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MS 76
BX 20
NBK 18

Wiatt Smith Articles

No. 2

MS 76
BX 20
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Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Sr.

HERE'S hoping the women don't mo on account of yesterday's story Mrs. H. H. Marks' 17-year-old hat she wears on Summer dress occasions not afraid, seriously, even though I been threatened. An old-fashioned giggle took the menace from the telep statement of Mrs. E. V. (Aurora Le Townshend that she was coming o our house and beat

WIATT SMITH

I learned that Mrs. E. Leedom, Mrs. shend's mother, had both interest and i tion in Mrs. Mark It led Mrs. Leed resurrect a line purchased 30 ye and pledge herself it after certain all It might have right with Mrs. shend if the mat stopped there — but it didn't. Mrs. Leedom discovered that her daughter also had a good linen suit—only 15 years old—and decreed that this be altered and worn. That's what got me in Dutch with Aurora.

A FEW years back—it doesn't seem long ago—if one boarded the ferry at Tenth Street, crossed the Ohio River and trudged up the bank to Chesapeake, he got the impression of visiting a country village which might be miles and miles from Huntington. Meanwhile the bridge, the airport, the Buckeye Ordnance plant at South Point and other influences have changed Chesapeake into a thriving town with city airs and appointments. Marion Korstange, the florist, was over yesterday with the story of Chesapeake's contribution to the cigarettes-for-soldiers fund. The recently organized Chesapeake Lions Club sponsored the fund. Under the leadership of Mayor R. L. Hamilton, president, and A. J. Reinhardt, secretary, the club placed receptacles in various Chesapeake business houses. Into these the people placed $350, much of it in silver but a substantial amount in folding money. The total amount was to be sent yesterday to the tobacco company which will add its own contribution and send twice the number of cigarette packages $350 would buy to American boys serving with the colors outside of continental United States.

UNLESS schedules were disarranged, C. E. (Elmer) Houchin, a Merritt Creek boy who made good in a big way at Bakersfield, Calif., arrived in Huntington last night. Mrs. Houchin is with him. Arrangements for their quarters were made in advance by his cousin, Justice of the Peace Ezra M. Midkiff . . . Miss Marie Hamm, Ashland teacher, and her friend, Miss Frances Berger of Prospect Place, Ashland, have war jobs in the plant of the Clayton & Lambert Mfg. Co. "You should see us," pens Marie, "in our slacks and caps, carrying lunch baskets . . . one of the girls reminds me that we have hamburgers every day." That's another boost for essential industry.

TALK of our neighborhood this Spring and Summer has often included the surprising sprightliness of 85-year-old A. W. Werninger. Not only did he drive his car with the same confidence he had always shown, but he worked on his Sixth Avenue lawn and in his Victory Garden, and went about the streets and avenues with boyish steps. Thursday he became suddenly and seriously ill—from the heat. Yesterday, I stopped at his home where I was pleased to learn from his nieces, the Misses Clara and Mae Brown, that he seemed much better. Immediately after his seizure he was sightless, but yesterday morning found him able

IF HOPES of his parents and other relatives are borne out, one of the United States Army's two Huntington-born general officers will spend a few hours here late in June or early in July. This longed-for visitor is Brigadier General Robert Howard Wylie, chief of operations for the transport and supply division, whose promotion from the rank of colonel is said to have been in recognition of his contribution to the success of the African invasion. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Wylie of Washington Avenue. As a boy he attended the public schools of Central City and Huntington and, after three years at Huntington High School he had one year at Greenbrier Military School before entering Virginia Military Institute. At the close of his third year at VMI he became in 1918, a second lieutenant and the distinction for a month or two of being the youngest commissioned officer in the World War I army of the United States. He never left the military service; neither did he return to Huntington to live. The family hope that he will soon stop here briefly was confided to me yesterday by his sister Mrs. Wylie R. Dunfee of Thirteenth Avenue. The other Huntington-born general officer is Lieutenant General Delos C. Emmons.

WIATT SMITH

THERE'S a wide spread between generals and sergeants, but the "enroute" visit of Staff Sergeant Edwin R. (Ned) Brown to his mother, Mrs. Chilton Brown of Sixth Avenue was the occasion of much pleasure and pride to his family and friends. Sergeant Brown was returning from New York City to his former post at Orlando, Fla. For some weeks he had been on special assignment studying technical subjects in New York City. On at least one evening during his New York sojourn he had a date with Miss Sarah King. Miss King, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Blaine King of 724 Eloise Street, and like Sergeant Brown a graduate of Marshall College, was studying voice at the Julliard School in New York, to which she will return in the Fall. The point of this tale is that when she and Ned Brown were subwaying to her quarters after the date, Dr. James E. Allen, president emeritus of Marshall College, boarded the train and took a seat directly across the aisle from them. Dr. Allen and his former students recognized each other simultaneously and there ensued, of course, an enthusiastic Green & White reunion.

MARSHALL COLLEGE and Huntington shared national publicity Wednesday night when Nelson Bond was announced as the winner of a $2,000 prize offered for a radio play. Mr. Bond, presented to the radio audience as the author of the prize winning play, "The Ring" told his interviewer that he was a native of Philadelphia, Pa., and a graduate of Marshall College at Huntington, W. Va.. Also that he and Mrs. Bond, the former Miss Betty Folsom of Huntington, now live at Roanoke, Va. Incidentally, Mrs. Bond was awarded second prize in the radio play contest in which 8,078 manuscripts were submitted. Mr. Bond is nationally known as a magazine writer, having achieved great success with his pen. Indeed, his free lance writing began before he left school and Huntington. Mrs. Bond is, like her husband, a former student of Marshall College.

ANOTHER claimant to honor of having produced the first ripe 1943 tomato in Cabell County is Nick Grelles of 3574 Sixteenth Street Road. Mr. Grelles, who has occupied the Sixteenth Street Road address some 10 years, is described as a semi-professional gardener. At the newspaper office he displayed the ripe tomato which picked Monday, two days earlier than

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

RECENTLY there came to my attention a piece of sheet music. Ordinarily it would have meant little to me unless I chanced to hear it played and sung, which I did not. Interest was compelled by the fact that it was issued by the Hunting, Music Publishing Co. of 1735 Twelfth avenue—words and music by Carlos A. Morrison. It seemed well to find out about the Huntington Music Publishing Co., insofar as I knew, a maiden venture in the city. Two visits to 1735 Twelfth avenue proved disappointing, but eventually I found Carlos A. Morrison who is a partner in this unincorporated company with Miss Kathryn Wolford of Chicago. Mr. Morrison, I learned, writes the lyric and the score and Miss Wolford, a musician of some prominence, refines the latter. "For You" is the first number to be published, but there are four or five more on the fire. Each of these is to be a "request" number, as was the first, "written for the girl friend of a boy friend." Titles thus far decided upon are "Blue Eyes," "In the Shadows," and "Love Came Along."

WIATT SMITH

CARLOS A. MORRISON—he's twenty-five years old—is the son of James A. Morrison, farmer and merchant of Winslow on the Sixteenth street road, and Mrs. Oneida Swann Morrison. Winslow used to be a post office but isn't any more. Even when it was a post office more persons knew the location as that of Morrison's store than by the postal name. Carlos Morrison grew up on the farm and attended the country schools. He came into Huntington to attend West Junior High and Huntington High, graduating from the latter in 1931. Thereafter, he experimented somewhat in education, studying first at Marshall where he took important roles in several College Theatre plays, and at Notre Dame University before completing his A. B. degree at West Virginia University in 1936. At Notre Dame he assisted Max Merek as instructor in boxing and it was here, too, he first began dabbling in verse. Of this he has written much which he is saving for publication sometime in the future.

IN THE summer of 1936 he studied at the University of Munich. Meanwhile he has been seeing the world. He has done a turn in the United States Marines, visited and worked in Hollywood and has seen almost all of the United States. This sounds as if he had been a good deal of a butterfly, as indeed he must have, but he has found opportunity from time to time to help his father on the farm and in the store. I was skeptical about that and demanded to see his hands. They bear the marks of honest toil—such callouses as no one ever acquired on the golf course or tennis court. Music and poetry are avocations. Carlos Morrison's ambition and expectation is to become a physician, to which end he expects to enter a German university in the fall. Meanwhile he feels that he has reasonable expectation for the success of the Huntington Music Publishing Co. He has assurance of support from at least one of the big names of Moviedom, hopes for that of others.

"LOOKING at the ceiling twenty-four hours a day" grows tiresome, according to Dr. James S. Klumpp who underwent a spinal column operation in the Jewish hospital at Cincinnati several days ago. Outside of this, he postcards, he is getting along well, and is deeply appreciative of the many

Your Friends 3-11-41 . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

NOT FOR nothing is Catlettsburg, Ky., known as the Gate City. In turnpike and stage coach days it was indeed the gateway to the Southwest, and over its picturesque streets still passes a vast volume of traffic. Much of this is through traffic but an even heavier burden is that created by intercommunication between tri-state communities. I believe there is no other point in this section of the Ohio valley where there converges as much inter-communicating traffic as at Division street in Catlettsburg. Stand there long enough and you'll see every car, if not every person, in the Tri-State, Kentucky and West Virginia meet there, not only by motor but afoot. Yesterday I found Dr. John A. Tauber, the Catlettsburg dentist, on a Division street curb with F. E. Way, the Kenova druggist. Forty years ago John A. Tauber of Guyandotte, having completed his dental schooling, hung out his shingle in Catlettsburg. Three years later F. E. Way went over from Kenova to consult Dr. Tauber. In the intervening years Mr. Way has been making regular trips and, as Dr. Tauber said in his presence yesterday, he has lost only one tooth in the meanwhile.

WIATT SMITH

MR. WAY was homeward bound, Dr. Tauber was late for an engagement in Huntington. Presently, Mrs. Carol Dalmas stopped her car nearby. Mrs. Dalmas and Dr. Tauber are in-laws, his son having married her daughter. She was waiting for Mrs. Davis Martin and Miss Augusta Rogers, in the Martin car, which was to carry all three to Huntington for shopping, dinner and the Civic Music concert. Dr. Tauber joined the party. Mrs. Martin, referring to the approaching marriage of her daughter, reminded me that her son, Lieutenant Bill Kenna, USN, has been married a number of years. He is stationed at Honolulu. Edward B. Kenna of Charleston, Lieutenant Kenna's father and my friend, died when the son was young. Likewise my friend was Lieutenant Kenna's stepfather, Colonel Davis Martin of Catlettsburg, who passed from the world last year.

KENTUCKIANS, by repute, take their politics seriously. It is a fact that the political atmosphere never gets quite cool down there. I think West Virginians are just as serious about their politics as their Kentucky neighbors, but there's one essential difference in election arrangements. West Virginia has elections every two years, Kentucky elects county officers in "off years" and as a consequence the people move right out of one campaign into another. Already there are definite activities looking toward the county primaries in August as I learned when I stopped in at Bob Stanley's restaurant and found Bob, himself a candidate for renomination as county commissioner, chinning with Bob Gearhart, a traveling salesman who is running or fixing to run for the Democratic nomination for sheriff.

HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTING

7-16-38

Your Friends . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

LOST dog department—gets another telegram—also from Logan. "Peetie returned by small boy last night. Thanks for your fine assistance, Signed, Harlow, Betty and John." . . . Those who read a paragraph a day or two ago about the absence of Peetie, the terrier, will remember that he belonged to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Kelly, Jr., and that Mrs. Kelly's father, Harlow Davin of Logan sought the assistance of this department . . . . And here's another lost dog message. Billy Garda, 2806 Collis avenue, writes: . . . "You have been so helpful in finding lost dogs, I wonder if you would help me find my dog . . . She is the prettiest white Spitz in Huntington. She ran away from home a month ago. We advertised for her and have hunted every day without results . . . I will be glad to pay a reward if I can find her. She did not have her collar on when she went away. She is just a little over a year old, white with the tiniest, almost unnoticeable, bit of brown on her ears. I certainly will be grateful if you will mention her in Your Friends and Mine. Some one might bring her back. I don't think anyone would keep her if they knew how I miss her." . . . I hope Billy Garda finds his pet, but a month is a long time when lost dogs are concerned.

WIATT SMITH

DR. D. M. Phillips, the veterinarian, writes from his Ashland office to wonder how many remember how and when they made the ash hoppers in which to prepare lye for homemade soap. Not I, for one, Doctor Phillips, though I do recall when "soft soap" was a widely used commodity. It was more prevalent in the country, but they had it in Guyandotte, too. People saved bacon rinds and odds and ends of fat for the purpose of turning them into soap . . . Flattery was known in conversation as "soft soap" but I do not think there was anything particularly soothing about the soap itself. Indeed, my impression is that it would take the varnish off the barn door.

BILLY RECKARD at the Hotel Frederick cigar stand is anxious to see his old friend Hoge Saddler who is here after thirty years of absence . . . John L. VanVerth was singing the praises of the police department yesterday because of the return of a writing set which had disappeared from his desk the day before . . . This column's guess as to the movements of Dr. Rexford B. Hersey proved accurate . . . He spent yesterday in Huntington . . . saw few of his friends as he came on business and had to hurry away after looking into his affairs and visiting briefly with his Aunt Kate Trent . . . He telephoned to suggest that I run over to Geneva, Switzerland, to see him sometime during the next two years . . . that's how long he expects to stay before returning to Pennsylvania University and the Pennsylvania railroad.

CIRCUMSTANCES upset my plans to go to Scott Depot yesterday to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Pine and Mrs. A. G. Edwards at the Farm Women's Picnic . . . I know I missed a good time . . . but it couldn't be helped . . . Ted O'Meara of the Chesapeake & Ohio Magazine and Bennett Williamson, another railroad man, did go and I expect to hear about it from them.

Your Friends . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

ONCE, long ago, because of the position he had taken in an election battle, certain Huntington Democrats clubbed-in and bought Republican Constable J. K. (Doc) Suiter a six-shooter of the best quality. I liked and admired Mr. Suiter and Thomas A. Wiatt, my uncle, had raised the money and presented the revolver. Therefore, I wanted that gun and when, after the Suiter family gave it to Douglas L. Freutel, I tried to buy it from him. He wouldn't sell and, as events have proved, he was right. Now, as the chief law enforcemen officer of Cabell County, Dug will need a gun — for dress purposes, anyway. And in peace time that Suiter weapon would be classed as a cannon. When Dug left the desk which he had long occupied and took office, some of his newspaper associates presented him with a comic opera badge, made in the Huntington Publishing Co. plant and suitably engraved by Leo R. Storey, "D. L. Freutel, sheriff of Cabell County." If his aunt, the late Mrs. Mary C. Lyons of Guyandotte, had lived to see him take office she would have been a proud woman.

WIATT SMITH

CHARLEY STEPHENSON was the Guyandotte truck driver when I was a boy. He operated a comparatively light express wagon drawn by a pair of small mules. It seems to me that they were always the same mules but there may have been replacements from time to time. The Stephenson express conveyed freight between the stores, the depots and the wharfboat—and Charley Stephenson was a leading citizen. It has been more than 40 years since he had a stroke and fell off his wagon one winter day. I had the grippe and was supposed to stay indoors, but went out to see about Charley. I stayed in the house several weeks after that. Charley was bound to a wheelchair several years before he died, Irvin Dugan recalled him by pointing out that Mrs. May Baker, who died last week, was Charley Stephenson's widow when she married Mr. Baker.

IMP, a small terrier, yellow with white markings, is missing from the G. A. Moran residence at 1001 Euclid Place. He has been gone several days and inquiries through the usual channels have failed to locate him. Therefore, Mr. Moran, who is with the Veterans Facility, appealed to this column. Imp, almost 15, has reached an unusual age for a dog. He is deaf, and his readiest response is to the clapping of hands. The Morans have had him almost since he opened his eyes and there's no need explaining to anyone who ever owned a dog how they feel about him. Their telephone is 23211.

ERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTING

4-7-28

Your Friends : by : And Mine Wiatt Smith

MISS LOUISE HART left her pin money in a key case of which her father had possession. I do not state definitely that this was what caused her to call her parent, Senator Jim, and tell him he should come up to Marshall College and meet the dignitaries there to celebrate the opening of the new teacher training school. Anyway, she did telephone him, and he, Marshall bound, hailed me. I went along, much to my satisfaction. This was a notable gathering. Jim and I were half an hour late, but we managed to get into the wings and sit with Gresham Toole, Page Pitt and other faculty members behind the curtains which screened the platform. Here we could see without being seen—and we could hear, too. I'll not go into the program. That is dealt with elsewhere.

WIATT SMITH

AFTER adjournment I was presented to Miss Grace Jenkins of Ironton and Dr. George R. Jenkins of New York City, niece and nephew of General Albert Gallatin Jenkins for whom the new Marshall unit has been named. General Jenkins has always been one of my favorite heroes and growing older I have appreciated him more, not merely for a worthwhile military record and a soldier's death, but because he was a brilliant and successful young man, an able lawyer and outstanding member of the national house of representatives before the secession era. It seems to me appropriate to publish here a poem written by Albert Gallatin Jenkins, II, of Ironton, which has recently come to me, and was written I judge, with yesterday's occasion in mind. It follows:

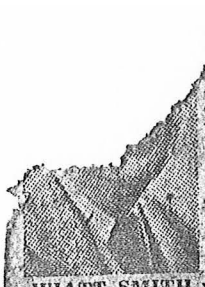
ALBERT GALLATIN JENKINS

The chapter of his life I treasure most
Is one of gentleness and rural peace;
A culture linked with learning and the ways
Of nature and of God; a master of
Green acres and the courage to defend;
An academic mind, inflexible
In purpose, and the faith to carry on.
I like to think of him as one whose slaves
Came "home" when tired of freedom's lure.
Enough aristocrat to love democracy;
Enough a man to die upon his sword,
Sufficient, too, that history will say:
He doth die well who died within his faith;
Here lived a leader, citizen—a man.

—ALBERT G. JENKINS.

AN OPERATIVE brings word from Marie Shepard Yost of a dog and duck story told her by Lloyd Ritter, Jr. The dog is a Schnauzer owned by Mr. Ritter's mother, to whom also the duck belongs. The dog, Missie, and the duck are inseparables and the duck won't lay an egg unless Missie is nearby. Missie always eats the egg while it is fresh. The duck is wild and will not make friends with people or any other animal. But she dotes on Missie.

YESTERDAY E. W. Bush wrote, saying: "... In your column this morning you state that F. H. Tyree died several years ago while serving as sheriff. Just to keep the record straight, he served out his term as sheriff but died four or five days later. I believe the date was January 4 or 5. I had the pleasure of serving under him during his tenure which was six years and one and one half months."



He's a [illegible]ian [illegible]birth and ba[illegible]— [illegible]nd in fact. All this aside, he has done well at Mercersburg. Graduating with honors, he was class day orator, president of the German Club, a member of the Chemistry Club, the Debating Club and the Dramatic Club. All of which signifies that he WIATT SMITH has been a very busy boy. I have no doubt he will be in Huntington shortly after commencement to see his grandmothers, Mrs. F. F. McCullough, of Sixth avenue, and Mrs. L. V. Guthrie, of Rugby Road. His picture will be found elsewhere in this paper.

LONG before the present movement for Old-Age pensions took form, the International Typographical Union instituted such a fund of its own. Needless to say, the fund is in good shape and some of "the boys" are receiving its benefits. One of these is O. K. Chapman who applied for the pension March 1, and got it, as of that date. It took a little time to work it out, but his checks for March, April and May came together. They are not big checks—eight dollars a week—but they'll count up through the years. Moreover, Mr. Chapman is entitled to work two days a week at his trade. This is available for him at the Chapman Printing Co., of which he is founder and owner-emeritus, the control having passed to other members of his family. "O. K." joined the ITU at Charleston in 1899. He was then foreman for the Butler Printing Co., which was completing a state contract. During the forty years, which will be completed in September, he never missed a month paying dues—never took a demerit or in any degree discontinued his connection with the union. He thinks this probably is a record for this section of the United States.

JAMES PATTERSON (UNCLE JIMMY) ROBERTS, who will be ninety-four years old on October 28, and who served with the Union army during the war between the states, is quite feeble. He spends most of his time in his room at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Cremeans, 607 Buffington street Guyandotte. He walks about the house a little and sits up for his meals. His sight and hearing are good but at times, as he himself explained, his mind fails to concentrate upon the things that are going on about him. Doubtless, it is upon the past and somewhat upon that vast future which may seem to him nearer even than the past. I had lost track of Uncle Jimmy, though he had but moved across the street from the home where I visited him and took his picture with those of some pretty young girls last year. He was born on the present site of Huntington, about Sixth street, west, he told me, and I remember his relating once how he listened from a hill top near Eighth street to the fighting at Guyandotte. Subsequently, he himself joined the Union colors. Unless I am mistaken, he is one of two [illegible]erans now living in Huntington.

1-2-43

Your Friends And Mine

. . . By Wiatt Smith . . .

TWICE during its period of construction, which began in 1906 and continued into 1907, the Third Avenue bridge across the Guyandotte River was washed out by timber runs. On the first of these occasions Guy C. Mace of Proctorville, O., was standing with Guyandotte friends on the Guyandotte side of the river when the bridge fell. People about him were weeping and wringing their hands — but Guy Mace laughed. Recalling the incident, he says he doesn't know why he laughed but that it probably was because he thought he couldn't get to school at Marshall College. The mirth was quickly erased from his features, as it caused much indignation and for a few minutes he wasn't sure the Guyandotte people weren't going to throw him into the river with the bridge. He didn't miss much if any school, either, as a pontoon bridge was constructed at once. This was reached by an improvised road which led downward from Ferguson's alley.

WIATT SMITH

MR. MACE revived the bridge story when I called him Sunday to ask if it were practical for me to get in touch with his father, Captain Ellis Mace. I learned that Captain Mace had no telephone but that he was celebrating his eighty-first birthday that day at his Proctorville home. His son was going over, as were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hatfield and their children, Mrs. Alvetta Elswick and Mrs. George Worden. I wanted to ask Captain Mace what became of the bell from the towboat Defender which blew up off Twenty-eighth Street about 35 years ago. R. A. Ferguson had telephoned to say he thought the Defender's bell was at Beulah Baptist Church. Failing to reach Captain Mace, I tried Captain Ira O. Harrold who referred me to Captain E. B. Smith. This former operator of the Guyandotte-Proctorville ferry, told me that, as I had known and forgotten, the bell from the wrecked towboat was hung in a church at Coryville, in Ohio opposite Twenty-sixth Street, known as Defender Chapel.

MEANWHILE, Mrs. Fred Suiter of Fourth Avenue had reported her husband's impression that the bell at Beulah Church was bought new for the church and never saw service on any steamboat. This is of particular interest just now because Beulah Church, on Ohio Route 7 near Dam 27, is this week holding special services which will climax next Sunday with a formal celebration of the one hundred and sixth anniversary of the establishment of Beulah on November 7, 1837. Fred Suiter's grandfather, William Suiter was a near neighbor of that Thomas Gardner who gave the site and who built Beulah Church. Mr. Suiter recalls that in his own boyhood he heard his grandfather and Mr. Gardner tell of the purchase of the bell, which seems to have been acquired some time after the church was built. He has the impression that a man named Foose Davis may have given the money to pay for the bell

...found it warm. ...and licked the dog again. ...er was where Chris entered, heard ...ump, and went on to find the dog ...g the couch and blowing (like blowing soup) to cool it off.

DR. CHARLES MORRIS HAWES telephoned to offer a theoretical explanation as to why J. C. Rardin Jr. was not in the old Catlettsburg group which was reproduced in The Herald-Dispatch yesterday. "Mr. Rardin," quoth Dr. Hawes, "is a contemporary of mine, and the fact that he wasn't in that picture (taken in 1894) was because his nurse had him out in his carriage." Maybe so, Doctor, but it seems to me that Mr. Rardin and I played baseball together earlier than '94 . . . And that you were umpire.

ENTIRELY on the serious side is the illness of Mrs. Charles Reed, brought home yesterday from Washington, whither she had gone to attend the inaugural ceremonies, helpless and speechless from paralysis. Mrs. Reed has been identified in many ways with the story of Huntington. She was born in Guyandotte, where her father, Thaddeus Flowers lived after and, I think before the war of secession, during which he served in the Confederate army. Her mother was one of the Cabell county Wilsons. Mr. Reed was a Chesapeake & Ohio engineer. Before and during her widowhood Mrs. Reed has been a well known figure in the affairs of Johnson Memorial Church, the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Democratic party. She made the homeward journey from Washington without apparent ill effects and was thought to be better yesterday.

WORD came through operatives from Mrs. Laura DeNoon, 81 years old, that the cast and braces in which she had been encased since sustaining a broken shoulder in a fall at her home on Thanksgiving day, have been removed. Mrs. DeNoon isn't quite ready to throw snowballs but hopes to have her arm in shape by the time snow is available. Miss Clara DeNoon of New York City will be home shortly for an extended visit with her mother.

HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGT

Your Friends . . . And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

10-19-43.

YEARS—twenty, more or less—ago, when Antoinette Resener, now Mrs. Willie Green, and Paul Hardy, Jr., were apron string children, their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Resener and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hardy found them a Sunday evening problem — the maids being off then. The two couples initiated the practice of eating supper and spending the evenings together on alternate Sundays. Antoinette, or Paul, Jr., as the case might be, was taken along to play with each other. The children grew older, but the Sunday night institution was maintained. About the time the Resener-Hardy custom was established, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Eutsler began assembling a group of the same persons at the home each Sunday evening . . . James H. Barry, Joseph Kent, Zar Fuller, and others. Eventually these groups merged, with the addition of W. R. (Abie) and Marabelle Bower. Time has thinned the ranks, but the practice continues.

WIATT SMITH

IT WAS on certain rare occasions that I was privileged to join this group that I had my most intimate and interesting glimpses of Paul Hardy. Seeing him in his own home or the homes of the friends who were so close to him it was easy to understand why Jim Barry—I think that's who it was—had christened him "Pop" and all the others called him by that name. Otherwise, I had known him through the years as a practical, capable business man, on the alert constantly not only for his own opportunity, but that which would help make Huntington grow. Several times I saw him after his last illness began, afternoons when he woud be out driving with Jim Barry or other of his faithful friends. On these occasions he was cheerful and happy, undaunted by the almost certain doom which hung over him and which struck when he succumbed to his heart ailment Monday evening.

HOW many of the friends of the late Enoch (Doc) Baker know that he has a brother living in Huntington? I didn't for one, until my own brother told me about it, and I never met the second Mr. Baker until yesterday when he spoke to me as I passed his Twelfth street home. Just beginning to walk about a bit after a seven-months struggle with paralysis, Charles M. Baker, at sixty-nine, hopes to be able to resume work after a bit. Like his brother, he was born in Nova Scotia. But he does not remember his native land. Enoch Baker brought him to the United States and to this section as a very little boy. The elder brother took care of him as best he could. Charles M. Baker grew up, settled and married in Lawrence county, Ohio, and became a steamboat mate. With a license good for the Ohio and Mississippi and their tributaries, he worked for years on towboats . . . the Convoy, the Val P. Collins, the Katherine Davis, the Robert P. Gilliam, the Samuel Clark, the Alice Brown, the Jack Frost, the Douglass Hall and the mighty Sprague.

TOW boating was big business then. Before the days of pool stages, the tow boats brought their long strings of coal barges down the Ohio river from Pittsburgh with every high tide. I recall days when the strip of the Ohio which can be seen from Guyandotte until it disappears in the hills was dotted many days with coal tows. Some of these tows were huge and even with the strong current and puffing steamers behind them, they made slow progress. But their speed greatly exceeded that of the returning empties, pushed upstream by the boats which had taken them down. Leaving the river, Mr. Baker lived in Huntington and worked in stores. He has several children, including two sons, one Jesse, in Ashland, who used to work for The Herald-Dispatch, the other, Charles Jr., now in Detroit. He recalls that he had lunch with his brother, Enoch, on the latter's eighty-fifth birthday, the two going together to eat at a Third avenue restaurant in which Enoch Baker owned a share.

10-25-43

READING a Page One headline which told of the death of W. O. Reckard, I found trouble in grasping the fact that the subject of the story was my old friend Billy Reckard. He was so well known as Billy Reckard that if I had heard his initials I had forgotten them. Billy Reckard was a mathematical wizard, a lightning calculator who for years kept ahead of the auctioneers and the machines at the tobacco market. At last, finding the work too arduous, he quit and went into the cigar business. I often chatted with him at his Hotel Frederick stand and do recall his having complained of his health. Cal F. Young, retired newspaper writer, spent much time back of the showcase with Billy. Therefore, I thought nothing of it when I saw Cal waiting on the trade there Thursday. But these thing added to the shock which I experienced on learning that Billy Reckard had died. Less surprising, but still regretful, was the death of Patrolman Al Jessup, a police department veteran who had many times contributed material for these paragraphs.

WIATT SMITH

EVEN in the best of times, any day is likely to bring distressing news, and this is even more true of the war period. Just now comes word that Lieutenant Herbert G. Nash Jr. is missing in action. Although his parents moved to New York City a year or two ago, Lieutenant Nash was a Huntingtonian. His mother, the former Miss Josephine Thornburg, was active in DAR affairs here, honoring West Virginia ancestry. Charles W. Thornburg is his grandfather. The apparent fact that Lieutenant Nash is a war casualty will add strength to the long tie of friendship existing between Mr. Thornburg and Bishop U. V. W. Darlington, who lost both his sons in the war.

A HAPPIER note was the greeting from Mrs. Anyce Burns Hicks of Victoria, Texas, brought from Victoria by Mrs. Hubert Allen. Mrs. Allen came from Victoria, where her husband, Major Allen, is stationed, to visit her brother, H. C. Shadwell. Long ago, Mrs. Hicks and I attended the same classes at Marshall College . . . And it's still worthwhile to watch the folks on the streets and behold such sights as that of Attorney P. P. Gibson running for the bus — the wrong bus, at that.

COLONEL GEORGE S. WALLACE recently acquired a letter written by Napoleon's Marshal Ney, signed in his ducal character as "Eglantine." Colonel Wallace couldn't read the letter and called on Major Henri Dourif for its translation from the French . . . Dr. T. D. Kauffelt spent the week-end with his son, Aviation Cadet T. D. Kauffelt Jr., at Indianapolis . . . Mrs. Kauffelt made the same pilgrimage a couple of weeks ago . . . United States Judge Elliott Northcott is sitting with the Circuit Court of Appeals at Richmond. From the Virginia capital he will go to his Indian River home near Sabastian, Fla., for the Winter . . . Mrs. Virginia Hughes has returned to her Chamber of Commerce desk, after a spell of flu which sent her to the hospital . . . There's a billboard in Huntington which depicts a general riding in an automobile chauffeured by a WAC, and over all the legend, "Enlist now Your future is in the WAVES."

MRS. ANN GORDON EDWARDS of Scott Depot spent the week-end at the Frederick. She stopped here en route from Columbus, Ohio, where she visited the Ralph Goulds. As it happened, Ralph was in Toledo but he telephoned home and Ann was included in the long distance conversation.

HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTON

10-27-43

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith.

NONE OF THE trappings of emminence, unless you want to count his Jim-Swinger coat, which I know he adopted reluctantly, mark the Rev. U. V. W. Darlington, D.D., senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By virtue of this office, head of one of the largest Christian denominations, especially strong numerically in southern West Virginia and eastern Kentucky, Bishop Darlington, when his busy calling permits a few days at home, walks about the streets of Huntington as serenely as he did when he was pastor of Johnson Memorial Church. He doesn't have to be seen "by appointment." No secretary stands between him and the people. Calmly he goes here and there, stopping occasionally to chat with someone, an acquaintance, perhaps, but not necessarily, and often to create convulsive laughter by some exquisite drollery. Bishop Darlington—Southern Methodists and some others who knew him when he was building Johnson Memorial, still call him Brother Darlington—lives in Huntington because he loves the town and the people. As a bishop he might have made his home where he would. He chose to keep it here, and to walk, as ever, as a man among his friends. These thoughts occurred when I saw him yesterday and noted the old twinkle in his eye, the gentle raillery in his voice. He will be here but a few days ere he leaves to preside at a Mississippi conference session.

WIATT SMITH

FOR THE first time since his return from a summer visit abroad, I talked yesterday with Dr. Frederic J. Hoitash. There was no opportunity for much detail but Dr. Hoitash packed his reaction into a few words, saying: "Anybody who is dissatisfied with conditions in the United States ought to visit Europe." He thinks the German and Austrian people might have welcomed a war as opportunity to throw off the Nazi yoke.

WEDNESDAY evening I left the newspaper building and took my usual route [illegible] Bank Arcade to Fourth avenue.

11-28-42

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

DURING his boyhood on Pea Ridge Road and in Huntington Carvel Willey did not learn to skate, not on ice, at least. Now Captain H. Carvel Willey of the U. S. Air Force, stationed in Alaska, writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Willey of 1021 Twelfth street, that he is learning to cut fancy figures on the sub-Arctic ice. Replying, his father advised him to take care since being more than six feet tall he would have a long way to fall.

WIATT SMITH

His mother urged him to become expert, promising him that on his return to civil life she would skate with him. As Miss Willa Tinsley she took her skating lessons on the old Twentieth street pond. Captain Willey, who is adjutant in his outfit, graduated from Huntington high school at the age of 16 with a perfect attendance record. Although he lived on Pea Ridge during many of his school years he had never been absent or tardy. In the Summer after his graduation from high school he did special work at the University of West Virginia. Later he graduated from VPI as an electrical engineer. In this capacity he worked at the Nickel plant. He played the violin in the Huntington Symphony Orchestra and for further musical diversion played the accordion. For a year before Pearl Harbor he was in training at Patterson Field. He and Miss Florence Louise Gephart of Dayton, Ohio, planned a church wedding for last June 21. Before this date fell he received secret orders to leave. Consequently there was a quiet wedding on June 3 which his parents went from Huntington to attend. His mother having written that she was sending a fruit cake for Christmas he replied that right then he surely could go for some mashed potatoes like she fixes "with lots of butter and real cow's milk" and a piece of Devil's Food cake.

Captain Willey's cousin, Raymond Burns, who formerly lived in Huntington, and was for several years before he entered the Army a resident of Connecticut, is now stationed in Miami, Fla. These boys are grandnephews of former Mayor George R. Seamonds.

A ROUND-ROBIN headed "We Think Our Pig Should Have a Name. Could You Suggest a Suitable Name for Him?" was circulated Wednesday among the members of the faculty of Oley Junior high school. By heavy plurality "FDR" was the faculty choice and so, I suppose, the stray piglet which was taken in care Monday by Oley students will be known. Miss Beinkampen suggested "Refugee," because "he looked so pitiful." Other suggestions were Startled," "Greasy," "Stinky," and "Salome,' of which will matter to the pig now ease and amid plenty on Instructor place near Barboursville, in e of plans for a faculty

fice technician

11-19-43

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

AMONG the most interested members of the throng which on Sunday attended the services commemorating the one hundred and sixth anniversary of Beulah Baptist Church on Ohio Route 7, near Dam 27, were Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Wylie on Washington Avenue. Mrs. Wylie, the former Miss Chloe Gardner, is a granddaughter of the Thomas Gardner who built Beulah Church. The romance which culminated in her marriage to young Bob Wylie began at Beulah Church in 1889. The marriage took place in 1891. Mr. Wylie spent his earlier years in Guyandotte, but later lived on a farm near Athalia, O. His grandmother, Elizabeth Brown Wylie, was buried in Beaulah churchyard in 1870. Born in 1800, she was the youngest daughter of Captain Oliver Brown, a soldier of the Revolution. In 1820 she married Robert Wylie, who died in 1840 leaving his widow with 10 children, seven daughters and three sons.

WIATT SMITH

BEFORE the Beulah Church anniversary, R. D. Wylie wrote me the story of the chapel bell. He agrees with Theodore Sims that the bell now in use came from the steamboat Petrel. The Petrel, Mr. Wylie says, was a towboat which plied between Pomeroy, O., and Ashland, Ky. After the ice ran out of the Ohio late in February, 1874, the Petrel was ordered to raise steam and proceed from Pomeroy to Ashland for a tow of empty barges. On her downward journey she passed Athalia, and had progressed a mile and a half farther toward her destination before she ran into a head wind. The unhappy boat rolled in the white caps till her two boilers went overboard. Then all the crew, except the engineer, who stayed with the wreck to be rescued later, plunged into the icy river. Fortunately, the Ohio shore was near, and all reached dry land. The Rome township farmers warmed and sheltered them. They were cared for in the homes of three Swain families who lived in that vicinity.

WITHIN my memory it was the custom to toll the bell of a church when a member died. Many bells were cracked by this process and this, thinks Mr. Wylie, was the fate of the cheap cast iron bell which first hung in the belfry at Beulah. It was customary to give the bell of a wrecked steamboat to some church nearby. So Beulah, Mr. Wylie is certain, got the bell from the Petrel.

MRS. CHLOE, or Cloa, Gardner, widow of Thomas Gardner, the church builder, was present at a revival service which Bob Wylie attended at Beulah in 1889—one Sunday in October. It was on this occasion that Mr. Wylie met Mrs. Gardner's granddaughter and namesake. They were married two years later in a big brick house which was also built by Thomas Gardner, in 1857 or 1858. Naturally, Beulah Church has many tender associations for Mr. and Mrs. Wylie. Sunday, at Beulah, they saw certain friends for the first time in 50 years or more. And Mrs. Wylie greeted some who were her pupils while she was a school teacher before her marriage on October 28, 1891.

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

METHODIST DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT G. W. BENT, whose 1913 praise of Huntington was quoted here yesterday, was born on Rush Run in Gilmer County and was known as General Bent. Why he was called general I do not know. Perhaps he had held a commission in the Union Army, or for all anyone has been able to tell me, his name may have been General Washington Bent. Certainly, he knew a good town when he saw one, and maybe Dr. T. M. Zumbrunnen, the present superintendent of Huntington district, from one of whose books I copied the paragraphs on Huntington, knows the rest of the story. Otherwise, it may come from Dr. Smith B. Hart, now pastor of the First Methodist Church, who, ever so long ago, was a newspaper reporter in Newark, N. J. The other day Dr. Hart, an old acquaintance, introduced me to the Rev. J. A. Earl of the Guyandotte church and another man whose name was given as Reuben Casey. It was not until after we had separated that I suspected that Reuben Casey was also a Methodist pastor. Either the breed is changing or I'm slipping.

WIATT SMITH

I HAD difficulty yesterday in recognizing the telephone voice of Postmaster J. W. Dingess. For years he hadn't needed to bother to say who he was when he called. Yesterday, his voice showed signs of the devastating illness from which he is recovering, but which caused him to lose 49 pounds in a month. He is walking about the house these days and looks forward to getting back to his desk one of these days. Incidentally, Dr. C. T. Taylor, whose serious accidental injury coincided with Mr. Dingess' critical illness, is out of bed, out of the orthopedic harness which for weeks kept his broken neck bones in place, and getting around a little.

IT IS NOW or soon will be Petty Officer (Third Class) Boyd Jarrell. This news was brought yesterday by Dave Gideon Jarrell, seaman, second class, home on leave from Great Lakes Training School where he has been serving in the Navy and loving every minute of it.

ON EASTER morning a Huntington woman answered her front door, grumbling a little at being disturbed so early. A few minutes later she was blinded by her own tears —tears of joy, for the messenger had brought her an orchid, sent by her soldier son, a boy not yet old enough to vote. The same mother has been greatly disturbed lately by her inability to find the ping pong balls which the son wrote home for, saying he had left them in his dresser drawer. Sporting goods dealers tell me ping pong balls are all but unobtainable, requiring of the merchant a 2-1 A-1 rating, this for Army or Navy use only. I suspect the young soldier could buy them at his station PX, but, barring this possibility, if any one has some to spare, I'll be glad to see that they get to his mother.

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

AFTER having read this column yesterday, a 20-year resident of Huntington said, "I supposed the State Hospital had always been there." It is probable that thousands of not so new Huntingtonians entertain a similar idea. But what is now the Huntington State Hospital came into existence only after a bitter struggle. As it stands, the institution is a monument to the determination of Mary Jackson Ruffner, wife of Joseph Ruffner, Charleston lawyer and United States commissioner. Mrs. Ruffner conceived the idea that West Virginia should provide a home for the incurably ill. Her idea was that the benefits should not be confined to mental cases, but should embrace all incurably sick and disabled patients, from the idiot child to the paralyzed and palsied old man.

WIATT SMITH

AT HER instance, a bill for the establishment of such a hospital was introduced into the state legislature. It may have been presented to the legislature of 1895 — I do not know as to that — but it was finally enacted by the legislature of 1897. United State Judge John Jay Jackson of Parkersburg, a Lincoln appointee and a man of great influence, helped Mrs. Ruffner get her bill through the legislature. Later, Judge Jackson came here to help select the site. I do not know how Huntington came to be chosen as the location, but I do remember that the people of the city were by no means unanimous in their welcome. Buck Harding, leader of the then dead or dying Democratic Barnum Club, opposed it, claiming the idiots would frighten women who visited Spring Hill cemetery. In those days, Democratic opposition didn't count for much, and the land was purchased on which, beginning in 1898, the first unit of the West Virginia Home for Incurables was begun. A woman of my acquaintance called it "the incurable home." Mary Jackson Ruffner was the first superintendent.

I REMEMBER seeing arthritic old gentlemen in wheel chairs on the porches of the home for incurables. But the plan of caring there for such cases was deemed impractical and it was not long before the institution was converted into a mental hospital and named the West Virginia Asylum. Dr. L. V. Guthrie of Point Pleasant was transferred from Spencer hospital to the new institution, which, as Huntington State Hospital, he was to head many years. The term asylum was dropped and the institutions at Weston, Spencer and Huntington became hospitals for mental cases. Weston is the oldest, having been started by state of Virginia before the separation.

SEAMAN BOYD JARRELL, writes from S. Corpus Christi, Tex., where he is in training, of having dined at the home of Dr. and Mrs. George West Diehl. Dr. Diehl, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Corpus Christi, was president of Morris Harvey College about 1929-30.

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

IN 1842 Alfred Tennyson published "Locksley Hall," which was hailed by the public of that day as one of the best of his efforts and now is regarded as one of the great poems of the English language. But it is not as a poet but as a prophet that Lord Tennyson claims attention here today, 100 years after the publication of Locksley Hall. His words, to be reprinted here, were recalled during World War I, and with greater emphasis when the League of Nations promised well. Today, the accuracy of his war picture is much more distinct than it was in 1914-18 and there is still ground for hope that after the war madness is over his vision of peace will be fulfilled. In that century old poem these lines appear:

WIATT SMITH

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.
"Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales.
"Heard the heavens filled with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
"Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;
"Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World.
"There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, wrapt in universal law."

ACKNOWLEDGING clippings from this column sent to him at San Bernardino, Calif., Theodore B. Laidley writes: . . . "Allow me to say that if my cousins Lulu Greenwade and Maude Brumfield enjoyed writing to me as much as they do talking to you, I should not have to trouble you with my questions." There, there, Mr. Laidley, no trouble at all, and as a rule I don't hear from Lulu and Maude much oftener than you do. Nevertheless, I do enjoy talking to them, either or both. But to get on with Mr. Laidley's letter, he, too, heard from Mrs. May Robertson Hayslip at Pawtucket, R. I., and at her suggestion wrote to Hal Mather at Ottawa, Ont. . . . He mentions, too, that he sees Dave Gideon's name at The Herald-Dispatch masthead and wonders if the president of the Huntington Publishing Co. is the same Dave Gideon he remembers as "one of the tough guys at the old Fourth Avenue school." Well, Dave did attend that school . . . And he's the son of Sam Gideon from whom Theodore Laidley's boyhood clothes were purchased . . . and mine too.

"HUNTINGTON in the old days, says Laidley, "was a very small town (city by courtesy). I remember the fight it had to take the county seat from Barboursville; also when the wharf and river landing were moved to the newly opened, graded and cobblestoned position at the foot of Tenth Street. . . . As a boy I knew nearly everyone in Huntington and was related to nearly all of the old time families. My uncle was a Presbyterian and of course I went to that Sunday School, 9 A. M. After church I usually attended the Congregational Sunday School because they had a good library with novels which I could not have been allowed to read if they hadn't come from Sunday School. W. E. Parsons was the superintendent and his mother was my teacher. I admired her very much. A young daughter Ruth, a lovely girl, was a classmate of mine, as was Charley Prickett. I believe Ruth married one of the Prickett boys . . . After these three church sessions I sometimes attended the Methodist Sunday School after 2:30 P. M. . . . I wonder if the old timers remember skating on the Round Pond? Or when the baseball club was first formed and the players had their first uniforms? Lee Crider was the wonderful curve ball pitcher of the club."

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

AUTHORITIES differ as to the location of the "big bend" of the Guyandotte River. Mrs. Scott (Mary Garrett) Justice says it is up near Gilbert, Bern Curry says he always thought it was just below the mouth of Hait's Creek. Inhabitants of the two neighborhoods, one in Logan and the other in Lincoln County, may settle that among themselves. Come to think of it, it seems to me there is a horseshoe bend up Barboursville way, so maybe Cabell County also may join in the dispute, if any. I discovered this variance of opinion as to the big bend while seeking information about a man. I have yet to learn anything of one Ralph Justice, author of "The Ghost of the Guyan," the first installment of which is to be found in the January issue of Holland's "Magazine of the South." I haven't seen the magazine, either, but Miss Mary Burks told me about it. Mary Garrett Justice had heard of it, too, but neither she nor Scott, her husband, knows anything of this literary scion of the Guyandotte Valley family. There was a Ralph Justice back yonder somewhere and Scott's Uncle Eph Justice lived and died on the Logan County version of "the big bend of the river."

WIATT SMITH

WEST VIRGINIANS get around. As further evidence of this, the West Virginia Society of Los Angeles, Calif., is to be entertained February 3 by Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilson who for many years have lived in Huntington in the Summer and Los Angeles in the Winter. Mrs. Wilson, the former Miss Ida Burks, wrote her sister Mary for West Virginia flags and place cards and other decorations and for certain West Virginia information to help with the entertainment. Some of these days I am to learn more about that party, such as who attended. It will be given in a Los Angeles hotel.

SOMEONE having remarked that Columbus took a chance, another recalled that Steve Brodie did likewise. However, Columbus' hazard was for higher stakes—all Steve Brodie did was to jump off Brooklyn bridge. Still a third person asked if Steve Brodie didn't jump off the suspension bridge at Guyandotte. For the moment I was stumped. Later, I recalled that the suspension bridge jumper was a Huntington citizen named Bert Spriggs or Sprague. He was local talent, but he did jump off the bridge and he did get paid for it, as I remember. Guyandotte boys did little if any bridge jumping, though I do seem to recall one fellow who, fleeing from the cops, leaped from the bridge to his death.

RIDE-THUMBING isn't what it was in the days before gas rationing, but instincts developed in early reportorial days still prove useful occasionally. For instance, desiring to be hauled a short distance, I hailed Patrolman Charley Robinson and solicited transportation in the cruiser car in which he was teamed up with Patrolman Jesse Reed. The boys hauled me around the corner, to the destination desired and I wasn't a bit worried lest anyone think I was in custody. I suspect their action in giving me a ride may have been slightly against the rule [illegible] I submit to Mayor Fiedler [illegible] Chief that it was a most minor [illegible] were times in the past w[illegible] caught down town after the [illegible] had run, could persuade the co[illegible] home to Guyandotte in the Bla[illegible] That was a Kissel car which the [illegible] mission bought from Luther T[illegible] used as Huntington's first automo[illegible] wagon.

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

WHAT seems to be good news for the would-be hominy makers comes in a letter from Salt Rock. Gist of it is that baking soda may be used instead of lye and with results just as good. Personally, I have little interest in the manufacture of hominy. Just reading the directions makes me weary. However, numerous friends, including W. W. (Bud) Payne, find the topic interesting. Thus far we have had the wood ashes formula found in the Buckeye cook book, and the lye formula submitted by Miss Byron Dean of Wayne and Mrs. Della Mills of South Point, O. Now we have the baking soda formula found, with other worth while matters, in the following letter from Mrs. [illegible] Midkiff of Salt Rock:

WIATT SMITH

"WE ALWAYS read and enjoy your column in The Herald-Dispatch," writes Mrs. Midkiff under date of January 10, "and that is how I saw your request for a recipe for making hominy with lye. Now I don't know anything about making hominy, but my 86-year-old mother, who lives with me, has made many a kettleful. In her opinion, it is better to make it with baking soda. Her recipe runs like this — boil one gallon (shelled) corn in water sufficient to cook, to which has been added two heaping tablespoons of baking soda. Add more water as needed. Cook until skins and hard ends begin to loosen. Wash thoroughly in many changes of water until hominy is clean and white, and all skins and hearts are removed. Lye can be used instead of soda, but my mother is not sure about the amount. She says, 'I could make it, for if I got too much lye I would just add more water.'

"SHE," continues Mrs. Midkiff, still in reference to her mother, "is the widow of the Rev. W. E. Morrison, who wrote the history of Salt Rock Community referred to in one of your recent comments. As I read that comment I couldn't help thinking that he had no idea that what he wrote of the community where he was born and reared would ever be noticed by anyone outside that community. . . . F. N. Darling, our county agent, asked my father if he could write a history of the community. Father said he could try. He was 70 years old and was to live but four years more. I still have the original manuscript which he wrote with a pencil for me to copy in ink. Mr. Darling asked him if he couldn't put in a bear story or something of the kind. That's how the bear story got into history. Dr. H. M. Sturm, now pastor of Ninth Avenue Methodist Church, was one of my father's close friends and preached his funeral. Father called him one of my boys' and loved him as such. So it was Harry, as we at Salt Rock call him, who made the typescript copy of the history to which you referred and which caused you to get this epistle on history and hominy." PS—January 11—"I have just read your Tuesday column and would like very much to have the terrier Betsy for my 11-year-old daughter, but I am too far away to have such good luck, I suppose."

Your Friends and Mine

Wiatt Smith

FIFTY YEARS AGO, more or less, residents on Ceredo frequently were diverted by a mysterious light which appeared on the Ohio hills to the north. James Hutchison of Eighth Street recalls seeing the light from the home of a cousin in Ceredo. He says it came from the Ohio ridge tops, descended slowly across the fields to the river, traveled in an arc over the tree tops and then plunged into the water. Once, at least, it was seen to make its path slowly back across the field and up the hill. About the size of a lantern, it was seen frequently and people called it "the ghost light." Mr. Hutchison, who last saw it from a hill top home back of Camden Park, has always been at a loss to explain it, wonders if it still appears.

WIATT SMITH

A NATIVE of Wayne County, Mr. Hutchison has lived long in Huntington. A carpenter, he worked at his trade until he began to grow old—in years. Then he put his tool kit away, spruced himself up and began a career as a salesman. At 75, he is as natty as any young fellow and his mind is alert to the problems of the present, even if he does spend a bit of time thinking of the back yonder days. He tells me he goes on the philosophy expressed by these words: "The spirit of the Lord goes before me and makes my path easy and successful." He had this in mind when during World War I he left his home at 1202 Adams Avenue to work at Jacksonville, Fla. "I had never been more than 100 miles away," he said, "and was green about traveling. I didn't know anybody in Jacksonville. When I got there I asked a man at the station where I might get a room. He told me to try at 1202 Adams Street. I went there and rang the door bell. Imagine my surprise when a voice said, 'Come in Mr. Hutchison.' I went in and found the voice was that of Mrs. Jim Coyle with whom I had once boarded in Chillicothe, Ohio."

