

Obituaries

Richard Owens

Richard Cherry Owens, 77, of Louisville, and formerly of Broadhead, died Thursday, February 17, 2000 in Louisville. He was born in Broadhead on August 12, 1922, the son of the late Dr. Byron C. and Gertrude Martin Owens. He served his country in the Armed Forces during World War II, had previously been an employee of the Yellowstone Distillery; was a licensed Funeral Director; was a member of the Kenwood Christian Church in Louisville and a member of the Masonic Lodge #740 F&AM in Louisville.

Survivors are his wife, Jewell Cox Owens of Louisville and one brother, C.B. Owens of Broadhead.

Services were Sunday, February 20, at the Marvin E. Owens Funeral Home Chapel with Bro. Mark Whicker officiating. Burial was in the Piney Grove Cemetery in Broadhead.

Casketbearers were Donald Cox, Byron Owens, Steve Owens, Phillip Owens and Larry Cox.

Morney Owens
Morney D. Owens, 69, of Richmond, Indiana and formerly of Rockcastle, died Monday, February 21, 2000 at Dayton, Ohio Veterans Medical Center. He was born in Rockcastle County on November 30, 1930, the son of Thomas and Louie Himes Owens. He was retired after 32 years with Owens Brothers Construction Company and was a member of Moose Lodge and Druids Lodge.

Survivors are his wife, Gladys Nadene Miller Owens; three daughters, Patricia Combs, Joyce Whitte and Diane Wells, all of Richmond, Indiana; three sons, Keith Owens of Statesville, North Carolina, Roger Owens of Garrison, Texas and Rick Owens of San Clemente, California; two brothers, Franklin and Arnold Owens, both of Richmond, Indiana; two sisters, Gladys Tack of Louisville and Oshie McComick of Xenia, Ohio; 16 grandchildren and one great grandson. He was preceded in death by his parents; three brothers and three sisters.

Services will be Thursday, February 24, at 1:30 p.m. at Doan & Mills Funeral Home in Richmond, Indiana with Rev. James Miller officiating. Burial will follow in the Goshen Cemetery in Richmond, Indiana.

Stanley Pingleton
Stanley Pingleton, 69, of Copper Creek Road, Berea, died Saturday, February 19, 2000, at his residence. He was born August 20, 1930 in Garrard County, the son of the late Jessie and Ruby E. Harris Pingleton. He was a member of the Valley Baptist Church in Copper Creek for 54 years where he was a former school teacher and former song leader. He was a retired sawmill owner and operator.

Survivors are his wife, Lucy Helton Pingleton; one son, J.L. Pingleton of Liberty; a daughter, Connie Pingleton of Berea; four brothers, Floyd Pingleton of Lancaster, Sidney Pingleton and James Pingleton, both of Berea and Silas Pingleton of Sand Gap; five sisters, Grace Taylor of Danville, Rina Chandler of Crab Orchard, Mary Rains and Marie Banks, both of Winchester and Irene Huff Burke of Mt. Vernon; five grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Besides his parents he was preceded in death by two sons, Gary Wayne Pingleton and Paul Edward Pingleton; one daughter, Margaret Lavene Pingleton and one brother, Lloyd Pingleton.

Services were Tuesday, February 22, at Valley Baptist Church with Bro. David Sargent and Bro. Wayne Henson officiating. Burial was in the Wilmet Cemetery in Copper Creek.

Honorary casketbearers were Phillip Leger, Bobby Turner, Jack Rains, John Collins, Jr., Roger Burke, Harry Helton, Gerald Taylor and Porter Banks.

Active casketbearers were Gary Pingleton, Douglas Helton, Jerry Pingleton, Chester Broughton, Jr., Perry Pingleton and John Carpenter.

Williams Funeral Home in Berea was in charge of arrangements.

Mildred Chasteen

Mildred Chasteen, 80, of Dayton, Ohio, died Monday, January 17, 2000. She was the daughter of the late Ida Mae Berry Chasteen and Willis Chasteen.

Survivors are one sister, Jewell Parsons of Broadhead and one brother, Willis Arnold Chasteen of Dayton, Ohio.

Burial was in the David's Cemetery in Kettering, Ohio.

Fannie Conn

Fannie Conn, 74, of Paint Lick, died Tuesday, February 15, 2000, at the Garrard County Hospital. She was born September 30, 1925, to the late John P. and Minnie B. Burke. She attended the Level Green Christian Church, the Cartersville Holiness Church and was retired from the Parker Seal Company in Berea.

Survivors are her three children, Eddie Conn and wife, Martha of Berea, Billy Conn and wife, Mary Jo Yager of Paint Lick and Lena Darlene Begley and husband, Ralph of Knoxville; two sisters, Ora Pingleton and Nell Ingle, both of Crab Orchard; five grandchildren and eight great grandchildren. She was preceded in death by her brother, Dave Fredrick; sisters, Lula Chasteen, Emma Sprick and Annie Evans.

