

**Recollections of Main Street  
By Lawrence Lamb**

**Franklin County Historical Review  
February 1985**

“My first recollection of Main Street was mud—and everywhere! Ruts were always present. Both sides of Main Street were lined with board sidewalks. You had to watch your footing as a board could be missing or another might fly up and slap your mug-wump...

I remember that first pavement—red brick laid on edge in sand. It was different as the iron-rimmed wagon wheels made considerable clatter and sparks flew from the horse’s metal shoes. The edges of the brick rounded off in time so the pavement eventually resembled cobblestones and just as rough. Horses were everywhere and so was their “aroma”...

I vividly remember Saturday night, especially if I was permitted to go to town. It was when all, the farmers came to town to shop. There was a heavy chain strung completely around the courthouse block with several large watering troughs for thirsty horses. This space was always filled up by noon so that the farmer’s wife could do her shopping and he could get his weekly stubble shaved off at Cunningham’s Barber Shop where there were eight or ten chairs. Kansas had an anti-cigarette law then. You could legally smoke cigarettes but you couldn’t buy or sell them. While awaiting my turn for a hair cut, I often saw them smuggled under the counter at the barbershop...

Next door to Dad (Lamb’s furniture and undertaking) was the Burke Bros. Saddlery and Harness shop. They had a life-sized paper-mache harnessed horse which they rolled out on the sidewalk every morning. Next to them was Mr. Biederman’s sporting goods store where I left many nickels for B-B shot for my air rifle. On the other side of Dad’s was Mr. and Mrs. Millington’s Crystal Theatre (5 cents) where we would go to boo the Kaiser during W.W.I...I’LL always remember Vincent’s Monumental Works next to the Ottawa Herald. He had a large dog chistled [sic] out of stone\* on the Main Street curb which became the trysting place for every dog in town. Even during the driest season it was always well watered...”

\*(now at the Old Depot Museum)