

Dr. H. S. Gilmore, Bath County's beloved physician

'From day he saw those pills, he took a straight aim at medicine'

By Lorena G. Reynolds

It would be difficult to believe that he was barely six years old when he made his decision to become a country doctor.

It happened one autumn day when old Doc Huff made a call at the Gilmore home at Ringos Mill. While the family doctor was issuing pills from his satchel, he showed little Henry all the bright-colored bottles that made up his traveling pharmacy. So from that day on, Henry took straight aim at the world of medicine.

Anyone can be sure that Henry was on hand whenever Dr. Huff called at any house in the neighborhood, for he wanted to get another look at those pill bottles; and too, he wanted to hear the doctor tell about all the sick people he'd been to see.

Naturally, his childhood ideas of becoming a doctor had to be dreamed in a make-believe world; but as he grew into manhood, Henry S. Gilmore considered seriously what he wanted to do with his life. It was then that he talked it over with his Master and formed a lifetime partnership with Him. Together they launched a career in rural medicine.

Dr. Gilmore was a native of Fleming County, the son of John W. and Harriet McGregor Gilmore. He was born at Ringos Mill on March 5, 1882. He came into the world at a time when work was considered "the honest thing" and when the incentive to become great came from within the heart and mind of the individual.

To obtain an education, the young man living at Ringos Mill was required to use whatever transportation he could find to reach a school. He rode a bicycle from Ringos Mill to Hillsboro each morning, where he boarded a train to go to Flemingsburg. Then, since the train did not return that afternoon, he was required to use his bicycle to get back home the same day. This meant a long day and a round-trip distance of twenty-five miles daily in order to graduate from high school.

The doctor received his college education at the University of Kentucky. He did his graduate work at a

degree in medicine at the University of Louisville, graduating in the class of 1905.

It was September of that same year that Dr. Gilmore rented an office in the little mountain town of Morehead, where he hung out his shingle, packed his satchel (with pretty bottles), prepared his saddlebags, and began "practicing". His dream of becoming a country doctor had been realized at last.

Success came slowly as he traveled over mud roads, through deep snows, and across swollen streams into the hills of eastern Kentucky. Relieving the misery of pain or stopping the sobs of a sick child brought the rewards he was seeking, so this country doctor decided he liked the profession he had chosen.

Dr. Gilmore realized that those early days were hard for his patients, that money was one of the least abundant of all possessions. He knew that he would often be late in getting his pay. But whether he collected late or never, he couldn't make a difference between the rich and the poor when they needed relief from their suffering.

Dr. Gilmore's life is a legend in its own right. He was the "Country Doctor" often described in folklore; never a night too dark, too cold, or too stormy for him to answer the call of his patients.

He had the good fortune to spend sixty-eight years of his lifetime in the practice of medicine, three years in Fleming and sixty-five in Bath County. During that time he treated many families who had known no other doctor. He listened to all their stories. He salved all their sores, pulled all their teeth, delivered all their babies. (The doctor gave account of delivering three thousand babies, all being brought into the world in home deliveries. Of this number, he recorded eighty-six sets of twins.)

Dr. Gilmore's patients admired their country doctor because he had been with them all their lives. They always spoke kindly about him. "I hope he will live as long as I do," some of the oldsters would say. "Whatever would



Dr. H. S. Gilmore

we do if anything happened to our family doctor?"

He was a good listener. He listened to the aches of his patients, he diagnosed their illnesses, and then issued medicine from his black medicine case or from the shelves of his office. Usually, he was able to tell his patients just what they wanted to hear. "This will get you up and out again soon!"

Not everyone who came to his office needed medicine. Just seeing the doctor sometimes makes a patient feel better. The old folk liked to swap stores and to hear the doctor's opinion on current events. He seemed to have a way with children, too. Many very young ones called him "my doctor."

Then there were those who needed medicine for the soul, and "old Doc Gilmore" as he was tenderly called, never missed an opportunity to care for this need. Witnessing for his Master, he prescribed spiritual cures for any who found themselves getting out of line with life.

He exerted great influence as a teacher of a men's Sunday School class in his church for as many years as he doctored diseases. His work and influence in the White Oak Christian Church won for him the recognition and honor of being named "Mr. White Oak" at a celebration held in 1967.

The life story of Dr. Gilmore would be only half-told if we failed to include a tribute to Mrs. Gilmore. Etta Evans,

the daughter of Robert and Matilda Fawns Evans became Mrs. Gilmore on September 6, 1905.

As he began his medical career, Dr. Gilmore realized the need of a faithful companion. This idea had been a part of his plan for many years, so when he selected Mrs. Gilmore to be his help-mate, he chose a "great lady."

Professionally speaking, she was not an artist; yet the reproduction of her experiences as a country doctor's wife would be the envy of the world's most famous painters. No, not an artist; yet in the fifty-four years she was permitted to live and play the role of companion to the busy doctor, her character produced many masterpieces. These masterpieces, carried only in the hearts and minds of her friends will be lasting, never-fading memories.

Life as a country doctor's wife is not the ordinary life. It calls for courage, patience, love for humanity, spiritual and physical strength, kindness—all these, and Mrs. Gilmore possessed them all. Yes, she was a great lady.

At one time when she was recovering from an illness which had kept her absent from her church gatherings, a friend wrote: "I hope she will be able to be a part of the Easter Parade because she is just about as pretty a lady as you will meet anytime, anywhere."

Winning friends seemed to be her greatest asset. She had the gift of making friends by being a friend to everyone with whom she came in contact. She was one of those people who enjoyed a friendly chat, she liked to entertain in her home, and she liked to work in her church. In this way she came to know a lot of people and once they knew her they wanted to know her better. She was one who never failed to remember to send flowers, a cake, or write a little note to those having birthdays, a special anniversary, an illness, or any need for attention.

The children of the doctor's patients always welcomed her freshly baked cookies, or perhaps, a cold glass of lemonade made especially for them. Persons who came to the home and

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lorena Gilmore Reynolds, who wrote the above story of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Gilmore, has herself had a busy and varied career. After attending elementary school in White Oak, she graduated from the then, Owingsville High School and then went on to graduate from Morehead College at Morehead and take graduate work in Lexington, at the University of Kentucky.

She spent twenty-four years as a teacher in the Bath and Montgomery County schools, a career which was interrupted for three and a half years

during which time she acted as editor of the Bath County News-Outlook.

In 1943, she and Walter E. (Johnny) Reynolds were married, and the couple carried on in the family tradition by serving the community and the Owingsville Christian Church where both were members of the choir for many years.

Now a widow, Mrs. Reynolds has filled her life with a new interest, that of ceramics and china painting, an occupation at which she excels and which she is making into a new, if limited, career.

were required to wait for the doctor to return from making a call were cordially welcomed and made more comfortable by her courtesies.

Mrs. Gilmore never tired of being in the medical profession. She was most successful in greeting the business world into which the doctor's career brought her. She knew the doctor needed her, and it was his career to which she was dedicated.

In a memorial written following the death of Mrs. Gilmore on December 2, 1959, this description of her gives

evidence that her life was, in every way, the life of one dedicated to influencing those about her: "Her struggle to live was long and heroic, but Christian fortitude supported her to the end. Her religion was a living principle with which her soul possessed the spirit of love... Her life was a well-rounded life, carrying its convictions and work into everyday living. Cautious in judgement, decided in conviction, calm, dignified, and punctual in all duties..."

—TURN TO BACK PAGE THIS SECTION



Sunday School class, 1893 or 1895--do you know them?

Progress the key to our success



Clark R.E.C.C. was officially organized in 1938, beginning with 400 member-consumers who wanted electricity on their farms. Today, more than 10,000 members are served in ten counties by 60 employees. Members are served by offices in Winchester, Stanton and Frenchburg with servicemen also stationed in Madison and Montgomery Counties.

We share in the pride

In this Bicentennial year we share in the pride of accomplishment and look forward to more productive growth in the future.



CLARK R.E.C.C.



Welcome to SALT LICK ROLLER RINK

We are enjoying our part in the growth of this area the past 12 years!

We cater to:

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Friday and Saturday nights and Sunday Afternoons open to the general public

Open from Fall until Spring

SALT LICK ROLLER RINK

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Johnson

Springfield Church -- Bath County's oldest church is still in use

One of the oldest Presbyterian Churches in Kentucky is the Springfield Church in Bath County. This church was first mentioned in the Minutes of Transylvania Presbytery, June 12, 1793. The Minute is as follows: "At Bethel Church, Wednesday, June 12, 1793; Whereas, Springfield congregation have petitioned to build a house for public worship at a place described in said petition leave is granted to build." This shows that there were persons worshipping here before the church was formally organized by Rev. Joseph Price Howe in 1794. In 1793 James Blythe and Robert Finley were the supplies. In the summer of 1794, Rev. Joseph Price Howe came to the church and remained until his death July 11, 1827, a period of thirty-three years.

On September 12, 1894, Dr. E. O. Guerrant, a child of this church, preached the centennial sermon, a part of which follows:

"This church was organized in 1794, before any man in this house was born. The commonwealth of Kentucky is only two years older than this church. The first Governor (Gov. Isaac Shelby) was elected in 1792 and its first constitution adopted in June of the same year.

The great state of Louisiana was a Spanish Province when this church was organized. Then Mt. Sterling was but two years old and contained only a few log cabins; and unbroken forests wound over the hills where Owingsville and Sharpburg now stand.

"In April of the year before this church was organized, the Indians captured Morgan's Station on Slate Creek, taking prisoners, 19 women and children. In November was established the first line of flat boats that ran the Ohio, between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh. These boats made but one trip a month. Cincinnati was then a village of one hundred log cabins and less than 500 inhabitants.

"In the year this church was organized, General Anthony Wayne with 1,600 Kentuckians and 1,600 regulars, defeated the Indians at the great battle of Fallen Timbers. In the same year an expedition was organized in Kentucky by General George Rogers Clark to open the navigation of the Mississippi River. This church was organized two years before Montgomery was formed out of Clark, and seventeen years before Bath was formed out of Montgomery. This church has always stood in this yard; was first in Bourbon County, then in Clark, then in Montgomery and now in Bath. When it was built there was not a newspaper, bank, college or pike in the state of Kentucky.

