

Fall 2018

Traces Volume 46, Number 3

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Recommended Citation

Kentucky Library Research Collections, "Traces Volume 46, Number 3" (2018). *Traces, the Southern Central Kentucky, Barren County Genealogical Newsletter*. Paper 173.
https://digitalcommons.wku.edu/traces_bcgsn/173

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2018

Volume 46

Issue 3

ISSN-228-2158

TRACES



Rogers Cemetery – Digging For The Past

QUARTERLY PUBLICATION

The Barren County Historical Society, Inc.

P. O. Box 157

Glasgow, KY 42142-0157

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ON THE COVER

Digging for the Past

That they might not be forgotten again...

By Bill Hewitt (bdhpublishing@yahoo.com), © 2018

Introduction

We genealogists are always busy digging for more information about our ancestral families. My story is quite literally about “digging” for my family’s past! That means one thing to many genealogists... spending time in an old cemetery. That is exactly what I did for most of a 2-week “workation” in the spring of 2018.

But before I share that whole story, let me tell how I came about my fascination with cemeteries. The roots were formed in my very early childhood. When I was a toddler of 2 years-old, my father took the job as caretaker/gravedigger for the Township Cemetery in Onarga, Iroquois County, Illinois. With the job came a house, several outbuildings (wash house, barn, outhouse), a pasture, a horse, and a cow, all within the cemetery grounds. It was all separated from the cemetery by a narrow gravel driveway. As our home for the next five years (1945-1950), it seemed only natural that the cemetery became an extension of our backyard and a playground for an inquisitive little boy... often led there by two older sisters!

Due to the acreage of the cemetery, Dad was provided with a large, riding, power mower. He soon built a small platform behind his seat so he could take me out mowing with him. If I got sleepy, he would stop and lay me alongside a gravestone for my nap. At other times, a sister and I got into trouble playing on gravestones. I have many more memories of those years, but this story is about another cemetery... the old Rogers Burial Ground on Hollow Road near Glasgow, Barren County, Kentucky. This little cemetery served the ancestral families of my mother, Lily Rogers, as well as their friends and neighbors.

History of the Rogers Burial Ground

The land on which this cemetery lies came into the Rogers family on 12 February 1820 when my 3rd Great-Grandfather William Rogers purchased 57 ½ acres lying on the waters of Boyd’s Creek from one Charles Withers and his wife Rhody. This and portions of additional land he purchased were passed down through several generations of his descendants.

In 1902 my Great-Grandfather William Oliver Butler Rogers designated in his will that this burial ground be preserved as such. It included a right-of-way from Lick Branch Road, a distance of a quarter mile to the south. He said that the burial ground consisted of three-quarters of an acre along the tract known as the “Wade Place.” It is currently only 4/10 of an acre. I don’t know if he was a poor estimator or if owners since then have pushed the boundaries to gain more of the land for their own use. Recent deeds of transfer have noted the exception of land for the cemetery and the 16-foot wide right-of-way.

Besides the graves, the cemetery currently contains 10 large cedar trees, a couple of Gum trees and a single Redbud tree. Knowing the tradition of planting a cedar tree at a grave, it would be nice to know the ages of them to better estimate the year of burial of those whose stones are at the base of them. The oldest documented and readable headstone in the cemetery has a death date of 1878. The first burial in the cemetery is not exactly known, but possibilities can be presumed by looking at the earliest known deaths in the family after the 1820 purchase. Per my research, that would be 1843, the known death year of Nancy Davidson, first wife of William's eldest son, Samuel Harvey Rogers. Samuel himself then died the following year. One other 1844 death was that of Alexander R Tolle, husband of Mary 'Polly' Rogers, William's eldest daughter.

The absolute earliest death I know of related to William's family in Barren County is that of his first wife, Patsy Wilkinson. She apparently died in early 1808, likely in childbirth with the above-named Mary 'Polly', since William then married Elizabeth Jackson on 2 May 1808. I do not know where he was living within the county at that time. If he was renting the same land that he ultimately purchased, then she might well be buried there. As with so many questions, this one is likely to never be answered!

My 2013 trip to Barren County

As the family genealogist, I had accomplished much over the years, including a diary transcription and two books about my paternal line. I then turned to working on a similar narrative history of my maternal line. During the course of this I decided to make the first trip of my adult life to Barren County to perform some in-depth, first-hand research in 2013.

I did most of my research in the South Central Kentucky Cultural Center (SCKCC) and in the Barren County Clerk's Office, both in the county seat of Glasgow. The rest of my research during that 2-week trip involved scouring the many cemeteries which I knew from documentation contained the final resting places of many of my direct ancestors and other members of their families. This was my first known visit to any of them. I say "known" because I may have been in one or more as a child with my parents in the late 1940s and into the 1950s. I know we visited my maternal grandfather, Gus Rogers, in Barren County several times during that period until he died in 1957. I had not returned since.

I found the many cemeteries in various states of repair and disrepair. Some were obviously maintained on a regular basis, while others were just as obviously not. I do not place the fault on owners of the property on which they lie. It is an unfortunate fact that for many small family cemeteries there is no family left to take responsibility, and no endowment trust fund to pay for maintenance. On a positive note, we can be glad that these were not stripped of gravestones and plowed under like so many others.

What many documents state as the Rogers Burial Ground, has more recently been referred to as Rogers Cemetery #1 to differentiate it from the several other Rogers cemeteries in the area. It was the surname of at least two distinct and prolific Rogers families in the county since around 1800. Directions to this burial ground were accurate, so I had no difficulty finding the rural address. However, it was on private property. As a courtesy to the owner, Larry Lowe, I went at a time he would be there. He was most gracious and led me out the couple hundred yards across his cow pasture to the cemetery.

I found it to be half maintained and half not. The outer south and west edges were in grass that was regularly mowed by a distant cousin, Buddy Bailey. This area contained 25 readable head stones and 3 that were not. The upper tier of one monument had toppled. This happened to be the one belonging to my great-grandparents, William Oliver Butler Rogers and Martha Emmaline Slayton. The rest of the fenced cemetery area was overgrown with tree saplings, bushes, thorny briars and ground-creeping vines. It had apparently become unmanageable many years ago. I took photos of all the readable head stones for future reference. Some of the names I recognized from my research, but many I did not.

I had no other thoughts at the time, but upon my return home I began to inquire about volunteer groups that do civic work as part of ongoing programs. I was most fortunate to find Peggy Nims, who is just such a project coordinator in Barren County. After exchanging several emails and phone calls, she came up with a plan. She would have a group of college students do some cleanup of the cemetery as their spring break project the following year. So, in 2014, in coordination with Larry Lowe, she headed up a group that spent a about a day in the cemetery. I figured that whatever they did would be an improvement. I could not make another trip so soon to see, but the reports I received were favorable.

My Return in 2018

Having fully retired in 2017 and still working on my maternal family history, I wanted to do some follow-up research in order to bring the narrative to a close. Along with that, I was bitten by the desire to tackle the cemetery cleanup myself and with any volunteers I could muster. I suppose I could have left the vegetation cleaning to anyone willing to take on the chore, but the cleaning, identification, and mapping of any new graves I wanted to do myself. I think now, “be careful what you wish for.” In late February, 2018, I spoke to Larry Lowe about my intent and he was on-board with it. I made all the necessary travel plans after our emails and conversations. I then made several contacts to request volunteers. I took three avenues: I contacted Sherry Wesley, the director of the South Central Kentucky Cultural Center asking her to put out the word for me. I asked the same of Sandi Gorin, active in the Barren County Historical Society and a well-known local researcher who had done work for me. Lastly, I contacted a distant cousin, Gina Kinslow, a member of the staff of the local newspaper, The Glasgow Daily Times. She had done a nice story about my 2013 visit. For this trip she graciously put a small blurb in their community section about my need for volunteers. With all of this I got three responses. Not great, but I was pleased enough with it.

During the preparation to return, I had the thought of another way to help clean the cemetery of its overgrowth... goats! I had seen news articles about their use for just such a task. I made an on-line inquiry to one such company in the Barren County area. I also approached Larry Lowe with the idea. Understandably, due to his own livestock and an inadequate fence around the cemetery, he was not in favor of it. So, it remained a human chore.

My arrival in late April was met with days of rain. This unfavorable weather made it apparent that we would have some down time before any cemetery work could begin. This turned out to be the first four full days I was there. Even though it was wet, I managed to work in a quick visit to the cemetery on my first full day. I used the rest of the weather delay to do more paper research in the Cultural Center and the County Clerk’s Office.