Services were Friday, February 18, at Lakes Funeral Home in Berea with Rev. Bill Rose, Rev. Darrell Hodge and Rev. Greg Milun officiating. Burial was in the Cartersville Cemetery.

Casketbearers were Rick Conn, Randall Conn, Johnny L. Fredrick, Carl Pingleton, Bert Adkins and John Fredrick, Sr.

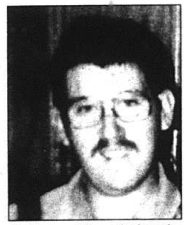
Vera Wolfe

Vera Wolfe, 85, of Dayton, Ohio, died Wednesday, January 19, 2000. She was the daughter of the late Ida Mae Berry Chasteen and Willis Chasteen. She had worked at Miami Valley Conservancy and NCR. She was a member of Third Street Baptist Church.

Survivors are one daughter, Mina Lundy of Beavercreek, Ohio; one sister, Jewell Parsons of Broadhead; one brother, Willis Arnold Chasteen of Dayton, Ohio and two grandsons, Eric and Kurt Lundy of Beavercreek, Ohio. She was preceded in death by her husband, Ralph Wolfe.

Burial was in the David's Cemetery in Kettering, Ohio.

In Loving Memories



In Memory of Kenneth Alexander

I saw you cry.
When you would try.
Not being able to see things clear,
I too would weep a quiet tear.
You wanted to drive,
To be like most boys who are alive,
They told you "NO" because of your eyes.
That day I saw a little piece of you die.

As your eyes steadily got worse,
You knew there would not be any recourse.
The thoughts of you going blind,
Was bearing heavily on your mind.
Closing your eyes counting how many steps,
To the barn wanting your independence to be kept.
Every Sunday you would go,
Just a little ways down the road,
To church to worship.

With the church members you had a special kinship,
Seeing friends and neighbors along the way,
Giving them a smile and a kind word.

Many people would frown,
To see you driving the tractor around.
You were doing what you loved best,
For your eyes had taken the enjoyment of all the rest.

Nine years have come and gone,
The years just roll on.
Since you went away,
Up to heaven to stay.
Everyday fresh in my mind,
The scenes remind.

Of September 3rd the tragic day,
God took you away.
That day you died,
As I held you in my arms I tried,
To let you know how much I loved you.

But like most times it was to late to let you know.
Little brother that day a piece of Dad died too.
It was as if he wanted to go with you.
Six years later Dad went to meet.
You and God in heaven so sweet.
I know you and Dad are tending God's fields,
And you two will,
Always be in our thoughts,
And in our hearts.

On February 28th,
You would have turned thirty-eight.
Happy Birthday, I love you,
And your whole family misses you too.

In Loving Memory of our Pap,
George M. Mason
Feb. 13, 1901-Feb. 1, 1999
Pap, The Watcher

He always leaned to watch for us;
he always if we were late.
In winter by the window,
In summer by the gate.
And though we mocked him tenderly,
Who had such foolish care.
The long way home would seem more safe,
because he waited there.

His thoughts were all so full of us,
he never could forget.
And so I think that where he is,
He must be watching yet.
Waiting till we come home to him,
anxious if we are late.
Watching from Heaven's window,
leaning from Heaven's gate.



To: Caleb
From: Mommy,
Stepdaddy & brother
Feb. 27th, he would have
celebrated his first birthday.

Sometimes I wonder is life really fair.
Life took my Angel, he was rare.
I could never replace him,
I could never try.
Why it happened to me,
Why try Angel died?
He was so beautiful,
my little shining star.

Now it seems
He's gone so far.
But deep down I know
He's not far away.
He's in Heaven now,
We'll be with him some day.

We love and miss you,
Chubby Wubby!

**In Memory of My Sister,
Mollie Westerfield**
By Lora Hamilton
Mollie Westerfield passed away October 16th, 1998. I miss her so bad. Her memories still linger on. It can't seem to forget her. She was such a sweet lady. My sister was so good to me. So many things have happened. I have been down in the valley so low and had so many mountains to climb. Seems as if I could "make it". But the Lord was on my side. He knew I was his child.

Sometimes I thought I wanted to die. But the Lord knows best. As I stood by her casket grieving for her I saw that beautiful smile. I knew we would meet someday in the sky. I know when that big book is opened her name will be written in it. Not a stain or a blemish we all join hands and go marching into glory land. All our names will be written in blood. Mollie, you will be so pretty standing there with that beautiful smile. I'm trying to forget the past.

Your grieving sister,
Lora Westerfield Hamilton

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Henry H. Cox • 1916-1999

By Matt Chaliff

Josh said he would never die and I agreed with him. "Heaven doesn't want him and Hell is afraid he'd take over," we said to each other more than once. We could almost hear him confronting the devil with a list of needs if the place was to run efficiently. "I'll need a mini van from Pickrell's in Lebanon, Walter Baldwin, Snookie Taylor, and Josh. I'll get Jean Allen to help with the books and Donna Bullock will be in on Thursdays to clean the place. My advice to you is to stay out of the way!" he would tell them. Josh said, "Can't you just see John trying to make out a ticket to 'Hell Inc.' or 'Lucifer Co.'"

