

Kyrook

A Vanished Town
by Jean Wells Meredith



KYROCK I

A VANISHED TOWN

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*To Dwight Vincent
a friend*

Jean Wells Meredith

INTRODUCTION

Once a busy industrial town, Kyrock now lies sleeping. Nolin River sings it lullabys, breezes whisper softly of its beauty through the great pines. High cliffs overlook the lush green valleys now a wilderness, buy many feet have trod upon this place in years past. May this book bring back sweet memories, and golden dreams of yesterday of this Vanished Town. This book is dedicated to all who worked and lived in Kyrock, Blue Town, Ridge Dell, Woodside, River Row, and the surrounding areas. In memory of those like my own Father, Jess Wells, who has passed on. I owe so many thanks to the many wonderful people who helped with pictures and information. Thanks to Julius Cardwell, Luther Collard, Oren Webb, Ernest and Clorene Lane, John C. Carmichael, Lieut. Col, Retired. A special thanks to Doris Jean Duvall for drawing the sketch for the cover.

Jean Wells Meredith

Kyrock

I walk in your valleys winds whisper to me,
I listen about you in sweet rapsody.
I look at clear water in your rocky streams,
It speaks to me softly, don't give up your dreams.
This feeling inside me locked deep in my heart,
Of an unfulfillment that I have to start.
To bring back your memories of things now are gone,
And I hope that I won't have to do this alone.
You helped to clothe me, and gave me my daily bread,
As long as I live your memory will not be dead.
I will just keep on writing, my heart I'll unlock,
So you will not be forgotten, my dearest Kyrock.



Harry St. George Tucker Carmichael

I treasure all the memories of what he meant to me,
My life was made much richer by knowing such as he.
Honest and courteous, this man was always fair,
He helped all his friends, their sorrows he did share.
To me, he was courage, and what a man should be,
Something I have never found in anyone but he.
Respected all the people in our mining town,
And I often wonder how many let him down.
Helping miners and their children, all that were in need,
Although he was busy, he would help with a good deed.
The day he had to leave us, I shed hot, bitter tears,
In remembrance of the happiness he brought my childhood years.
Now this is to the memory of a man I know was great,
I'm thankful to have known him, I know my thanks are late.
I ask of you a favor, please don't let his memory die,
Keep it locked within your heart, as the years go by.
He was a humanitarian, who never wanted fame,
Harry St. George Carmichael was his name.