BRIGADIER GENERAL Robert H. Wylie, Huntington born, who retired from the army on December 31, has been made manager of the port of San Francisco. Robert D. Wylie, General Bob's father, showed me a copy of The Argonaut, California's famous weekly paper with the cover page devoted to a picture of the new port manager. The Argonaut says: "When the board of harbor commissioners secured the services of Brigadier General Robert H. Wylie as manager of the port of San Francisco, they brought to the position a man who was assistant chief of transportation for operations of the United States Army. He knows how to do what shall be expected of him." General Wylie will, of course, live in San Francisco. His father, now 86, is chief engineer for Gwinn Bros. & Co. He says "when I retire I may go out to visit Bob." Asked when he was going to retire he answered: "When I get old."

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

SEVENTEEN years is quite a long time when measured against the period of human life. And those years bring changes, especially pronounced, it seems to me, in the human visage. The thought arises from contemplation of Volume 1, Number 1 of The Evening Herald and carrying, on Page One, pictures of Jim Clendenin and me as "news managers of Herald papers." Jim Clendenin died before the youth passed from his countenance, but a contrast of my features as portrayed in that Evening Herald on February 28, 1927, and as the mirror reflects them today, suggests in reverse the old-time "before and after taking" patent medicine advertising. Sylvia Zeller found The Evening Herald at her family home on Fifth Avenue, and Harry, her dad, brought it to me. The Evening Herald was short-lived, being a forerunner of the merger which resulted in the formation of the Huntington Publishing Co. I think it was during The Evening Herald days that this column, under its earlier name, Left Turns Seen Right, first appeared.

WIATT SMITH

THESE reflections call new attention to a paragraph which appeared recently in the Ironton Tribune editorial page column, entitled "From a Reporter's Notebook." It is unsigned, but I incline to attribute the following to my friend K. J. Barron: "One of the most popular columnists in the Ohio Valley is Wiatt Smith of the Huntington Herald-Dispatch. Wiatt writes many items which interest the older citizens for he delves thoroughly into the early days of Huntington and the Ohio Valley. Wiatt is known far and wide and is one of the most genial people we have ever met. Even through his illness of recent months he has carried on a daily column regarding facts and fancies of the local folks and his friends have aided him greatly in keeping up his untiring and successful pace. He receives communications from all over the country telling him bits of news about this and that person, some of whom have not been in this section for many years. But we must tip our hats to Wiatt for he has carried on an interesting column, day after day, in spite of ill health and lack of usual personal contacts."

TO quote from a prized telegram I once received from the late O. O. McIntyre, I say to Ken Barron, "a low bow and a swirl of the cape to you." I would be the first to acknowledge the helpfulness of my friends who, not only since my locomotion has been impaired, but through the years, have made it possible for this column to be as it is and has been.

SPEAKING of contacts, I talked on the telephone yesterday to Dr. C. T. Taylor. I had not hoped for such good fortune when I called to inquire about his health. Dr. Taylor, a victim of an automobile accident in which he suffered a couple of fractured vertebrae, is home, but flat on his back and still in his iron braces. Yesterday, he thought that after another week they would let him sit up. Postmaster Jerry W. Dingess, whose critical illness was coincidental with Dr. Taylor's injury, is already sitting up awhile each day, and taking a few assisted steps. I have talked on the telephone to him, too.

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

THERE was introduced in the State Senate during the legislative session of 1866 at Wheeling a bill setting forth that the counties of Cabell, Wayne, Boone, Logan, Wyoming, McDowell, Mercer, Webster, Pocahontas, Greenbrier, Monroe, Raleigh and Fayette "have been in possession of the rebels during the late war," and "had to pay a heavy tax on all they possessed, also one-tenth of all they produced to the rebel government," and "many of their possessions have been laid waste by the contending armies." Because of all these asserted circumstances, it was proposed that the counties named be exempted from the payment of back taxes for the years 1861-2-3-4. I don't know what happened to the bill. I came upon the record in the Senate Journal for that year. The book was included in an interesting collection sent me by Mrs. W. M. Newman, nee Mary E. Watts, by her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Newman. Mrs. Newman is a daughter of the late Alderson Watts, who was a son of Harrison Watts of Wayne County.

WIATT SMITH

AMONG the items sent me is a transcript of the record of the suit of Harrison Watts vs. the Norfolk & Western Railroad Co., carried to the West Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals from the circuit court of Wayne County in 1893. The circuit court jury had awarded Mr. Watts for $1,074. This was in satisfaction for claim for damages alleged to have been suffered by him as "owner of a certain water, saw and grist mill, situate on the right bank of Twelve Pole Creek, with a dam in and across said creek; also a private ferry." From this verdict the railroad company, through Campbell & Holt, its counsel, appealed. C. W. Campbell signed the petition for a review and the writ was granted by Judge Homer A. Holt. The record in hand doesn't show the outcome of the suit, but Hans Watts remembers that his father never collected his damages.

ALSO in that old Senate journal are bills to incorporate the town of Ceredo in Wayne County; to amend the charter of the West Virginia Central Railway Co., and giving to that company the interests of the state in the franchises of the Covington & Ohio, and to incorporate the Wayne County Coal and Iron Railway Co.

JUDGE HOMER A. HOLT of the Supreme Court was the father of John H. Holt of Huntington and the grandfather of former Governor Homer A. Holt of Charleston. This note is made as an aside because I discovered that at least one ordinarily well-informed man didn't know. Edward D. Wight of Guyandotte was Cabell's representative in that Senate and General John S. Witcher of Cabell C. H. (Barboursville) represented the county in the House, where John S. P. Carroll of Buffalo Shoals represented Wayne.

3-21-44

Your Friends And Mine

. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

NEVER have I felt so much at home in the pages of book or magazine as I was while reading about Judge Fred M. Vinson of Ashland in the Saturday Evening Post for March 19. The article, written by Henry F. Pringle, is entitled "Sitter on the Lid." It contains the names of people and places familiar to me and is generally faithful to the truth as I know it. But somebody slipped when Mr. Pringle placed or permitted to place the Vinson-Vinson-Hughes 1896 debate on the money question in Louisa, Ky. That took place at Dunlow and was strictly a Wayne county and West Virginia affair, thought it is certain that many Kentuckians crossed the Big Sandy to take part in the fun. Debaters were Samuel Sperry Vinson, then, or formerly United States Marshal, a veteran of the Confederate Army, who was for Bryan, Sewell and the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one; his son, Zachary Taylor, a Huntington lawyer, who was for Palmer & Buckner, and his son-in-law, James A. Hughes, Republican nominee for Congress from the West Virginia district then including Cabell and Wayne, who was for McKinley & Hobart, prosperity and the full dinner pail. Taylor Vinson and Jim Hughes never had a chance that day. Dunlow was part of a settlement which included many Republicans, but the great crowd, gathered from far and near, included many Vinsons. These and others yelled, "Go ahead, Uncle Sammy, we'll believe what you say whether it's the truth or not." Uncle Sam won the decision and the Democrats carried Wayne and McKinley, Hobart and Hughes were elected. Political differences put no strain on the Vinson family ties, but Mrs. Belle Vinson Hughes of Fifth avenue, remembers that their father said to Taylor: "Son, never straddle the fence. I don't like this business of your goin' off with the Gold Bugs; if you ain't going to be a Democrat, be a Republican." And from that day forward, Taylor Vinson was a Republican.

WIATT SMITH

NATIONAL Economic Stabilizer Vinson has a Wayne county background. His mother was Virginia Ferguson, daughter of Samuel J. Ferguson of Wayne county, and sister of Fannie Ferguson who married Lucian Ferguson and became the mother of the present Circuit Judge Charles W. Ferguson of Wayne. Samuel Sperry Vinson and Samuel J. Ferguson were respectively first and second lieutenants in the same company of the Eighth Virginia (Confederate) Cavalry.

"MR. PRINGLE writes: "The Vinsons were not mountain people." I'll let Mrs. Hughes, who says, "Oh, but we are," and Judge Ferguson answer that one. The Wayne jurist says "if the Vinsons aren't mountain people then there aren't any mountains."

Then there is the Pringle likening of Senator George Brown Martin of Catlettsburg to the fictional Ephriam Tutt. I don't see the resemblance, but maybe it's there.

Your Friends And Mine

. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

OPERATIVES report that crocuses are blooming in the John W. Lea yard on Sixth Avenue, on Mrs. Wiseman's lawn and elsewhere in the neighborhood. I haven't observed, but presume that the flowers are also to be seen on the lawn of Dr. Ira Clay Hicks at Fifth Avenue and Eleventh Street. That's where I've always seen them first. Certainly, Spring is making a bold advance showing, vindicating Mr. Groundhog who on February 2 did not see his shadow in this area. Saturday was a warm day, almost hot, but the pre-March wind blew so stoutly in the evening that I thought it had shaken the house. On yesterday morning it was discovered that the wind had blown down a tree and the tree had fallen against the house. There are symptoms of Spring fever here and there but this column is far from proclaiming the arrival of Spring. If there's no more Winter, more power to the Groundhog. But, my fingers are crossed.

WIATT SMITH

IT MUST have been while he was a member of the state board of regents, jurisdiction of which included Marshall College, that George W. Johnson met Miss Mary McKendree. George was then a youngish Parkersburg attorney. Miss McKendree, one of the daughters of Mayor George McKendree, a widely known Cabell County surveyor, was a younger Marshall teacher. Mr. Johnson and Miss McKendree married and she was his helpmeet during the years, showing particular efficiency during his congressional career. I knew George before he went to Congress from this, the Fourth district, and throughout the period of his service. He was one man who never changed by preferment. Since his retirement from Congress after the 1942 election he and his wife had been living on an orchard farm in Jefferson. Since his death last week, I have wondered if she would not return to Cabell, her native county. Something tells me she will.

USO hostesses often are called upon to answer questions which stump them. Mary (Mrs. Howard) Hawkins, tells of a fellow-hostess who was asked by a sailor what train he should take to get to the Great Lakes. The hostess didnt know and asked the sailor if he meant Niagara Falls. The sailor responded, "Lady, we ain't goin' on no honeymoon!"

SEARCH as I will, there is no trace of a recently received communication from Miss Laura E. Armitage, now Chesapeake & Ohio research analyst at Richmond, Va. The lost sheet contained notations from some old surveys of what is now West Virginia territory. One had to do with "the jughandle," a name which caught Laura's fancy. Since Miss Armitage has been gone from Huntington her friends have kept track of her one way or another, some by the discovery of the mention of her as a double acrostician in a recent issue of the Saturday Review of Literature.

Your Friends And Mine
By Wiatt Smith

ONE of the prettier girls in the Guyandotte grade schools which I attended a few years back was Kate Mather. Long ago, Kate married Bob Swann and went to live at Fowler, Ind. When I consider that her hair is still brown and her cheeks unwrinkled, I think it unfair to say she went to school with me. However, she has three grandchildren and I guess that dates her despite her youthful appearance. What I started to tell is that Kate and Bob Swann came the other evening to see me. With them were Helen Burks (Mrs. Lee) Wilson and our mutual niece (Kate's and mine), Betty Smith of New York City. Kate and Betty have been helping their sister and grandmother, Mrs. W. M. Brumfield, get ready to start for her new home in California. Bob Swann came to take Kate (he calls her Kitty) back to Indiana. Bob and I had never met before, but we got along famously. He knows almost as many Guyandotte stories as I do.

WIATT SMITH

SOME time during the eighteen nineties there came to Guyandotte a blond young man who, identified himself as Joseph E. Withers of Apple Grove. Joe worked in my father's store and lived with us. Even after he quit the store he stayed at the house and he was always much at home there. Before his death he spent a number of successful years in the real estate business. His widow, the former Hattie Hennen, died last week. She was a daughter of Perry Hennen who, at the time of my earliest memories, was marshal of Guyandotte.

MRS. JACK (MARTHA) EFFINGHAM writes from Ashland: "I am a native of Kentucky, but my husband, Clemeth (Jack) Effingham, is a Huntington boy. We lived in Huntington a while, during which Jack and his father operated on Seventh Avenue a store known as the Effingham grocery. Jack is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Effingham of Charleston Avenue and is a member of the United Baptist Church. He enlisted in the United States Navy in November, 1942. I am sure many of his friends will be glad to hear from him and know that he is getting along well somewhere in the South Pacific. Jack was at home, 621 May Court, Ashland, Ky., in April, 1943. He sends best wishes to Huntington friends and says 'I'll see you when we finish this job.' Jack recently received his rating as second class petty officer, and anyone wishing to write him may reach him at the following address: Clemeth Effingham, Em 2/C, Siv. E., U. S. Ship Repair Unit, Navy 128, care Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif. Jack's brother, Andrew Effingham, was the first Huntington boy killed in World War I."

JUST for the record and to quiet the clamoring of the Committee of 1,000, John A. Kelly's recent hospital stay was at Memorial, not elsewhere as stated here . . . Dr. John H. Steenbergen postcards from Miami Beach saying: "You didn't know I came down here. Jim Klumpp has nothing on me. I don't even have to think about work while I'm in Florida."

Your Friends And Mine
By Wiatt Smith

HOW she kept him away, I don't know, but while on bond selling duty in the Hotel Frederick lobby yesterday morning, Mrs. Arthur S. Emmons was unaccompanied by her big police dog, Prince. Ordinarily, if you see one down town, you see the other. Just the other day I saw them in the bank arcade and Prince was having a glad reunion with R. E. Quinn of the custodian force from whose kennels he went to the Emmons household. Yesterday morning Mrs. Emmons was worried but not about Prince. Her concern was for the bond buying audience which is expected to greet four nationally known writers at the City Auditorium at 8 P. M. on Thursday, April 27. To get a seat you must present a receipt for a war bond purchased this month. It is all part of the Book-of-the-Month Author War Bond program. It involves a dinner at the Hotel Frederick and a broadcast over station WSAZ, as well as the auditorium meeting. Guest speakers will be Rex Stout, Louis Untermeyer, Helen MacInnes and John Selby. For further particulars see the news columns.

WIATT SMITH

WHILE strolling on Tenth Street with Lieutenant Colonel J. J. Powers, rating board member stationed at the Veterans' Hospital, I came upon Dr. C. T. Taylor. The latter, superintendent of Huntington State Hospital, who is recovering from severe injuries sustained in an automobile accident, was homeward bound after keeping his office hour in the FHNB building. He now goes to his office each day. When we interrupted him, he was chatting with R. F. Stetner. Colonel Powers, a Manchester, N. H., physician and surgeon, was an Major in the First World War Army. He saw service in France then. He came to Huntington several weeks ago to help arrange the ratings of discharged veterans of the present war. A friend in the East told him to look up Ralph Jennings, said to be a Huntington shoe manufacturer. George W. Norvell disclosed that Mr. Jennings came here in 1923 and left in 1926.

EVEN so, and has often been remarked, it's a small world. That was what Second Lieutenant William Dugan Steinbrecher, ground communications, Air Force, U. S. Army, exclaimed when he discovered the tent he was using in England was made in native Guyandotte. It was a Huntington Tent & Awning Co. product. This word was sent me by Mrs. Charley (Pearl Dugan) Wheatley, aunt to Lieutenant Dugan.

JODIE (JUNIOR) FITCHETT whose health required a Winter in Florida, is home from Fort Myers, much improved. I saw him down town with his mother, Mrs. J. W. (Mary Jane Morris) Fitchett. I remarked about Mary Jane's Florida complexion and she exclaimed, 'If you think I'm tanned you ought to see Edith." By Edith she meant Mrs. Russell W. Morris, who came home, too, with her daughter, Sally Witcher . . . B. F. Morris, whose gardening exploits have been recorded here in the past, will be 86 years old today. This Spring his birthday finds him unable to work his garden. For the last three weeks he has been sick at his home at 1825 Fifth Avenue.

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

DRIVING with friends at the week end, I visited Guyandotte and had my first look at the wall which now stands ready to protect the old home town from flood ravages. This was, of course, my first look at the completed system. When I had last been in Guyandotte much of the work had been done but there was still vast confusion. The other day, I eyed the towering wall which skirts the west side of Guyan Street and thought of the landmarks which it had supplanted. These included the room in which Nicholas Smith had his hardware store and where his son-in-law, James L. Caldwell, had business headquarters during his stay in Guyandotte. Years later this building was to house Price & Kenney's "Big Store" which was Guyandotte's last saloon. Across Bridge Street was the building which years before had been the home of the "Best Chance," and to which this name always clung. Farther to the south, among others, were the buildings which had housed the Darling Hotel and the Walker house; the rather stately residence of W. Q. Wright, and the one-story brick structure which had been the law office of Circuit Judge Evermont Ward. Perhaps it was there that Judge Ward prepared Ward's Magic Relief, the patent medicine which he advertised on every fence and barn. Judge Ward died before I was born, but his advertising lived after him.

WIATT SMITH

SADDEST of Guyandotte spectacles to me was the wreck of what we used to call "the river bank." This applied to the Water Street community where the former homes of Dr. Thomas Dugan, Mrs. L. S. Wigal, George S. Page, William F. Kahler and Judge H. C. Warth, all now the property of the city, stand neglected and forlorn, their restoration, I presume, awaiting the end of the war. Happily, the flood wall spared the historic Buffington Mill stack, one of the few now visible reminders of the fire which Federal soldiers started in November 1861.

CHARLES STALNAKER, Weston merchant who stopped here for the day, was curious about the floodgates and at one of the wall depots he stopped and induced workers to explain all about it. But don't ask me to tell what he learned. I did not fully share his curiosity. Like many another Huntingtonian, I was content when I learned that the flood control system actually worked.

EXPECTATION is that the coming fall will see the launching of the cabin cruiser which for several years Irvin and Prichard Hager have been constructing in a shed at the S. P. Hager place on the boulevard. This is a boat of unusual plan, designed, I am told, by a British nobleman who was with the seagoing forces of World War 1, with a view that her prow shall cut the water instead of riding high. If, as expected, the craft is made ready for use by Winter, the Prichards probably will go South on her. She has no name. So many have asked why not call her this? or why not call her that? that the Prichard brothers have begun to lean toward the name "Why Not."

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

WHEN J. G. (Gales) Markham, storekeeper for the Ohio Valley Bus Co. came to Huntington from Dayton, O., in 1902, he said he wouldn't stay here a year if they gave him the town. He came to visit his uncle, Pel Matheson, who operated a yard engine for the Baltimore & Ohio and was a famous wit. Gales didn't like the place and planned to leave, but fate had other plans for him. He was an artist and was persuaded to stay and paint the scenery for the Clyffeside Casino, a street railway property down below Catlettsburg. Tom Gathright, who was managing the street car company, urged him to stay, permanently, but he vowed he wouldn't. He did, however, consent to hold a night foremanship while the regular man was away on vacation. The other fellow never came back and Gales Markham never got away. He became electrical superintendent for the Ohio Valley Electric Co. and I used to watch him put derailed street cars back on the track. He is a great-nephew of Edwin Markham, the poet, and his cousin, Mrs. George Crump, is a great niece.

WIATT SMITH

ON A RIDGE, or on ridges near Lavalette in Wayne County there are a series of depressions in the earth. Time has rounded and smoothed them, but originally they were gashes in the red clay—holes dug by treasure hunters. Mrs. Wilmer Staley of Tenth avenue, says she was told that these excavations were made by persons looking for gold which members of the Jesse James gang were said by tradition to have buried in the hills. I know of no record that any such gold was ever recovered. Moreover, I'm skeptical about the James gang ever having buried any treasure in the Wayne hills. They may have done so, as it is well established that some of them were in this area. Members of the gang robbed the Bank of Huntington in 1875, but the money which they carried away with them was recovered.

CHARLES W. GIBBS leaves a note calling attention to the recent death of L. B. Trent. I had previously noted from the news columns that this veteran Huntington traveling man had gone on his last journey. I knew him many years and for a time lived across the avenue from him. In my early childhood I visited his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ervin McCoy of Buffalo, making the trip in the company of Mr. Trent's uncle and mine, Samuel E. McCoy. I say I visited his grandmother, but I am not sure she was then living. But her husband, a veteran of the Mexican war, was still working daily in

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

ALMOST 80 years ago, William Jones, then on his death bed in the town of Louisa, Ky., commanded: "Bring little Chubby here and let me see her." Six-week-old Mary Rebecca Burchett was carried to his bed. She was his niece and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Drew J. Burchett. Mr. Jones soon fulfilled his destiny, but the baby he asked to see still answers to the name he gave her that long-ago day. The widow of John F. Ratcliff, who was long a wholesale grocer in Huntington, she signs official papers "Mary B. Ratcliff," but she says that unless Bob Vinson, Louisa postmaster, knew who she was, a letter addressed to Mary B. Ratcliff would hardly reach her. She had one school teacher and a stepmother who always called her Mary. Otherwise she has answered to Chubby — sometimes Chub, for short. Unable to walk and compelled to spend most of her time abed, Mrs. Ratcliff is one of the jolliest women imaginable. She lives in a cottage at the corner of Jefferson and Franklin streets in Louisa, quite near her birthplace and even nearer to the tracks of the Big Sandy division of the Chesapeake & Ohio. The trains roll by in the night time and do not disturb her sleep. In waking hours she views with a stockholder's complacency the heavy coal trains which the railroad runs toward the main line.

WIATT SMITH

THE late Robert A. Bickel, a Louisa man, and I used to talk of going to see Mrs. Ratcliff. We never went. Yesterday, finding that P. A. Deacon, Harry Scherr and J. Bernard Derwacter were driving up to see her and others about the settlement of the estate of her lately deceased brother, John C. Burchett, I thumbed a ride and went along. After the business had been transacted while I waited in the Deacon car, I went in to see Mrs. Ratcliff, an old friend. We had a merry reunion, talking of her husband, who at the insistence of H. B. Hagen, George F. Miller, C. W. Watts and W. O. Wiatt, left his wholesale grocery business in Louisa to come to Huntington to become an active partner in Hagen, Ratcliff & Co., of her son Jack (J. D.) Ratcliff, nationally known magazine writer, and many others. Often friends and former neighbors from Huntington visit Mrs. Ratcliff at her Louisa home.

AS I SAT talking with Mrs. Ratcliff there came, tendering me a bouquet of autumn leaves, a little girl whom I found to be Anna Louise Smith. The daughter of the former Becky Long and the granddaughter of Luther T. and Anne Louise Ratcliff Long, Anna Louise stays at the home of her great-aunt, Mrs. James Davis (Adelaide Burchett) Biggs in Mt. Sterling, Ky., and goes to school there. Now visiting Mrs. Ratcliff with Mrs. Biggs, Anna Louise is attending school in Louisa.

I ALSO met Mrs. George Vinson, who was a Burchett and whose late husband was for more than 50 years the cashier of the First National Bank of Louisa, and Drew Burchett II, whose home is hard by that of Mrs. Ratcliff. It was another gorgeous day. The season has been backward and the hills lack something of their accustomed autumnal beauty.

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

IN earlier days in Huntington, Mrs. C. W. Campbell was highly regarded as a singer. Here and hereabouts her appearances were popular and much sought. She had a wide repertoire of songs, including some of the lighter and more comical numbers of that era. Like all who have had singing mothers, her children recall but snatches of her songs. Currently her youngest daughter Jennie Eloise (Mrs. Walker) Long, herself a vocalist of note, is trying vainly to recall the words of one of Mrs. Campbell's songs, Mrs. Long knows and can play the air, but she can recall only these lines of the song which she hopes some reader of this column will complete for her:

WIATT SMITH

Little Ah Sid was a Chinese kid,
And a cute little cuss, I declare,
With eyes full of fun, and a nose that begun
Right up at the roots of his hair.

It is also remembered that Ah Sid was mistaken in the identity of a bumble bee, and the refrain of the ballad was "Mellcan buttahfly stling," something like that. If she can find the words, Mrs. Long intends to sing the song at an early appearance.

JOHN C. (Buddy) Hennen, came out of the First Huntington National and joined me as I made my way up Tenth Street. He talked to me of the fact that, beginning tomorrow, February 27, my friend Dr. Fred Shannon of Chicago will conduct special services at the Main Street Methodist Church. Dr. Shannon, as many know, was born at Louisa, Ky., and had his early pastorates in what was then the Western Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Eventually, he left the state and the denomination and, occupying pulpits in Brooklyn and Chicago, became one of the most famous of America's preachers. He was never pastor at Guyandotte but doubtless preached at the old Main Street Church in his early days. Certainly his coming to this historic institution is a matter of interest to me and, I know, to many others.

THE Main Street Church claims a common beginning with the Bridge Street Methodist Church, which, as the former Guyandotte Methodist Episcopal Church, points to its organization in 1804, and as the first religious group in this area. Guyandotte Methodism split over the North-South issue which later was to bathe the land in blood, in 1844. As Mr. Hennen says, and I remember, the Methodist Church South was awarded the property after a court battle. The first Methodist Church faced Guyan Street and the now fenced in Third Street burial ground was behind it. The Main Street property was deeded to the Church South by the Holderbys in 1846 and the present church building was erected about 1868.

I HAVE many memories of both this and the Bridge Street Church, those pertaining to the Southern Church extending back to the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Simon, or Simons, in what must have been the early nineties.

Your Friends And Mine
. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

PIONEER settlers of this area are long dead. This truth is emphasized by the fact that William B. Frasher, who died recently at his home at Fort Gay, in Wayne County, having lived almost 97 years, was a great-grandson of that Bennett Wellman who settled at the Forks of Sandy in 1802.

WIATT SMITH

Uncle Billy Frasher, as he was called, was noted for the length of his days, his 65 years as a Christian and a churchman and his remarkable retention of his faculties. C. A. Steele, whose wife was a niece of Uncle Billy Frasher, talked to me of the nonagenarian. Later, I discussed the subject with Advertiser Editor Clyde Anderson Wellman, another descendant of Bennett Wellman and an authority on the genealogies of southern West Virginia. He told of Mr. Frasher's descent from Polly Wellman Frasher, an aunt of his (Clyde's) father. Mr. Steele spoke of Uncle Billy's father, known to his Wayne County neighbors as Honest John Frasher. He was county treasurer during the Civil War period and after peace was established, he turned over to his successors $5,000 in cash. Because it was realized that he might well have kept his mouth shut and invested this money in coal and timber lands, people thereafter knew him as Honest John.

THERE comes to my hand an old typescript "History of Salt Rock Community," by "the distinguished and eminent character, the Rev. W. E. Morrison." Like most historians who undertake to tell of settlement days in this area, the Rev. Mr. Morrison is vague as to dates, but he says it was in the closing years of the eighteenth century that a roving band of Indians, after a raid in Giles County, Virginia, brought 80 horses to this side of the mountains. They were pursued by a posse of Giles citizens among whom were included General McComas and Adam Hatfield, who were to be the progenitors of the well known McComas and Hatfield families of this community. The pursuers found the stolen horses in the Guyandotte Valley narrows between the Walter Swan and Thomas McCallister places.

DR. AND MRS. E. M. MARTINDILL spent Christmas Day in Charleston at the home of the former's nephew, Adrian McCalla . . . Master Sergeant William C. Estler, home from Florida on leave, called at the house during my absence, but I saw him later, downtown. Of course I had a reunion with Apprentice Seaman Boyd Jarrell, home for Christmas from the Great Lakes Naval Training Station . . . Also in Huntington for Christmas are Mr. and Mrs. Bob (Mabel Jarrell) Hoge, and the Smith goddaughter, Luanne Hoge of Toledo . . . They are part of a reunion at the Eleventh Avenue home of Mrs. Boyd Jarrell Sr., where 12 stockings were hung up Christmas Eve . . . Cadet William T. Bess Jr. came home for Christmas bringing with him his comrade, Cadet Pat Patterson of Demopolis, Ala. . . . Mrs. J. L. (Jean) Lillie is among those who had the flu for Christmas . . . And Dr. Yuhl Yost came down on furlough from Pinecrest sanitorium, to spend the Christmas week end with his wife and mother.

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. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

AUTHORITIES differ as to the location of the "big bend" of the Guyandotte River. Mrs. Scott (Mary Garrett) Justice says it is up near Gilbert. Bern Curry says he always thought it was just below the mouth of Hart's Creek. Inhabitants of the two neighborhoods, one in Logan and the other in Lincoln County, may settle that among themselves. Come to think of it, it seems to me there is a horseshoe bend up Barboursville way, so maybe Cabell County also may join in the dispute, if any. I discovered this variance of opinion as to the big bend while seeking information about a man. I have yet to learn anything of one Ralph Justice, author of "The Ghost of the Guyan," the first installment of which is to be found in the January issue of Holland's "Magazine of the South." I haven't seen the magazine, either, but Miss Mary Burks told me about it. Mary Garrett Justice had heard of it, too, but neither she nor Scott, her husband, knows anything of this literary scion of the Guyandotte Valley family. There was a Ralph Justice back yonder somewhere and Scott's Uncle Eph Justice lived and died on the Logan County version of "the big bend of the river."

WIATT SMITH

WEST VIRGINIANS get around. As further evidence of this, the West Virginia Society of Los Angeles, Calif., is to be entertained February 3 by Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilson who for many years have lived in Huntington in the Summer and Los Angeles in the Winter. Mrs. Wilson, the former Miss Ida Burks, wrote her sister Mary for West Virginia flags and place cards and other decorations and for certain West Virginia information to help with the entertainment. Some of these days I am to learn more about that party, such as who attended. It will be given in a Los Angeles hotel.

SOMEONE having remarked that Columbus took a chance, another recalled that Steve Brodie did likewise. However, Columbus' hazard was for higher stakes—all Steve Brodie did was to jump off Brooklyn bridge. Still, a third person asked if Steve Brodie didn't jump off the suspension bridge at Guyandotte. For the moment I was stumped. Later, I recalled that the suspension bridge jumper was a Huntington citizen named Bert Spriggs or Sprague. He was local talent, but he did jump off the bridge and he did get paid for it, as I remember. Guyandotte boys did little if any bridge jumping, though I do seem to recall one fellow who, fleeing from the cops, leaped from the bridge to his death.

RIDE-THUMBING isn't what it was in the days before gas rationing, but instincts developed in early reportorial days still prove useful occasionally. For instance, desiring to be hauled a short distance, I hailed Patrolman Charley Robinson and solicited transportation in the cruiser car in which he was teamed up with Patrolman Jesse Reed. The boys hauled me around the corner to the destination desired and I wasn't a bit worried lest anyone think I was in custody. I suspect their action in giving me a ride may have been slightly against the rules. If so, I submit to Mayor Fiedler and Chief Harris that it was a most minor infraction. There were times in the past when a reporter caught down town after the last street car had run, could persuade the cops to take him home to Guyandotte in the Black Maria. That was a Kissel car which the city commission bought from Luther T. Long and used as Huntington's first automotive patrol wagon.

Your Friends And Mine
. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

ORIGINAL financing of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway must have been an arduous task. The legislatures of West Virginia and Virginia took concurrent action for the promotion of the transmontane rail line and the press of these and adjacent states assisted in the effort to interest capital. William H. Nash, proprietor of the Gallipolis, Ohio, Journal, devoted his entire editorial space on June 20, 1867, to an article on "The Covington & Ohio Rail Road." Much of the space is consumed by an address by J. S. Cunningham, described as "one of the West Virginia commissioners," and reporting that the "efforts of the commissioners to induce capital to undertake the construction of the said road have entirely failed." These commissioners were acting under a mandate for the building of a railway from the waters of Chesapeake Bay to those of the Ohio River. The immediate objective was a junction with river traffic on the Kanawha. Failing to interest private money, the commissioners contracted with the Virginia Central Railroad Co., thereafter to be known as the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Co., for the building of the line. This old Gallipolis letter also carries a letter from Robert E. Lee to whom it does not accord the title of general. Writing from Lexington, the fallen leader of the Confederate Armies said: "When the road shall reach the point of communication with steamers from Ohio, there will be such a large and increasing business that I think there can be no doubt that its completion will be insured to any point desired."

WIATT SMITH

IT WAS to be some years before Chesapeake Bay and the Ohio River were joined by links of steel. In 1867 there was not even a dream of the city of Huntington and little account seems to have been taken of the great West Virginia coal fields which in time were to make the Chesapeake & Ohio one of the most prosperous railroads in the world. As far removed as that time seems and is, it is within the memory of Rufus Switzer, who sent me The Gallipolis Journal, together with other old papers from Gallipolis and elsewhere. I doubt if he had the railroad article especially in mind. It just took my eye.

CONCERNING an incident affecting the race question, a most touchy one in that post-Civil War era, reported to have taken place on the steamer Telegraph, The Journal quotes "The Dispatch," not otherwise identified. The Dispatch had asserted its confidence in the accuracy of an item copied from The Big Sandy (Catlettsburg) Herald. Later The Dispatch disavowed the story, whereupon The Journal said: "Thus the mantle of falsehood drops upon the editor of The Dispatch. How he will wriggle out of it we have yet to learn. His paper each week is laden with poison equalled only by the stump-tailed whisky which he deals out at his dead-fall. One poisons the mind, the other poisons the body." I do not know what the editor of The Dispatch said in response but that was in the time of personal journalism and it was probably plenty hot.

12/25/43

Your Friends And Mine
. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

CHRISTMAS thoughts and emotions are mixed this year. Because of the war, we have almost dropped the word "merry" from the Christmas salutation. However, Santa Claus is still on the job and there have been almost, if not quite the usual number of bearded and uniformed men on the streets and in the stores. These men always remind me of the one natural Santa Claus Huntington has boasted insofar as I know. He was Enoch (Doc), Baker, whose long white beard made it unnecessary for him to wear false whiskers. In size he was not the traditional Santa Claus. Instead, he was a huge man, built like Jim Jeffries, and even to his old age, he packed a knock-out punch in either hand. I do not think he ever commercialized his Santa Claus talent but each Christmas season found him abroad in his fur-trimmed suit talking gently and sweetly to all the children. In a way, he typified the spirit of Christmas. I know that I am only one of many Huntingtonians who have never ceased to miss this good man, not only at Christmas time but throughout each year.

WIATT SMITH

THOUGHTS of another interesting and picturesque Huntingtonian were born of the news that had Colonel John Henry Cammack lived he would have been 100 years old on December 23. His wife, Mollie Jane Fox, would have been 100 last March. Early Huntingtonians remember all about Mr. and Mrs. Cammack, their devoted piety, their bountiful hospitality. The Colonel was a deacon in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church and was for years commander of Garnett Camp, United Confederate Veterans. He brought his family here by steamboat in the early days of the city and he and J. N. Potts were in business together. Jointly they issued one of the first Huntington directories. He left his mark here in many ways and it was for him Cammack school was named.

STILL food-minded, Captain James S. Klumpp, United States Navy Medical Corps, home on sick leave, came to the house to see me Thursday. Asked if he had any ham, he replied that he had come in a Christmas spirit to make a friendly call and that he had not expected me to begin chiseling quite so soon. However, when I told him I had no country ham he promised to see what he could do. Moreover, he told of having left the Pacific base where he had been stationed, supplied with a huge palm heart. He got to San Francisco with this in good condition and at his hotel there the chef made hearts of palm salad. There was much of the delicacy left and Captain Klumpp planned to bring it home with him. His orders to start East came so suddenly that he had to depart leaving, as he expressed it, "a thousand dollars worth of salad in that hotel refrigerator." During his stay in the Pacific, Captain Klumpp encountered several fellow Huntingtonians. Naval Lieutenant William Turner Chambers and First Class Petty Officer Merrill Hastings made periodic visits to the island where Captain Klumpp was superintending the erection of a 1,000-bed hospital. They made pictures of the hospital's progress. He also saw Ensign J. C. Rardin Jr. and Yeoman Second Class Boster.

4-14-42

Your Friends And Mine

. . by Wiatt Smith . .

OPERATING exchange of the Huntington Mutual Telephone Co. throughout its existence, was located in the Mathews building on the North side of Third Avenue between Ninth and Tenth Streets. It was there throughout its history. John A. Jones, pianos and organs, and Joseph R. Gallick, books and stationery, occupied the ground floor rooms. The telephone exchange was upstairs where Miss Effie Gallagher was in charge as chief operator. The foregoing answers a question asked recently by Dick Mobayed of Ashland. Dick must have been a rather small boy when the Mutual ceased to operate, but his inquiry aroused interest in an historic Huntington enterprise and one of which most of the present generation of Huntingtonians know nothing. The Bell Telephone Co. already had local service in Huntington, but rates were high and subscribers few. H. E. Mathews interested Colonel D. E. Abbott and Colonel Dan A. Mossman in a project for home telephone service. Mr. Mathews applied to city council for a franchise which was granted to H. E. Mathews and associates. Equipment was bought in Chicago and in Kokomo, Ind., the exchange installed and service instituted to an original subscription list of 137. This was in 1894. Not long afterward the switchboard was enlarged to care for a patronage of 250. It grew, I am sure, but larger than that, but I lack information as to this point and also as to when the Mutual service ended.

WIATT SMITH

AS THE name implied, the company sought to make subscribers interested parties. Hence had several subscription rates. A stockholder got a special rate and this was lowered if the stockholder also owned his own telephone instrument. There was a special rate, too, for the non-stockholder who owned his own instrument. There were branch offices in Milton and Hamlin. Last year I visited Sweetland Bros.' store in Hamlin and saw there the original hand bell operating telephone instrument, long in disuse, which Mr. Mathews and Kitchen Wilson installed there in the 'nineties. Mr. Mathews' most vivid memory of that day is that of having made his lunch on a can of sardines. I did not ask, but presume that Mr. Mathews and Kitchen helped themselves from the open cracker barrel and, possibly, from the spigot of the vinegar barrel. Certainly, vinegar and crackers went with sardines. And mighty tasty eating, too.

FOR years, certainly as late as 1906, the Mutual Telephone Co. operated with the lion's share of the city's home subscriptions. Business houses advertised "both phones," and some of the more prosperous householders maintained the two services. One day somebody came into town and approached the Mutual ownership with an offer to buy the company's assets. The offer was accepted, the deal closed, the consideration being paid in cash. Who the purchaser was I do not know and Mr. Mathews doesn't know either. "I got my money from Colonel Mossman," he said. Upshot of the transaction was that the Bell and Mutual systems merged into what is now the Chesapeake & Ohio system and I doubt if anyone believes a rival telephone service would any useful purpose. But the Mutual Telephone Co. was u

Your Friends And Mine

. . by Wiatt Smith . .

AT HIS birth in the then young city of Huntington the man now well known as Colonel Waldron was named William, after his father. The older Waldron, who operated Waldron's Vienna Bakery at 328 Ninth Street, had no middle name—he was just plain Bill, and it was his intention that the son should do through life with that name and no other. However, when the young William was a small boy, there came to visit the family one Uncle Henry Waldron of Clay, Ky. He brought his nephew a pair of boots—boots with red tops and brass toes—footwear which delighted the heart of the recipient. So pleased was the lad that he decided to add the name of his uncle to his own and so announced that henceforth he would be William Henry Waldron. Consequently, he has a son, William Henry Waldron Jr. and a grandson, William Henry Waldron III.

WIATT SMITH

THIS story of young Billy Waldron's boots was acquired as the result of my curiosity about Waldron's Vienna Bakery, advertised in marginal lines found in the Huntington city directory compiled by Potts & Cammack for 1891-92. I called Colonel Waldron and was told about the red top boots. I used to wear that kind of boots too and on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion was found with a New Testament in one bootleg and a deck of cards in the other. But let's get on with the directory which a couple of enterprising Huntington business men prepared and caused to be published. They were J. N. Potts and John Henry Cammack, both Confederate veterans and both deacons in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. Mr. Potts, or Judge Potts as he was called in his declining years, was commander of Garnett Camp, UCV. In the days of my recollection, Colonel Cammack was camp commander and Judge Potts was adjutant.

NEIGHBOR John W. Lea left the old directory for my inspection. I had seen similar volumes before and always found difficulty in putting them aside. No single column could carry all that might be written about the Huntington revealed by the Potts & Cammack directory. Of the lawyers listed on the classified pages there remain in active practice Judge David E. Mathews and George I. Neal. Thomas R. Shepherd, afterwards circuit judge, is living, but I understand he has retired. Of the physicians listed by the old directory, only Dr. I. R. LeSage remains . . . One of the more interesting advertisements is that of Dandridge Hill, proprietor of the City Cab Line, who offered for reasonable charges to convey passengers to any part of the city, day or night. Dandridge Hill also ran a grocery and restaurant at 713 Ninth Street. I don't remember that restaurant, but do remember Dan Hill and his cab.

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

POINT HAVEN is a lovely modern home on the river front at old South Point. It is not a war baby, having been established there before its owners and occupants, Attorney Russell Becker of Ashland and Mrs. Becker knew that ordnance plant prosperity was to strike this southern tip of Ohio. Mrs. Becker is the former Mrs. Mary Christine Cherry Coulter, widow of Earl C. Coulter of Huntington and a granddaughter of the late D. I. Smith. On the living room mantel at Point Haven is a photograph of her son, Earl Richard Coulter in the uniform of an army sergeant. He's in the Canal Zone. Next door to Point Haven is a new cottage just completed by the Beckers and rented to Virgil Monroe, ordnance plant safety engineer, and Mrs. Monroe. The peaceful old village of South Point is strongly touched by the mounting activity at the Buckeye Works but the Spring loveliness of the river view as seen from Point Haven is unmarred.

WIATT SMITH

COMING up from Ashland, Correspondent Tierney and I stopped at Army headquarters in South Point, a huge old residence, gray and battered by time. It was, I learned subsequently, built 50 years ago by John Ferguson, grandfather of Ferguson Thompson of Fifth Avenue. At headquarters we saw Lieutenant C. F. Ofield who was cordial but non-communicative, bound by the rules of war. He lives in Huntington with his family as does Captain F. L. Belegia in whose offices we found Mrs. Wanda Lee Forman, formerly in the office of the Boyd County attorney at Catlettsburg. Major Joseph Horridge, commanding officer, also has his residence here. Though nobody would tell us anything, there were some self evident facts, one of these being the first steel frame building, now rising behind the wooden cafeteria and other utility structures back of the highway. I was curious about the headquarters building's history, and set out to learn it. Obviously, the answer must come from an authority on Back Yonder affairs.

AND here by the roadside was an old brick home wherein I felt sure I'd find the answer. Miss Laura Mills who admitted us told us several things, but for information as to the headquarters house referred us to Mrs. Theodore Ferguson. Mrs. M. B. (Della Osborn) Mills, Miss Laura's mother, might have told us, but she had gone to a funeral. The Mills family came from Wayne County, W. Va., and the household furnishings include antiques from the home of Mrs. Mills' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter R. Osborn of East Lynn. Prize numbers are swifts, used in weaving, candle molds, and Grandmother Osborn's loom chair.

always a farm section. Even after the Indians left it and the white men came, all that area was woodland and swamp and the residents supported themselves and laid fortune foundations in river transportation. Mrs. Theodore Ferguson—the mother of J. Harold Ferguson of Thirteenth Street—was the youngest of 14 children of the Rev. William W. Davidson, a Baptist minister, who was born in Pittsburgh in 1798 and came as a young child to what is South Point. Mrs. Ferguson, who will be 84 years old in June, recalls her father's accounts of those early days when the men of Lawrence County built keel boats in which they delivered cord wood, pig iron and other merchandise to Cincinnati and sometimes to New Orleans. Later the Davidson's became steamboat people, building and operating first a small craft called Relief, which went up the Scioto to Chillicothe, O. One of Mrs. Ferguson's brothers, entering the upper Mississippi trade, became the famous and highly successful Commodore William Fusen Davidson of St. Paul, Minn.

ASHLAND. Rotarians got an extra treat yesterday when Mine Host Herbert Smith of the Henry Clay passed cigars after the luncheon. These were presented in honor of William Rogers Smith, born last week. Billy, as he is to be called, is the fourth son of the Smith household but he hasn't any sisters, so the Rotarians, for Father Smith's entertainment, sang "I Want A Girl." Other sons are Walter, 11, Jimmy, three, and Fred, who celebrated his eighth birthday yesterday with a party at the hotel. Mr. Smith and C. E. Clemmons of the Henry Clay desk, are going in for Victory gardening and will cultivate Mr. Clemmons' one acre plot on Blackburn Avenue. Herb explained that he is going to garden instead of golf, and hopes to do better at the new pursuit than he ever could at his favorite pastime. Asked what his golf score was he replied, "I ain't a saying." He will go to and from his garden on his new bicycle . . . Other Ashlanders who have newly taken to bikes include Joe King of the Second National Bank, Ralph Gelder the metallurgist, Bill Richards and W. A. Jordan of Armco, and Mrs. Jordan.

Your Friends . . . And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

PRESUMABLY there were truant officers in those days. That is a question, but if there was such an officer he or she failed to bring to book a group of pupils who played hookey during a beautiful Spring in the rather back yonder days. Reading here of the prank of Dr. Oscar Biern and others, who managed a mysterious ringing of the old Oley school bell one Halloween, Miss Rena Burnett wrote:

WIATT SMITH

"This brought back memories of doings of my own when I attended Oley some years before Oscar. Oley didn't look much like it does now. The outside of the old building was somewhat the same if you know where it started and stopped, but the inside has been very much altered. The prank I thought of on reading of Oscar's was a case of truancy. It was a beautiful Spring day. Pearl Barger and I got the idea it was entirely too pretty for us to return to school that afternoon and we made arrangements to meet at the Episcopal Church and then proceed to spend the afternoon in the woods. Charlie Derbyshire overheared our planning and threatened to tell so we collared him and tried to scare him out of the idea but wound up by inducing him to go along. It was the first time Charlie ever played hookey and I guess the only time, but Pearl and I did it every Spring.

"I ARRIVED at the meeting place and sat on the steps waiting for Pearl. She was never known to get anywhere until the last minute, consequently while I sat there waiting John Lallance came along and insisted I go on with him or I'd be late. Knowing John to be a cooperative person I told him our plan and it seemed good to him so he sat down. Charlie arrived next, much to my relief, for I feared he would change his mind. Still waiting for Pearl we were next accosted by Maybell Snell and we roped her in also. Just about then the school bell began ringing and Pearl appeared, coming out Eleventh street from Third avenue. We went to meet her and then the question of lunch came up. Of course we had to have some cheese, crackers and pickles. We proceeded down Fourth avenue to Tenth street and entered the rear door, off of Tenth street, into Johnson's Grocery, on the corner where Bradshaw-Diehl's store now stands, purchased our refreshments and started to Eighth street and the woods. Eighth street didn't look anything like it does now. Just a dusty, country road. No houses after you crossed the railroad (no undergrade crossing, either) except for a small log house just south of the track. The bank was high and the railroad was cut down lower than the top of the bank which sloped back and let the little house sit in a hole. Rail fences on each side enclosed corn fields and melon patches at the proper season. Across Fourpole Creek was a wooden bridge. This day we did not cross the bridge but followed the creek, past two small powder houses, to what is now Fifth street. Here we crossed the creek on big stones in the creek bed and followed the road on into the woods. At Fifth street there was a house occupied by Davy Allen, a colored man and his family of 12 or 13 children. For many years we got our milk and butter from there.

"AFTER following the old road for a few miles we cut across and came onto the Eighth street road at a little house we knew as the Wellman place. It belonged to John Wellman. He ran a small grocery store at the corner of Seventh avenue and Ninth street. If you ran an account you had a book and everything you bought was entered on the book. And many times you waited on yourself and if he was busy in the back of the store, he would call to you to put it down yourself. He kept this little country house to vacation in in the Summer. We ate our lunch, discovered early Spring flowers and reached home about school closing time. No parent or teacher was ever the wiser, although we had to threaten another boy with dire things to prevent him from telling. Those 'back yonder' days were good old days. We didn't have all the amusements the young people have now but we had the swell times, and I believe we enjoyed them more than this generation does all the picture shows, clubs, ball games, band meetings, etc. Best wishes for your speedy recovery and it is surely good to have your column to turn to each morning after glancing at the front page headlines."

S. V. HAWORTH postcards "Nice that you are recovering. So am I—slowly. But once upon a time I purchased from the Huntington Publishing Co. a five volume dictionary edited at Oxford University—wherein the word is spelled 'spondulics—(American slang, money,) which is about all I know about it."

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

PAST and present were intermingled in reactions produced by a telephone message from Laura B. (Mrs. L. T.) Elkins of Guyandotte. Laura, now 70 years old, makes quilts and she donated two prize numbers to the War Bond Committee to be auctioned off over radio station WSAZ. One of these quilts was, or rather, is adorned with pictures of presidents and other patriotic designs. It was bid in by Captain E. E. Winters Jr., who became its possessor through the purchase of $2,200 in bonds. Captain Winters, on leave from army duties because of the recent and much lamented death of his father, Colonel E. E. Winters, also bid in Laura's second offering, which she described as "just a quilt." To get this, he bought $1,200 worth of bonds. So the offerings of my old neighbor, Mrs. Elkins, sold $3,400 worth of war bonds. So far as she knows, she has no kinsperson in the armed services, but she is anxious to do her bit. Her husband, who in pre-newspaper days was my fellow worker at the yards of the Thornburg Mfg. Co., has been sick with flue and is still laid up. His mother called him Theodore, a name which his playmates shortened to Pedo. On the lumber yard, we knew him as Pedie. The Elkinses live on Bellevue road which in my Guyandotte days was known either as Depot Street, or Aaron Turner's hollow.

WIATT SMITH

WHILE waiting in a downtown hotel lobby for a luncheon engagement, I talked with Dr. F. S. Pollitt, retired Methodist minister, and Mrs. Pollitt. Dr. Pollitt, now approaching his eighty-fifth birthday, has been ill and has not preached or taught his Bible Class for a year. But he has been a clergyman 64 years and has returned to two churches to preach on the sixtieth anniversary of his pastorate. Both churches are in what was formerly the Washington circuit at Maysville, Ky.

IN THAT same hotel lobby I was greeted by a number of ladies assembled for what they described as a sort of Davidson reunion. In the party were Mrs. Earl C. Halstead, Miss Maisie Davidson, Miss Virginia McConihay, Mrs. Marshall Weaverling and Mrs. John D. Grieg of Huntington; Mrs. Wesley Jones of Charleston and Miss Pauline Davidson of Interlaken, N. J. With mocking expressions of regret that I couldn't join them at luncheon, because they couldn't be bothered with a mere man, they left me and swept into a dining room. After a few minutes they returned, somewhat crestfallen, having found that the dining room did not have accommodations for their party. They went elsewhere and, I hope, lunched successfully and substantially.

SEEING I. Ben Romer approach through the storm doors of the hotel, my thoughts flashed back to the days when Ben was a teller at the Day & Night bank. Naturally, I greeted him with that recollection and he answered, "but that's been so long ago I've forgotten it." It has been a long time. Mr. Romer's banking career was brief, merely filling an interval against the time his Uncle Harry Zeigler decided to go into business as a partner in the Zeigler-Hirschman Co. Ben went into the store and there began his life as a merchant. Incidentally, February 1 was his birthday — but I did not learn which one.

RICHARD M. JOHNSON of Pliny, Mason County, who recently sent a cane for my collection, writes that he is a nephew of the late Squire R. M. Johnson of Ceredo. In making the cane he was helped by Mrs. Johnson who, like himself, is a sufferer from rheumatism. Their only son, Jesse W. Johnson, enlisted in the Army 18 months ago and is stationed at Los Angeles, Calif. Soldier Johnson has a wife and a son who will be three years old in April.