"Of course," we would be exasperated. We knew that God would eventually have to have Henry. Eventually there would be some facet that even divine intervention couldn't fix. Eventually Saint Peter's key to the party gates would wear out and no one else could make one that would work. But we were never exaggerating about the fact that he would take over the other place if he were put in the position to do so.

We knew him all of our lives. When I was born, we lived in a trailer on the lot next to the doublewide. By the time Josh was born, we lived in the "whitehouse." We moved out of "Henry's house" when I was three or four, but we always went to visit "Henry and Mrs. Marie" every year at Christmas in the country. I had something new to show us by it a rotating Christmas tree in the garage, the "his and hers" microwaves in the kitchen, or new gadgets that his niece Sharon had sent. Without exception, we left impressed with his toys, with his knowledge, with his sense of humor.

But we never knew him well until early in 1995, when we became his "estate crew." From emptying Mason jars, to moving the lawn, to working on the tractor, to plowing snow, to moving furniture, to riding along on road trips, to working on tractors, to picking up the mail in bad weather, to cleaning out the van, to working on tractors, we did it all at one time or another. He liked to see the blank looks that came to our faces when he made a suggestion of how we were going to do something. Whether we had ever done it before or not, it was a new experience working for and with Henry. Mainly because he had his own unique way of doing things.

There was a story that went with everything. Be it Grandfather Cox's wedge block, "the electric motor from the hardware store," "my mother's bridge table," or the Super C Farmall hat in the basement, there was always a story. "I'll never forget the day that I asked him about the coffee can full of old keys. 'I said, 'I don't know that I've been a semi professional locksmith for over 50 years.' 'Another time, at the hardware store, he was sharpening his knife. 'Years ago, when I still worked here, I sharpened knives for nearly everyone in town. One of the clerks from Sutton & McBea brought his down here and said it was dull as a butter knife. In three strokes, I had it sharp enough that he nearly cut his thumb off.' Once I commented about the odd shaped rake sitting in the corner of the garage. 'That's a pea meat fork.' I was told. 'When I was on the road full time, I used that to pull things out of the truck...'

Henry did things his own way. Mostly because he could. He bought his cars from Mr. Pickrell at Lebanon. Very strange indeed, until we learned that, "We've done business with them for years. In the 20's, Old Man Mr. Pickrell would drive a car to Livingston, sell it and ride the train back home. Uncle So and So McFerrin bought either a Cord or a LaMans from him way back when. It was the first car in the country with overhead and was my first truck to drive."

He was fiercely proud of his three orange tractors that he used to keep the lawn looking presentable. (Presentable meant that the grass needed to be short enough that the renters didn't complain and that the neighbors-meaning John, Jim and Martha didn't "raise a fuss.") John and Jim thought I was crazy when I brought the first one of those tractors home and of course they told me. You'll notice that they now have one piece."

He spent about as much time on maintaining the tractors as he did running them-not because they were poor quality machines, but because Henry was "moderately rough" with them. He moved in second gear, came Hell and/or high water-not to mention large limestone rocks." Because of this he spent at least one week each summer rebuilding the spindles from the mower decks. Of course, he was

fairly good at it, but it took a little time and a lot of patience. I never saw him much happier than the time John and Jim were forced into defeat. They spent half a day in Henry's garage because he had a hydraulic press trying to get their spindles back in working order. After several hours they threw up their hands and left the spindles with Henry. "That hurt their pride a little," he chuckled.

Henry would go the extra mile to save the extra work on any project. He once used a concrete mixer to mix walnuts. He planned jumps from the seat of one of his famous tractors. He built an "apple picker upper" to save the effort of bending over during the apple harvest-although I never saw him use it. Years ago, when he was still working at the hardware store, he built an electromagnet (from scratch) that would pick up "almost exactly a 12 pound of ketchup." Even in the kitchen, he had left handed scissors, an apple peeler and a potato dicer.

Henry loved people and the more eccentric they were the better. He liked nothing better than fighting with L.C. Mink at the service station, unless it was informing John that he didn't know what he was doing at the hardware store. He absolutely loved his cleaning lady, Donna Bullock. He claimed that he tried to stay out of the house on Thursdays, because he was scared of her. Actually, he stayed long enough to get her worked up and then he before she chased him out. His nephew Byron and his son were there one day when Donna came. After she left, Byron's son said, "I don't like her, she's awfully mean to Uncle Henry." He told everyone that story.

For the first two or three summers we worked, Henry's cousin, "The Colonel" came for a visit from Rhode Island. "The Colonel," was a retired Navy man who, "fought those dam Japs at Pearl Harbor," and according to Henry was, "the second most important man in our winning the Second World War. Of course, a career Navy man resented being called "Colonel" but he held his own in the war of words that they always fought. If Colonel was the second most important person in the War effort, you can probably guess who was the most important. Henry would always say,

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