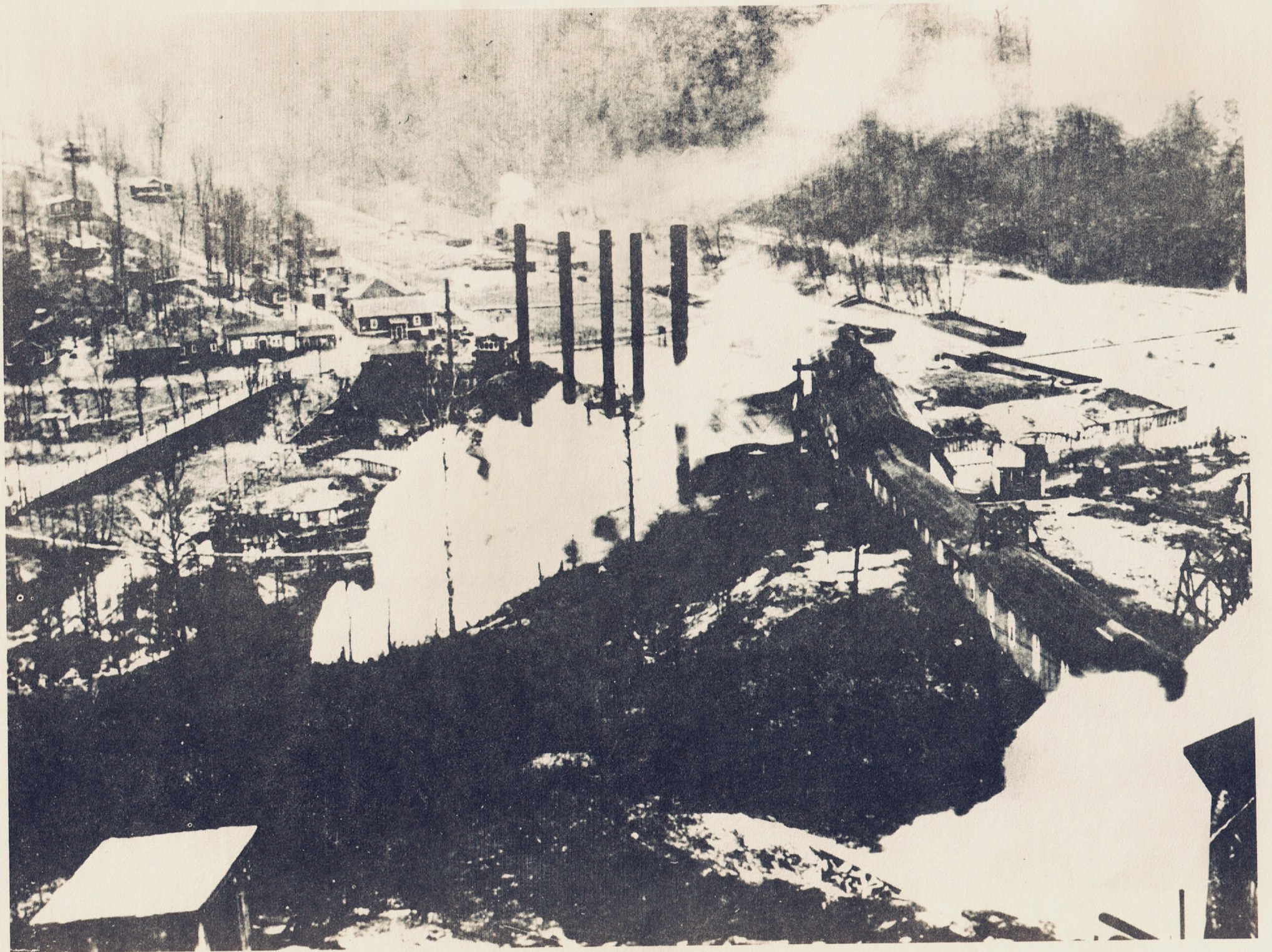


Harry St. George Tucker Carmichael, President of Kyrock, Co.

VANISHED TOWN

I spin from memories, bits of invisible bright thread,
From bits of loveliness I've known, of things I have heard said.
I'll tell to you about a town, that vanished long ago,
I know you'd never guess it now, but really it is so.
Green cabins, stores, a church, and great asphalt mines,
It's pasture now in a valley, with cliffs, and climbing vines.
The church that stood upon the rock, is gone but now instead,
A growth of shady pine trees, their branches thickly spread.
In my many dreams at night, across the summer dark,
Its love, the sights and sounds, upon my heart have left their mark.
The little rocky streams, are flowing just the same,
As where in days of childhood, on summer days I came.
Pink roses spread, to shake their fragrance everywhere,
With every little breeze, and stirring of the air.
Nolin River flowing, whispering smooth and brown,
Where once a little swinging bridge, led into the town.
I'll just dream, and build my lovely castles in the air,
Take a look, and savor all of Kyrocks beauty rare.
I shall never lose her, if miles between us are long,
I can always draw her back, with my invisible thread of song.

July 1977



School

Now that I am older, years do quickly pass,
Off to school each morning, attending every class.
The bell would ring for recess, then we had our fun,
Out among the many rocks, we would go out in a run.
Cowboys and Indians, that was our favorite game,
Each of us had picked A cowboy or Indian name,
The hills around us echoed in the summer air,
While someone was A shouting, she isn't playing fair.
I've already shot you, and you're still running round,
Cowboys and Indians an argument would sound.
Someone would then shoot me, and I'd fall down real quick,
Shot by some young cowboy, for gun a crooked stick.
The sliding board we had there, was a rock so steep,
Sliding down on cardboard to protect our seat.
But those were days of childhood, that I remember still,
About A little school house, down beneath a hill.