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

"THIRTEEN miles below Marietta is Parkersburg, in West Virginia; the old Belpre, or Beautiful Meadow, in Ohio; opposite; and nearby, in the river, Blennerhassett's Island, which has gone into history with Aaron Burr." Thus is dismissed by "Picturesque America," or "The Land We Live In," this bit of American and Ohio Valley history. I found it in Volume 2 of a monumental 'atch-penny work, published in New York City in 1874 and edited by William Cullen Bryant. The book is described as "a delineation by pen and pencil of the mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, water falls, shores, canyons, valleys, cities and other picturesque features of our country." Its compilers did not discover the young town of Huntington, then fighting its way out of the mud, but did spare a few paragraphs to Point Pleasant because of the famous Indian battle.

WIATT SMITH

PERHAPS, instead of finding fault with a borrowed book, I had better get ahead with a thought that has been troubling me; this being a wonder that nobody in the Huntington area has ever come forward to tell of family or other traditions centering about Blennerhassett Isle. Mr. Bryant's book uses the possessive in naming the famous island. My impression is that this is no longer the accepted or official usage. The committee of 1,000 doubtless will take that up. However, I don't think the island on which Aaron Burr and Harman Blennerhassett dreamed their dreams of empire is as well known to me, or other Huntingtonians, as it should be, or that it has ever found its rightful place in American literature. If any of the readers, committee members or otherwise, have light to shed on this subject, I should be glad to hear from them.

THERE'S a touch of Florida sunshine in the Christmas greeting of Omar T. Frick. He and Mrs. Frick are spending the season at their Winter home in Fort Lauderdale. He finds life pleasant there and more normal than last year . . . Indirect word is that Judge Elliott Northcott, also Wintering in Florida, is enjoying good health during the Christmas season. Reports that he has sold his Indian River place near Sebastian are unconfirmed . . . C. A. Roach, the realtor, has been having the flu for Christmas, but was able to get down to his office to close a deal or two . . . Mrs. Z. T. Vinson is also a holiday flu victim . . . And Attorney W. C. W. Renshaw, who spent Christmas with his family here, expects to return to Beckley today . . . Walter S. Jackson of Cleveland has been appointed advertising manager of the Nickel Plate. The new job is in addition to his already occupied post as advertising manager for the Chesapeake & Ohio.

Your Friends And Mine
. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

AS THE one available account of him goes back to the era in which men of the Celestial Empire made obeisance to the Peacock Throne, it is presumable that Little Ah Sid sleeps with his fathers. But the ballad of his unfortunate mistaking of a bumblebee for a butterfly lives on. Remembering that ballad as one sung by her mother, the late Mrs. C. W. Campbell, Mrs. Walker (Jennie Eloise Campbell) Long, asked this column to find the words for her. The request was made here some days ago and the response was satisfactory. Before the day had ended Rena Burnett went to Mrs. Long with most if not all the words to the song. Meanwhile, copies have continued to be received, many by me—more, I think by Mrs. Long. The latter has kindly undertaken the acknowledgements. I add my thanks to all, with the regret that war-imposed space conditions forbid me to go into detail.

WIATT SMITH

THE Little Ah Sid reference sent the mind of the Rev. Arden D. Keyser of Catlettsburg, Ky., "back along the trail of the years to a day more remote than I like to recall, much less 'fess up to," he writes from his home, adding: "This is the piece with which I made my debut on the public platform at the tender age of five, the occasion being a school entertainment on old Beach Fork (Wayne County, W. Va.) where I was [illegible] raised. I could not recall all the words so had to get them from my mother who, at 84 is chipper as a cricket and has a memory which beats mine all hollow . . . I make the contribution for what it may be worth and I'll give you a dime for one of your ears long enough to hear it sung." As may be surmised and as many know, Parson Keyser can't hear thunder.

IT ISN'T every day I get a chance to straighten out the keep-Wiatt-Smith-straighters, so here are a couple of barrels for Parson Keyser. The man about whose 69th wedding anniversary I wrote recently was M. J. Summers, not J. M. Summers—and that's the first barrel. Barrel two is that he was a brakeman on the railroad, even as was reported here. But I'm glad to add, at Brother Keyser's suggestion, the name of Dr. Toson O. Summers of Milton to the list of Cabell County civilians who have attained the rank of Naval Captain. He is the son of Professor Thomas B. Summers of Milton.

ONE good turn deserves another, so because I helped find a chromonica for Seaman Jack Menshouse, I am requested to get a guitar for a couple of hillbilly musicians who, casualties of the current war, are patients at the Veterans' Hospital here. The request comes from Mrs. Reuben Smith, chairman of the Gray Ladies, an organization which looks after veterans at the hospital. So if you have an old guitar in attic or cupboard let Mrs. Reuben Smith know. She lives at 217 Tenth Avenue and her telephone number is 24185.

CARL ESTLER of 2 Woodland Court called to report the loss of a six-year-old collie which he recently acquired at Russell, Ky. He thinks the dog may be trying to get back to Russell. The collie answers to Gold Boy or Goldie. Carl's telephone number is 26942.

Your Friends And Mine
. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

DURING that good period when I paid weekly visits to Boyd county, Kentucky, I often saw and chatted with Ashland Councilman Russell Hawes. He worked for Armco and did a lot of shooting and gunsmithing as a hobby. This experience is proving valuable now that he is with the Seabees as Russell Hawes, gunner's mate first class, at the United States Naval Construction Center, Camp Peary, Williamsburg, Va. His wife, the former Virginia Abrams, is credit manager at the Parsons store. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hawes, live at 2424 Bath avenue. He writes me as follows: "My mother sent me a recent issue of The Herald-Dispatch. I read the article about the owls. I have known Lakin Peters for a long time—in fact, all his life. I enjoyed the article very much. I enlisted in the Navy November 4, 1942, and have spent all my time in Ships Co, Gunnery. I am at present in charge of an anti-aircraft school where we teach the 200 mm. and .50 cal. Browning machine-guns. I keep rather busy.

WIATT SMITH

"SEVERAL Huntington men have passed through the school here and they have all been 'good' boys and a pleasure to have them. I have found that men with former shooting experience (even if just a little) are much easier taught. Men expecting to go into service should by all means try and get some rifle shooting (military style) if possible. It sure will help them a lot as well as their instructor. I expect to get home on a few days' leave soon and may see you then. I suppose Virginia Tierney is still working for the H-D in Ashland. I have always liked Huntington and the people in it. It is a good suburb of Ashland. Will close for this time, wishing you the very best of health and everything."

DELAYED in transit was a postcard from Captain James S. Klumpp (MC) USNR, U. S. Naval Air Station, Miami, Fla., saying: "Am on duty at the air station and enjoying every minute. Lots of activity. We are a little too far from the city to get in and check up on Huntingtonians—if anyone comes down ask them to call me at the dispensary."

CHAUNCEY R. CRABTREE leaves the following note: "Yes, A. W. Werninger was 86 the other day and going strong. Now if you have space, announce that your friend Owen Bartram, barber on Ninth Street, worked all day March 1 on his 87th birthday. He is my barber and a relative of my mother, Mary Bartram Crabtree" . . . Incidentally, I wonder if Mr. Werninger ever heard that the Man in the Moon was put there for burning brush on Sunday?

GEORGE B. VANCE has sent by Thurl Dawson another campaign button from the collection of the late Joe Damron. He says: "Perhaps you recognize T. R.'s running mate. I don't, as this was before my time." That's easy. Pictured on the button are President William McKinley and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, who were successful Republican nominees in 1900.

POSTMASTER JERRY W. DINGESS sent word to me that he was home from the hospital in time for the celebration yesterday of his 51st wedding anniversary. Postmaster Dingess and Miss Belle Hainor were married at Hamlin on March 8, 1893. Yesterday also was the 44th birthday of their son, Attorney Joe W. Dingess.

Your Friends And Mine

. . . By Wiatt Smith . . .

FAVORITE recreations of former Circuit Judge Thomas R. Shepherd are hunting and fishing. While he was still on the bench Judge Shepherd sometimes had as a fishing companion a Huntington physician. The latter relates that he tired of always being on the receiving end of the conversation, Judge Tom being, as he himself would be first to own, little disposed toward reticence. When the doctor could get the words in edgewise, he told of a fishing trip in Mississippi on which the prize catch was a huge catfish, which, when cleaned, was found to have a cow bell in its stomach. "It was assumed," the medical man told the jurist, "that the fish had swallowed the cow and after the processes of digestion were completed, only the bell was left." After some months it transpired that the medic appeared in Judge Shepherd's court as an expert witness. After he had been sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, the physician found the stern eye of the judge upon him, and the judge demanding that he tell the jury how big that fish actually was. The doctor sidestepped by saying he had told the tale as it was told to him and hearsay evidence, of course, was inadmissable even in such an extra-judicial proceeding.

WIATT SMITH

IF, SAYS Colonel George S. Wallace, I would read such good literature as Wallace's "Cabell County Annals and Families," I could learn about such things as the log house where William Adams had his dairy up to 1900 or thereabouts. The Wallace book has a picture of the cabin which stood where Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Watters Foster later built their home at the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Eleventh Street. Colonel Wallace's point is well taken, but if it were given literal application there wouldn't be much work for the committee of 1,000, of which he is a charter member. He is especially interested in that neighborhood for it was there that he and Mrs. Wallace first went to housekeeping. They lived in what he still calls the Hogg house, it having formerly been the home of L. M. Hogg, the feed dealer. It stood and still stands two doors east of the First Presbyterian Church. The Fosters moved from Sixth Avenue and Ninth Street in advance of a visit from her brother, Henry E. Huntington, then chairman of the board of the Chesapeake & Ohio. At the invitation of Mr. Foster, Colonel Wallace went to call on Mr. Huntington, only to find that the distinguished visitor had departed.

ELLIS P. FROST, another member of the big committee, challenged the statement that William Adams the dairy farmer, was related to H. M. Adams, the teacher-postmaster. Mr. Frost had to admit that the statement may have been true for all he knew about it, but added that he and others who were boys in the eighties liked to play about the Adams barn. C. J. (Dodd) Rau recalls that his family lived in the 1,000 block on Third Avenue and that at one period he made two trips daily to the Adams place to get milk for his father, who had typhoid fever. He made the trip along Eleventh Street on a board walk which was built on stilts, sometimes four or five feet above the ground.

Your Friends And Mine

. . . By Wiatt Smith . . .

PAST and present were intermingled in reactions produced by a telephone message from Laura B. (Mrs. L. T.) Elkins of Guyandotte. Laura, now 70 years old, makes quilts and she donated two prize numbers to the War Bond Committee to be auctioned off over radio station WSAZ. One of these quilts was, or rather is, adorned with pictures of presidents and other patriotic designs. It was bid in by Captain E. E. Winters Jr., who became its possessor through the purchase of $2,200 in bonds. Captain Winters, on leave from army duties because of the recent and much lamented death of his father, Colonel E. E. Winters, also bid in Laura's second offering, which she described as "just a quilt." To get this, he bought $1,200 worth of bonds. So the offerings of my old neighbor, Mrs. Elkins, sold $3,400 worth of war bonds. So far as she knows, she has no kinsperson in the armed services, but she is anxious to do her bit. Her husband, who in pre-newspaper days was my fellow worker at the yards of the Thornburg Mfg. Co., has been sick with flue and is still laid up. His mother called him Theodore, a name which his playmates shortened to Pedo. On the lumber yard, we knew him as Pedie. The Elkinses live on Bellevue road which in my Guyandotte days was known either as Depot Street, or Aaron Turner's hollow.

WIATT SMITH

WHILE waiting in a downtown hotel lobby for a luncheon engagement, I talked with Dr. F. S. Pollitt, retired Methodist minister, and Mrs. Pollitt. Dr. Pollitt, now approaching his eighty-fifth birthday, has been ill and has not preached or taught his Bible Class for a year. But he has been a clergyman 64 years and has returned to two churches to preach on the sixtieth anniversary of his pastorate. Both churches are in what was formerly the Washington circuit at Maysville, Ky.

IN THAT same hotel lobby I was greeted by a number of ladies assembled for what they described as a sort of Davidson reunion. In the party were Mrs. Earl C. Halstead, Miss Maisie Davidson, Miss Virginia McConihay, Mrs. Marshall Weaverling and Mrs. John D. Grieg of Huntington; Mrs. Wesley Jones of Charleston and Miss Pauline Davidson of Interlaken, N. J. With mocking expressions of regret that I couldn't join them at luncheon, because they couldn't be bothered with a mere man, they left me and swept into a dining room. After a few minutes they returned, somewhat crestfallen, having found that the dining room did not have accommodations for their party. They went elsewhere and, I hope, lunched successfully and substantially.

SEEING I. Ben Romer approach through the storm doors of the hotel, my thoughts flashed back to the days when Ben was a teller at the Day & Night bank. Naturally, I greeted him with that recollection and he answered, "but that's been so long ago I've forgotten it." It has been a long time. Mr. Romer's banking career was brief, merely filling an interval against the time his Uncle Harry Zeigler decided to go into business as a partner in the Zeigler-Hirschman Co. Ben went into the store and there began his life as a merchant. Incidentally, February 1 was his birthday — but I did not learn which one.

RICHARD M. JOHNSON of Pliny, Mason County, who recently sent a cane for my collection, writes that he is a nephew of the late Squire R. M. Johnson of Ceredo. In making the cane he was helped by Mrs. Johnson who, like himself, is a sufferer from rheumatism. Their only son, Jesse W. Johnson, enlisted in the Army 18 months ago and is stationed at Los Angeles, Calif. Soldier Johnson has a wife and a son who will be three years old in April.

Your Friends And Mine
. . by Wiatt Smith . .

KEEPING this column straight is too much for a committee of a mere 1,000, according to a Logan volunteer who writes: "Guess that I will have to join that committee of 1,000 to keep you straight. I believe the committee should not be restricted to such a small number of your many friends. The job in itself is entirely too small for a committee of less than a million." Author of the letter is Harlow Davin, retiring assistant superintendent for the Chesapeake & Ohio at Logan, who continues: "You have put your neck out again. John's name is John Wysor Davin (reported here as John D. Davin) after the late Dr. Wysor who for years was surgeon in charge of the Chesapeake & Ohio Hospital at Clifton Forge. Tom, a twin to John, was named Thomas Laird Davin, after the late Dr. Laird. At the time of their birth Dr. Wysor and Dr. Laird were partners in Montgomery, W. Va., our old home town. Also to straighten out a statement in a recent Your Friends and Mine column, you called me Harlow M. The correct version is Harlow Augustus Davin . . . Come to Florida and visit me. My residence will always be in Logan, where my friends are legion, but I will spend the bad weather months in the South."

WIATT SMITH

WAS Harriet Beecher Stowe here or hereabouts when she wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin? Mrs. Della Mills of South Point, O., asks the question, explaining that "Captain John G. Dickson said it was written in Huntington. That could not have been true, it having been many years thereafter that Huntington was founded. I have learned recently that Mrs. Stowe was for a time a resident of Cincinnati where she must have picked up some of her Ohio Valley lore. It is readily conceivable that her classic may have been written at Ceredo, W. Va., or Burlington or Proctorville, O., but the answer is beyond me . . . Mrs. Mills also asks for a copy of the verses which contain these lines:

Some go to church for a pleasant ride or walk,
Some for a little chat or talk,
Some to court a Queen or Bess,
Some to show their last new dress;
Some go to sleep and nod,
But alas! who goes to worship God?

Mrs. Mills also would like to have the words to a song entitled "The Old Patchwork Quilt."

MRS. LOLA CARR, of 1208 Sixth Avenue, says Uncle Tom's Cabin was written in the home of the Rev. John Rankin of Ripley, O., where Eliza crossed the ice. The Rev. Mr. Rankin was the great-grandfather of Mrs. Carr who has a book relating the circumstances of the writing of the famous romance.

SPEAKING of keeping me straight, I wish there were a committee to keep the readers straight on the difference between the column contributor and the column conductor, the interviewed and the interviewer. On May 22, 1942, I reported that a Third Avenue woman predicted the defeat of Hitler in 1943. Ben Pratt sends from Ashland a clipping of that old column, with the admonition, "Don't neglect this. You'll have to hurry, hurry, hurry hurry."

Your Friends And Mine
. . by Wiatt Smith . .

IT WAS with real regret that I declined several invitations to go last night to a reception given at the parsonage of the Main Street Methodist Church in honor of the new pastor, the Rev. W. A. DeBar, and his family. Such a gathering would have attractions for me in any event. This one was extra-special as Mrs. May Robertson Hayslip of Providence, R. I., and Mrs. Roy Wood of Detroit were to be there. Mrs. Hayslip used to teach a class of boys in the Sunday school of what was then the Southern Methodist Church of Guyandotte. About the same time, Annie Scott sang in the choir. Mrs. Hayslip, a New England industrialist, is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. H. Bromson of Fairfax Court. Illness has prevented her from seeing many of the friends she expected to greet here—and she's returning to Providence Sunday, expecting to be met in Philadelphia by her son, Leland. Mrs. Wood is visiting Mrs. W. F. Kahler, Mrs. John C. Hennen and others.

WIATT SMITH

TALKS about the church reception led to my hearing what had been a favorite story of the late John C. Hennon, father of John C. Hennen, the banker, about Captain Eustace Gibson. As the tale goes, Captain Gibson, railway counsel, was cross examining the plaintiff who sought damages in a personal injury suit against the Chesapeake & Ohio. In the kindest tones, Captain Gibson asked the witness to show court and jury how far he could raise his arm since the accident. With great pains, the witness brought the arm almost to his shoulder. "Now, how far could you raise it before you were hurt?" asked the lawyer. Quick as a flash, the witness raised his hand on high, his arm straight up. That ended the law suit.

MRS. W. S. ROSENHEIM who recently spent many weeks at Johns Hopkins Hospital after surgery there, went from Baltimore to the Washington, D. C., home of General and Mrs. John Y. York, Mrs. J. C. (Ruth Ogren) Hardman saw Mrs. Rosenheim at Yorks' when Mrs. Rosenheim was on her way home to Huntington, via Beckley. . . . Mrs. Hardman also called on Mrs. J. Paul Stoakes, former Huntingtonian, recovering after grave surgery at Garfield Hospital. . . . Mr. Stoakes is with OPA in Washington . . . Mrs. Hardman has been transferred from OWI to the State Department where her work continues to be that of interpreting social legislation to foreign countries. Ruth's cat, Blot, is now 12 years old and can still crack a walnut with his teeth, figuratively speaking. He was recently saved by penicillin from death from septic infection, a fact of which Mrs. Hardman had the opportunity to tell Sir Alexander Fleming, discoverer of the wonder drug . . . Sir Alexander is quoted as saying that when it becomes generally available, penicillin will be invaluable in veterinary medicine . . . Margaret Baylous lives at Bethseda, Md., and continues with the U. S. Public Health Service.

And Mine Wiatt Smith 10-26-41

GREETINGS to Henry A. Manders, in Richmond, Ky., Florida, or wherever he may be, including right here in Huntington, and here's a message to him from Captain A. R. Ernberg, USARC, on active duty as project manager with the forces preparing for the $20,000,000 defense plant which is promised for South Point, O. Captain Ernberg is a Richmond, Ky., lawyer and he and Henry Manders are old friends, as the Captain told Dr. W. S. Rosenheim and me when we visited him at his Hotel Marting headquarters in Ironton yesterday. Naturally, Ironton is all pepped up about the defense plant prospect, as we all are or should be, and Colonel John W. Daugherty, the Marting landlord, recalled that several months ago in Ashland he had told me that this Tri-State area would never come into its own until all its communities started pulling together.

WIATT SMITH

INCIDENTALLY, we found Miss Mary E. Kenney of the Emmons apartments on duty as secretary to Captain Ernberg and the QMC staff. Yesterday was her first day and she made her way down by bus. As others who may work at South Point later must be, she is interested in the prospect of the extension of Ohio Valley bus line west from Burlington to South Point. I say "west" and I think I'm right, but compass points are confusing (to me) down in that area. It is well to remember that South Point lies, as its name implies, at the southern tip of Ohio and it seems that the Ohio, which flows from east to west past Huntington, flows north as it passes Ironton. The army men comment that it bothers them a bit when people talk of going "down" as they are—down the river, while at the same time they are going north. As to whether or not the river actually flows north there, I make no guarantee. Anyway, it's a certainty that it doesn't flow south.

CITY Editor K. J. (Jockey) Barron of the Ironton Tribune has long ago given up the idea of forming "first impressions" of his fellow humans. This decision of his proved helpful to me and now I wish I could induce certain others to read beyond the opening sentence before forming their opinions. Mr. Barron in his "Listening In" column in last Sunday's Tribune wrote, after having mentioned a call I had made at his sanctum a few days before: . . . "First time we met Wiatt we thought he was the biggest stuffed shirt we had ever encountered." . . . Yesterday Raymond Brewster and Bill Estler read just that far and started yelling' . . . I went on to read further lines in which Jockey said: "The impression existed only for a brief time. A better acquaintance brought out that he is the sort of a fellow you like better the longer you know him." I should stop here, but—spare my blushes as I proceed to quote—"Companionable, a newspaperman of sufficient years to know all angles of the profession, and a capable writer, he is as interesting as his column and his stories." A swirl of the cape and a low bow to you, Columnist Barron.

LOUIE BOWES, who came back to the Tri-State from the Northwest a few months ago and became secretary of the Ironton Board of Trade, and whose daughter, Mrs. R. B. Dewhurst lives in Huntington, is planning a family reunion at Kermit on Thanksgiving Day . . . but yesterday he was in

RALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTO

9-15-41

Your Friends . . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

AFTER Appomattox Father Ryan wrote of the Confederate flag that it should "live in song and story though its folds were in the dust." Carefully preserved from the dust and soon to be placed under glass for permanent preservation is the flag of the Logan Wildcats, Company D, 36th Virginia infantry, which, tattered, blood-stained and its white surfaces saffron from the years, was brought to Huntington Saturday that I might see it. Elsewhere in this edition of The Herald-Dispatch is a picture of the flag and its possessor, O. B. McDonald of Peach Creek, whose grandfather, Astynax McDonald, of the Wildcats, carried it from Fort Donelson where he had rescued it as it fell from the wounded hand of Thomas Hope Harvey, a Putnam county youth who afterwards was to play notable part in the life and affairs of Huntington.

WIATT SMITH

HOW Judge Harvey came to be side by side with the Wildcats I cannot say, but he was a soldier of the Thirty-sixth under Colonel John McCausland, afterward General McCausland and it is, to many of us, a familiar story that after two or three other bearers of the colors had been shot at Fort Donelson he snatched the flag and had it shot from his hand—and that hand was withered and virtually useless during the rest of his long life. Astynax McDonald, I am told, was wounded, too, but he kept the flag which was never surrendered and took it with him back to Logan county where it had been made by Logan women before the Wildcats marched away to war. O. B. McDonald, a Chesapeake & Ohio employe, well known in Huntington, had it as a gift from his grandfather, who often told him its story. After Astynax McDonald's death it was preserved by John McDonald, father of O. B. McDonald, who possessed it at his majority and is saving it as a heritage for his own son. Because I, at Aunt Sallie Garrett's funeral, had expressed interest when Mr. McDonald's Aunt Nettie McDonald Hale told me about it, he and his Aunt Anna McDonald Hale brought it for me to see when they visited Huntington Saturday.

THIS 80-year-old flag, as will be noted from the picture, has 12 white stars on a blue background, with one red and one white bar. The blue cloth is said by judges of such matter to be cashmere, the red, calico, and that which was white, but is now deep yellow, muslin. Company D, under Captain Henry M. Beckley, left Logan June 3, 1861, with a roster of 84 men. Mr. McDonald tells me the flag had been made at the home of Solomon Niece and that the women who made it were Lizzie Fillinger, Susan Fillinger, Jane and Valeria Morgan, Harriett Avis, and Mary Casebolt; also that Lizzie Fillinger was the wife of Fawn Conley.

6-18-43

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

TO ALMOST any woman, when things have gone wrong, Friend Husband is cross; when Johnny hasn't done well at school or when the cake has fallen just before the company dinner, a new hat is a morale-restorer of the first order. If she can just run out and get herself a cute little bonnet, even if it only costs $1.98, she'll be all right, probably. She must have at least one new hat every season and she's rarely enthusiastic about wearing last year's bonnet. As for going far back of last year for her headgear, she well may shudder at the thought of the Mister's comments on "those funny looking hats you women used to wear." However, I know a woman who this year is wearing "for nice" a hat she bought 17 Summers ago, and which she has worn occasionally every Summer since and including that of 1926. Far from being funny-looking, this modestly flower-trimmed pink horsehair braid job is stylishly becoming and Mrs. H. H. Marks of 921 Eighth Street wears it to church, with pride both in its appearance and its age.

WIATT SMITH

PLEASE don't get Mrs. Marks wrong. She has had numerous new hats in the meanwhile. Her husband, who many years ago was mayor of Milton, is the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Co.'s passenger agent here and has a job with the railway employes' credit union. But her father, the late B. C. Spurlock of Spurlockville, Lincoln County, taught his children to be thrifty and Mrs. Marks feels he'd be proud of the fact that she's still wearing a hat she bought 17 years ago. She remembers that she, shopping with her niece, bought the hat from a shop or store on Fourth Avenue. She doesn't know who the vendor was or how much she paid for the hat, though she has the impression the price was stiffish. Incidentally, she as little Edith Spurlock, attended the Guyandotte schools and was a classmate of mine. She has preserved a group photograph of that long ago class.

ROBERT L. ARCHER sends by mail a copy of the by-laws of the Guyandot Club as adopted August 1, 1903—almost 40 years ago. On the fly leaf, officers and committees are listed as follow: C. E. Gwinn, president; George N. Biggs, first vice-president; J. C. Miller, second vice-president; George F. Miller, third vice-president; Charles W. Blair, secretary, and John W. Ensign, treasurer. House committee, R. L. O'Neal, chairman; G. H. Honshell, J. B. Stevenson, John F. Ratcliff, Charles W. Watts. Membership committee, J. M. Hawkins, chairman; Herbert Fitzpatrick, John M. McCoach and T. J. Prichard. Of those so listed, Mr. Fitzpatrick is the sole survivor.

NO DIGEST of the by-laws is necessary, but I can't resist Article IX, PROVIDED BY "special resolutions" as follows:

1—No games shall be played in the clubhouse on Sunday;

2—The clubhouse shall not be used for any political purpose;

3—No member or guest shall be allowed to give, under any pretense, money or any gratuity to any one in the employ of the club . . .

4—All betting for money is prohibited within the clubrooms.

1-14-38

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

NOT even the sheriff is a more familiar figure about the court house than Joe Klasman, The Advertiser's crime news specialist. Joe has been on that beat for years and, of course, knows and is known by almost everybody. All this added to his confusion when, yesterday morning, he walked into the circuit court room where Judge Wallace was on the bench. As Joe walked in a child back among the well-filled courtroom piped up in a shrill voice — "Daddee, Daddee." There was a general chuckle in which the court joined and Joe's face was quite red. Later he learned that it was all coincidence as the child had been calling for its father in this way at intervals throughout the morning.

WIATT SMITH

COLONEL GEORGE S. WALLACE'S service as special judge of the circuit court adds a new facet to a many sided career, lawyer, business man, politician, and above all, soldier, he has also won distinction as a historian. Before he became a lawyer he was a train dispatcher for the Chesapeake & Ohio and he still remembers his dots and dashes. Most of his friends know these things but few recall that he was once manager of a prize fighter. At least operatives tell me that he not only managed but supervised the training of Jack Bingham, a famous ringman of the nineties and later. Jack Bingham was a character, a pretty good fellow as I knew him in the later days of his life. He was on the police force and active in Republican politics. Jack wasn't like these modern pugilists who won't fight unless there's money in it. He fought for any cause that enlisted his sympathies and took prominent part in some famous election battles. His glory dimmed tremendously one election day on which he mixed it up with Enoch Baker.

MR. BAKER, a huge man whose beard was even then gray, is said to have had real skill as a boxer. And he was much larger than Jack Bingham. But in the political fray that arose that day, Enoch Baker hung a haymaker on Jack's jaw and for a long time this scrap was one of the wonders of the town. Happily, the turmoil of those political times subsided after a few years, but not until bullets had supplanted fists and the famous battle of Ninth street was fought.

TWO of the most travelled persons in Huntington are Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Withers of Fifth avenue. Together, they have visited every state in the union, save one, or maybe it's every state, I am not quite sure. But they've been around—and intend to keep on seeing America first. Mr. Withers is retired, keeping his finger on a few interests so that he will not have time to be bored. He also devotes much attention to the affairs of the Central Christian Church.

STERLING DIDDLE and family are motor-bound for Florida . . . Otto Jaeger has been captain of the Huntington rifle team for ten years . . . Wonder if he can outshoot Dr. Halley . . . Harlow Davin, with the Chesapeake & Ohio at Lo[illegible] likes to come to Huntington for minglings with his friends.

27

A. K. Kessler an enlarged, substantially framed picture of an old-time livery stable. Dr. Kessler couldn't identify the scene or the faces. He turned it over to Charles W. Gibbs and Charley left it with me. Before it arrived in the news room it had been making some rounds in Wayne county where Mrs. D. B. Hardwick called upon the elders for possible identification. There was nothing doing. I feel sure it was not a Huntington scene, though it might have been. Neither was it strictly rural, for the gasoline or coal oil lamp atop a tall pole near the main entrance was of a type peculiar to towns. I thought perhaps some veteran travelling salesman might recognize it. Lon McVay and J. C. Rardin, after enthusiastic and interested study, shook their heads. The letters "T. L." framed largely on the side of the barn, interested Mr. Rardin. "That stands for Tennessee Leaf," he exclaimed," and I'll bet anything I put those letters there—it used to be one of my jobs." There were other tobacco signs, "Premium R. J. R.," "Schnapps," "Speckled Beauty," and still more that I can't make out, together with a placard advertising "Lightning Hot Drops."

WIATT SMITH

AT THE front door of the ancient frame building, two storied, with an ell at one end and a lean-to on the other, with an unhitched buggy ready in the entrance, stands the liveryman, holding a snappy looking horse. The man is tall, in his shirtsleeves, white-shirted and bow-tied, with a round Stetson hat. Also, a big mustache. Nearby another man, probably a brother of the first, wore a blacksmith's apron. There are two or three hangers on, including a nattily dressed 'teen-age—the boss' son, at a guess, and in the loft door, two stablehands, one holding a pitchfork. On a post surmounting the lean-to, is a swinging bell. On the whole, it is a vivid reminder of the horse and buggy days.

REFERENCE here Saturday morning to an unusual bird seen in the south hills evoked pleasing and interesting response. The morning was not very old when there came a telephone call from Bill (W. H., Jr.) Waldron, to say the bird was a towhee, also known as the chewink, a familiar of nature students hereabouts. Before the day had ended, Dr. Frank Gilbert, faithful Marshall standby, telephoned similar information. Meanwhile W. S. Ranson had brought down town with him a card lent by his daughter, Miss Virginia Ranson, bearing the towhee's picture, in colors, on one side, and information about him on the other. He is described as "an active, energetic bird, sometimes called 'chewink' and 'ground robin' and a general favorite with all those who love the woodland ways. Although," continues the ornithologist, "a cousin to all the sparrows and finches, his tri-colored coat of black, white and rufous sets him apart as one of the conspicuous members of the family. He is seldom found far from thick undergrowth and dusky woodland copeses which are his favorite haunts. Here he is equally at home in the cheerless days of winter, when many a leaf-strewn hillside rustles in response to his vigorous scratchings, or again in summer when his far carrying musical notes ring through the verdant glooms of mandrake and sassafras."

SPEAKING of rustling leaves, they are in season in Huntington. The day-in-and-day-out job of sweeping them from walks and lawns is at hand. Brooms and rakes are favorite instruments for their removal. Yesterday, on a downtown avenue, a little girl battled the leaves on the walk in front of her home . . . and whether for speed and

. . And Mrs. Wiatt Smith

MRS. JOHN T. McCLINTOCK, going home with a Christmas tree, paused on Fifth avenue to tell me the remarks made here about change purses had excited comment down town where several well known ladies said they carried these receptacles. They were not the dainty little purses, understand, that sometimes go with handbags, but the old-fashioned, substantial leather variety, with the twisted clasps. Mrs. McClintock plans to get one for herself—since they seem to be coming back into fashion, just like ear muffs. Well, here's one style I'll wager never returns — the petticoat pocket in which our grandmothers carried their purses. Those were in the days when skirts were skirts, and many of 'em. A lady would enter a store, make her purchases and have them totalled, then turn her back to the clerk while she explored for the pocketbook. Payment effected, the purse went back into what might have been styled the Second National Bank.

WIATT SMITH

Your Friends And Mine

. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

ON TOMORROW, Thursday, February 3, Miss Mary Louella Turner of 737½ Sixth avenue, will be 81 years old. Hundreds of Huntingtonians need no introduction to Miss Mary. She has been here longer than most of us, and she has spent her life in Cabell county. For seventy-one of her eighty-one years she has been a cripple and her life has been and is a sermon in patience, fortitude, good cheer and, as she would tell you, faith. I shall not attempt to describe her infirmity, other than to say that to those of us who have long watched her goings and comings, her bended body has been less of a wonder than her indomitable spirit. It was only a year ago that Miss Turner got crutches. Now she uses these when the going is firm underfoot. Otherwise, she has resource to her trusty umbrella—the same one she has carried, with numerous recoverings for 25 years. She lives alone and does her own cooking. "How else," she asked, "do you suppose I would get anything to eat?"

WIATT SMITH

FOR forty-seven and one-half years after coming to Huntington from her home near Howell's Mill, she made her living by sewing. "I must have done it on faith," she said, "as my customers didn't know I had never seen the inside of a dressmaking shop until I opened my own." Her mother taught her to sew. When she was nine years old she could knit a stocking and turn the heel, and from an early age she and her sisters made their own clothes. Her mother was a Virginian and Miss Mary herself was born in that state, there having been no division when she made her advent on the Doolittle farm in Cabell county of February 3, 1863. From the hills near her home she watched the building of the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad. She remembers the work trains and the early freights, but not the first passenger train.

MISS MARY'S mother, whose maiden name was Sheff, had lived in Guyandotte and the Louella in the daughter's name is for Miss Lou Hayslip, afterward the wife of Dr. James Hysell of Guyandotte and Pomeroy, Ohio. Miss Mary never saw Mrs. Hysell.

IN 1885 Miss Mary Turner joined Bethesda Methodist Episcopal Church, South, near her Howell's Mill home. After her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Turner moved to Huntington the family was slow to change its church membership for fear they might not be able to stick it out here. Economic conditions favored them and Miss Mary took her letter to Johnson Memorial. This was after the first Johnson Memorial fire and while the congregation was worshipping in Ohev Sholom temple which then stood at the northeast corner of Fifth avenue and Tenth street.

MISS MARY was crippled when she was 10 years old. Dr. Murphy, father of the late James Murphy of Guyandotte, was her physician. Since then no physician has ever been called in to see her, though Dr. Pat Swann once gave her a tonic after remarking that about the only thing the matter with her was that she talked too much. There's much more but I have to mind Miss Mary who warned, "now don't write too much about me."

Your Friends And Mine

. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

WHAT seems to be good news for the would-be hominy makers comes in a letter from Salt Rock. Gist of it is that baking soda may be used instead of lye and with results just as good. Personally, I have little interest in the manufacture of hominy. Just reading the directions makes me weary. However, numerous friends, including W. W. (Bud) Payne, find the topic interesting. Thus far we have had the wood ashes formula found in the Buckeye cook book, and the lye formula submitted by Mrs. Byron Dean of Wayne and Mrs. Della Mills of South Point, O. Now we have the baking soda formula found, with other worthwhile matters, in the following letter from Mrs. Roy L. Midkiff of Salt Rock:

WIATT SMITH

"WE ALWAYS read and enjoy your column in The Herald-Dispatch," writes Mrs. Midkiff under date of January 10, "and that is how I saw your request for a recipe for making hominy with lye. Now I don't know anything about making hominy, but my 86-year-old mother, who lives with me, has made many a kettleful. In her opinion, it is better to make it with baking soda. Her recipe runs like this — boil one gallon (shelled) corn in water sufficient to cook, to which has been added two heaping tablespoons of baking soda. Add more water as needed. Cook until skins and hard ends begin to loosen. Wash thoroughly in many changes of water until hominy is clean and white, and all skins and hearts are removed. Lye can be used instead of soda, but my mother is not sure about the amount. She says, 'I could make it, for if I got too much lye I would just add more water.'

"SHE," continues Mrs. Midkiff, still in reference to her mother, "is the widow of the Rev. W. E. Morrison, who wrote the history of Salt Rock Community referred to in one of your recent comments. As I read that comment I couldn't help thinking that he had no idea that what he wrote of the community where he was born and reared would ever be noticed by anyone outside that community. . . . F. N. Darling, our county agent, asked my father if he could write a history of the community. Father said he could try. He was 70 years old and was to live but four years more. I still have the original manuscript which he wrote with a pencil for me to copy in ink. Mr. Darling asked him if he couldn't put in a bear story or something of the kind. That's how the bear story got into history. Dr. H. M. Sturm, now pastor of Ninth Avenue Methodist Church, was one of my father's close friends and preached his funeral. Father called him 'one of my boys' and loved him as such. So it was Harry, as we at Salt Rock call him, who made the typescript copy of the history to which you referred and which caused you to get this epistle on history and hominy." PS—January 11—"I have just read your Tuesday column and would like very much to have the terrier Betsy for my 11-year-old daughter, but I am too far away to have such good luck, I suppose."

Your friends and Mine

by Wiatt Smith

SOME years ago, certainly as early as 1936 and probably in 1935, my attention was drawn to the accuracy of a weather forecast which had been sent in a letter to the editor of The Herald-Dispatch by J. W. Roach. It wasn't exactly easy to find J. W. Roach but it was managed and in the years that have passed Johnny Roach and I have become well acquainted and have become good friends. Also, his reputation as a weather prophet has become somewhat widespread. This growing reputation is illustrated by a letter in which A. Lucasse of Olive Hill, Ky., propounds certain inquiries concerning Mr. Roach. These include and are: First, "Is J. W. Roach who predicts storms and floods for The Herald-Dispatch paid for it by the newspaper? Second, is it true that he predicted in advance through the paper all the floods that have been in the Ohio River beginning in 1936? Third, have all the storms he forecast come as he predicted them on the dates named in the forecast? Fourth, how do his forecasts of storms and floods agree with the weather forecasts issued by the U. S. weather bureau?"

WIATT SMITH

AS TO the first question the answer is no. Mr. Roach, insofar as I know, is strictly a non-professional. As to the second question I cannot say as to the accuracy of his flood predictions but have the impression that he has been more likely to hit the nail on the head in the matter of storms and blizzards. Neither can I answer the third question but I can testify to a number of incidents of amazing accuracy. I'm not in a position to compare his predictions with those of the weather bureau. Inquiry also is made as to his age. Further than that he is beyond middle life and is retired or semi-retired I could not say. I think a letter addressed to J. W. Roach, weather forecaster, general delivery, Huntington, would reach him. Meanwhile, if Mr. Roach has time and inclination to drop by the house I will turn this correspondence over to him. At least it should enable him to turn some laughs on the White boys (C. C. and C. O.) at the post office lobby newstand. They, as has been reported here, follow his forecasts closely. If there is any lapse in accuracy Johnny hears from them on that subject. On the other hand if a blizzard or hot spell comes as he forecasts they hold him personally responsible for their discomfort. As for public recognition for the prognosticator, I know that at least on one occasion he has been consulted by the Chamber of Commerce as to weather prospects.

REFERRED to me by that same Chamber of Commerce is a letter from M. R. Shale, editor and owner of the Clairton (Pa.) Progress, who says: "I have been told you have a man in your city that still can put a rubber tire on buggy wheels, and has the rubber to do the job. I would like to get in touch with him very soon if possible. Would you people be so kind as to look him up. If you can't find him, then please hand this to the proper party at the head of your daily newspaper passing on our request. It is quite important to us." I am in entire darkness as to this subject but trust that if there is such a man in Huntington he will communicate with me or perhaps prefer-

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WRITING in the Parkersburg News of "Shepherds Among the Hills," J. A. Earl quotes from the Methodist Quarterly Review, April, 1883, stating that Henry B. Bascom, "one of the handsomest men that ever trod this continent," began itinerating in 1814 in the wilds of West Virginia at eighteen. "It was resolved by the authorities to put Bascom's mettle to the proof, and he was sent to the Guyandotte Circuit in West Virginia, pleasantly called the Botany Bay of the conference, as rough a part of the country, at that day, as any preacher has been sent to work in. To Guyandotte he went without a murmur, and within nine months he had preached four hundred times, rode through that wild, sometimes trackless, almost impassable mountain district three thousand miles, battling with the elements, sleeping in hollow logs, chased by wolves, fighting with a bear, swimming mountain torrents, living on 'hog and hominy,' 'dogger and bear meat,' and received for his year's work twelve dollars and ten cents." Afterwards, as Bishop Bascom this man became conspicuous in American Methodism.

TAYLOR VINSON has closed his desk in the law offices of Vinson, Thompson, Meek and Scherr and has come to Point Pleasant as resident counsel for the General Chemical Defense Corp. If I understand aright the corporation will operate the West Virginia Ordnance Works there. Information is that Mrs. Vinson and the children thus far have remained in their Huntington home while Taylor is stationed in Point Pleasant, except on week-ends when he comes here to visit them.

Your Friends • by • And Mine Wiatt Smith

MRS. MARK H. RUSSELL Sr., Russell Apartments, Williamson, W. Va., is known to many in Huntington as the former Miss Starr Kennett. She writes: "Being a constant reader of your column, I was surprised to see the inquiry about who operated the first livery stable in Huntington. I have been always under the impression that it was my grandfather, L. L. Kennett, and his son, my father, John. They arrived in the early 1870's and bought the land where the Central Fire Station now stands. They operated as Kennett & Son and, after the death of my grandfather, the business was carried on by my father as long as he lived. In 1882 the stable burned. This was the biggest fire Huntington had had up to that time. It burned all of Second and Third avenues between Seventh and Eighth streets. . . . The other Kennett referred to was a cousin of my father, by whom he (Bill Kennett) was employed several years. Bill Kennett and Shorty Taliaferro bought from W. H. Bull the livery stable on Ninth Street then operated by W. H. Bull. Mr. Bull had purchased it from a Mr. (J. W.) Henry. Another early livery firm was comprised of Scott and Jerry Turner who had a stable on Second Avenue between Ninth and Tenth Streets."

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F. M. BOON of the post office writes: . . . "I know of one man who lives in Huntington in the house where he was born, and he is more than 50 years old. He is Burnett A. James of 813 Eighth Street. His father, W. O. James, was a cement contractor and lived at the Eighth Street address many years." I well remember W. O. James. He was a client of my Uncle Tom Wiatt and it seems to me he must have had considerable law business. I know he laid many of the early concrete walks in some of which the name of W. O. James is discernible to this day.

ATTORNEY J. B. (Jack) Meeks tells me that Mrs. John B. (Era Garrett) Burgess, was born, lived for some 80 years, and died in the same house at Ardell, Wayne County. She was the mother of Mrs. Charles W. Ferguson of Wayne and, I'm sure, the daughter of the famous mountain preacher, the Rev. Dolliver Garrett. While on the subject of long residential tenure, it occurs to me that Leland Wilson was born in the same Main Street home which he still occupies and has never lived anywhere else. It was the home of his maternal grandfather, Joseph Hysell. Mr. Hysell was widowed and while he was courting the woman who became his second wife he used to stop at our front door every Sunday morning to get me to tie his necktie. Now I have to have someone tie my ties for me.

DEATH of Frank Stevenson revives old memories. Frank, a pal of my brother Tom, used to be at our house a good bit. His father, Charley Stephenson, was the Guyandotte deliveryman, operating a two-mule dray. I liked him a great deal and am annoyed because I cannot remember the names of his mules.

EDITOR of the Christian Observer and the Catlettsburg Review was the Rev. Zepheniah Meek. His paper was the official organ of the Western Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The old copy recently given to me by Miss Mary C. Burks contains a curious assortment of religious and secular news. There is an apology for a dearth of news in West Virginia with the explanation that for the last week the Ohio River had been full of ice so that the mail boats could not operate. Preservation of the paper is explained by a notice of the death on November 27, 1869, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. John Laidley on the Ohio River just below Guyandotte, of Mrs. Sarah Hite. Mrs. Hite, whose maiden name was Scales, was born in North Carolina January 5, 1782. She married Jacob Hite September 4, 1800. Mrs. Hite's daughter, Mrs. Laidley, was the mother of Mrs. L. H. Burks which signifies that Mrs. Hite was the great-grandmother of Miss Mary C. Burks and her sisters, Mrs. John G. Greenwade and Mrs. W. B. Wilson and Mrs. Lee Wilson.

Your Friends • by • And Mine Wiatt Smith

INDIAN SUMMER smiled on Catlettsburg, Ky., yesterday, the day of George Brown Martin's funeral services. These services were conducted at the residence by Dr. H. M. Hayward of Marshall College. Burial services were private and the friends did not follow the former United States senator to his graveside. Instead, some of us went to the home of his law partner, John L. Smith, and Mrs. Smith, overlooking Ashland's beautiful Central Park, and we talked of the dead statesman and lawyer and many other matters and things. There was at the funeral services and at the Smith home notable company. Clarence E. Martin of Martinsburg, W. Va., former president of the American Bar Association, was one of those that came to the services. There were also Judge Fred L. Fox, Judge William T. Lovins and Judge Frank Haymond, West Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals.

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MR. AND MRS. Dan Keenan came from Pittsburgh for the rites. Mr. Kennan, now a gas company executive, and Mrs. Keenan are former residents of Ashland. Mrs. Keenan, nee Garnette Gaines, was born at Salem, W. Va. The Keenans have been married 26 years, though one would not think so at beholding her. Mrs. John L. Smith, nee Mary Emily Russell, was born in Huntington, and Mr. Smith was born and brought up in Buchannon, W. Va. George Brown Martin was descended on the maternal side from the Brown family well known in the earlier annals of Cabell County, so it was, in a sense, a West Virginia gathering.

AMONG other Huntingtonians who went down for the services were Harry Scherr, Colonel J. H. Long, Dr. C. T. Taylor, who was a fellow student at Centre College of George Brown Martin, John P. Hallanan, Miss Hallie Mosure, Herbert Fitzpatrick, C. W. Strickling, E. A. Marshall, M. W. Dugan and Tickle Reed.

MISS AILEEN FREUTEL has three kittens, three months old, males, for which she wants homes. She may be called after 4:30 P. M. at 22121 . . . Also, Arthur S. Shoffstall is distressed by the loss of a pencil, one of the pieces of a gift set. . . He lent it to somebody and doesn't remember who got it.

Oct. 25, 1945

Your Friends and Mine

by Wiatt Smith

IN TIME well within my recollection, enterprising Huntington houses advertised "both phones." This was before 1910 when the Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Co. absorbed the facilities of the Huntington Mutual Telephone Co. which it had purchased a year or two earlier. Since that merger Huntington has been a one-telephone town, a fact which no one ever reasonably regretted. For years the business has been carried on by the Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Co. of West Virginia. One of the early Huntington directories which followed the Bell absorbtion of the Mutual was dated February 15, 1911. It listed subscribers in Huntington and Logan, W. Va. A copy of this directory, excellently preserved, the property of P. Lugrin, Appalachian Electric Power Co. plant superintendent, has been lent me by A. J. Darrah.

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A. B. COLLIER was district commercial manager, with offices in Huntington. The last admonition before the actual listings began was, "Always call by number, not by name." There is great temptation to attempt detail of the enumerated telephones. But is it too much of a job. Besides the Huntington and Logan telephones there are also listed those of the Proctorville exchange, the exchange of the Ohio Valley Telephone Co. at Proctorville, O., two enterprises, and the Getaway, O., telephone exchange. Use of the long distance telephone was urged, but then, and for a long time afterward, if one wanted to talk to Charleston it was necessary to put in the call and then stand by, maybe an hour or two, for results. Incidentally, the Logan directory listed the private branch exchange of the U. S. Coal & Oil Co. at Holden, but no Island Creek Coal Co.

FELLOW cab passengers recently were Mr. and Mrs. Morris Dietz of Marion Court. I did not recognize Morris as another Guyandotte fellow, but he introduced himself. He is the son of the late Wallace and Lena Shelton Dietz, both of whom I knew well. He also told me that among his treasured keepsakes was a silk handkerchief which his mother bought for his father just before their marriage 55 years ago. The kerchief was so dainty, Wall Dietz never used it, and today it still carries the 50-cent price tag and the name of the seller, Sam Gideon.

WRITING from Peach Creek, Mrs. Grover C. Shelton says: "In your column of October 16, I note the name of Stella M. Shelton, a participant in the Marshall College commencement exercises held at Davis Opera House at 8:30 P. M., Tuesday, June 4, 1889. Stella M. Shelton, my aunt, lives in Ashtabula, O. She is the daughter of the late Jerome Shelton of Hamlin. She's the only living relatives of her generation."

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

CAPTAIN T. J. CALLAHAN, United States Marines Corps, Reserve, recently placed on the inactive list, has gone to work as an inspector at the ACF plant. For the present, Captain and Mrs. Callahan and their one child are living with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Ward of Woodland Drive.

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The other Ward daughter, Nancy Marie, is Mrs. R. T. Shutts, whose husband works for the Appalachian Electric Power Co. There are three Shutts children, making a total of four grandchildren. These, Bob and Mayme (Wellman), spoil, after the immemorial custom of grandparents. Wheels, official organ of ACF, carries in its November issue a story entitled, "Ward at Huntington." The story tells of the Ward success at the Huntington plant and indicates that he approaches his duties there with the same common sense attitude which marks him in all his activities.

MR. WARD was born in Washington, D. C., but came here when three years old. His father, J. M. Ward, was the tailor who made the first suit of clothes in the store founded by the late G. A. Northcott. Later, he went to Ashland, where he founded the business which he ran until his death last year. Bob grew up in Huntington and Ashland. In 1909, he came from Ashland to be secretary to District Manager John W. Ensign. In the course of time, Bob Ward became district manager himself. He has held the job several years and the Wheels article attests that the Huntington plant has not suffered under his direction.

WHEN Alfred A. Fisher died Monday at the age of 94, the last of the Main Street men whom I, as a boy, knew, departed. I'm sure this is correct. Certainly there is none left in Guyandotte or anywhere in Huntington. Al Fisher, as he was known then, was my father's friend; his first wife, Mrs. Mattie Hite Fisher, was my mother's friend. Mrs. Mattie Fisher was the daughter of John B. Hite, whose tanyard had been on Richmond Street, using a brick building which in my time still stood on the alley back of our home. Latterly, it was used as an adjunct of George E. Burks' livery stable. Some years after the death of the first Mrs. Fisher, Mr. Fisher married Lavinia Dugan, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Dugan and sister of the well known Dugan men of Huntington. She, too, died.

MRS. GEORGE MASON Sr. of 3502 Court Street, Catlettsburg, Ky., writes: "If you consult your geography, you'll find that Tasmania is the island state of Australia, not of New Zealand. So many apples are raised there it is called the Orchard State. Tasmanians export 'apple jam' to England. Near Hobart, principal city and capital, is one of the largest plants in the world for refining zinc by electricity. New Zealand is 1,200 miles or more from eastern Australia."

THERE'S a wire haired terrier, gray with black markings and a red sweater, at the home of L. J. Baldwin, 1842 Charleston Avenue. Mr. Baldwin may be reached at telephone 2177.

12-15-42.

