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TRACES



Circus Day In Glasgow

QUARTERLY PUBLICATION

The Barren County Historical Society, Inc.
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ON THE COVER

Cover photo courtesy South Central Kentucky Cultural Center. If you will notice, this photograph was originally printed backwards. This is Green Street on the square. The building at the end of the street which says "Bakery" (backwards) is the present location of the Barren County Progress office at the corner of Main Street at Green. Many of the buildings showing were burned. The date is approximately 1906. The print is sepia.

With the recent closing down of the Ringling Brothers Circus, 146 years of entertaining people of all ages has ended. Circuses of many ownerships and sizes used to tour the countryside bringing a thrill to people even in the small towns. It was in 1854 that the first recorded circus arrived in Glasgow. It was the Turner Circus and of course, history records that after the excitement of the town and county had died down, the deadly cholera epidemic followed which reportedly killed half the population of the town. The disease had been passed from someone in the circus troop.

Some of the following facts are taken from "The Circus in America" and other sources. This will give the reader a glimpse at what the circus looked like on that fateful day in 1854.



Photo of an early circus, supposedly take in Glasgow, undated. Courtesy South Central Kentucky Cultural Center



A circus on the square ca 1910. Contributed by Philip Rutledge to the South Central KY Cultural Center View is along Washington Street; notice the old Christian Church spire on the left.

No matter the excitement, there was a problem in some towns. This was known as the strict moral code. An article in the Chillicothe *Weekly Recorder* attacked the circus (and other forms of entertainment of the era) with great vigor:

“The circus business is an unlawful calling, one that cannot be defended on scriptural ground. The performances are calculated to amuse the giddy and thoughtless and to excite the laughter of fools. There is no tendency to administer useful instruction, to regulate affections or restrain the inordinate passions of this audience. In addition, it does not yield a rational amusement to men of understanding and reflection. Our country,...is infested with dishonest, unprincipled men of various descriptions such as swindlers, counterfeiters, stage players and showmen. He [the editor] urges the friends of Christian morality to remember that they were bound by sacred ties to discourage every species of amusement calculated to corrupt the principles of the rising generation.” (Weekly Recorder, June 26, 1815, quoted in Thayer, *op.cit.*, 35)

In 1825, the big top was introduced. - a large, portable canvas tent. Performers and the audience would be protected on rainy or hot summer days.

In the mid 1830s, circuses were touring the countryside. The cost of the big tent caused the owners to seek larger audiences. They needed men to set up the tent; wagons and horses were

necessary to haul the equipment. Circus performers now started living in their own “community” and to keep the excitement growing, performers had to develop more complex and thrilling acts. The circus might stay in one area for weeks or perform several shows and move on. In some larger cities, the circus might be held indoors in an available building.

Advertising was expanded. To draw in larger audiences, printed “bills” were placed around the town to stir the imagination of the residents. Promoters came to town before the arrival of the circus posting signs; many with drawings of exotic animals and dare-devil performers. So it must have been in 1854 in Glasgow. Posters grew larger and more colorful by the 1850’s and it is assured that in the small town of Glasgow and the surrounding counties, excitement must have been tremendous.

The circus survived and brought entertainment to millions of people in America and all over the world. Lions, tigers, elephants, trapeze artists, barkers, clowns, bearded ladies – we all thrilled along with the roar of the crowd when the circus came to town.

The Colorful History of County Court Day

Another tradition that survived many years was County Court Day. The following was originally published by Cecil Goode in his column “Barren Co. History” in the Glasgow Daily Times. Date of article not shown.

“Picture in your mind County Court Day on the third Monday in Glasgow during the 1870’s and 1880’s. The crowds arrived early brining herds of horses, mules, cattle and other animals. The womenfolk came too, but they stayed out of the crowds because they were too thick and rough for them. Instead, they spent much of their time in the stores – “shopping” we call it today, but they called it “trading.” Or they visited in more genteel surroundings. Masses of people and farm animals swarmed around the Square. Picture the hubbub of conversation, swap talk, peddlers hawking their wares, tobacco chewing and spitting, and unrestrained drinking.

“We have forgotten in these days of the automobile and pickup trucks how smelly and messy the streets became when large herds of animals traversed them; and if the streets were muddy, the mess and mire were multiplied manifold. Glasgow tried valiantly to pick up at least some of the drippings almost as they fell; a man followed around with cart and shovel.

“The purpose of the bustling, seething crowd was outwardly economic – to sell or swap animals or items needed less than something else. Another purpose, not so clearly articulated, was to give expression to an old Kentucky trait – to swap for the fun of it, hoping to get the best of a trade – and they traded not only farm animals but knives, guns, wagons, buggies, farm implements and virtually anything you can imagine. Another purpose was to socialize, to visit, to swap yarns, to get news and to talk politics. Politicians, always alert to crowds and the opportunity to electioneer, had an ideal opportunity on County Court Day. Hucksters went from County Court day to County Court Day in surrounding counties selling all sorts of trinkets, preparations, snake oil, what have you.

“Kentuckians from the pioneer days were largely rural and isolated but were still socially inclined and were wont to take advantage of every opportunity to assemble. County Court Day was an ideal opportunity along with church gatherings, political speakings, races and fairs. County Court Day especially satisfied this yen. Kentucky’s famous author of the last century, James Lane Allen, described this tendency of Kentuckians:

“The local institutions of the Kentuckians have one deep root in his rich social nature. He loves the human swarm ... Hence his fondness for large gatherings; most of all for open-air assemblies of the democratic sort - - great agricultural fairs, race courses, political meetings, barbecues and burgoos in the woods - - when no one is pushed to the wall, or reduced to a seat and to silence, where all may move about at will, seek and be sought, make and receive many impressions. Quiet masses of people indoors absorb him less.”

“We must not forget a less benign aspect of County Court Day. The swapping and socializing were punctuated with heavy drinking and fighting. The bottle was passed around freely; and after a time with inhibitions down and emotions turned loose, some old disagreements and slights as well as new ones were settled or attempts at settlement made. Sometimes the ensuing fights would relieve pressure, sometimes not. The ready presence of guns did not help in peaceful settlement, and sometimes the results were tragic. William Henry Jones, Sr., editor of the *Glasgow Republican*, observed in 1914 that:

“During those times (referring to an earlier time) it was nothing strange to have a jail full on public days, and sometimes prisoners tied to trees in the courthouse yard. On court days, killings were common, more the rule than the exception. Now an arrest is rather the exception.”

“Origin of County Court Day. Kentucky’s institution of County Court Day came originally from the English county fairs and their system of local government. Virginia first used the monthly county courts with justices of the peace, and Kentucky followed the same model being at first actually a part of Virginia. The justices were responsible for regulating the affairs of a rural, sparsely-settled country. Their function was virtually all aspects of local county government including legislative, administrative and judicial responsibilities even though justices were seldom lawyers or had significant administrative experience. Instead, they were intelligent, wise, well-rounded people who generally had the respect of the people they served. Initially they were appointed by the governor and were largely self-perpetuating as an institution.

“Later, of course, the county judge and the magistrates were elected by the people instead of appointed by the governor. In the early days, people wanted to go to the county seat on Court Day because they might have had business, or certainly an interest, in what was going on in their county; and the justices represented the authority of the county. Court Day also afforded an excuse and opportunity to assemble, meet and visit with friends and neighbors.

“Later during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, County Court Day became an occasion for races and athletic contests. According to James Lane Allen in Harper’s New Monthly Magazine in 1889:

“But after all the business was over, time still hung idly on their hands, and being vigorous men, hardened by work in the forest and field, trained in foot and limb to fleetness and endurance, and fired with admiration of physical prowess, like riotous school boys out on a half holiday, they fell to playing.” They wrestled through the sledge, heaved the bar, had foot races and had quarter races for horses. And the more respectable athletic contests and races often gave way to unscheduled rough and tumble fighting. All of this while the justices sat quietly and dutifully on the bench in the courthouse.

“By the middle of the second quarter of the nineteenth century, Court Day became the market day of the month. The marketing of livestock, farm produce and other wares became characteristic of Court Day rather than the earlier socializing and athletic contests. Slaves, too, were sold and hired out as was other property.

“Drawn by the presence of large crowds of people in the county seat, politicians flocked to Court Days to gather a crowd around them so they could present their campaign offerings. They would have agents to go through the crowds and assemble them in a convenient place so the politicians could speak to them. Barbecues and burgoos sometimes embellished the politicking.