Once upon a rock so high
 A church stood there against the sky.
You climbed some steps to reach this place
 Of beauty blessed by God's dear grace;
And out in front a great pine tree
 Majestic there for each to see.
But oh when Christmas time was near
 This tree became especially dear.
Lights and colors it endowed
 With presents piled beneath its boughs.
Santa Clause was always there—
 Red suit, black boots, and snow white hair;
And all the people there would meet
 To get a very special treat.
Childhood memories linger still
 About the Church upon that hill.
Each Christmas time in fantasy
 I close my eyes and there I'll be.
A fleeting moment I embrace
 And smell pine fragrance in my face.
Deep in my heart you will always stay
 Kyrock you haven't gone away.
A child again I can never be
 But I always remember your Christmas tree.

Jean Wells Meredith

November, 1976



My Yesterdays

I'm looking for my yesterdays although I know they're gone,
I have memories to offer you that I have passed along.
My yesterdays had sadness and some tears did fall,
But without my yesterdays I would never lived at all.
I'm not looking for tomorrow for I know not what it brings,
I look to my yesterdays for I know all of these things.
My yesterdays I've gathered to pass along to you,
Of happiness and beauty, love and hardship too.
And when death's dark shadows, come to me at will,
Please place my body gently, in my home Kentucky hills.

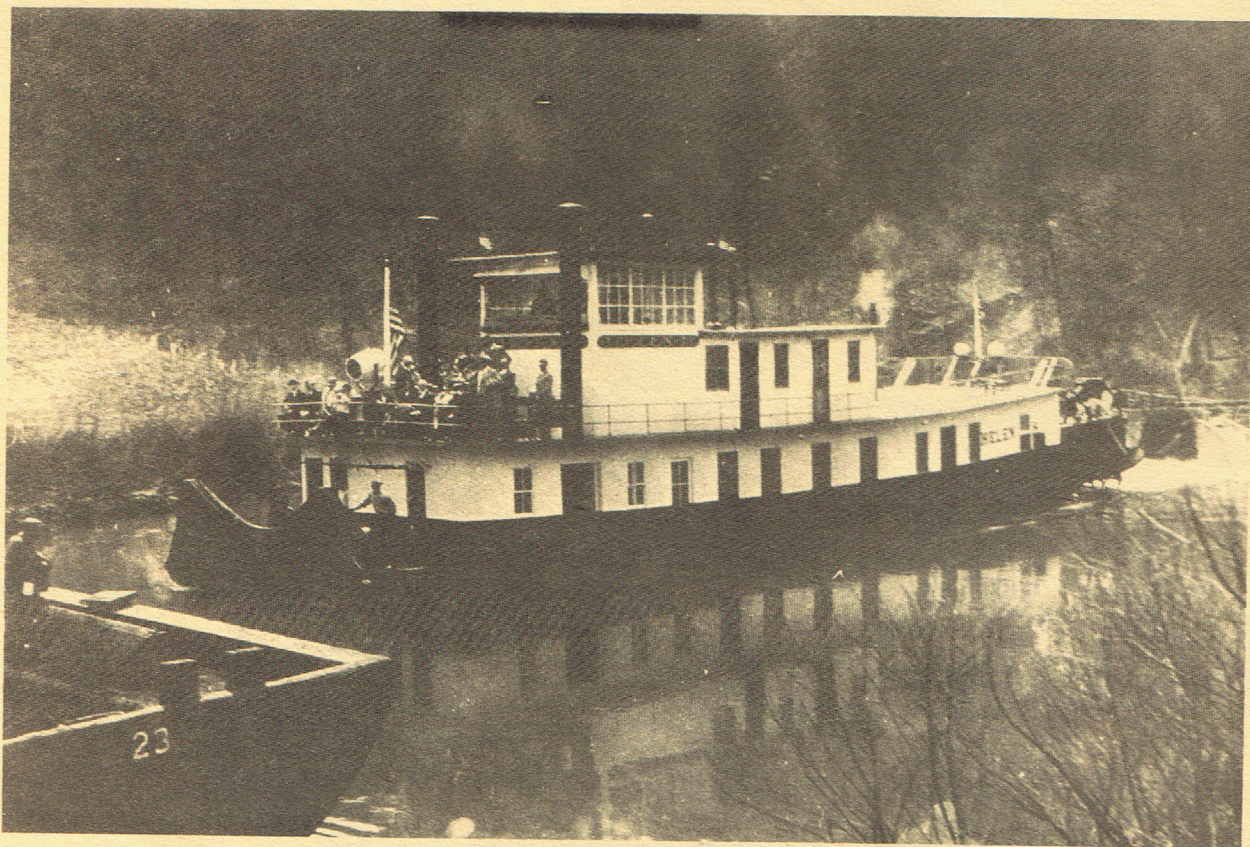
Ernest O. Prunty, a friend who was always there to help my Mother, and us children, when the going got rough. Thanks again Owen.