"The first settlement of any consequence ever made in Bath County,



BEAUTIFUL OLD SPRINGFIELD CHURCH HAS SURVIVED DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS

was at the mouth of Naylor's Branch on Slate by three men Sidewell, Clarke and Ballard, in 1783, only eleven years before this church was organized. The first cabin ever built in the county was by Elias Tobin at the furnace, on Slate, in 1775. These comparative statistics will give you some idea of the age of this church. It is now not only the oldest church in this county, but the oldest in Eastern Kentucky. When it was built, there was no church nearer than Washington, in Mason County, in four miles of the Ohio River. The first settlers in this part of Bath County were three brothers, William, Hugh and John Robinson and William Moffatt with their families. William Moffatt, brother-in-law of the Robinson's was the father of Captain James Moffatt, a venerable and beloved elder of this church for fifty years. These families emigrated from Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, and built their first cabins on the farm beyond the big spring in 1791. Their nearest neighbors were Thomas Montgomery on Stepstone, four miles in a bee line, and John and Mary Stuart Hamilton, who lived on Flat Creek below the present homes of their grandchildren, and who lie buried in this yard, being among the first members of this church.

In the summer of 1794, Rev. Joseph Price Howe, with his wife, Rebecca, and child, Malinda, emigrated to Kentucky from North Carolina, and stopped with Esquire Wm. Robinson who lived on the hill beyond the big spring. In the fall of the same year (1794) Mr. Howe organized this church. James Trimble was its first elder, the

fourth generation of whose children are here today. Its first members were William and John Robinson, Jane McClure, William and Rebecca Moffatt - six altogether. The church was located on the first road ever cut through the wilderness from Mt. Sterling to the Upper Blue Licks. There was probably but one other road in the county at that time - the road from Paris to the old Bourbon Furnace on Slate.

William Robinson who owned 400 acres of land around the church. It was located here on account of the splendid spring which gave it its name. The first church building erected here was a small square house, built of hewn logs and covered with clapboards. The wants of the congregation outgrowing this house, a second church was built in 1804 - a large double log house 64 feet long by 32 feet wide. This was built by Andrew and James Richart. This church was used until 1820, when the present brick church - the third was erected by Thomas Graves. The stone foundation was laid in 1820. The bricks were burned in the yard, and the house finished in 1821.

During all these eventful years the Rev. Joseph Price Howe was the faithful pastor of the church, which under his ministry, had grown from a small beginning of six members to be the largest and most influential church in Eastern Kentucky. He preached at Little Mountain (Mt. Sterling) Church and at Point Pleasant Church on Stoner, in Bourbon County. He died at the age of 62, universally beloved and respected, having been pastor of this church for 32 years - more than half of

the rain from his home near Mt. Sterling, preached and returned home to die. His last words were: "The will of the Lord be done." He died on the 11th day of July, 1827, and by the side of his devoted wife, lies sleeping there in the sound of my voice, with guardian angels keeping vigil over his sacred dust."

The following paper, which was used in a law suit in 1813, gives a statement about the location of Springfield Church in 1793:

The deposition of John Harper, of lawful age and duly sworn, deposed and saith that in addition to his former deposition taken in this case he says the cabin he helped William Calk build at this place in June in the year 1779 was about 14 feet long and 12 feet wide, well covered with sassafras and pine beam logs cut out for a door. The talk of our company was at that time that Calk and myself go back to Virginia and bring our families out and settle at our different improvements the fall following, but the Indians continued Troublesome for about 12 or 14 years that prevented our settling as we had intended and he further says he recollects of applying to Mr. Calk for leave to build a meeting-house on his settlement and preemption tract of land, to which application Calk replied, he had no objection if we would call it by the name of Springfield meeting-house agreeable to the conditions made

with Mr. Calk and he further says that in the fall of 1793 or 1794 Mr. Calk drove stock up, farmed, planted and tended a field of corn near his spring, to the north, and he further saith, that he believes that Calk's improvement and Small Mountain Creek was generally and notoriously known by their respective names, to hunters and others convenient in this part of the country from 1779 and further the deponeth saith not."

In his Centennial Address in 1894, Dr. O.E. Guerrant said that Springfield Church was built on land given by William Robinson who owned 400 acres. Title to this land did not actually pass to the trustees of this church until January 9, 1816, when John Jones and his wife Caty conveyed to James W. McIlheny, Rolins Burbrige, John Lockridge, Andrew Shanklin, and James M. Graham, Trustees for Springfield Church "a certain tract or parcel of land containing three acres to include Springfield meeting house and the graveyard annexed situated lying and being in the aforesaid county, being a part of the entry of one thousand acres patented and surveyed in the name of Enoch Smith and bounded as follows."

This land may have belonged to William Robinson and he may have intended to make a deed to the church for this land and failed to do so. At any rate in 1816 the Trustees of Springfield Church have ever since been in possession of this property.

—FROM PAGE 2, THIS SECTION—

'From the day he saw those pills, he took a straight aim at medicine'

In all her work she knew the love of Christ."

In addition to her many duties in the world about her, she filled all the requirements for a most efficient housewife and mother to a son, Robert W. Gilmore, and a daughter, Lorena (Mrs. W. E. Reynolds).

Family life in the Gilmore home was full of love, happiness, and excitement. Of course, there were times when decision-making had to be encountered and solved through patience and

endurance. A long vacation was unheard of. Overnight and weekend trips to visit relatives in nearby cities and states afforded great joy to each member of the family. The simple things were the happy experiences shared by his family always - a croquet game, a school party, mid-week prayer services, a candy-pulling, a sled-ride to Sunday School.

Dr. and Mrs. Gilmore were community-minded, and they were

happy to be a part of any worthwhile project. In the early years, they helped promote the Chautauqua entertainers, a company sponsored by the businessmen of the county. The week's nightly programs were always of the highest-type performance, and the big tent was overflowing with an enthusiastic and appreciative audience.

They always participated in church conventions and Sunday School rallies. The Bath County School rallies, and in later years, the Bath County Horse Shows were of great interest to the Gilmores.

When the Bath County Medical Center was opened in January, 1963 Dr. Gilmore was honored with the observance of "Dr. Gilmore Days". At that time the Bath County News-Outlook made this statement: "It is a most fitting tribute to this learned gentleman of the medical profession whose hands and skill have brought more than one-third the population of Bath County into the world." Dr. Gilmore was one of the strongest supporters of the Medical Center from the time it was started.

Taking an active part in the Community Parade in the Sesqui-centennial celebration in 1964, Dr. Gilmore continued to cooperate in community interests.

Dr. and Mrs. Gilmore were fortunate to be able to observe their fiftieth wedding anniversary with Open House at their Owingsville home on September 5, 1955. There is no wonder that so many friends called to help them celebrate on that day!

Dr. Gilmore never considered retirement-not even after his ninety-first birthday when he was becoming very frail. When his family suggested that it was advisable, he showed surprise and a bit of disgust. "Retire?"

"They wouldn't let me! (speaking of his patients)... But my Master will retire me one of these days."

It was while he was waiting for this day, the final call came.

The author of this feature can think of no better way to pay tribute to Dr. and Mrs. Gilmore (my Mother and Dad) than to allow them to be a part of the Bath County Bicentennial celebration.

As predicted, first all-woman jury could not agree

The first woman jury ever to serve in Bath County was summoned at the request of the defendant in Judge Ewing Conner's court in 1922. Being about equally divided between town and surrounding country, it included Mrs. Lewis McCoy, Mrs. Sam Owsley, Mrs. Reese Wells, Mrs. Ruben Manley, Mrs. Oscar Conyers, Mrs. John Snedegar, Mrs. Earl Crain, Mrs. Johnson Shrou, Mrs. Thomas Crouch, Mrs. Henry Cline and Mrs. Arlie Toy.

RESTING PLACE OF CAPT. JACK JOUETT NEVER FOUND HERE

The following editorial appeared in the Louisville Courier-Journal Monday, June 4, 1934:

"Giving a passing through today to Virginia's and Kentucky's hard riding hero, Jack Jouett, Jr., who saved Thomas Jefferson from capture 153 years ago today.

"Virginia gave him a sword and pistols, erected markers to commemorate his feat and recognized the anniversary as Jack Jouett Day.

"Captain Jouett rode from Cuckoo Tavern, in Louisa County, 45 miles to the Capital to warn Governor Jefferson and the Virginia Legislature that Tarleton's Black Dragoons were on their way to capture Virginia leaders and arrest them for treason. His ride was much farther than Paul Revere's and he didn't spare his horse.

"Jouett's remains rest in a Bath County cemetery. He came to Kentucky to spend his days after the Revolutionary War and founded a well known family which has worthily borne the honor of his name."

Captain Jouett's burial place, while the exact spot is unknown, is on the McGuire farm at Peeled Oak. Members of his descendants, the Lacy family, and others have failed in their efforts to locate the exact spot.

HOME MADE ROUGE

For a good rouge before the turn of the century many women used: Carmine, one dram; oil of almonds, one dram; French chalk, two ounces.

WINKING WAS TABOO IN THOSE OLDEN DAYS

From editorial in 1910 newspaper: "Girls - it is not right for you to let a young man hold your hand while walking with you.

"He may be excused if he wants you to hold his hand, but the young man who winks at you in passing is beyond."

First new car sold and a disasterous fire -- all part of history of Bailey's Garage



Ray Bailey of Bailey's Garage displays a new 1963 Ford, the first car sold after going into the Ford dealership. Chester Smoot was the buyer of this new car.



Fire in 1971 destroyed Bailey's Garage. It was rebuilt and is again serving as Bath County's Ford dealer.

Thanks for welcoming us into your fine community...

We're very pleased to be a part of this great bicentennial celebration!

Owingsville Dry Cleaners
Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gaunce

They struck terror in Bethel

NIGHT OF THE RIDERS . . .