The rain subsided eventually and by Thursday evening Larry declared it dry enough to get the truck and trailer in, and to work in the cemetery the next day. I was blessed in my effort with the help of the volunteers: two distant cousins, James and Richard Chenault, and the aforementioned Larry Lowe. Without them I could not have accomplished a fraction of what we did. To them I will be forever grateful. I want to give specific kudos to each for their individual sacrifices to help: James, who didn't just help with labor but provided his truck and flatbed trailer to haul brush away from the cemetery; Richard, the eldest among us, who endured the pain of a bad ankle but lent his able hands; Larry, who, besides now performing the regular mowing, had pre-cut the woody brush before my arrival. That was most fortunate since he broke a big toe between then and my arrival, thus limiting his physical activity. He gave me inspiration with almost daily visits and sharing what he knew of the area and long-time families. The other volunteer was unable to join us due to family commitments.



North end of Rogers' Cemetery as cleanup begins. Note flags marking discovered stones

The Cleanup Begins

Larry's excellent prep work left us with the primary task of dragging and carrying brush to the trailer to be hauled to another section of the property. There we unloaded it onto what might be described as the largest compost pile in the area! This whole effort was a lot more than it had appeared on the surface. It took us effectively four full days to remove the larger brush. A couple larger downed trees remained to be cut smaller and hauled out later.

Even with the big brush cleared away, the ground was covered with low-lying brambles and creeping myrtle vine. Still it was impossible not to stumble upon stones of old graves, although virtually all were hidden from casual eyesight. Once encountered, a little brushing with a shoe or gloved hand would reveal a stone lying flat on the ground or protruding slightly from its own burial place in the ground. This sunken condition was likely caused either by it falling into the internal collapse of the grave or by the washing in of dirt from a slightly higher elevation. Some of both is expected to occur over the course of the probable 175-year existence of the cemetery.

For those not familiar, in many societies each grave typically has two stones... a head stone and a foot stone. The foot stone, as expected, lies at the foot of the grave and generally is engraved or etched with only the person's initials. The head stone for modern burial is much larger than the foot stone. With field or native stones, this was not always the case. Another tradition is that graves run east and west with the head at the west end. This, in the Christian world, provides for the person to be facing east as they rise at the final judgement. The engraving of personal information is done on the east-facing surface of the head stone, thus requiring a person to stand at the foot of the grave to read the engraving.

I could not help but clear a bit more brush away from each stone as we revealed them even though I still wanted the heavy clearing done before I began the real excavation and detailed examinations. Those tasks would wait until I no longer had help.

After our first complete day on Friday, I visited the local Lowe's home improvement store for some additional material. First, I had been told of a "near miraculous" cleaner to make old grave stones more easily read. I found and purchased a jug of that, as well as a bundle of small orange marking flags. I would use these to mark the locations of stones we revealed. Over the course of my stay I would also buy a garden rake, kneepads, pruning shears, and a squeegee.

I had underestimated the extent of what we accomplished that first day. I returned alone on Saturday and began placing an orange flag on each stone. The bundle of 25 flags was quickly exhausted and there were still unmarked stones. I decided that for the next day I would get a second bundle of orange flags and two bundles of white ones. With this combination I could mark up to 50 head stones with orange and as many foot stones with white. At this point I could tell head stones from foot stones by their proximity to one another and the east-west orientation. Of course, I had to replace some of the previous day's orange flags with white ones to keep my system in order.

One thing I should mention here... a grave did not mean that I had both head and foot stones, but that it was a separately identifiable burial. I might have an unpaired head stone in one place, a similarly unpaired foot stone in a far place, or even just a depression in an expected location.

As I was placing flags, it was quickly apparent that the graves were laid out in distinct rows running the full north-south width of the cemetery as a continuation of those already visible and readable. Or, more likely, those outer, visible ones were a continuation of the rows of earlier graves in the center. I paced off the width as approximately 90 feet, not including the previously open mowed area. Since the distance between graves was pretty consistent at six feet, each row could contain 15 or 16 graves if filled completely, not counting the outer known ones. At this point I could easily identify portions of three such rows containing previously hidden stones.

My volunteers could not come back for a few days, so in the interim I did more of the heavy brush clearing. It took little time for me to fill the trailer that James had left. With no truck to haul it away, I created a new pile to be the next load. Along the way I continued to flag newly located stones as appropriate.

The next important task for me was to try to "read" any that I could. I hoped to reveal enough engraved information to identify at least a few of the graves either by name or date. This is where care and caution had to be exercised since most of these old stones were at least half buried in earth



Locating another headstone

from years of erosion and sinking. I have been on two guided archaeological digs, so I knew how to be slow and careful in digging. This is important with gravestones to avoid scratching the surface and further impeding the ability to read it. I also kept multiple pieces in the positions found so they could be placed together correctly for reading. I would also not move them away from where they came. I would, however, stand them upright at the hole from which they had been and backfill to stabilize them.

Who is NBR?

There was, in fact, one readable stone visible even with the undergrowth, although not obvious from the accessible outer fringes. Larry earlier pointed it out to me. It seemed to be a foot stone, with a purposely shaped triangular pointed top, standing upright much as it might have been when originally placed. On the east-facing side was scratched or etched the three initials "NBR". Whoever did the engraving had also etched two straight, parallel lines across the stone between which the initials were entered. I liken it to the way young schoolchildren have widely lined paper to practice their lettering between.

I began to search my family tree for someone who might match those initials. Besides the Rogers family, we had one major related family whose surname also began with "R"... Richey. They had several identifiable graves in this cemetery. I came up empty of anyone whose initials might fit and whose burial was not otherwise accounted for. Both Sandi Gorin and I searched the county marriage record indexes for these families to see if there might be possible matches, including a male spouse's surname. Nothing!

From there, I searched for NBR's head stone to the west of the foot stone. When located, it was a little way into the earth as it had tipped sideways to a 45-degree angle. Much of the exposed face was covered with green moss. It was shaped similar to the foot stone. The first bit of careful cleaning allowed me to plainly see the same three initials, "NBR", to the upper left side of the stone. Just a little more cleaning revealed more lettering. I washed, and I wiped, and I used a gentle brush to loosen both grime and moss. Fortune was with me in that the stone was light enough for me to move and tilt various ways in the sunlight. Behold! I was soon able to make out the faint, but unmistakable letters "ogers" after the NBR. Further down the stone, I clearly saw the word "Died". Then, just above it, the word "Born". More cleaning and moving around in the sunlight and I could make out the unmistakable "Apr" after Born, and "Nov" after Died, meaning April and November. Progress!

While still elated, my good luck quickly ran out. There was no more of either date readable. I applied more clean water. I used a squeegee that I had purchased just for this purpose to wipe off excess water, hoping that would assist me to see more etched lettering.

Finally... I was rewarded with the faint, but discernible lines for the death year! I saw recognizable parts of an "847" with the "1" still hidden in a dark moss stain. There was still nothing visible to the eye for the birth year. There also seemed to be no day entered for either. So, now I had "N B Rogers // Born Apr // Died Nov 1847". I was happy but not completely satisfied. Sitting back to ponder my discovery, I also noticed the care the engraver had taken to etch a straight line as a border near the edges of the stone face. This mystery person, NBR, became the inspiration for the rest of my effort!

To be continued Winter 2018 quarterly.

'A Connected Tale of the Mystery of School House 109; John Cole, Founder of Coles' Bend in Barren County, KY; The Black Horse Tavern Inn, Midway, KY and Richard Cole Jr. Whose Progeny include Frank and Jesse James'

Contributed by Tommie Flannery Baskis.

This new tale, which I will unfold for you, is from a very old tale. It is a part of what I call "The Abandoned Story" of our time and history.

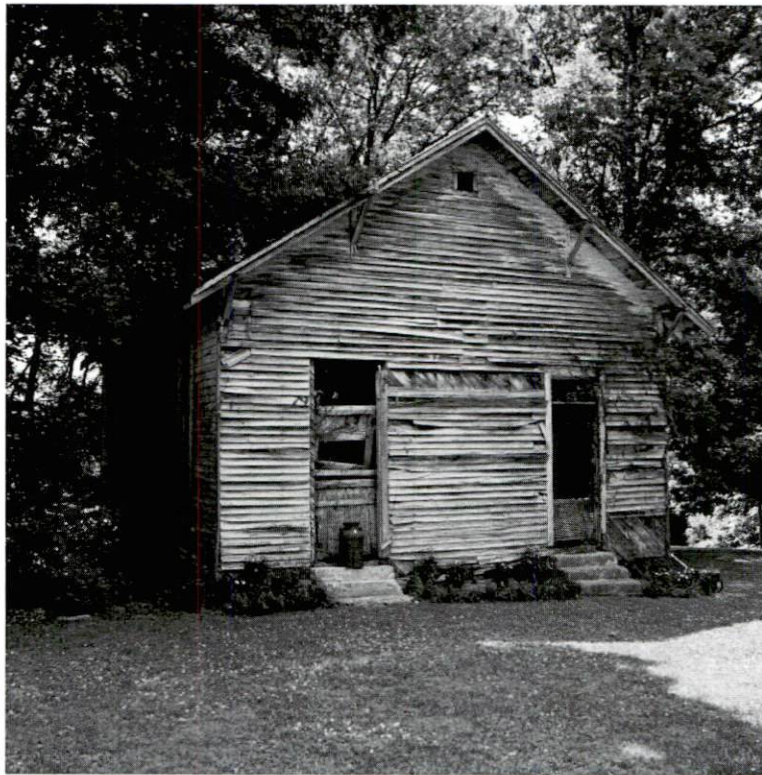
For those who know me well, you understand how very important and passionate I am about the forgotten stories and mysteries behind historical towns, places of abandonment, the 'things and objects' left behind that help one to acquire clarity on the people and their stories, that carved a path before us.