Your Friends . by . And Mine Wiatt Smith

AT the close of 1869 there was a strong movement for the extension of railroad facilities from Hanging Rock and Ironton in Lawrence County, Ohio, to the state capital at Columbus. In a letter dated Hanging Rock, September 22, 1869, a correspondent of the Ohio State Journal dealt at length with the prosperity and possibilities of the great iron and coal deposits in southern Ohio and eastern Kentucky centering at Ashland and Ironton. This letter reproduced in "The Christian Herald and Big Sandy Review," a newspaper of unusual qualities on January 15, 1870, says in part:

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"There is a heavy business done at Ironton in the manufacture of nails, castings, hooks, sheets and bar iron—something over a 100 tons a day. Four more furnaces have lately been built in this immediate neighborhood on the banks of the river. The Bellfonte Iron Works Co., consisting of the brothers Norton and their associates, made the first great experiment of smelting native ore with raw stone coal . . . this furnace has been in successful operation over two years, using the Ashland coal which is brought to the river by Lexington and Big Sandy railroad that touches the river four miles above Ironton. This Ashland coal has proved itself to be a complete substitute for charcoal. It is likely that the new charcoal furnaces of John Peters and W. C. Kelley will adopt the use of stone coal before long."

"IN this immediate vicinity are four short railroads built by different parties to convey pig metal and coal from the mines and furnaces to the Ohio River. Two of these are in Lawrence County, Ohio, the Iron Railroad and the Hanging Rock Railroad. The former is 13 miles long and the latter but four miles long. The two roads that come in from Kentucky from the river are the northeastern section of the Lexington and Big Sandy, at Ashland, that supplies the new furnaces with the splint coal used by the Nortons at Ironton and a furnace at Ashland. This latter establishment was built within the last year by B. D. Gaylord, T. W. and John Means and their associates. It is a success and is making upwards of 40 tons a day of pure iron. The other railroad was lately built by an eastern company. It comes to the river at Greenupsburg, six miles below this point, reaching out 15 miles into the ore and coal mines owned by the company. It passes through six tunnels. The Hanging Rock railroad that comes to the river at this place is used for hauling in coal and iron. It was built by Robert Hamilton and it is part of the Pine Grove property recently purchased by Thomas Means of this place for $710,000 . . . Certain signs indicate the speedy completion of the Chesapeake & Ohio railway to the mouth of the Big Sandy and the southeastern connection by way of Lexington. It is probable that the Chesapeake & Ohio will reach the river near Ashland in order to get a connection with the northwest . . . The people of this region will be well satisfied to get an outlet by rail in almost any direction. We are now obliged to go 140 miles by river to Cincinnati in order to get to Columbus."

Your Friends . by . And Mine Wiatt Smith

IN MANY homes there's been an extra zest, if not an extra touch in this Fall's housecleaning. Such additional zest as there may have been was born of the expectation that the boys and girls would be home from the war. Among the women whose minds were bent on housecleaning was Mrs. Laura O'Sullivan of Seventh Avenue, widow of John O'Sullivan. At the approach of the Halloween season her son, Dennis O'Sullivan, display advertising manager for the Bradshaw-Diehl Co., reminded her that she would do well to lay in something for beggars, night callers. She was so intent on her housecleaning that she forgot all about the trick or treaters. Came the night, and the call at the door. Mrs. O'Sullivan was flustered, but she has a way with children.

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"Honey," she said, "I haven't a thing for you." These first callers went on their way without playing any tricks. Then another group called and when Mrs. O'Sullivan explained that she was not in position to treat, one boy proffered a sack of candy and urged her to help herself! The Halloweeners did not leave as much as a soap mark on her shining windows.

THIS was especially gratifying as Mrs. O'Sullivan had been readying the place for the arrival, expected tonight of her son, Marine Corporal John O'Sullivan and his wife, the former Fannie Prino, who has also been in the Marines. Corporal O'Sullivan, who served with the famous Fourth Marine Division, is a veteran of Saipan, Iwo Jima and other Pacific battles. After Iwo Jima he was stationed at Pearl Harbor until he was sent back to the United States for return to civilian life. Before entering the service, he was with the Standard Ultramarine Co. This family reunion will be complete early in the coming week when another son, Private Frances O'Sullivan, his wife, the former Ruth Ellis, and their two children arrive from Rittman, O. Private O'Sullivan is on furlough and has been with his wife and children at Rittman, pending his return to duty at Ft. Belvoir.

NOTES on Manila and the Philippine Island's were compared here yesterday by Miss Victoria Summers, R. H., of Manila, and Woody Griffith of Milton. Miss Summers, of whom this column treated yesterday, is the daughter of Ronnie H. Summers and his Filipino wife. Woody Griffith is the son of Mrs. O'Mear of Milton. In the Army 12 years, he was captured early in the Japanese invasion of the Philippines, took part in the death march of Bataan and was a prisoner from April, 1942, until the liberating American forces came in September, 1945.

A TELEPHONING reader asked me to settle an argument as to who operated Huntington's first livery stable. I don't know. I am most familiar with the history of Kennett & Son, later Kennett & Taliaferro. But one of the Thornburgs had an early livery stable. James W. McCormick, I am certain, did not enter the field until long afterward—say about the eighteen nineties.

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

WHEN his ship put into Leyte after V-J Day, Seaman (first class) Robert Estler told his officer that he, Seaman Estler, had a brother with the Army on Mindanao. The officer gave him leave to go look for his brother. Both Leyte and Mindanao are Philippine islands, but, as I am informed,

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they are separated by several hundred miles of water and land. Seaman Estler set forth to find his younger brother, Private (first class) Carl Estler—with the Army on Mindanao. The Navy gave him a furlough but did not provide transportation. Seaman Estler hitch-hopped, thumbing two plane rides, one on an LST and one in a ox cart before he found Carl on Mindanao rigging up electric plants and shower baths out of refuse left by the Japs. These two sons of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Estler had not seen each other in 18 months. Carl had left the mainland from San Francisco; Bob had sailed from New York. They spent two days together and then Bob started back to his ship. Carl is now in Japan and Bob is believed to be homeward bound. Their brother, Master Sergeant William C. Estler, is stationed at Tucson, Ariz.

THERE is, or used to be, in letters of stamped or wrought iron, the name "J. S. Perry," over the door of a Fourth avenue business building. As I recall, the Perry building later was acquired by J. L. Caldwell and became part of the Caldwell building. The Perry building was erected by Joab Sawyer Perry. Mr. Perry, who for many years was a well-known business figure in Huntington, now lives at San Diego, Calif., whence he wrote recently to Colonel J. H. Long, saying: . . . . "I recall that you and I went to Huntington about the same time (1893). We were not sure which arrived first. You remained and built up a fine newspaper, while I have sailed some of the seven seas and many of my voyages have been pleasant and more successful than I deserved. I was preparing to leave Huntington for the Yukon gold fields in September, 1897, and you sent a reporter to see me for a story which was published in The Advertiser. My daughter, Mrs. Lillian Perry Edwards, while looking through some private papers of my late sister, Mrs. Ruth P. Hatton, came upon a clipping of that story." Mr. Perry enclosed a clipped column from the San Diego Sun-Tribune of October 13, telling of the success of Mr. Perry as a San Diego real estate operator. The story reveals that the former Huntingtonian was the son of a Roanoke, Va., sea captain.

THERE'S a covered bridge in Hamlin. The structure which spans Mud River is in poor repair and the road beyond it is worse, if anything. Records of the State Road Commission reveal that it was built in 1881 when A. C. Hilbert was engineer for the Lincoln County Court. A red-penciled note says, "Billy Black built abutments." It is an extension of Bridge street. Off the beaten track, it probably has little prospect of restoration.

CAPTAIN ELLIS MACE of Proctorville postcards that he has been visiting in Detroit, whence he crossed into Windsor, Ont., where he stayed all night. That visit to Canada marked his first departure from the United States—and he's been here a long time.

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

"WHERE," asked Mrs. F. O. (Lena Priddie) Renshaw, over the telephone, "did you think I was born?" I had to confess that I hadn't considered her as a Huntingtonian who might now be living in the house wherein she was born. But she is. The residence at 1235 Fifth avenue was built by her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. (Rebecca Fowler) Bush. Previously Z. T. Vinson had built the house at the corner of Thirteenth street and Fifth avenue, now the Hatfield home, and was living there with the first Mrs. Vinson, who was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Bush. Miss Mary Bush came from Kentucky to stay with her sister and attend Marshall College. During this period she met

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Berry Lee Priddie. Mr. and Mrs. Bush came to Huntington and built next door to the Vinson home. In the new residence their daughter Mary and Berry Lee Priddie were married. Lena Priddie was born there and grew up to marry F. O. Renshaw—in the same room where her mother and Judge Priddie had been married.

WITHIN the same square, at the southeast corner of Fifth avenue and Twelfth street, Andrew Kemper Shelton lives in the home where he was born more than 57 years ago. His older brother, Harvey, was born in the J. Harvey Poage home which before and after the war between the states faced the James River and Kanawha Turnpike which followed somewhat the same lines as today's Five and a half alley. Mr. Poage gave each of his sons and daughters a quarter of the Fifth avenue square between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. Joseph R. Shelton, who married Anna M. Poage, built the house on the corner where his widow, as well as their son and daughter-in-law, reside. J. B. Poage built what is now the McClintock apartment.

EVIDENCE is accumulating to show that Thomas Turner may have had the first livery stable in Huntington. His place was on Second avenue between Ninth and Tenth streets. G. A. Porter, night telephone operator for the State Road Commission, who was born near Buffalo Shoals in Wayne county, called to tell me Tom Turner had his stable there when a stranger came with what was later thought to be a stolen horse and rig. Tom Turner and Ike Mitchell, the city's first peace officer, gave chase. Ike Mitchell was shot and killed, Tom Turner was wounded, the stranger was lynched, somewhere near the foot of Fifth street hill . . . all in the same day.

TOM TURNER'S sons, Scott, Jerry and perhaps another, later operated the business as Turner Bros. The stable burned one night and a number of horses were destroyed by the fire. Scott Turner was chief of police of Huntington at the time of my first recollection of such matters.

SORBUS domestica already is in blossom. So is the service tree, the sarvis tree and the mountain ash, all being one and the same thing. Mention here yesterday of the sarvis tree led A. McVay to reprimand me for mis-calling the service tree. Bob Foley put in to say "you mean the sorbus s-o-r-b-u-s." Later Mrs. H. C. Hale telephoned and read from the West Virginia book of birds how the sarvis tree got its mountain name because it bloomed in the Springtime just as the Circuit Riders were coming to hold services for those who had died during the cold months. And the mountain folks pronounced it sarvis and that was the name of the tree. Mrs. Hale said also that it was known in New England as the Shadblow tree because of the coincidence of some of its phenomena with the schooling of the fishes. And New England knows its fruit as the Juneberry.

WIATT SMITH

MRS. B. K. PRICE writes from St. Petersburg, Fla., saying: . . . "My friend Mrs. Howard Lawrence sent me a clipping of your column from the Herald-Dispatch in regard to your visit to South Point, in which you said you could get no information about the old brick house now occupied by Mrs. Della Mills. I am the sole survivor of the family of Jeremiah Porter who built the house about the year 1864. The bricks were made right on the grounds by an old colored man by the name of Bob Brassfield. He was famous for burning brick. My father ran flatboats loaded with pig iron from Ironton and Hanging Rock to New Orleans. He would come back by steamboat to Cincinnati, then walk from there to South Point. He would bring us oranges, a great treat in those days, all the way from New Orleans. I lived in Huntington 55 years ago; later in Catlettsburg where my husband was in the grocery business for 30 years, and moved to Florida 16 years ago."

SPEAKING of names and spelling, an operative advises that all of the street markers on Artisan avenue have the avenue named spelled wrong—Artison. The same operative suggests that I delve into the history of the avenue and find how and why it was so named. The why is obvious, it having been designed as a street on which artisans would reside. How, I do not know, though it should be a simple matter to discover the history of the real estate development which featured named instead of numbered avenues, something not included in the plans of Colonel Huntington.

IT HAS been quite a good many years since I wrote verses to Jim Bullington, then the new-born son of I. N. (Nick) Bullington of the Hippodrome theatre. The Hippodrome has been gone a long time and the Bullingtons moved away in 1925. Nick, now the proprietor of a chain of sandwich shops in Roanoke and Lynchburg, Va., is in Huntington for a few days, stopping at the Frederick. Don't tell anybody, but the reason he came back was to get Dr. C. O. Tate to make him up a fresh set of store teeth. Naturally, he's renewing acquaintances—between impressions. Nick says he's getting set for the corn-on-the-cob season.

SAMUEL Hinch was born in Virginia and moved first to Kentucky and back to Cabell county, then in Virginia. He died in this county in 1830. Major Ellsworth I. Davis, United States Army, convalescing at Walter Reid Hospital in Washington, D. C., has written County Clerk F. A. Ware for possible information as to Samuel Hinch—where he was born, whom he married and

Your friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith.

EVERY person has an emotional cycle. You have one, your neighbor has one, I have one. As recently set forth here, Dr. Rexford B. Hersey of Guyandotte and the University of Pennsylvania has been quoted to that effect in Redbook magazine. Dr. Thelma V. Owen, psychiatrist, head of Huntington's Owen Clinic, has come forward to testify on the Hersey side. She says I have an emotional cycle but that—for some involved reason—I couldn't measure it. I wouldn't, even if I could. Despite testimony of scienists, I still think calomel, or maybe calomel and rhubarb, is the best treatment for an emotional low. Don't take that prescription on my say-so. See your physician, your favorite psychiatrist — or try prayer. Calomel may be good for what ails you, but it can make you mighty sick. Meanwhile, I'm awaiting opportunity to take the subject of emotional cycles up with Dr. Ichabod Erasington. He should know. Incidentally, if that old geezer has an emotional cycle it must be geared low. Through the long years of our acquaintance, I have never known him to be exuberant.

WIATT SMITH

DR. ERSINGTON came to Huntington first in 1918. I was reminded of that the other day when Squire Earl Mauck came down from Gallipolis. Squire and I were fellow-workers on the short-lived Evening Journal, an afternoon edition of The Herald-Dispatch and a good newspaper, albeit it had not long to live. Squire was amused profoundly when Dr. Ersington appeared out of nowhere to say the final word in a natural history controversy which was raging hereabouts. This had to do with a mystery animal which was inhabiting the woods and scaring the folks. Ichabod went the biggest yarn spinner one better—and that was that. Thereupon I formed an opinion which I have never had occasion to change—this being that one should not rely implicitly on what Ichabod says.

CHRISTMAS, as everybody knows, is just around the corner. There has been, so far as I have noted, little "shop early" propaganda. Nevertheless, operatives report, early shopping is more in vogue this year than ever before. I know the streets are crowded. I'm told the stores are. There is reported to be a particular rush on toy counters. Meanwhile, everybody is hoping to get nylon stockings by or before Christmas. I was raked over the coals Tuesday evening because somebody had been unable to find an afternoon paper on the stands. My complaining friend, who talked like a stand-in for Dr. Ersington, said it was because women had bought up all the papers to obtain certain nylon coupons. I tried to tell him about the newsprint shortage, but did no good. Anyway, the time is here to begin writing Santa Claus letters—and to count the shopping days till Christmas.

WORD comes from Weston that Delegate Rush D. Holt, former United States senator, is ill and has gone to the Cleveland, O., Clinic for a check-up.

7-7-38

Your Friends • by • • And Mine Wiatt Smith

NOTHING to my disappointment, the blizzard which wrought such havoc in the west and in northern Ohio appears to have missed this region. I do not believe the fruit has been hurt seriously and I know the flowers are gorgeous in their luxuriant beauty. Exhibit A in this matter is a glorious iris, the first to bloom this spring, in the garden of Dr. and Mrs. Will H. Sheffer. I . Sheffer himself came bearing it early yesterday afternoon, presenting it with the compliments of Mrs. Sheffer. And Raymond Humphreys told me of having made the first visit of the spring to his Putnam county farm. He can't get there during the winter because of road conditions. Everything was in good shape except his flower bed. Somebody had been taking his hyacinths. Inquiry disclosed that some children of the neighborhood had been taking the posies to their teacher. Mr. Humphreys also found that he had had guests in his absence. A door had been forced. Several chairs had been drawn in a circle about the kitchen stove. But nothing was missing. All the intruders had taken was shelter.

WIATT SMITH

NOT LONG ago I saw a news article about a hearing at the court house about the burning of a mill which was reported to have stood at the corner of Guyan and Water streets in Guyandotte. This puzzled me, as I remembered no such mill and my bewilderment was only eased when I read the next day that the mill in Barboursville had been the subject of the article. Since then I have wondered that there never was in my time or according to any tradition that I know, a grist mill in Guyandotte. There were mills scattered about the countryside, but seemingly none in town.

THERE was a tannery there, housed in a small brick building in the alley between Main and Richmond street. John B. Hite was the tanner. He was dead—this first John B. Hite, before I can remember, and the tannery was out of business. But many times as a child I played about the old building which had the seat of an essential industry in the years "before the war." In operation during my boyhood and youth were the Stewart woolen mill and two saw mills, one operated by T. W. Wilson and the other the West Virginia mill, owned and operated by the American Car & Foundry Co. Giles B. Drewery was the foreman and one of the leading citizens.

THE OTHER day I was asked to supply details of the legendary fining of Collis P. Huntington because his horse got on a Guyandotte sidewalk. Guyandotte people believed and possibly still believe that this was the reason Huntington was founded and Guyandotte left on the sidelines. I have heard a different story, but, since I do not particularly believe either one of them, will not tell it. The planners of Huntington had vision, as the city today attests, and they chose, to my thinking, the superior site. However, Mr. Huntington must have been fined for his horse's indiscretion, a circumstance sufficient to set a successful and choleric man forever against a community. And it is true that the legislature had to pass a law requiring the Chesapeake & Ohio to put a station at the Guyandotte end of its bridge over the Guyandotte river.

• • And Mine Wiatt Smith 12-12-42

AS PRESIDENT, U. S. Grant appointed his niece, Mrs. America Grant Browning, postmaster at St. Albans. Successors honored the Grant request that Mrs. Browning be permitted to hold the office regardless of administrative or even partisan changes. She served as long as she was physically able, through the two Democratic administrations of Grover Cleveland and perhaps even into the Wilson era before she retired because of the infirmities of old age. During this period she had as a household companion a sister, who was known as Miss Grant. Among those who well remember Mrs. Browning as postmaster of St. Albans is Dr. W. D. Hereford of Fifth Avenue. Dr. Hereford who grew up at the town at the mouth of Coal River, stopped daily at the post office for the mail of his father, a St. Albans merchant. Often Mrs. Browning called upon him to count the money she was remitting by post to Charleston or Washington. There was no bank in St. Albans. As in all such cases Mrs. Browning was required to remit in cash by post, first counting the money herself and then having a disinterested person to count it and stand ready to serve as a witness in case the remittance was lost. Apparently, the greenback laden envelopes always went through safely and it was never more than a formality to Dr. Hereford.

WIATT SMITH

S. S. (SAM) PLYMALE, circuit clerk of Wayne County, is recovering from automobile accident injuries at Memorial Hospital. Mr. Plymale sustained a fracture of his one leg, the other leg having been lost through a previous mishap . . . Nurse Myrtle Lee who until recently attended J. Ferguson Thompson, reports that Mr. Thompson is improving steadily after his long illness, and can now walk with a minimum of assistance . . . he was unconscious for many months . . . While here recently on leave from the Army Gene (Kelly) Slutz called on me. Six feet and seven inches tall, Kelly must be among the longest men in the Army. Uncle Sam's food and routine are filling him out so that he is getting to be big in proportion to his height . . . Duke Ridgley reports that he is jealous because of Ashland inquiries as to my health . . . if it's any comfort to the Old Admiral I've been thinking with envy of the superb Kentucky food he's been absorbing at those football banquets.

HISTORIC Point Pleasant which for many years remained virtually static in the matter of growth progresses in more ways than one. All are familiar with the boom at "The Point" occasioned by war industry. Now comes a letter from Osie England, general superintendent of the Mountain State Orphanage and Beulah Orphanage sponsored by the West Virginia Training School at Point Pleasant. The letter says there are "70 bright-faced orphans" in the care of unsalaried orphanage workers "in our two Faith Homes."

MRS. ROBERT H. HOGE, nee Mabel Jarrell, and daughter, Lou Ann, for whom I stood as godfather, will be in Huntington for Christmas, arriving next week from Toledo. Husband and father Bob will be here for Christmas Day. The Hoges will be guests at the Eleventh Avenue home of Mrs. Boyd Jarrell Sr. where Mrs. Hoge grew up . . . Mrs. Kathleen (Pat) Hamilton who recently left the offices of Drs. Hawes and Marple for the Army is now assistant chief nurse at the military hospital at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.

11-21-41

Your Friends . . by . . And Miss Wiatt Smith

BETTY PETIT ATKINS' "The History of Central Christian Church, Through Its Semi-Centennial," has come to me with the compliments of W. D. Keister, veteran secretary of Central Church. This Semi-Centennial, now being celebrated, is an interesting occasion, and the history of the congregation, like that of other congregations, is a cross-section of the history of Huntington. Miss Atkins has dealt with painstaking detail with the story of the upward struggle of the little group which in 1891 formed its church here. If I were inclined to pick flaws, I'd tell her that William Jennings Bryan made no speech here in 1894 and that if he had he wouldn't have drawn a corporal's guard. It was not until 1896 that he won instant fame and the Democratic presidential nomination with his "cross of gold" speech. Otherwise, the historical facts coincide with my memory, though of course there are phases of which I knew nothing at the time, notably the story of the zealous woman who tore a notice of court sale from the door of the church and sent it to an extension board in support of her plea for help. The board saw the point and advanced the cash which saved the building for its subsequent long service.

WIATT SMITH

MONTY HANSFORD writes: . . . "Your recent notes on Colonel W. J. Lampton recalls that he and I were more or less associated in New York during his later life. He has been dead many years, and his death was duly noted in various papers. We lived in Fifty-eighth street then and we used to stand and talk by the hour. He originated that wisecrack, 'It takes a lot of work in the literary life to make one end meat and the other end bread.' We were members of the old Ragged Edge Club of which Zoe Norris, another Kentuckian, was president and prime mover. She is also dead and the club, I believe, has languished and is perhaps no more. As for the Colonel, a kind gentleman of the old school, there was scarcely a magazine, newspaper or what-not in the Gay Nineties that did not print a sample of his poetic style. He was the father of all the later clever lyrics. His pen goes marching on through Guiterman, Nash, Jaffry and a lot of others who built on his foundation." . . . Thanks, Monty.

THOUGH he long had been one of the elder statesmen and business men of Huntington, there was something essentially youthful about Mott Mossman. In manner or appearance he did not grow old and he was always actively and effectively busy in his own affairs and those of Huntington, and to the city, as a builder and a booster, he contributed a great deal. Mott, as the news columns have related, died Wednesday night after a sudden and brief illness.

PAGE AND BILL PITT had Thanksgiving dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Raymond Sloan. The festive fowl of which they partook was a goose reared, or at least, fattened, on Belleacres farm, the Pitt-Sloan-Jimmy Nichols holdings on Mud River. . . . Mrs. Anna (J. J.) Donahue, the Tenth street spice merchant, is in St. Mary's Hospital with a broken hip. Her business, inherited from her husband, its founder, is one of the few of its kind anywhere. And her cheery good humor and kindly interest make her companionship as pleasant as her spices are zestful. . . . Thanksgiving eve cinema patrons included Jerry W. Dingess, the postmaster, and Jane Witcher Dingess, his granddaughter, a couple who greatly enjoy going places together.

8-10-43

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

REFERENCE here to "Jim Bledsoe" and other "Pike County Ballads" of John Hay led a reader to send for my inspection "A Treasury of Great Poems," compiled by Louis Untermeyer. The sender of the book called especial attention to "Five American Folksongs" which Mr. Untermeyer includes as being among a few American ballads that are genuinely native "as original in theme as they are racy in idiom," whereas, he says, "most American folksongs are importations." His selections are "Dixie," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Frankie and Johnny," "Casey Jones," and "John Henry." Mr. Untermeyer writes: "Among the heroes of extravagant exploits, none is greater than John Henry. This steel-driving Negro who pitted his strength against the modern steam-drill and 'died with his hammer in his hands' is a mythical American of the machine age. Many parts of the country have claimed John Henry. There are records of his prowess in a dozen states; one account in West Virginia specifically pictures him as six feet two, two hundred and thirty pounds, straight as an arrow, and 'black as a kittle in hell.'" Only the first stanza of the lyrical narrative identifies John Henry with West Virginia. This prophetic verse follows:

WIATT SMITH

"John Henry was a little baby,
Sitting on his mammy's knee,
Said 'The Big Bend Tunnel on the
C & O Road
Is gonna be the death of me,
Lawd, gonna be the death of me.'"

RECENTLY I was prevented by a previous engagement from accepting the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ferguson Thompson to their annual "Old Maids' Picnic." It has been a Thompson custom for several years, probably omitting last year when Mr. Thompson was so ill, to entertain the members of the Young Women's Christian Association at the Thompson place on Route 60. Ferguson, whose comeback is the talk of the town, revived the custom this year. On Sunday night Mr. and Mrs. Thompson entertained a smaller gathering in celebration of the wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. George Schlegel. I don't know which anniversary it was but have no doubt the party was an outstanding success . . . This must also have been true of the annual picnic of the Elks Lodge which was held Sunday at the country estate of Judge and Mrs. Ira P. Baer. Usually I have attended these picnics but nobody mentioned this year's affair to me and I suspect that was just as well.

THIS column's reference to the late Rev. J. G. (Preacher Green) McNeely of Logan led H. C. Adkins of 924 Twenty-fifth Street to telephone that he used to drive an ambulance for Preacher Green when the latter was in the undertaking business in Logan County. Mr. Adkins spoke warmly of his late employer, saying that he furnished burial service for those unable to pay and "besides that he would preach the funeral." Unhesitatingly, and without secrecy he would put the price up on friends in better circumstances, explaining that he had to do that if he was going to stay in business, and nobody kicked. Mr. Adkins grew up at the home of his grandmother, beside the falls of the Guyandotte.

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

BEING the home town of Kentucky's governor-elect, of the national stabilization director and of a member of the United States Supreme Court doesn't appear to impress Ashland over much. Perhaps, in the event of the far from impossible, the Republicans next year nominate Judge S. S. Willis for President or vice-president and the Democrats confer one honor or the other on Judge Fred N. Vinson, the Tomcats may have to take second place, giving way to politics. Just now there seems to be more interest in Tomcat Thanksgiving Day football than in the fact that on December 7 Judge Willis will be inaugurated as governor of Kentucky. As for Fred M. Vinson and Mr. Justice Stanley Reed, both seem far removed from Ashland's thinking. This, of course, may just be my impression, but I'll swear that during a couple of hours in the Park City Tuesday I heard more talk about the Tomcats than I did about the town's political distinctions.

WIATT SMITH

IT SEEMED a good idea to try to establish a Huntington claim on Judge Willis. This was hopeless, but it was disclosed that he has a Getaway, Ohio, background, which is bringing him rather close home to Huntington and many Huntingtonians. His grandfather, William Willis, left Greenbrier County in what is now West Virginia and traveled to Parkersburg, whence he came on down the Ohio and secured a farm on Leatherwood, a mile from Getaway post office. William Willis, a cousin of the Kentucky governor-elect, still owns and occupies that farm. The Willis family has many relatives on both sides of the river here. Mayor John Paull of Chesapeake, who died in office when he was 80 years old, was a first cousin of Judge Willis.

JOHN H. WILLIS, father of the governor-elect, left the farm and went to work at Vesuvius Furnace, in the Ironton vicinity. There Simeon S. Willis was born before the hard times of the early nineties made the furnace suspend. John H. Willis moved his family to a Greenup County, Kentucky, farm. The day of the charcoal furnace was done, and the Willis family never went back to live in Lawrence County. Young Sim Willis was educated in the Greenup County schools and lived at South Portsmouth, Ky. The future jurist also taught school, but doesn't recall any Huntingtonian who was his pupil. He does remember that one of his own teachers was Charles W. Blair who for many years was a conspicuous figure in the business and social life of Huntington. Judge Willis never attended law school. He read law in several offices and recalls that he received his most effective professional instruction from John D. Corns of Ironton.

KENTUCKY law doesn't give the governor much time between his election and his inauguration. Judge and Mrs. Willis are getting ready to move to Frankfort. They will not take their household goods with them, as the governor's mansion is furnished, so they plan to gather up their personal effects and with them leave Ashland for Frankfort on December 6, the eve of inauguration day. They will be joined at Christmas by their daughter and only child, Miss Sally Willis, a senior at Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, N. Y., where she is scheduled to graduate next April.

THOUGH the governor-elect derives from Lawrence County, Ohio, Mrs. Willis is a native Kentuckian and a true daughter of Boyd County. Before her marriage she was Miss Ida Lee Millis of Catlettsburg, and she was born on Bolt Fork. Her Grandfather Millis was the first county judge of Boyd.

Nov. 16, 1943.

Your Friends And Mine

. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

HAVING completed her first professional engagement, Miss Joan Hyldoft of Seventh Street will leave Cincinnati's Netherland Plaza after seven months and go to New York City to do her fancy ice skating for the patrons of the Biltmore Hotel. Her mother Mrs. E. A. Hyldoft, is with her in Cincinnati and will accompany her to New York. Mr. Hyldoft is an instructor at Central High School from which his blonde skating daughter graduated last June. At the Netherland Plaza Miss Hyldoft made such an artistic and personal success that the Queen City adopted her and she went to Atlantic City as Miss Cincinnati. In the Atlantic City competition she placed first in talent. Now 18 years old, she has every reason to look forward to many and varied triumphs.

WIATT SMITH

FLORENCE JACKSON (Mrs. Walter M.) PARKER is ill and unable to continue her work at present, but the Huntington Poetry Guild is carrying on in the name of its president and organizer. Mrs. Virginia Baker Stuart came the other evening, bringing me a copy of the fourth year book of the Huntigton Poetry Guild. As the years pass these volumes become thicker, and the 1942-43 edition has many made-in-Huntington poems. Not a few of these have appeared on the editorial page of The Herald-Dispatch, hence are familiar to the readers. The Poetry Guild is a loose-knit organization made up of persons who are striving for self-improvement as well as for self-expression. It meets weekly, except in Summer. Sessions are held at the Public Library or at homes of the members. The rolls include the names of several men, but the ladies predominate. Marshall College English teachers have often attended Guild gatherings and addressed them. Membership includes several writers whose verses have appeared in nationally circulated periodicals. Dues are nominal, new members are welcomed.

AFTER 12 years of roaming, the Erdlitz children, Robert W. Jr. and Martha Ann, again live in Huntington, the city of their birth. It has been a year since Mr. and Mrs. Bob Erdlitz brought their son and daughter back to Huntington from Gettysburg, Pa. They came to Huntington from Wisconsin as bride and groom late in 1918. He was an executive in one of the furniture plants. Leaving, they went first to Kankakee, Ill., where they spent several years before going on to Gettysburg. Bob didn't like it in the Pennsylvania city, so when he had opportunity to join forces with the Huntington Furniture Corp., he lost no time in saying yes. The Erdlitz home is at 42 Ridgewood Drive.

DEATH of Mrs. William M. Prindle, whose funeral service is to take place at Trinity Episcopal Church at 1 P. M. today, recalled to me the days when the Prindle brothers, Will and Rube, operated the big Prindle Bros. furniture store, first on Third Avenue and afterward on Fourth Avenue where Gallaher's is today. That structure, originally known as the Prickett Building, then became the Prindle Building. To those whose recollections go further back than mine, Mrs. Prindle's passing recalled the restaurant which her father, John Albert Snell, operated on Ninth Street, about where Frank Honaker now his his store. It was a popular and probably a fashionable restaurant in the late eighties. H. E. Mathews, whose father ran the Florentine Hotel at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Ninth Street, tells me he often ate at Snell's, where the food was "right tasty." The Florentine served good meals, too.

HAVING read here of the recent retirement of Miss Lillian Isbell after many years as a teacher in the Marshall laboratory school, Miss Anna E. Harris, retired head of the department of English at what was then Huntington High School, wrote from Stockton, Calif., to compare notes with Miss Isbell. She said that while she did not mow the lawn as Miss Isbell does she, waters it. Incidentally, Miss Isbell has had at least one Huntington offer for her services as a grass cutter. She said she might consider this but she refused emphatically to enter into an advance contract for snow shovels. She continues to enjoy her leisure in Huntington and thinks little of the heat, especially since she had heard from her nephew, Captain Mal Murray, Jr. that it's often 120 degrees in India where he is stationed. Captain Murray, an air service pilot who used to drive commercial passenger planes daily between his home in Dallas, Tex., and Kansas City, Mo., has been decorated both with the Army Air Medal and the Distinguished Flying Cross. Captain Murray was born in Huntington. While on the subject of Army air men let me report that Captain Don Ritter with the air forces in England has been advanced from first lieutenant to his present rank.

WIATT SMITH

THIS afternoon Miss Isbell will take time out from her lawn mowing and other household chores and go with other members of the Current History Club to see Mrs. Albert Roussel who has invited them to be her guests at an informal reception at the Hotel Governor Cabell. Mrs. Roussel, whose home is at Camden, O., and who is visiting her brother, A. M. Whitaker and Mrs. Whitaker at 1220 Enslow Boulevard, was the first to serve as vice-president of the Huntington Woman's Club. Mrs. Morton Wortham Sloan was the first president and when she became president of the West Virginia Federation of Woman's Clubs Mrs. Sloan resigned the Huntington post and Mrs. Roussel succeeded her. Mrs. Roussel had been interested and active in women's club work before she and Mr. Roussel came to Huntington in 1902. Mr. Roussel was an artist employed by D. E. Abbot & Co. and he and his wife first rented an apartment from Mrs. R. A. Jack at the Rev. Richard Valentine home on Third Avenue and later built their own residence on Washington Avenue. Mrs. Roussel's enthusiasm for women's club work communicated itself to Miss Maria Ware. Miss Ware, Mrs. George Cory Adams interested other young women of Huntington and together they formed the Current History Club which several years ago celebrated its thirtieth anniversary. It has always been an active organization but of its original members only Mrs. Adams and Miss Isbell remain on the roster.

A WIDOW, the woman whose influence led to the formation of the Current History Club is known officially as Mrs. Anna W. Roussel. She is a writer whose verse has been published in numerous anthologies but she has devoted much time and effort to the promotion of international good will. As a member of the League of Nations Association she visited Geneva, Switzerland, where, she says, a great work has been carried on by an organization which is not dead though it is perforce dormant because of the current world conflict. Through the years she has often visited at her brother's home in Huntington and has never become a stranger here. Her present visit will be concluded early next week when she will go to Washington, D. C., to engage in current efforts for post-war planning, looking toward permanent peace.

OPINION that the date reported here as that of the death of C. Russell Christian, the "Mountain Bard," was too early was expressed yesterday by Ira Brumfield. Mr. Brumfield, a retired Chesapeake & Ohio engineer, is sure the Logan poet died later than 1889. He remembers Mr. Christian well. More immediately interesting to me were his reminiscences of Admiral S. Fry, a man I knew as proprietor of the National Hotel in Guyandotte. Mr. Brumfield remembered him first as a partner of Allen Brumfield, his father, in business at a point in Lincoln county which later came to be known as Fry. In Guyandotte, we spoke of Mr. Fry as the Colonel. Mr. Brumfield calls him Major, and has the impression that he really served as a major during the war of the sixties. By trade he was a loommaker and wheelwright and he worked actively until a fire destroyed his shop. Then he decided to move to town to educate his children. Afterwards he built the National Hotel—so long ago that my memory of the workers clearing the ground for the structure seems like a dream. Mr. Fry was mortally wounded by saferobbers upon whom he came one night as they were opening the safe in his hotel office. 5-4-38

WIATT SMITH

MR. BRUMFIELD stopped many times at the National when he was in Guyandotte on "timber runs." That meant he came as a member of a crew of raftsmen. The timber owners would keep their crews in town until they sold their rafts, paying their expenses, of course. A run in the river was a great occasion in Guyandotte. The town would be filled with visitors and some of them were anything but sedate. Mountain boys on a holiday, they made the most of their opportunity. The town marshal was a busy man on such occasions, but if there ever was any really serious trouble, I don't recall hearing of it.

WITH advancing manhood Ira Brumfield came to Huntington and took orders for enlarged pictures. The profits were handsome. Later, after Dr. H. A. Brandebury had pulled him through a severe siege of typhoid fever, he went with the Chesapeake & Ohio and in due time became an engineman. He lived at Portsmouth, which he still calls home, though he is stopping indefinitely in Huntington.

FROM Ashland comes a missive, signed, "A Daily Reader," enclosing a clipping from this column in which there was a reference to P. M. T. F. Barr who once had operated the Red Light saloon on Second avenue. "In back yonder days," says my Kentucky correspondent, "this same Mr. Barr had a bar in Coal Valley, now Montgomery. We kids made our pocket money selling bottles, one cent for half-pints, two cents for pints. Mr. Barr was the best market—occasionally he'd give us a thin beer. One day I asked him what all the letters stood for and very proudly he answered—'Philip Matthew Thomas Franklin.' Some day when you are in Charleston, ask Jack Shea—he doubtless remembers him." For that matter I encountered a man here the other day who remembered that Mr. Barr often told his customers that his initials signified that he was the "Poor Man's True Friend."

MEANWHILE, I have been turned aside from two assignments. One was from Lawyer Joe W. Dingess who wants to know the species of a beautiful tree now flowering outside the windows of the county clerk's office. I was on my way to see that tree when Miss Virginia Ranson told me I might better go and inspect the school milk, ex-

11-5-39

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

AS CHILDREN in Guyandotte Lee Blume and Selma Moffett lived on Main Street across the alley from each other. They grew up and married and went away. Many years had passed since I had any word of them. But one day last week John G. Ricketts told how he and his wife, Ruth Bay Ricketts, had met Lee and Selma Blume in Houston, Tex., and been entertained in the Blume home there. Mr. and Mrs. Ricketts and John Jr. are at the Frederick while on their annual Autumn visit to Huntington. They will leave shortly for the South.

WIATT SMITH

LOAN or gift of a used wheel chair for a little girl patient at the Huntington Orthopedic Hospital, is being sought through Mrs. D. G. (Gladys Wigner) Hughes, who telephoned me about it. Her information is that the little paralysis victim, a state case, probably never will be able to get about except in a wheel chair. Mrs. Hughes has the impression that there are idle wheel chairs in Huntington attics and storage rooms and she will be glad to hear from anyone able and willing to supply the young sufferer's need.

A RELIEF problem of a different sort is presented by Jesse N. Smith, Huntington district engineer for the State Road Commission. More than a week ago, schoolboy neighbors of the J. N. Smith household at 1121 Tenth Avenue, found a crippled red bird, or cardinal. The bird is young, hatched this year, but would be ready to fly if it were not for an injured wing. After taking it in care, Mr. Smith improvised a shelter to protect it, as he expresses it, "from the carnivori" and hoped that it would soon get well and fly away. It has improved, but with a running start, can only raise itself six inches off the ground. The wing joint is injured and Mr. Smith fears it will never mend satisfactorily without expert attention, for which he does not know where to look. If anyone is capable of healing the bird and restoring it to the air, he hopes that person will come forward. Otherwise, he thinks some zoological garden might like to give the young cardinal a permanent home.

EXPERT kidders have been talking to me about last week's prediction of Indian Summer sunshine. Truly, the life of an amateur weather prophet is hard, especially when the forecast proves just half true. Since its appearance in the column, fair days and cloudy have alternated. But I'm still hoping for Indian Summer . . . In back yonder days, a certain central West Virginia county, recalls J. V. Tulley of Charleston, was aware that in one mountain community several couples were practicing unlawful cohabitation. In other words, they were living in sin. Normally, such without benefit of clergy, cases were regarded tolerantly, but in this particular county, a reform wave developed. It was reported on good authority that an approaching grand jury would make an example of one outstanding offender. Shortly before court day the old man went to the court house, where he applied for and secured a marriage license. This evidence of repentance impressed the prosecuting attorney so that no indictments were sought. After the grand jurors had been dismissed, the unregenerate old sinner mailed his marriage license back to the county clerk, first writing on it the notation which is usually written on unproductive writs of attachment, "No property found."

3-11-32

Your Friends . . by . . . And Mine, Wiatt Smith

AS IS well known, Editor Jim Clendenin was ever ready to help and encourage a young writer. This won him friends, like Mrs. Anna M. Burke, whom he had never seen. Aspiring poets were included, and he wrote encouraging letters to Miss Edna Mae Maxwell of 308 Third street, Guyandotte, when she "felt like writing poetry was a useless, thankless task." Now her first book of verse has been accepted by a New York publisher and should be off the presses this summer. After Jim's death Miss Maxwell wrote me. In the course of her letter she said: . . . "There are many of us young writers who owe what we are making ourselves to the fine understanding and faith of Jim Clendenin. He helped us with cheering words, careful and kind criticisms. We who wrote him so often will miss him. Kate Douglas Wiggin once wrote: . . . 'There are some who possess the magic touch, the infectious spirit of enthusiasm, who have the same effect as a beautiful morning that never reaches noon; under this spell, one's mind is braced, one's spirit recreated; one is ready for any adventure, even if it is only the doing of the next distasteful task—lightheartedly.' . . . This describes Jim Clendenin so well I thought it might lighten the heaviness in your heart at this time."

WIATT SMITH

MISS MAXWELL then turned to a lighter vein, telling me something of her background, so I would know whom she was. It was quite sufficient as an introduction to say she was the granddaughter of the late Perry Adkins of Guyandotte, and the daughter of the former Miss Lucy Adkins. "If you'll recall," she wrote, "my grandfather was sometimes referred to as Preacher Perry because he was a Methodist minister." . . . Yes, young lady, and I remember him before that, when he and I were fellow employes of a lumber concern and he had not gone in for preaching nor I for letters . . . He was a quiet and orderly young fellow then, but I did not suspect him of ministerial ambitions.

CONCLUDING her letter, Miss Maxwell told of her last visit to Murphy's drugstore during the lifetime of James Murphy . . . at least the last time she saw him, and how they talked then of Preacher Perry Adkins . . . Then she added: . . . "Here's one on you . . . The other morning I was over at George Flowers' barbershop. Mr. (H. C.) Everett came in as usual to see the morning paper. (I'm going to have to take that up with him; how does he expect us newspaper fellows to live?) He asked Mr. Flowers if he had 'read the paper up' or had he saved him some reading on it? Mr. Flowers gave him the paper, he retired to a corner and sat down to read. Mr. Flowers told him there was nothing new in it. Mr. Everett read briefly, then said: 'Well, guess you are right. Might as well turn the page and see what Wiatt's telling on us this morning.' Told that you hadn't mentioned them in that column, Mr. Everett said, 'It's a wonder he didn't because Wiatt usually keeps up with us Guyandotte folks. Yep, he's one boy that hasn't forgotten he was Guyandotte born and bred.'"

IN HIS weekly letter to fellow-members, Frank P. Swan, secretary of the Rotary Club, pays eloquent tribute to Jim Clendenin, "a good Rotarian," and includes a reproduction of Jim's last luncheon ticket, signed in his familiar hand . . . Most considerately, he sent me the ticket itself . . . It was a "no luncheon" ticket . . . Jim never could accustom himself to eating anything other than breakfast at that time of day . . . and he ate his breakfast at home.

NEWS that Ralda, Huntington's first Seeing-Eye dog, was or had been sick, took me to Tourist Row on Fifth avenue and Mrs. E. M. Hampton's tourist home, where I called on C. M. Berridge, Ralda's owner. Ralda had been sick, drooping severely, but Dr. C. L. Poindexter restored her to health with only a half-day's loss of her invaluable services to her sightless master. Together only a few weeks, man and dog now go everywhere together—"anywhere I wish," was the way Mr. Berridge expressed it. Mrs. Hampton, originally Miss Beatrice Wilson, and her sister, Mrs. M. F. Leonard, nee Stella Wilson, operate tourist homes, one door apart, in the five-hundred block on Fifth avenue. Daughters of R. Stephen Wilson—of the Burlington Wilsons—both taught in Lawrence county, Ohio schools. Beatrice first married J. C. Riley, an Ironton lawyer who died in 1913. Her second husband, now dead also, was E. M. Hampton, of Catlettsburg, a grandson of William Hampton, the original settler from whom Hampton City took its name. Mrs. Leonard's husband, long a practicing attorney and at times a member of the legislature, died at his home here several years ago. The ladies gave me the cheerful news that their cousin, William B. Wilson, lately critically ill at Los Angeles, is up and about again.

HISTORIES of communities, like those of individuals, often are shaped by decisions which seem unimportant at the time of their making. For instance, Huntington might well have been one of the great centers of the automobile industry had a young inventor been able to interest even a little capital in his enterprise. As it was, J. Walter Hambrick designed his "Gray Goose" automobile and had it built—just one car—in the Ingram & O'Neill machine shop. He drove it about the city, much to the wonderment of the populace and there is extant a picture which proves its design to have been far ahead of the time. I know nothing of his efforts to secure financial backing, but have heard that such efforts were made and proved fruitless. Anyway, the Gray Goose never had a sister car, and what Otto Stettler believes "may have been Huntington's greatest opportunity," like Christmas, just came and went. These thoughts arise from the approach of the birthday of Thomas O'Neill. Mr. O'Neill, whom I believe to be Huntington's dean of active business men, from the standpoint of continuous activity here, will become 80 years old on Wednesday, June 23. His health is good and his friends expect him to remain many years as president and active head of the Thomas O'Neill Machine Shop Inc., which carries on the industry which he founded in association with George Ingram, who died many years ago.

WIATT SMITH

MAIL intended for Captain R. W. Coplin, Medical Corps, U. S. Army, must be addressed to the 150th Infantry, APO 827, in care of the postmaster at New Orleans, La. In a letter which I have just received, Captain Coplin doesn't say where he is, but a great many Huntingtonians imagine themselves aware of the whereabouts of the [illegible] Infantry. That's the regiment [illegible] own Huntington National

6-21-

40

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

OHIO'S Lawrence County comes in for a share in the triumph of Governor-elect S. S. Willis of Kentucky. Judge Willis was born at Vesuvius Furnace, near Ironton, but was rather young when the family moved to Greenup County, Kentucky, where the boy who was destined to become governor of the Blue Grass state grew up. Sim Willis went to school in Greenup and read law in the offices of well known Greenup practicioners. A former member of the Kentucky court of appeals as well as a notably successful lawyer, he has justified the old-fashioned method of studying for the bar. Now that conditions have changed to a vast extent, it doesn't seem dangerous to forecast that he will be the last of the lawyers trained as he was, to become governor of Kentucky. While he was a candidate, in the primaries and as the Republican nominee, he was seeking the public. Now, with his election conceded, he is learning that the life of a successful candidate is not all peaches and cream. I have had no word from him on the subject, but have no doubt that people, especially patronage hungry Kentucky Republicans, are seeking him. Certainly, he and Mrs. Willis have been away from their Ashland home most of the week.

WIATT SMITH

INQUIRY of Mrs. D. G. Hughes for a used wheel chair for a little girl patient at Huntington Orthopedic Hospital led Mrs. O. H. Willis and Mrs. Charles R. Hamilton to remember, and contribute, a chair that had been their mother's. This chair was put away many years ago, but Mrs. Addie Rollyson, the nurse who began the search through Mrs. Hughes, took upon herself the task of refurbishing it. Soon it will be devoted to the use of the young polio victim for whom it was sought. This gift made it unnecessary to accept the much appreciated proffered loan of a chair belonging to R. A. Ferguson. Original user of the gift chair was Mrs. J. N. Eskey who lived in Guyandotte in my boyhood. Later, she and her family moved to Virginia. Her husband, a Chesapeake & Ohio shopman, was a leader of the Socialist party in West Virginia, which once, at least, nominated him for governor.

FRIDAY, November 12, is the thirty-seventh anniversary of the opening of the Hotel Frederick, in 1906. My attention to the anniversary was called by John Rau, of the Frederick barber shop, last survivor of those who moved from the old Florentine to managerial posts at the new hotel. Others were R. L. (Dick) O'Neal, the hotel manager, and George von der Haar, who owned and operated the bar. Afterward, while still operating the Frederick, Mr. O'Neal assumed the management of the Virginian, then a new hotel at Lynchburg, Va. John Rau owned the barbership there, too, and George Rinsling went from the Huntington shop to manage it. Mr. Rau long ago sold his Lynchburg holdings, but when last I heard, George Rinsling was still there.

MR. AND MRS. D. BYRD GWINN aren't going to be ready to celebrate their golden wedding in 1944, as this column said by inference yesterday. It was in 1904—not 10 years earlier—that they married and went to live at the boarding house of the Misses Goen on Third Avenue. It might have been several days before I learned of this mistake had it not been for John Paul Henderson, now a 32-year man at the Chesapeake & Ohio shops. Mr. Henderson read the paragraph and knew the date was wrong but that it had been later than that, while he was an office boy for the Ensign Mfg. Co. (ACF) that Miss Clara Goen and Miss Lucy Goen came from Ashland to Huntington and were matrons at Marshall College. Later, as he pointed out, they leased or otherwise secured the Dr. A. J. Beardsley home on Third Avenue between Eleventh and Twelfth Streets and started what was to become a boarding house. Come to think of it, I added that 10 years to the ages of several other friends, too, and Mrs. Gwinn said, when, Mr. Henderson having finally convinced me I was wrong, I telephoned her, that I was in bad standing in several quarters.

WIATT SMITH

E. K. MERCEREAU, the tie dealer, who formerly had dealt in lumber and staves and perhaps continued to do so even then, and Mrs. Mercereau left the Goen boarding house as did the other members of the "henpeck set" and went to housekeeping in a flat in the older of the two Molter buildings. Mr. Henderson was then just completing his trade as a plumber in the shop of his brother-in-law Frank P. Bockway. The Mercereaus didn't like the old-fashioned bathtub in their flat and engaged Mr. Bockway to replace it with a porcelain tub. Frank told John Henderson that if he would he could make extra money by installing that work after hours. Mr. Henderson, himself newly married, took his bride with him in the evening to the Mercereau flat and she watched while he worked. Mr. Mercereau asked anew the young plumber's name and was told John Paul Henderson. The tie dealer then recalled that he had been well acquainted with a John Paul who was a conductor on the Ashland division of the Chesapeake & Ohio. "He was my brother-in-law and I happened to be named for him," said Mr. Henderson. That broke the ice and before the plumber and his wife left, Mrs. Mercereau served tea and cakes. But this story has gotten ahead of itself. The bathtub which was replaced was one of the early-type, copper lined, with wainscoted sides.

MR. HENDERSON is the only man I remember having known who was named for his brother-in-law to whom his sister Nora had been married some years before his birth. Mrs. Nora Henderson Paul is living in Huntington. Captain Paul has been dead a number of years. John Paul Henderson, by the way, is the father of my young friend Jack Henderson, who is attached to the Army Medical Division at Fort Knox. Jack is an Army veteran now, having joined up with the regulars months before selective service was instituted.

M. C. (MOTE) SHAWKEY, eldest son and namesake of the late Dr. M. P. Shawkey and himself a well known figure in the baseball world, is in town for a few days visiting with his brother, Attorney Leonard Shawkey, who is thinking about going away to war. Mote said his own plans were uncertain—in the light of possible military service. . . P. S. Joe Kelly isn't in the Army. It was his brother Gilmore I was telling about yesterday.