Undated old photo of Barren County Court Day; courtesy Cecil E. Goode in “Southern Kentuckians”

“The Demise of County Court Day. Toward the latter part of the nineteenth century and early twentieth century, Barren County’s Court Day as characterized by the sale of mules. Before the days of the tractor and after the use of oxen in farm work and the clearing of woodlands, mules provided most of the brute power instead. “Mule Day” became a synonym for County Court Day; also “Jockey Day” was used, meaning “horse and mule trading.” Buyers of mules came from far and wide, even from other states. As trading became more voluminous and the main purpose of Court Day, the horse, mule and other farm animal trading moved off the Square to behind the tobacco warehouses on East Main Street.

“Alvin Harlow in his “Weep No More, My Lady” provided some color on Barren County’s Court Day in describing the conversation around the veterinarian’s barn on a side street in Glasgow:

“Obviously, most of the non-owners of the lot are just shopping or enjoying the social side of the day. Objections to the offerings are numerous and often specious; ‘Coupled too short’, ‘Hind legs a little crooked’; Neck too long’; ‘Don’t like the look in her eye’; I want a matched team or none at all.’ There are long lines of fence roosters who discuss with each other and with men on the ground below many other subjects than horses, but mostly tobacco and corn. Tobacco cutting is just going on. ‘Got your tobaccer all in?’ asks a rooster of a groundling?

‘Yeh, and it turned out mighty well,’ says the other. ‘I got nineteen hundred sticks off an acre and six-tenths. It’s the truth!’ he adds, warmly, as the questioner jeers at this. ‘Yu can ask Charlie Moppin if it ain’t so.’

‘H---, I’d sooner believe you than Charlie Moppin’ retorts the skeptic with a satirical emphasis which brings a thunder of haw-haws from the listeners.”

“As automobiles and trucks increased in number, it became too much easier to get to town at will and to dispose of livestock and other produce. With increased mobility and the advent of the radio, the social need no longer had to be satisfied by the institution of County Court Day, and mules as the main source of farm power were supplanted by tractors. These developments made the fading and eventual demise of County Court Day inevitable. The institution lingers in Barren County during the 1930s and finally died in the 1940s even though in later years it was greatly altered from the original model. Thus ended a very colorful and peculiarly Kentucky institution.”

Early Horse Traders in Barren County

Citing from *Times of Long Ago* by Franklin Gorin, page 75:

“The first horse traders to the South were Wm. Hall, Wm. and Henry Rennick, Joseph Neville, Sam and Tol Thomas, John C. Hamilton, and Wm. and Thomas Mackay. The last, Thomas Mackay, was murdered on one of his trips down, in 1812 or ‘13, on Bear Creek in the Indian Nation, by Indians. They took all his horses and a negro. Gen. Jackson afterwards made a treaty with the Indians, by which Mackay’s heirs obtained the negro and a part of the horses.

“After those above mentioned we had many traders. William Bybee in 1830, and Robert Hughes in 1832, were the most constant.”

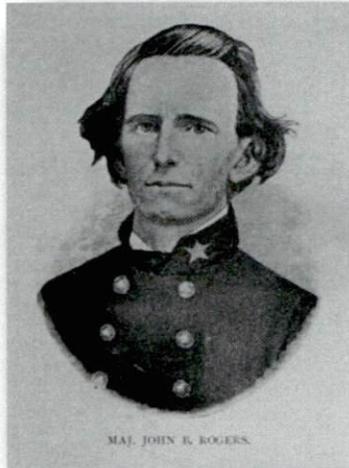
Fate of Major John Bird Rogers Remains Unknown

Source: Likely *Glasgow Daily Times*, August 4, 1999.

“Editor’s Note – One hundred years ago, in 1899, the surviving members of the Orphan Brigade held their annual reunion in Glasgow. One hundred years later, the Orphan Brigade Kinsfolks will hold their annual meeting in Glasgow on August 28, 1999. The guest speaker for the event will be Hugh Ridenour, a retired teacher, a noted author and a respected Civil War historian.”

“According to Ed Porter Thompson, a prewar friend and former tutor of John Bird Rogers, the early character of this young man showed nothing of the self discipline and military caring that his wartime career would reveal.

“Born in Barren County in 1835 to a farming whom hard work had made wealthy, young Rogers was educated locally until reaching his late teens. A few years spent as a teacher were unsatisfactory and in 1856 the young man went to Missouri where many of his relatives and acquaintances were living. He lived for two years in that place but followed no serious pursuits. Rather, he seemed to live solely to enjoy himself; his cheerful, often mischievous disposition endearing him to all who made his acquaintance.



"In 1859, he decided to practice law and threw himself wholeheartedly into the study of that profession, showing great ability and skill.

"He had not long settled himself into his new occupation when State Guards began to be formed and Rogers turned his attention to the military, immersing himself in a copy of Hardee's tactics until he felt confident to join a company at Hiseville. As an officer of that company, he continued to excel in his military duties as he had in any other field he had set his mind to.

"In July of 1861, he joined with then Capt. (later Col.) Joseph Nuckols to cast his fortune with that of the South and was voted 1st Lt. of Co. A, 4th Kentucky Inf., CSA. Since Nuckols was often needed on a regimental level, Lt. Rogers frequently commanded the company. He led them in their first battle at Shiloh, where they were deployed as skirmishers for the right flank of the regiment. Their conduct and that of their gallant leader was noticed by their superiors and Co. A was often called upon to perform that hazardous duty in later battles.

"Lt. Rogers saw his brother William killed early in the fight at Shiloh and later he himself was dangerously wounded. By the end of May he was able to return to duty with the rank of Captain, although his wounded arm was useless. He led his men at Vicksburg and at Baton Rouge and his ability as a soldier as well as his courage became well known. At Murfreesboro George Walter, another brother, fell mortally wounded on the field. He was taken to a hospital in the town and just before the Kentucky troops moved southward, Capt. Rogers sought him out to say a last goodbye. Afterwards, the noble Capt. Was unable to speak of that interview without blinding tears.

"During the Atlanta campaign, Capt. Rogers was promoted to Major and less than a month after assuming that rank, he disappeared while preparing to retake some captured rifle pits near Kennesaw.

"A federal prisoner who was captured a few days later told of a Confederate officer who had stumbled into Yankee lines ordering them to "hold their pit to the last man," before realizing he was among the enemy. From that report, it was hoped that Maj. Rogers was a prisoner, but time passed with no further word and his comrades and family had to accept that he was likely dead. Years later his friend Ed Porter Thompson would write that they who loved John Rogers suffered '...never-ending suspense, for we can not persuade ourselves of anything.' The fate of Major John Bird Rogers, like so many other soldiers of that tragic war, remains unknown."

Follow-up: Major John Byrd Rogers was killed 20 June 1864 at Kennesaw, Cobb County, Georgia. His burial is at Rogers Cemetery #2. He was the son of William Byrd and Nancy Elizabeth Rogers.

EDMUND ROGERS TELLS OF HIS SERVICE

In Barren County and surrounding areas, most everyone has heard the name Edmund Rogers. Soldier, family man, community man. Edmonton, KY was named for him. He came to this area early to

survey land for the government – and he stayed. Behind him however was a noted military career in the Revolutionary War. On October 19, 1833, Rogers wrote of his service and this was shown in a Glasgow newspaper on March 16, 1892.

The editor wrote the following: “The following memorandum, dated fifty-nine years ago, musty and yellow with age, and in the hand writing of Col. Edmund Rogers, has been sent to the *Times* for publication. Col. Rogers lived a great many years of the latter part of his life at Edmunton, and for him the town was named. He was the father of the late Hon. John T. Rogers, of this place, and also of Mrs. Robert Beauchamp, and Mrs. Jo. F. Ray, of Metcalfe. It is an exceedingly interesting document.”

