

Sam Saves the Mansion



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*An heroic and historic story celebrating the 100-year anniversary
of the
Kentucky Governor's Mansion*

Story by: Beth McDonald

Illustrated by: Anita Fleming

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Rebecca Blessing and Mary Ann Miller

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Editors' Note:

This book is intended to inform children about the Kentucky Governor's Mansion – its history and the importance of preserving it for the future.
No state funds were used in the printing of this book.

The Kentucky Executive Mansion Foundation, Inc. (KEMFI), is a 501 (c) (3) organization established to undertake, support, promote, foster and assist – financially and otherwise – the modification to increase environmental efficiency and sustainability; and the restoration, maintenance and preservation of public buildings, sites, structures, places and objects of historic significance owned by the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to all those, human and non-human, who have lived and worked in the Kentucky Governor's Mansion since its dedication in 1914 and will do so in the years to come.

In the *Kentucky River* valley, at the bottom of a hill not far from the *Capitol*, lived a stray dog named Sam. Sam loved to explore.





Every day he walked through [Frankfort](#), past the [Capitol](#) and the big, white building across the street. It was beautiful and had a big garden with a fountain and a lot of flowers out front. He wondered who lived there and what it must look like on the inside.



One warm summer day, Sam was returning home from exploring the [capital city](#). It had been a long day. He was tired, thirsty and hungry.



Sam had not found any scraps of food in the garbage behind the restaurants downtown as he often did. Sam's tummy rumbled from the hunger.





As he neared the big white mansion, the sky turned dark and the wind began to blow. Just then, there was a flash of lightning and a big clap of thunder. It began to rain hard.

Sam took cover under some bushes near the house, but he was still getting wet. He shook to dry off, yet got wetter and wetter as fast as the rain was falling.



Sam didn't like being wet. It made his fur smell bad.

As he looked at the mansion, near the ground he spotted a small window that looked like it was open. Sam ran over to it and crawled through into a dry basement. The room appeared to be an office. It was nice, just not as fancy as he had imagined.



Sam looked around and couldn't believe what he saw – a dish full of dog food and a big bowl of water. It was like they were expecting him. He never thought it might belong to another dog.

Sam gobbled down the food, took a couple of slurps of water and curled up under a table where he fell asleep.

Sam dreamed of being adopted and living in a place like this with a forever family that loved him.





The next morning, it had stopped raining. Sam thought, as much as he would like to stay and explore this place, he had better leave before someone found him and sent him off to the animal shelter with the other stray dogs and cats.

He went to the window, but it was closed and locked. He started to panic. He had to find another way out.

Out of the corner of his eye, Sam spotted some stairs and quietly made his way up them.





Sam ended up in a grand hallway. It was beautiful – just like he had imagined. It looked like a palace.

Just then Sam heard a low “grrrrr.” A small dog with wiry, short, reddish–brown fur appeared out of nowhere.

Sam froze in his tracks, even though he was quite a bit larger. The small dog came closer, all the while staring right at Sam.

“Please don’t bark,” Sam pleaded.



The small dog slowly walked a circle around him.

“I’m supposed to bark at unexpected visitors,” the small dog stated without pause.

“I don’t mean any harm,” Sam said. “I’m just looking for a way out. The window I came through during the storm is closed.”



The small dog carefully considered Sam’s story while completing the circle around him. As the two dogs came practically nose to nose, the small dog finally said in a somewhat friendly voice, “Perhaps I can help. I’m Tory. I am the First Dog – the Governor’s dog.”

“What’s a **Governor**?” asked Sam.

“The **Governor** is the leader of the state. He’s elected by the people of Kentucky,” said Tory. “Be quiet and follow me.”





They came to a stop at one end of the hallway.

“See all of those pictures of men and the one woman on the wall up there? Those are the **Governors of Kentucky**. This is the house where each **Kentucky Governor** lives while he or she is in office,” Tory explained.

“But the **house** does not belong to the Governor. It is the people’s house. People from all over the state can visit and be proud that Kentucky has such a nice place where important people – even some from other countries – can meet with the Governor.”