11-11-41

Your Friends And Mine
. . by Wiatt Smith . .

THOUGH embroidered with legend, the fact that members of the James gang robbed the bank of Huntington in 1875 remains. There has never been any serious contention that Jesse James was here, but many have believed that Frank James did take part in tht holding up of the bank which was on Third Avenue near Twelfth street in a building which is still standing. Dr. F. F. Farnsworth at Milton uses in his office some of the fixtures which came from the old bank. Jesse James was a heroic figure to the America of his day, a truth attested by the following which is quoted from Demorest's Monthly Magazine for June, 1882: . . . "How curiously inconsistent is human nature! If there is one crime which more than another inspires fear and disturbs the peace of the community, it is that of open robbery with its accompaniment of occasional murder. Yet in every age and in all climes, the robber outlaw has been an object of interest, if not of admiration. . . . The popular ballads of England celebrate the virtues of Robin Hood, and one of the popular operas recently played in New York is based upon the doings of the handsome robber and murderer, one Claude Duval, who flourished in the time of Charles II. But we need not go back to history to meet cases of appreciation of the redhanded highwayman.

WIATT SMITH

"JESSE JAMES," continues Demorest's editorialist, "one of the most daring and successful robbers ever known, was recently killed by a man named Ford, one of his own gang, who did the murder to get the reward of $10,000 offered by Governor Crittenden of Missouri. James and his brother have for years been the head of an organization of desperate robbers. Their exploits were really marvelous, and that they should have lived so long in a civilized community without being brought to justice is incomprehensible. The funeral showed how strong a hold the exploits of this robber had taken on the imagination of the people of the country in which he lived. Thousands of friends and mourners were present at the obsequies, respectable citizens officiated as pallbearers, even the sheriff and one of his assistants acted in that capacity. The man was not without his good traits; he would murder and rob without compunction, but he was true to his kindred, he loved his wife and children, and held his mother in honor. No doubt the time will come when this Missouri highwayman will take his place among the Rob Roys and the Captain Macheaths of the melodrama. Jesse James was a murderous ruffian, but he had courage, address and skill, and the kind of faculty which would have made him an admirable partisan in war times. Indeed, he developed his talent for desperate enterprises at the head of a band of Confederate freebooters during the war."

AFTER holding up the Bank of Huntington, of which Robert T. Oney was cashier, the James gang robbers mounted their horses and dashed for the Kentucky hills, carrying with them several thousand dollars in loot. They were pursued by the sheriff and a posse, overtaken, engaged in battle and captured. All the money was restored to the bank and I have the impression that at least one of the robbers was brought back here for trial. For all of that, Jesse and Frank James were popular heroes, and there is a persistent legend that, after his brother's death, Frank James settled down to a life of respectability in Wayne county, West Virginia.

. . And Mine. Wiatt Smith 7-20-43.

UPON having read that Jesse Stuart had resigned his school principal's job at Greenup, Ky., I imagined a clash between the creative genius of "The Man With a Bullongue Plow," and a matter-of-fact board of education. As has often been the case, I was wrong. There was no falling out between Jesse and the school board. The clash which led to the Stuart resignation was one of the Kentcky author's own interests. He found he had to choose between the school and his beloved W-Hollow farm—and the farm won. Jesse is doing his bit toward the production of wartime food, and farm tasks now keep him busy early and late. How much time he has for writing, I don't know—perhaps he'll let that wait till Winter. In any event his newest book is lately from the presses and has won for Mr. Stuart the $1,500 Jefferson Memorial award. Incidentally, Editor Raymond Brewster of The Herald-Dispatch suggested the title for this book—"Taps for Private Tussie."

WIATT SMITH

DURING the eighteen-sixties, while the war of secession was raging, there came to Catlettsburg, Ky., from the lower Mississippi, a huge steamboat called the Jacob Straitor. So large was the Straitor that she had to nose into the mouth of the Big Sandy in order to turn about and slide into the Catlettsburg wharf with her bow pointed down the Ohio. She had come for Federal soldiers, a large contingent of whom were marched aboard. And as the boat steamed into the river the bluecoats swarmed to the lea rail to wave farewell to Gate City friends. Consequently, the Straitor lurched and seemed likely to capsize. Heeding the orders of frantic officers, the soldiers left the rail and rushed in a body to the rail opposite, thus repeating a dangerous move. Presently, however, the weight was distributed evenly, and the Jacob Straitor left these waters with her human freight. I doubt if she ever returned. It seems a safe assumption that some of those soldiers never did.

THE story of the Jacob Straitor was related to me at the week end by one who as a Catlettsburg schoolboy witnessed the incident. He is Benjamin Garrett Chapman, now 91 years old, who was born in Lawrence County, Ky., and lives with his daughter Mrs. Sarah Reak at Dickson at the Falls of Twelve Pole. He was born March 13, 1852. Three weeks later his mother, a sister of the Rev. Dolliver Garrett, died. His father, William Floyd Chapman, was a double cousin of the late Mayor Floyd S. Chapman of Huntington. Mr. Chapman, who came to Huntington to see B. C. and C. C. McGinnis, nephews of his late wife, and was brought to my house by Clarence McGinnis, has been a man of many activities. He was notably successful as a timberman on Twelve Pole; as an emergency foreman he helped build the Norfolk & Western railroad. He feels that he was born to be a physician and surgeon, not only because a phrenologist once told him so, but because he has shown the surgical and medical knack.

WHEN he was 10 years old he had lung fever—pneumonia, I suppose. He has not had a sick day since. Once he broke an ankle, or rather a leg bone just above the ankle, and reduced the fracture himself, whittling splints from cedar sticks. He is a churchman, a moderate user of chewing tobacco and a teetotaler as far as alcoholic beverages are concerned. In his timbering days, he used to take a nip of brandy after a wetting, but he was never a social drinker. For 70 years Mr. Chapman has been a

10-13-41

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

BITTER wine of iron was a bitter dose for many a reluctant patient in the back yonder days. Insofar as I know, I never took any of it, though I may have. Most of the liquid preparations which came out of Dr. Dabney's satchel were bitter. These nostrums were bottled and from the bottles, poured into teaspoons and thence administered to youngsters whose howling protests were subdued by the nose-holding process. The iron tonic I remember was known as "iron, quinine and strychnine," and it may be this was followed by bitter wine of iron. Anyway, the latter, has fallen into disuse or, at least, out of favor. I doubt if drug stores carry it. Frank C. Duerson, Mt. Sterling, Ky., druggist, told me he had not had a call for it in 30 years and Huntington's Dr. Ira Clay Hicks says it has been 25 or 30 years since he prescribed it. Prior to that, it had been in quite general use as a tonic.

WIATT SMITH

BITTER wine of iron had—still has—a Latin name, and it was in the classic language that it was designated on a glass inset plate on the face of the bottle which sat, with other Latin inscribed bottles, on the apothecary shelves of the old-fashioned drug store. These bottles have gone, most of them, into the discard, or I know not where. But on a recent visit to Mt. Sterling, Ky., I went to make purchases in Mr. Duerson's drug store. Outspoken admiration of Mr. Duerson's 100-year-old cherry prescription case, led me into further conversation and to his descent to the basement whence he produced one of the old apothecary's bottles which had contained bitter wine of iron. This I carried away as a gift—a gift soon to be transferred to one who appreciates such things even more than I do. I shan't mind seeing it about, but I'd hate to have to take a dose of bitter wine of iron.

PARAGRAPHS appearing here recently and dealing with the Sweetland Bros. store at Hamlin brought indignant snorts from Jerry W. Dingess. Our best-known postmaster, who grew up at Hamlin or thereabouts, protested that I had Lewis R. Sweetland in business at Barboursville at a too early age. I had written that John and Lewis Sweetland first operated their store in the then Cabell county seat during the war of the sixties. Mr. Dingess offered the correctional information that the founder of the business was Isaac Van Meter Sweetland, father of John and Lewis, and that it was he who moved the store to Hamlin in 1867; also that Sweetland Bros. did not succeed to the ownership and operation of the business until about 1890. He concedes that the Sweetland store is as old as reported.

NEARING completion is the home of Mrs. Marie Shepard Yost, a one-story marvel of comfort and convenience to the left (going out) of the Eighth street road, some five miles from town. One takes a side road to get to "Huckleberry Knob," and there, when the winter winds blow, Marie, her mother, Mrs. Annie Shepard, and the Yost Irish terriers will spend, I have no doubt, pleasant and undisturbed evenings before a bright wood fire.

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

RECENTLY someone inquired why this column did not say something about Daniel Boone. I know of no record or tradition that the great frontiersman ever was here, but he must have visited the region in course of his excursions from Kentucky to the Kanawha Valley. Hardesty's History, a work that is often more romantic than accurate, relates that after land title troubles in Kentucky, Daniel Boone, then 55 years old, "returned with his family to Virginia, making his residence in Mason County, at Point Pleasant, which settlement was then made up of the fort and a few log cabins. Soon afterward, he moved to the South side of the Kanawha, four miles from the present city of Charleston and half a mile from the noted hot spring, just opposite the present Daniel Boone and Snow Hill salt furnaces. (This volume of Hardesty's History was published in 1884). His house was a double log one with a passage between and a porch in front, all under one roof. In 1791 he was elected with George Clendenin to represent Kanawha County in the Legislature. In the first military organization of the county, October 6, 1789, Thomas Lewis was appointed colonel and Daniel Boone lieutenant colonel . . . In the Fall of 1798 Daniel Boone left the Kanawha Valley for Missouri, much to the regret of the whole community, who gathered from far and near, in canoes, on horseback and on foot to bid him Godspeed and a final adieu. He left by water, in canoes, with the main part of his family and worldly goods, embarking from the mouth of the Elk River." Inescapably, this water-borne caravan passed the site of what was to be Guyandotte and Huntington, but, as has been said, I know of no record that he stopped here.

WIATT SMITH

THAT 60-year-old Hardesty History contains a map of Cabell County which puts little emphasis on Huntington. Guyandotte and Barboursville get almost as much space, individually, as was allotted to the new town which already was decidedly the county metropolis. Milton, also, comes in for generous treatment and the map shows a mud island of which I do not remember of having heard.

OLD books frequently are used as the repository for newspaper clippings and other memoranda. The Hardesty History, lent by Hamlin friends, is no exception. One clipping which interests me, says: "Notice—small boys are hereby warned not to loaf in my saloon or come about it unless sent on business. I mean just what I say and I intend that they shall keep out. Wm. Jones." There is nothing to identify the paper from which the clipping was taken, but an accompanying item indicates that it must have been a Lincoln County publication. Certainly, Mr. Jones' "notice" proves that juvenile delinquency is no recent invention. However, some acts which now brand a youngster as delinquent were not then regarded as heinous. Note that Saloonist Jones says "unless sent on business." Probably it was quite all right if Junior went to the saloon for a growler of beer to take home or even a jug of liquor for his dad.

HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTING

6-27-36

YOUR FRIENDS AND MINE

by Wiatt Smith

BEFORE federal regulation laid its restricting influence on railroad managements, the private cars of executives and big stockholders were regarded by the public, at least, as playthings. The rail executives went places and took their friends with them. The so-called private car still has its glamour for the fellow on the street, but to the railroad man it is now an office car and its use is almost exclusively utilitarian. Some executives shy away from them and others, when using one, refer to it as "a car," rather than "my car" as their predecessors were wont to say. Guests can be and often are accommodated, but full fare and Pullman charge to boot must be paid for each—by somebody. Of all of which I was reminded when I had recent occasion to call on John W. Davin, assistant to the president of the Chesapeake & Ohio on office car No. 30, then on siding at the Huntington station. Office car No. 30, in finish and appointments, is true to the luxury tradition. One of the most interesting facts about it is that it was built at the coach department of the Huntington shops. President Bernet assigned the task to the department when depression was at its depths and he was keeping as much as possible of his work in the company's plants. I wont try to describe it, but the kitchen is done in monel metal. Solid steel interior panellings are grained to perfect imitation of wood.

WIATT SMITH

* * *

YESTERDAY'S references to the historic Florentine Hotel omitted at least one essential, in the opinion of Dr. Charles Morris Hawes. He telephoned to say that he ate his first meal in Huntington in the Florentine dining room and will never forget that the urbane and cordial head waiter, Ike Newton, met him at the door and escorted him to his seat. His impression wasn't that of a country boy coming to town, for he had been away to college and to medical school and knew his way around. The Florentine had an air of distinction worthy of a place much bigger than the Huntington of its day. Ike Newton, the headwaiter who greeted young Dr. Hawes, is still in active service—at the Elks' Club.

* * *

FARMERS are driving through Huntington to the Ohio river for water. At least, so an operative tells me, one trailer went to the hills yesterday with three oil drums filled from the river. The drought is serious, almost sickening. Gardens are burned to a crisp, even some of the most experienced cultivators having thrown up their hands in dispair. Almost every day there are signs of rain, but that is the end of it. I wonder what has become of the spirit which, when drought beset earlier generations brought whole communities together—to pray for rain.

. . And Mine

Wiatt Smith 10-20-41

VIEWED from the Madison avenue fill, the red lights of the WSAZ transmitter station are impressive . . . add to Huntington's citified tone . . . and here's a good word for the street marking program, now far advanced . . . Even so, we mustn't get puffed up. Mrs. John (Marian Yost) Shute, here from Nashville, Tenn., because of the illness and death of her Grandmother Shepard, says she knows of no other place afflicted with "Huntington's peculiar brand of jaywalking." This, she explained, is the practice of pedestrians of crossing streets and avenues on the green lights. She did it, too, when she lived here, but testifies that she learned better quickly, one effective step in the cure transpiring when a Lexington, Ky., policeman blew his whistle at her. Personally, I'm trying hard to remember to wait until the light is right before I cross—but sometimes I forget. Certainly, pedestrians have a big share in the responsibility for traffic safety.

WIATT SMITH

JUST a week ago this morning, I wrote here of the new Ben Lomond home which promises winter enjoyment for Marie Shepard Yost and her mother. Mrs. Shepard was not fated to sit before that wood fire. Though her heart and mind were youthful, she had grown old so that she died Saturday night from illness which had developed on the preceding Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. John C. Shepard came to Huntington from Gallipolis where he had been a leading merchant. As a young man he had traveled for Shillito out of Cincinnati, his territory including the Kentucky Blue Grass section where he met and married Annie Laurie Mannen. I do not remember him well, if at all, but Mrs. Shepard was one of my deeply prized friends.

IN THE back yonder days it was supposed to be unlawful to possess, much less to hunt with ferrets. Maybe there wasn't any such law, but the people believed there was, just as they believe today that "it's a penitentiary offense to hit a man who is wearing spectacles. Now, I am told, the state licenses ferrets at .75 cents a year each, the money being a registration fee. This information came from E. O. Smith who lives in the country back of Proctorville and who was in Huntington last week with a consignment of ferrets for a customer whom he did not name. Mr. Smith raises ferrets for the trade. When I saw him the other day he recalled how we together delivered the message that the Proctorville fire engine was needed in Huntington because the Adelphi Hotel was burning and the water works had broken down. That was in 1901 but we two Smiths, Proctorville and Guyandotte, but not related, are still somewhat burned up because Huntington papers credited the carrying of that message to Jack Bingham.

SOME Huntington paper—long after that Jack Bingham incident—had a columnist who called himself N. Quad. Strangely, it seems to me, I do not recall this feature nor who its conductor was, but it was in existence in 1915. This was proved by my receipt in an unmarked envelope from Charleston of a Town Topics clipping—a eulogy on my Uncle Tom Wiatt who died at Christmas time in that year, of whom N. Quad said: . . . "There was never a time when he did not seek out the bedside of the sick or stand at the bier of the bereaved. His was a familiar face where there was distress and

45

And Mine

Wiatt Smith 9-25-48

AMONG THE enthusiastic advertisers of back yonder Huntington was John A. Jones, the music dealer. Mr. Jones used newspaper space and he also used what has come to be known as outdoor advertising in a big way. Throughout the country side his signs appeared, John A. Jones, pianos and organs, with painted pictures of those familiar instruments and sometimes with those of human players. Mr. Jones' store was in the 900 block of Third avenue, on the north side. One of his principal assistants was Foster Templeton. Indeed, I think Mr. Templeton was the principal assistant. Perhaps he was a partner. John A. Jones sold many pianos and organs and it is probably that many of these are still in existence and in use, though not a few of them went out with the flood of 1937. After that inundation there were numerous porches which held the ruins of pianos.

WIATT SMITH

BESIDES LOOKING after his own affairs, Mr. Jones gave much time and effort to civic matters. He was interested in the city school system and was for a time a member of the board of education. His leadership in the educational movement was recognized when a school was given his name. Jones School was on Fifth avenue, between what were then the high school and Oley elementary school. It seems to me that Jones school burned. At any rate, the entire block was consolidated into the building which now houses Oley Junior High on the Fourteenth street end and Oley elementary on Thirteenth street. The original Oley building, at Thirteenth street, was built as a high school. It gave way to the new high school building on Fourteenth street, which in turn gave way to the High School on Eighth street. Eventually, the block on Fifth avenue became the Oley building, named after General John Hunt Oley, who as city recorder was, for years, ex officio secretary of the board of education. Then the council and the school board were one and the same. Memories of Mr. Jones came back recently when his widow died in the East and was brought back home to Huntington.

JOHN A. JONES was a forward-looking man. He took such advantage as possible of the facilities of the day and Huntington is what it is because of his efforts and those of others like him—If Sam Gideon, for instance, who advertised his clothing business in the newspapers and on barns and fences; who, as a member of the council, bought the dynamo which furnished Huntington's first electric current and who was on the County Court when the Cabell court house was built. Had they lived, they would have been adherents of the devices which make his age wonderful—the automobile, the radio, the electric refrigerator, air conditioning, the deep freeze, the airplane and television. I've been reading about someone who thinks we are coming along too f[illegible] think they are wrong. I like to [illegible] talk of the back yonders days, but [illegible] like to go back to the horse and

Your Friends And Mine

By Wiatt Smith

MRS. George E. (Miss Alberta) Burks, next-door-neighbor of the Guyandotte days, was on her way to the court house. Her talk reminded me I had business there also, and I reached its protecting portals just after the pleasant rain of Tuesday afternoon began falling. The downpour was a signal for the emptying of campus benches — and we all went into the Eighth street door together. Incidentally, the court house campus attendance does not seem as large as in recent summers. Anyway, as I emerged to wait for the rain to slack up a bit, I listened to debate on the subject. One fellow grumbled at the rain and others rebuked him promptly, saying if there hadn't been rain for the farmers the city folks would have nothing to eat. The offender was duly contrite. The rain helped a great deal, but there is still need for much more. The break in the weather came just in time, too, for I wonder how another night such as Monday night could have been endured. Recently I told Mr. and Mrs. George Moffett that we would probably have hot nights in July. I want to assure them the late June sample exceeded specifications. Everybody else I talked too, regardless of residence location, testified to the hot night. Eddie B. Kyle vowed it was so cool in Willow Glen that he had to close a window before he could sleep!

WIATT SMITH

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COL. J. H. LONG tells me I am still off my base about the Florentine Hotel management, adding that Bob Jones, a brother-in-law of Lew Cox, was the head man there before Dick O'Neal took charge. Mr. Cox, he said, owned other hotels in Louisville and elsewhere, and was here only occasionally. But John Rau and John Beal, who were partners in the Florentine Barbershop and split up their business when the Cox-O'Neal organization took over the Frederick management, say Lew Cox did stay here and that the travelling member of the family was his brother, whose given name they do not remember.

* * *

NO MATTER how dignified a man may become, to say nothing of the advance of his years, he is apt to have a little bit of boy about him. Take Lawyer John W. Perry, for instance. Ordinarily nothing would induce Lawyer Perry to go to a Sunday afternoon ball game. But a few Sundays back two colored teams were playing at League Park. Then, as at other games, it was the rule that any one recovering a baseball knocked over the fence and presenting it at the gate, got free admission—for himself and another, I believe. On this day, Anna Mary Kilgore, Lawyer Perry's granddaughter, recovered a stray baseball. She didn't care to go to the game, but banteringly offered her opportunity to her grandfather. This was too much for the dapper, though silver-haired barrister. He presented his trophy at the gate, was shown to a seat and stayed throughout the game — enjoying himself hugely.

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WHETHER or not the recent rainfall has been sufficient to justify the statement that the drought is broken remains a matter of debate. I do not think it has, but hope there will be more rain soon. Anyway, Charles O. Harrison telephoned to leave a message for me. It was that in former times, when a farmer was driven to extremity by lack of rain, he would kill a blackshake and hang the carcass on the fence. Then it would rain.

YOUR FRIENDS AND MINE

by Wiatt Smith 6-20-36

HUNTINGTON hospitality is building up a commanding lead in the comment evoked by letters from two women who had not found the city warm-hearted. I have thought several times to drop the subject, but I am sure that all who read the letter of Mrs. H. S. Dilcher, 532 Sixth avenue, will understand that I couldn't refrain from using it here. It follows: "As a new resident of Huntington, I feel I should be remiss if I did not express my delight with the warm hospitality I have found in the short time it has been my privilege to live in this beautiful city. The friendliness shown is a kind that never leaves a doubt as to its sincerity . . .

WIATT SMITH

Shortly after our arrival, Miss Zella Chambers, the Huntington Welcome Wagon hostess, came to see me, presenting me with personal letters of welcome from our mayor, and with cards introducing me to merchants who sell the various needed commodities. She made me feel we were not strangers; but from that time on a part of the city . . . One of the first features of The Herald-Dispatch which attracted my attention was your column. Through it I learned of the Bible class taught by Mrs. L. J. Corbly at the high school several evenings each week I have been attending this class and found a perfectly grand group of people, studying Bible history and geography and really enjoying it. It would be worth your while to visit this some time . . . My neighbors, Mrs. J. P. Douglass and Miss Elizabeth Johnston are most cordial folk and have made life sweeter by their friendship. How can anyone say that Huntington lacks hospitality? I should say it is quite the opposite. Thanks for listening." . . . All thanks, Mrs. Dilcher are due from me, and besides I think the Chamber of Commerce should make you an honorary member—forthwith.

* * *

REMEMBER the nickel-in-the-slot music boxes which were at one time popular in amusements places, refreshment stands and elsewhere? Some of you do, I know. Anyway, Sam Ridenour who operates the Harmony Shop and deals in musical instruments, new and old, was dismantling one of these veterans a few days ago. Its "innards" disclosed four yellowed bits of pasteboard, each bearing the advertising of a Huntington concern. Unhesitatingly, I date the curios at sometime in the nineties, probably the early nineties. I deduce that these cards had held places in one of those framed devices which, like the music box, used to be popular. Each is numbered. No. 5 has in its corner the picture of a young fellow who is styled "watchmaker." Subsequent lines disclose him to be C. M. Wallace, also a jeweler and optician, doing business at 923 Third avenue. Mr. Wallace, now a number of years dead, looks younger in the photograph than his son Frank is today.

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CARD No. 8 has a picture of a young fellow who is "the hatter." Also merchant tailor, offering reliable goods, the name being G. A. Northcott, in business as a men's furnisher at the corner of Third avenue and Ninth street. No. 9 is the bearded George Eversole, proprietor of the Eureka laundry, Second avenue between Ninth and Tenth streets. If I am not mistaken, he was the father of Mrs. Harry Potts. No. 10 advertises "Matthew's" gallery, offering "fine crayons" at 923½ Third avenue. S. V. Matthews was the proprietor. I knew him well, but not until long after he had ceased making pictures in a Huntington gallery. Mr. Northcott, whose lines still include those

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

FOR several years Madison R. Adams of 723 West Second Street has been, to the best of my ability to ascertain, the only tri-state region survivor of the fighting forces which opposed each other in the war between the states. Mr. Adams, who served on the USS Ironsides, will be 99 years old today. He is frail and feeble and for months has been confined to the second story of the home of his son, Clarence Adams, with whom he lives. His daughter-in-law tells me his mind is clear, save for an occasional period of forgetfulness, and he eats and sleeps well. May the 100th year which he enters today be a happy one. Mr. Adams is a native of Cabell County, having been born on Seven Mile. Most of his active life was spent at Portsmouth and in Lawrence County, Ohio. He came to Huntington 13 years ago.

WIATT SMITH

ANOTHER survivor of bygone eras is Judge David E. Matthews, who was 87 years old Sunday. Saturday evening found Judge Matthews among the merry-makers at the Long-Marshall wedding reception. He doesn't act and obviously does not feel like a survivor. But of all those who took part in the formal opening of the new Cabell County Courthouse on February 22, 1902, he alone is living. Of course, the reference is to program participants. It so happens that a copy of that program is in hand, having been lent by Mrs. G. R. Armstrong because of a mention here recently of her father, Ira J. Harshbarger. Mr. Harshbarger, then serving his first term as sheriff, helped move the county effects from the old city hall on Ninth Street—the temporary courthouse after the county seat was moved from Barboursville in 1888, to the new building. Between 2 and 5 P. M. there were exercises, including reception by the committee on arrangements. Members of that committee were B. W. Foster, Judge D. E. Matthews and Prosecuting Attorney E. E. Williams.

J. L. CALDWELL presided over the public meeting which opened at 7:30 P. M. in the Circuit Court room. Dr. William Parkinson Walker, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, spoke on "Washington." Judge Edward S. Doolittle of the Circuit Court talked about Cabell County. Formal presentation of the new Courthouse to the people was made by Sam Gideon, president of the County Court. The building was accepted in behalf of the taxpayers by George F. Miller and Peter E. Love and in behalf of the bar by John H. Holt. I remember them all, with the exception of Mr. Love.

46

16-29-41

ONE day last week I wrote of the three Wilson families, none of them related to the other, who lived in Milton when Homer Wilson was a boy there. Then I hinted for information about Professor Wilson who was principal of Milton schools, but whose name my informant could not remember. Meanwhile, I have had two communications, each from a recognized authority, giving two answers. F. B. Lambert wrote from Barboursville . . . "Our friend Professor Wilson of Milton was known as Lemuel Wilson. His father, Asa Wilson was an old citizen of the Blue Sulphur-Ona section, well and favorably known as was Lemuel himself, a teacher of many years." . . . Editor Caldwell Dudley wrote from Milton: . . . "His name was Levi Wilson. He was a graduate of Marshall Academy. The Veterans' Hospital is now situated on the old Wilson farm where the old log house is still situated. Willis L. Wilson of Fifth avenue is a nephew of Professor Wilson and Attorney Jesse Hammock is a great nephew. Mrs. F. H. Reynolds, a daughter of Professor Wilson, still lives in Milton" . . . I am sure each of these gentlemen is correct, though I don't know which Professor Wilson it was to whom Homer Wilson referred.

WIATT SMITH

HAVING leased Greystone Manor for a two-year period to the L. H. (Island Creek Coal) Smiths, Mrs. George S. Patterson will leave Huntington soon for Benton Harbor, Mich., where she will reside—between visits here. She told me she expected to commute between Huntington and Benton Harbor like the W. B. Wilsons do between their home city and their winter residence in Los Angeles. Mrs. Patterson might have been gone ere now, but she wouldn't think of leaving Huntington until the Needlework Guild gets its annual start this week. Incidentally, I have been commanded by Mrs. Gaylord Stewart to make my annual appearance at the Needlework Guild exhibit at the Woman's Club house tomorrow afternoon. Lady, I'll be there, fate willing.

FROM among her keepsakes, Mrs. Victoria B. Blanchard of 610 Sixth street, brought for my inspection a clipping from The Herald-Dispatch of Friday morning, February 23, 1923, containing the text of the eulogy which Rabbi A. Feinstein delivered at the funeral services of Mrs. Sam Gideon. Rabbi Feinstein, now of Tennessee, is one of the most eloquent men of my experience and he never had a worthier subject than on that occasion. His address and his prayer were masterpieces well-deserving preservation. Indeed, there are sentences of it, which I have remembered since that time.

SENATOR TYNES and I, watching the Parkersburg-Central football game from seats on the 40-yard line Saturday, were struck by informed and enthusiastic comment of a lady who sat nearby. I judged her to be the mother of a football player and asked her if this were correct. "Not this year," she answered, "but I have had a boy on the team." Her husband was with her and I learned that they were Mr. and Mrs. Joe Moulton whose son was a high school star until he had to retire because of an injured knee in 1937. George works at the Nickel plant now, but Mrs. Moulton still takes delight in having the young people come to her home and talk over the games—and in going herself to see the gridiron contests. Also in the stands Saturday was Sergeant Tom True of the 150th Infantry, and on the

YOUR FRIENDS AND MINE

By Wiatt Smith

ASHBY JACKSON WILKINSON has a prospective champion under his wing. The contest in which Mr. Wilkinson believes a Huntington man can carry off national honors is neither athletic nor, strictly speaking, sporting. To be brief about it, it is spelling. Mr. Wilkinson is one of the leading spirits in the Huntington McGuffey Club. Some weeks ago this club held a spelling bee. One entry, a man up to that time unknown to Mr. Wilkinson, showed rare form. "I've heard lots of spellers and many good ones," he said, "but I had never seen anyone like this." This was the beginning of a beautiful friendship between A. J. Wilkinson and Homer B. Maddy. Mr. Maddy, who is with the Foster-Thornburg Hardware Co., is to go with the McGuffey delegation from Huntington to the national convention of McGuffey Clubs soon to be held at Oxford, O. Also attending will be Miss Henrietta Hepburn, great granddaughter of Dr. McGuffey, herself a teacher in high school here. Mrs. W. J. Connell, also a McGuffey kinswoman, will be prevented from attending by injuries sustained in an accident not long ago. Official delegates are to be named by the McGuffey Club tonight. Presentation of Miss Hepburn to the convention is to be one of the Huntington Club's contributions to the national convention.

WIATT SMITH

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TOMORROW will be the ninety-first birthday of Mrs. Jenova Neville, 132 Fourth avenue, who was born at Roundhead, O., July 4, 1845. Mrs. Neville lives with her daughter, and only surviving child, Mrs. J. F. Ridgley. Her maiden name was Poe and her father was a cousin of Edgar Allen Poe . . . Speaking of Fourth of July birthdays, Your Friends and Mine extends congratulations also to James Murphy, Guyandotte druggist and former city commissioner.

* * *

DR. NELLIE M. KRIETE is preparing for what amounts almost to her annual summer vacation in Europe. She will sail July 13 for England . . . be gone seven or eight weeks . . . Frank and Eddie Polan and Dr. Raymond Sloan will spend the week-end fishing in Pocahontas and Pendleton counties . . . That reminds me, Herman R. Wild, Col. W. T. Lovins and Warren C. Smith, returning from Michigan, brought a mess of rock bass . . . very succulent . . . Anne Murrill the nurse is confined to her apartment (Emmons Junior) by a back injury caused by a too hurried stair descent . . . A fracture near the base of the spine, surgeons say several weeks of quiet necessary to recovery . . . Don Miller and Mrs. Miller are visiting his brother Fred in Seattle, Wash. . . . W. B. Wilson still leans on his cane because of a leg injury received when an automobile struck him at Los Angeles at mid-winter.

* * *

C. W. GIBBS, salesman and antiquarian, at the desk yesterday displaying a collection of curious old keys, asked if I had noted the rarity this year of jarflies. My response was that the season for the musical cicada is not yet at hand. It seems to me, the jarfly is incident to late summer — [illegible] sad and lonely notes on still [illegible] days . . . but maybe I'm wrong.

WITH Colonel McCausland in command, the regiment had as Lieutenant Colonel, Tom Smith. Captain Beckley, first commander of the Wildcats, was succeeded in turn by Captain Mont Lawson and Captain Hugh Toney. In one of the series of promotions Astynax McDonald succeeded James Nighbert as lieutenant. In the ranks of the Wildcats were many men I have known, though I think the last one has gone to make his final report in the Country Beyond.

HISTORIANS may challenge the authenticity of the narrative, but it rings true to me. Certainly the flag is authentic as that of the Wildcats and I see no reason to doubt that this was the flag which Judge Harvey held when he was injured as the Confederate forces were heroically but unsuccessfully defending Fort Donelson, the capture of which was the second if not the first important point in the advance of U. S. Grant toward the command of the federal army.

9-24-43

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

TIME of the wind storm which caused the death of Charley Hite in Guyandotte was fixed yesterday by Mrs. L. G. Fuller of 2045 Fourth Avenue. Mrs. Fuller says the tragic episode happened between Christmas 1884 and Easter 1885. Charley Hite was going home from band practice, carrying his bass horn, when the storm prompted him and his neighbor-companion to take refuge in the Flatiron barn. Mrs. Fuller recalls this vividly because she lived in the Flatiron house which she shared with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bevan and other members of their family. She and her brother, Matt Bevan, had typhoid fever that Winter and they were still housebound on the night of the fatal storm. The storm raged so that Matt Bevan and his sistetr Sallie, now Mrs. Fuller, besought their mother to pray. The Flatiron house was on Guyan Street, the ill-fated barn on Main Street. Mrs. Fuller says Charley Hite did not drown, as his bass horn was between him and the water into which the falling timbers otherwise must have crushed him.

WIATT SMITH

DISCUSSION here the other day of the timber drifting and logging business which once flourished on the Guyandotte River, led Dr. Oscar B. Biern to recall how Huntington boys used to earn spending money by catching railroad ties which escaped from the mouth of the Guyandotte and floated on down the river. The future physician and his pals operated in joe boats. They got so much for each tie and a smaller sum for each pair of chain dogs. In case you don't know, a pair of chain dogs consist of two iron spikes held together by a few links of chain. They are or were used in holding rafted logs or ties together. Railroad ties, also known as cross ties, were much in demand and the tie business was a big adjunct to the timber trade. Ties were hewn in those days and each one represented much labor. John F. Ridgley had a tie yard at about the foot of Twelfth Street. Robert H. Armstrong dealt exclusively in ties, and the Mercereau-Hawkins Tie Co., supplied cross ties for the Chesapeake & Ohio. The tie business still flourishes, but the hewn product is no longer floated down the Guyandotte.

CATCHING ties was only one of many sources of boyish spending money. Another was the distribution of handbills, much more in vogue then than now. Once Mr. Nash who had a queensware store on Third Avenue near Eleventh Street, started certain youngsters with bills to be distributed in Proctorville, O. The Summer afternoon was warm and when the carriers got off the street car at the Huntington end of the suspension bridge, they concluded there was no sense in carrying industry and honesty too far. They cast their burden into the Guyandotte and in due time reported to the queensware merchant and collected for their services. On the day following, persons, who, following the fashion of the day, rushed to the wharf to watch a big steamboat arrive and depart, were more or less mystified when the waves washed hundreds of Nash bills ashore.

MR. AND MRS. J. A. WASHINGTON were down from Logan yesterday. Mrs. Washington spent the afternoon shopping with her sister Mrs. W. W. McCue. They used to be Nellie Guye and Roxie Altizer of Logan and Huntington.

ERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTO
10-27-47

Your Friends . . Or . . And Mine

Wiatt Smith

WHILE working for Charleston newspapers in 1907 I met Fred G. King who had come down from Parkersburg to work at the Capital City. Fred, who died here a year or two ago, talked a great deal of Parkersburg and of his principal hero there, "Kais" Mengert. At the end of the year I came to Huntington and got a job here and I think it was soon thereafter that W. L. Mengert went from Parkersburg to the Charleston Gazette. There he worked with Edward B. Kenna and chummed with Ed and the latter's brother Jack. Perhaps he stayed at the Kenna residence,—of this I am not sure—but late one night, at least he did go home with Ed and Jack. All who knew Bill Mengert remember his guttural voice. I think the deepest I remember hearing, and that the more he tried to talk quietly the more noise he made. It was with this in mind that on this nocturnal occasion to which I have referred, Ed Kenna exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake, Mengert, don't try to get confidential or you'll wake Mother." If at that time I had met Bill, I don't recall it. Our acquaintance began some years later when he came to Huntington to be business manager of The Herald-Dispatch.

WIATT SMITH

WILLIAM L. MANSFIELD, first business manager for The Herald-Dispatch, had retired sometime before, W. B. Dimon succeeding him. I think it was in 1918 that Mr. Dimon returned to Philadelphia and Mr. Mengert came from the editor's chair of the Parkersburg News to try his hand at business management. He guided the business through some of the years of its most spectacular growth and became one of the best known figures in Huntington. From the day of his arrival until, having chosen to seek new fields, he left Huntington, we spent much time together. Bill was a droll fellow, as well as a highly intelligent one, and now, since he is dead and will be buried today, my thoughts turn to our personal associations more than to business activities, though they were all closely interwoven. Soon after he came to the paper and before his family moved to Huntington, he went home to Guyandotte with me for dinner—this the first time of many. Ours was a numerous household and dinner was served country style, everybody passing the dishes to everybody else. After a busy period, there came a pause and Bill, looking down gravely upon a heaped plate, said in his bass bass, "Now can I eat?"

THOSE boys at Parkersburg didn't call him Kaiser without cause. He was one of the bossiest fellows I ever saw, as well as one of the kindliest, after you found out about him. He was a bridge (auction at that time) enthusiast and he became an expert. He played partners with his wife, the first Mrs. Mengert, who had been Elizabeth Ruttencutter and if she didn't play to suit him he would engage in the type of conversation which led me to dub him "esteemed lecturing knight." I squirmed at this sometimes but my concern terminated one night when Mrs. Mengert calmly laid down her hands and began reading clear her Lord's title. And was he meek as a mouse! Of course we laughed at him, I and such others as were there. I tell it because this is the earliest vivid memory of the Mengert home on Third avenue, a house in which we, mostly Herald-Dispatch workers, spent countless evenings—not to mention early mornings—and where life was pleasant as it always is among understanding friends, and gay as it scarcely ever has been since.

BILL and Elizabeth Mengert made their home a center of a social life for the morning newspaper workers, including those who didn't work at night, and parties at their house led to other parties at other houses, always within the newspaper crowd, though not infrequently others were included. They were kind to me as to others and when I married and brought my wife to Huntington they were kind to her, too, and recollection of that association is to me both tender and touching. But, just to keep out of emotional waters of too great depth, I will recall that Saturday night dinner at the Mengerts' always featured boiled beef and horse radish.

ELIZABETH RUTTENCUTTER MENGERT died here. Later Mr. Mengert married Dorothy Fink, and I enjoyed warm hospitality also at their Moundsville home after he went to edit the Journal there. But life's mutations separate friends and several years have passed since I saw either one of them. Just the other day I was thinking of Bill and how it would be pleasant and interesting to talk with him of the issues of the day. We hardly ever agreed on a public issue, but we could disagree without falling out. This thought of him came to me during the illness of which I knew nothing, but which was to release him for exploration and closer study of the mysteries of the infinite which so intrigued him.

EXACT himself, he sometimes lost patience with those who could not keep up with or even follow close upon his calculations. And though he was thus exacting, he understood human weakness and had great compassion for the unfortunate and underprivileged. His hand was open to the needy. He inspired charity in others, too, it was under his direction and guidance that The Herald-Dispatch milk and ice fund, afterward taken over by organized agencies, existed through a number of years. But somewhere this column must end, to take its place tomorrow in the files with many, many other columns. Bill Mengert was a columnist, too, and "30" has been written for him as he has joined, as all must, that more numerous company in the land beyond our ken. Before he came to The Herald-Dispatch, Colonel R. E. Hardwick, the circulation manager, had died, as did Mr. Mansfield some years later. Of those who remained in what Bill himself on a notable occasion called Dave Gideon's organization, Boyd Jarrell has gone, and Jim Clendenin—and now W. L. Mengert. Other names could be added fittingly to this role, but Boyd and Jim and Bill and I group together in my thoughts, Mr. Gideon, of course, being included. May these editors and gentlemen comrades who

HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTO

12-17-41

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

RECENTLY I came into possession of a curious volume entitled "Thoughts From the Anvil of Thought and Industry," by William Yancey Erwin. Mr. Erwin, a bard with a long beard, was also the author of "Original Poems, Rhymes and Acrostics," and "Wanetka and Other Poems." Copyright, 1910, "Sparks From the Anvil" was published "for the author" by the Standard Printing & Publishing Co., Huntington, W. Va. The first illustration, carrying the poet's likeness, is a full page picture of Ashland. Opposite this picture, also on a page to itself, is the following:

WIATT SMITH

ASHLAND
Acrostic

A thousand fact'ry whistles sing
Sweet anthems, in the early morn,
How glad the tidings that they bring:
Labor hear—Thy day is born!
A thousand bells and hammers ring,
Now we hear the glad refrain:
Day's work ended; home again!

Footnotes in the volume indicate that Mr. Erwin lived in Lexington. That the poet had a practical side is proved by the fact that he sold advertising space to Ashland and Catlettsburg business houses.

AMONG the advertisers were Hanshaw Harness Co., 509 Fourteenth street; Jordan, Prichard & Co., insurance; Harry A. Brodess, "the man milliner"; Robert Ford, scenic artist; S. P. Hager & Sons, general insurance; the Ashland Milling Co.; Hotel Florentine, "near C & O depot, Ashland, Ky."; The Ashland Daily Commercial, "Ashland's leading newspaper," and Ross and Charfield, house furnishings, Catlettsburg.

SOME years before the publication of "Sparks," Mr. Erwin had written a poem entitled "The Big Stick," which now is an interesting reminder of the past, while not without present pertinence. I quote:

"But now the North and South are wed,
And Roosevelt is our nation's head;
Some egotists are always ready
To criticie a man like Teddy,
Who softly speaks, yet knows no trick,
Commands respect like a Big Stick."

IT REMAINS to be learned whether or not Ashland folks remember Poet Erwin. They have good memories down that way and hold to the things of the past, if they are good and even if they are bitter. For instance, John Steele of the Steele & Lawrence drug store, still stocks that bitter wine of iron, of which I wrote yesterday—and he has an occasional call for it. Another medicine which once was in much demand but is now little known is kept in stock in this Ashland store. It is "Warburg's tincture," a remedy which physicians used to prescribe for malaria, "or fever and ague." I don't believe I ever heard of it before, though I well remember when the now little known malaria was all too prevalent here in the Ohio valley.

MRS. O. D. ANGLIN of 3037 Winchester avenue, wrote me recently, saying: "In 1876 my brother T. J. Anglin found a huge terrapin on our home farm, five miles north of Grayson, Ky. He cut his initials and the date on the terrapin's shell. In 1939 my nephew, C. F. Anglin, who owns and lives on the old farm, found the same terrapin and cut his initials and the date, July 14, on the shell. This year he saw the terrapin again, near the spot where it was originally seen about 65 years ago. Anyone doubting the dates can have free access to the farm and the privilege of looking up Mr. Terrapin. My brother owned property and lived in Huntington during the twenties. His daughter, Lotta Anglin, was city health nurse there for eight years."

RALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTO
10-15-41

Your Friends . . . And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

ANSWERING the front door early on a recent evening, I was confronted by a group of costumed urchins, all, I think, little girls. One advised me that "this is beggars' night." I requested further information and was told that it being customary to observe the evening of October 3 as "beggars' night," my callers were collecting funds to give "the poor children" on Hallowe'en. A few coppers won thanks for me, and that would have been all right, save that there since have been a succession of "beggars' nights" on which boys and girls, wearing various disguises have come to that door to make appeals of one kind or another. Apparently, it is all in fun, and if the beggars don't fare better at other doors than they do at ours they won't get rich. Nevertheless, I sometimes wonder whether its prank or a racket, or a mixture of the two.

WIATT SMITH

OUR neighborhood was saddened yesterday by the death of 19-year-old Jean Haddox. Jean, daughter of the late J. Jerome Haddox and Mrs. Haddox of Thirteenth street, was fatally injured, as the news columns have disclosed in an automobile accident last Saturday night. The report that she was burned about the face and arms was a mistake. Early examination disclosed a broken pelvis, and from this and other injuries she died. There's hardly anyway to tell of the heartbreak which attends the snuffing out of a such a bright young life, but there ought to be some way to check the current rate of traffic casualties.

APPROACHING his ninety-second birthday, which falls early next month, H. C. Everett of Main street, continues to get around. On a recent week-end he went with his daughter, Mrs. Hugh L. Russell of Ashland, Mr. Russell and Henry Clay Russell on a drive to Charlottesville, Va., to see Hugh Everett Russell at the University of Virginia . . . On that journey Mr. Everett stayed up as late and got up as early as anybody, and when he got home he seemed none the worse for wear . . . Dr. and Mrs. William L. Neal are the parents of a daughter, their second child, born yesterday . . . Among the most elated is Dr. Will E. Neal, the paternal grandfather, on whose birthday the granddaughter arrived . . . Don't ask me which birthday . . . Fifty plus was the most definite answer I could get from operative Gracie Smith.

AT a recent football game, I found myself in a seat adjoining those of Miss Ann DeNoon and Miss Louis McDonald, Marshall College faculty members . . . Miss McDonald, a physical ed instructor, called many of the plays before they were made . . . In fact, I haven't had such an instructive football afternoon since the day I sat with Johnny Maulthetsch, several years ago . . . Those golden-toned bells at the First Methodist Church are from a carillion, not a carillon. I have this direct from Dr. John L. Wolfe, the pastor, who willingly told me all about this system of amplifying bells which [illegible] copy of the set of the St. John's Ch[illegible] New York . . . He would not, howeve[illegible] me so much as a hint as to the identit[illegible] the parishioner who gave the bells to [illegible] church. And that, of course, is wha[illegible] like to know . . . For the first time in [illegible] moons I went to the public library f[illegible] a book . . . I found that I must have a c[illegible]ard, for which I must fill out an application and give some one as a reference . . . I could[illegible]n't think of anybody better than Miss Margar[illegible] Hennion, the assistant librarian, so I j[illegible] wrote down her name.

YOUR FRIENDS AND MINE

By Wiatt Smith

LIFE has returned to the railway stations. It is like old times to visit the Chesapeake & Ohio station to see the George Washington come and go in the middle of the evening; reminiscent of the years when on Sunday afternoons, half the town would congregate to meet No. 2, as the crack train was then designated. There is controversy, even among railroaders, as to the sources of the new passenger rush, but there is no doubt of the fact. I went out Monday night to bid farewell to Dr. T. W. Moore on his departure for Vienna. Dr. Moore is an old hand in Vienna. He studied there for nine weeks in 1900, three weeks in 1911, six weeks in 1926 and five weeks in 1929. He was ready to sail in the summer of 1914 but the outbreak of war kept him at home. In 1929 he planned yearly excursions, but something happened that fall to make him change his mind and keep it changed till just the other day. He will spend probably two months in Vienna and Switzerland. All of his other trips to the Austrian capital have been for study. This time, he vows, he will not work a lick.

WIATT SMITH

* * *

STANDING in the train shed, Dr. Moore was greeted by his fellow eye-specialist, Dr. Frederic J. Hoitash. Dr. Hoitash presented two letters, one to an instructor in the University of Vienna—the other to Dr. Moore from Mrs. Hoitash, expressing the hope, Dr. Hoitash said, that while in Vienna Dr. Moore might telephone to her sister, whose name and address were enclosed. Dr. Hoitash, a native of Bohemia, lived fifteen years in Vienna—took his degree at the University there and went forth from Francis Josef's capital to service in the great war. Mrs. Hoitash was reared in Austria proper, near Vienna. A message carried across the ocean by a friend is somehow more personal than any post-borne missive.

* * *

MRS. Moore was at the station of course, as was their son, Dr. Hallock Moore, and there were also Mr. and Mrs. Sam Biern with their daughter, Marion Elsapeth Biern who was leaving for Camp Muckleberry at Norfolk, Conn., and Dr. Oscar Biern to bid his niece goodbye.

* * *

STORE teeth are no curiosity these days. They are fashioned so cleverly that it is often a trick to identify them when they are flashed in a smile. When George Washington found it necessary to supplant the uppers and lowers with which nature had endowed him with artificial substitutes, there was, it is said, only one silversmith in the United States who made such plates as the Father of his Country cared to use. So far as is known, only two or three sets have been preserved, but Dr. C. O. Tate, who lives on Pea Ridge Road and practices dentistry in Huntington believes he has found a fourth. This curiosity was located in the attic of the Laidley-Burks home at about Twenty-seventh street and near the Ohio, which was razed a year or two ago, by Miss Mary Burks. She gave them to Dr. Tate. There is a double plate which operated on hinges. Dr. Tate dates them at Washington's time. This means that they were brought by their user from the other side of the mountains. The home was originally that of the Laidley family of which Mrs. L. H. Burks was a daughter. It is possible that the teeth were a Burks heirloom, but it seems to me more probable that they came down from the Laidleys.

MISSING several days from her desk in the office of Referee-in-Bankruptcy Cyrus B. VanBibber, Miss Helen Updegraff reappeared—wearing dark glasses which did not entirely conceal the fact that there were bruises about her eyes. She had been the victim of one of the most peculiar accidents on record. Miss Updegraff, as her friends know, is not only one of Huntington's most efficient business women, but is popular and active socially. She takes a first rate hand at contract bridge and is also a golfing enthusiast. I won't say how good she is at that, because I don't know. Anyway, she plays. She was a member of a foursome at one of the country clubs when one of the other ladies of the party made a particularly bad slice. The ball caromed away from the club and struck Miss Updegraff in the nose, just below the eyes, inflicting injuries which required surgical attention. After several days in bed, necessitated by loss of blood, she recovered and went back to the job. Fortunately, no permanent outward trace was left by the blow from the golf ball.

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Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

THROWING ration points to the wind, Sing Chan of Monterey, Calif., tendered a full course banquet in the Chinese manner in the Shang-hai Low restaurant early this month. The banquet was in honor of Sing Chan's son, Corum Burton Chan, who was named in honor of Corum Burton Jackson of Carmel, Calif. The guest of honor was present with his parents in the restaurant of which the father is the proprietor. This is of particular interest in the Huntington area because Corum B. Jackson of Carmel is the same Corum B. Jackson who formerly lived and worked here. Mr. Jackson, who is in the real estate business, is also assistant chairman of the Monterey Peninsula rationing board. For many years he was employed at the American Car & Foundry Co. plant here and later was in the merchandise brokerage business and the real estate business in Huntington and Ashland. Mrs. Jackson, who was Miss Marjorie Kerchival of Ashland, also attended the dinner in honor of Corum Burton Chan. News of the former Huntingtonian came through California papers received by Frank S. McIntosh.

WIATT SMITH

CURRENT interest in the 200th anniversary of Thomas Jefferson and the incidental discovery by Mrs. G. A. Northcott of Third avenue of an old news-clipping have revived the memory that Miss Mary Amizetta McMahon of Guyandotte spent four of the Civil War years at Monticello, the former home of Thomas Jefferson. Miss McMahon, who became Mrs. John T. Wilson and the mother of Mrs. Northcott, was the daughter of General Wayne McMahon of Guyandotte. Her father was a Confederate soldier and the McMahon home was one of those burned by the Federals in November, 1861. Thereafter Miss McMahon and other members of the family lived with a sister, Mrs. Charles H. Summerson, until it became possible for her to reach Virginia. This escape was affected through the influence of Lewis H. Peters, one of the leading citizens who was a Federal sympathizer. During her four years in the Old Dominion, Miss McMahon attended a private school at Monticello, now a national shrine.

AT ANOTHER national shrine, the Hermitage, Tennessee home of General Andrew Jackson, there is a memento of Guyandotte. This, I'm told by Mrs. Frank Marshall, is a letter written by General Jackson to his family and dated at Guyandotte, Va. Doubtless it is one of those documents that are preserved under glass and it may or may not be legible. If so, I'd certainly would like to know what it says. In any event, it establishes the fact that the hero of New Orleans was one of the many national celebrities who stopped in Guyandotte in their East-West travels.