“The deposition of Edmund Rogers, of Barren county, and state of Kentucky, saith that he was born in the county of Caroline, and state of Virginia, and that early in the Spring of the year 1781 there was a call on the county for militia men to join the army, then in the lower part of the State. That he turned out as a volunteer in a company commanded by Capt. Francis Tompkins. And after marching a few days the Captain received orders to return to Port Royal, a small town on the Rapohhanock river, and in said county of Caroline. There we were billeted on the inhabitants, and stayed sometime, but I do not now recollect how long. We were then discharged and returned home. Some time in May, of the same year, there was another call on the county for men. I again turned out a volunteer in a company commanded by Captain John Sutter. We marched to Richmond and remained there and in its vicinity until the great and good La Fayette left that place on his retreat to meet General Wayne. If I am not mistaken, the regiment to which I was attached was commanded by Colonel George Matthews, of Gloucester county, who was after that Speaker of the House of Delegates of Virginia. John Page, of Caroline, was our Major. We passed through several counties, and crossed the Rapohannock river at Elies ford, and met General Wayne, and recrossed the river at Rocean ford. Here all the men who had rifles, from the counties below, were taken from their several companies and formed into one, and the command given to a Mr. Caldwell, of I believe, Charlot county; James Wilson, of Caroline, was made Lieutenant, both of whom had served several years in the regular army. The army then set out for Albermarle county to meet Lord Cornwallis. Who in turn commenced his retreat to the lower part of the State. We pursued close after him until the army got into Hanover county, when the army halted a day or two on Gold Mine creek. Capt. Caldwell’s rifle company, of about fifty men, to which I then belonged, was there with several companies of musketmen attached to General Wayne’s brigade.

“From this time the service was extremely hard; we were continually, day and night, on the march. I do not believe we all night at any one time camped on the same ground. While the British army lay in Williamsburg, we had a little affair, something like school boys play at stealing of goods. The British had sent out a foraging party who had collected a parcel of cattle. On the 26th of June they were attacked by a party of our militia, defeated, and the cattle dispersed. A re-enforcement was sent to their assistance, which drove back our men. The riflemen from Rockbridge and Augusta counties were joined to our company, making about 200 rifle men, and the command was given to Major John Willis, of Fredericksburg. He with a detachment of militia musketry attacked the British musketry and drove them. We, the rifle-men, were on the left, and after getting some distance in an old field met a large body of British coming on to meet us. We were near to a small old fence, which he soon got to and halted. We were ordered to have our rifles through the fence, cocked and finger on the trigger, and sight on a man, and wait for the order to fire. We waited but a short time, when the enemy got close to us, and were obliqueing a little to our left when we were ordered to fire. And a terrible fire it was to them. It might be said that they were piled on each other. We were then ordered to retreat several hundred yards to the woods. The enemy were thrown into some confusion by our fire, but

when they recovered they sent thousands of balls after us, but not a man was hurt. They did not follow us, and were not within reach of our rifles. When we got to the woods we halted, here ended the fight, and I ascertained that many thousand guns might be fired without doing injury.

“In a few days we were marched to New Kent court house to celebrate the 4th of July. There the whole army was collected, and it was a grand sight for a youth. On the 5th, General Wayne marched us back to watch the British. And on the 6th, was informed that Lord Cornwallis had crossed James river at Jamestown with his whole army, except, about one thousand men. Wayne determined to attack them, and I have no doubt, expected to give a good account of them. But when he got there the whole British army was drawn up to receive him. What was best to be done? To have retreated would have been very dangerous. Wayne marched right up and attacked boldly, and fought them a considerable time and then retreated in good order. The rifle company to which I belonged was on the left of our enemy, and fought the British Yagers or Queens Rangers dressed in green. Here I had many a fair shot with an excellent rifle. Mr. David Wood, of Albermarle county, my mess-mate, fought by side. He would point out a man for me to notified when he fired at him, I did the same for him to notice, at last he was killed by a ball in his forehead. About this time our right gave way, the British gave such a yell as drowned the reports of the musketry. Presently Lieutenant Wilson called to me and said “Rogers it is time to be off, they are all gone.” I looked around, there was only Wilson, myself, and five others. I had but just loaded my rifle, we started, I immediately heard a trumpet behind, and looking back, saw a company of British horsemen who had been covered by a large barn, a short distance in rear of the Yagers, with three officers in front of them. This sight was too enticing for me to carry off a loaded rifle, there was a pine tree near to me, which I stepped to and fired at the center officer. But just as I pulled trigger a ball struck the tree and filled my eyes with dust, so I could not see my man. This, I believe, was the last gun fired by our enemy that day. I then pursued on and found our men formed in an old field, having passed through a skirt of woods. The British did not pursue us. It was supposed each party lost about 150 men each. Some time after this I was discharged, went home and stayed all the month of August.

“Sometime in the month of September, of the same year, I again turned out as a volunteer in a company commanded by Captain Richard Hurd. We marched to Glouster old courthouse where the army was collecting preparatory for the siege. I was there informed that a person was much wanted to ride as an express between the two besieging armies. And wishing to see and know how the art of war was carried on, on each side of the York river, I applied Col. John Taylor, who was then in command and informed him that, if I was permitted to go home and get my horse I would return and act in that capacity. Leave was granted. I soon returned, and found the army had moved lower down, and General Weden in command. I reported myself to him, and was from that time almost every day passing from one army to another. A guard and boat had been provided on York river to take me over. On my first tour the main army lay in Williamsburg. There I saw the great Washington, Knox, Lincoln, Hamilton and many others. I cannot describe them. The army then moved down and laid close siege to Yorktown. There every object was worth seeing and I was well paid for the exchange I had made. One night I counted eleven bombs in the air at the same time. There was but one little affair on the Gloucester side of the river. The Britishers sent out a party which were repulsed with loss, we also lost some men. The day after the surrender of Cornwallis General Weden informed me that he wished to send some dispatches to Fredericksburg and that I must carry them. I told him that as I had been there so long I wished to stay and see the British march out, he answered, he was obliged to send some person and it would suit me better than any other person, and that I might go home, as I would not be any more wanted. He then said if it had not been for me he don't know what he would have done. I then set out on my journey, and it was fortunate that I did, for then I was sick with the camp-fever,

and could get no further than my father's, and the next day got him to go to Fredericksburg and do my business. I lay sick a long time and it was expected that I would not recover. But thank Heaven I was reserved for other hard tours in Kentucky.

“This ends the narrative of the little services I have rendered my country, agreeable to the best of my recollection. It is more than half a century past, but the impressions made on my mind and excitement of the time are lasting. I refer the Commissioners of the Pension office to Hon. Christopher Tompkins, ---the Representative in Congress for the District in which I reside. He has known me many years and can inform you who, and what I am.

“In witness whereof I hereto set my hand this 19th day of October, 1833. /s/ Edmund Rogers”

Information Wanted About Photo



In 2009, this photo appeared in the Glasgow Weekly Times. The lady who found it, Charlotte Shirley of Glasgow, found it behind another framed photo. It was noted that Mary Rapp was the music instructor for many years at Glasgow High School Someone since identified some of the people; can anyone help with the rest and identify the group:

Back row: Edmund Smith, Leroy Kerley, Francis Jackson, Robert Burns Goad, Percival Williams, unknown, Harold Harps, unknown, Robert Vaughn. Middle row: Robert Oliver, unknown, Eleanor Trigg Goodman, Mabel Allen Ganter, Katherine Curd, Mrs. Rapp, Mary Jane Maxey White. Front row: unknown.

GOOD OLD SPENCE DABNEY

From the Glasgow Times, Thursday, May 5, 1898

“I am reminded that my series of old-time letters would not be complete without a few words about Spence Dabney. I knew Spence Dabney well, and all I knew of him was that he was a sharp, shrewd business man, an entertaining conversationalist, and a gentleman with variations. It was in 1867, I think, that in some way or other, Spence dropped in on Hiseville and worked at his trade. His shop was in one corner of my yard, and I frequently stopped in to have a talk with him. He was, beyond any doubt, the most entertaining man I ever met. It made no difference who his auditors were, or who his opponent in controversy – it was impossible to down him in any way. He could discuss the obtuse subject with a familiarity that never failed to astonish his hearers and confound his opponents, and with such a show of confidence in the justice of his position as to convince every one that he was learned in every branch of science and philosophy.

“Spence had not been in Hiseville but a few days before he became acquainted with the Pedigos, the Wests, the Pembertons, etc. and it was not long before he was hail-fellow-well-met with everybody in the neighborhood. It is true that the wit and humor of Buck Pedigo and his comrades was hard to beat, but Spence Dabney completely annihilated them on every occasion and walked on his way with impunity. He was a saddler by trade, as well as a street talker and a politician. He mentioned his wife, Darcas, in every conversation, and it is said that he was once heard to exclaim, ‘If I were to marry a thousand times, Darcus would be my choice every time!’

“After he had been in Hiseville a few months, Spence rented a home and his wife came to live with him. Everything moved on nicely for a time, but after a while there was a separation, and Mrs. Dabney left Dabney, alone in his glory. He continued at his old trade, and, with Buck Pedigo, as First Lieutenant, was ever ready to entertain his friends to their complete satisfaction. He boarded around for awhile and then built himself a little box-house which he kept “bach.” His cook was Aunt Sue Wood, an old negress who knew how to get up a good meal and how to please the Colonel.

