

Kelly Gronotte Kempf
September, 2003

When I think of my grandpa, I think of generosity. Strawberries. Bicentennial quarters. Tomatoes. Plants. Tools. Toothpaste. Advice... and most of all his time.

My grandpa has always been there to step up and help anyone in need, especially family. He has always been there to help me. Whether it was taking care of me when I was sick and couldn't go to school or when I needed to borrow his car; whether I needed a tool (and most of all how to use it!) or if I had screwed up a project around the house and needed him to come quickly. He has always been there. His ability and reliability are strong and steady and have adapted as we both grow older. Grandpa has always been one of the most significant people effecting my life, and I am so lucky to have him. Thanks Grandpa!

And thanks to you and Joan for so diligently assembling these memoirs for us all to know and remember our father, grandpa and friend better.

Stephen Joseph Kempf, Jr.
September 2003