By LILA ROBERTSON LEECH

On a clear, cold moonlight night in early January, 1908, twenty men on horseback, riding two abreast, not masked but with white kerchiefs around their necks rode into Bethel from the south. After placing kerosene-soaked rags around the town's tobacco warehouse, they set them afire. Then making sure that their mission was accomplished they remounted their horses and continued through the village, turning down the Little Flat Road and going back to their homes in Nicholas County. None of these night-riders ever were positively identified or arraigned, but, as you know, people will talk, and I've heard my father say that he knew who everyone of them was. We often spoke of the "dun horse" from Nicholas.

In 1908, Bethel was a small village of a little over one hundred persons, living in twenty-five houses for the whites and perhaps a dozen houses for the negroes who had built their homes in Jennyville on the north end. The inhabitants either farmed the outlying land or provided services for the entire community. There were three doctor's offices, a telephone exchange, a post office, two general stores, a hardware store, a dry goods store, a blacksmith shop, two churches, but the largest building in the village was the tobacco warehouse, owned by my uncle, Allie Robertson. He lived a half-mile out of town on a farm owned by his wife, Mattie, and her mother, Carrie Badger Arrasmith. This farm had been handed down from the Arrasmith ancestors, early settlers in the area who had obtained a land grant from Patrick Henry, before Kentucky became the 15th state in 1792.

Bethel, the third oldest settlement in Bath County, was first platted and laid out in 1817 on the very center of a ridge six miles long with drainage to the east going into Flat Creek on the west, into Little Flat, both emptying into the Licking River, four or five miles to the north. Here, on this ridge and the adjacent hillsides in the northwest corner of Bath County, lay one of the richest livestock and agricultural sections to be found in Kentucky. The old stage coach route from Maysville to Mt. Sterling became the "Main Street" of Bethel with the houses built on each side of the road. In the business section, the road widened to accommodate hitching posts for the horses and buggies of the farmers of the area, or the drummers - now called "traveling

salesmen", who came by frequently to supply the needs of the merchants of the village.

I was just eight years old when the night riders came to town, but I remember that night as if it were only yesterday, as well as some of the incidents leading up to their visit, for it had been the main topic of conversation in our home for more than a year. My father, Tom Robertson, was not only a tobacco grower, but a buyer as well. He and his brother, Allie, traveled over the entire area buying tobacco hanging in the barns, and often contracted for it when it was still growing in the fields. Then after the tobacco had been cured and stripped, the growers would bring it to the warehouse to be "prized", that is packed and pressed in large hogsheads ready for shipment to Louisville. In some cases, after being

graded and weighed, the farmers were paid immediately; in others they chose to wait until the tobacco had been auctioned in Louisville.

In 1906, the American Tobacco Company was the largest tobacco company in the world, and the third largest corporation or "trust" in the U.S. exceeded only by U.S. Steel and John D. Rockefeller's Standard Oil. It had acquired a controlling interest in all the manufacturers of tobacco products, and thus it was able to set the price to be paid the growers - usually 5 to 10 cents a pound and even with labor costing a dollar a day or less, the grower had little to show for his year's work. Thus was formed the Burley Tobacco Society with such leaders as Mr. Kehoe of Maysville, Clarence LeBus Sr., of Cynthiana and in our own county, Waller Sharp of Sharpsburg, in

an effort to force the American Tobacco Company to pay more for the tobacco. Earlier attempts had been made in western Kentucky in the "dark burley" area to organize the farmers, but with much destruction of property and some loss of life.

The representatives of the Burley Society met in every county seat with the growers, and in many cases they called upon individual farmers, asking them to "pool" their entire 1907 crop and to promise not to grow any tobacco at all in 1908. It was believed that this was the only way to bring up the price to cut off the supply at its source. A majority of growers, many under coercion, agreed to this plan, but there were many others who felt that even a little money was better than none at all.

As tobacco was the main source of income to Kentucky farmers and to

About the author

Mrs. Leech wrote the story of the Night Riders especially for this edition of the Outlook and brought it into the office for our use prior to sudden death on July 10, 1974.

Mrs. Leech, a native of Bath County, attended school in Bethel during her early years and then at the age of fourteen, went to Lexington, where she became a boarding pupil at Hamilton College. In 1921 she graduated from Randolph Macon College For Women.

After her marriage to Dr. Charles H. Leech, the couple moved to Lima, Ohio, where they made their home until 1962 when the doctor retired and they returned to Bethel to make their home and operate the Lila Leech Farm.

The Leeches have two children, Mrs. L. B. Kidder of Bethel and Dr. Thomas R. Leech, who is a plastic surgeon in Lima, Ohio. The couple also have five grandchildren.

most share-croppers, the only source of getting any money at all they simply had to have their money and refused to join the "pool". It was "unpooled" tobacco that was being brought to the warehouse in Bethel.

So for months we had been alarmed when the newspapers came with news of more and more tragedies. I remember a cartoon in the Lexington Herald. It showed Little Orphan Annie paraphrasing and ending her tale with "and the night-riders will get you if you don't watch out!"

One afternoon in November while coming home from school we noticed several strange buggies near the warehouse. I learned that it was the "pool people" who were meeting with Uncle Allie to force him to discontinue receiving any more unpooled tobacco.

Uncle Allie refused to comply with their demands, stating that he had promised the growers that he would accept their tobacco. So the tobacco kept coming in that late fall of 1907 where it was packed in hogsheads and shipped to Louisville as rapidly as it could be handled. There was an estimated 35,000 pounds in the warehouse the first week in January 1908 waiting to be prized and shipped.

Then about midnight, on January 8, my grandmother, Sallie Scott, who was still up reading her Bible and preparing her Sunday School lesson, heard the sound of horses' hooves on the frozen roadway. Quickly turning out her

lamp, she raised the window shade and saw about twenty men on horseback riding past the house. She ran to my parent's room and told them that the parent's room had just gone by. My father dressed hurriedly, picked up his loaded shotgun, ran to the barn for his horse and started for Uncle Allie's home. By the time he got to the top of the hill only three or four hundred yards he could see that the warehouse was on fire and the night-riders were remounting. So he turned down the lane by the Christian Church and took off cross lots for his brother's home in the country. He knew that his brother was in Louisville on business, so his concern was for Aunt Mattie and Aunt Carrie who were home alone. He stayed with them until he felt sure that no harm would come to them and then set out on horseback for the nearest telephone that was in working order.

The night-riders had been through. They had stopped at the intersection of the Carlisle Pike and the Sharpsburg Road, had climbed the telephone pole and cut the wires leading into Bethel. It was necessary for my father to ride almost to Sharpsburg before he could call Uncle Allie in Louisville.

I was sleeping in a downstairs bedroom with my great aunt, Ruth Dodsworth, who was visiting us from Cincinnati, when Mother woke us up to tell us the warehouse was on fire. I can remember my frustration; I thought I'd never find the button hook to button my shoes and I was sure our house would burn before I could get dressed. When finally I got out of the house the whole sky was ablaze and people were coming in from miles around. They all brought their water buckets with them, and although nothing could save the warehouse or Peter's Store which joined it, they strove valiantly to save the nearby houses and stores. All available bed clothing was brought out - quilts, blankets and spread out over the roofs of the houses. Someone on top of the roof of each house kept the bedding wet with the water that was pumped out of the cistern, then carried up the ladder to the man waiting on the roof.

Fortunately, there was little wind that night. Otherwise the whole town might have burned. However it was so threatening that everybody who lives nearby had begun to carry their possessions out of their houses. I remember seeing one of my playmates Inez Day, who lived next door to the warehouse, walking up and down pushing her doll carriage with all her

--TURN TO PAGE



These four ladies were 1922 classmates at Bethel High School and got together for 51 years of talking over old times. From left, they are Mrs. Raymond Williams, Mrs. William Jeffries, Mrs. Jack DeRossett and Mrs. Curtis Hunt.

SMITH AND SON



HARDWARE

We have progressed right along with the rest of Bath County's business community.

We are proud to have played our part in the growth of Owingsville and Bath County and we appreciated the support and cooperation shown by the thousands of customers who have made this growth possible.



OUR GIFT SHOP

Features wood giftware, glassware, ceramic and pottery, along with hundreds of other gift items, our store is truly your one-stop gift headquarters.

OWINGSVILLE 5 & 10

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Now smile for the nice photographer!

PHOTOS COURTESY LESTER SHROUT



Salt Lick preacher, his family and the Good Book



Three gay young blades ready for a night on the town



Miss Lester, before she became Mrs. A. G. ShROUT

They struck terror in Bethel
NIGHT OF THE RIDERS

--FROM PAGE 4, THIS SECTION

dolls in it. Even if their house burned and everything in it, her dolls would be safe!

Certain incidents that night were told and retold and carried down through the years, but they varied little as the years went by. One such happening relates to Mr. Will Peters. The story goes that he had been playing poker and had just come in to go to bed in his apartment over the store very near the warehouse. One of the night-riders yelled at him, "Put out that lamp or we'll shoot it out!" Then as they rode away, Mr. Ed Reed who lived next to Pieratt's dry goods store, peeped around the corner of his house when one of the men on horseback shouted, "Get back or I'll shoot your head off".

Fortunately, no one was hurt that night and nothing burned but the warehouse and its contents and the Peters Brothers store. Paint on the houses across the street was blistered but, by the diligence and untiring efforts of the fire fighters, these homes suffered no other damage. I never knew whether Uncle Allie carried insurance or who took the loss on the tobacco but I have heard my father say the American Tobacco Company made some compensation for the tobacco that was destroyed.

Well, the Burley Society won its battle; no more of the 1907 crop was sold, except to the "pool"; no tobacco was grown in 1908, often referred to as the year of the "cut out". The warehouse in Bethel was never rebuilt. Uncle Allie, his family and several others who had worked for him moved to Mt. Sterling. When tobacco was again in production, Uncle Allie and my father bought a warehouse in Mt. Sterling, which they operated for many years. The American Tobacco Company's monopoly was finally broken up in 1911 by a decision of the Supreme Court, that it violated the provisions of the famous Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890. With competition instead of monopoly, the price of tobacco gradually rose and after World War I it reached as high as 50-60 cents per pound. Then came the depression - but until 1972, when beef cattle production

took the lead, tobacco continued to be the chief agricultural source of income for the Kentucky farmers.