“Spence Dabney had many ups and downs in his life. At one time he was traveling solicitor for a Cincinnati firm and received a salary of \$4,500 per annum, but for some cause he lost his job. He didn’t mind it for a while as he had money in his pocket, but when he did realize that he was out of a job and nothing in sight, he put his wits to work and soon decided on a plan of action. He went back to Cincinnati and engaged a room at a hotel where he knew all of his old customers would stop when they came to the city. He struck it just at a time when his old customers were coming in thick and fast, and everyone agreed to help him carry out his plans. He gave each one instructions and sent him around (the) former employer’s place of business. The customer would walk into the store and inquire:

‘Is Mr. Spencer Dabney in?’ The proprietor or clerk would answer, ‘Mr. Dabney is not in our employee now, can’t we wait on you?’ ‘No sir. I want to see Spence Dabney, he is the man I trade with.’ ‘Hold on sir. We will sell you goods as cheap as Mr. Dabney. We make him prices to sell by.’

“This was kept up for quite a while, and when about the tenth customer had departed after inquiring for “Mr. Dabney,” the head of the firm jumped up in a craze and asked his clerk, ‘Do you know where Spence Dabney is now?’ ‘No, sir.’ ‘Well, go around to the hotel and see if you can find him. If you do tell him I wish to see him in this office at once.’

“Spence was soon found and the message delivered, much to the delight of the Colonel, though he treated the matter somewhat indifferently until the clerk came a second time and urged him to go back with him. Spence returned with the clerk, and, in a few words, the proprietor reinstated him in his old position. Everything went all right for a time, but he lost his job again after a time. He finally drifted into Tennessee, working at his trade, and the last time I heard of him he was postmaster at Jonesboro, Tenn., with a salary of \$3,750 a year. I learned this from a letter he wrote to Buck Pedigo, which Buck read to me. /s/ One of them.”

Spence Dabney died at Jacksboro, TN a year or two ago according to the *Times*.”

NOTE: Looking at various census records, Spencer Dabney lived in many counties and states. His wife was Darcas Wilmot whom he married 7 Jan 1845 in Garrard County, KY. He was born ca 1824 in KY; he is not shown on any Barren County census.

NEW TRUSTEE APPOINTED

PLAINTIFF: Patsy Astin
DEFENDANT: Fleming Short
DATE: 21 September 1825
SUIT NO. 299

Patsy Astin, a married woman, and her children: Benjamin Astin, James Astin & Charles Astin, infants under the age of 21 years, who all sue by their next friend Dennis Cochran state that on 2 January 1818, James Astin, husband of plaintiff, deeded to Fleming Short and his heirs, negro slaves named Dilley, Polly, Frank & Abby, all his household and kitchen furniture, in trust for the use and benefit of Patsy during her lifetime, and after her death, to the children named above. After the Deed of Trust was made Dilly has had one child, and Polly one child. All the property has come into the possession of Fleming Short except the household & kitchen furniture and that he negligently and unfaithfully managed the same, refusing or evading a just account of the profits thereof, and that he is an unfit person to discharge the trust. They ask that his power and authority be discharged, and another person be made trustee and Short compelled to give an account, and give up the property to another trustee. /s/ C. Tompkins, Attorney for Complainants.

Fleming Short answers and states it is true that he was trustee and denies allegations that he is negligent, etc., also states he is perfectly willing to have another appointed trustee, and give up the property provided he can do so without injuring his own interests. /s/ Fleming Short.

Court appointed Benjamin Crenshaw the new Trustee, making bond with Benjamin M. Crenshaw his security in the penalty of \$2000 – to report annually to Patsy Astin for all the profits & hire of the slaves mentioned, and at her death to deliver them to the children, and if the children are minors at her death to deliver to their guardians. William Logan and Clairborne Harlow were appointed commissioners to adjust and settle the affairs between Patsy Austin and Short. The new trustee papers were dated 10 December 1825. /s/ Benjamin Crenshaw and B. Mills Crenshaw.

Note: James Astin appears on the 1820 census; his name is spelled Astin and Asten.

SINGING WITH SHAPE NOTES



Singing schools were very popular in the past, especially in church settings. Many people couldn't understand the printed songs with our normal notations. Many churches didn't have song books for some time and even less had musical instruments. Many singing instructors taught singing by using shape notes.

There are two types of shape notes called Sacred Harp (4-note system) and the Aiken 7-note system. Many singing schools used the Aiken system which was introduced in 1847.

It has been noted that shape notes are still used today but were never accepted by the majority. Some Church of Christ and Baptist churches use them when singing a cappella.

What's the difference? Most of us have grown up singing to music based on the Major Diatronic Scale --- the do-re-me style. With shape notes there is a different head shape for each of the tones of the scale. You can do some web searching to learn more.

Did you or your family learn to sing this way?

Library of Congress Now Has the Sanborn Maps On-line!

If you've never used a Sanborn Fire Map, you are missing a LOT! Some have been available on line for some time, but now the Library of Congress has 3,000 towns (over 25,000 maps) on line with more coming – and they're free! I suggest that you check out The Sanborn Fire Insurance explanation at the Library of Congress, <https://www.loc.gov/collections/sanborn-maps/about-this-collection/>. I am showing some information from the site here:

"The Sanborn Fire Insurance Maps Online Checklist provides a searchable database of the fire insurance maps published by the Sanborn Map Company housed in the collections of the Geography and Map Division. The online checklist is based upon the Library's 1981 publication *Fire Insurance Maps in the Library of Congress* and will be continually updated to reflect new acquisitions.

"The online checklist also contains links to existing digital images from our collection and will be updated as new images are added. If you have any questions, comments, or are interested in obtaining reproductions from the collection, please [Ask A Librarian](#).

The Sanborn maps are arranged by state, then city and release data. Currently there are over 25,000 sheets from over 3000 city sets online in the following states: AK, AL, AZ, CA, CO, CT, DC, DE, GA, ID, IL, IN, KY, LA, MA, MD, ME, MI, MO, MS, NC, ND, NE, NH, NJ, NV, OH, OK, PA, SD, TX, VA, VT, WY and Canada, Mexico, Cuba sugar warehouses, and U.S. whiskey warehouses."

This page continues with explanations of color codes and symbols used and give so much information! This link will take you to Kentucky where you can browse through all the towns shown.

In browsing through the maps, I found the following in South Central Kentucky: Bowling Green and Glasgow. Many other towns are included and the states shown above.

These maps are large! Most have several maps for the same town. It is a map of the town showing buildings, businesses, streets, construction materials and size on many. The dates of publication vary with each map. When you find a map it will show up small. If you print it however, it will print on an 8x10 sized paper. Some are a little hard to read; I've found that if you save the image as a jpg file, you can, in a photo program, lighten the background or enlarge it making it more readable.

LOG ROLLERS – DANGEROUS WORK

By Sandi

Log rolling was one of the foremost activities of the Kentucky pioneer.

In reading the old books about the early days in Kentucky, one thing stands out above all others. The richness of the land here in Kentucky and the tall trees. When visitors early came to the state they were in awe of the variety of our trees and their height and spun many a yarn about them when they returned home. Some wrote letters back home which spoke of trees so dense and tall that a man could barely crowd his way between them. Untouched by human axe, the trees reached it seemed to the heavens. Virginia's land was wearing out. Over-planted and not as fertile as it had been, their hills were called "scrawny" by many. The tales of the richness of Kentucky sparked a fire in the breast of many a weary Virginia settler and nearby states and they decided right then and there to head for this new wilderness where everything grew twice as big and twice as fast. Kentucky lands (still in the early days a part of Virginia) seemed like every man's answer to prayer.

When the influx of settlers started coming into what was to become the Commonwealth of Kentucky, they found they had more than sufficient lumber to build their cabins, build their furniture, warm themselves by at the hearth; and still have plenty to spare. The wild grasses grew to great heights, the game was more than adequate to feed the settler's family and much of the land had not been trod by any man. The Indians, silent in their steps through the undergrowth, merely passed through many areas with little evidence of damage except in the burning of some of the wild grasses to encourage growth and to hunt the buffalo. They protected the land. When the white man came it must have appeared as if they were stepping in the Garden of Eden. Though not always as careful with the land as the Indians, they were soon carving out their own homesteads. Red and white elms, white sycamores, lofty elms, tulip trees, oaks, chestnut, black and blue ash, walnut, holly, blackgum, maple, cherry, linden, beech, red haw, buckeye, pawpaw, pine, spicewood, sumac, swamp alder, dogwood, cedar the varieties allowed the settler to pick and choose as to which tree would make the best table, or cabin, or container.