As a child I had a fascination with finding old letters in drawers, boxes in the attic filled with people's treasures, dusty books and any 'old thing' that I could weave a mystery out of. The elation I felt for the story that would soon unfold behind that attic or basement door was an inspiration to me.

I was so fond of learning things from my Grandparents and their 'magical' stories of days gone by captivated me. I knew it was so important to carry on the 'forgotten story' and share it with others. I

knew one day my precious loved ones would not be by my side and the story would become lost in time as so many have done. As a child, I listened and watched carefully...

This story, rooted deep in Kentucky history, is especially intriguing to me because it has taken me years to find information on a particular old school house, simply known as school 109 in the Coles' Bend area of Barren County. I had taken photographs of this place over 10 years ago and filed them away for the Kentucky volume of my book, 'The Abandoned Story'.



School 109

There was not a lot of information about this particular, old, clapboard school house on Coles' Bend that I could find. Many of the older generation, who could remember this place, had passed away leaving it nearly impossible to find someone to speak with about the old days here.

I was very fortunate to have a couple of books given to me by a friend, Debbie Turner, a few years back, one was written in the 1970's by Irene Moss Sumpter 'An Album of Early Warren County Landmarks' that was distributed by American National Bank. This wonderful and informative book added some clarity on the houses and story behind the Cole Family that came from Pennsylvania, to Culpeper, Virginia and on to Woodford County, KY before 1783.

I also want to give credit and much gratitude to lovely Sandra K. Gorin, who manages Barren County Historical Society and Gorin Genealogical Publishing. I reached out to Sandi and with my plight to discover more on school 109. She shared with me information about the Cole Family and the Coles' Bend area. There is quite a lot of published information that came from a dear friend of hers, Vivian T Rosseau and the Citizens Bank and Trust Company in 1980 from the book "Background of a Bank".

In a roundabout way, all these years later researching this mysterious school 109 I have discovered that an older story I had researched and photographed had ties into the Cole's Family in Barren County, KY with some history on Black Horse Tavern in Midway, KY. This tavern was also owned by one Richard Cole. Richard Cole's son had a daughter named Zerelda Cole James, who was the Mother of Jesse and Frank James.

There is a fascinating and interesting twist to 'the end' of this story so stay tuned.

It has been stated from research done by William E. Pullen and Joan M. Beamis that the Coles who came from Pennsylvania made the trek to Culpeper, Virginia. After this they moved to Woodford County, Kentucky prior to 1783. They believe this date to be correct because the progenitor of the Coles, Richard Cole, Sr. was no longer listed on the Virginia tax records after 1783.

For those of you who are not familiar with Woodford County, KY it is steeped in rich history with the picturesque rolling horse fields, tobacco barns, old stone walls that meander along country lanes for miles, historic places and the infamous bourbon whiskey. It is home to Kentucky's oldest bourbon whiskey distillery Labrot & Graham from 1812.

Woodford County was named for the illustrious American Revolutionary War General, William Woodford and was formed in 1788 from Fayette County, Virginia.

There was an original tavern in Kentucky owned by the Coles that burned in 1811. A year after this, Cole's son, Richard Cole, Jr. purchased the tavern on old Frankfort Pike that was known as the Offutt-Cole Tavern or Black Horse Tavern. He became known as one of the wealthiest men in the country. James Cole, his son, was the Father of Zerelda Cole (1825-1911) who birthed Jesse and Frank James. Zerelda met Robert Sallee James, her husband, during the time he was studying for the ministry at Georgetown College.

This is where the history of the Cole brothers branches off and comes around to my researched 'neck of the woods' Barren County, KY. You see, Richard Cole, Jr. had a brother by the name of John Cole who came to Barren County and purchased a lot in the Bank Block. He would later found Coles' Bend of which he operated Coles Warehouse on the Barren River.

The following historical excerpt was written by Jennie F. Porter, the niece of Mrs. Sterling Burton of Cemetery Pike, Bowling Green, KY in July of 1891. There are some additions by Jennie Bryant Cole from Oakland, KY 1938. It was submitted to be published in 1975 by Mr. C.H. Brakebill of Dallas, TX.

"Squire John Cole, our great-grandfather, married Nancy Hynes. He lived near Charles Town, Berkley County, Va. Charles Town was located in that part of Virginia that was cut off to form West Virginia, and now in Jefferson County, West Virginia. The Hines (Hynes) family lived in Maryland, but just over the Virginia line near where the Cole family lived.

"John Cole was a Revolutionary soldier. He came with his family to Kentucky in 1788. They traveled from Virginia on horseback. On the way to Kentucky great-grandmother was thrown from her horse with her baby, John, in her arms and was seriously hurt. The party had to remain in camp for some days on account of her condition and she was not expected to live. It was said every day during this time she would ask her husband that if she died, would he not take her children back to Virginia, but he would always tell her, 'No, I have started to Kentucky, and I am going'. This answer was thought to have been a stimulant and assisted in her recovery.

“Her hair turned white in three days and the anxiety she felt for her children is thought to have caused it. Joh Cole first settled in Woodford County, near Midway, when he came to Kentucky. He came to Barren County sometime in 1800. They came in wagons by way of Muldraughs Hill. He left a brother, Richard, in Woodford County, who kept a tavern at Cross Roads. Richard married a Miss Hines, niece of great-grandmother Col. Andrew Hines, who settled Elizabethtown and named it for his wife, was a brother of great-grandmother. When quite an old woman great-grandmother rode horseback to visit her brother, Andrew Hines, who at that time was living near Harrodsburg.

“John Cole settled in Barren County in a bend on Barren River that has since been called Cole’s Bend. He built a log house about what he thought was the high water mark, but in 1800 a big rise came and undermined part of the foundation of his house. In 1811 he built the stone house which still stands (1833). John Cole died in 1844, his wife had died in 1834, and they are buried on a hill near the old stone house. John Cole had five sons and four daughters. The sons were Richard, William, James, Andrew Hynes and John. The daughters were: Leety, Anne, Mary and Betsy.”

There have been many Coles who settled in Barren and Warren Counties and nearby towns as the years went by. In the 1800’s, like many families in the day, the Coles begat many children and the family name became prominent. Many families were known to have, on average, between six or more children, sometimes less, sometimes more, even up to twelve or thirteen children was possible.

I will refrain from listing many of the progeny of the Cole families except for Sarah Minnie Cole, because of the connection of numerous ancestors who fought for our independence during the Revolutionary War 1775-1781. The following accounts are a few of those stories.

Sarah Minnie Cole’s Father and Mother were John Cole III and Nancy Elizabeth Martin. Sarah Minnie was born at the Family home on Coles’ Bend in Kentucky October 28, 1869 and was one of twelve children by this union.

Sarah Minnie married James Henry Blalock, a farmer from Smiths Grove, Warren County, KY.

John Cole, who came from Virginia, helped suppress the British in Boston and then would later help to defend New York City at the personal request of General George Washington. John Cole married Nancy Hynes, whose Father hailed from Coleraine, Ireland. He would eventually work at the print shop of Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia in 1747.

From Sarah Minnie’s Mother’s side of the Family are the Martins. Benjamin Martin served as a Minute Man from Virginia, as corporal and sergeant under several leaders, such as Captain Benjamin Harrison.

Benjamin Martin was at the Battle of Cowpens, S.C. of which was a decisive battle for the cause of freedom.

Captain Azariah Martin (no relation to Benjamin Martin) was from Amherst County, Virginia and commanded a company of Militia men at the Battle of Camden, South Carolina. The British won a sweeping victory.