Now in 1973, Margaret Arrasmith Dicken and I are the only persons living in Bethel who were living here the night the night-riders came. The others have either died or have moved away. The population remains much the same; most of the houses look like they did when I was a child. The good roads and automobiles have changed the way of life here. Filling stations have replaced the blacksmith shop; the two room school house, attended by the children who lived within walking distance, has been succeeded by a large centralized school to which the children are brought in by bus; larger medical centers can be reached by car so the country doctor of my childhood no longer exists here.

Other changes have come about with a television set in every home. The youngsters sit with their eyes glued to the Saturday morning cartoons on television, instead of the exciting and challenging games of marbles, wrestling or horse shoe pitching of the olden days. You rarely call on your neighbors lest it interfere with some program they are watching. The older men still sit around the pot-bellied stove at the general store, but instead of a lively game of checkers or heated arguments over politics, they too, are watching television with little time even to greet a newcomer to their circle.

Tobacco, as in the early 20's remains the chief agricultural product but you know even before you make a tobacco bed exactly how many pounds you can raise and within a cent a pound what it will bring when sold. Labor costs have gone up from a dollar a day to \$2.00 to \$3.00 an hour. It takes more money to buy gasoline than it did to feed a horse, and with the price of everything you buy to eat or wear or drive climbing steadily, the average tobacco grower or share-cropper can hardly live on his net earnings from raising tobacco. To keep up with the Jones's or the Smith's many of them have to work in factories for an eight hour day, raising their tobacco in their spare time.

Dream come true for Sew-It Shop owners

A dream came true for the owners of the Sew-It Shop in Owingsville. Never in the history of their small town had there been a fabric shop. Mrs. Doris Kincaid and Mrs. Viola Riddle opened the shop February 15, 1973.

They needed a person in the store who knew how to handle material. Mrs. Lorraine Lyons was the perfect answer since she had recently sold her Dry Cleaning Business.

They held sewing classes to help the customers in basic sewing and short cuts with knits. They spread their help to adult classes in Montgomery County School.

For those without time to create for themselves, the three began custom sewing. Recently they have added four more ladies to help with the sewing and though they are small, a dream is coming true.



Wonderful selection of fine fabrics for every use . . .

We Believe

in the

Past, present and future of our fine county!

And we're proud to be a part of it, offering something a little different -- a little better in

- ★ Fabrics ★ Patterns
- ★ Sewing notions
- ★ The latest ideas and supplies for the sewer



For The Finest Names Known In

FARM EQUIPMENT

See



★ Case

★ New Holland

★ New Idea



Elgin Church

Largest Dealer In Area

247-3232

Bethel, Kentucky

We Take Great Pride In Being A Part Of Bath County's Progress

Now smile for the nice photographer!

PHOTOS COURTESY
LESTER SHROUT



Salt Lick preacher, his family and the Good Book



Three gay young blades ready for a night on the town



Miss Lester, before she became Mrs. A. G. Shrout

They struck terror in Bethel

NIGHT OF THE RIDERS

--FROM PAGE 4, THIS SECTION

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Elgin Church

Largest Dealer In Area

247-3232

Bethel, Kentucky

We Take Great Pride In Being A Part Of Bath County's Progress

Restoration of our old family cemeteries can be done

Farris Roschi proves it

It can be done, says Farris Roschi, in speaking of the restoration of old private family cemeteries. Farris knows that it can be, for she and her husband Timmie (W.W. Roschi) have been hard at work for the last five months restoring the old Hendrix Cemetery, originally located on Hendrix land where many of Farris' forebears lie peacefully on the gentle hillside as the sun sifts through the shadows of leaves and a cool breeze whispers around the slanted and fallen stones.

Farris says that she and Timmie are not only cleaning up and straightening up the spot for their own satisfaction and out of respect for those of their family buried there, but are also attempting to arouse interest in others who may have family cemeteries that have fallen into a state of chaos as far as weeds, trees and moldy stones are concerned. "We're trying to show that

it really can be done" she explained, "and that people can even make their own headstone markers if they so desire."

The Roschis of course have had help in their project to restore the graves of the one-hundred and fifty to two-hundred buried there and to clear away the leaves and repair needed fences to keep out stock on the farm where the cemetery is now located.

Their first task involved cutting of the trees and bushes and the clearing of accumulated trash. Next came the fencing and re-setting of the quaint old iron gate, long since fallen on its side and useless. The Roschis of course had help in this work as in all other, but all along the main inspiration and endeavor has been theirs.

Birth dates for some of the older graves go back to the earlier part of the 18th century and include even the last resting place (and perhaps the only

one) of the earlier-day slaves. Forebears of many well-known Bath Countians also lie buried here and the names include those of the Palmer, Vice, Hawkins, Crow, Bailey, Atchison, Kirk, Arrasmith, Rogers, Butler, Grey, Gorrell, Buckler and Story families.

The oldest graves are those however of the Hendrix family, including Abraham Hendrix, evidently the grandfather of them all. The oldest stone in the plot is that of Farris' great, great, great grandmother, wife of Abraham who was buried in 1824. Two large rough stones are theirs, in the Roschi's opinion and near them is buried the unwed Ruth, their daughter, who according to old documents was inheritor of her father Abraham's estate.

Restoration of the cemetery has involved much more than fencing and the clearing away of brush. It has in addition involved research among

available documents and search for other documents. To some, this might have proved a boring and tedious task, but to Farris and Timmie, it has been a fascinating one. The two involved many of their friends in this search for documentation and from these they were able to obtain copies of pages from the family Bible preserved by Ruth Power's mother, after she had found it somewhere in the East Fork region. Ruth who is now a librarian in Urbana, Illinois, and her mother were former Bath County residents. Some members of their family are also buried in the Hendrix plot and the Bible, though deteriorated, was the source of dates used by Farris in the headstones which she and Timmie are pouring. One of the interesting facts revealed during research was that Farris' great, great grandfather Theophilis, was a hero of the war of 1812, while another Theophilis—perhaps his

son, fought in the Civil War on the Confederate side.

Twenty or more stones marked and unmarked, were found in the plot, but many are undecipherable and practically all of them need to be cleaned and reset. In this they were helped by Randolph Richardson, who offered his help and valuable ideas on cleaning.

The Roschis say that the county is full of these old overgrown and forgotten spots where the early settlers lie. They and Mildred Wonn are anxious for others in the county to restore them and help locate some of the county's famous citizens who have been buried in unknown spots. Last burial in the Hendrix plot was that of Jesse H. Bailey, on April 25, 1952.

The Hendrix Cemetery is situated on a hill on the East Fork Road, between the Alvin Vice and Darnell land and many of the neighbors assisted with the work including Alvin Vice, Elgin



Finished product

Above is shown a marker which the Roschi's poured themselves in order to demonstrate that even a novice can do it.

Bailey, Frank Young, Clyde Bennett, Eugene Young, Sterling Young, Roy Stevens, Bill Carpenter and Claude Bailey.



Now, let me see . . .

Timmie Roschi, Frank Young and Randolph Richardson look over stones marking the resting place of Farris Roschi's great, great grandfather Moses—or was it Frankie? At any rate her great, great, great; her great, great and her great grandparents rest in the above plot. (News-Outlook Staff Photo).



And here lies . . .

Farris is shown as she walks through the Hendrix Cemetery pointing out all the resting places of everyone there, which she knows by heart. As may be seen, the shrubs, undergrowth and trees have already been cleaned away and the grass cut. (News-Outlook Staff Photo).

**Today
no woman
has to hide her
hair
because she can't
do a thing with it!**



A Soft New Style For You

There's nothing to equal the lift you get from having your hair done by a real expert! Let us demonstrate how a new hairstyle can flatter you!

Have Your Hair Styled At
DONNA'S BEAUTY SALON

Coyle Street Phone 674-2656 Owingsville

Davis Department Store

has been serving the clothing and household needs of Bath Countians for over 28 years. We're looking forward to many more years of serving you!



★ Always Be In The Peak Of Fashion With The Latest Styles And The Proper Accessories

What's the Davis customer like?

He probably shops at Davis' often. He knows he'll find the same quality merchandise day after day.

He probably appreciates fast, friendly service. Davis' employees are always eager to help you make your buying selections, they never rush you, but let you take your time to browse around and decide on just the right selection.

Shop where you know you're getting the best for less.



**DAVIS
DEPARTMENT STORE**

Vimont St. Owingsville, Ky.



Check-out area in new Shoppers Village

The new Shoppers Village super market in Salt Lick is the latest food store addition in this area. It features the most modern facilities and a wide variety of food items at the lowest prices. It is open seven days a week.

Operated by Ray Ellis

Ison's shop became city's first florist in 20 years

August 1, 1973 was a very big day for Ison's Florist, for that is when they opened a new shop in Owingsville, the first florist in 20 years.

Right from the first business was excellent since they were accepted graciously by all Bath Countians. In a month or so another florist joined them in Owingsville, but so far they have had plenty of business for both.

Fall activities included Fall Harvest Days, a grand opening and a Christmas preview. It has all been exciting and fun and as they round out their first year they find that business has far exceeded their expectation and hope that their future here will be even more promising.

Ison's Florist, located in the Richardson building in the corner of Henry and Court Streets, is operated by Ray Ellis, who came to Owingsville from More-

head. Ray has had over seven years experience as a florist and for several years operated his own large florist shop in Florida. He is especially adept at funeral arrangements and loves to do weddings, which he believes in arranging to the last detail, being present at rehearsals and also attending the wedding to make sure that no detail is over looked.

In addition to cut flowers of all types and dried arrangements Ison's main-

tains a variety of containers and counterments for any type of ment. Flowers, bulbs and plants are available in season and Ray will decorate for a party at any time indoors or out with no charge except for the flowers.

"As we start our second year in Bath County we can only say we are happy to be a part of this fine community and we will try to grow with it for we know it is headed for growth in the future."

Started as Owingsville Farmers Supply

The Owingsville Farmer Supply was started February 8, 1947 where the Pocket Pool Room is now located. The following year 1948 the business was moved to where Doctor Cameron's office is now located. January 1, 1950 it moved again in the building where

Miller Furniture is presently located. In January 1, 1960 it opened in a new building for business where the present store is now located on Brooks Avenue. Virgil Catron was made manager and on December 1, 1966 it was sold to Southern States Coop., Inc.