Ernest O. Prunty

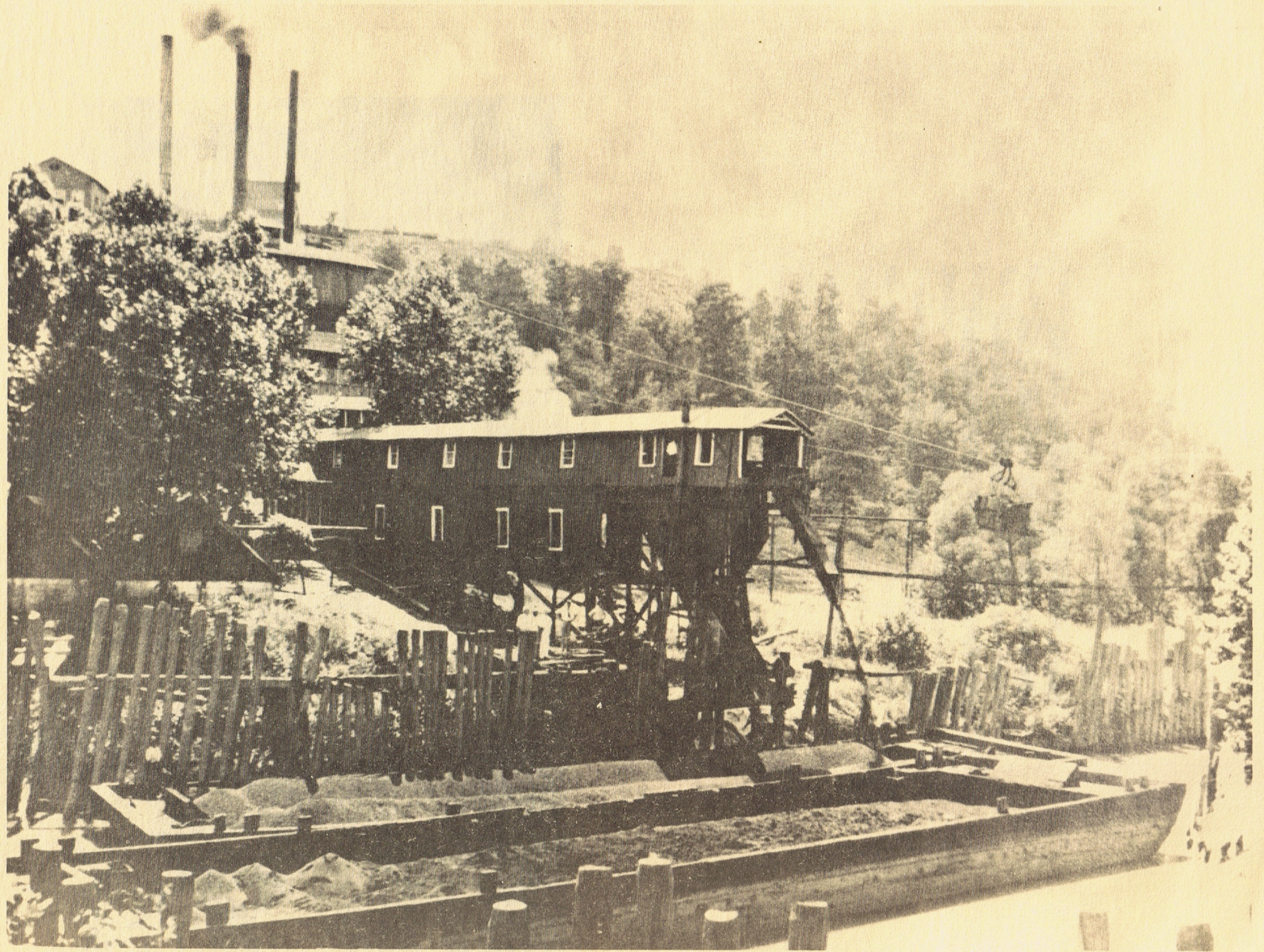
Nolin River

Nolin River, endlessly flowing, filling my heart with your voiceless song,
Quiet never, murmuring ever, calling me back where I belong.
As I walk the dusty pathway, stealing my heart against your call,
Now I know your way is my way, strength of love is my all.
Water, water, softly flowing, all tangled up in my memories,
Quiet never, murmuring ever, whispering dreamily back to me.