FROM some source I have come into possession of a pink card which says "This ticket and 28 cents will admit any school child from four to 12 years of age to see 'Andy and Min in the Gumps,' a musical comedy from the funny sheets. Huntington Theatre, Wednesday, January 16." There is nothing to indicate the year but it has been a fairly long time since the Wellman Show Printing Co. struck off the ticket. I do not remember the occasion but know that it must have been after the Gumps became a regular feature of The Herald-Dispatch

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

NOT long ago mention was made here of William Clements, Chesapeake & Ohio engineman who was cabmate on a notable occasion of W. M. Thackston, who told me about it. Bill Clements, as Mr. Thackston called him, once more comes into notice through an item first published in the Cincinnati Enquirer and reprinted by The Advertiser on Tuesday, October 14, 1893. The story was that William Clements, "better known as Cracker Jack," had made one of the best runs of record between Huntington and Cincinnati with a heavy train. He made the schedule time, and that was something extraordinary. The schedule called for an average speed of forty-two miles an hour. The Enquirer article also states that "Cracker Jack was the engineer who took the C & O train to Huntington on the occasion of the inauguration of the steamship line." Now what, I wonder, did they mean by that? I guess it was that he made the first through run to Huntington, an event which put an end to railroad operation of the White Collar packets.

WIATT SMITH

THAT is but one of many back yonder items I am finding in a number of newspapers out of the collection of the McIntosh family. George R. McIntosh was an early Huntington newspaper publisher, afterwards publishing a paper in Proctorville. His son, the late Col. George C. McIntosh, was associated with him here and in Ohio. Yesterday Mrs. Frank Marshall, the former Miss Myrtle McIntosh and the daughter of George R. McIntosh turned over to me some of the yellowed papers saved from the past. My call for them had been delayed several days and when I dropped in at the J. H. Dornick home at 1423 Fourth avenue Mrs. Dornick and Mrs. Marshall, who are partners there in a Sweet Shoppe, were taken by surprise. Mrs. Dornick's hands were covered with cake dough and Mrs. Marshall was getting the cakes and cookies and hot rolls ready for delivery to customers. Busy as they were they took time to say how do you do and here are your papers.

PERHAPS the rarest paper in the collection is Volume 1, No. 1 of the Huntington Daily Gazette of which George R. McIntosh was editor, and George G. McIntosh local editor. It was published on August 2, 1887, at a season of flux and fever epidemic in Guyandotte, where the McIntosh family lived, and the death column carries an account of the passing of Isabella Annie McIntosh, aged eleven years, ten months and nineteen days. Another news item tells of the marriage of Mr. Kelly Suiter and Miss Weathers, both of Guyandotte. "Kelly," wrote the reporter, "has driven a hack between our city and Guyandotte for several years and is well known to our citizens." I do not remember him clearly, but do have vague recollection of riding on his hack . . . More items from the Gazette . . . "The mail from the east was two hours late Sunday evening." . . . "There was a slight rise in the river last week but it has receded" . . . "A new fence has been built around the Presbyterian church house" . . . "The Snider and Sanborn Flying Dutchman is in full operation on the corner of Third avenue and Ninth street" . . . "The Huntington Light Infantry will soon come out on dress parade. They have ordered a complete outfit consisting of uniforms, Springfield rifles, etc." . . . "A little bit of a fracas occurred on Friday evening last between James Dudley, editor of the Evening Times, and J. J.

His cousin, Mrs. Bob (Mabel Jarrell) Hoge, will come Monday from Toledo to assist in overseeing his convalescence. . . . Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Femoyer and younger son Ted will go to Pittsburgh at the week end to see their son and brother, Aviation Cadet Bob Femoyer.

remember having heard of it before. Major Peterson was subsequently with the Evening Herald.

NOW I must turn aside from these intriguing old journals to report an up-to-the-minute development . . . Mrs. Germ Lawson's garden at Thirteenth avenue and Fifth street is aflame with azalea, with red blooms on 240 individual plants, to say nothing of some other varieties . . . a spectacle to gladden the heart and carry the conviction that spring, this time, has come to stay.

FASHIONS change in newspaper making as in all other things and modern society reporters would hardly follow the style of the following item which was carried by The Daily Advertiser of October 16, 1889: . . . "The Fifth Avenue Baptist Church was the scene of a quiet wedding at noon today, when Mr. H. Linn Huff and Miss Lulu Remmele were united in the holy bonds of wedlock . . . The church was nearly filled with the relatives and friends of the contracting parties, and just at 12 o'clock the organ announced the arrival of the wedding party. Mr. D. E. Matthews and Mr. G. McMillan first entered and walked down the aisle, followed by the groom with the bride leaning on his arm, and following came Mr. C. W. Cammack and Mr. Dan Lacock. . . . The bride was elegantly attired in a travelling suit of old rose surrah, serge embroidered, and looked prettier than she ever did before. . . . The ceremony was performed by Dr. W. P. Walker in an impressive manner. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Huff took the 12:45 train for Cincinnati, where they will visit for a few days, after which they will return to Huntington and will board on Third Avenue. . . . Mr. Huff has been in business in Huntington for the last year and is now the junior member of the firm of Morgan & Huff, coal dealers. . . . The bride is the daughter of Mr. C. E. Remmele, a prominent business man of this city. She is one of the most popular young ladies of Huntington and has many friends, both young and old. . . . The Advertiser joins the many friends of the wedded couple in wishing them a pleasant wedding trip, and a happy and prosperous voyage through life."

WIATT SMITH

WELL, the Huffs, after almost 60 years, are still steering their matrimonial craft. He is a successful candy manufacturer. They live at 1119 West Fourth Street. The newspaper containing their wedding story was brought for my edification, and at my urgent request, by their daughter, Mrs. Carl T. (Gypsy) Huff Guething of Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. Guething have a son, recently discharged Naval Lieutenant Ted Guething who is married. Mrs. Guething will return to Detroit tomorrow after visiting her parents here.

WELL preserved is the copy of The Daily Advertiser, one of the oldest in existence, as that newspaper did not become a daily until September 2, 1889. Missing is the masthead, with the name of the publisher. Years ago, Linn Huff tore off that corner of the page to get a lighter for his cigar. News and advertising columns are intact. Mrs. W. H. Banks of Fourth Avenue and Eighth Street advertised that she would pay $2 a week for a cook . . . Mrs. Margaret Shepard was erecting a double tenement house on Fifth Avenue between Ninth and Tenth Streets, and Dan A. Mossman was erecting a brick dwelling next door. Mrs. Shepard eventually occupied—this is my recollection, —one side of the double tenement. Captain and Mrs. Mark Poore lived in the other side . . . In the old paper I also found that "H. E. Mathews and his mother, Mrs. R. A. Mathews have returned from a visit to Colorado."

Your Friends And Mine
. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

"IT IS really surprising how soon they forget." the foregoing sentence is quoted from a letter written in Italy by a Huntington soldier to a friend here in town. "Tommy," which is all of his name I know, also wrote: "You said you didn't realize how much letters meant to us. My only wish is that I could impress it on the minds of all the people in the states, especially the wives and supposed-to-be sweethearts." Tommy included in his letter some verses written by a homesick and heartsick comrade of whom he says: "He told me that if she couldn't find time to fulfil her promises to him that she wasn't worth having." Tommy's comrade may hardly expect to win the Pulitzer prize for poetry, but his lines pack a wallop and a message and I reproduce them there:

WIATT SMITH

My dear little pal, for whom my heart pines,
I long for a message, a word or a line,
Saying you love me and that you still care,
That you will be waiting to embrace once I get there.

Through the long dreary nights and the sad silent days,
I wait for a message, half in a daze.
At last he is coming, our mail will arrive
From mothers, sweethearts, brothers and wives.

We gather in groups to argue the score,
Each expects to receive one letter or more;
The names on the paper at last are being read,
Every man is silent, still as the dead.

The package of letters soon dwindles away,
The boys wander off to read what they say;
There are two or three boys still lingering around,
With tears in their eyes, their heads toward the ground.

They glance at a hill which bears a fresh mound,
Then they stroll on away without uttering a sound;
Yet perhaps that night, when the moon is bright,
Each lies on his cot and considers his plight.

He wonders if God does all things right,
Or does he forget soon who has lived through the fight?

Soon morning will come, to start a new day,
He must banish his thoughts and try to be gay;
Some day again the mailman will come,
Maybe by then he will get letter one.
So he visits the sun, in a land far away
To start waiting, waiting for that certain day,
When the messenger again will say to a few:
"Sorry boys, no one at ho[illegible] thinking of you."

There is no need for me to stress the importance of those verses. Soldiers doubtless count too much on promises made in the light of the moon and under the spell of a uniform. But the girl who promised should do her best to write that fellow overseas.

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

IN 1912, when the present home of the First Methodist Church was well on its way to completion, the Rev. G. W. Bent was superintendent of the Huntington district of the West Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I do not remember Mr. Bent. He must have lived in Huntington. Certainly he believed in Huntington and the Huntington district. In his report to the annual conference, held that year in Elkins, he said: "That I may the better enable you to see the importance of the work in our part of the state, I will ask a few questions and, lest I embarrass some of my colleagues, I will answer them myself. Which district in our conference has the greatest population? Huntington. Which has the greatest mining industries? Huntington. Which has the greatest rivers, the greatest railroad facilities and trunk line centre? Huntington. Which has the broadest valleys, the most rugged mountains and the largest amount of virgin forest? Huntington. Where is the most beautiful and rapid growing city, with the largest state normal school, the best church building and the largest men's Bible class in the state? Huntington . . . Huntington is a 'coming district'! Huntington has arrived! So sing it loud and sing it clear: Huntington, Huntington, Huntington is here."

WIATT SMITH

AS SCORES for Huntington, Superintendent Bent also pointed out that both the Republican and Democratic parties chose this city for their 1912 state conventions and that each party named a Huntingtonian for governor. He was correct as to Colonel W. R. Thompson, the Democratic nominee, but on the Republican side he must have been looking into the future. Dr. Henry D. Hatfield, who was nominated by the GOP that year and was elected, was still a resident of McDowell County. He came to Huntington to live and practice after completing his four years at Charleston. That, at least, is the way I remember it.

GLOOMIER pictures of conditions in what is now Huntington district are set forth in an abstract of the proceedings of the conference held in Parkersburg beginning March 12, 1862. This abstract, presented by the Rev. F. Ball, was included in the minutes of a subsequent conference. It contains a defense of the Union men of western (now West) Virginia, and tells of the difficulties encountered by Methodist ministers in those war torn days. One who suffered was the Rev. Benjamin Hagar (Hager?) of Sandy Circuit. I don't know where Sandy Circuit was, but suspect it included Catlettsburg, then part of that conference. The report says "the country around him was overwhelmingly for secession." It also says that the Rev. Robert Brooks of Guyandotte Circuit "found his life so often threatened, and not willing to be massacred in cold blood, as those slain in the village which gives name to his work, joined the Army. Is now first lieutenant of a cavalry company."

"FROM 1901 to 1903 I was lumber and tie inspector for the Baltimore & Ohio and had the territory from Parkersburg to Huntington, the B&OSW from Parkersburg to Cincinnati and such foreign lines as the Guyan Valley, the Big Sandy and Lexington divisions of the Chesapeake & Ohio, and the main line as far west of Huntington as Vanceburg, Ky. John F. Ridgley was prominent in Huntington then as a tie dealer. He seemed to have a monopoly on the ties that came to Huntington by wagon from Wayne County and always kept a large stock on hand at his yard at which was located on the Baltimore & Ohio at the foot of—I believe—Thirteenth Street. Walter Hambrick was a tie dealer, too. Someday I want to tell you more about that."

THE HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNT

4-16-52

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

MR. MERCEREAU, who wore the cle whiskers, was George W. Mercereau an not E. K. Mercereau as previously reported. Both were in the cross tie business but E. K. lived at Parkersburg. This information comes from T. E. (Tom) Miller who adds that the Mercereaus were tie agents for the Baltimore & Ohio and received commissions on all ties the railroad received in their territories. George W. handled everything west of Parkersburg and south of the Ohio River, E. K. operating in other areas. "George W.," writes Tom, "had a set of long flowing whiskers which he kept split by shaving about three inches on the end of his chin. He wore a very large diamond, about four-carats, I should say, as a shirt stud, and the split whiskers made this gem visible at all times. It shone like an electric light. He was a large man with an erect figure, I would say about 68 years old, six feet, two inches or more in height, and weighed about 225 pounds. He had no regular time to work, being at his desk as much by night as by day. He used a Davenport as a desk chair. After working a few hours he would drop back on this daybed and go to sleep. Awakened he would rise up and turn to his desk without getting on his feet and work a few more hours. Oftimes he would work in his bathrobe all day and never dress. He appeared to be a man of excellent health and a jolly, carefree and happy specimen of humanity."

WIATT SMITH

MR. MERCEREAU, clearly, was not the man who wore his beard ala James Hamilton Lewis, whose whiskers were parted though his chin never knew a razor. While that inquiry is pending, there remains much interest in the romance of the cross tie business in the era of which Mr. Miller writes. He remembers but three tie hoists in this section of the Ohio River, not including that one operated for years by R. H. Armstrong and others at the west end of the Baltimore & Ohio bridge across the Guyandotte. It was a plant which had an endless chain conveyor which carried ties from the river to the top of the band where they were loaded in or on cars. I remember it well. Tom recalls that he was at the hoist at Ironton, owned and operated by C. C. Clark, president of old IRR (Ironton Railroad). This road, he adds, ran from Ironton to Jackson or Wellston, O., and was originally a narrow gauge line. "My father (Dock Miller) was a locomotive engineer on this road and as such operated the locomotive that pulled the first passenger coach ever to enter Ironton," he writes. He also handled the narrow gauge locomotive which pulled, by chain block, up the wharf grade at Ironton the first standard gauge locomotive that was run over the IRR. At that time it was both a narraw gauge and a standard gauge line. The road was made adaptable to standard gauge equipment by the placing of a third rail, through the use of which both standard gauge and narrow gauge cars were used in the same train. Originally, both rails of the narrow gauge line were wooden. As a child, I became acquainted with Mr. Clark through my father, who, after some years of retirement, died in Ironton in 1936. The locomotives on the IRR were named, not numbered. Among them were the Howard, the Thomas W. Means, John Ellison, John Campbell. There were also the Wheeler-Holden Hoist at the mouth of Twelve Pole and the Standard Lumber Co. hoist at

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine — Wiatt Smith

THAT post-war planners may find a wonderful peacetime use for the gas mask is proved by an article published in the AA Barrage, at Camp Davis, N. C. It follows: "Sergeant William D. Birke of Battery H, Antiaircraft Artillery School, has found a sure-fire way to woo sleep this Summer — despite his hay-fever. He sleeps in his gas mask. Victim of various pollens since birth, Sergeant Birke, who is 33 and a West Virginian, hit upon this personal solution of the hay-fever problem by accident. While in basic training he noted curiously that the tickling nasal sensations of his ailment disappeared while wearing his service gas mask. For the time being Birke regarded his experience with the gas mask as just a coincidence.

WIATT SMITH

But one hot night, when his hay-fever was especially annoying, Birke donned his mask. Relief was immediate, he said. Sergeant Birke has no quarrel with the Army's medicos. They have tried all the methods known to science, but none of them had proved successful. He still visits the station hospital for injections. In civil life, Sergeant Birke also battles the hay-fever problem. He is associate publisher of The Herald-Dispatch, a leading newspaper of Huntington, W. Va. The gas mask experiment of Sergeant Birke was not without its various barracks sensations. Late arrivals, unaware of Birke's practice, often viewed his prostrate form—gas mask canopied—with alarm when they passed his bunk at night. New bunkies, unapprised of the experiment of Sergeant Birke, also felt in the position of the fellow in the magazine ads whose 'best friends wouldn't tell him.' When informed, however, that Sergeant Birke was allergic only to pollen and not their presence, serenity was restored."

RUTH WINCHESTER (MRS. G. B.) DE VRIES writes from Ceredo: "I was much interested in your account of John T. McGraw's part in the 1904 Democratic convention. It was held in St. Louis. I know because I, although an ardent Republican, was there as Colonel McGraw's guest. He and my father were two of the World's Fair commissioners, appointed by Governor Albert B. White. My father being the resident commissioner, we lived in the West Virginia Building throughout the Exposition. The Democratic convention was colorful, despite the absence of radios, loud speakers and many of our modern inventions. During it I heard speeches by W. J. Bryan and that Spanish-American war hero, R. P. Hobson. Dr. Mary Walker, the eccentric woman who 'dressed as a man,' was there and attracted a great deal of attention."

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine — Wiatt Smith

DEFYING the wartime rule against asking for second helpings, three of us called for more rolls while we were lunching yesterday at P. B. Steffey's drug store in Hamlin. We were not scolded — but we didn't get the rolls. Mrs. Steffey, the former Miss Lillian Ferguson of Wayne and a sister of Judge Charles W. Ferguson, explained that the rolls were exhausted. Some day we, Buford C. Tynes, Clyde A. Wellman and I, hope to have better luck. Those rolls would have tempted anybody to act like Oliver Twist. Anyway we enjoyed lunch, which was served by blonde Miss Verneda McComas, and had a pleasant conversation with some friends we don't see everyday.

WIATT SMITH

AMONG our fellow lunchers were Mr. and Mrs. A. F. (Ferd) Morris. The Morrises are Hamlin people who live in Huntington, but who go back to the Lincoln capital from time to time. Also at an adjoining table was Frank Grass, cashier of the Lincoln National Bank. When I first knew Frank he and I were in classes together at Marshall College. He stayed at the school longer than I did and played various positions—fullback at the last—on the football team. In his day there was no full-time coach. He recalled that P. B. Rardin served as coach for a time and later Professor George M. Ford advised the football team.

ANOTHER former Marshall student we met during our few hours in Hamlin was Dr. Arthur N. Henson. Dr. Henson operates a clinic in Hamlin and during the war period he was a one-man medical examining board in Hamlin. He has been practicing in Hamlin for 20 years, having located there in 1925 after five years at Yawkey. He had come to Yawkey direct from San Francisco after leaving the World War I Army five years before. A native of Buffalo, Putnam county, he entered Marshall College in 1907. He recalled that when he went to the school for enrollment the Ohio River was out of its bank. He had to be taken across the flood in a johnboat in order to reach the college. In the boat with him that day was Miss Caroline Frazier of Frazier's Bottom in Mason county. He says she is living in Huntington now—but he doesn't remember her name.

MR. TYNES, state chairman, and Mr. Wellman, regional chairman, for the United War Fund drive, were in Hamlin looking for a Lincoln county chairman. They said that in all previous drives Lincoln county had well exceeded its quota but that this year it was as yet the only county in the state to be unorganized. Its quota is $3,500 and Messrs. Tynes and Wellman are confident that an organization will be perfected to put Lincoln county over the top once more.

IT WAS a wonderful day for such a visit. The autumn frosts have touched the hills and the trees are beginning to take on a wonderful variety of colors. The weather was bright and fair. The place was busy but no one seemed to be in too much of a hurry. At one time, as I waited in the car for my companions, I had a chat with young Miss Shirley Elizabeth Mays and Miss Catherine Jo Taylor, who were first graders going from school to lunch at home.

Your Friends And Mine

. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

THE Rev. L. J. Priestley, superintendent of the West Virginia Anti-Saloon League, writes from Charleston to say: . . . "I was interested in the column in which you referred to Daniel Boone, Hardesty's History and William Jones' saloon. You referred to the notice by William Jones ordering small boys to stay out of his saloon. No doubt this saloon was located in Hamlin, for I have heard of Bill Jones' place in that town. If I am not mistaken, it stood on the lot where the late Attorney D. E. Wilkinson afterward had his office, just in front of the Court House. Some nine years ago Mr. Wilkinson told me that he bought the lot, with whatever building was on it then, for the purpose of getting rid of the saloon. This was probably in the late eighteen eighties, for in 1891 saloons were closed in Lincoln County and there have been none since that time. Within the last month I have seen the report of the death of the man who cast the deciding vote in the county court to close the last saloon in Lincoln. His name slips my memory, but he lived and died near Fourteen Mile Creek on the Guyandotte River. In 1935 he wrote me urging that everything possible be done to keep the State Liquor Control Commission from establishing a store in Lincoln county. I was then pastor at Hamlin. The county voted on the question on September 17 of that year and by a majority of almost two to one prevented the store from being established. P. S. . . . My recollection is that a cord is a stack of wood eight feet long, four feet wide and four feet high."

WIATT SMITH

AND J. S. Burks, 428 Thirtieth street, writes: . . . "I see where there is an argument about the Big Bend in the Guyandotte River. You will find the largest bend in that stream just above Martha, one-half mile from Shank Branch across the low gap to the river and three miles around the bend to the low gap. It is in Cabell County, three miles above Barboursville."

HAROLD (CHATTERBOX) FALLER takes issue with this column about the use of maple syrup or sorghum on buckwheat cakes. The way to eat old-fashioned buckwheat cakes, opines Chatter, is with sausage and gravy. When he wrote that paragraph that old scamp was just trying to make me hungry—and he succeeded.

IF YOU have stored your potatoes in a basement, watch out for sprouting, warns G. H. Peck, veteran telephone man, who told me that he discovered his basement stored spuds were sprouting. He desprouted 'em and now they are all right. He thought it would be well if others knew that the recent warm days had raised basement temperatures dangerously. As I understand it, potatoes sprout—then rot, and food is too scarce these days for any such wastage.

R. PAUL RICHARDSON telephones from Catlettsburg to say that Miss Virginia Tierney should be cited for effective aid in the Boyd County Court House Federal Employes Bond drive. Virginia, the lanky, shanky Irish gal who covers the Boyd County front for The Herald-Dispatch, rates numerous stars in my book and always has. I don't know exactly what she has done in the bond drive, but as Mr. Richardson says, she would be too modest to tell about it.

12-28-43

Your Friends And Mine

. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

GRACIE SMITH sent me a glass of blackberry jelly. As a messenger she employer her son-in-law, Eugene Hill Brown. With Gene was his 22-month-old daughter, Rebecca Stewart (Becky) Brown, cut as Christmas in her own right and by reason of one of these hooded outfits the children wear. Becky is beginning to talk but responded shyly to her Daddy's efforts to induce her to demonstrate her accomplishments. She did sing a bat of Silent Night, the words almost inaudible, but the air distinctly recognizable. And, left to herself, Becky presently went into an ecstatic dance and enjoyed herself so much that she didn't want to leave when Gene decided they must go . . . Five-year-old Russie Oliver and his elder sister, Amy, came with their parents, Kitty and Eddy. Russie had a new knife, from a neighbor's Christmas tree. It was a very small knife but its hawkbill blade was quite convincing, especially when its owner waved it about. Insisting that the knife be retired for the moment, Father Oliver proposed to put it in his own pocket. "No sir," said Russie, "you're not going to do that." I think he had lost other knives that way . . . Seen downtown was young Stephen Wells Gaynor, accompanying his father, Wells.

WIATT SMITH

MISSED from the annual Christmas Eve party of the Huntington Publishing Co., was Colonel J. H. Long, chairman of the board of directors. Colonel Long spent the Christmas week end, including yesterday, at home taking care of a cold . . . Because of disability, I was not required to hit the cafeteria line around the marble counters. Instead, I sat in the Colonel's office among the tycoons and nabobs where we placed on the glass-topped center table the plates and cups brought to us by the charming Miss Vara Fleshman.

I SHOULD like to go into greater detail about that assembly, touching associations old and new, but two things forbid. One of these is space—and the other doesn't matter. It would take a book. However, Jesse L. Boswell, veteran printer complained because he hadn't been included in Tom Wright's list of octogenarians. He was told that young fellows of 70 didn't rate.

SADNESS, much too near the surface this Christmas, was heightened by news of the death of the gentle and beautiful Roberta Murrill Hatfield. For long she had struggled valiantly against odds so unequal that not even the unstinted efforts and unfailing consideration of her kin could counterbalance them. Of her it seems appropriate to quote these lines from John Greenleaf Whittier:

"Oh heart sore-tried! Thou has the best
That Heaven itself could give thee—
rest—"

4-27-43

Your Friends And Mine

. . by Wiatt Smith . .

ROBERT L. RIPLEY might well make a Believe It Or Not feature out of the fact that on August 1, 1892, Ira Clay Hicks, a young Putnam Countian, received a first grade teachers' certificate which testifies even today that in a written examination he had 100 per cent in every one of 11 subjects. It has been many years since Ira Clay Hicks put away book and bell and left pedagogy for medicine and surgery. Yesterday, Dr. Ira Clay Hicks of Fifth Avenue showed me that 50 year old certificate, framed and carefully preserved. J. M. Henson, president, C. C. Knapp and Lewis Barnhart of the board of education attest therein that "Ira C. Hicks is a person of good moral character, competent to teach and govern a common school," and has passed an examination on the following branches with the annexed results." The branches, each with a big 100 marked after it, were Orthography, reading, penmanship, arithmetic, physiology and hygiene, bookkeeping, civil government, English grammar, geography and the theory and practice of teaching. As the school boy told his teacher, "that's not pretty good, that's perfect." Under this certificate, good for four years, Dr. Hicks taught in Putnam for $35 a month, later in Kanawha County for $60.

WIATT SMITH

AS HAS been recorded here before, the real estate back of Eighth Avenue and across from the Chesapeake & Ohio shops lies in irregular plots because it once constituted what was known as "the C & O Patch." At the beginning of the history of Huntington and the shops, the railway company permitted employes to stake out holdings there, build on the land, and occupy it rent free. It was called "the Patch," until Schuyler Humphreys and others got civic-minded and named it Cottage Grove. Life must have been somewhat idyllic in that rentless and taxless area until the day when the company announced that the men were to be permitted to buy their holdings. Some of them heard the news before the announcement. Among these was J. F. Booth, father of National Vice-Commander Charles E. Booth of the American Legion. Mr. Booth spent that night extending his lines and the next day Charley dug post holes.

COMMANDER BOOTH has many memories of the Patch, including one of the first automobiles which disturbed the serenity there. It was, he recalls, a two seater, and it created much excitement, especially among the children. Some of the elders were distrustful and Charley's mother ordered him to "stay away from that contraption," warning that it might explode. Charley got too close and was commanded to stay in the yard. Presently when his mother's back was turned, he succumbed to temptation and went out for a closeup of the car. His mother turned around too soon for his comfort. She called him again and when she got him into the house, dealt severely with him with a big switch.

MRS. J. S. JABLONSKI of 1659 Washington Boulevard telephoned about a black Scotty which was found injured yesterday in a field near her home. The Scotty, an old male, was taken in charge by Dr. Fallon. The pet had a hurt foot and possibly other injuries, from cause no one knew.

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4/27/44

Your Friends And Mine

. . by Wiatt Smith . .

BECAUSE of the backward Spring, the redbud and the dogwood, one of which usually follows the other, are coinciding this year in decorating the West Virginia hills. It may be that this observation is deficient because I haven't been out on the roads a great deal. Certainly, on a recent brief expedition, I saw both redbud and dogwood in full foliage. However, I was told redbud was on its way out. The hills, the roadsides and the gardens are lovely as they always are at this time of year, and, with April nearing its close, the vernal season is well established. Summer is not long away.

WIATT SMITH

NO LONGER does the striking of the town clock affect Emory Swann's sleep. This good friend who lived more than 40 years just across Fifth avenue from the Court House, and who could not rest if the town clock was silent, has sunk into that deeper slumber. When news came Tuesday night that he was dead, I was pleased to reflect that by intervening in the matter of the then non-striking town clock, this column possibly helped make his last days more serene. Emory Swann was of old Cabell-Wayne stock and was one of those who as boys came from the country to help build Huntington. I'll never forget the pride he expressed, long before Pearl Harbor, in the rising military career of his nephew and protege, Jefferson, now a lieutenant on one of the fighting fronts with the Army.

NOTHING has prepared me for news of the death of John M. Lowry. I had not seen him recently; but thought nothing of that. Mr. Lowry was closely related to the history of the drug business in Huntington, as, unless I am mistaken, he was the successor of William Keefe. In retirement, or semi-retirement several years before his death, he adopted woodworking as a hobby and took great pride in his craft. He equipped an efficient shop, became an expert cabinet-maker, and specimens of his handiwork are prized possessions in more than one Huntington home.

THERE are many Huntingtonians in Chicago, but it is improbable that many of these keep in touch with each other. But Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Wild, Mr. and Mrs. Trueheart Taylor Jr. and Mr. and Mrs. John H. Brooks keep the Huntington spirit alive among them in the Windy City. Because of this, Mrs. Frank B. Groves, mother of Eileen Groves Taylor, was in position to scold Herman E. Wild for not giving the Huntington papers the news of the birth last Friday of his grandson, Robert Marshall Wild Jr. Grandfather Wild lost no time in carrying out the suggestion. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Wild maintain neighborly relations in Chicago, though miles separate their homes. Mrs. Brooks is the former Miss Julia Ann Peoples. Her husband is with the FBI. Which reminds me that Lieutenant Steve Wolfe, used FBI Agent Joe McVay's New York apartment as headquarters on what is believed to have been his last stop before going overseas.

Your Friends And Mine

. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

WHEN a user of a dial system telephone gets a wrong number he has only himself to blame. He cannot, as in the old days, swear at or about the poor girl. Some may find fault with the use here of the pronoun "he." It refers, of course, to both sexes, but let me say here that women have no monopoly on dialing mistakes. Such mistakes arise often from careless use of the directory and with equal frequency from mistaken dependence on memory. Even I, with a headfull of telephone numbers, sometimes make that kind of a mistake. I can console myself with the thought that I came within one, or 100 or 1,000 of it, but that doesn't ease the pain of the person who had to answer a needless and heedless telephone call. And there are many such. There's a certain food store which has a telephone number almost identical to ours. There have been days when we answered 20 calls intended for that store. Recently, these occurrences have been less numerous, though they still persist.

WIATT SMITH

MOST of those who find they have dialed the wrong number are reasonably apologetic but some are belligerent and act like it was all the fault of the fellow who answered the telephone. One morning last Fall the phone rang and I answered to tell the caller that this was not soandso's market. A few minutes later the phone rang again. This time the call came from a man who seemed determined to do something about it. In an angry voice he demanded to know who was speaking. In the suavest tone I could command, I asked him who wanted to know. He chuckled and hung up the receiver. I think that was the same market call but have never been certain that it didn't come from some citizen who had lost his dog. Anyway, his manners were worse than mine and I hope his family was able to place its grocery order.

WHILE Dr. Norman W. Cox was pastor of of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church and lived at 1118 Sixth Avenue, I lived at 1118 Fifth Avenue. Our telephone numbers were made up of different arrangements of the same numerals and the confusion in calls which resulted was not lessened by the fact that my wife's maiden name was Cox. The payoff came when George E. Mobus, who was my landlord and Dr. Cox's parishoner, telephoned to me when he wanted to talk to his pastor. We were all friends together and when the situation was explained we had a good laugh. But the incident was unforgettable.

IT IS SAFE to follow the telephone company's advice and consult your directory —safe but not always feasible. Charley Stalnaker, who was here the other day from Weston, told of an occasion when he as a field auditor for the state tax commissioner found himself by an extension telephone in an upper room of a certain city building. Desiring to make a call, he contacted information, who read him the riot act for not consulting his directory, consuming much more time than the completion of the call would have consumed while he explained that he didn't have any book.

Your Friends And Mine

. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

AN impulse to weigh himself was a moulding factor in the life of George E. Mobus. Mr. Mobus, who on Wednesday observed his eightieth birthday, came to Huntington, W. Va., from Huntingdon, Pa., in March 1883 — 61 years ago, and has been here since — all because he couldn't or wouldn't stay away from those scales. Then being 19 years old, he had a job in a blacksmith shop in a Pennsylvania plant. The shop issued an order that all workers must stay at their posts and not be wandering around. If there was a union it was not strong enough to prevent any foreman from firing anybody for any reason, let alone for the violation of a well-understood rule. Not that Mr. Mobus was fired — he quit. But let's get along with the story. His post was near a door and just outside that door were the shop scales. One day he took a notion to weigh himself. Thereupon, he started for the scales. The foreman saw him and reminded him of the rule. George went back to the job. An hour or two later he started back to the scales. Again the boss caught him and this time gave him what he said was the final warning. Believe it or not, before the day's final whistle blew, George started again for the scales. This time he made it, but he was discovered before he got back to his place. To save embarrassment to the foreman, who was his personal friend — George Mobus called for his time — and got it.

WIATT SMITH

THE young man had saved some money and it wasn't too bad to be out of a job, but he was ambitious and looked around for new opportunities. Just then William Burkheimer, who had come from Huntingdon, Pa., to be foreman of the blacksmith shop of the Ensign Manufacturing Co. (now ACF) here, found he needed a clerk and so wrote back to Pennsylvania to ask Charley Grimminger to come down and take the job. Mr. Grimminger accepted and his footloose brother-in-law, George E. Mobus, decided to come with him. Mr. Grimminger after six months returned to Altoona, Pa., where subsequently he died. George Mobus got a job in the Ensign company's blacksmith shop and stayed here.

THE young traveler came from Pittsburgh, Pa., to Huntington on the steamboat Emma Graham, fare, sumptuous meals included, $6.00. His first Huntington meal was at the Merchants' Hotel, of which R. A. Mathews was then proprietor. The charge for the meal was 25 cents and the food was all on the table. You helped yourself or asked your neighbor to pass the biscuits — and ate your fill for that quarter. Even so, hotel rates were too high for a young worker and George Mobus went to live at the boarding house of Mrs. Hawkins which occupied part of the present site of the Emmons Apartments. There were no closets and the lodgers hung their work clothes on nails driven in a row along a corridor wall. Soon after his arrival Mr. Mobus was first to hang his clothing in this line and left it there while he took his daily bath in a foot tub. Others came and the line of duds grew. Meanwhile a sneak thief got into the house and rifled the pockets of the idle garments. Someway, he missed the clothes in which George Mobus had left his accumulated savings — $169. Thereafter, the young man placed his money in the keeping of Mrs. Hawkins.

Your Friends And Mine
. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

DRIFTWOOD, left under the banks by receding rivers, used to furnish fuel for some Guyandotte homes. Nevertheless, the friend who opined that I should be familiar with cord measurements because I was reared in Guyandotte "where they burned wood," was mistaken. Never in my time did the normally substantial Guyandotte household burn wood except for kindling.

WIATT SMITH

Prior to the advent of natural gas, coal was the standard fuel for cooking and heating. Goods boxes were chopped up for kindling wood. Sticks so supplied were laid on a base of newspaper and the coal was laid on the kindling. If the job were properly done, all that remained was to apply the flame from a kitchen (then parlor) match. It was said that a boy who could make a good fire would win a smart wife. In my own esteem, at least, I qualified as an expert fire maker. I must have done well enough, as they always made me do the job. That, however, was not necessarily a sign, as I also had to chop the kindling and carry in the coal and, often, to clean and fill the kerosene lamps. Truly, the natural gas was the friend of boydom, but I never sawed or split any cord wood, or even saw any in Guyandotte.

IN PRESENT-DAY Huntington there is a substantial traffic in cord wood. The wood fire is a luxury highly esteemed by those privileged to have open fireplaces. And who shall say it is not a pleasant thing to sit before the crackling logs which the pioneers used perforce and using, learned to love? Coal fires are attractive, too, but there's something about the gas heater which commends it to me. Huntington's wood burners buy their fuel in length cords. A cord of wood, by official standard as quoted by Russell W. Morris, is four by four by eight—that is to say four foot sticks in a stack four feet high and eight feet long. Few Huntington fireplaces are wide enough to admit a four foot stick—hence the length cord which consists of sticks of specified length in a pile four feet high and eight feet long. The longer the individual stick, the greater the price of the length cord. There are numerous purveyors of these length cords who will supply the wood, though not always when they say.

THERE'S a parody on Dixie which contains the words, "buckwheat cakes and injun batter, make you fat or a little fatter, look away—." That quotation is to put the readers on their guard against possible loss of figure through the following recipes sent to this column in response to the Fred Burns request. Mrs. Mayme Smith Cherry, a neighbor of the Guyandotte days, writes: "My father and mother (Mr. and Mrs. D. I. Smith) did not think their Winter breakfast was complete without buckwheat cakes. My father and Mr. (G. S.) Page sent to Greenbrier County and bought buckwheat in quantity. Mother and Mrs. Page made their yeast from hops and kept plenty of that on hand. I have since made it with a yeast cake as I don't know much about hops and haven't seen any for a long time:" Mrs. Cherry appends the following recipe:

Old-fashioned buckwheat cakes. Starter—the night before—one pint water; one pint buckwheat flour; teaspoon of salt; one-half teacup of yeast or one yeast cake. Morning—one-half teaspoon soda; small teaspoon baking powder; heaping teaspoon sugar; thin batter with water; let stand about 15 minutes, then fry in cakes.

Your Friends And Mine
. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

PERHAPS the oldest of the hotels now operating in Huntington is the Adelphi, at the north west corner of Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street. This is not the original Adelphi. That occupied the site of the present day Huntington Hotel. It burned in 1901. Thereafter the Carolina Hotel, one of the numerous Huntington enterprises of J. B. Harris, took the Adelphi name. An item from this Adelphi's past is revealed by a card found by Dr. B. W. West behind a baseboard of an old log house which he was repairing after purchase. He describes the location as "the old Townsend farm." On the card the Adelphi Hotel "opposite city library, opposite post office," offers "special rates by the week," and "theatrical rates to theatrical people;" announces new management, new furnishings and a two dollar daily rate. It also carries a picture of Stephen F. Blake, proprietor.

WIATT SMITH

DEATH of Mrs. Leon S. Wiles recalls the inception of the burley tobacco market in Huntington. Mrs. Wiles was a Kirkpatrick and her family was largely interested financially in the Huntington tobacco development. Opening of the tobacco market brought hither Mr. and Mrs. Wiles, the Spilmans, Frank Ellington and others. That was after I went to work on the newspapers. The late Rawlins M. Baker, of the firm of Simms, Enslow, Fitzpatrick & Baker, sent for me and gave me the story. Mr. Baker, as I recall, and Leon S. Wiles, certainly, died during the great influenza epidemic in 1918. Leon Wiles was mayor and as such took the epidemic and its problems to heart. The medical rule was that anyone who felt the oncoming symptoms should quit work, go home and to bed. Mayor Wiles persisted in staying on the job after he got sick.

DEATH'S hand has fallen heavily on Huntington within the last few days. That superior man and citizen, Charles M. Love Sr., was buried yesterday. Mr. Love traced his ancestral lines directly to the earliest Cabell county beginnings and was devoted as few men are to his home community. He lived a useful life and left a useful family to carry on the old name. . . . And Shelby Christian has gone too. Shelby's ruling passion was politics — Republican politics, and I'm sorry he was called away before such a time as he and John Hallanan, with others, could resume their sway on the post office steps. Shelby was a wholehearted Republican but even when talking politics with a Democrat, his eye never lost its twinkle. This characteristic of Shelby's often reminded me of my old Republican friend, H. C. (Hen) Lecky of Guyandote, a veteran of the Union army who drove the first stake in the survey of the site of Huntington.

IN [illegible] from the Guyandotte high school a class of six boys—no girls. That was a rare circumstance then and, in coeducational institutions has been even rarer since. Those six boys advanced to manhood and various pursuits and the circle remained unbroken until Bernard T. Tomlinson, East End business and civic leader, died earlier in the week. Surviving members of the historic class are Myron B. Neale, police sergeant, Frank L. Murphy, Main street druggist, Raymond L. Diddle, Huntington business man, Charles Chapman and Loren Sedinger, both of whom, I think live and operate successfully in Logan . . . I had known Bernard since he was little more than an infant and we were warm friends from the day I, a tall youth, picked him up in my arms that he might see a passing parade over the heads of the crowd.

WIATT SMITH

DATED Monday, October 24, a letter from C. W. Swentzel, 2710 First avenue, says: "Relative to the picture in this morning's paper of the horse and buggy days, if my recollection serves me right, this barn stood across the road from Bern Curry's general store and hotel in Hamlin, Lincoln county, and if I am correct this spot was very familiar to me from 1896 to 1901, the years that my father ran the livery stable in Milton. I drove almost daily to Hamlin, feeding my team at this barn."

MR. SWENTZEL'S memory was vindicated when, in response to a telephone message from a friend, I went to call on Mrs. Lewis Kingery at 1749 College avenue. Mrs. Kingery, now 73 years old and recovering from a severe illness, was making quilt squares—piecing a quilt, as they used to say, when she admitted me. Her daughter, Mrs. Grant, had sent her the picture from The Herald-Dispatch. Could she identify it? Indeed, yes. Her husband was one of the figures in the background in this view of the livery and feed stable of S. C. (Squire) Dillon in Hamlin. Mr. Kingery, who died in Huntington about a year ago, was stable boss for Squire Dillon. The man holding the horse in front of the barn was Squire Dillon himself. Each of the boys in the lot was named Charley, one being designated as "Black Charley." Mrs. Kingery cannot recall the name of the blacksmith.

PERHAPS the strangest thing about the picture which Charles W. Gibbs brought to me is that it was probably a former possession of the Kingery home. Mr. Kingery had the picture enlarged and framed, prizing it highly. After his death Mrs. Kingery sold it. It is not certain, of course, that the picture I received was the Kingery copy, but it seems a safe hazard that it was. Mrs. Kingery has lived in Huntington twenty years or more. Born Susan Pullens, a native of Rockbridge county, Virginia, she came to Lincoln county with her parents very early in life.

CALL of the old home town and the old school brought Don Jones back to Huntington from Philadelphia to see Marshall play football. With him came his wife, formerly Miss Ruth McCallister of Huntington, and his mother, Mrs. John A. Jones, who lives with them. Mrs. John A. Jones is the widow of one of the outstanding men of early Huntington, John A. Jones the Third, a pianos dealer in pianos and organs, whose signs dotted the country side for miles around. He was also a civic leader, prominent especially as a member of the board of education and for his interest in school affairs. Another son, Rex Jones, lives in Pittsburgh. I found Don busy with a group of curb-

Your Friends . . by . . Wiatt Smith

DEATH of D. Irvin Smith in Los Angeles, Calif., Saturday has set back yonder authorities to comparing notes. None I have found remembers exactly when it was that "Little Irvin," as Guyandotte called him, left here with his cousin Fred Miller, Guy Morris and Allen Love to found a wholesale drygoods business in Washington state. It has, to my knowledge, been a long time, but whether it was before or after the turn of the century, I cannot say. D. I. Smith Jr., after finishing the school courses available in Guyandotte and graduating at Marshall College, had gone to work for the wholesale drygoods house of Barlow, Henderson & Co. He had risen to be a buyer for Biggs, Watts & Co., successors to Barlow, Henderson & Co. and predecessors of Watts, Ritter & Co., when it was decided that he and others should try their fortunes in the northwest. George F. Miller, father of Fred Miller, D. I. Smith Sr., G. A. Northcott, W. S. Vinson and perhaps others, financed the enterprise. I think perhaps the firm began business in Tacoma, Wash., but it soon moved to Seattle. In 1909, it was purchased by Eugene Anderson, who still lives in Seattle. Guy Morris, a brother of the Misses Annie L. and Lena Morris of Fifth Avenue, lives in Pasadena. Eugene Anderson, by the way, was the first of the well known Portsmouth brothers to come to Huntington. When he went to Seattle he was succeeded in the Anderson-Newcomb Co. by the late Charles N. Anderson.

WIATT SMITH

DUDLEY D. SMITH moved to Guyandotte, probably in the late 1840s from Ohio. He built a home on Main Street, north of Bridge, and that was one of the houses destroyed by the fires which laid waste to the town in November 1861. All that was saved of the household effects was some silverware which had been buried. Mrs. Mayme Smith Cherry of Highlawn, daughter of D. I. Smith and granddaughter of D. D. Smith, has some of that silver. Dudley D. Smith named his son Dudley Irvin. D. I. Smith had a son who bore his name and that son named his boy Dudley Irvin Smith and called him Dudley. Dudley L. Smith, now approaching middle age, is unmarried. Incidentally, Earl Coulter, son of Mrs. Russell Becker of Ashland, who was Mary Christine Cherry, and the late Earl Coulter, has returned from the Army after five years and is working for Watts, Ritter & Co., where his Great Uncle Irvin Smith worked so many years ago.

P. P. CHAPMAN of Ceredo, long known to the readers of the Ceredo Advance and the Kenova Reporter as Si Stebbins, which was his newspaper nom de plume, is convalescing at St. Mary's Hospital after a cataract operation by Dr. C. M. Hawes. His eyes are still bandaged, but otherwise he is all right. "Uncle Si," as his cronies know him, went to work for the late T. T. McDougal when he was 18 years old, staying with the job until the connection was broken by the death of Mr. McDougal. He now has his own print shop in Ceredo. His family includes Mrs. Chapman, the former Miss Lulu Robbins of Ashland, to whom he was married 50 years ago next May, a daughter, Mrs. E. L. Meredith, nee Marguerite Chapman, and a granddaughter, Lula Marguerite Meredith, a junior at Marshall College. The Merediths live in Huntington.

Your Friends . by . And Mine Watt Smith

POCAHONTAS COUNTY is having its annual panther excitement—scare is not the word. None seems afraid and there are times when it is to be suspected that the one excited person is Calvin Price, editor of The Pocahontas Times. The annual Pocahontas panther report gives Editor Price occasion for unloosing some tale of a mighty hunter of the far back yonder days. Mentioning the report that a man saw an animal answering the description of a panther which "went away from that place after three charges of No. 7 shot had been fired at it," Mr. Price adds, "The last panther that I know about being killed on Brushy Mountain was nearly 70 years ago by the late J. Albert Sharp and the late Andrew Taylor. They tracked the varment (Mr. Price always spells varment that way) into the rocks on the face of the mountain next to Knapps Creek between Huntersville and Minnehaha."

WIATT SMITH

EDITOR PRICE goes on with the tale, saying: "Whenever I hear of panther on Brushy or the Beaver Lick, I am reminded of the experience of the late James Sharp, who lived at the foot of these mountains on Cummings Creek. Nearly 100 years ago he had a most sensational experience in Buckley Mountain. It was growing late and time to set out for home. He was passing leisurely along when a panther suddenly mounted a log but a few feet in front of him. He shot the varment, but when the smoke cleared away another crouched in the same place on the log. This performance was repeated nine times. Then the hunter became panic stricken and flanked out for home. During the night the remainder of the pack followed his trail to his house and killed and ate a yearling calf. Next morning properly reinforced, Mr. Sharp went back to the spot where he fired nine times, and there beheld what no hunter has seen before nor since; nine panthers, but they were good panthers now. Every shot had told with fatal effect. It seems that there are seasons when these varments go in packs of 15 or 20, and this happened to have been one of the times." . . . Let it be hoped that the committee of 1,000 will note that the story of the nine panthers was Calvin Price's—not mine.

THE tale and the newspaper containing it were brought from Marlinton at the week-end by Neighbor Russell F. Hodges. Russell had been hunting in Pocahontas with O. K. Harvey, H. E. Cauliflower, C. B. Walls and Turley Walls. There were great stories related by the homecomers, but they brought no panther skins. Personally, I was glad to settle for a mess of squirrels.

HOUSTON LAIRD will be buried today in his native county—Tazewell, in Virginia. Houston, who spent many weeks at Pinecrest, made a gallant struggle for life, but when he found it was unavailing he expressed the wish to come home to Huntington. This wish was gratified and he died here Saturday evening.

IN 1878 John Henry and Molly Janet (Fox) Cammack with their sons Lucius H. and Charles Walker Cammack came down the Ohio from Marietta, Ohio, on the steamer Katie Stockdale to settle in the rather new town of Huntington. Previously they had lived at Williamstown, in Wood County, West Virginia, where the sons were born. In coming to Huntington they were following Dr. William P. Walker, founder and first pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. Colonel and Mrs. Cammack lived many years in Huntington and died loved and honored by all the city. Lucius H.

WIATT SMITH

Cammack, the elder son, died a number of years ago following a useful career here. Charles W. Cammack, eight years old on his arrival here, in February 1878, entered the old Fourth Avenue school the next week with Miss Fannie Mitchell as his teacher. In 1886, at the age of 16, he got a job in the First National Bank. After a few years he determined that he was not getting ahead fast enough and looked for some means of increasing his earnings. Life insurance offered a promising field and he became a part-time agent of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Boston, Mass. In 1892 he wrote his first contract which insured either William H. or John L. Wilson of Wilson's Mill, later of Guyandotte. He isn't certain which policy was first delivered. Both are dead and Mr. Cammack himself is now the holder of the oldest John Hancock policy in Huntington, with Charles M. Gohen as runner up.

SUCCESS in the insurance game led Mr. Cammack to give up banking in 1896. In 1917 he became general agent for the John Hancock Co. here. How much insurance he has written is a matter of conjecture, but Frank J. Keefe of Boston, manager of the company's underwriting department, yesterday said that C. W. Cammack has been one of the big life underwriting producers, ranking with the foremost in the nation. Mr. Keefe and J. Harry Wood, second vice-president of John Hancock, came from Boston to attend a dinner given in celebration of Mr. Cammack's 50th anniversary as a company underwriter. The dinner was held at the Woman's Club House last night, with more than 100 persons attending. There were many out of town visitors, these including Howard H. Cammack, of Charleston, elder son of the celebrant. The place cards were in the form of a John Hancock policy on the life of Charles Walker Cammack, amount one golden anniversary dinner, type 50 year endowment, issued as of January 23, 1892, this having been the date of the first Cammack contract. On the cards also were pictures of Mr. Cammack taken in 1892 and 1942. The 1892 likeness is that of a young fellow with wavy brown hair and a rather luxuriant moustache.

I'VE KNOWN Mr. Cammack many years, but I don't remember him with a moustache. Earlier recollection places him as a frequenter of the law offices of Switzer & Wiatt of which firm my uncle, Thomas E. Wiatt, was junior partner. Something tells me he wasn't always there on law business, certainly that office was a social rendezvous, to say loafing place, and I made my first acquaintance with many well known Huntingtonians there. Yesterday Mr. Cammack recalled how George F. Miller the banker used to say to him, "Young man if you are ever as good a man as your father you'll be all right." To me, he said, "If you are as good a man as Tom Wiatt, you'll be all right." I agreed that we each

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

RECORDS of the State Road Commission show that the covered bridge at Hamlin was built in 1881. W. T. (Billy)Black writes from his home at Myra, Lincoln County, that the bridge was erected in 1891. Mr. Black should know. He was one of the builders. He tells me the general contractors were a Mr. Overstreet and W. E. Bench; also that the bridge was built after the plan of a similar structure across Mud River near Milton. "My part," he writes, "was making the cut at the south end of the bridge and both approaches. John Lucas bossed all the shooting. We were responsible for all damages to the bridge and the damage bill was less than $300. We paid Mr. Lucas 60 cents a day and boarded him. Other hands got 50 cents a day, with board. We had plenty of help and there were no strikes.

WIATT SMITH

"THIS was the first bridge built and was very important. All of the traffic from the southern part of the county and up Mud River crossed this bridge, especially in high water times, to get to Hamlin, the county seat. B. F. Eden was my partner and the County Court appointed John S. Sweetland, a merchant and former sheriff, to receive the completed contract. This he did, without requiring any more work to be done. The road to the south was worked four days per year by each man between 21 and 50. It was a very good road at that time. Now, the state has it, and you see the condition.