Back in Frankfort about 1830 or so, mill owners bought a few rafts which would be run down by local mountain men. This was to become the beginning of a huge business. These hardened mountain men, toughened many times by their service in the Revolutionary War, built log booms and splash dams along the creeks in the area. The rafts they now built might contain upward of 3000 logs. Along with experience and not a few accidents, the loggers learned how to drift chains of logs across streams so that they rose and fell with the tides. Once they reached fast water, the rafts (also called

raves) could be 100 to 120 feet in length and 10-16 poles wide. Oak poles were fastened fore and aft to guide the rafts; steersmen and pikers were employed to guide the rafts on their way; many times 5-6 men per raft.

Equipment that the loggers carried were well known. They needed a “peavy” which is a six-foot cable, a frying pan, an ax, about 6 linchpins, and 2 forty-fours tied to their outfits. No logger could afford to lose his weapons so they were securely fastened to his “britches” in case of Indian attack or some white renegade wanting their rafts. In the Blue Grass area of Kentucky were often “rock throwing hoodlums.”

To hire on to be a log roller or log runner was a dangerous job and many young men relished the chance for adventure. They were taking their logs south, many to the New Orleans markets to make a “wad of money.” But, they earned their money well and many lost their lives in the process. The log roller, the experienced ones, soon learned every bend and crook of the streams and what creek ran into which river. They learned, often the hard way, of the dangerous rocky sides of the beds, the hidden shoals. The local citizens became quite well acquainted with these brave men and the rollers themselves became experts on the lay of the land.



A typical group of log rollers, not from Barren County. Courtesy National Archives

They also learned the friendly folk along the way and where it would be safe to disembark and spend a night with other settlers at a nearby cabin. Sometimes the locals could be downright unfriendly too and refuse them shelter or food; but most welcomed these hardy men and put them up in barns or some nearby shelter; providing them with hot coffee and many times full meals. Sometimes as many as 30 log rollers would descend on a farmer at the same time, all piled that night in a barn, snoring amidst the cattle.

The raft runners could only run the rivers five out the 12 months of the year. Their schedules depended on weather and tides. There is a strong November tide and the “summer logs” were run then. February, March, April and May marked the spring tides – here they were fighting the terrible

unrelentless cold and rains. April was the favorite month to roll the logs. Those trying to make the run in the colder months often froze to death, or lost their footing on the ice covered logs and drowned. The loggers also “read” the weather well. They knew that if they’d had a mild winter and covered the coves with fogs that the Kentucky river would flood. They were said to be able to predict the tide within a few hours – they had to know, their lives depended on it.

Sometimes the men were faced with a “wild log” – one that wanted to go its own way. If the log was oak, beech, hemlock or hickory, the results could be fatal. Timber thieves liked to steal the poplar, chestnut, walnut, buckeye and basswood. They would lie in wait out of side along the river banks and attack the men on the rafts as they approached.

Not all the men who rode the rafts were decent settlers and their sons. Sometimes they were “rowdies” who would rather fight and drink than anything. But the majority it appears were just men trying to make a living. If they reached their destination with their lives, they sold their precious logs and then walked all the way home. So the pioneer woman at home would likely not be seeing her man or son for quite some time!

In Barren County, there were brave souls who were log rollers. They had to get the logs to Green River and then floated them down all the way to New Orleans, the primary market. If the dangers shown above were not enough, then the men had to walk all the way back home.

LOCAL WHITE BASKETMAKING HISTORY

Courtesy Beth Hester and Tony VanWinkle.

The following is part of the presentation of Beth Hester at our May 2017 Barren County Historical Society meeting. She has graciously provided the below from part of her program and this deals with the local history. She cited basketmakers in several counties and showed many photographs of various styles in addition to having many varieties displayed.

“Right now let’s step back in time and take a look at the basketmaking families and communities that made up the traditional basket makers here in Kentucky, from Hart County and throughout the Mammoth Cave Region. These communities include Cub Run, Wax, and Big Windy.

“In the late 1700s and early 1800s. Many of the immigrants who moved to that western area of Hart Co., Kentucky were English, Scots-Irish and German. These basket makers brought with them the basket making knowledge and traditions from their European ancestors. Traditions of split wood baskets which we still see today in Germany and Ireland. Traditions of willow that remain popular in Germany, England, Scotland, France, Poland, Ireland and Spain as well.

“According to Ollie Childress, in the early 1900s, around 400 families were making baskets in this area, mostly white oak baskets.

“The basket makers who immigrated adapted their work to the locally available material which for split wood baskets means white oak, *quercus alba*, and they made utilitarian baskets, mainly ‘egg baskets’ for their own use and for barter. Willow was another material that was brought from Europe and planted; it was found growing wild as well. Sometime before the Civil War basket makers began trading their baskets with local store keepers for items they needed. Things like matches, coffee, coal oil, sugar, salt--items they couldn’t raise themselves. They didn’t get much in trade for their work as baskets were commonplace and perhaps even viewed as disposable.

“Basket making families at that time were admittedly people who had limited incomes. In fact, there was a stigma associated with that group. There was not the pride of making a basket that has surfaced since the early 1980s. These folks were called ‘ridge runners’ and they eked out a living on some pretty poor farm land. Ollie told the story that her step-father, John Jagers, was rather ashamed to be a basket maker. When he’d hear someone coming to visit--coming on a horse or on foot down their long driveway, he’d put his baskets away so as not to be known as a basket maker. Basketmaking was synonymous with being poor.

“In spite of this fact, basketmaking was a way of life for many; it allowed them to provide for their families. What a huge resource to have this knowledge and skill. Take a tree, a white oak tree, or gather your willow and honeysuckle and make baskets that have value. If you think of the quantity of baskets being traded by 400 families it’s easily understood that the store keepers must, in-turn, find a way to move the baskets and make room for more.



“A couple of economic circumstances presented themselves: Oftentimes a group or individual from “up north” would send boxes of used clothing to the country store (or sometimes to an individual basket maker as in the case of Leona Waddell’s mother, Ella Puckett Trulock) and those groups would request payment in baskets.

“We also see the era of the peddler beginning. Store keepers and others would load up their wagon and travel farther into Kentucky, into Illinois and Indiana, Minnesota and Missouri to sell the baskets. When trucks came along, they traveled by truck. On pre-arrangement, they’d have someone back home ship a load of baskets by train and they’d arrive at a depot somewhere along the way to replenish their supply.

“Next, we see the Basket Stand phenomenon. By the 1930s as travelers and tourists used the corridor from North to South across America--the Dixie Highway it was called or the Old Louisville Rd--we know it as Highway 31 W--these travelers would find numerous basket stands or souvenir stands along the way, selling white oak baskets, willow baskets, locally handmade chairs, chenille bedspreads and cave rocks. Basket stands flourished in the days before Inter- state 65 was built.

“....As time goes on....The days of the broker waned, basket stands stopped operation with the building of Interstate 65 in the 1960s and many folks got jobs outside their home, or worked “public work” as they called it and basket making as a whole began to decline.

(See information about Beth Hester under Recent Speakers)

American Dream

By Sam Terry, Managing Editor, progress@jpinews.com



ST. CHARLES MARKET on North Race Street in Glasgow. The business closed in 2003 after 75 years in business.

The passing of Annette St. Charles on April 8 completed another chapter in the story of Anthony and Augusta Navarra St. Charles' American dream. The 98-year old retired grocer and businesswoman was the last of her generation of a family that left an enduring mark on the history of Glasgow and surrounding communities.

The family's pursuit of life, liberty, and prosperity can be traced to the 1880s. Annette St. Charles' father, Anthony, was born in 1884 – he believed he was born on a ship bound for the United States, although some records indicate he could have been born in Cincinnati, Ohio. Indeed, Anthony's parents Joseph and Biagia Bessie Longo Cianciola, immigrated to America in 1884, making it entirely possible he was born at sea. At the time, the Sicilian family's name was Cianciola but was changed years later by Anthony's brother, Frank, to St. Charles with Anthony following suit.