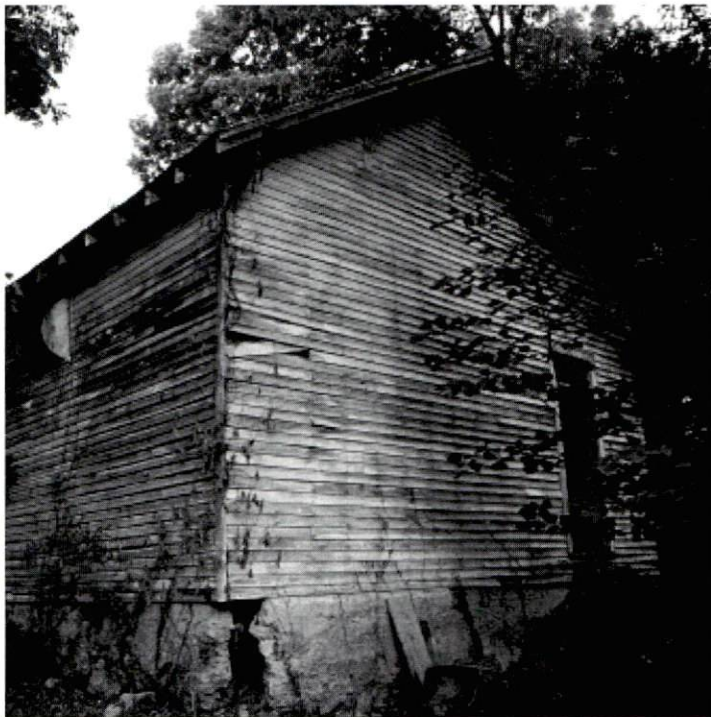
Captain Azariah Martin had a great-great-grandfather, John Crawford, who came to Virginia from Ayrshire, Scotland in 1644. John Crawford is from the Crawford clan that had its origin in Ayrshire

from 1127. One of John's ancestors married into the Lindsey family clan of Scotland and in this lineage are two signers of the Magna Carta. The John Crawford who came to Virginia fought in Bacon's Rebellion in 1676 and lost his life.

We now come back full circle, to my adventure on Coles' Bend and the mysterious, old school house 109 that I took photographs and documented over ten years ago. It has been very hard to find information documented on some of these abandoned structures in America.

To bequeath or "pass on" the story from one generation to the next has always been very important to me. If this is not done, many stories, places and historical information tend to become lost in time and is not there for others to retrieve and learn from.

With this being said, there was not a lot of information about the old school house 109. Perhaps, John Cole who came to Barren County helped to start this school. It is not known by me or the others that have researched this building. I am very fortunate to have taken many photographs of it.



The feeling I get looking into the school doorways and windows is a timeless and soundless feeling. It seems to exude a grand strength that is comfortable in the forgotten, clapboard bones, still standing...still a reminder of its past. A past that was full of life, love, children, books and teachings. Those children and teachers have come and gone, now. The story has been lost a little, but for this sturdy structure that has been left for us to see as a reminder of days gone by.

This is the very interesting twist to end my story. It involves Mr. and Mrs. Clay Stephens. This lovely, young couple occupies the property that the school house 109 is on. When I spoke with Clay he told me that his Grandmother was a James, Mary Lougene James. He said she use to tell them that they were related to Jesse James. Clay told the story that some were doubtful of this but indeed checked the information and it seemed to have validity.

I found it very intriguing that within the Cole Family lineage was the Mother Zerelda of Jesse and Frank James, and now to have a distant relation of the James Family, through Clay Stephens, residing on property of the Coles' Bend area was an unforeseen surprise.

Clay also told me a story of the other abandoned building on their property by the school. The story is from an older gentleman, Lawrence, who told Clay that he had watched films in the building as a young boy. The place inside has something that looks like a stage perhaps where plays and theatre took place.



Old Theater

Well, it has been a long time coming to finally write about this abandoned school, humbly named 109. The mystery is still there but I have been able, through the meticulous records of others, to connect a few of my older stories on the Coles' Bend area and the Coles Family that came to Kentucky so long ago.

I hope you enjoyed this story and also the photographs that accompanied my journey to Barren County and Coles' Bend.

Remember to share your story and thoughts with your loved ones, so that one day the story can find a place through the eyes of others. It is important to share our lineage, teachings, love and storytelling with others. In sharing, we inspire...

Tommie is a Warren County, KY photographer who specializes in old and abandoned places, an artist and creator of natural perfumes. She is the owner of Duskyflyer Vision Art (<https://duskflyervisionart.wordpress.com/>) and blog writer. This was posted June 27, 2018.

Kentucky in the Long Ago Part 2

by Mrs. W. T. Lafferty

Fleets of Flatboats, Containing Settlers, Came Down River Route To Kentucky. The most important route into the great West, is known to history as the River Route.

In the beginning England claimed the eastern part of this continent even beyond the Hudson Bay.

Spain controlled the Mississippi at its mouth and both England and France claimed the Mississippi Basin, England through the discoveries of Cabot, France through the explorations of La Salle.

The thirteen colonies were hemmed in between the Atlantic Ocean and the Alleghany mountains. Beyond the mountain wall was a Mystery Land, the condition and extent of which no mortal mind conceived. Both nations were alert to find a way to possess it.

The beautiful Ohio River was the alluring avenue provided by Nature to open up this county. No river in history has had a greater human interest. Flowing to the westward, it pursued its way in spite of obstacles, and like a siren, beckoned men of all sorts and conditions to follow its course.

Painted savages in undisturbed possession had crept silently through the dark forests that fringed it and climbing into their birch canoes, had crossed it and paddled up its numerous tributaries into the heart of Kentucky, which was their Happy Hunting Ground.

They went into raptures over its beauty and each nation had a name for it which meant beautiful.

The Wyandotts called it Ohezhu.

The Mohawks called it Oheyo.

The Oneidas called it Ohe.

The Iroquois called it Oyo.

The first white men who followed the Indians in order to barter gaudy calicoes, whistles, jews harps, combs, knives and looking glasses for their discarded pelts, were French fur traders and they also expressed their admiration for its beauty by calling it La Belle Riviere.

The English anglicized the Indian names and called it the Ohio.

France and England struggled for a century to get control of the Ohio Country and the fur trade.

After the Treaty of Ais la Chapelle, a royal grant of 500,000 acres of land on both sides of the Ohio was made to the Ohio Land Company on condition that 100 families would settle on it within seven years. Christopher Gist was sent to select the lands and England made her plans to occupy the disputed territory.

France as a counter move, sent Celerin de Blenville from Canada to strengthen her claim to the territory, with a captain, eight subaltern officers, six cadets, an armorer, a chaplain, one hundred and eight Canadians and thirty Indians. The expedition set out from Montreal in twenty-three canoes, bearing a strange mysterious chest. They paddled up the St. Lawrence through Lake Erie, and by portage reached the Ohio, down which they floated, stopping where certain rivers flowed into it. Celeron with great pomp and ceremony, removed a leaden tablet, 7x11 inches from the mysterious chest and buried it in the mouth of the river. Then he shouted in a loud voice, "vive de Roi" and affixed the royal arms of Louise XV of France on the nearest tree. Thus France took possession of the rivers and the land drained by them, according to the ancient custom already established in America by LaSalle, when he took possession of the Mississippi in the name of his Bourbon King.

After the sixth and last tablet had been buried at the mouth of the Miami River and the Indians had been propitiated, Celeron's expedition took its departure for Canada. But scarcely were they out of sight before the Indians began digging up their precious tablets which they carried to their English

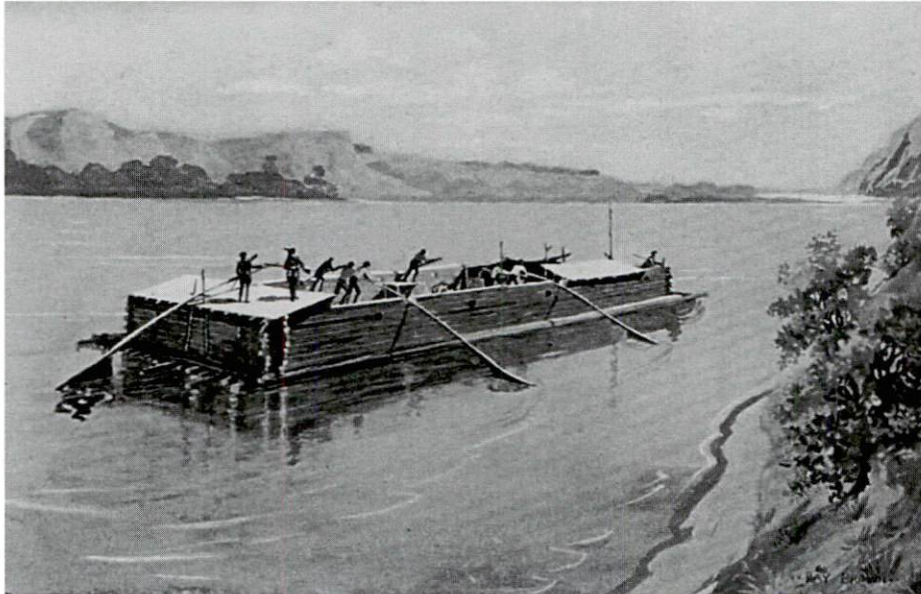
allies who disregarded the pretensions of France and continued their traffic in furs.

Down this “shining aisle through a fair green world,” came thousands of settlers who founded homes in the strange lands on the “Western Waters.”