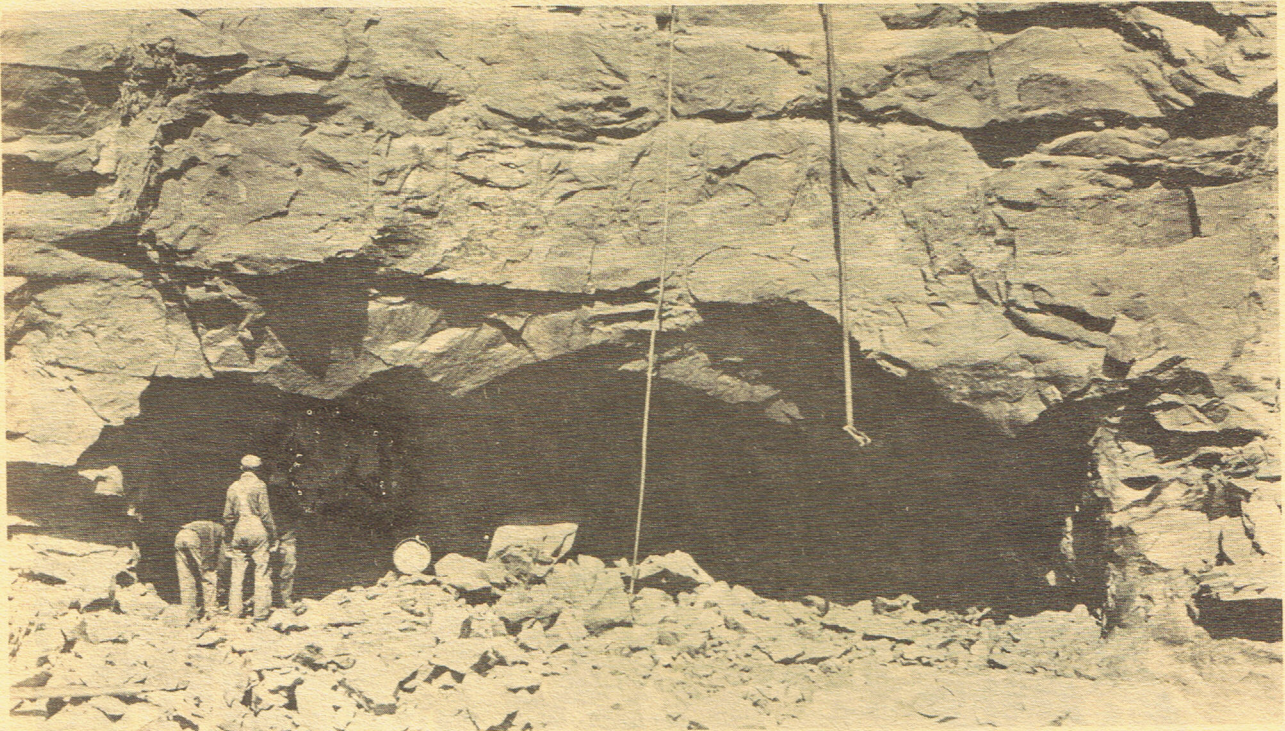
MINING TOWN

Our home was just a small mining town,
With great veins of asphalt underground.
All the company houses there were green,
But, we had lots of love when times were lean.
A school and company store beneath a hill,
To forget those days, I guess I never will.
Just go across a creek down by the ridge,
You walked along on a little swinging bridge.
That asphalt hauled down river on a barge,
To me, those flatboats loading, sure looked large.
Little trains that run down on their tracks,
Great big loads of asphalt on their backs.