Anthony St. Charles was a young man in his early 20s when he met Charlie Navarra in Cincinnati. Navarra told young Anthony that he had a sister he wanted him to marry. Anthony began corresponding with Augusta Navarra who was living in an orphanage in Sicily, Italy.

At the time, Augusta was a teenager whose father, Salvador Carlos Navarra – a veterinarian in Palermo, Italy - had died when she was two years old. Augusta's mother, Madeline de Maria Navarra, died three years later, landing her and her siblings - Nina, Maria, Charlie and Micheal - in an orphanage.

Tucked inside Anthony's letters her passage to America where According to granddaughter, Anthony and Augusta had their wedding day in January 1905. As walked down snow-covered the street and reached their as they exchanged wedding AUGUSTA NAVARRA and Anthony St.



to Augusta was money to pay for she would become his wife. Madeline St. Charles Hale, first face-to-face meeting on their the story goes, each unknowingly sidewalks on opposite sides of destination, where they first met vows.

Charles on the wedding day in 1905.

Possessing a 3rd-grade education, Anthony worked in a machine shop for a time but was perhaps more influenced by his employment in a Cincinnati theatre. His descendants recall that Anthony dreamed of being in the movies, an accomplishment that didn't come to fruition. During World War I, he worked in the defense plant in Cincinnati.

The young couple had ten children beginning with Joseph St. Charles who was born in October 1905. He was followed by Elizabeth "Bess" Blanch, who married Robert A. Clark; Charlie who married Bliss Reagan; Madeline, who died of Whooping Cough at age 2; Thomas, who died of pneumonia at age two months; Thomas, who married Sarah Hunt; Madeline, who married John F. Spradling; Annette St. Charles, who was born in 1918; Micheal Angelo, who married Joyce Firkins; and Frank who married Nancy Ezell.

The same year Annette St. Charles was born, Anthony and Augusta moved to Gallatin, Tennessee where they opened and operated a grocery store. For a time, they lived in Nashville where Anthony worked in a wholesale warehouse before returning to Gallatin. In 1928, the couple relocated for the last time, settling in Glasgow, Kentucky where Anthony and Frank opened St. Charles Fruit Store on East Washington Street behind Citizens National Bank.

To keep the business supplied with fresh produce, Anthony drove a truck to Nashville two or three days a week to purchase fruits and vegetables. On the return trip, he stopped at towns along the way and sold produce from the truck with the remainder making its way to Glasgow.

The business was the first in Glasgow to offer fresh fruits and vegetables year around.



With the outbreak of World War II, all five of the St. Charles sons served in the U.S. armed forces. Son Tommy had the distinction of being the first Kentucky soldier to vote an absentee election ballot when stationed overseas during the war. Following the war, the family relocated the business to North Race Street and changed the name to St. Charles Market. In the early 1960s the family built a warehouse on Samson Street where they operated St. Charles Produce until 1995. St. Charles Market, last owned by Annette St. Charles, closed in 2003 after 75 years in business.



ANNETTE ST. CHARLES working in the family grocery store.



ANNETTE ST. CHARLES, 1918-2017

Over the decades, five of the St. Charles children – Tommy, Madeline, Annette, Micheal, and Frank – worked in both the store and the warehouse. Frank had additional business interests including a car dealership and his own grocery store.

Besides their business, the family's day to day living contributed to the fabric of Glasgow and Barren County in numerous ways. Anthony St. Charles was a gifted musician and for a time he and three Glasgow ladies – Anne Wells, Bertie McGuire, and Christeen Snavely – performed as the ABC Band. Fondly known to all as "Papa St. Charles," Anthony played drums while Wells played the accordion, with McGuire at the keyboard, and Snavely playing spoons.

Likewise, Augusta St. Charles came to be known in Glasgow as "Mama St. Charles" as she presided over the grocery store where she helped customers, dispensed advice, and was always ready to tell a tale and share a laugh. According to her granddaughter, Tommie St. Charles Birge, Mama's stories were known to become more sensational as she told them.

Hale recalls a woman shopping at the grocery telling Mama St. Charles she was the mother of 19 children. Not to be outdone, Mama exclaimed that she had ten and would've had 19 if her husband hadn't died. In reality, Mama was a mature 79 at the time, widowed since Papa died at age 81 in 1965.

Nearly anyone who shopped at St. Charles Market knew Papa, Mama, and each of the children personally. The store's motto was "Quality, Courtesy, and Service," all attributed shoppers of yesteryear recall. The store accepted telephone orders for groceries which the store would deliver to the shopper's door. Similarly, the business extended credit by allowing customers to charge their purchases for which they were billed at the end of the month.

Son Micheal St. Charles worked in the family business but also distinguished himself as a student of the Civil War and an artist whose paintings depicted battle scenes and figures from the conflict. His paintings hung above the shelves of the grocery store where they were admired by shoppers. His

namesake great nephew is Barren County Judge/Executive Micheal Hale, who is the last of a long line of Micheal's in the family tree, all retaining the original spelling.

As Glasgow and Barren County grew and progressed, so did the St. Charles family. The third and fourth generations of the family to live in Glasgow helped with the family business in various capacities, but like most Americans, each pursued their own interests, dreams, and livelihood.

Having nurtured her family's legacy throughout her life having held and a steadfast appreciation for the community that made it possible, Annette St. Charles was laid to rest last week alongside other family members at Glasgow Municipal Cemetery.

Recent Speakers

Beth Hester and her presented "Kentucky Basket sharing of stories and basket makers of South been making baskets since experimenting with coiled love of hand-sewing and 1980s she and her husband, making from Ollie and and they are honored to be Kentucky's white oak Folk Studies from Western



husband Scott Gilbert, Making Traditions – A baskets from the white oak Central Kentucky". Beth has 1975, initially work, an extension of her constructing. In the early Scott Gilbert, learned basket Lestel Childress of Park City bearers of south central tradition. She has an M.A. in Kentucky University.

Beth and Scott reside in partners, along with supply business, The Basket creates patterns, products and learning opportunities through teaching and hosting other professional basket making instructors in and around Scottsville. She has also studied basketry with Master Weaver Leona Waddell of Cecilia, Kentucky as well as other teachers in North America, Germany, France and Denmark. Her most recent love is for willow--skeining, bark and rod work. In 2015 Beth presented a series of programs for the Kentucky Folklife Programs at local public libraries throughout South Central Kentucky. She was awarded first place in fiber arts for 'Willows' Rhythm', in the 2016 US Bank Celebration of the Arts Open Art Exhibit at the Kentucky Museum. Her work was included in The 24th Annual Jack Lunt Memorial Juried Art Exhibition, Baker Arboretum & Downing Museum, November 13, 2016. Beth serves on the Board of Trustees of the National Basketry Organization, a non-profit that unites a diverse group of people to provide education and to promote basket making across the country.

Allen County and are Michael Sims of the basket Maker's Catalog. Beth



Frenchie Belcher Speaks on Researching Through the DAR

"Our daughter was assigned to do her family genealogy during her high school days, the "bug" bit me then. I began seriously researching my

family in about 2001. Juanita Belcher Thinnas a cousin on my husband's side was my first mentor, followed by Mary Jones and June Jackson's mentoring. After doing research for about ten years, and a trip to Union Co, SC and a trip to Grayson Co, KY with Mary and June, they found my connection to the DAR. I have taken seminars any chance I get, taken three on line classes through the DAR website. This is my fifth year as the registrar of the Edmund Rogers Chapter of the DAR. Research is my passion!"

W. Samuel Terry IV- Life Adventures of Carl Haskell Miller



Sam presented a program on the life adventures of south central Kentucky native Carl Haskell Miller who traveled the world as a lecturer for the Redpath Chautauqua. Of particular interest was passages from Miller's 1924 diary and scrapbooks as they relate to Barren, Metcalfe, and Monroe Counties. Also a newspaperman, Miller frequently references his lifelong friend, Joe Richardson, owner of the Glasgow Times and Miller's ownership of the Edmonton Herald newspaper. Ultimately, Miller worked as a guide at the U.S. Capitol where he was fondly known as "Col. Miller of Kentucky."

SANDI'S SIXTEEN GENEALOGY COMMANDMENTS

SPEAKING on behalf of researchers everywhere, the following commandments are hereby suggested. After working with old records for nearly 45 years, here are my commandments – or very strong suggestions to those of the past.