Now marking 28 years of service

Davises arrived at high noon July 1, 1946 to open new store

As the court house clock struck 12:00 noon July 1, 1946, Mr. and Mrs. James D. Davis and son Jimmie arrived at their newly purchased home on Wells Avenue, Owingsville, Kentucky. The Davises, natives of Richmond, Kentucky had rented a store building on Vimont Street from Mrs. J. Nesbitt Strader. The building was occupied by a barber shop operated by Jimmie Tinscher, and an electric shop owned by J. E. Denton. After the partition separating the two shops was removed, new glass front made and other remodeling done the new dry goods and clothing store was opened August 17, 1946. Business started with a bang, with doors opening one hour early due to a huge crowd eager to get their share of nylon hose, cotton material and other merchandise made scarce by the previous war.

1950 marks a mile-stone in progress when Mr. and Mrs. Davis bought the building the store was occupying. They doubled the floor space by building on to the rear of this building.

In 1958 the store took on a new look when Jimmie Davis who was personnel manager for General Telephone Company in Lexington for a few years returned as partner in the company. A store wide stock reduction sale was held with bargains galore. Numerous contests were held. Mrs. Dan Doggett Sr. won first prize which was a four piece bedroom suite.

On retirement of James D. Davis in 1967 Jimmie L. Davis became manager and the business has continued to grow.

"A Bigger and Better Community for One and All" has been their motto. They are members of the Chamber of Commerce and cooperate in all community projects.

After 28 years Davis Department Store continues their policy of friendly service with first class merchandise. They wish to thank their many friends for their patronage which has led to a pleasant and prosperous business and may all enjoy this Bicentennial year.



Davis Department Store opening in 1946



James Davis inside store in 1956

We celebrate every day by serving the good folks of Bath County with always the best!

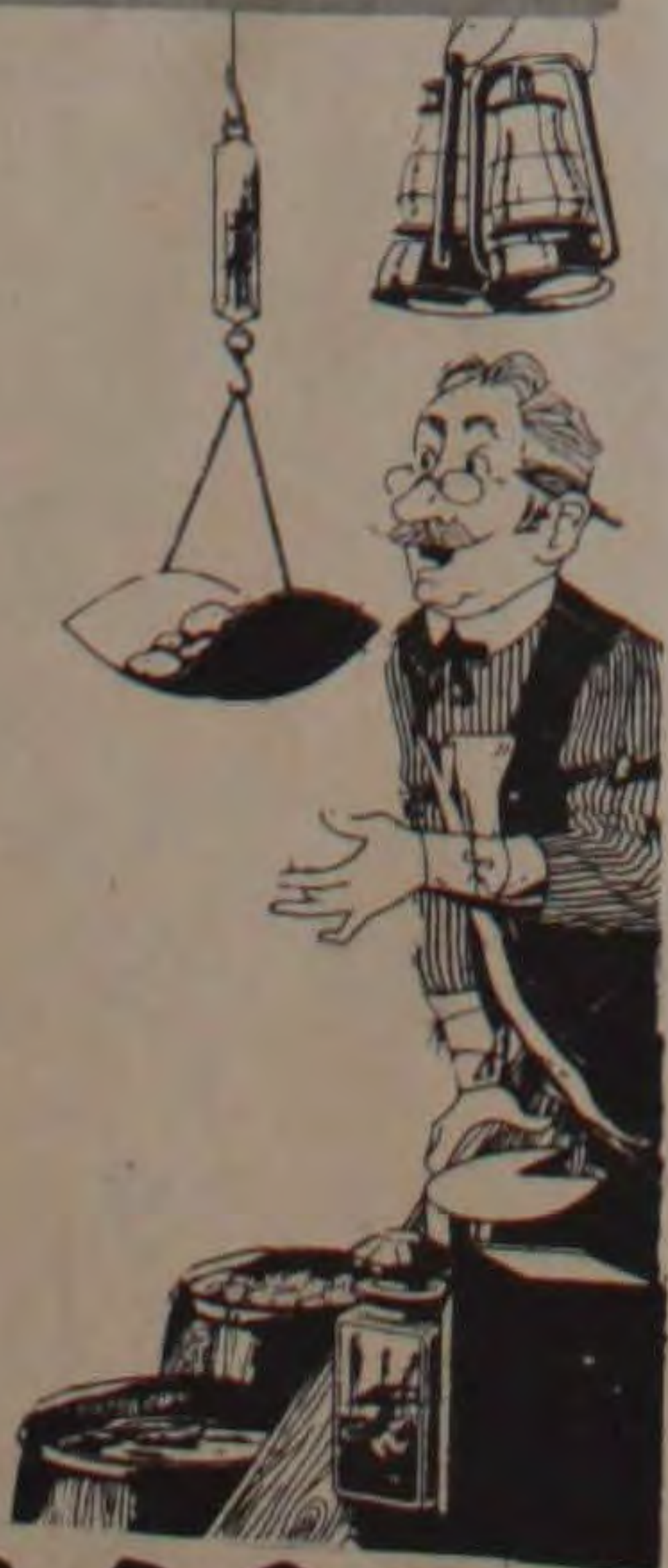


- ★ Quality Foods
- ★ Fresh Meats
- ★ Good Service
- ★ Everyday Low Prices

What more could one ask for?!

SHOPPERS VILLAGE

Formerly Woods Ky. Food Store
Salt Lick, Kentucky



We Have No Lengthy History... But We Do Have Gift And Souvenir Items

Sarah Coventry

Bybee Pottery

Colorful Glassware

Jewelry

And Special And Unique

Ceramics *By Lorena G. Reynolds*

Prints *By Paul I. Lewis*

And

Jewelry *By Ed Craycraft*



All These Are A Joy To See And A Delight To Have From

Lewis A-Frame Novelty Shop

U.S. 60 East

Owingsville, Ky.

We Are Very Proud To Be A Part Of the Growth Of Our County



Farmers Bank in the good old days

The Farmers Bank interior with some of its employees are seen in this old photograph from early days. We cannot pinpoint the year but it has been a long time ago. The bankers are, from left, W. C. Lacy, J. L. Darnell, Banks Thompson and E. L. Byron.

Bill Lacy was a member

Owingsville has its own concert band in 1920's

In 1920-24, there was an Owingsville Concert Band and some of the old timers still remember this musical group with fond memories. W. C. "Bill" Lacy remembers the group and furnished the News-Outlook with its roster of members. They include:

O.B. Thompson, band leader and solo trumpet; Earl B. Thompson, Brooks Morgan and Lee Honaker, trumpets; C. Frank Daily, Dr. J. W. Lester, Charles Honaker and Arnold Thompson, clarionets; J. Luther Hess and Elzie Stone, alto horns; Ed D. Thompson and J. R. Day, trombones; Joe "Pat" Sheehan and E. W. Morgan, saxophones, baritone and E flat tenor; Elbert Harber, baritone; W. C. Lacy, bass and stringed bass; George T.

Young, drums, bells and xylophone; Charles W. Bristow, bass drums and cymbals.

The bank was augmented on special occasions by guest musicians. Some of these were: Bert Johnson, Salt Lick, alto horn; Mr. McKinney, Salt Lick, alto horn and Rev. C. L. Wilson, minister, trumpet while here and as a guest musician while at West Liberty.

The band was trained by Wright Band School, Louisville, by Prof. Wright, Prof. E. M. Coleman. Prof. Coleman, a professional trumpeter played with several circuses, chatauquas and lyceum circuits and soloed every wind and woodwind instrument, including strings, violin and guitar. E. L. Conyers directed and performed with

the band, playing flute and piccolo.

Following his association with the Owingsville Concert Band, Prof. Coleman was engaged as director and instructor of the Maysville Cardinal Band.

The Owingsville band played at General Henry T. Allen's homecoming at Sharpsburg; Booster Day at Morehead and dedication and laying of the cornerstone at Morehead, booster trip with the Winchester Chamber of Commerce, and visits to Clay City, Natural Bridge, Stanton, Heidelberg, Jackson and Irvine. It also played for the Owingsville Chamber of Commerce in the courtyard here.

W.C. Lacy and George T. Young are the only living local members of that band.

Major John S. McIntire

Pioneer, patriot lived at Olympian Springs -- Indians wanted his scalp of beautiful red hair

By Mildred Wonn

Major John S. McIntire's epitaph reads: "He was one among the first settlers of Kentucky and for 14 years fought for the liberties we now enjoy." This epitaph makes one stop to think, who was this man, where did he come from, what wars did he fight in, what liberties are we enjoying because of him, and so on.

He was born in Berkeley County, Virginia, (now West Virginia) on March 3, 1760, died March 26, 1826. He is buried in the Jones Cemetery, near the intersection of U. S. 60 and Kentucky 826, at Midland, in Bath County. The McIntires are buried in the center of this cemetery, in the oldest section. By his side, lies his wife, Elizabeth Howard McIntire Elliott, born at Strodes Station, Kentucky on January 31, 1783, died February 17, 1855. Robert M. Elliott, who was probably her second husband, preceded her in death and is buried a few graves away. In this same lot are the graves of several of the McIntire children and grandchildren.

Major McIntire fought in the Revolutionary War and he guarded emigrants as they crossed the mountains to Old Fort Boonesboro. There is a deposition on file in the Fleming County Court House, where he stated that he came to Fort Boonesboro about November 1799, helped erect Strodes (Strodes) Station, and in the fall of 1780, he was with a party of men in pursuit of Indians in the Upper Blue Licks area.

Captain John Fleming made an entry with the surveyor of Fayette County, "John McIntire enters 1000 acres of land on Treasury Warrant...on a branch that empties into Licking on the North between Upper and Lower Salt Springs..." Major McIntire lived in Fleming County and at Olympian Springs, Bath County, from there to McIntire Ferry on the Licking River where he died.

He was red headed, Scotch Irish, and

the Indians tried several occasions to capture him for his scalp.