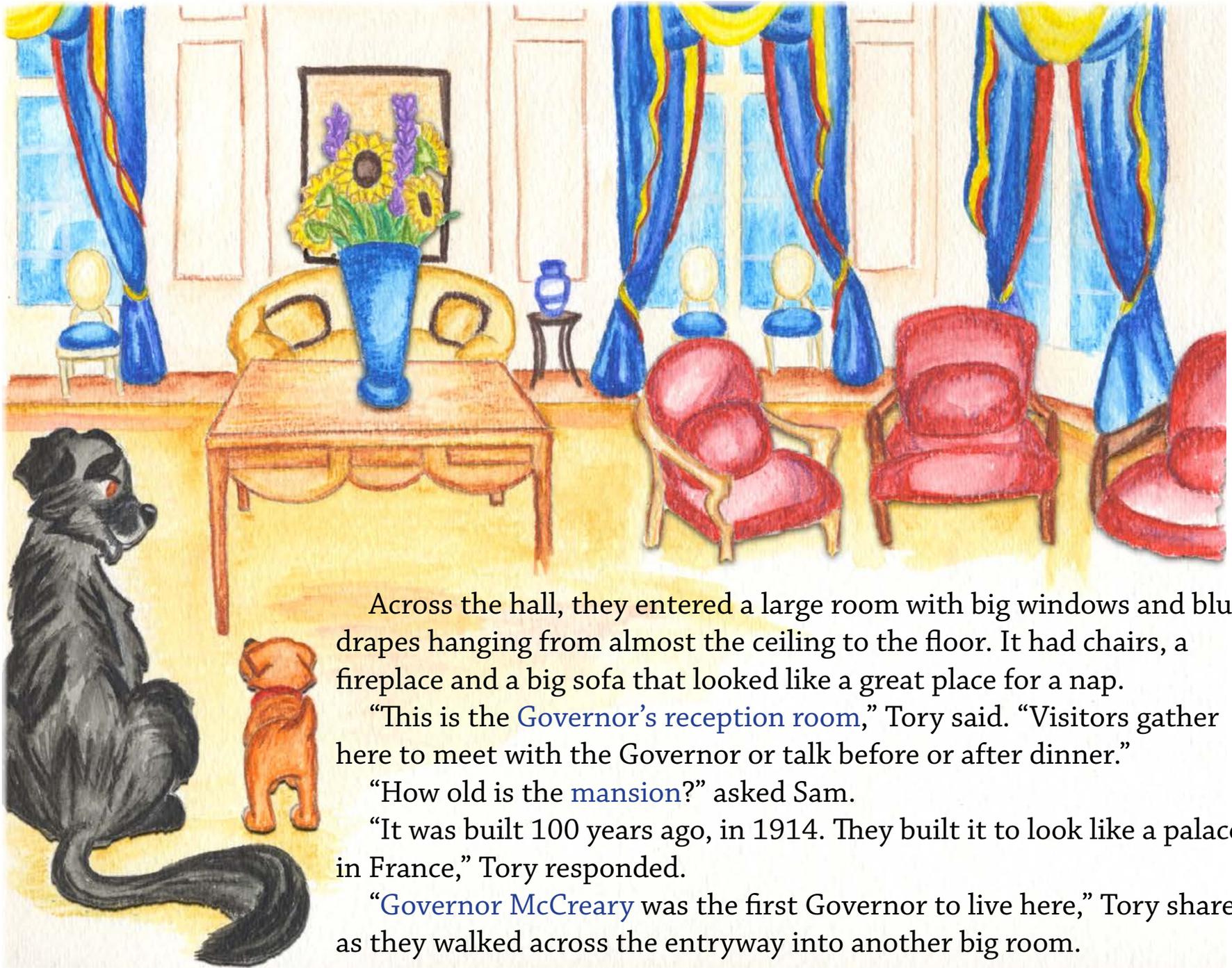


As Sam wandered down the long hallway, he saw two staircases.

“Where does that go?” Sam asked.

“Oh, that’s the area of the mansion where we actually live. It’s not quite as fancy as it is down here, but it’s really comfortable. There is a family room and five bedrooms – some are for guests. It’s private – off limits to most visitors. I’d show it to you, but my human mom and dad are up there and I don’t think they had better know you are here.”





Across the hall, they entered a large room with big windows and blue drapes hanging from almost the ceiling to the floor. It had chairs, a fireplace and a big sofa that looked like a great place for a nap.

“This is the **Governor’s reception room**,” Tory said. “Visitors gather here to meet with the Governor or talk before or after dinner.”

“How old is the **mansion**?” asked Sam.

“It was built 100 years ago, in 1914. They built it to look like a palace in France,” Tory responded.

“**Governor McCreary** was the first Governor to live here,” Tory shared as they walked across the entryway into another big room.