- 1 – Before naming your male or female child, thou shalt consult with the County Clerk who shall be required to maintain a current list of its citizens. The following rules shall apply.
 - a. No child shall be given a first name that is found in the county that has been previously approved for the parents' brother, sister, mother, father, cousin or any other relative with the same surname.
 - b. If approval is given to name a son after his father, being designated a Jr., tax collectors, census takers and any other county official shall so indicate whose son he is. Example: John Smith, Jr., son of Charles Smith and his wife Elizabeth Smith.
 - c. If there exists previous to this commandment, more than one individual with the same first and surname as another resident of the county an identifying notation. Example: John Smith of Nobob Creek or John Smith, red headed; John Smith-black headed. An occupation will be accepted. Example: John Smith the blacksmith or John Smith the town butcher.

2. Physicians, midwives, County officials et al. shall print the name of each person as it is to appear on any official document.
3. Those County officials preparing records for further generations shall not:
 - (a) Smoke and drop ashes on the document
 - (b) Allow their quill pen to run out of ink
 - (c) Drink any coffee or other liquid while filling out forms
4. When official documents such as deeds, marriages, guardianships et al. are produced, a duplicate copy is to be written and filed in an area where the general citizenry cannot steal, borrow or write upon it.
5. When census takers are gathering information from the citizenry, they shall remember the regulations of not asking a child, an elderly person who can't remember who they are or nosy neighbors.
6. When it is necessary to use abbreviations in any document, the County Clerk is reminded to stay within the boundaries of standard abbreviations. Example: Wm. for William; Jno. for John. Do not be creative and write Wilm or Jon.
7. If a citizen has a first and middle name and prefers to be known by his middle name, he must be consistent. He shall not appear as John William Smith on one document; William Smith on another or Willy Smith.
8. If a citizen is going to be out of the area at tax time, he should leave a message with the tax collector that this is:
 - a. A temporary move; someone will be paying his taxes for him
 - b. A permanent move thus someone with the same name is not he.
9. If a man with the same name as a previous resident is taxed, the tax collector shall ask him if he is the same John Smith who was here 20 years previous, a descendant with the same name or a different John Smith.
10. If a citizen owns land not only within the resident county but also into another county/state and chooses to pay his taxes one year in his resident state and another year in the county/state where he also owns land, the County Clerk of the resident county must indicate that John Smith paid his taxes in another county this year.
11. If a citizen lists acreage in a location within the county but is not shown for one or more years with no land and then reappears with the same land, indication shall be made by the tax collector that he was truly a resident but he swapped the land with a son/neighbor/other relative without a deed and then decided to take it back.
12. In describing the location of land owned, the owner shall be consistent in describing that location. It shall not vary every year so the researchers years later has him moving back and forth whereas he stayed in his own cabin on the same land.

13. The County Clerk or his Deputy Clerk will follow the law and fully complete the marriage bond page in the bond book. This requires all lines to be completed as to age of both parties, places of birth, parents' places of birth and planned location of marriage.
14. When the County Clerk or his Deputy Clerk copy the wills of the deceased into the County will books, they shall:
 - a. Enter the actual date of death if the family knows as well as the date the will was written and probated.
 - b. If a place of burial has been decided or carried out, this shall also be entered as part of the permanent record along with the will.
15. Newspaper editors, when receiving notice of the demise of a citizens Shall:
 - a. arrange all the deaths in one place in that issue instead of putting them with the hog reports
 - b. Verify the death when a contributor has said "John Smith is not expected to live." Did he die or did he recover?
 - c. Determine the close heirs instead of noting "that he/she is survived by a grieving spouse and 15 children.
16. And, finally, looking into the future. While we as researchers are very thankful for all the source information now on line, may we humbly request that those fearless indexers of documents might possibly be from the area from which they are indexing information? This would really be of great help if the indexers were familiar with the names so we could find them.

Baptism

ISN'T ALWAYS A PEACEFUL EVENT!

Source: "Highlights of Capital Hill" by the late Jimmie Harrison Taylor. Memorable Baptizing at the Bluff Hole, Glover's Creek.

"Around 1910, there was a large group to be immersed in the waters of Glover's Creek by the Rev. John L. Tinsley. A crowd assembled, the candidates presented themselves, there was a prayer, and James Pizarro Wood led a song. Louisa McIntyre lived so near that she put on her bonnet and walked down to the Bluff Hole. Jake Slaughter (not married to Lottie Wood as yet) hitched his mule and walked down the bank of the creek.

"The baptizing got under way. Lillie May Wheet presented herself, but just then her husband, Jessie Wheet, waded in, held a knife over John T's head, and demanded him to let her go.

"Max Holder, who had been to his moonshine bottle too often, waded in to aid the preacher. Mansfield Wheet, also drunk, came in to help somebody. Then Jim Gosnell joined in to do something to anybody. He did. He cut Max Holder across the stomach. Blood flowed until the water was red.

"The preacher fled barefooted up the creek. The baptismal candidates ran from the water up the bank making it so slick that everyone was sliding backward in his flight.

“Aunt Lou McIntyre hung her bonnet on a limb and was falling backward into the water when Jake Slaughter caught her just in time. Looking around, Jake saw Pearlie Gosnell sinking in quicksand. He rescued her (she, being deaf and dumb, had no idea of the goings on.)

“There was bedlam! Some trying to get Max Holder out and to a doctor (his wound was almost fatal); some trying to get the drunks out. Throughout it all, James Pizarro Wood kept his cool. He just started singing: “When the Battle’s Over, We Shall Wear a Crown.”

“Later someone brought suit against one of the participants for “disturbing the peace,” but when asked, the preacher swore that he was not disturbed which ended the trial. “Rumor always had it that the preacher got a new wagon from the father of the young man).”

Gold In The Billy Hollow

Contributed by Norman Warnell, Brownsville, KY.

This is a tale recorded by Norman and, although it is centered in Edmondson, KY, refers to Jesse James of whom we have written before. Your editor thought you would enjoy this tale as told by an Edmonson County historian. He has granted permission for its use here. He writes:

I recently found among the papers of a retired news reporter a story that I had heard when I was a boy. I present the story to you simply because everyone likes a hidden treasure story and this one refers to a place and time within Mammoth Cave Nat’l Park that has been all but forgotten.

The “Billy Hollow, “MCNP, or to defer to the local vernacular “Holler”, was the scene of an interesting event in the pre-park days. Somehow a theory arose that the James gang had deposited a vast quantity of loot which lay buried in that hollow. The most persistent belief was that the exact spot was in a gulch near the log mansion of old Wash James leading down to the river.

There were in the cave region, two worthies at that time. John Vincent and Pat Sanderson, the jailer at Brownsville, who conferred upon how they might find the treasure. There were so many “John” Vincent’s living in the area that I will pass over “who” he was, and to which branch of that family he belonged to.

These two men agreed that the surest way to be was to consult a noted fortune teller of the hills, Nance Ferguson.

“You’ll find it in Billy Holler,” she told the breathless listeners, “at the entrance to a rock shelter and at the foot of a black oak tree with a forked dead limb. That’s a nigh as I kin tell you now. But you must go at night and of you pick the right tree, when you get nigh it, you will see a black dog come by. Don’t mind it; it’ll go right on past. Then when you git right at the place, a white dog’ll come by. Begin to dig and ef you’re right in the identical spot, a man’ll come by without a head.”

Having thus made herself safe, the venerable sorceress dismissed her customers, tremendously impressed. They spoke not a word until they were some distance from the house, when John said, with a nervous giggle, “sounds like a skeery way to git rich.” “Shore does,” agreed

Sanderson, “but we’re agoin to do it or bust a gut.” “That’s right Sanderson,” agreed Vincent. “Now when sh’ll we git about this job?”

“Let’s see,” pondered the jailer, “I can’t git off tonight.” “Neither kin I,” said Vincent. “I’ll be busy this evenin and tomorrow evenin.” “What about Friday night?”

“That’ll do” conceded Sanderson. They agreed upon an after supper hour when John was to appear at Sanderson’s house near the rim of Billy Hollow. Now each of the two partners were contemplating to themselves what was to be done to “outwit” the other. That very evening, John Vincent, with pick and shovel on his shoulder started for the hollow where the buried treasure was supposed to be hidden. He was at a disadvantage. He dared not go scouting during the day time, and he feared that he would have to search well into the second night before the omens signified that he was at the right place. It was plumb black night before he set forth. But he finally shouldered his tools and started down the rough trail. Pat’s two mongrel dogs, one a dark liver color, the other a white dog with two or three spots, gamboled along, running far in advance.