At four a.m. you could hear that whistle blow,
All miners knew that it was time to go.
Oh! How I still remember those old mines,
Many years have passed by since that time,
Deep in my heart a memory burns within,
Of days and all those dear old mining men.



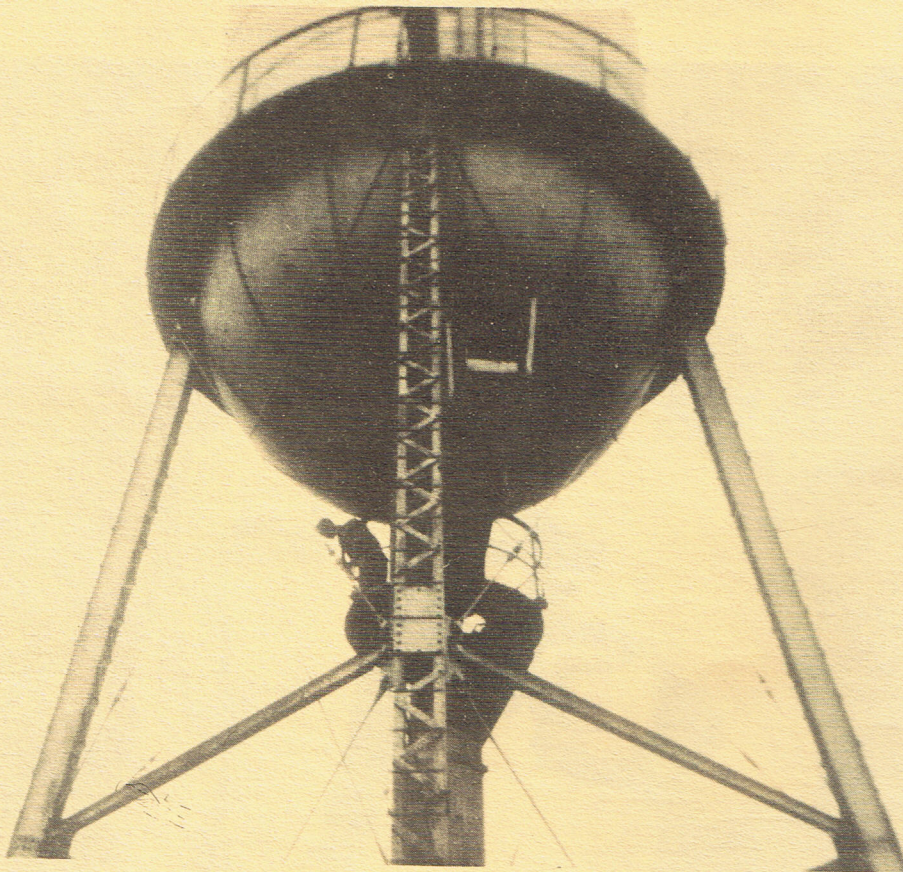
Tunnels

Deep in the earth there are the caverns black,
Where once men worked in them back to back.
Their picks struck in the asphalt cool and deep,
With carbide lights hung high above cap peaks.
As you walk across this desolate land,
Our heritage buried deep in asphalt sand.