“This is the **First Lady’s salon**,” said Tory. “When the Governor is a man, the **First Lady** is usually the Governor’s wife, but if he’s not married, the First Lady can be a relative. In any case, this is where she meets her guests.”

Sam imagined ladies in long, fancy dresses sitting, talking and sipping tea.

There was a beautiful arrangement of fragrant flowers on the table in the center of the room, as there was in every room.

“I don’t really think of her as the First Lady,” Tory admitted. “To me, she’s just my human mom.”





The dogs walked into a smaller room that was yellow and bright with light beaming in the windows.

“This is the [sun parlor](#),” Tory explained.

As Sam looked out the window, he caught a glimpse of the [Capitol](#) across the street.

“Which was here first, the [Capitol](#) or the [mansion](#)?” asked Sam.

“The Capitol was finished in 1910, a few years before the mansion,” Tory explained. “Both buildings replaced old ones [downtown](#) that you can still visit today.”



As they entered the hall with the Governors' portraits once again, Sam noticed the opposite wall had pictures of all the First Ladies.

"There's my mom," Tory pointed out proudly.

How lucky Tory is, thought Sam, to have such nice humans and a beautiful place to live!





They passed a dark paneled room with a big round table.

“That’s the **family dining room**,” Tory explained. “It’s mostly used for business meetings and small dinners.”

Sam imagined sitting under the table during dinner hoping someone would feed him some of the delicious food from his or her plate.





Down the hall was another dining room with a much bigger table sitting on a beautiful red, gold and blue carpet.

Tory called this the **state dining room**. It's where they would have medium-sized dinner parties or set out a buffet table for really big parties.

The room had small lights all around the ceiling.

The plates in the china cabinet had a horse painted on each one.

And, there was a big silver-bowl-type thing on a side table that Tory said came from a **battleship** named the Kentucky.





The last room was the biggest of all. Tory called it the **ballroom**. Crystal chandeliers with hundreds of prisms sparkled from the ceiling.

Set in neat rows were 120 gold and red chairs, one for each county in Kentucky.

“Where’s **Frankfort’s** chair?” Sam questioned.

“Oh, **Frankfort** is a city, not a county,” Tory said knowingly. “**Frankfort** is actually part of **Franklin County**.”

“I see,” Sam responded.

Even with all the chairs, there was still a lot of room to run and play, Sam thought.



On one side of the room was a grand piano.

“That piano plays all by itself,” said Tory. Sam had never heard of such a thing. He walked over and stood on his back legs to take a closer look.

Sam’s paw accidentally touched one of the keys and the piano began to play – LOUDLY!

“Oh no, what have I done?” cried Sam.

“Quick, under here!” exclaimed Tory.





They scampered across the wood floor and huddled under some of the chairs.

Two people from the mansion staff came in to investigate. They looked around but did not spot Tory and Sam.

“Oh my gosh, that was close,” Tory said.

Sam knew that he had to leave the mansion soon or someone would catch him.

Luckily, Tory had a plan.

“Tomorrow night, there will be a big party celebrating the **mansion’s centennial** – its first 100 years,” Tory explained.





The next evening, Sam could hear the piano playing once again and people talking.

“You hide under the big staircase,” Tory directed. “I’ll do some tricks and when I have everyone’s attention, you can sneak out the back door when someone comes in.”

“It’s a good plan,” Sam agreed eagerly.

But the more he thought about it, the more he hated to leave. He really liked Tory and would miss her.





A short time later, Tory started her tricks. As promised, she stood on her back legs and twirled around. People clapped. As the crowd moved back to make room for Tory to perform, someone accidentally bumped a table and a lit candle fell off onto the floor. No one seemed to notice.

As he started toward the door, Sam sighed and gave a final look back to his friend. He saw the candle had set the curtain on fire!





Sam had to do something. But if he barked a warning, he would be found out. If he didn't, something worse might happen. What should he do?

Without delay, Sam ran into the ballroom and started barking.

The crowd turned and noticed the smoke and flames. They hurried out of the mansion while the staff moved quickly to smother the flames.

With the doors open, this was Sam's chance to escape. But, he was too late!



A security guard scooped up Sam, and 20 minutes later he was in a cage at the animal shelter. Even though he had food and water, he didn't feel much like eating or drinking. He was lonely and scared. He missed Tory.



The next day, Sam got a bath with lots of bubbles that smelled good.



He wore a new collar around his neck with the outline of Kentucky on it.