The River Route was easier but far more dangerous than the overland route. No words can picture the pitiable plight of a cargo of immigrants on a rude drifting craft, helpless on the bosom of the Ohio, under the murderous fire of Indians along the banks. They watched every boat that passed and destroyed boat after boat load of people, whose names have never been recorded.

Yet so dominant was the spirit of Western expansion that the eager people came in spite of dangers almost insurmountable, and during the year 1786, more than 20,000 land-hungry settlers floated down the Ohio, bringing 8,000 horses, 2,500 cows and 1,000 sheep.

The Kentucky flat boats were built at Redstone by tens of thousands for the journey to the “Western Waters” and cost around \$35.00 apiece. These were loaded with great care, so as to balance perfectly. The powder, dishes, food, furniture and farming implements were stowed away under the bunks. One



end of the boat was roofed over and fitted with cooking utensils and living quarters for the family. The other end was planked off for the fowls and livestock. The average family boat often carried three generations, the sturdy young settlers, their aged parents and their little tow-headed children. All of these were dependent for good upon the family cow which was tied to a stake in the middle of the boat, ready to serve meals at all hours. The clumsy craft was steered by a long sweep and when the travelers reached their destination, and improvident ones turned their boats adrift in the stream where they soon capsized and clogged the channel of the river. Because of this custom, the Kentucky flat boat has been called “the boat that never came back.” Wiser pioneers learned to break up their flat boats at the journey’s end and use the wide flat boards to build their cabin homes on the forest clad hills of Kentucky.

THE CENSUS TAKER

From *The Deaf Smith County TXGenweb website and FWGS Footprints*; original source unknown.

"I am a census taker for the city of Bufflow. Our city has groan very fast in resent years and now, in 1865, it has becum a hard and time consoming job to count all the peephill. Thare is not meny that can do this werk, as it is necesarie to have an ejucashun, which a lot of pursons still do not have. Another atribart needed for this job is good speling, for many of the peephill to be counted can hardly speak inglish, let alone spel there name."

OLD-TIME FIDDLERS GATHER IN GLASGOW

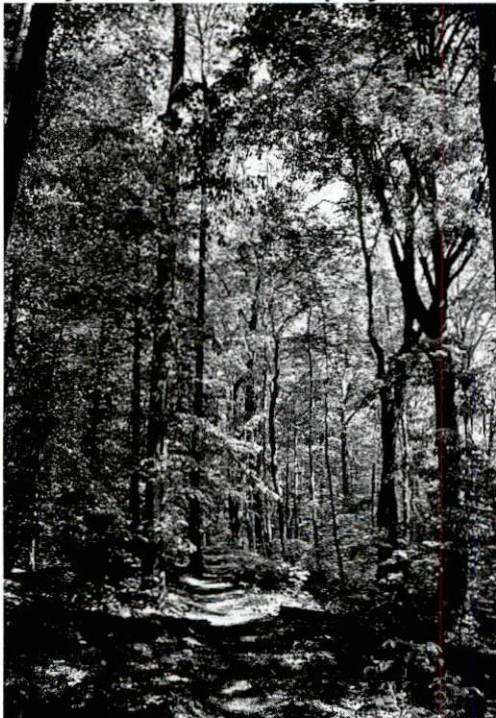
The following two photos are from the Richard Hobart Collection who has graciously consented to their usage here. The date is unknown. Can anyone identify people shown in these photos? Please contact me at sgorin@glasgow-ky.com if you recognize anyone.





BRIGADOON

Ah, the magical tale of a Scottish village that appears from the mists for one day every 100 years. Perhaps you have seen the play or the movie, an enchanting story with beautiful melodies. But you ask, what does this have to do with Barren County, Kentucky?



We have our own Brigadoon and doesn't appear just every 100 years!

We're speaking of course of Brigadoon State Nature Preserve right here in Barren County. According to Merriam-Webster, Brigadoon is described as "idyllic, unaffected by time, or remote from reality." That can well describe our Brigadoon and its story goes back to Revolutionary War times. It was originally part of a 1,000 acre land grant given to John Renfro and his descendants. The family settled along what was originally known as Skegg's Creek, now called Skaggs Creek. The Renfro's

made their living on this 1,000 acres, heavily forested and pristine. John Renfro not only farmed but made coffins and furniture.

The property remained in the Renfro family until 1960 when Dr. and Mrs. Russell Starr purchased it. They kept it as rather a hideaway and hobby farm until 1983 when they donated 90 acres to the Kentucky chapter of The Nature Conservancy. The Kentucky State Nature Preserved Commission used federal land and Water Conservation funds to buy it from The Nature Conservancy in 1985. At Dr. Starr's death, he bequeathed additional acreage which doubled its size.

The Brigadoon State Nature Preserve, now 184 acres, is still in its beautiful condition as if untouched by time. There are tulip poplars, beech, northern red oak, sugar maple, walnut and white ash trees. Migrating birds find rest there and wildflowers abound.



The preserve is open to the general public for foot traffic from sunrise to sunset daily. There is nothing to be heard but the sound of nature as no vehicles are permitted on the trails. The trail is approximately a one-mile loop of moderate difficulty. The trail is well marked; running along ridge tops and sloping down to scenic ravines. There is a beautiful view of Barren River Lake.

Directions: From exit 43 on I-65, travel east on the Cumberland Parkway to its junction with US 31E in Glasgow. Follow US 31E south for 6.5 miles. Turn left onto Browning School Road and travel approximately 1.5 miles. Turn left onto Mutter Road. The parking area is .5 mile on the left.

Photographs courtesy of Ed Leather who says photography of nature is his passion. You can see his blogs at <http://edleathers3.blogspot.com/2015/10/brigadoon-ky-state-nature-preserve.html>. First photo was shot in Spring; the second in Fall.

ON SALE NOW

50% OFF

We are offering our following books at a huge discount. Remember, Christmas is coming! Use the ordering form at the end of the quarterly. Prices include shipping and handling. NOTE! These prices are only available when ordering through the Society. Our books sold at the South Central KY Cultural Center will remain at their full price.

<u>Title</u>	<u>Originally</u>	<u>Now</u>
Barren County Cemetery Book	\$34.00	\$17.00
Edwards Stories of Early Days	\$25.50	\$12.75
Gorin's Times of Long Ago	\$18.00	\$ 9.00
Historic Trip Through Barren County	\$21.00	\$10.50
The Barrens by Emory White	\$18.00	\$ 9.00



Be watching! A BIG ANNOUNCEMENT will be coming in the Winter 2018 issue.

RECENT SPEAKERS



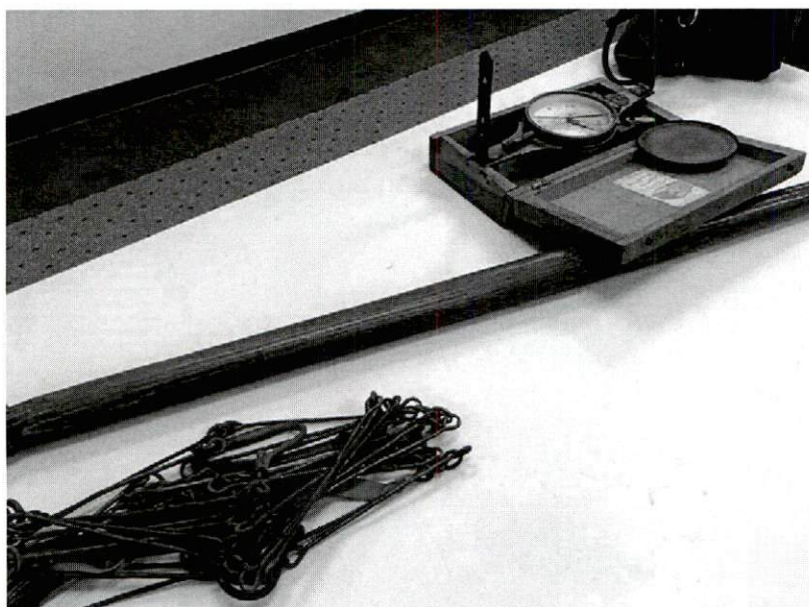
Debbie Pace presented “Glasgow and Barren County National Register of Historic Places Listings and Surveys” She is a retired Capital Project Manager with WKU’s Planning Design and Construction department. She focused on the historic preservation resources available locally at the South Central Kentucky Cultural Center and how to use them, and her experiences working on a local survey while pursuing her Historic Preservation graduate certificate.