The liberties we now enjoy are very much taken for granted, but in 1826 they were still fresh in the minds of all Kentuckians.

THE AUTHOR

Mildred Wonn, who wrote the stories on "How Three Families Settle in Bath County" and "Old Cemeteries", is the daughter of the late Leroy and Mamie Reed Dunaway and a native of this county. Her schooling she says was received in schools in Carlisle, Paris and Mt. Sterling in addition to Owingsville.

Just recently she and her husband Clifford Paul Wonn, an ex-Army career man, celebrated their thirty-first Wedding Anniversary in their home they have made in Owingsville. While with the Army where he spent twenty-two years in the Corps of Engineers, Wonn traveled extensively in Europe, the Middle and Far East and all over the United States in connection with his duties. Some of this time he was with McArthur's Headquarters in Dutch New Guinea and the Philippines. Then for three years he was in the Central American Republic of Honduras and for four years in Japan, where his wife Mildred joined him.

Since Mr. Wonn's retirement from the Army, the couple have continued to travel, absorbing the culture and beauty of each country they visited. Among countries they recently toured are Central America, Mexico, Rumania, Greece, Turkey, China, Macao, Okinawa, Taiwan and Hawaii.

Mrs. Wonn, who has furnished her home with momentos of their travels is also vitally interested in genealogy and has searched and roamed through most of the small family cemeteries in the county. Her desire now, she says, is to form some sort of local society for the preservation of these spots.



'Rubbing' of headstone

Mrs. Clifford (Mildred) Wonn, who researched the story on Maj. John McIntire, holds a "rubbing" she and her husband made of his headstone. Mrs. Wonn pointed out that there wasn't sufficient room on the stone for the 'e' in McIntire--so it was simply left off. (News-Outlook Staff Photo)

Celebrating more than 50 years of

Progress
in the Byron family

serving Bath and surrounding areas

Byron Department Store
Main Street in Owingsville

"Your Family Shopping Center"

- ✓ Children's wear
- ✓ Ladies' wear
- ✓ Men's wear
- ✓ Infants' wear
- ✓ Shoes
- ✓ Lingerie
- ✓ Bedding
- ✓ Gifts



BUY WITH CONFIDENCE AT BYRON'S



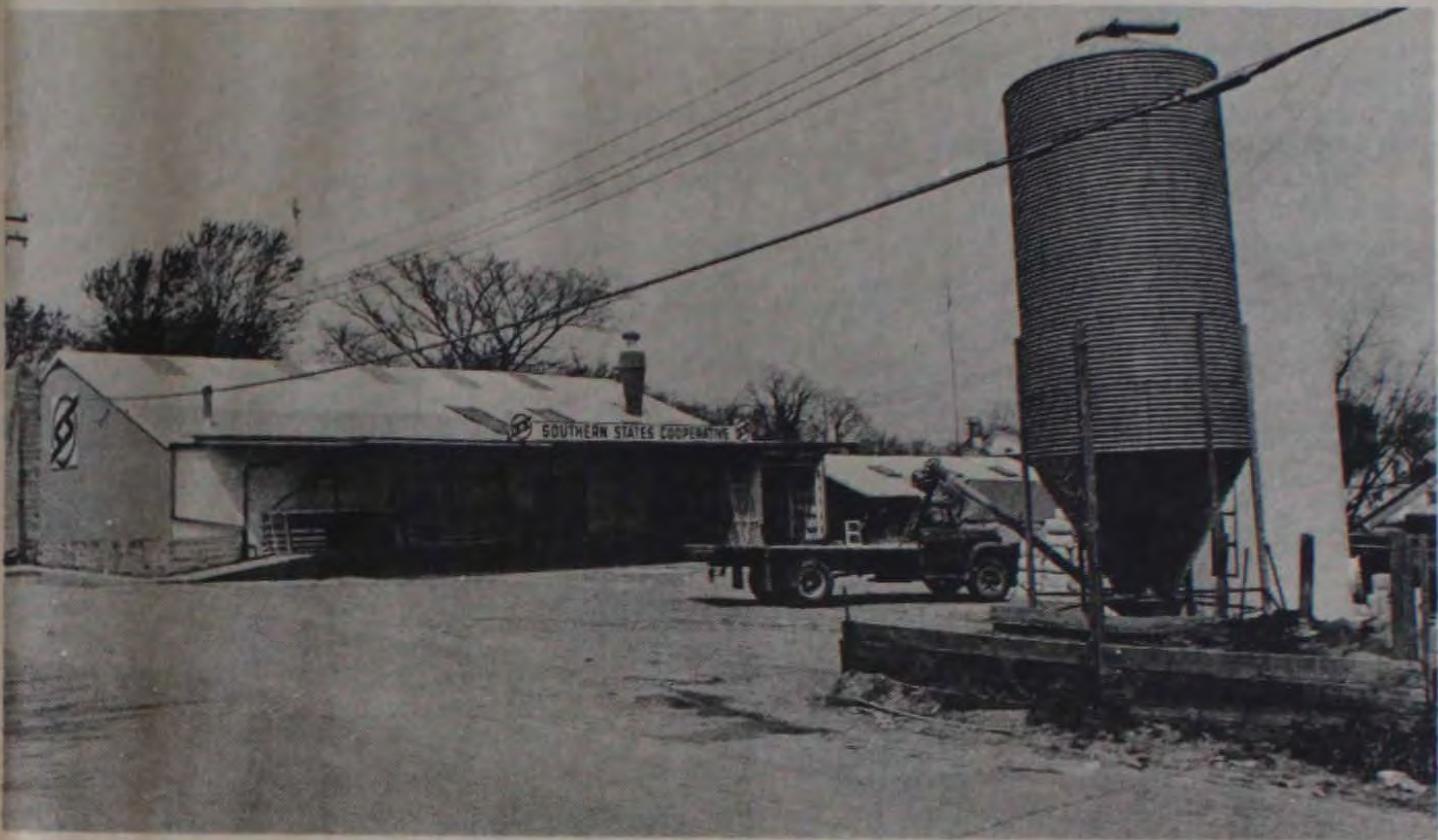
Some things about farming have not changed . . .

Farming is still hard work, but thanks to modern farming methods the farmer can produce even greater yields than he ever dreamed possible.

Southern States is proud to serve Bath County farmers with top quality farm products and fair, dependable on-the-farm service. Our modern facilities are just one way of saying "We're always here to serve you."



GLEN DENTON
Manager



YOUR SOUTHERN STATES CO-OP OFFERS:

- ✓ Farm products service
- ✓ Furniture and appliances
- ✓ Quality seeds
- ✓ Grinding and mixing
- ✓ Farm chemical applications
- ✓ Building supplies
- ✓ Farm delivery
- ✓ Fertilizers
- ✓ Bulk feeds



SOUTHERN STATES COOPERATIVE, INC.

OWINGSVILLE SERVICE

Marked its centennial in 1919

Bath Masonic Lodge is 155 years old

The Centennial Anniversary of Bath Lodge No. 55, F. & A.M., was celebrated in Owingsville on August 18 and 19, 1919.

A centennial booklet, dedicated to the pioneer brethren in Masonry who made possible the institution of Webb Lodge No. 55 and to their successors in Maury Lodge No. 141 and Bath Lodge No. 55, was brought to the Bath County News-Outlet by Miss Anna F. Bailey. The Centennial executive committee was composed of Lawrence Owings Kimbrough, chairman; Prof. Cambridge, Francis Martin, Dr. Henry Jack Daily, John Roger Ammerman, Arthur Thomas Byron and Marion Collins Hart.

The program began Monday, August 18, at 8 p.m. at the Owingsville Christian Church with the Rev. J. Tyler Davis, chaplain, presiding. The Rev.

E.C. Watts, Lynchburg, Kentucky delivered the centennial sermon on "Masonry and World Construction." Tuesday's meeting began at 10 a.m. at the Lodge Hall with an invocation and reception of Grand Lodge and visiting brethren addresses, a flag raising ceremony and the unveiling of memorials were on the program, concluding with a banquet at the courthouse.

Some of the visitors from neighboring lodges were J. Clyde Nelson, Ramsey Lodge No. 730; John Howell, Salt Lick Lodge No. 682; H. Curran Power, Newton Lodge No. 286; Past Grand Master S. K. Verach, Carlisle, and Dr. C.W. Harris, Mt. Sterling.

John Slavens was appointed Worshipful Master by the Grand Lodge of Kentucky on August 31, 1919. Other

members of the Webb Lodge in 1819 included Francis Maury, senior warden; John M. McBride, junior warden; Henry Chiles, Jr., secretary; Peter Davis, treasurer; John W. Barnes, senior deacon; Samuel Stone, junior deacon, and George Lansdowne, steward and tyler.

Membership of Bath Lodge No. 55 in 1919 were: M. C. Hart, Worshipful Master; John R. Ammerman, senior warden; J. Dee Conner, junior warden; Arthur T. Byron, secretary; Lawrence O. Kimbrough, treasurer; Frank G. Collins, senior deacon; Charles Conyers, junior deacon; Ewing Connor, George W. Belcher, stewards; J. Tyler Davis, chaplain; J. F. Conyers, Tyler.

Past Masters - J. J. Nesbitt, J. D. McIntyre, S. A. D. Thompson, A. T.

Byron, I.W. Jones, H. J. Dailye, A.W. Jones, L. O. Kimbrough and C. F. Martin.

Master Masons - S. C. Alexander, H.B. Anderson, W. S. Anderson, J. L. Atchison, Whaley Bailey, Espy C. Barber, O. W. Barber, J. A. Barnes, Pressly Barnes, G. W. Boyd, M. R. Butteroff, N.T. Clark, Ewing Conner, John F. Conner, W. P. Conner, J.A. Crooks, J. Tyler Davis, A. H. Dawson, G. B. Dawson, A. N. Denton, D. W. Doggett, M. W. Donaldson, Parks Donaldson, W. R. Elliot, S. J. Fearing, H. A. Flood, Charles Fowler, Alfred Ginter, E. Ginter, John T. Guggell, R. M. Hart, C. W. Honaker, Dudley Huges, M. L. Jones, J. J. Lacy, J. W. Lane, J. T. Lathran, A. T. Newell, D. S. Nixon, Robert Nixon, S. F. Owsley, Albert Palmer, W. W. Penix, J. W. Penix, Thomas Purvis, C. S. Ratliff, W. G.