Water Tower

You once stood proudly in you silvery sheen,
By all the mining people could be seen.
As I sit here and wonder at your base,
Remembering you in all your shimmering grace.
Looking up at you, great water tower,
The amber rust has taken all your power.
We drank cool, sparkling water from your lines,
That ran deep in your veins like heady wine.
You look forlorn and lonesome standing there,
While elements erode you in the air.
Someday you'll crumble back to earth,
Another landmark taken from our birth.



Big "E."

In our little hamlet, I have a true friend,
It will always be friendship until the end.
He smiles and tells me of things that used to be,
I like to listen to my true, true friend Big "E."
He is the Mayor, of our little town,
The things in his office, I'd like to expound.
In all that jumble any thing there might be,
Our Mayor's office, his name is Big "E."
He is a fellow, all people should meet,
To listen to him would be a real treat.
One thing that no one has explained to me,
How he was dubbed with the name Big "E."
If I searched these hills over, I never could find,
A man with such a witty and an inestimable mind.
He will always be a dear friend to me,
So this is my story about you Big "E."



Dismal Rock

Great rock so high, steep and cold,
Silhouette, standing there, in the moonlight bold.
With the long dark crevice in your side,
Was it for protection, for some long gone race to hide.
If you could talk what stories would you tell?
How many centuries have you stood so well?
Tell me of the river flowing by your feet,
And the rain that cooled you from the scorching heat.
In spring birds nest inside you and make in you their home,
When winter bitter comes they leave you all alone.
I'm sure you will be standing when we have passed away,
And some one else will wonder, these same things I write today.

Edmonson County

The year was eighteen twenty five, there was A piece of earth.
Three parts of other counties helped to give it birth.
Since it was just an infant, it had to have A name.
People wanted something that would never bring it shame.
It's named for a great Captain who was John Edmonson,
He had lost his, life in battle, at Rasin River Run.
Flowing through its center A river so serene,
With water oh so beautiful reflections made it green.
Another natural wonder, this infant land it gave,
Something to be proud of, our own Mammoth Cave.
The county seat established in eighteen thrity eight,
To honor Captain Jacob Brown, his name to celebrate.
This is just A small part of our local history,
So be proud of our county, and our liberty.
For tears and blood were shed over a century ago,
That we may have a county, a place to live and grow.
We hope all other counties their friendship we have won,
And always know they're always welcome, here in dear old Edmonson.