COMBINED CULTURAL CENTER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEETING

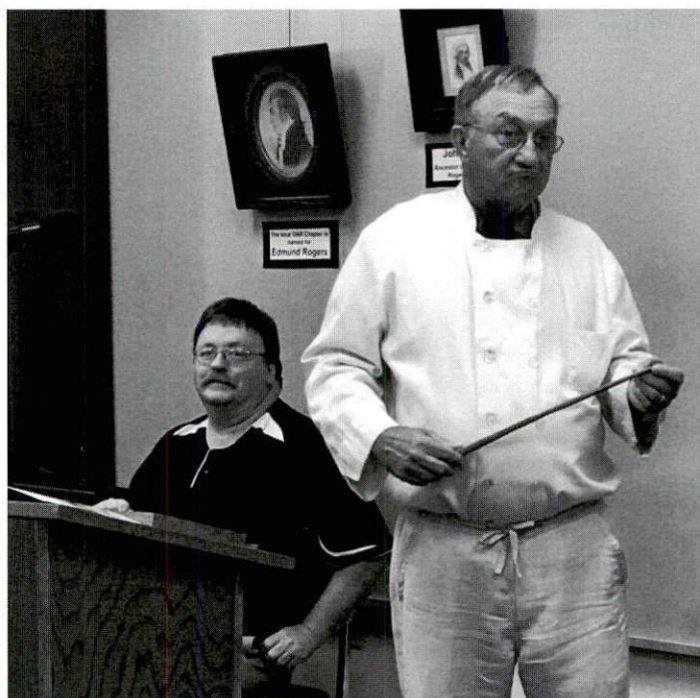
On Thursday evening, August 2nd, the Cultural Center and the Barren County Historical Society held a joint meeting entitled Early Settlement in the Barrens. A record turn-out came to hear the speakers which included Ben and John Rogers and Terry Jackson.



Shown, facing audience, L-R: Terry Jackson, Ben Rogers, John Rogers, Sherry Wesley (hidden) and Samuel Terry IV.



Ben spoke of his ancestor, Edmund Rogers, of whom Edmonton, KY is named. He told the story of his Revolutionary War service, moving to Barren County as a well-known surveyor and of Edmund Rogers, the man. They displayed original deeds, Edmund's will and other documents. Also on display was Edmund's surveyor's chain and compass. Also participating in reading brief excerpts were Samuel Terry IV, John Rogers and Sherry Wesley.



Shown, left to right: Marvin Claywell, President of the Historical Society and Terry Jackson

In the second part of the program, Terry Jackson told of his 15 ancestors who fought from Revolutionary War down to more current times and those who came to Barren County. He told of his family and their settlement in the county and brought photographs of some of older family members. The following is a painting showing from current times backward his ancestral soldiers.



Some of the audience in attendance. Shown L-R: Terry Jackson, Ben Rogers, Samuel Terry IV.

Donations to the Society

An Appalacchian Flood of Memories, Volume XXXVII, XXXIII and XXXV, 2018. More in a series by Lloyd Dean, looking at the lives and memories of the area. Available from the author at 6770 U. S. 60 East, Morehead, KY 40351. Many photos and documents are included. Thank you Lloyd!

WHO IS THIS LADY?

Submitted by John Grady
at: grady.john1@gmail.com



Believed to be either Martha Jane Martin (1822-1847) or Martha Page (1799-1864) Taken from a tin type found in the effects of the late Cora Belle (Landrum) Davis (1867-1946). No one in the family can identify. The unidentified lady probably lived somewhere in or near the Roseville area of Barren County.

Note: The copy is very dark and we have attempted to correct it to the best of our ability. If you recognize this lady, please contact John Grady.

Joel Yancey, 1773-1839, of Barren Co., KY

Courtesy: <http://yanceyfamilygenealogy.org/joel4.htm>

Note: Some of the below was cut and pasted from various sources and it is not possible to adjust.

Yancey, Joel, a Representative from Kentucky: born in Albemarle County, Va, October 21, 1773; member of the Kentucky State house of representatives 1809-1811. served in the KY State senate 1816-1820 and 1824-1827; elected as a Democrat to the Twentieth and Twenty First Congresses (March 4 1827 - March 3 1831); unsuccessful candidate for reelection in 1830 to the Twenty second Congress; died in Barren County, Ky in April 1838. Interment in that county.

Ancestry: Joel Yancey, son of Jeremiah, son of Robert, son of Charles, son of Charles Yancey

From Joel Yancey (Kentucky) - Circular To the Citizens of the Tenth Congressional District of Kentucky
Washington City, May 22 1828

Fellow Citizens:

The first session of the 20th Congress being nearly closed, I deem it a duty incumbent on me as your representative, (which I perform with great pleasure) to give you as much information as can be conveniently comprised in a letter. I need not expect an exemption from that scrutiny which is commonly exercised towards a representative, nor do I wish it; for I consider it highly important to the preservation of liberty, that the sovereign people, in whom all political power rightfully resides, should pay strict attention to the conduct of their servants; for I am sure that the best of human beings needs this supervision; and I am in a particular manner admonished by my imperfections that I do.

One thing I can say, without fear of contradiction, that, except for ten or twelve days during which time I labored under a most severe attack of cold and fever, and was entirely confined to my bed, that I have not lost one minute from the service of the House this session.

. . . I ask you to look to other times in the history of this government, and to see if there has not been a sad falling off as to those principles of purity, frugality and economy, and attachment to genuine republicanism, which characterized those days. I refer you particularly to the administration of the beloved Jefferson, who, instead of intriguing for office, and encouraging his officers to go on crusades of electioneering and speech making, to retain himself and his subordinates in office, addressed through one of the high officers of the government . . .

. . . Where will you find such another instance of disinterested patriotism and devotion to the great principles of virtue? In these days you can see vast sums of the people's money profusely squandered to reward those unfaithful agents for being traitors to their will, and endeavoring to rivet the chains of oppression and extravagance on our necks. I have seen the undeniable proofs of these facts in my examination of documents here, and if I was not fearlessly to proclaim the truth, and let you know the real situation of things, I should consider myself an unfaithful sentinel at my post, If were to shut my eyes and let the enemy enter the camp.

I conjure you, in the name of the principles of Washington and Jefferson to be on the alert, to unite as a band of brothers, and to extricate yourselves from the extravagant and exorbitant waste of your money which is now carrying on by the powers that be, for the purpose of enslaving you and your posterity. I tell you that the images of power, intrigue, management, stratagem, imposture and proscription are set up, (like that of Nebuchadnezzar of old) in our plains, and the dulcet sounds of the flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer of patronage are ringing in our ears and commanding us to fall down and worship; and this furnace of slander, detraction and calumny is heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be, and we who resist the call are to be cast into it.

But let us, like the three holy Hebrew children of old, Shadrack, Meshach and Abednago, refuse to fall down and worship; and although we are cast into this furnace, the inextinguishable love of liberty and devotion to virtue that animated the bosoms of our dear fathers in their glorious struggle for our rights, will carry us through the flames unhurt, (like the Hebrew children of old) while those who would sacrifice us for adhering inflexibly to our Country's rights and the will of our constituents, will be consumed themselves, and consigned to that ignominy and contempt which I hope await all the enemies of freedom; and if we are virtuous and united, and put our trust in the Omnipotent God of

liberty and virtue, we will shine as a pillar of fire, amidst a world of benighted despotism, lighting the path of unborn millions to the temple of liberty; and may God, of his infinite mercy, grant that our beloved America may always be the land of the free and the home of the brave.

In closing this address I wish to offer my apology to you for not visiting you after the election more than I did previous to my starting for Washington City. My family were shortly after the election, very severely afflicted with a most malignant bilious fever, which bereaved me of my eldest daughter, a very dear and favorite child, and two of my sons and my little grand-son were very near dying with it. They had not recovered when I left home, and it has raged very much in my family since I have been here, and not till very lately has it subsided. . . . /s/ Joel Yancey

From: "Key West: the old and the new" By Jefferson Beale Browne: By special legislation the president was authorized to establish a custom house at Key West in 1822. A collector of customs – Mr. Joel Yancey, from Glasgow, Ky. – and other officers were appointed, and the following year a revenue cutter was attached to the port. Mr. Yancey did not long remain on the island, but left the office in charge of his deputy, a Mr. Dawley, and Mr. Samuel Ayers, inspector. Mr. Dawley died in June, 1823, and Mr. Ayres having resigned the position of inspector, Key West occupied the unique position of having a custom house with no one to fill the offices. From June, 1823, to January 1, 1824, the custom house was in charge of Mr. Thornton, the purser of the port, a position corresponding to that of naval station paymaster at the present time. On the latter date Mr. Ayres, at the request of the naval officer in command at Key West, again assumed the duties as acting collector, but served only to the 15th day of January of the same year.

To Pres. James J. Polk From: Joel Yancey, Seminole Agency, East Florida, 5 Aug 1835.

Dear Friend

I arrived here 22 last April & have been generally well since, but don't like the foggy damp weather we have now, but I make a fire & sit by it till breakfast every morning to keep away disorders which I hope will be effectual. The country I think is healthy, being pretty high, piney & sandy & not many swamps near to emit nauseous exhalations, & the water here is tolerably good. The Hammock, or Sugar lands which the considerable are but a very small portion of the territory, which timbered with live oak, Magnolia Bay trees, Hickory, White Oak, Ash, & various strange timbers, will no doubt sell high before long when brought into market, as you know that Sugar lands are scarce in the United States & I think that as soon as the door is open, there will be a great influx of wealthy purchasers here, & the vegetation being ever green will make it one of the best stock countries in America.