Photo courtesy Norman Warnell, taken in 2009 after the big ice storm

John Vincent, once in the vicinity of the hollow, found it easy to find a rock shelter, but a troublous job to locate a black oak with a dead “forked” bough. He thought he could remember a tree of that description, but to find it at night was not so easy. He tested two or three trees near rock ledges, feeling the bark, and trying the leaves for the crinkled, leather quality, and peculiar shape typical of a black oak.

Already as nervous as a scared mouse, he was examining a leaf when he suddenly started and the blood froze in his veins. Along the trail, down the hollow came a shadowy shape – a black dog, the first of the demoniac messengers. With staring eyes, he watched it pause, with a muffled woof, its head pointed at him, either sniffing the air or notifying him that he was at the right place. Then it trotted on and vanished in the shadows.

“This must be the tree,” muttered John, through dry quivering lips. But where under the spreading branches lay the hoard. It probably wouldn’t be buried right in the path, he reasoned, and furthermore that wouldn’t be the easiest place to dig either. He would test other spots. He moved cautiously half way around the trunk, and paused, his eyes on the trail. Sure enough here came the second visitant – a white dog, as he felt certain he could see in the light. It paused, looked at him, and went on.

Well, this just about marked the spot. With chattering teeth, John began to swing his pick, but awkwardly and with his eyes rather on the path up the hollow, then on his work. At every stroke the pick-point gave off a click as it struck stones in the soil. And at the fourth or fifth stroke, the third apparition appeared – the figure of a man not thirty yards away, and to John’s mortified eyes, it seemed to be a man without a head.

With a dismal howl of terror, John abandoned his quest, flung down the pick, and leaped away in wild flight down the hollow. He stumbled and fell, bruising his elbows and knees most piteously; but as he scrambled to his feet again, he looked back and saw that the spectre was pursuing him. Naturally, Pat Sanderson, as soon as he heard the strokes of the pick, guessed what was happening and furious at his partner’s treachery, started after him with the intention of whaling the daylights out of him.

John’s long legs covered the ground as they had never done before. He fell again and again, lacerating hands and knees. As he ran he was aware of the shadowy forms of the phantom dogs – not running as it seemed to him, but gliding through the air, now alongside of him, now before him. John finally came to an open field, and his long legs soon outdistanced the “haint” that was pursuing him.

After that, a coolness sprang up between the cronies. Neither mentioned the subject in one another’s presence, and John never again sought for the hoard. Whether or not Sanderson did, we do not know. John died about the time that MCNP was created and lies in an unmarked grave in the Sand Spring Cemetery; MCNP. I knew his son when I was a child growing up at Rhoda, in Edmonson County. I never knew the Sanderson man or recall what happened to him eventually.

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“OCTOGENARIAN VISITS MAMMOTH CAVE FIRST TIME IN SEVENTY YEARS”

Contributed by Samuel Terry IV. Photograph courtesy South Central Kentucky Cultural Center

“For Miss Annie Gorin, Glasgow Octogenarian, a recent visit to Mammoth Cave had more than ordinary significance. First of all, she trod on ground which was once in her family’s holdings between 1837 and 1839 when her father, Franklin Gorin, owned the 200 acres which constituted the original tract. Furthermore, it was in the nature of a commemoration of the time, seventy years ago when she first entered the cave.

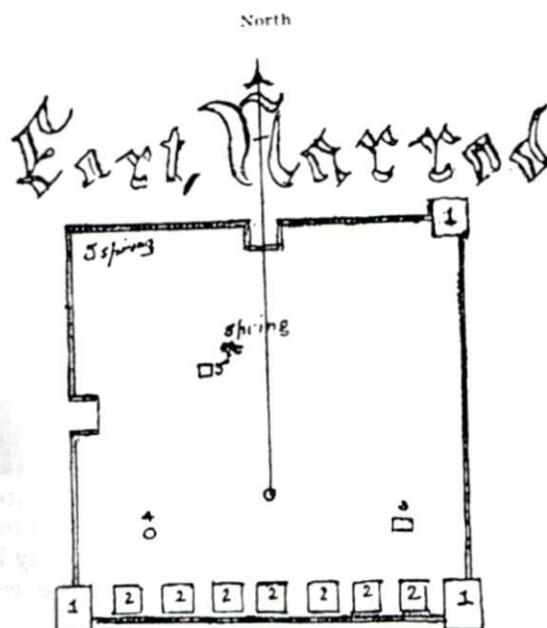
“Miss Gorin charmingly evaded specific reference as to the month or year of her first venture into Mammoth Cave, but parried by assuring everyone that it was ‘After the War Between the States.’ A comparison of data would place her first entry into the cave between 1866 and 1868. She keenly remembers the excitement which attended this experience when she was a 12 year old girl. It was the climax to a long period of wheedling her father, who finally acquiesced and accompanied her into the historic entrance as a twelfth birthday gift. This week the kindly and animated Miss Gorin, who keeps her youth by continuing her work as a music teacher, returned to find Mammoth Cave part of a 49,000 acre National Park.”



MISS ANNIE W. GORIN
Teacher of Piano and Harmony

FORT HARROD

A sketch of one of Kentucky's early forts. Courtesy Kentucky Historical Society



- 1791
- 7 Block Houses
 - 2 Cabins
 - 3 School
 - 4 Hominy Block
 - 5 Spring

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If you love Barren County, Kentucky and have roots here, we think you will enjoy our Face Book page. It is filled with photos from the past of people, events, buildings, churches and many

school photos from the old one-room school houses. Contributions are always welcome and are contributing so many interesting items. This is a free site; anyone may visit and post their own family pictures or scenes from the past.

To find us go to: www.facebook.com/SckyHistoricalAndGenealogicalSociety/. (It is set up under our former name.) I think you'll enjoy what you see and find some memories along the way. Below is one of the pictures from the page:



Oliver Herbert McFarland In His Mail Wagon At Glasgow Ky. Oliver Herbert McFarland's mail route was along the rural roads of Barren County Kentucky from the 1920s to the 1950s. He began his mail route career riding horseback and progressed via other modes of transportation. This photo was taken during a Sesquicentennial Parade in Glasgow in 1948.

OFFICERS AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS 2016-2017

At the annual picnic of the Society, the same officers and board of directors from 2015-2016 were unanimously re-appointed to serve. Mr. James Richey was not able to continue as a board member and we would like to thank him for his faithful assistance over the years.

If you are a local member and are interested in serving on the board, please contact either the president at mclaywell@glasgow-ky.com or the editor at sgorin@glasgow-ky.com. It's not a time consuming job and we're always open for new ideas and input.

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MEMBERSHIP is open to anyone interested in the history of the South Central Kentucky area, especially Barren County. Annual dues are \$15.00.

TRACES, The Society's quarterly publication, is received by all members. It is published seasonally; Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter. Members joining during the year will receive the past issues of that year in a separate mailing.

CONTRIBUTIONS are earnestly solicited. Family genealogies, marriages, Bible records, wills and probate, cemetery, court and other records are all acceptable. You will be listed as the contributor.

EXCHANGE of Traces with other Societies or publications is acceptable and welcome.

BOOKS to be reviewed in Traces must be sent with information as to the cost, including postage, from whom the book may be obtained. They become the property of the Society library. Books should have Kentucky interest. Reviews will be published as space permits.

MEETINGS are held monthly, except November and December (unless otherwise advised), at the Mary Wood Weldon Library, 1530 S. Green Street, Glasgow, KY., on the 4th Thursday of each month at 6 p.m. Some special program may be held at other locations and local newspaper and media will be informed. Interesting and informative programs are planned for each meeting and your supportive attendance is always welcome.

BACK ISSUES of Traces are available. Our supplies of the following are gone: Vol. 1, Nos. 1-4 (1973); Nos. 1-4 (1974); Vol. 4 (1976); Vol. 5, No. 1 (1977); Vol. 3, Nos. 1 and 4 (1981); Vol. 10, Nos. 1 and 2 (1982); Vol. 12, No. 2 (1984). All others can be purchased as long as the supply lasts at \$4.00 each. Back issues will be mailed with our regular quarterly mailings.

CORRESPONDENCE of any type that requires a reply must contain a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Address to: Barren County Historical Society, P. O. Box 157, Glasgow, KY 42142-0157.

BOOKS AND MATERIALS of a genealogical nature that you no longer need – would you consider donating them to the Society? They will be preserved for other researchers and are deeply appreciated. Contact the Editor, Sandi Gorin, 205 Clements Ave., Glasgow, KY 42141-3409 or sgorin@glasgow-ky.com

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