Satterfield, Albert Shrou, A. G. Shrou, Tom Six, Dave Stamper, Ed Swainigan, H. S. Threlkeld, W. T. Warner, E. C. Watts, W. W. Williams, Clyde Young, C. W. Young, G. W. Young.

Fellow Crafts - R. L. Stone and Austin Jones.

Entered Apprentices - Joe H. Conner, James H. Gregory, W. A. Hopkins, Watt Nixon, B. N. Ratliff, Carl Reynolds



Conner's Livery Stable in Owingsville

W. D. Conner's stable, Slate Avenue, Owingsville, in old days. Left to right are Dudley Crouch, Doc Conner (center), Arthur Byron's children, W. D. Conner and Joe Conner. (Photo courtesy Mrs. Russell Talbott, R. R. 1, Winchester).

Now operate in two locations

Karricks recall good old days when operating a service station was uncomplicated, few taxes

Lewis Karrick and son, Don, now operate two modern Standard service stations in Owingsville. One is at the corner of U.S. 60 and Water Street; the other at the I-64 interchange east of the city.

Lewis Karrick began his service station business in Mt. Sterling in 1945. He was with Texaco for a year, then moved to the Belle Rice Tourist Camp on US 60, where he started with Standard Oil and has been with them for about 18 years.

The pictures were taken in 1946 at the Belle Rice Tourist Camp. Don was 6 years old at the time. If the station there sold 100 gallons a day that was a big day.

Don started with Standard Oil in 1960 at his present location and has been there ever since. He started learning the business on a hand pump. That was back in the days when very little bookkeeping was required in this business. There was no gas tax, no state income tax, no social security withholding from employees. "You

just paid the boys who helped you at the station and took the rest home," Lewis recalls.

But things are much different now. Modern service stations such as Karrick's gives more service, sells more products and is involved with more bookkeeping than ever before.

Along with regular station operation, Karrick's has also expanded its services in giving tuneups, radiator and air conditioning service, complete tire and battery service and 24-hour wrecker service.

It has come a long way since those 100-gallon-a-day times back in 1945.



Lewis Karrick's first service station, 1946



Lewis and son, Don, in 1946

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TWO LOCATIONS

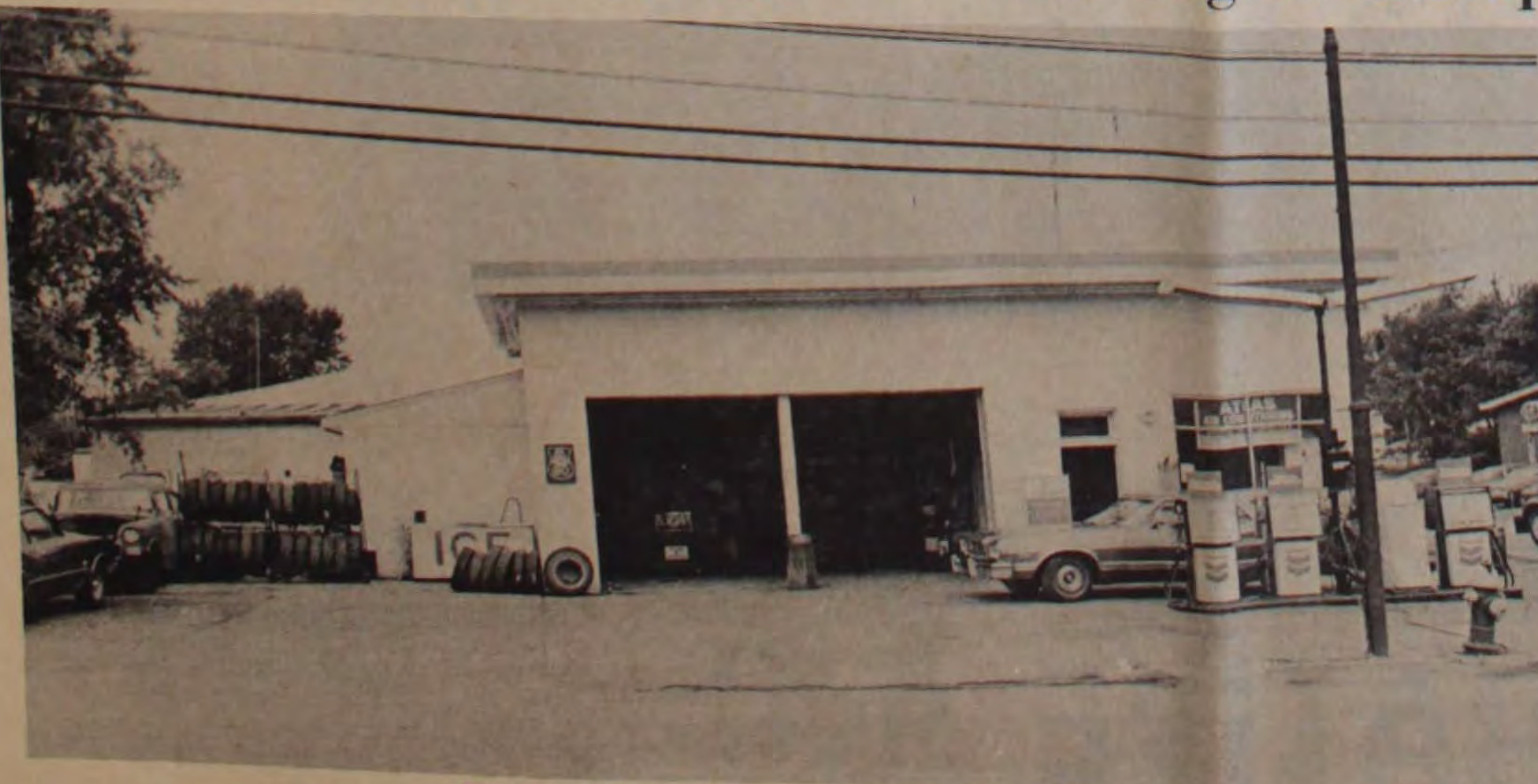
★ 24-hour wrecker service

★ Atlas engine tuneups

★ Atlas air conditioner service



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'Blood gushed in torrents'

Out of calamity came three horsemen

By Phyllis Byron

noon eighty-four years ago last spring and involved the fabled "Deatley boys" and fatal stabbing where "blood gushed in torrents!"

The stabbing which took place in an Owingsville livery stable was, according to the news report the "culmination of a long-standing feud" and ended in the death of one and the imprisonment of William Deatley, son of L.P. Deatley. It was, according to news accounts "a bad state of affairs - which should be thoroughly inquired into!"

Events were more exciting and unrestrained in those golden days before the turn of the century and certainly news reports were less restrained, with evidently no one thinking of bringing suit. Not while this event would have furnished us in this time and day with sufficient sensation to last for six months—at that time it was only two weeks before another shocking episode in the story transpired. This was (according to the opinionated reporting of that day) a "sensational attempt to escape from the jail!"

According to the news report, written in their words" as nearly as they could gather" the then Deputy Town Marshall, Jeff Horseman had returned to the jail with a squad of prisoners who were working on the streets, putting them in an upstairs cell. At the same time, Jailor Nixon, was unlocking the cell door of the Deatley's so that their visitors, who included the wives of the three prisoners and three of their children and a brother-in-law, might leave. When they came into the hall from the cell, Mrs. George Deatley was holding her crouched-down husband by the wrist. At that moment (according to the paper's report) Nixon detected the prisoner and grabbed Mrs. Deatley's arm while Horseman grabbed Deatley by the throat and "chocked him to the floor!" At that moment the other Deatleys grabbed the jailor and "pounded him tender!" Fighting off the two remaining wives Horseman finally managed to subdue George, even though he was struck in the eye by George's wife. Again, according to the news report, which vividly describes the various blows and resultant shooting stars—Horseman soon overcame George and "slung" him back into the cell. Then with the aid of another prisoner he was able to separate Lawson (one of the brothers' and Horseman. Nixon attempted to shoot Lawson several times, but was prevented once by his wife and again by two outsiders who had come into the jail to assist the officials.

The news story continues with a description of the "good families" from which the three Deatley wives had come and expressed sympathy with the devotion which had caused them to assist their husbands. In another high point during the episode, Lee (another of the brothers) swallowed poison, but was frustrated in his suicidal attempt by a handy stomach pump. After describing the various events during the murder and the attempted escape, it is only fitting that the 1894 report ended thusly: We have a decided repugnance to giving all the details of the unfortunate prisoners' actions, even though their trials have come upon them through their passionate and unrestrained impulses; but one of the first important things a newspaper has forced upon it is the necessity of meeting the public's legitimate demand for the news; and it finds that it must meet that demand or its constituency of readers will diminish.

It all began in the last century at high

Was judge, hotel operator

Sheriff Lane tangled with the night raiders

One of the early well-known officials of Bath County was James W. Lane. He was born January 31, 1856 on Lane's Branch near the Springfield Church, later moving to Mox Branch with his family, where he spent his early life.

When a young man, Lane was married to a girl named Lida Lou Clayton, daughter of a well-to-do merchant from around Salt Lick. They were the parents of five children.

In 1893 he was elected Sheriff of Bath County for a 4 year term running until 1897. While sheriff, Lane faced many dangers, one of which was the toll gate war. It was the custom of the day for private companies to build public roads and charge people to use them. Such a practice was very unpopular and grumblings festered into out and out revolt, where vigilantes would strike toll gate houses.

After many of these raids Sheriff Lane and Judge W.S. Gudgell decided these marauders had to be checked. The night was May 21, 1897, the location was the foot of a hill just outside Owingsville on the Sharpsburg Pike. Lane and his posse stood waiting for the raiders. It wasn't long until the raiders came, and when they did the toll gate attendant, Uncle Larry Kerns went outside to meet them. One of the

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mary Beth Lane, who wrote the accompanying story of her great grandfather Judge J. W. Lane, is a student in the Bethel Elementary School, where she is a member of the Eighth Grade.