I am trying in some degree to repair my shattered fortune, which arose from being long in public life & neglecting thusly my domestic affairs & by security [.....] & sad misfortunes, & amidst all thank God I never deviated from integrity in my dealings & never intentionally deviated from the good old Jeffersonian, 76, Democratic or Jacksonian policy. I know that you have been and are now a genuine disciple of that school and I regret

extremely to see a Bank party in disguise springing up in your State, under the auspices of our old friend Mr. John Bell & Judge White & their adherents. I tell you my friend, that they may say what they will, but the course they are taking is partnership with the Pseudo Whig party, the old Tory party, the Bank party, the Bluelight Hartford Convention party, & I awfully fear that that fell monster the United States Bank is at the bottom of the intrigue by which these men are to do all they can to rise to power from a schism in our ranks & thusly prostrate us, but I am sure that you and the rest of the virtuous democracy are & will be on the alert & united & that we will come out triumphant over the machinations & Machiavelian intrigues of those combined enemies of the equal, inherent & inalienable rights of man.

How cordially I do congratulate you and all other real 76 Whigs on our glorious triumph in the recent Virginia elections & the Baltimore Convention. Sic venit glory[a] mundi. All we want is to be virtuous & trusted & put our trust in the great omnipotent God of battles & then we shall shine conspicuous & resplendent as a pillar of fire amidst a world of [...] despotism, lighting the path of unborn millions to the [...] of liberty, & the result I trust of the next Presidential & Vice Presidential election, will speak as from the mouth of cannons with a stentorian voice, & prostrate the Aristocracy as with rivers of molten lava from the Crater of Mount Vesuvius. I could write a volume in this strain, but you are impervious I know to the wiles of our enemies & they have no more effect to cause you to swerve one iota from uncontaminated democracy than the roaring billows which have been pelting the Rock of Gibraltar and falling harmless of its feet for ages past, have to move it. Let us my good brother democratic friend pursue our attachment to the Union & representative government, support the general government in all its constitutional vigor as the best anchor of our peace at home & safety abroad & the State governments in all their reserved rights as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns & the surest bulwarks against antirepublican tendencies & the powers of Hell (to wit Aristocracy & the Bank) shall not prevail against us. I rejoice that you can go to Congress when you please & hope that you may, as long as you persevere in your sincere devotion to the equal rights of man & no longer. Give my best respects to your amiable lady & believe me always your friend. /s/ JOEL YANCEY

Note: Yancey served, 1827-31, in the House of Representatives from Kentucky. When he failed of re-election he went to Florida, where he became clerk of the federal court. At this time he had just become assistant agent at the Seminole Agency. This agency was located about two miles from Ft. King, in the immediate area of present-day Ocala. It was about seventy miles southwest of St. Augustine and almost a hundred miles northeast of Tampa.

Gorin Genealogical Publishing – 205 Clements Ave., Glasgow, KY 42141-3409
sgorin@glasgow-ky.com, <http://www.gensoup.org/gorin/index.html>, 270-659-2058

NEW OFFERINGS: Footsteps of Early Barren County KY Settlers. When Barren County was formed in 1799, settlers from many areas came here. The majority of them stayed and their surnames are still found in the county. However, many took off for new locations based on the lure of inexpensive land,

a chance for a new beginning or the recommendation of family, friends or churches who had made the move. This book contains over 50 biographies taken from the biographical histories of Arkansas, California, Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Pennsylvania and Texas of former Barren County citizens. Many are extremely detailed, going back several generations and includes children's information, occupations, careers and a look at the hardships endured. There are 18 photographs of settlers who moved on plus maps of the states where they settled. 86 pages including a full-name index. \$20.00 printed or \$15.00 as an e-book (maps in color).

Glasgow, KY, A Walk Back in Time, 1849-1880. There is little more fascinating than looking back at the history of Glasgow through the old ads. Many papers do not exist now but those that do give a glimpse of the occupations of our earlier citizens. This book contains copies of the actual ads. From blacksmiths, hatters, merchants, tailors, physicians, dentists, brick layers, stage coaches owners and more we can see how Glasgow grew. There were some unusual occupations including bath salons, an early flower shop and goldfish store. Also included is a list of the first businesses in 1799-1800 era and others listed from the 1850 through 1880 census records which covers many of the missing newspapers. 111 pages of ads, information and full-name index. \$22.00 printed or \$15 as an e-book (PDF file).

OUR TOWN CEMETERY, AGAIN

From the (Glasgow) Free Press, March 17, 1859.

NOTE: At this writing in 1859, the city cemetery in existence was the "Knob Road Cemetery", that on West Cherry Street across from the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. It appears that it had already become in a horrible state. The city had opened this cemetery ca 1817 and it was beset with problems cited at almost every council meeting.

"So far as we can learn, nothing has yet been done towards organizing an Association preparatory to the arrangement of a suitable place for the internment of the dead. We have before alluded to this matter, and only do so the second time through the solicitations of interested citizens. Not expecting to find our final place of rest within the environs of Glasgow, we can of course be actuated through no selfish motive.

"There are many persons who, from the neglected condition of our present Cemetery, have forborne to erect any stone or monument to make the spot where a member of their family is buried. Most of each will, of course, remove them to a lot of their own; but a want of permanence of private burial grounds renders this a hazardous move, too frequently the spot consecrated by the father to the repose of his dead passes out of the hands of the family, and consequent neglect erases all trace of the repost of burial beneath the soil.

"How important is it that the ____ (several lines darkened out) --- a quiet, well-ordered and well cared for place of repose for the venerable fathers and mothers who must soon pass away – their heads whitened and their limbs tottering with the frosts of many winters, and for all the intervening ages, down to the young child, whose glossy ringlets are yet radiant with the golden sunbeams streaming from the Heaven to which it has gone. Surely, no fitter, and but few holier duties can engage the attention of those who believe in the "resurrection and the life" than of beautifying and embellishing the houses of the dead. The grave of the loved one – the last, lone resting place,

until the great last day – may well be the object of our care – the shrine to which sorrowing affection repairs to shed the gentle tear of loving remembrance, undisturbed by thoughts of the busy world, and surrounded by all the genial, soothing influences of a beneficent and affluent nature. There let the trees murmur their softest notes – let the sunlight, streaming through their foliage, fall on smoothed, greenest turf – let the flowers exhale their most fragrant perfumes, and the gentle winds of Heaven breathe their fitting requiem. The tomb touches all the sensibilities of our nature, affection loves to pay its tributes there, and to surround it with objects calculated to refine and elevate our thoughts.

“We hope that our authorities, or some of our citizens will take hold of this matter, and obtain for the purpose a few acres of ground convenient to town. – It will involve no risk whatever, as the proceeds derived from the sale of lots will more than pay for the ground, defray the expense of fencing &c. Here every one could procure a lot of his own choosing, which he could improve and beautify according to his own taste, and where he and his could lie down, “when life’s fitful dream is o’er,” in long and undisturbed repose. A Cemetery of this description would soon become the most lovely and attractive place of report about Glasgow, a monument of the liberality and good taste of her citizens, and a fitting emblem of their generous tender, loving remembrance of the dead.

“Who, then, will move in this matter, and carry into effect the provisions of the Charter granted by the State Legislature a few years since, by organizing an efficient Cemetery Association.”

THE MYSTERY OF GREENBERRY CHAMBERS

By Sandi

We look back in time to the mid-nineteenth century. A slave toils away for his master in Barren County, Kentucky. The sun boils down on his back, every part of his body screams out in agony. His name was Greenberry Chambers. Maybe his thoughts of that day was on his wife, Charlotte, who he lovingly called Lottie or his five children. Oh, how he missed them. They had been sold and lived with other families in the county. It had been a long time since he had embraced his beloved wife and children and he missed them terribly. It was early in the 1860s and all Greenberry could look forward to was day after day of laboring.

Greenberry had been born between 1810-1815 with some records showing 1813. His first known master was James M. Gillock of Barren County and he had been inherited by his son. When Gillock died, Greenberry was sold to Francis (Frank) Chambers.

In 1862 the Civil War was tearing the country apart. It was in that year that several union states, including Kentucky, began forming regiments of black troops. Soon they would be called the “U. S. Colored Troops.” How did effect Greenberry Chambers?

Sometime prior to 1864 Greenberry had apparently run away from his master, racing hopefully towards freedom. He had spent many nights and days hiding in the woods, likely traveling only at night because escaped slaves were hunted by men with dogs and returned to their master and receiving a reward.