"THERE have been many changes in Lincoln County since the erection of the old wooden bridge. When it was built we had no cars, no trucks, no radios, few, if any talking machines, on hard surface roads; now we have hundreds of cars and trucks, and the flying machines pass over our farms; we have many miles of hard surface roads and at least 14 other bridges—not to mention radios. The circuit judge, the prosecutor, the members of the County Court, the merchants, the lawyers and doctors and all of the bridge contractors except W. T. (Billy) Black are dead."

DR. D. M. PHILLIPS, former Huntington veterinarian who has a small animal clinic at Ashland, Ky., writes: "Your Friends and Mine had an article the other day about the singing brothers that you called Parkins. I was born and raised in that neighborhood, and knew Charley very well. To get you correct, their name was Perkins, not Parkins. They were good people who went about Gallia County singing for special occasions. They also taught 'singin' schools, especially Charley. They travelled in a two-horse buckboard . . . P.S. . . . We are making sauerkraut today—or, at least, Mrs. Phillips is." I never knew those singing evangelists, but I do know Clayton Hall wrote the name Parkins—and my chips are down on Clayton's version.

LAWRENCE L. McCLURE, the attorney, is a patient at St. Mary's Hospital. After some weeks, he is improving and his physicians think he will be about again in a short time . . . Brownie, "part cocker" pet of Carolyn Plack, is missing from the home of the Rev. and Mrs. Carl Plack at 1440 Washington Boulevard. He's been gone since Saturday and Carolyn is anxious for news of him. The telephone number is 6216.

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

ON TOMORROW, Thursday, February 3, Miss Mary Louella Turner of 737½ Sixth avenue, will be 81 years old. Hundreds of Huntingtonians need no introduction to Miss Mary. She has been here longer than most of us, and she has spent her life in Cabell county. For seventy-one of her eighty-one years she has been a cripple and her life has been and is a sermon in patience, fortitude, good cheer and, as she would tell you, faith. I shall not attempt to describe her infirmity, other than to say that to those of us who have long watched her goings and comings, her bended body has been less of a wonder than her indomitable spirit. It was only a year ago that Miss Turner got crutches. Now she uses these when the going is firm underfoot. Otherwise, she has resource to her trusty umbrella—the same one she has carried, with numerous recoverings for 25 years. She lives alone and does her own cooking. "How else," she asked, "do you suppose I would get anything to eat?"

WIATT SMITH

FOR forty-seven and one-half years after coming to Huntington from her home near Howell's Mill, she made her living by sewing. "I must have done it on faith," she said, "as my customers didn't know I had never seen the inside of a dressmaking shop until I opened my own." Her mother taught her to sew. When she was nine years old she could knit a stocking and turn the heel, and from an early age she and her sisters made their own clothes. Her mother was a Virginian and Miss Mary herself was born in that state, there having been no division when she made her advent on the Doolittle farm in Cabell county of February 3, 1863. From the hills near her home she watched the building of the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad. She remembers the work trains and the early freights, but not the first passenger train.

MISS MARY'S mother, whose maiden name was Sheff, had lived in Guyandotte and the Louella in the daughter's name is for Miss Lou Hayslip, afterward the wife of Dr. James Hysell of Guyandotte and Pomeroy, Ohio. Miss Mary never saw Mrs. Hysell.

IN 1885 Miss Mary Turner joined Bethesda Methodist Episcopal Church, South, near her Howell's Mill home. After her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Turner moved to Huntington the family was slow to change its church membership for fear they might not be able to stick it out here. Economic conditions favored them and Miss Mary took her letter to Johnson Memorial. This was after the first Johnson Memorial fire and while the congregation was worshipping in Ohev Sholom temple which then stood at the northeast corner of Fifth avenue and Tenth street.

MISS MARY was crippled when she was 10 years old. Dr. Murphy, father of the late James Murphy of Guyandotte, was her physician. Since then no physician has ever been called in to see her, though Dr. Pat Swann once gave her a tonic after remarking that about the only thing the matter with her was that she talked too much. There's much more but I have to mind Miss Mary who warned, "now don't write too much about me."

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

IN TIME well within my recollection, enterprising Huntington houses advertised "both phones." This was before 1910 when the Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Co. absorbed the facilities of the Huntington Mutual Telephone Co. which it had purchased a year or two earlier. Since that merger Huntington has been a one-telephone town, a fact which no one ever reasonably regretted. For years the business has been carried on by the Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Co. of West Virginia. One of the early Huntington directories which followed the Bell absorbtion of the Mutual was dated February 15, 1911. It listed subscribers in Huntington and Logan, W. Va. A copy of this directory, excellently preserved, the property of P. Lugrin, Appalachian Electric Power Co. plant superintendent, has been lent me by A. J. Darrah.

WIATT SMITH

A. B. COLLIER was district commercial manager, with offices in Huntington. The last admonition before the actual listings began was, "Always call by number, not by name." There is great temptation to attempt detail of the enumerated telephones. But is it too much of a job. Besides the Huntington and Logan telephones there are also listed those of the Proctorville exchange, the exchange of the Ohio Valley Telephone Co. at Proctorville, O., two enterprises, and the Getaway, O., telephone exchange. Use of the long distance telephone was urged, but then, and for a long time afterward, if one wanted to talk to Charleston it was necessary to put in the call and then stand by, maybe an hour or two, for results. Incidentally, the Logan directory listed the private branch exchange of the U. S. Coal & Oil Co. at Holden, but no Island Creek Coal Co.

FELLOW cab passengers recently were Mr. and Mrs. Morris Dietz of Marion Court. I did not recognize Morris as another Guyandotte fellow, but he introduced himself. He is the son of the late Wallace and Lena Shelton Dietz, both of whom I knew well. He also told me that among his treasured keepsakes was a silk handkerchief which his mother bought for his father just before their marriage 55 years ago. The kerchief was so dainty, Wall Dietz never used it, and today it still carries the 50-cent price tag and the name of the seller, Sam Gideon.

WRITING from Peach Creek, Mrs. Grover C. Shelton says: "In your column of October 16, I note the name of Stella M. Shelton, a participant in the Marshall College commencement exercises held at Davis Opera House at 8:30 P. M., Tuesday, June 4, 1889. Stella M. Shelton, my aunt, lives in Ashtabula, O. She is the daughter of the late Jerome Shelton of Hamlin. She's the only living relatives of her generation."

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

WHILE with a group of six men Tuesday afternoon, I reported that Robert L. Archer had died. Two of my companions, both early Huntingtonians, voiced shock and regret. The other three, all upstanding men, well known in the present day life of the city, asked, in different terms, but with the same meaning, "Who was he?" Sic Transit Gloria Mundi! It was not strange that those comparative newcomers did not know him, yet for the greater and perhaps the better part of my life, Robert L. Archer had a wide acquaintance and almost every person of reasoning age knew at least who and what he was. Personally, the glory of life never passed from him. He was a man who, to quote Rudyard Kipling, could and did "meet with triumph and disaster, and treat those two impostors just the same."

WIATT SMITH

FOR such as did not know, or who may not have read his obituary notices in the news columns, let it be said that he was a banking executive for years, he was a member of the Huntington Independent School Board which built the Eighth Street high school, he was a leader in the Episcopal Church, the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club and the banking associations. He was a member of the famous Huntington Light Infantry with which he went into the National Guard and subsequently to an officer's post and an adjutantship in the Second West Virginia Infantry during the Spanish-American war. He was a historian and a writer whose articles, especially on financial subjects, were widely published.

MR. ARCHER was one of five men chosen by Bradley Watters Foster as trustee of the Foster Foundation which, since Mr. Foster's death, has built and operated the Foster Memorial Home and administered other philanthropies. Hans Watts, now the foundation president, is the survivor of the five. The others were Harvey T. Lovett, Charles P. Snow and E. H. Thornburg.

THOUGH his fortunes were altered by the great depression, he went on living smilingly, courteously, wearing the year around those same gates-ajar collars and, in Summer, those same white linen suits. In 1912 he sent for me to come to his office in the First National Bank, then on Third Avenue. I went, and heard from him that the bank had bought the First Methodist Episcopal Church property at Fourth Avenue and Tenth Street and would erect a modern home there. The original section of what is now the First Huntington National Bank Building resulted. I saw him in many circumstances and, during World War I, with John E. Norman, Virginia Foulk, Harry Wright, Russell E. Drummond, Alice Crawford Seagraves and others, helped him conduct the West Virginia War Savings campaign. I worked with him, traveled with him and found in him a man who enjoyed the simple, wholesome pleasures of life. He never changed.

Your Friends And Mine
. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

CERTAIN ladies of my acquaintance are miffed at Captain Herman E. Watt. Personally, I think these girls are ungrateful and unreasonable, but as everybody knows, members of their sex are logical only when it pleases them so to be. Anyway, after Captain Watt retired as superintendent of the water company and started spending his winters in Del Ray Beach, Fla., he began sending with his Christmas cards to married men friends highly perfumed and dainty enclosures of lace and linen marked "hankie for the lady boss." Last week there came to the newspaper office a card from Del Ray Beach. To Duke Ridgley, who assisted in opening the mail, I remarked that the one postmarked Del Ray Beach was from H. E. Watt. It was addressed to Your Freinds and Mine and His Friend Wife, so I offered to bet there was a handkerchief in it. Happily there was no wager but the Old Admiral paid off in jeers. Later, I carried that card home where I was wrongfully accused of having extracted and misappropriated the handkerchief. The unperfumed state of the envelope and card cleared me. And I know of another household in which the experience was duplicated.

WIATT SMITH

A GENERATION ago a person of 70 was regarded as old. It seems to me that those in their seventies were classed as old and those in their eighties as aged. Perhaps it is because my perspective has changed that I now regard those in their eighties as elderly or aging and those in their nineties as old. Thomas S. Wright, retired printer, has sent a communication saying "friends and acquaintances are wishing many respected residents of Huntington who have passed their 80th mile posts a Merry Christmas and the happiest of New Years." He attaches a list, men only, which doubtless is far from complete. Some of those named are active, some have retired. Not a few of them are well advanced in their nineties. I join with Tom Wright in extending the season's greetings to these and all the oldsters, women as well as men.

JOHN L. HAWKINS, dean of Huntington's wholesale merchants; Peter Baer, retired merchant; Alfred A. Fisher, Henry L. Wright, John W. Downey, A. W. Werninger, Henry DeVillard, Colonel J. H. Long, Edward Howard, J. M. Berry, the harness maker, Charles Haffner, A. J. Wilkinson, V. V. Curnutt, C. W. Cantrell, John P. Drown, Adrian L. Harris, Thomas Jobe, George R. Swentzel, Judge David E. Matthews, the Rev. W. M. Lister, Judge C. B. Hill, J. H. Nichols, W. J. Connell, Will Thackston, Colonel Humphreys, Virgil Warren, Robert D. Wiley, George Brammer, Frank Joy, L. B. Trent, Walter Jarvis, Will Pepper, Captain Charles W. Kilgore, William R. Shore, Charles C. Ormdorff, Charles Smith, M. J. Summers, Thomas O'Neill, Colonel William R. Thompson, Rufus Switzer, Owen Bartram, O. P. Wheat, H. C. Watters, Jacob Shively, William and Robert Kyle, Martin Green, Fran Weymouth and all the rest.

TOM WRIGHT also suggests mention of Sam Davis, "Guyandotte's oldest colored citizen, who by all accounts, has reached or is nearing his 100th birthday." Shucks, Tom, Sam's just a young fellow of only 88 or 89. And there's no mystery about his exact age. Sam knows and will tell you.

ERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGT

2-23-42

Your Friends And Mine
. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

ALTHOUGH the creek mouths are still stopped with ice and there are patches of snow on the hillsides, Spring's in the air. This impression was heightened as I rode with Maurice Kaplan up the Ohio side to Miller through the Sunday afternoon sunshine. Here and there we noted a freshly plowed field, indicating that farmers and truck growers of old Lawrence are getting ready to do their bit in the war effort by producing much food. We crossed from Huntington at Twenty-sixth Street on the ferryboat Rosemary. She had discharged a full cargo of automobiles and was equally crowded when we started from the Bradrick landing. And her sister boat, the Paul F. Thomas, was equally busy. An hour later, when we crossed into Huntington, the bridge from Chesapeake bore a continuous line of traffic.

WIATT SMITH

IT WAS hard to learn to say Miller instead of Millersport when the name of the old river settlement at the upper end of Lawrence county was changed years ago. Some still write it Millersport, though the official name is Miller. In the back yonder days it was the home of many steamboat people and, as we learned yesterday, some still reside there. Paul Miller directed us to the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. Z. Moore where this elderly couple, surrounded by other members of their family, were waiting hopefully for news of their two daughters, reported missing after the sinking of the towboat G. W. McBride early yesterday morning. We brought them no good news, nor did the day bring forth any. The Moore's received us hospitably and as we talked with them we basked in the warmth of a coal fire burning brightly on the hearth. I have an incurable liking for such fires, despite an acute memory of the fact that kindling must be split, coal carried in and ashes carried out. The Moore lawn was sentineled by a huge shepherd dog and Maurice and I walked warily as we entered. However, Rover proved entirely amiable and greeted me by popping a big, muddy paw into my hand. Mr. Moore said that Rover not only would not fight, but refused to tolerate fighting on the premises. And Rover was gay and friendly, unconscious of the deepening gloom which enshrouded the father and mother, the brothers and sisters and the young children of the two missing women, Mrs. Arley Henderson and Mrs. Verna Conner.

BASIL MILLER, who now sells advertising specialties, left his home in Lawrence County when a young man and worked for Henry M. Flagler's Florida East Coast Railroad, hand braking on a local freight which made an overnight run from Fort [illegible] to Miami. In those days, he recalls, Miami was little more than a village and there was no Miami Beach. I think Mr. Miller's first train experience was after he had gone to Guyandotte for a season and introduced his famous pacing horse, Tyanne, which proved a dark horse at the Cabell County Fair (Third Avenue at Thirty-[illegible] and beat the favorite, Little Jim.

TOM E. DANDELET and Will [illegible], each carrying a cane, go for [illegible] together every evening after dinner. [illegible] ative advises. There is a third [illegible] those

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UP BETIMES, as the late O. O. McIntyre used to say in his "Diary of a Modern Pepys," and to the court house for the convening of yesterday's sessions of Common Pleas Court. Purpose was to be an interested bystander, but fate and the court decreed otherwise. The grand jury, which had returned after a recess, was two men short and those two places had to be filled. In the back yonder days when a venire was lacking numerically, the sheriff was ordered to go forth and summon men from "the body of the people." Under the code of 1937 it is required that in case of such a shortage as existed yesterday two jury commissioners, of opposite political faith, be chosen and qualified and that these commissioners in their turn call the jurors. Prosecuting Attorney J. J. N. Quinlan or Circuit Clerk M. C. (Cliff) Blake I don't know which suggested that I be made a special jury commissioner. Judge H. C. Warth accepted this nomination and that of William E. Duncan, who was also in the court room. Mr. Duncan and I, having been first duly sworn, were sent into the judge's chambers with instructions to make our selections and use the telephone to enforce them. After not too much effort we secured the services of W. Page Pitt and Bruce Perry and got the grand jury restored to legal strength in not much more than half an hour. This was enough for Mr. Duncan, who took his leave, but I spent the remainder of the forenoon visiting about the court room. And, or yes, Mr. Duncan and I were recompensed for our services in the sum of $2 each.

WIATT SMITH

C. C. WHITE, post office lobby news dealer who became sightless after reaching middle-age has educated his finger tips to the extent that they serve him remarkably as a substitute for eyes. Almost all of those who patronize him and other blind merchants and vendors are scrupulous in their dealings but he encounters an occasional cheat. Recently he discovered that a customer purchasing 15 cent cigarettes had given him seven coppers instead of the represented dime and six coppers (one extra for tax) and a few days later the same customer pulled the same trick. The third time Clarence was alert and before delivering the cigarettes he said: . . . "This is the third time for this. Now give me a dime and don't try it again." The customer laid down the 10 cent piece and scuttled away without a word.

MANY have commented on the number of Huntingtonians and other West Virginians whom I found in the Miami, Fla., area. True, there were a goodly number of them, but to pharaphrase an expression popular in Florida, you ought to know the number I might have found and didn't. Each day I heard of new ones. Yesterday there returned from Miami Beach a postcard which Charles W. Gibbs addressed to me there. It suggested that I look up Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wiley, former Huntingtonians, now living in Miami. Had I known they were thereabouts I certainly should have endeavored to find the one-time Huntington music master and Mrs. Wiley.

CURRENT fraternity doings recall the days when Marshall College neophytes were baptized in the horse trough in Sixteenth Street, near Third Avenue . . . and other practices that probably are just as well for-

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

TOD BROWN and Doc Creamer, taxicab company acquaintances of mine, came to the front door to ask me to identify a strange bird. Tod and Doc said the bird had been picked up beside Four Pole Creek by a boy named Nickles. They didn't know the lad's first name nor guarantee the spelling of his last name. They wanted to know the name of the bird and because of paragraphs which have appeared in this column, they concluded I ought to be able to tell them. I wasn't. The bird, which looked at first glance like an overgrown pigeon but which apparently didn't belong to that species, had feet like a duck and a beak like a chicken. It was young and liked to be petted. It was no hawk. Next best to knowing any answer is to know how to find it, so I dispatched my callers around the corner into Fifth Avenue where Mrs. H. S. Washington told them it was a coot. Never before had I heard of a coot except in literature and, of course, in the reference to certain elderly gentlemen as "old coots." But when Mrs. Washington let it be known that the coot is also known as the mud hen, I was more at home. She said the coot was good to eat but that she wasn't having any. Tod Brown and Doc Creamer had grown attached to the bird and they didn't care to eat it. At last advices they planned to let it loose beside the river.

WIATT SMITH

HOW a Huntington Army officer found a former Marshall College mate among a group of POW's just being liberated is told in the following excerpt from a letter from Captain Joseph E. O'Dwyer to his mother, Mrs. John M. O'Dwyer of Fourteenth Street: "I was in the first flight of C-54's to Singapore to evacuate POW's. I was the third ship to land there . . . we stayed on the ground just long enough to get our American POW's to the field and identify them. While talking to them and listening to some of their harrowing experiences, I noticed a familiar-looking face in another group of POW's standing just outside the bombed out terminal building. I walked up to the man and asked if he remembered me. He said, 'Boy, I surely do!' He is First Lieutenant Don Smith, who was a classmate of mine at Marshall. We went to a few dances on double dates. He lives in southern Ohio. He saw a B-24 pilot of the 308th Bomb Broup, stationed in Yanghai, China, and shot down over French Indo-China over two years ago. For the first time in the war, I really had an elated feeling that I was doing something worthwhile. Those boys were just like a bunch of babies with new toys. We gave them some hard, dry bread and peanut butter sandwiches that we had left over from the flight. They ate them like hungry dogs, gulping them down. They were filled to the brim with happiness of being freed and thoughts of going home."

CANE mills are grinding again, thus adding to the rapidly accumulating evidence that Autumn is here. However, this is not a dissertation upon the weather but a report of my receipt of the first sample of 1945 sorghum, sent over by Mrs. A. L. Wiseman and Mrs. Ralph Wiseman. They got it in Lawrence County, Ohio, and Mrs. A. L. Wiseman vouches for its cleanliness saying: . . . "I saw it made."

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

ARMY MOTHERS, continuing to do valiant service at the canteen at the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway station, find soldiers returning home quite as grateful as they were going away. Recently they got a letter containing this paragraph: "Not long ago I was one of the fortunate ones to return to the United States after a little over two years in Europe. Newport News, Va., people did all they could to welcome hundreds of men fresh off the boat and straining to get on to the next stop. They were swell. But the first time I had tears in my eyes and a big lump in my throat was at Huntington, W. Va. To see so many 'Moms' saying take all you want, and with such smiles, took all the starch out of this soldier and many of his buddies and made us realize that we were home and on the way to see Mom. May all your sons return. Frank Emery." . . . And another letter, this from Three Rivers, Mich., says: "Dear Mothers . . . You don't know me. I'm the mother of one of the soldier boys you met and were so nice to at the station in Huntington as they passed through. I want to thank you for doing for Robert that which I couldn't do then."

WIATT SMITH

OUR boys are coming home. Trainloads pass through Huntington daily. One by one, service men return to this area. First Lieutenant Tord Malmquist, who won distinction in Italy, is here on terminal leave. He and Mrs. Malmquist, nee Betty Klein, are going on a trip. He expects to be out of the Army by January 1 . . . Russell M. Hawes, back in civvies after a long session in the Navy, came from Ashland bringing Pacific souvenirs which he promised in one of his letters. They are a pair of highly burnished brass candle sticks, made from used ammunition cartridges fired in the fighting on Leyte, and an ebony letter opener, made by a Leyte native. Mr. Hawes, who was a gunner's mate, was aboard a ship which was sunk in battle. He saw much other action and says the memories of strife return to him at times when he's seeking them least. He will rest awhile before going back to his job at Armco . . . T. D. Kauffelt, who has been an Army airman in the Pacific, is in the United States and will be home soon.

IT WAS a cold rainy day. A bus, packed with passengers, was going down the incline in one of the undergrades. It overtook a weary looking, duffel burdened soldier. Despite the crowd, the wet street and the slope, the bus driver stopped and called, "Hey, Buddy, want a lift?" The embarrassed soldier murmured that he was going a little way to a taxicab. "Get in," said the driver, "and I'll take you where you can get one." The invitation was accepted.

MY THANKS to the South Point, O., friend or friends who sent the bouquet of Fall flowers to my desk—thanks for the flowers and the sentiments expressed on the card.

Your Friends And Mine . . by Wiatt Smith . .

WHAT seems to be good news for the would-be hominy makers comes in a letter from Salt Rock. Gist of it is that baking soda may be used instead of lye and with results just as good. Personally, I have little interest in the manufacture of hominy. Just reading the directions makes me weary. However, numerous friends, including W. W. (Bud) Payne, find the topic interesting. Thus far we have had the wood ashes formula found in the Buckeye cook book, and the lye formula submitted by Mrs. Byron Dean of Wayne and Mrs. Della Mills of South Point, O. Now we have the baking soda formula found, with other worthwhile matters, in the following letter from Mrs. Roy L. Midkiff of Salt Rock:

WIATT SMITH

"WE ALWAYS read and enjoy your column in The Herald-Dispatch," writes Mrs. Midkiff under date of January 10, "and that is how I saw your request for a recipe for making hominy with lye. Now I don't know anything about making hominy, but my 86-year-old mother, who lives with me, has made many a kettleful. In her opinion, it is better to make it with baking soda. Her recipe runs like this — boil one gallon (shelled) corn in water sufficient to cook, to which has been added two heaping tablespoons of baking soda. Add more water as needed. Cook until skins and hard ends begin to loosen. Wash thoroughly in many changes of water until hominy is clean and white, and all skins and hearts are removed. Lye can be used instead of soda, but my mother is not sure about the amount. She says, 'I could make it, for if I got too much lye I would just add more water.'

"SHE," continues Mrs. Midkiff, still in reference to her mother, "is the widow of the Rev. W. E. Morrison, who wrote the history of Salt Rock Community referred to in one of your recent comments. As I read that comment I couldn't help thinking that he had no idea that what he wrote of the community where he was born and reared would ever be noticed by anyone outside that community. . . . F. N. Darling, our county agent, asked my father if he could write a history of the community. Father said he could try. He was 70 years old and was to live but four years more. I still have the original manuscript which he wrote with a pencil for me to copy in ink. Mr. Darling asked him if he couldn't put in a bear story or something of the kind. That's how the bear story got into history. Dr. H. M. Sturm, now pastor of Ninth Avenue Methodist Church, was one of my father's close friends and preached his funeral. Father called him 'one of my boys' and loved him as such. So it was Harry, as we at Salt Rock call him, who made the typescript copy of the history to which you referred and which caused you to get this epistle on history and hominy." PS—January 11—"I have just read your Tuesday column and would like very much to have the terrier Betsy for my 11-year-old daughter, but I am too far away to have such good luck, I suppose."

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

TRY AS I will, I do not seem to be able to recall the Queen City Restaurant. Yet to prove that such an establishment once flourished, Captain P. H. (Hal) Marcum, spent some hours poring over old directories in the Chamber of Commerce library. The Queen City, he discovered, was in the Carolina Building on Ninth Street, but I am still unconvinced that it was in any way the predecessor of Charles Condoles' Busy Bee, now the Charles. Anyway, there was a Queen City Restaurant, where, according to Captain Marcum's recollection, he, Dr. C. C. Hogg, Dr. C. M. Hawes, Lawrence L. Wilson, Frank Enslow and Dr. William C. McGuire regularly ate at the same table. They were served by a black-haired, blue-eyed colleen named Rosie. On a certain Friday, all ordered fish. Every fellow got what he called for, save one and to him Katie confided in a stage whisper, "The fish wasn't so good, tonight, so I brought ye some eggs, Dr. McGuire."

WIATT SMITH

ON MAY 7, there appeared here certain paragraphs concerning the connection of the Cabell County Shelton's with Shelton College, founded at St. Albans by or in cooperation with the Rev. Mr. Cade. On that topic, Mrs. Lina Blackwood Mohler of Charleston writes: "I am a great-niece of Thomas Madison Shelton. Matt was a nickname. He was the Shelton who made Shelton College possible through the Rev. Mr. Cade. Before the war between the states the Shelton residence on Pea Ridge was built by Henry Winston Shelton, my grandfather, who lived there with his wife and eight children. Thomas Madison Shelton, brother of Henry Winston Shelton of Pea Ridge, was the financial backer of Shelton College. He was twice married but left no children. His farm was in the vicinity of Wilson Switch, on the Guyandotte River between Guyandotte and Barboursville. He left Cabell County and spent the rest of his life in Kanawha where he became president of the County Court and sheriff. Shelton College has been partially razed."

PIONEERS and many who came after them wore 'coon skin caps. I have otfen read of that classic headgear and seen it depicted in glamorized drawings. I never, however, saw it reproduced by photography until I came into temporary possession of a group pictures of faculty and students taken at Marshall College in the 1870s. The picture, an item in the collection which is to be presented to the college by Professor-Emeritus Frances C. Burgess, bears the name of Mrs. W. H. Bagby, 603 E. Winchester, Ashland, Ky. Mrs. Bagby had been Sarah Triplett. Also named and apparently included in the group are Mrs. Thomas H. (Emma McCullough) Harvey and Mrs. H. C. (Imogene Hagen) Harvey. There are no faces I can idetnify. The group is strangely assorted. There are numerous men with varying styles of mustachios and beards, some of them apparently veterans of the war between the states, admitted, tuition-free to Marshall, regardless of age. There is one old man with a long beard and a crutch, a basket on his arm, and another, elderly, bearded gentleman, wearing the 'coon skin cap.

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by Wiatt Smith

HOW much wood is a cord of wood? Years ago this column propounded that question and received the answer. Today that answer is buried back in the old files and I do not know what it is except that a cord of wood is considerable wood, especially if you have to chop it. And Sattis Simmons, editor of the Jackson Herald at Ripley, made the big time publicity circuits by proposing that his community "cut a cord of wood for every one of our boys in the armed forces." This attracted such attention that the January issue of Readers' Digest devoted its back coverpage to the subject. Jackson County residents, I take it, burn natural gas for cooking and heating, and the cord wood, proposed by Editor Simmons was cut as a contribution toward the threatened shortage of 2,500,000 cords of pulpwood this Winter. So successfully did the Simmons suggestion catch on, that Jackson County, which then had 1,700 boys in service, supplied 3,000 cords of wood. Sattis Simmons is a writer of note, one of his memorable pieces having been the tribute written at the grave of his son.

WIATT SMITH

"SINCE," said Fred Burns of the sports desk, "you are running a household column, why not find out how to make old-fashioned buckwheat cakes—out of Preston County buckwheat—the kind that has to rise overnight?" All because of that hominy discussion, this cookery business has gone rather far. But I know the kind of buckwheat cakes Fred means and am inclined to sympathize with him. Aunt Fanny McCoy used to make those buckwheat cakes and, eaten on a cold morning with butter and maple syrup, they were hot stuff. I suppose the buckwheat is obtainable and the maple syrup—but I don't know about the butter. That's Fred's lookout. And if he can't get maple syrup, sorghum will serve.

MEN take more interest in cooking than is generally supposed. It was Dr. Oscar B. Biern who raised the question here as to the why of the term chow chow as applied to mixed pickle. I thought Mrs. Edith B. Wilkinson had settled the matter when she told of English piccalilli and American chow chow. But it was not so. Russell Morris, the lawyer, came snorting and pawing the carpet to say that before Mrs. Wilkinson ever went to school his grandmother in Hamlin was making pickle out of half ripe tomatoes, cabbage and vinegar and calling it chow chow. I'm not sure Russell's recipe didn't include onions, but it definitely omitted the cauliflower and mustard which were included in the Wilkinson recipe. However you mix it, it's good grub.

ANOTHER inquirer wants to know why Norway Avenue was so named. I can't answer. As is well known, Norway Avenue runs up and beyond what was termed in my boyhood Twentieth Street or Cemetery Hill. It also led then, as it does today, to Gallaherville, then a small settlement. When I first traversed it, there was no State Hospital. What are now the hospital grounds and all of Walnut Hills were in woods. I don't think this hill road was a principal highway, though it may have been. And somebody else will have to supply the information as to why the city authorities called it Norway Avenue.

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

IN A letter dated November 8, Mrs. Nan Temple Davis, public relations committee of the Cabell County Education Association, writes . . . "Next week is being celebrated throughout the United States as American Education Week (November 11-17). The newspapers are cooperating with the schools on a wide publicity campaign in Cabell County. Such a program would not be complete without your column which has become an institution and is read by everyone. Could you devote one day next week to reminiscences about the schools? My mother, whose family settled in Guyandotte in 1872, used to talk about going to school to Father Thomas A. Quirk and Miss Anna Werninger. I recall her praising the teaching of Prof. Chesterton and Prof. McClure." Just here I come upon Mrs. Davis' request not to mention her name. I'm sorry to disregard such a request, but if I leave her out of it, I can't get on with the story.

WIATT SMITH

HER mother was born Molly Mulcahy and her father was the first foreman of the blacksmithing department at the Chesapeake & Ohio shops. Little Molly must have gone to Father Quirk's school at Slabtown, a little settlement along the Chesapeake & Ohio right of way near Twentieth Street. There, the city's first Catholic church was built. Miss Anna Werninger came later, I think, and began teaching while her brother, the Rev. John W. Werninger, was pastor of St. Joseph's. I could write and have written at great length about early schools in Huntington and something of the schools of pre-Huntington Cabell. As a contribution to American Education Week, permit me to point out that schools were not always available to all. Free public education in the United States is not yet 100 years old; practically, it is not much if any more than 80 years old. Education has made great strides within my memory. Now the people show a tendency to take the schools for granted. This should not be.

ONE of the older teachers now living is the Rev. W. W. Carroll of Lincoln County, sometimes a correspondent of this column. Festus Ramey, to whom I talked on the telephone the other day, told me Mr. Carroll, a minister as well as a teacher, but now retired, is recovering after a serious injury. Mr. Ramey called to tell me of discovering a Sam Gideon clothing advertisement on one of the covered bridges near Milton. Mr. Gideon used the newspapers and every available barn, bridge, fence and rook to advertise "the store that was born with Huntington."

DR. JIM BROWN, after several years in the Navy, is back at the Wilkinson Clinic. During his absence, both his moustache and his figure thickened. The moustache doesn't trouble him, but because of the figure thickening he found the clothes he put in mothballs were too tight—so he had to buy all new civies.

RALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTON

2-26-38

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

RESPONDING to a greeting sent at Christmas time, Dr. John S. Douglas, former rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, writes from his Summerville, S. C., home. He sends greetings to his and Mrs. Douglas' friends in Huntington and hereabouts. Dr. Douglas retired from active work as the rector of an organized parish at the end of 1936. He took Mrs. Douglas to Summerville and returned to Louisville to direct the packing and shipment of their effects. The flood caught him and held him in the Kentucky metropolis till the end of March. Since mid-April they have been living in their own cottage at Summerville. He misses his regular occupation but the Bishop of South Carolina "and other Clergy," the quotes are his, call him for occasional duty. He is still canonically resident of the Diocese of Kentucky.

WIATT SMITH

DR. DOUGLAS came to Huntington from Martinsburg about 1911, succeeding Dr. John S. Gibson who had accepted a call to a parish in Virginia. Earlier, Dr. Douglas had served parishes at Shenandoah and Warsaw, Va. Much regret was shown by his parishoners and by the townspeople generally when in 1916 he accepted the call to the rectorship of St. Andrews Church in Louisville. For some reason it is hard for me to realize that Dr. Douglas has so long been gone, and that his successor, Rev. S. Roger Tyler, is today probably the city's senior clergyman in point of service. Bishop Darlington of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, came earlier, but there were one or two periods in which his residence here was interrupted. Without being sure, I believe Mr. Tyler is No. 1 in seniority and Dr. W. H. Sheffer of Central Christian Church is No. 2. And it seems but yesterday that either of them came to Huntington.

SOMETHING has reminded me of Phillip Brown of Short street who in my Guyandotte days was reputed to be the oldest person anywhere around. This remarkable colored man had been born a slave on a Louisiana plantation, from which, tradition said, he had escaped and made his way up the rivers by walking under the banks. I could have learned from him, I suppose, but I never did. He was a United States pensioner, his stipend supposedly based on his service as valet to a young master during the war with Mexico. Looking back on this, I don't believe he was so old. Well within my time he was as agile as any youth, running barefoot along the streets—he rarely walked—or going about gathering kitchen waste as feed for his hogs, pushing a laden wheel barrow before him and carrying a bucket on his head. I have heard that Frenchy, as everybody called him, had in time carried on a sideline of hard liquor well corked bottles concealed in the slop. As I knew him he was a Christian man, vociferous, but well behaved, and, in the period preceding his death, capable of as impressive dignity as I have ever seen in any one, not show off dignity, but the real thing.

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

AFTER Father Quirk died several weeks ago there was a discussion here as to the location of the church which he built when he came at the beginning of the seventies to establish St. Joseph's parish. The talk ended with William McKendree's positive recollection that the church faced Eighth avenue. It revived again last night when Mrs. Nellie Hill Kain told me with equal positiveness that it faced Twentieth street, or what is now Twentieth street, as she remembers wading through the mud from the street to the door. And she and Mr. McKendree, Willie McKendree, she calls him, went to school there at the same time, which seems to reopen the entire subject.

WIATT SMITH

MRS. KAIN was born in Ironton. She came here in early life and lived in the Chesapeake & Ohio frame row on Eighth avenue, a series of housing units which the railroad company provided for its men. The brick row was another series, though no one called them housing units in those days. Mrs. Kain is the widow of Barney Kain and the mother of Bernard J. Kain. Her daughter, Josephine, now Mrs. Joe Young has lived for seventeen years in Raleigh, N. C., and the mother often visits her there. On these occasions she sees Father John Manley, cleric son of John Manley who long ago lived on a farm near Wilson Switch. Father Manley occasionally visits in Huntington with his cousins, the Brandenbergs.

DESCRIPTION of a lady wearing ear muffs is provided by a feminine, red-headed operative. She saw the lady on public conveyance, well groomed and stylish and wearing a pair of ear muffs, black velvet, of course, that were "streamlined" and downright "tricky." Well, it is turned warm and ear muffs will likely not be needed for a day or two but let's watch and see what happens when King Winter stages a comeback.

WORKING in Edinburgh, Scotland, on the history of Clan Stuart, Jesse Stuart, the bard of W. Holloy, his bull tongue plow and his school mastering days behind him, remembers his friends back home. This was evidenced yesterday when Chet Anderson, assisting editor of The Herald-Advertiser, receivd from Jesse a woolen muffler, soft and warm as the heart could desire, and made from the plaid of Clan Anderson. It's by no means a sissified article, but I shall not be surprised if some canny lassie swipes it.

VOLUME 1, No. 1 of the Newark, O., Daily News comes to the desk with many interesting features, not the least of which is a group picture of the news staff which includes the sparkling countenance of Mrs. Mary Magee Wright. Mrs. Wright is a comparatively recent product of the Marshall College department of Journalism, well known and well liked in Huntington newspaper circles.

SCEN[illegible]e last legal hanging in Cabell ch[illegible] the last hanging of any sort, by th[illegible] was the old ball park at about the [illegible] end of Nineteenth street, according to information received last night. The grounds were fenced and entrance, at one point at least, was by a stile. In the rush to get over, one well known woman fell and sustained a leg fracture by which she was long incapacitated.

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

GEORGE D. BRADSHAW and George O. White worked together in a Syracuse, N. Y. store long before either came to Huntington. Mr. (Mayor) Bradshaw came first as one of the owning managers of the Zenner-Bradshaw Co. store on Fourth Avenue. A month or so later he sent for George White who came here as credit man for the Z-B store, arriving December 21, 1911. He stayed on that job until the big department store, which occupied a part of the present site of the Keith-Albee Theatre, burned. Then he spent five years with a Parkersburg store before returning here to become liquidator of a retail establishment. When his receivership ended he retired. That was in 1932. Since he has helped at Archer's flower store in rush seasons, but his regular downtown hang out is C. C. White's post office lobby news stand. These two had been credit men in rival stores. As such they talked on the telephone but they met first at the newsstand. A widower, George O. White lives alone at Fifth Avenue and Seventeenth Street. Despite the approach of his eightieth birthday, he walks to and from the post office once a day and gets in a good deal more mileage besides. He was born in Cayugo County, New York, May 22, 1862. Before the end of that year his father, a member of the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery, died of disease in a Union camp in North Carolina. His son Clyde P. White, now of Orange, N. J., was a soldier in the first World War and Robert White, grandson, is likely to join the armed forces soon after the end of the current school year. Mr. White has two daughters, Mrs. Earl Edler of Huntington and Mrs. Doy West of Ravenswood.

WIATT SMITH

"NOW you hold on a minute," says Lillian (Mrs. Roy) Breece in an airmail letter from Orange, Texas . . . "I am a long way from home," she continues, "but the little birds still tell me what is going on . . . About that street marker business, I will give the devil his just dues . . . no, I don't mean you, but I know you did a grand job at various times in jogging the mental elbow of the city dads to remind them that the streets did need marking . . . But 400 women can't be wrong and as one of the representatives of the Huntington Woman's Club I sat time and again in the city council chamber waiting for a chance to speak for the street markers. Mrs. Eph Broh as our chairman, Mrs. Walter Parker, Mrs. Shoffstall and I left our nice warm fires on many wet, cold wintry evenings to beg and plead for markers . . . I am glad we got the markers." Me too, Lillian, me too.

OVERLOOKED in the excitement attending the High School Band Festival was Squire Bolton's thoughtful provision of a special place for crippled child patients from Huntington Orthopedic Hospital . . . Operatives say the kids had as much fun as the bass drummers . . . And speaking of that, I suppose it will not be more than 10 months before Duke Ridgley starts beating the drums for another Kentucky Derby loser. But Duke won't mind if his choice turns out to be paired with the real winner like Devil Diver was with Shut Out. In fact, if he hit one on the nose he'd been in as bad a fix as that Kansas City newspaper publisher whose chief joy in life was to lambast the powers that be. Once there was a slip up and his side won. He went to the office gloomy the next day and when

Your Friends . . by . . And Miss Wiatt Smith

THERE visited Huntington recently a woman I would much like to have seen, but of whom I heard nothing until she wrote me after her return to her St. Louis, Mo., home. Stopping at the Hotel Prichard during her brief visit here, she inquired of the Robert Holderby family and was told that I had written something on the subject recently. I think her informant had in mind something someone else wrote in connection with the Marshall Centennial, and what ever it was I have been unable to put my hands on it. But I can give her some of the information she desires. Meanwhile, I take the liberty to pass on to the friends some of the contents of her letter. She, Mrs. Paul (Laura Coale) Dillon, 4501 Maryland avenue, St. Louis, Mo., says: "My mother, who was Elizabeth Parker Holderby, is now in her ninety-seventh year. She was the youngest child of Robert Holderby."

WIATT SMITH

ROBERT HOLDERBY was one of the sons of William Holderby, one of the original citizens of Cabell county, a native of England who died in 1812. Colonel George S. Wallace in his "Cabell County Annals and Families," tells us that Robert Holderby married Susan Ann Chapman and lived in the brick house above Russell creek which was in more recent years before it was destroyed by fire known as Lawson Hall, or the Altizer place, and that his youngest daughter, Elizabeth Parker married Samuel Coale in 1859. It would be interesting to know, and I hope to learn, when and how Mrs. Coale left Guyandotte, and where she has lived meanwhile.

MRS. DILLON, I am sure, found or could find no descendant of Robert Holderby in Huntington. By refreshing my memory with Col. Wallace's book, I discovered that I had known in time a good deal about Robert Holderby's children and grandchildren. I do not remember any of his children, but I knew his daughter-in-law, the widow of George William Holderby. She had been Miss Adelaide C. Hite, daughter of John W. Hite, Guyandotte banker, and a sister of Mrs. E. A. (Miss Josie) Smith at whose home she and her daughters, Misses Susan and Jessie Holderby often visited. I think Miss Susie Holderby is living at Lancaster, O. Thomas J. Jenkins married Susan L. Holderby, daughter of Robert, and his daughter, Grace and two of his sons, D. J. (Jeff), one-time sheriff of Cabell county, and Albert live in Ironton. Dr. George R. Jenkins is a successful New York dentist. I do not know whether or not Mrs. Dillon knows these things. Anyway, I shall send her this clipping. And had she stopped longer in Huntington she would have found many Holderbys and others who are descendants of Robert Holderby's brothers and sisters.

Your Friends . . by . . And Miss Wiatt Smith

IN MAY, 1888, R. A. Mathews opened the Florentine Hotel. Mr. Mathews had purchased the new hotel building at Fourth Avenue and Ninth Street, still known as the Florentine corner, from Robert Shore, the builder. The price was $9,500. Subsequently, Mr. Mathews built additional rooms to the south. H. E. Mathews, son and associate of R. A. Mathews, recalls that in the late Summer of 1888, the Democrats held their state convention here and that A. B. Fleming, the convention's nominee for governor, stopped at the Florentine. R. A. Mathews had been proprietor of the Merchants' Hotel, at the foot of Ninth Street. The Merchants' was Huntington's first hotel. It was built and operated by George Scranage. Mr. Mathews bought it from Scranage after the original Mathews Hotel, the Third Avenue, burned.

WIATT SMITH

H. E. MATHEWS thinks the second hotel established in Huntington was owned by the father of Morris and Charles H. Davis, and was known as the West Virginia. I had thought the second hotel was the Continental, built and operated by Felix Ware, father of County Clerk F. A. Ware. R. A. Mathews also bought or leased the Continental, Second Avenue and Eighth Street, and ran it as an overflow house for the Merchants, serving no meals there. This, of course, was before the Florentine, which was the center of fashion and business until it was supplanted as such by the Hotel Frederick in November 1906.

RIVALING the Florentine for a time was the Hotel Adelphi on the site of the present Huntington Hotel. It burned July 3 (maybe it was July 2) 1901. The Third Avenue Hotel which was on the north side of Third Avenue, between Ninth and Tenth Streets, burned in 1880. Among other early hotels were the Carrollton, at Seventh Avenue and Ninth Street, owned by "Dad" Heffner, and Alf Thompson's St. Nicholas, on the south side of Third Avenue between Ninth and Tenth Streets.

THE Adelphi of today was built by J. B. Harris and associates and was known as the Carolina. Building activities of J. B. Harris, by the way, formed a romantic chapter in Huntington history. An operative who sent the names of some early hotels, listed the Commercial as Mathews' property. The Commercial was a comparatively modern hotel, occupying the upper floors of the Commercial building, so named because John T. Gibson erected it to house his newspaper, the Huntington Commercial. Mr. Gibson was a man of many distinctions, not the least of which was that he lived to be 101 years old.

HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTING

8-6-38

Your Friends . by . And Mine Wiatt Smith

WIDESPREAD and widely discussed is the employment problem of modern youth. High school and college graduates, ready to tackle the world, and unable to find either handhold or foothold naturally find it discouraging. Yet the fact remains that even at the worst of the depression some young men and, I suspect, more young women, were finding jobs. This is to be no preachment. The subject developed through a chance interview in the evening with Jack Henderson and Walter Conaty, Jr., graduates of the June class at St. Joseph's high. Jack Henderson, son of John and nephew of the late S. J. (Stoney) Henderson, both of the Chesapeake & Ohio, wants to go to work but thus far hasn't found a place. He has had two years of typing but is not of a mind to insist on clerical work. A job is what he wants. College is not out of his reach—but he still prefers a job. I argued with him that college men have a great advantage at this period over those not equipped with degrees. He replied that many college graduates were without work. Nevertheless, while the high school trained youth still has many opportunities and often makes good in a pronounced way, it looks like the time is coming when a college degree will be as essential to getting along as a completed trade was in former generations.

WIATT SMITH

ANOTHER slant on the youth problem was given by Louis J. Williams of Milton, son of the Rev. W. W. Williams. He graduated from Marshall College in 1937, was graduate assistant in Botany to Dr. Frank Gilbert the next year, and in the interim has taken two twelve-week courses at Duke University. Now he has booked passage from a California port for Honolulu. He will take ship September 1 to work in the University of Hawaii—or is it the University of Honolulu?—for his Botany Fellowship . . . filled with determination, though the goal is a difficult one.

AT THAT happy age which knows not problems is my attractive young friend Cynthia Louise Blanchard, whose father, Campbell takes her a present about every day. I saw him homeward bound from his work carrying a tiny puppy in a white canvas cap. Cynnie Lou has been demanding a dog and yesterday Campbell came upon just the right pet—old enough to be taught and young enough and small enough to ride in the cap, which was also to be a gift for the Blanchard daughter. Cynnie Lou is a general favorite and the apple of many eyes, including that of her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Malan (Mollie Kingery) Clark.

SEVERAL weeks ago when friends were gathered at home which I had entered, I met Mrs. J. B. Burgess of Wayne, finding her one of the most interesting of women, her mind stored with much lore of the back yonder days. We could not talk extensively there but she promised that if I should come to her home she would tell me many things. I expected to take advantage of that promise, but death again has intervened. This daughter of pioneers has succumbed and her funeral and burial will take place this afternoon.

HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTING

8-7-38

Your Friends . by . And Mine Wiatt Smith

CHARIVARI is defined by Webster's dictionary as "a mock serenade." As I interpret the dictionary it is pronounced "shar'avery," but in hill talk it is "shivaree." In Guyandotte, we called it a "belling," leaving off the "g," of course. It was a popular village or neighborhood custom in the days before honeymoon journeys were usual. The youth of a community would assemble before the home of a newly married couple, equipped with bells, pans and sticks and other noise making devices and raise a clamor. This racket was supposed to be sustained until the groom set 'em up. Sometimes he did, sometimes he didn't, but more often than otherwise he did. Unless I am mistaken, there is little belling anymore, but there was a charivari in Huntington Monday night that was something more significant than "a mock serenade."

WIATT SMITH

PLEASANT VALLEY, one of the most charming of the highland settings back of Huntington, was the scene of this rare frolic. The bride was the former Miss Katherine Stetler, daughter of Major and Mrs. Otto Stetler. She had returned with her husband, Merrill Fulks, to "Stetheim," otherwise, the Stetler home. As Miss Stetler she had endeared herself to the children of Pleasant Valley, her activities including the organization and direction of a juvenile choir for the Baptist church. These youngsters had often been at "Stetheim." Monday evening they returned, flanked by a few adults of the type which never grows up, and started a prodigious noise on the lawn. The household held its peace, all except Bucky, the Spitz-Chow, who did not like the din and therefore added to it. After the serenaders had earned treat, they were invited in for refreshments — candy for the children and girls, cigars for the men. Given the run of the house, they had a hilarious time and worked no harm beyond a few muddy tracks on the front porch.

HOW MANY, I wonder, of the original, cylinder-type phonographs are left in the land? Very few, I'm sure. The phonograph of this type was the first Edison production and it was a wonder-exciting instrument wherever it was to be found. Recollections concerning it were awakened when T. M. Wyatt, the coal operator, recalled the first one that he saw. It was in rural Kentucky, belonged to a horse-trader who had swapped for it somewhere, and would play only for a nickel-in-the-slot.

HORSE-TRADERS, who went from community to community with strings of more or less decrepit nags are almost as obsolete as the cylinder-type phonograph, but they persist in the mountains. It was an exciting event when a horse trader came to Guyandotte. The kids all turned out to watch the fun and note whether or not the dealer made any sales and, if so, who got the boot. Until a few years ago, Hamlin was the horse-trading center of this section. It may be still, for all I know, but the horse trading business is not what it was. There, on court days, the dealers in horse flesh gathered from far and near. And in the transactions that took place "let the purchaser beware" was a universal rule.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

IN A BUILDING still standing on or near West Fourteenth Street, there was a pre-Huntington school, known as the Bee Hive. This must have been among the earliest free schools in the county. This column may have noted it before, but I do not remember of hearing about the school itself. I know I have written of Ulysses Laidley, who lived on Third Avenue and taught at the Bee Hive after Huntington was founded. The school, of course, was outside the town, as not even St. Cloud had been developed in the area which was to become Central City and which is known now as West Huntington. Mrs. Victoria Thornburg Vickers of Fifth Avenue a daughter of James L. Thornburg, attended the Bee Hive school while Ulysses Laidley was the teacher. At that time the James L. Thornburg family lived on Four Pole in a house which burned several years ago.

WIATT SMITH

ROUTE 52 which drops over the hill to afford a sudden and breath-taking view of Huntington, is a comparatively new road, having been opened in 1937. However, J. N. Smith, district road engineer, recalls that it followed generally an old road which had been the chief artery connecting Huntington and Wayne. Inquiry about the old highway was made after 12-year-old J. D. Vick came to ask me about two caves, described by him as having been near the Fifth Street Road, (route 52) which are supposed to have sheltered Jesse James. I could tell him nothing. It is certain that Jesse James was not here when the James gang robbed the Bank of Huntington in 1875. If he was in this section at any time I never heard about it. However, I'm curious about the two caves, one of which, according to tradition, sheltered Jesse James, while the other concealed his money. J. D. Vick is told that the larger cave, in which Jesse James supposedly lived, has collapsed, but that the smaller cave is much as it was.

DR. WILLIAM KESSLER MARPLE, a graduate of the medical college of the University of Cincinnati and a veteran of World War II, lives on Long Island. His household is comprised of his wife and their three-year-old son, Billy. The Long Island residence is temporary. Dr. Marple—known to intimates as Bill, is resident physician at the Harlem Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital in New York City. After a year there, ending next Summer, he will return to his native Huntington and practice with his father, Dr. F. O. Marple. He is a grandson of the late Dr. A. K. Kessler.

DR. AND MRS. F. O. Marple have come home after an extended vacation, at the close of which Mrs. Marple caught up on the home news by reading accumulated newspapers. So reading, she found a copy of The Herald-Dispatch in which I had used the word unsanitary. Instantly, she joined the Committee of 1,000 and hastened to tell me I should have used insanitary. Dictionaries support Mrs. Marple and I admit be- but that's not uncommon.