Mary Beth is the daughter of James W. Lane, grandson of the Lane in the story. Another grandson of the first Judge Lane, is Bath's current Circuit Judge Caswell Lane of Mt. Sterling.

An active member of the Sharpsburg Christian Church Chi Rho Club, she is also a member of the 4-H Club, and one of the students who has taken an interest in furnishing a story for this Bicentennial Edition.

raiders asked the gate-keeper where he kept his axe, he told them it was at the

wood pile in back of the house. As the raiders went to get the axe, Lane and his men jumped out from behind a bush and told them to surrender. Quickly the raiders started firing upon them. The posse started returning fire; not a one of the raiders bullets hit the posse, but nearly everyone of the raiders were wounded.

After apprehension of the raiders, Sheriff Lane was praised for his heroic act by many people. Lane was given the honor of receiving one of the guns of the night raiders, which is still in the Lane family.

After his term of sheriff, Lane ran the Old Olympian Springs Hotel for about two years.

In about 1904 he was elected Judge of Bath County. This was during the reign of the Night Riders, which was a group protesting against growing and selling tobacco. The Night Riders burned barns and warehouses and Judge Lane was instrumental in seeing that justice was done.

While Judge of Bath County, he lived in what is now the W.H. Calvert home.

After several years of serving the public, he retired to his home in Mt. Sterling, where he died January 2, 1928 and was buried in the Crown Hill Cemetery in Sharpsburg.

SAWED PLANKS USED FOR OWINGS HOUSE

William Moore was born in Pendleton County, Virginia in 1781. He removed to Kentucky in 1812 and assisted in 1814 in sawing with a whip-saw the plank used in building the house of Col. Thomas Dye Owings.



They came to learn at Moonlight School

Around 1915, a Moonlight School was held at Oakla and there was a good attendance. Standing is Mrs. Maude Horseman, the teacher. Some others who can be identified are Taylor Crain,

Nace Vice, John Daugherty, Mr. and Mrs. John Gorrell, Mr. and Mrs. Buford Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Campbell, Jimmy Bromogen, Etna Mattox, Mrs. Effie

Sorrell, Cora Wilson Stewart was the founder of the Moonlight Schools in Eastern Kentucky. (Photo courtesy of Mrs. George (Mary D.) Latham.)



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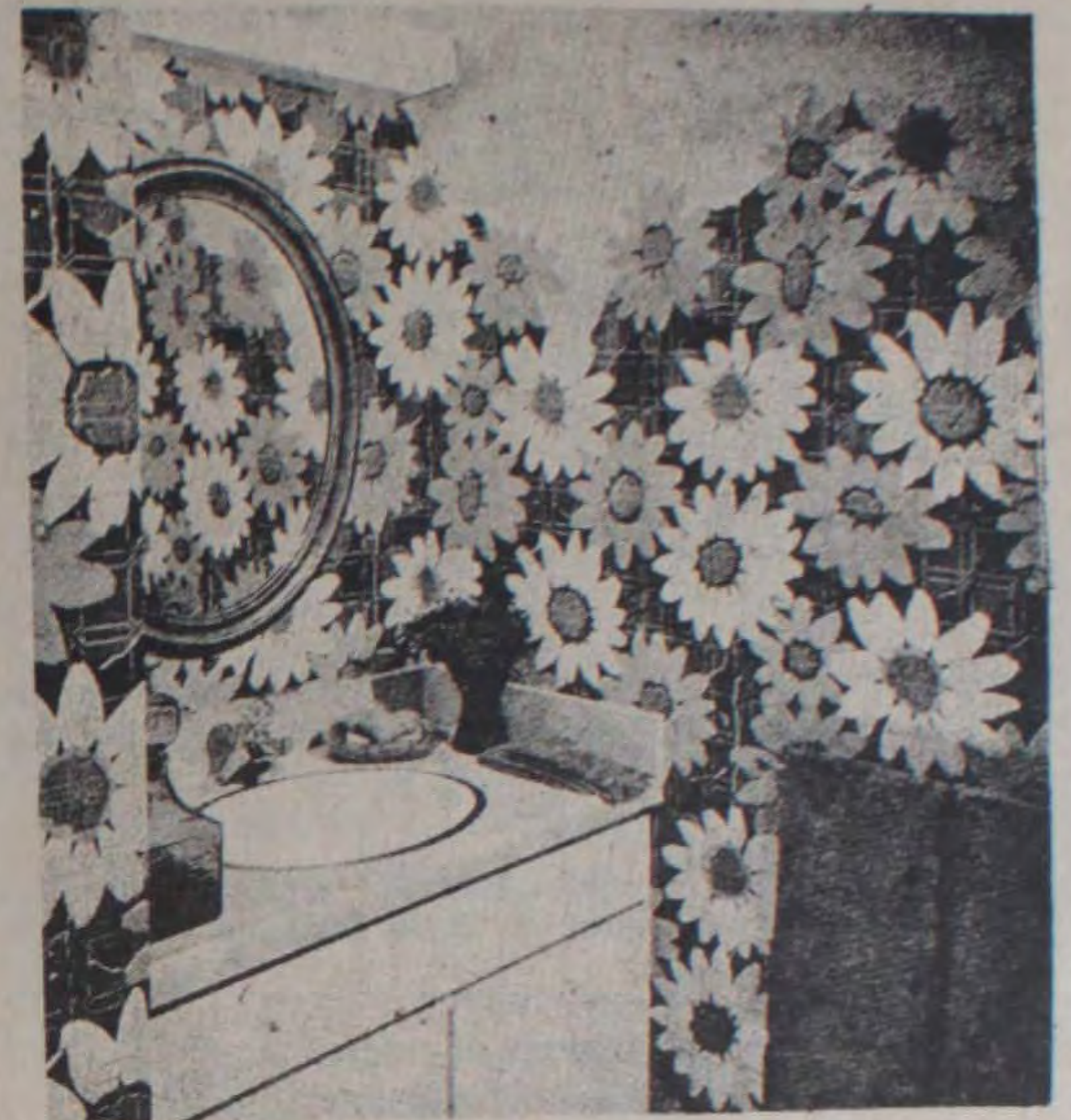
Gutters
Down Spouts

Modernize Wiring

- More Circuits
- More Outlets
- More Fixtures

Close In Porch
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Improve the Bathroom

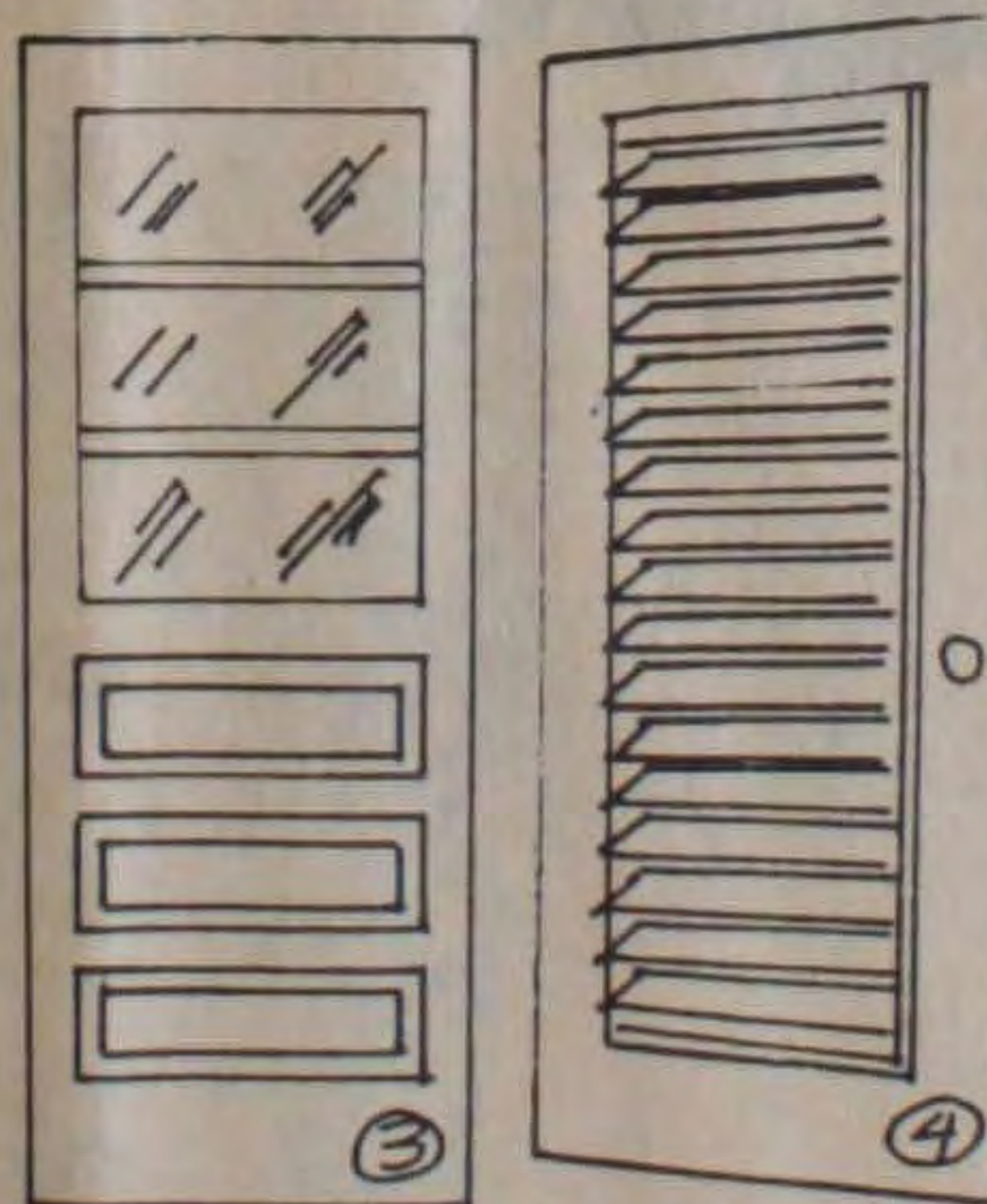
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Modernize Kitchen

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