Greenberry took a big chance. He made it to Bowling Green and enlisted as a private. His application showed “No. 44, Frank Chambers of Glasgow, KY. For compensation for Slave, Greenberry Chambers. Enlisted Sept. 30th, 1864 in Company H, 115 Regiment, U. S. Colored Troops. Received Decr. 15th, 1866. Compensation Awarded _____ Amount and Date is blank. Signed by W. R. McFerran, Glasgow, KY. Claimant’s Post-office Address, Glasgow, Ky.”

Sometime after his enlistment, Greenberry received an injury while he was attempting to help with the erection of a stockade at Fort Cynthiana, KY. According to military records he was helping roll up a log which slipped. “The hand spike he held in his hand was forced against him and struck in such a manner as to cause a rupture which grew worse and worse.” He would never totally recover from this injury but he kept serving.

Greenberry was discharged from the Union Army in July, 1865. To learn what happened next we look at the “History of Upper Mississippi Valley.” It is stated that after being discharged, he went in hunt of his wife and children. Thankfully, he did find them and somehow with “great difficulty” got them all released from their master.”

The war ended and Greenberry and his family left Kentucky. They traveled by steamboat to Minnesota in September of the same year. He was remembered by a Phil Sheridan who stated, “he looked poor, went lame, was bent forward, and partially to his right side, and claimed to be suffering with a rupture of his right side.” But, Chambers kept going.

He and his family settled in what was to become Blaine, MN somewhere between the current Sunset Road and Lever Street. His money, likely saved from his war service, allowed him to buy a farm that was then valued at \$1,000. His personal property, in 1870, was \$700. 30 acres of his farm was shown as “improved,” and 130 acres were not cultivated. He owned 2 horses, 7 head of cattle and 12 pigs. He raised wheat, Indian corn and oats. The value of the farm’s production was \$616. Somehow, despite his infirmities, Greenberry Chambers had kept on working.

A set-back occurred in October of 1875 however when his farm was foreclosed on because a debt existed for \$677.70. Thus the Chambers family were forced to move further south. For the next nine years he farmed 18 acres of tilled land.

About 1884, the Chambers family moved to St. Paul, MN. After his death, Lottie filed for pension and it was noted that she “supported him by working at cleaning, washing and ironing.” They also received a Civil War veteran pension of \$48 per year.

Lottie died in 1884 of pneumonia. She was buried in the center of the Oakland Cemetery in the “African Section.” Greenberry worked on until 1898, supporting himself as a porter on a railroad. He was buried in the same cemetery. His stone shows: Green Chambers, Pvt. Co. H, 115 USCT, Civil War, July 16, 1898.”

Some of the information was taken from “Circle Pines and Lexington, Minnesota: History of the 1800s to 2000” by Stephen Lee. Blaine, MN is planning on honoring Greenberry Chambers by a statue or historic marker as he is considered the first settler of Blaine.

Anoka County, MN reached out to Glasgow in order to obtain a photograph of Greenberry. Sadly, this doesn't exist. Working with an early and limited time period, I have attempted to find any information about Greenberry while a slave here. The only clue being that Frank Chambers was his owner while here.

The 1860 slave census shows Francis Chambers, District 2, with one male black slave, age 39. Could this be Greenberry, although according to other records he would have been 47 years old? As we know many people did not know their exact age; could the age be guessed at for this slave census? Francis (Frank) Chambers appears for the first time in 1860 in District 2 so it appears he was a recent citizen.

Sadly, nothing else was found regarding Greenberry, Lottie or their children while they were in Barren County. We salute Blaine, Anoka County, MN. For honoring Chambers; we only wish we knew more about him and his family while here.



CONDOLENCES - JUANITA BARDIN

Juanita Bardin, 94 of Glasgow, 2018 at Greenwood Nursing and Green, Ky. Juanita was born Michigan, the first child of Julian blessed with two brothers, Lee Bardin. She was preceded in youngest brother Richard Lee Bardin. She is survived by her daughters of Richard and her brother Robert Moss Bardin,

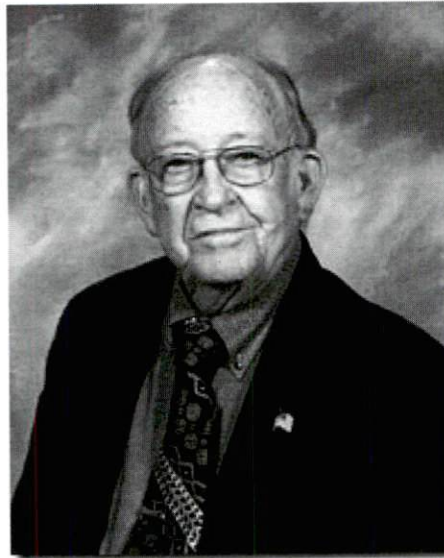


Ky., passed away September 2, Rehabilitation Center in Bowling October 13, 1923 in Detroit, Moss and Minna Bardin. She was Robert Moss Bardin and Richard death by her parents and her Bardin and his wife Ramona Davis nieces Linda and Sherry, Ramona. She is also survived by his wife June, and their children

Sandy, Bobby, Michael. Also surviving are her dear cousins Clark and Eric Goslee. Juanita attended Cave City High School and Western Kentucky University. She retired from Atmos Energy after many years of service. She was a devout member of the Glasgow Baptist Church and served faithfully in many capacities there. She had a particular love for the babies in the nursery and the love she gave was reciprocated by many little ones. She served many years as the local chairman of the March of Dimes. She was the secretary treasurer for the South Central Kentucky Genealogical Society and had a passion for family history. Services were held Wednesday, September 5, 2018 at Hatcher and Saddler Funeral Home in Glasgow, Ky. Burial was at Cave City Cemetery immediately following the service.

Condolences - Ira Hascal "Hack" Bertram

Hascal "Hack" Bertram, 91, September 3, 2018, at He was born on May 5, 1927 Haskal Bertram, Sr. and Hack was a member of the Glasgow and was a retired S. Army from 1945 to 1947. He River Archeological Society, President for many years. He South Central Cultural Center of the Historical Society. He museum. He especially various school groups and of Glasgow and Barren County



experiences. He is survived by his wife, Lillian Depp Bertram; one son, Shawn Bertram and wife Janice; two grandsons: Justin Bertram and wife Lauren and Lucas Bertram. He is also survived by nephews: Mike Bush and wife Karen, and Alan Cox and wife Nicole Nee Cox; and nieces: Sue Muse and husband Joe, Kay Bush, Lesley Cagle and husband Todd, and Sherralyn Cox; along with several great nephews and great nieces. In addition to his parents, he was preceded in death by his sister, Nancy Bertram Bush, and a nephew, Steve Bush. Funeral services were held 2:00 p.m. Thursday at the Hatcher & Saddler Funeral Home with burial in the Glasgow Municipal Cemetery.

Glasgow, died Monday, Glenview Health Care Facility. in Glasgow to the late Ira Mercedes Foster Bertram. First Christian Church of salesman. He served in the U. was a member of the Green having served as First Vice was a former volunteer at the and a long-time board member led many tours through the enjoyed speaking with the sharing his love of the history along with his military

FOR SALE BY THE SOCIETY

Prices include shipping & handling.


Barren County Cemeteries. Beard and Leech, Editors. Hardbound. \$17.00 

Barren County Heritage. Goode & Gardner, Editors. Hardbound. \$34.00

Barrens: The Family Genealogy of the White, Jones, Maxey, Rennick, Pope
and Kirkpatrick families, related lines. Emery H. White, \$18.00

Biography of Elder Jacob Locke by James P. Brooks. \$6.00


Goodhope Baptist Church (now Metcalfe Co.), Peden, 1838-1872. \$8.00

Historic Trip Through Barren County, C. Clayton Simmons. Hardbound, \$10.50 

Little Barren (Trammel's Creek) Baptist Church (now Metcalfe County), Peden,
\$8.00

Mt. Tabor Baptist Church, committee. \$12.00.

Pleasant Run Church, McFarland's Creek, 1827-1844, Peden. \$8.00

Stories of the Early Days: Cyrus Edwards by his daughter. Hardbound, \$12.75 

Then and Now, Dr. R. H. Grinstead, \$3.00.

Times of Long Ago, Franklin Gorin. Hardbound. \$9.00 

1879 Beers & Lanagan Map of Barren County. 24x30 laminated cardstock, black &
white. Landowners shown, community inserts. \$13.75

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Names being researched (Please limit to three):

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2. _____

3. _____

Enclosed is my check/money order in the amount of \$_____ for membership in the Society. Dues received before January 31st of each year will insure that your name is on our mailing list of "Traces" for the first issue of the year. If received after that date, you will be mailed your current issue and all back issues due you at that time. PLEASE NOTIFY US OF ADDRESS CHANGES!

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GENERAL INFORMATION

MEMBERSHIP is open to anyone interested in the history of 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 programs may be held at other locations and local newspapers 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 (1977); Vol. 8, 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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