The next thing he knew, Sam was riding in a car. A few minutes later, out of the window, he spotted the big, [white mansion](#).



His heart was happy. A small group of people gathered outside the mansion and cheered as Sam jumped out of the car.





“You’re a hero,” said the Governor. “Last night you saved people’s lives and the 100-year-old mansion from ruin.”

The Governor bent down and attached a gold medal to Sam’s collar, then scratched him behind his ears. It felt so good that Sam rolled over on his back and smiled. Everyone laughed. Sam jumped back to his feet.

“How would you like to come live with us?” asked the Governor.





Before he had a chance to bark, “Yes,” Sam heard another dog bark. It was Tory, who came running out of the mansion and greeted her friend with lots of dog kisses and tail wags.

“I believe Tory has a new friend,” the First Lady said.

The crowd cheered again.



Then, they all went up the stairs together – the Governor, the First Lady, Tory and Sam – right through the door and into the Governor’s Mansion.

“Welcome home,” Tory said as she admired Sam’s medal.





“But, just so there’s no confusion, remember, I’m the First Dog,” Tory paused. “You can be the Second Dog.”

The two laughed. Sam didn’t mind. He had found his forever family.





In 2014, the Kentucky Governor's Mansion turned 100 years old. It is one of the few remaining governor's mansions in the country.

This book, written in celebration of the mansion centennial, is meant to inform Kentucky children about the Kentucky Governor's Mansion – its history and the importance of preserving the Frankfort landmark for generations to come.

As a former teacher, First Lady Jane Beshear, wife of Kentucky's 61st Governor, Steve Beshear, felt that it was important to inform even the Commonwealth's youngest citizens about the mansion as part of the centennial. *Sam Saves the Mansion* combines the First Lady's passion for education, animals and the mansion into a delightful story featuring Sam and Tory, two of the First Lady's dogs. Tory has actually lived with the family at the mansion. Mrs. Beshear hopes the book will inspire a love of learning, an appreciation for Kentucky history and a compassion for animals in its readers.





Kentucky's Governor's Mansion

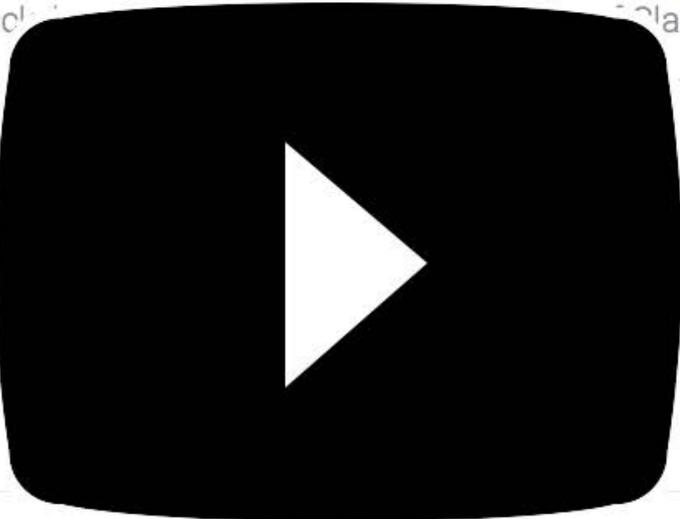
Explore more of Kentucky's Governor's Mansion

This collection explores Kentucky's historic Governor's Mansion. The Beaux Arts-style mansion was built in 1914 and patterned after France's Petit Trianon. A collection of video segments explores the history of the mansion and includes a film telling the mansion story from the perspective of Kentucky children. Five media galleries include images of architectural details, furnishings, and paintings.



Kentucky's Governor's Mansion Classroom Segments

This collection includes *Reflect* mansion. Also in perform. Watch



ing story of the Kentucky's Governor's Mansion. *Kentucky's Governor's Mansion: A Century of* architectural, political, and social history of the continuing unique role in the 21st century. f Kentucky Children and a storytelling *Mansion*. flection documentary.



GRADES: K-12



Kentucky's Governor's Mansion Architecture

This collection of images shows architecture from the Kentucky Governor's Mansion. The mansion is both a private home and a public building. These images are of some of the architecture found on the first floor, which hold the public reception and dining rooms as well as a ballroom.

Completed in 1914, it was Kentucky's second official executive mansion. Designed in the Beaux Arts style popular in the late 19th and early 20th century, the mansion was patterned after France's Petit Trianon.



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