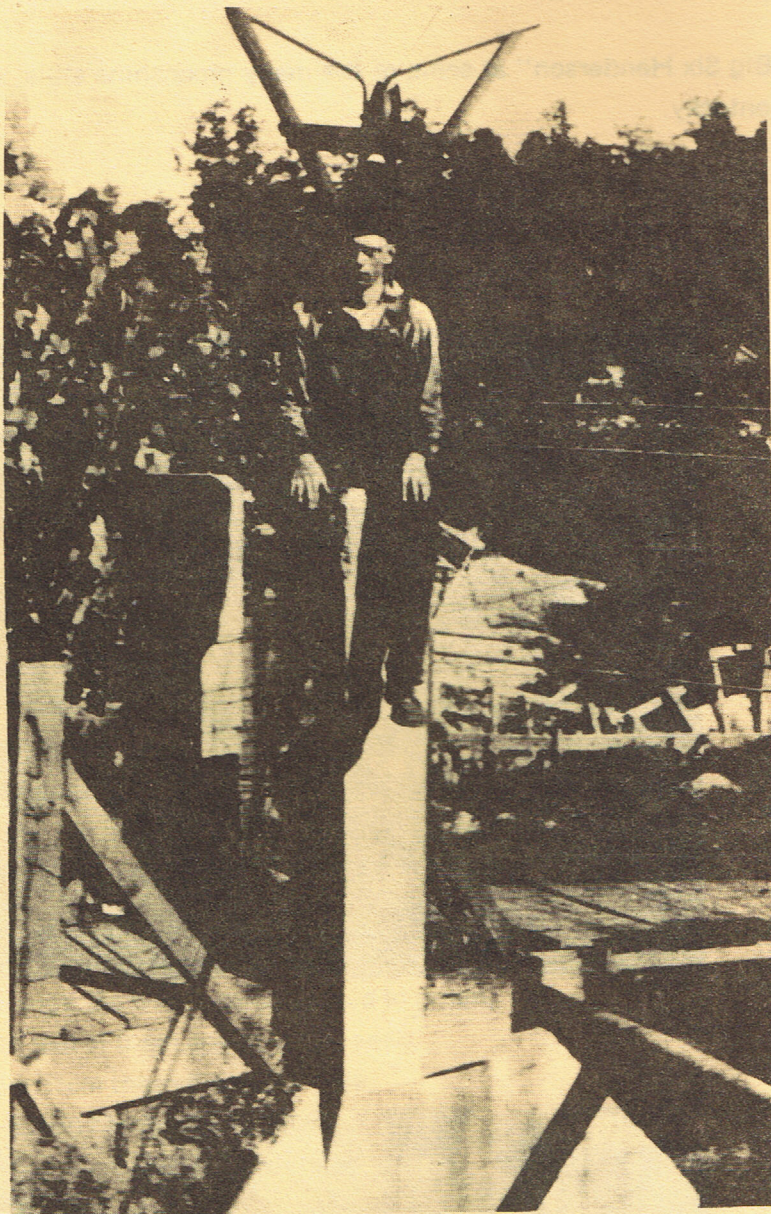
King Of Moonshine Mountain

Deep in these Kentucky hills,
Many men set up their moonshine stills.
Carrying sugar and corn upon their backs,
Careful to cover up all of their tracks,
Back in the woods where they made their brew,
Kentucky hill people called it mountain dew.
They were doing pretty good when a batch they'd mixed,
Until along came a revenuer called Big Six,
The government had sent this man in to see,
These moonshiners wouldn't ruin the economy.
He could slip through the woods camouflaged in green,
Be with in fifteen feet of them and never be seen.
He took more men from these Kentucky hills,
Than any federal man has now or ever will.
Had his hat shot twice off the top of his head,
An eighty-nine brand on his arm from number four lead.
He was known as a man you didn't try to bribe,
You missed two front teeth if you ever tried.
Scars from teeth marks on his fist show through,
Proof that this was found to be true.
He was sure one great revenueing man,
Dread by moonshiners throughout this land.
Where ever that moonshine making would flow,
That's the direction Big Six would go.
Now he's retired but still full of life,
Vacations and travels around country with his wife.

“Big Six Henderson” at some of the many moonshine stills, he destroyed here in Kentucky.



Julius Cardwell on the
old swinging bridge at
kyrock



Children were attending
School at the old School
at Kyrock



Pigeon Hollow

Fallen twigs, great pines, and loneliness,
In Pigeon Hollow you'll find all of this.
Where you can go and dream your many dreams:
By creekbeds flowing by in silvery streams.
Its cooling shade invites you from the heat,
From summertime you go there in retreat.
Where dark shadows leave you undisturbed,
From noise and heat you dream there unobserved.

Luther Collard, who is a veteran from Kyrock, Co. Always shared the same sentiments about Kyrock as I have. He lived by Pigeon Hollow for many years. So this poem is dedicated to him.