1-7-42
ERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTO

HAVING returned to Huntington after an absence of 53 years, E. S. Smith of St. Augustine, Fla., master car builder for the Florida East Coast Railway, stopped at the Prichard Hotel. There he asked a chance acquaintance where the old Round Pond had been and was told its former location was part of the hotel site. He remembered the Round Pond as a Halloween dumping spot for delivery wagons, carts, wheelbarrows and whatever moveable merchandise the boys of the eighteen-eighties could get their hands on. He hoped to see H. E. Mathews, remembered as a boyhood acquaintance, and the two talked over the telephone but did not meet. He also asked for Harry Chambers, with whom he had had some correspondence and had expected to meet here on a proposed October 1941 visit. He learned that Mr. Chambers died in November. He did meet, for the first time, his nephew, Frank Smith McIntosh. Today in Washington, D. C., he expects to have a reunion with his sister, Mrs. George C. McIntosh (Bertha Smith), the first in 25 years, and see other McIntosh nieces and nephews for the first time. His inquiries also included Mrs. G. A. Northcott, who in the years of their acquaintance was Miss Maymie Wilson.

WIATT SMITH

E. S. SMITH was a son of J. F. Smith who was foreman of the Chesapeake & Ohio paint shop. This Smith family lived on the Southwest corner of Third avenue and Eleventh street. Young Edgar attended the public schools and then served a pattern maker's apprenticeship in the railway shops. Soon after he was out his time he left Huntington and turned his attention to car building. For almost a quarter of a century he has been with the Florida East Coast. He came back to his boyhood home, accompanying R. B. Hunt, the East Coast's superintendent of motive power, to inspect and accept 30 50-ton gondolas built for the Florida railway by the ACF plant. Those cars had been started on their way South Monday night. Mr. Smith expects to come back in March when the ACF is to have ready for delivery a second order of 30 50-ton hopper cars.

NATURALLY, Huntington surprised this visitor who had known it as a straggling town along the river front, a town of muddy streets and board sidewalks — where there were any sidewalks. Marshall College, he recalled, as having been well "out in the country." Another recollection was of having rented a horse and buggy from Turner's livery stable, an institution of which I don't recall having heard before.

WEST VIRGINIA men are occupying conspicuous places in the nation's forces now fighting the Japanese. Huntington born Lieutenant General Delos C. Emmons is commanding the army in Hawaii. While not a Huntingtonian, Major General Richard K. Sutherland, is a native of the state, calls Elkins home, and has close ties in the city. Son of former Senator Howard Sutherland, he is a brother-in-law of Dr. George M. Lyon and of John S. Walker Jr., and uncle to the Walker and Lyon children. Advanced to the rank of Major General after the outbreak of our war, he is chief of staff under General Douglas MacArthur, whose forces are engaged in heroic defense of the Philippines. In a recent number of Life Magazine, there is a picture of General MacArthur with General Sutherland standing just be-

Oct. 11, 48

Your Friends & And Mine

Wiatt Smith

FROM THE SUN porch of Point Haven, the South Point, O., home of Mr. and Mrs. Russell D. Becker, one looks upon the beautiful Ohio and, on the other side, Catlettsburg and the Kentucky hills. Also to be seen is Virginia Point, now the site of Kenova which long ago was built on area which had been known as Morgan's Woods. Mr. and Mrs. Becker, the latter who was Mrs. Mary Christine Cherry Coulter, bought the South Point acreage — five lots — from Alexander Lewis, when it was unimproved. They built their ome there and made other improvements nd live at Point Haven throughout the ear. Point Haven is a 15-minute drive from untington and only a 10-minute drive from shland, where Russell Becker and his rother, Reginald W. Becker, have their aw offices. The Becker brothers are sons f the late B. O. Becker, founder of the law irm.

WIATT SMITH

SOUTH POINT, one of the historic settlements of this area, derives its name honestly, a: it is the southern most town in the state of Ohio. Point Haven is build on the actual southern tip of the great state. The location couples city convenience with small own friendliness and charm and to this harm is added the fruits of Mrs. Becker's nthusiasm for collecting antiques. She has ights made from coffee mills, and one of hese was owned by her grandmother, Mrs. . I. Smith of Huntington, while its mate was found in Portsmouth, O. And there is a wood fire place, with a custommade grate, irons for which were taken from an old bridge. The house itself is of logs, and one of the logs is so large that it took all of the South Point football team to place it in the wall.

MRS. BECKER showed me a bound copy of Peterson's Magazine, 99-years old and asked me about Sallie P. Hite, whose name is stamped on the back. There were several Sallie Hites, but I could not be sure who this was. The book was given to Mrs. Becker by the latter's mother, the late Mrs. Mayme Smith Cherry. I'm curious about that Sallie P. Hite, who must have been a Guyandotte girl. It was a sort of Guyandotte get-together when Mrs. May Robertson Hayslip, Mrs. Smith and I went to Point Haven for dinner Saturday night. At least Guyandotte had a three to two majority, as Mrs. Hayslip, Mrs. Becker and I came from the old town. Mrs. Hayslip, who went from Huntington a number of years ago and with her son. Edwin Hayslip, and William (Dick) Roberts, also a Guyandotte boy, established the Guyan Mills, Inc., which now employs 500 persons and manufactures some thousands of silken window curtains daily. A member of the staff is Charles H. Bronson, Jr., son of Mrs. Charles H. Bronson of Huntington, and the late Mr. Bronson. He is Mrs. Hayslip's nephew and also a nephew of Mrs. H. D. Hatfield of Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Hayslip — known to Guyandotte old-timers as Miss May — will leave today for her Rhode Island home after a happy vacation here.

IT PROBABLY was a song writer who coined the phrase "the longest way 'round is the sweetest way home. "There are circumstances under which that is true, but the plan loses some of its charm when the home-goer is in a hurry. Still, I can't say how it strikes Naval Lieutenant Vance Wilson to be en route to the United States and Huntington from Japan via Shanghai, Calcutta, Capetown and New York. There may be way-points on this 18,000-mile cruise, but there is definite information as to three-day stops at each of the ports listed. From New York City, Lieutenant Wilson is expected to go to a naval center where he will be discharged. He has a brother in the Navy, Lieutenant William Guy Wilson, now aboard ship somewhere, but their parents, Dr. and Mrs. Otis G. Wilson don't have much idea as to when William Guy will get home. Information about these sailors came as the result of a talk with Dr. Wilson concerning a dinner which was to be given last night in his honor by his former associates at Marshall college where, before his retirement last June, he was for 10 years dean of teachers college.

WIATT SMITH

AT THE beginning of that 10-year period, Dr. Wilson did not come to Huntington as a stranger. In the year 1907-08 he was superintendent of schools in the Central City Independent District. He got along well and his contract was renewed for 1908-09. In September, 1908, he was asked to become superintendent of schools at Elkins. The Central City Board of Education agreed to release him from his contract if he could find a satisfactory successor. He convinced the school board that a young fellow named W. W. Trent was the man for the job and he also convinced W. W. Trent that Central City had the job for him. In 1909 the Legislature made the Central City District part of the Huntington Independent District and W. W. Trent was out of a job. He went, Dr. Wilson thinks, to St. Albans, subsequently succeeded Dr. Wilson as superintendent at Elkins and since 1933 has been state superintendent. The now distinguished Dr. Trent was a schoolmate of mine at Marshall. Dr. Wilson, taken by surprise, could remember the names of only two Central City board members—Joe Matthews and U. S. G. Chadwick. He recalled that the late Earl Moore was principal of what was later known as Washington School, and that Miss Emma Childress, now retired, was principal of Washington School. Miss Nelle Senseney of Miller School was a primary teacher in Central City under Dr. Wilson. For the benefit of newcomers it perhaps better be explained that Central City was what we now call West Huntington.

AFTER a tour of duty which began five years ago next January, Dr. R. W. Coplin is out of the Army and will today resume the practice of medicine in association with Dr. Walter N. Rowley at the Rowley Clinic and Hospital. Captain Coplin was one of those who went away from Huntington with the 150th Infantry in the pre-war mobilization in January, 1914. After Pearl Harbor he went with his regiment to the Panama Canal Zone where he served many months. Later he was in Europe with the 84th division.

MAJOR J. RUSSELL COOK, Army Medical Corps, is en route to this country from Italy. Mrs. Cook thinks it can't be long before he is back to his home, his family and his practice in Huntington. . . . John W. Lea, the elder, is recovering satisfactorily after an emergency operation at St. Mary's Hospital. . . . Mrs. Flora (Nannie) Ray, veteran nurse, will be 84 Saturday.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

IN GOOD health and spry for his years, Robert Clayton Jackson, 5635 Ohio River Road, celebrated his 95th birthday Thursday, March 11. Mr. Jackson was born at Louisa, Ky., and engaged, during many of his active years, in farming in Boyd County, near Catlettsburg. December 22, 1872 he married Elizabeth Campbell. She is dead. An especially honored guest at Mr. Jackson's family birthday party was Mrs. Jackson's sister, Mrs. Arletta White of Catlettsburg, who is 85. Robert Clayton Jackson is the father of Judge Naaman Jackson, 5055 Pea Ridge Road, formerly of Logan; Mrs. Lora Dean Jackson, 5635 Ohio River Road, a former Charleston teacher, and Mrs. Inez O Vinson, also of the home address, a Huntington business woman. One son, John W. Jackson of Barboursville, is dead. There are a number of grandchildren and several great-grandchildren.

WIATT SMITH

LIEUTENANT STEVE WOLFE has been retired by the Army and is with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wolfe of Tenth Avenue. Lieutenant Wolfe is under treatment for wounds sustained in Europe during World War II. Mrs. Harry Wolfe, Jr., and her new daughter, Anne Herriot, will go from Rowley Clinic to their Twelfth Avenue home today. During Mrs. Wolfe's absence, her three-year-old son, Kennie, has been staying through the day with his grandmother, Mrs. Harry Wolfe, but going home in the evening to stay through the night with his dad. They even stayed at home for breakfast and Kennie got a big kick from watching his father cook and serve.

FISH story to end all fish stories comes via J. C. Rardin from Earl Clawson of Chagrin Falls, O. Mr. Clawson sent Mr. Rardin, his cousin, a newspaper clipping telling of his catch at Mantazas Pass, Fla. The Ohioan hooked an eight-pounder which, when hauled in, was found to have a celophane wrapped cigar protruding about three inches from its mouth. It was surmised that some careless angler lost it from his pocket and that the big fish which snapped it up could neither swallow it or spit it out.

POSTCARDING from Hot Springs, Ark., Mr. and Mrs. Rolla Atchinson announce that they have just returned from Mexico City and are now enjoying the baths and the races at the spa. Since leaving Huntington they have been in San Francisco and Los Angeles also. They'll head homeward soon. Before her marriage last year, Mrs. Atchinson was Mrs. W. J. Withers.

VICTOR P. BLAINE, former Community Chest director here, is executive director of the Mt. deChantal Academy $200,000 centenary campaign at Wheeling.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

ALMOST 80 years ago, William Jones, then on his death bed in the town of Louisa, Ky., commanded: "Bring little Chubby here and let me see her." Six-week-old Mary Rebecca Burchett was carried to his bed. She was his niece and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Drew J. Burchett. Mr. Jones soon fulfilled his destiny, but the baby he asked to see still answers to the name he gave her that long-ago day. The widow of John F. Ratcliff, who was long a wholesale grocer in Huntington, she signs official papers "Mary B. Ratcliff," but she says that unless Bob Vinson, Louisa postmaster, knew who she was, a letter addressed to Mary B. Ratcliff would hardly reach her. She had one school teacher and a stepmother who always called her Mary. Otherwise she has answered to Chubby — sometimes Chub, for short. Unable to walk and compelled to spend most of her time abed, Mrs. Ratcliff is one of the jolliest women imaginable. She lives in a cottage at the corner of Jefferson and Franklin streets in Louisa, quite near her birthplace and even nearer to the tracks of the Big Sandy division of the Chesapeake & Ohio. The trains roll by in the night time and do not disturb her sleep. In waking hours she views with a stockholder's complacency the heavy coal trains which the railroad runs toward the main line.

WIATT SMITH

THE late Robert A. Bickel, a Louisa man, and I used to talk of going to see Mrs. Ratcliff. We never went. Yesterday, finding that P. A. Deacon, Harry Scherr and J. Bernard Derwacter were driving up to see her and others about the settlement of the estate of her lately deceased brother, John C. Burchett, I thumbed a ride and went along. After the business had been transacted while I waited in the Deacon car, I went in to see Mrs. Ratcliff, an old friend. We had a merry reunion, talking of her husband, who at the insistence of H. B. Hagen, George F. Miller, C. W. Watts and W. O. Wiatt, left his wholesale grocery business in Louisa to come to Huntington to become an active partner in Hagen, Ratcliff & Co., of her son Jack (J. D.) Ratcliff, nationally known magazine writer, and many others. Often friends and former neighbors from Huntington visit Mrs. Ratcliff at her Louisa home.

AS I SAT talking with Mrs. Ratcliff there came, tendering me a bouquet of autumn leaves, a little girl whom I found to be Anna Louise Smith. The daughter of the former Becky Long and the granddaughter of Luther T. and Anne Louise Ratcliff Long. Anna Louise stays at the home of her great-aunt, Mrs. James Davis (Adelaide Burchett) Biggs in Mt. Sterling, Ky., and goes to school there. Now visiting Mrs. Ratcliff with Mrs. Biggs, Anna Louise is attending school in Louisa.

I ALSO met Mrs. George Vinson, who was a Burchett and whose late husband was for more than 50 years the cashier of the First National Bank of Louisa, and Drew Burchett II, whose home is hard by that of Mrs. Ratcliff. It was another gorgeous day. The season has been backward and the hills lack something of their accustomed autumnal beauty.

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

PERHAPS the oldest of the hotels now operating in Huntington is the Adelphi, at the north west corner of Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street. This is not the original Adelphi. That occupied the site of the present day Huntington Hotel. It burned in 1901. Thereafter the Carolina Hotel, one of the numerous Huntington enterprises of J. B. Harris, took the Adelphi name. An item from this Adelphi's past is revealed by a card found by Dr. B. W. West behind a baseboard of an old log house which he was repairing after purchase. He describes the location as "the old Townsend farm." On the card the Adelphi Hotel "opposite city library, opposite post office," offers "special rates by the week," and "theatrical rates to theatrical people," announces new management, new furnishings and a two dollar daily rate. It also carries a picture of Stephen F. Blake, proprietor.

WIATT SMITH

DEATH of Mrs. Leon S. Wiles recalls the inception of the burley tobacco market in Huntington. Mrs. Wiles was a Kirkpatrick and her family was largely interested financially in the Huntington tobacco development. Opening of the tobacco market brought hither Mr. and Mrs. Wiles, the Spilmans, Frank Ellington and others. That was after I went to work on the newspapers. The late Rawlins M. Baker, of the firm of Simms, Enslow, Fitzpatrick & Baker, sent for me and gave me the story. Mr. Baker, as I recall, and Leon S. Wiles, certainly, died during the great influenza epidemic in 1918. Leon Wiles was mayor and as such took the epidemic and its problems to heart. The medical rule was that anyone who felt the oncoming symptoms should quit work, go home and to bed. Mayor Wiles persisted in staying on the job after he got sick.

DEATH'S hand has fallen heavily on Huntington within the last few days. That superior man and citizen, Charles M. Love Sr., was buried yesterday. Mr. Love traced his ancestral lines directly to the earliest Cabell county beginnings and was devoted as few men are to his home community. He lived a useful life and left a useful family to carry on the old name. And Shelby Christian has gone too. Shelby's ruling passion was politics — Republican politics, and I'm sorry he was called away before such a time as he and John Hallanan, with others, could resume their sway on the post office steps. Shelby was a wholehearted Republican but even when talking politics with a Democrat, his eye never lost its twinkle. This characteristic of Shelby's often reminded me of my old Republican friend, H. C. (Hen) Lecky of Guyandote, a veteran of the Union army who drove the first stake in the survey of the site of Huntington.

KILLING frost, predicted officially for a recent morning, was averted by a heavy fog. I'm just getting around to reporting the fact that J. W. (Johnny) Roach scored a bullseye on that one. His note, foretelling the fog instead of the frost, reached me the evening preceding the bad morning—but too late for me to do anything about it then. I've never known how Johnny comes by his weather lore, but every so often he rings the bell. Judging from the looks of the vegetation, I don't think there's been a killing frost yet. But it can't be long until the Master Painter starts coloring our trees. Mrs. J. L. Taylor telephoned me yesterday to ask about Indian Summer. This is a season not to be found on calendar or almanac. It has no fixed dates. It is, however, unmistakable when it arrives to achieve that effect which years ago led Rose Osborne Sell to write:

WIATT SMITH

"Ye hills of West Virginia, we love you best of all
When your trees are red and golden with the glory of the Fall."

DR. WILL E. NEAL credited his nurse-secretary, Mrs. Gracie Smith, with telling me in advance that Sunday, October 14, would be his 70th birthday. Gracie was innocent. She did, however, assert her membership in the committee of 1,000 by calling to say I was entirely mistaken about his treating the anniversary as another working day. Instead, he and Mrs. Neal went to Thomas, W. Va., to see their granddaughter, Susie Neal II, daughter of Dr. Will R. Neal of the Navy. It was young Susie's birthday, too.

THERE'S often some attention arresting activity on the campus of Oley School, next door. One day last week there was a Community Chest parade. A Boy Scout and a Camp Fire Girl stationed themselves under the big flag which flies from the pole on the campus. Each, holding a basket, stood at attention. Then the children filed past, grade by grade, each dropping something into one of the baskets. Maybe there were individual contributions of one cent only—but that was candy money. The total was $25.75.

CURRENT preparation for a Halloween party to be held at the Public Library reminds Mrs. George C. (Maria Ware) Adams of a similar affair held there when she, as Miss Ware, was in charge of the juvenile department, and Miss Lewis Harvey was librarian. Miss Jennie A. Wood was to tell ghost stories and there was to be a generally hobgoblinish time. The kids, arriving in numbers before the appointed hour, were admitted. They took charge, wrecked the decorations and furnished ghostly noises by whistling into the speaking tubes. I don't think Miss Wood ever got her stories told. Nothing went according to schedule. At last, the guests were started on their way and as they left an outsider inquired of one of them: "Well, how was the party?" The urchin replied with a vigorous "Rotten!"

SQUIRREL hunting in his native Wayne County at the weed-end, Charles M. Watts, retired police lieutenant, talked to S. J. Workman of Shoals. The latter told of a recent visit to his father, Charles Workman, now living at McVeigh, Ky., at the age of 104 years. The elder Mr. Workman, according to Lieutenant Watts, was a soldier in the Union Army. The impression was that he enjoyed good health and would be able to answer a letter. Lieutenant Watts also had the idea, that the veteran is one of the Wayne County Workmans, probably a brother to Joe Workman whom he, Charley Watts, knew years ago.

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

EMOTIONAL cycles have never troubled me. Perhaps it would be better to say I have never troubled myself about emotional cycles. I must be subject to 'em. Rex Hersey says everybody — himself included — is. That seems to take me in.

WIATT SMITH

My own theory always has been that fits of the blues could best be cured by a good dose of calomel and I suspect that Dr. Hersey's not too remote maternal ancestors gave sulphur and molasses to any young 'un who seemed to be looking at the world as through a glass darkly. Some adults find relief by looking through the bottoms of inverted glasses. But I don't want to give way to the impulse to poke fun at my learned friend's findings. Too many strange facts are being revealed by the educated for the comparatively uneducated to jeer with safety.

ALL this calls for explanation. That explanation is to be found in the November Redbook magazine which carries an article by Myron M. Stearns entitled "Do You Know Your Emotional Cycle?" Mr. Stearns bases his article largely upon the findings of Dr. Rexford B. Hersey. Pennsylvania University professor and, as Mr. Stearns says, a graduate of West Virginia University and Oxford University. I think Dr. Hersey also is a graduate of Marshall College. I know he attended school and played baseball there before he went to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar. Also I know, as do many others, that he was born in Guyandotte and grew up just around the corner from me. Albeit he is much younger than I, we have always been good friends and I usually get a glimpse of him during his occasional flying visits to Huntington. Getting back to emotional cycles, Dr. Hersey, a specialist in human reactions, says everyone is subject to such cycles and that each person can measure his or her cycles if he chooses. If you want to know more about it, see the magazine article.

I HAD been hearing about that article for several days. Finally, I decided to get the book and read it—at least see what it was about. Oley Davies, who, regardless of cycles is always helpful, sent down street and got the magazine—then sent it to me. To be truthful, I have not yet fully digested the article. It is my present purpose so to do, sometime when things are less pressing. It seems well, before leaving the subject, to tell a little more about Dr. Hersey. His father, Frank L. Hersey, was one of the first, if not the first, railway telegraphers here. Mr. Hersey married Victoria Brammer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Brammer, who lived on the Guyandotte-Barboursville road above the present site of the Nickel plant. Rex was always bright, but he found time for athletics and social life. Besides being a student and an athlete, he was a vocalist of no mean talent. And he was an Army officer in World War I.

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

RED-HEADED Johnny (John H.) Day, who used to be a member of the Associated Press staff in Huntington, continues to rise in the world. Current issue of Editor & Publisher reports the engagement of Mr. Day as assistant editorial writer on the Dayton, O., News. Recently Mr. Day has been a newspaper feature writer in Cleveland, O., and Cleveland-area representative of Fortune, Life and Time magazines. He began his newspaper career in Lexington, Ky. During his residence in Huntington his book, "Bloody Ground," was published. He left Huntington to enter Harvard as a Nieman Fellow.

WIATT SMITH

AFTER a siege in a hospital at Clifton Forge, Va., Mrs. P. C. Buffington has recovered sufficiently to go to the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Lile, and Mr. Lile in Lewisburg, W. Va. She is convalescing but her early return to Huntington is not expected. . . . Entering the elevator of a downtown hotel, I was greeted by an elderly gentleman who told me he read this column each morning at breakfast. He was Mr. Bienhorn, Williamson furniture dealer, here with Mrs. Bienhorn who was also on the elevator. . . . To say I was pleased by his recognition and his column testimonial would be putting the facts mildly, especially since H. K. Eutsler, another fellow lift-traveller, tried vainly to get him to change his story.

MANY veterans, released from the armed services, are taking the long way home. One of these is Lieutenant Commander Harry Scherr Jr., now freed from his naval duties but still on the active list and sojourning with his wife and child at Norfolk, pending his final discharge. . . . Expectation is that he will be in Huntington to resume his law practice by mid-winter. . . . Naval Lieutenant Kirk Wiles, looking forward to an early discharge, is at Charleston, S. C., where he will be joined by Mrs. Wiles, the former Miss Barbara Scherr.

A MARRIAGE solemnized in Huntington on December 5, 1895, will be commemorated next Wednesday when Mr. and Mrs. Sam Sadler celebrate their golden wedding anniversary. There will be open house at the Sadler home, 2718 Fifth avenue, next Thursday evening. This feature of the celebration had to be put over one day to permit the attendance of one of the Sadler daughters, Henrietta, and her husband, the Rev. Clifford Caverlee. Pastor of a church in Weston, Mr. Caverlee must be there Wednesday evening for prayer meeting. The older Sadler daughter is Mrs. Ed Gibson of Hinton. There are two sons, Evan and Virgil, and three grandsons, Evan Jr., who has been released from the Navy and resumed his studies at Marshall, Joe and Bill. Sam Sadler came to Huntington from North Carolina in 1890. He married Miss Minnie Cox, who came here from Paintsville, Ky. In earlier life he was a brick contractor. For several years he has worked for the Board of Education and is now custodian of Miller School. The first home of the Sadlers was at the foot of Eighth Street hill.

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

AFTER Marshall Academy was purchased by the state and converted into Marshall College, certain students who bound themselves to teach a certain number of years were admitted tuition-free. To those not admitted to this privilege, the charges were light — by present day standards. The maximum charge per year (classical department) was $32, plus a contingent fee of $1 which every student paid. "Boarding with use of room" was $3.20 per week. During the fall and spring terms the charge for fuel and light was 25 cents per week, and during the winter term, 50 cents per week. Here are some of the things expected of the students, according to the catalog for 1877-78: "Not to smoke in and around buildings; to drink no intoxicating liquor while in attendance upon the school; gentlemen not to visit ladies' rooms or the ladies the rooms of gentlemen for any purpose whatever; ladies and gentlemen not to walk or ride out together without special permission."

WIATT SMITH

THESE old rules were taken from a pamphlet in a collection lent by Miss Frances C. Burgess, retired professor of geography, who plans to present all the books and papers to the college. Oldest among them is a small, blue paper-covered "Register and Circular of Marshall College, state normal school, located in Cabell county, West Virginia, academical year, 1869-70." Here, one may look in vain for reference to Huntington. There was no Huntington then. Originally, the booklet was owned by Mrs. W. H. Bagby, nee Sarah Triplett. Another item in the collection carries the signature of Helen Triplett Wright. Instructors for 1869-70 were S. R. Thompson, A. M. principal, Miss Henrietta Evans, Miss Callie G. Forrest, Miss Julia Kinsley. J. Harvey Poage, William Johnston and the honorable J. M. Ferguson comprised the executive committee for Marshall College.

FAMILIAR names dot the pages of these historic souvenirs. Most of those named are dead; only a few are living today. Of them, more subsequently. There remains space for description of one of the invitations issued for the commencement exercises which were held at Davis Opera House at 8:30 P. M. Tuesday, June 4, 1889. Members of the class of 1889 were Nancy Adkins, Fannie C. Burgess, Irma Louise Knight, Pearl Martin, Mary Louise Myers, Stella M. Shelton, Lessie Shirkey, W. E. Cyrus and Harry A. Ritz. I think that Harry A. Ritz must have been the one who became Judge Harold A. Ritz of Charleston. He was a Wayne county boy.

MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR EMMONS are entertaining Margarita's youthful nephews, Alexander Bush Champion and Phillips K. Champion Jr. These lads are the sons of Mrs. Emmons' brother, Major Phillips K. Champion, and Mrs. Champion. Major Champion, a medical officer, has just returned from a long period of overseas duty. He and Mrs. Champion are on vacation together and Mr. and Mrs. Emmons are entertaining the boys. The Champion home is at Dayton, O.

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

RECORDS of the State Road Commission show that the covered bridge at Hamlin was built in 1881. W. T. (Billy)Black writes from his home at Myra, Lincoln County, that the bridge was erected in 1891. Mr. Black should know. He was one of the builders. He tells me the general contractors were a Mr. Overstreet and W. E. Bench; also that the bridge was built after the plan of a similar structure across Mud River near Milton. "My part," he writes, "was making the cut at the south end of the bridge and both approaches. John Lucas bossed all the shooting. We were responsible for all damages to the bridge and the damage bill was less than $300. We paid Mr. Lucas 60 cents a day and boarded him. Other hands got 50 cents a day, with board. We had plenty of help and there were no strikes.

WIATT SMITH

"THIS was the first bridge built and was very important. All of the traffic from the southern part of the county and up Mud River crossed this bridge, especially in high water times, to get to Hamlin, the county seat. B. F. Eden was my partner and the County Court appointed John S. Sweetland, a merchant and former sheriff, to receive the completed contract. This he did, without requiring any more work to be done. The road to the south was worked four days per year by each man between 21 and 50. It was a very good road at that time. Now, the state has it, and you see the condition.

"THERE have been many changes in Lincoln County since the erection of the old wooden bridge. When it was built we had no cars, no trucks, no radios, few, if any talking machines, on hard surface roads; now we have hundreds of cars and trucks, and the flying machines pass over our farms; we have many miles of hard surface roads and at least 14 other bridges—not to mention radios. The circuit judge, the prosecutor, the members of the County Court, the merchants, the lawyers and doctors and all of the bridge contractors except W. T. (Billy) Black are dead."

DR. D. M. PHILLIPS, former Huntington veterinarian who has a small animal clinic at Ashland, Ky., writes: "Your Friends and Mine had an article the other day about the singing brothers that you called Parkins. I was born and raised in that neighborhood, and knew Charley very well. To get you correct, their name was Perkins, not Parkins. They were good people who went about Gallia County singing for special occasions. They also taught 'singin' schools, especially Charley. They travelled in a two-horse buckboard . . . P.S: . . . We are making sauerkraut today—or, at least, Mrs. Phillips is." I never knew those singing evangelists, but I do know Clayton Hall wrote the name Parkins—and my chips are down on Clayton's version.

LAWRENCE L. McCLURE, the attorney, is a patient at St. Mary's Hospital. After some weeks, he is improving and his physicians think he will be about again in a short time . . . Brownie, "part cocker" pet of Carolyn Plack, is missing from the home of the Rev. and Mrs. Carl Plack at 1440 Washington Boulevard. He's been gone since Saturday and Carolyn is anxious for news of him. The telephone number is 6216.

IF SOME day I come to my desk and find a live tiger there, I shall not be overmuch surprised. Once someone left me a glass jar enclosing a black widow spider, and I have had more than one tarantula. There's one in front of me, or a little behind me, as I write. Fortunately, it is sealed in a jar and I am at liberty to dispose of it as I see fit. My friend Charley Gibbs, who is constantly helpful and in most acceptable ways, telephoned that he had left it, thinking perhaps some of my biological friends at Marshall College might like it. If so, it is theirs for the taking away. And with kindest personal regards, I remain, yours truly, Mr. Gibbs.

WIATT SMITH

YOUTHFUL Scribe Henry King brings a message from his grandfather, C. R. Swentzel, who wonders if anyone besides himself remembers the explosion of the steamboat, Cottage No. 2 at Red House Shoals in the Great Kanawha in 1866? Mr. Swentzel, a very small boy, went out in a skiff after the explosion and picked up bits of the wreckage. I shouldn't wonder if there are several who will be able to join him in his memories. It seems strange to me that I do not recall having heard of the disaster, close as it was to my mother's home, though I suspect the Wiatt family may have left the farm by that time and gone to live at Point Pleasant.

SPEAKING of winter wraps and such, it has been years since I saw a pair of ear muffs—ear bobs, we sometimes called them. When I was a child they were as much a part of standard equipment as mittens. There were, of course, caps with flaps which could be pulled down, but few went out in bitter weather with ears uncovered. There is at least one pair of ear muffs in use in Huntington. R. J. Foley, at church, spoke to the little girl who wore them. She looked at him and said, "You're a professor, ain't you?"

GREETINGS and good wishes to B. B. Blagg, railway express man, who is in a Logan hospital waiting for a broken leg to mend . . . Word of his injury came to me through Cecil Taylor, his chief . . . Birthday greetings, also to Uncle Dyke (Rev. W. D.) Garrett, ninety-six today . . . If the weather weren't so bad I'd run up this morning and see if you felt like wrestling . . . Boarding the FFV, Chicago bound, Frank Enslow assured me he would be back in Huntington for Sunday . . . Father A. Bogdanski, chaplain of St. Mary's hospital, who underwent emergency surgery while visiting in Milwaukee, postcards that he will arrive in Huntington Saturday morning . . . Parson J. W. Pearson of Lynchburg is taking part in a big "back to religion" movement in Petersburg, Va. . . . First 1938 calendar came from the Standard Printing & Publishing Co., delivered by Harry Holswade in person, who also remembered others in the news room.

RETURNING to the subject of things left on my desk, it has been several weeks since I found there what appeared to be a jar of cold cream. I thought it had been left by mistake, but none claimed it. Privately, I opened it and a long green snake (artificial) sprang at me. I shoved the snake back into the jar, clamped the lid on and tucked the whole business into my desk drawer. Yesterday's tarantula present started talk around the news room of the cold cream jar. I professed ignorance, said I had never even looked inside of it. Then one of the young men confessed that he had delivered it at the behest of a well known educator. I just thought if I laid low I'd find out who sent me that snake.

PERHAPS the first directory of Huntington compiled by professional hands was that produced in 1893-94 by W. H. Armitage whose offices were at 697 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Armitage was not one who sat in his easy chair and sent emmisaries to do his work. At least, he came to Huntington to get out the directory and while he was here he wooed and won a Miss Hoback, sister of F. J. Hoback of the Huntington Publishing Co. They lived in Chicago. Both are now dead but they have a son in business in the Windy City. My impression is that several other Armitage directory editions were published for Huntington, but that is subject to inquiry. The 1893-94 directory came to my hands through Col. J. H. Long.

WIATT SMITH

* * *

OF THE physicians named in the Armitage directory only one is living and practicing in Huntington. This is Dr. I. R. LeSage. Of the others, save one or two, I can say with certainty that they are dead. I remember nothing of Dr. L. H. Harper, Dr. W. S. Kearney or Dr. T. D. Burgess. Elliott Northcott, since United States District Attorney and United States minister to important South American countries and now a judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, was a young practitioner with offices at 902 Third avenue. There appears also in the classified list the law firm of Fitch & Matthews. The senior member of this firm can have been none other than E. Houston Fitch, celebrated in politics as "the bald eagle of Cabell county." Otherwheres in the book it is disclosed the other member was David E. Matthews, now a former jurist and an active attorney. W. R. Thompson is listed too and he is a member of the firm of Vinson, Thompson, Meek & Scherr, though he lives in Virginia and is not active in the practice.

* * *

THERE are a thousand stories in this book's reminders of Huntingtonians, living and dead, a story for every name, if one but knew it. One wonders, for instance, about Commodore Harding, a colored porter who lived in the alley at the rear of Sixth avenue, between Eighth and Ninth streets . . . wonders who he was and what became of him . . . and about Francis M. Hartman, attorney and court stenographer, whose name seems to have escaped me in the past . . . and Addie Hay and Mary B. Hay, teachers, who lived at 1837 Third avenue, where Clement C. Hay, probably their father, a car builder had his home . . . and Dolliver Elkins, pilot, who lived on Sixth avenue and must have earned his living by guiding the big boats which then plied the Ohio . . . and E. H. Davenport, cashier of the Adams Express Co. . . . also James Ching, laborer, who lived on Third avenue, West Huntington.

* * *

THIS reviewing of directories leads into Memory Lane where one is apt to become entangled and be tripped on facts. I wasn't more than awake yesterday morning when Pete Hawkins called me offering to wage large and important sums and at long odds that I was wrong when I surmised that Nancy Adkins was a sister of Mrs. C. O. Harrison. Moreover, he jubilated, "Mother (Mrs. J. L. Hawkins) never is wrong, but she's wrong this time." Pete's point was that the lady in question was not Mrs. Harrison's sister, but Mrs. Harrison herself. And he proved it. If he keeps on crowing the way he has started I'm going to hope somebody beats him playing one-legged golf.

RALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTO
2-19-42

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Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

IN WHAT Catlettsburg residents describe as "the old cemetery," stands a monument to Robert Miller, a Negro who was one of three men who lost his life in a business district fire in the Gate City in 1885. Robert Miller was an elderly Southerner who somehow drifted into Catlettsburg. There he was a great friend of boys and lads, including 'teen agers, went with him on expeditions to the hills where he taught them woodcraft. The fire which caused his death started in a three-story business building. Next door was a two-story building with a drygoods store on the ground floor. Both structures were doomed and Catlettsburg men carried merchandise from the store to save it. John Price, a youth, started into the building to help. Robert Miller stopped him and made him go back. Then Miller and others entered. While they were inside the wall of the three-story structure toppled down upon the lower structure. David Kinner, one of the town's fine young white men, and two Negroes, Robert Miller and John Graham were killed. The boys to whom Robert Miller had been instructor determined that their friend should have a monument. To their own meagre pocket money they added generous subscriptions from their elders and in due time the stone was erected. The story of Robert Miller is chiseled on its face and to this day Catlettsburg Attorney Harry Price goes sometimes to the cemetery, visits the monument and reads the inscription.

WIATT SMITH

ANOTHER historic Catlettsburg fire, recalled by Mr. Price while we talked in his homey office yesterday afternoon, occurred in 1878 and destroyed several city blocks. Mr. Price was a small boy then but remembers how his mother carried buckets of water to a man who, standing on a ladder, dashed the fluid against a threatened building. This fire destroyed all of the town's hotels, a fact which had something to do with the founding two years later by his mother, Mrs. Bob Price, of the Price House, now the Haywood Hotel.

TO THE Price House, about the year 1882, there came a Mr. Howard from Butte, Mont., who had been a successful gold miner. He wore, Mr. Price remembers, a leather belt with six or eight pouches attached. He kept his cash in these pouches and Mr. Price distinctly remembers seeing him display 80 $100 bills, besides numerous tens and twenties, in greenbacks and gold. This Mr. Howard was a quiet, soft-spoken fellow, engaged a sight seeing tour. Mr. Price does not know how he came to stop in Catlettsburg. He had no relatives in this part of the country. John B. Stone, Mrs. Bob Price's brother, went to Montana with him, to return after a month with stories of hair-raising adventure . . . "Mr. Howard," said Attorney Price, "was fond of children and he and I spent many pleasant hours together. He would tell interesting stories of the West and sing western songs. His favorite songs were 'A Texas Ranger' and 'In the Days of '49.' The words and tune of each are still fresh in my memory." Mr. Price gave me copies of both songs, but there remains space today but for the shorter of the two. It

IN THE DAYS OF '49

In the days of old
In the times of gold
In the days of '49.

New York Jake,
The butcher boy,
So fond of getting tight,
One night while on a spree,
Sparring for a fight,
Ran against a knife
In the hand of old Bob Kines
And over Jake
They had a wake
In the days of '49.

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

SOMEWHERE in Africa, with time on his hands, Pfc. Joe Hite of Huntington thought he might find diamond prospecting profitable. He and certain comrades formed a syndicate, but it was discovered that none of them knew much about diamond hunting. Therefore Private Hite wrote his father, John L. Hite, chief of the park police force, requesting a certain handbook on the subject. Chief Hite presented this problem to Colonel George S. Wallace, park board president, who went into action. Within two days the handbook was in the mails en route to Private Hite in Africa. Complete with postage it had cost $2.10. Colonel Wallace and Chief Hite counted this sum as an investment in the diamond business and they expected a cut in the syndicate profits. Their serenity vanished yesterday when The Herald-Dispatch published a story about the finding in Monroe County of a big diamond. they asked themselves, fool around with African diamonds when bigger and better ones are to be found here in West Virginia? Thereupon, they addressed a letter to Private Joe Hite, demanding that he return to Huntington at once and bring the handbook with him. If, it was added, he found it inconvenient to leave just them, he was to send the book anyway. In no event would Colonel Wallace and Chief Hite send another $2 for a book they already owned.

WIATT SMITH

MEANWHILE, they are getting along quite well. When it comes to rustling food Captain Jim Klumpp and I are amateurs compared to the Wallace-Hite combination. Colonel Wallace has some grass acreage on Eighth Street Road. Recently he, Chief Hite and A. M. Hewitt went to the farm and Mr. Hewitt arranged to pasture some cattle there. Leaving, he complained that he had never before visited a country estate without being offered food. To show how a farmer ought to entertain, he invited Colonel Wallace and Chief Hite to his hilltop home for Sunday morning breakfast. Arch cut a country ham and Mrs. Hewitt provided prodigous quantities of fresh eggs, hot biscuits and other breakfast staples. Chief Hite swears Colonel Wallace ate at least 12 eggs. Colonel Wallace says John Hite ate more than he did.

PRIVATE advices from Fairmont yesterday were that Clem L. Shaver seemed likely to recover from the grave illness which coincided with the death of Mrs. Shaver Thursday. I never knew Mrs. Shaver well, but she had good friends in Huntington. Mr. Shaver, former chairman of the Democratic National Committee, has been a potent factor in the great American events of the last 11 years.

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

IN FORMER years, what is now Huntington's Walnut Hills comprised 113 acres of woodland which had been one of the numerous holdings of Colonel Peter C. Buffington, the city's first mayor and first bank president. After Colonel Buffington's death, the land passed through a series of ownerships into the hands of the firm of Meredith & Neel. The firm did not obtain the entire tract, 12 acres having been previously acquired by S. A. Gillette, who operated his dairy there, while Chafin & Doolittle acquired 13 acres. The firm which acquired and sub-divided the residue was comprised of William M. Meredith, who is now practicing law in California, and Rudd T. Neel who is still in business in Huntington. Mr. Neel stopped at the house to tell how Norway Avenue got its name — and it is probable that he was the only living person who knew the story. Part of the Walnut Hills lots had been placed on the market and word had gone out that they would be available at private sale on a given morning. When Rudd reached the spot he found L. L. and C. P. Haddox, shoemaker brothers, resting in the shade of a walnut tree. They had picked out their lots, one each, and bought them on the spot. Plans for landscaping, made while waiting, included the planting of Norway maples. Whether they actually planted the trees is a question, but it was from their suggestion that the thoroughfare was named Norway Avenue.

WIATT SMITH

THIS extension of Huntington's Twentieth Street originally was part of the James River & Kanawha turnpike, according to Colonel George S. Wallace. That pike, as it involves Huntington, has always been more or less of a mystery to me. Certainly, it ran along Pea Ridge and into present day Huntington as Colonel Wallace says. But I have never understood how the stage coaches and other traffic crossed the Guyandotte River at Barboursville, or how they got into Guyandotte before the suspension bridge was built in the early eighteen fifties. I can remember when what is now First Avenue was known as "the old road," connecting Guyandotte and Huntington. It must have been in general use before Third Avenue was opened east from Twenty-fourth Street and the street car line built. Those events are in the shadow land of my mind so that I cannot always separate what I remember from what I heard the old folks say.

THE James River & Kanawha turnpike, entering what is now Huntington at Twentieth Street, turned west and skirted Marshall College. Within recent years its traces were still discernable on the college property. From the college it pursued its westward course in a general way along what is now Five-and-one-half alley or, more correctly, Federal Avenue. It turned south again at about Fifth Street, and there remains, as one approaches Harveytown, a Huntington street which was part of the old turnpike and continues to bear its name.

WHILE Meredith & Neel were preparing to open their hilltop subdivision, Mr. Neel attended a tennis tournament at Cincinnati. Play was on courts in the Queen City's fashionable Walnut Hills section. Rudd liked the place and the name and that's how the sub-division came to be called Walnut Hills. Incidentally, Meredith & Neel put a saw mill on Olive Street and thereafter lumber from Walnut Hills trees.

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

AFTER 10 years in the poultry farming business, the Rev. John L. Hoyt is again in a pastorate. The former minister of Huntington's First Congregational Church retired—but did not quit preaching. During his years as a poultry raiser he filled some pulpit as a supply almost every Sunday. Now that the war has called many younger men into the service and the oldsters have to do the work, Mr. Hoyt is pastor of the Rock Creek, O., Congregational Church. He and Mrs. Hoyt are in Huntington visiting their son, Louis Hoyt, and his wife Marjorie Kessler Hoyt. They are renewing acquaintances of the years when they were active and interested residents of Huntington, during which he was a member of the Chamber of Commerce and taking general part in good works. The Hoyt daughter, Mildred, was married in Huntington to Arthur Teagle. Their wedding was solemnized in the First Congregational Church. She lives in Cleveland where her husband is in business. Mrs. Teagle was here for the funeral services of Dr. A. K. Kessler.

WIATT SMITH

UNTIL recently, Elks Club properties included two tabby cats, one black and the other striped like a tiger. Perhaps they were mascots, but it may be that their maintenance was for the ability as mousers. In any event, the two found kittens on the same day, three in each litter. Before the kittens were many days old the tiger tabby disappeared. At first the black tabby had no time for the orphaned kittens. On the second day she began to notice them. The next day she adopted them. The Elks gave her added rations because her increased burden.

AFTER a Winter in Florida, Colonel John Baker White stopped in Huntington last week. He went on to Charleston to vote in the primary and planned thereafter to go to Greenbrier County for the Summer . . . Mrs. John E. (Aldine Emmons) Biscoe is refurbishing the exterior of her property in the 1000 block on Fifth Avenue. The former residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Alden Emmons, this is one of Huntington's historic homes. Yesterday it was receiving a fresh coat of paint at the hand of Harry W. Witham of Illinois Street, who part of the time worked under Aldine's watchful eye . . . Mrs. Ella Wallace Anderson is a patient at St. Mary's Hospital, suffering from a broken arm and other indispositions . . . A retired government printer, she is the daughter of W. F. Wallace, who published the Huntington Argus in the far back yonder days.

Your Friends . . by . . And Miss Wiatt Smith

IN EARLY Huntington years, Mrs. Mary (Aunt Polly) McVay ran a boarding house at 1215 Third avenue. Her customers included the Hawkins boys—Charley and his brothers, who were here before John L. and J. Marshall Hawkins came. There were also three brothers named Pheasant who worked at the Ensign (ACF) shops. My informant A. McVay, now a gray-haired, highly dignified attache of the city treasurer's office, doesn't remember the names of other guests. He does remember that Mother McVay, as he calls her, had a dinner bell and that it was one of little Lonnie's jobs to ring that bell. It was a big bell, probably 16 inches tall. I never heard that particular bell, but I have heard many others summoning sojourners and wayfarers to meals and I know how it must have sounded when little Lonnie swung it. Not for a minute do I think Aunt Polly McVay was monotonous in her menus, but the entire subject recalls a song which used to be sung in Guyandotte and elsewhere:

WIATT SMITH

"There is a boarding house, not far away,
Where they have ham and eggs, three times a day;
Oh how the boarders yell, when they hear that dinner bell,
Oh how those eggs do smell, three times a day!"

ONE could assemble a history of Huntington under the guise of a history of its boarding houses and I suppose there were as many different types of boarding houses as there were different types of boarders. Moreover, it is to be suspected that the dinner bell, a time-honored institution, fell into disuse about the time Huntington began taking on city airs. At any rate there was no dinner bell at the elegant establishment which the Misses Lucy and Clara Goen operated on Third avenue. The Goen sisters had some roomers, but most of their table guests lodged elsewhere. Young Charles M. Gohen ate there, as I think did Mrs. Gohen for a while after their marriage. There were also Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Phellis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Anderson, J. C. Rardin, W. D. Pitts, Judd and Jack Ramsey and many others. Mr. Phellis was a powder man who became wealthy and internationally known after he left Huntington.

MISSES ANNIE, Virginia and Margarett Wyatt had another exclusive boarding house on Fifth avenue. Miss Margaret Wyatt taught school and the other sisters ran the eating establishment. They had no dinner bell. Resident guests included Herbert Fitzpatrick and Colonel William R. Thompson. Colonel and Mrs. Cameron L. Thompson lived in the Holswade apartments, nearby and took their meals with the Misses Wyatt as did Henry Pierce, engineer of maintenance of way for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Co. Colonel Thompson and Mr. Pierce erected the Thompson-Pierce building on Ninth street, which is to be the home of Huntington's new bank. Other Wyatt guests were C. B. Wyatt, lawyer-nephew, who subsequently married and lived next door, Edmund Taylor Morris, of the Chesapeake & Ohio engineering department, E. M. Watts, Buford C. Tynes and in later years, John E. Biscoe.

A SIMILAR eating place was maintained on Twelfth street by Mrs. J. C. Swain and continued, until recent years by Mrs. Swain's daughter, Mrs. William Hatch. Much has been written of this and the subject is by no means exhausted—however, today's space is.

Your Friends . . by . . And Miss Wiatt Smith

STARTING Southward ahead of the snowflakes, old Dr. Ichabod Ersington dropped in for a quarrel. I knew the old curmudgeon had something in his craw. I wasn't aware of having done anything particularly outrageous, so after acknowledging Dr. Ersington's crusty greetings, I sat still and waited for the storm. It wasn't long coming. He'd picked up a book which I'd been reading. Presently, with a violent gesture, he cast the volume away from him and snorted: "Of all the trash people find to read!" Placatingly I pointed out that the book, which really isn't much, was written in England and was supposed to be good. "To do you justice," said my irate friend, "I don't think you are as bad as some others on the point in mind. This fellow is worse. He uses the adjective 'local' in almost every paragraph. He talks about the local church, the local school and even the local postmaster! This practice is common among writers in newspapers and elsewhere. It isn't that the word is misused—it's overused!" For at least once, I agreed with Ichabod. There's one word which I had promised myself never to use. My typewriter won't make the required diacritical mark and I don't know whether or not it can be produced by the Linotype machine. The word is cliche. The adjective "local" has, by indiscriminate use, become a trite, a hackneyed cliche.

WIATT SMITH

THEN, seemingly younger than his fellow-workers, L. W. Self for many years was a motorman on the Third Avenue street cars. He worked with W. M. (Uncle Billy) Jordan, Henry Thompson, H. C. Greenwell and many other conductors of that period. Eventually, he was taken off the motorman's platform and into the accounting department of the Appalachian Electric Power Co. He retired last July. He has written me, saying: "J. A. Morrison's letter about old timers reminds me that he and I used to be schoolmates. Our teacher was William C. Bramlet. Mr. Bramlet wore long gray whiskers, smoked a stone pipe, and had a blue spot on the end of his nose. With his pipe in his mouth he would walk the floor, seeming to be in a deep study about something besides his school. He was checking up on his students. If you were doing something you should not do, he would swish you with a hickory limb, carried behind his back, when you least expected. I was guilty several times. This little one-room school (Lower Heath Creek) is still there and is in use, but Mr. Bramlet's pupils are scattered here and there. Most of them, like their teacher, have passed away. A few still remain and when we pass the old school and the well where we used to get cold water to drink, we think of these happy days. As to Mr. Morrison, I used to sit beside him in school. My legs were much shorter and I often wondered whether they would catch up."

MUCH to my regret I'll have to forego the sorghum-making which is to be held this afternoon and evening at the place of Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Bledsoe in Grant District. There will be lots of fun, but I just can't make the grade . . . Dr. Will E. Neal, former mayor, will be 70 years old tomorrow. He was born on Symmes Creek in Lawrence County and has been practicing here since 1907. As far as he knows, his 70th birthday will be just another work day.

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

DR. WILLIAM R. NEAL, now a lieutenant in the United States Navy, is two years older than his brother Tom, now a dental first lieutenant in the United States Army. But their birthdays are identical and when they were little this joint occasion usually called for a celebration. One year their mother, Mrs. Will E. Neal, decided a birthday party would be too much for her. This was only a little while before the birth of Joe Guthrie, youngest of the four sons of Dr. and Mrs. Neal, but Mrs. Neal had to be sketchy in her explanation of the decision to pass the birthday party. Nevertheless, she thought it was all right until women in the neighborhood of the Neal home at 611 Fifth Street, began telephoning on the birthday morning to ask details as the party to which their children had been invited. Then she got busy, made cookies, bought hard candy and concluded a deal with an ice cream company which had a wagon which regularly canvassed the neighborhood selling ice cream and ice cream cones. The company's driver, a family friend, that evening parked his horse drawn wagon in the Neal driveway. Mrs. Neal told him that within reason each child was to have as many ice cream cones as he or she might ask for. On his own motion the driver fixed the limit at two, but some kids had three. To cap the evening, he permitted the children to climb into the wagon and onto the horse for a drive around the square. Three such trips were required before each youngster had had a ride. Then the driver went home, postponing collection till later. And Mrs. Neal is still hearing about that party. Incidentally, all four of the Neal sons are in uniform. Gale, who took his high school work at KMI, is an Army lieutenant. Joe Guthrie has pre-aviation cadet status at the University of Iowa.

WIATT SMITH

ALTHOUGH he was born in North Carolina, Dr. Charles Trueheart Taylor ranks as an early settler of Huntington. I think he was reared in what we used to call the Neutral Strip or that section lying between First Street and West Third Street. This was a free zone, within the corporation of neither Huntington nor Central City. His home was down in that direction as I have often heard him tell of boyhood walks to and from that home of his youth. He is, in years service, and, I suppose, in actual years as well, one of the city's oldest practicing physicians. I shouldn't be surprised if some of those whom he welcomed into the world as babies are now grandparents. These meditations have to do with the fact that Dr. Taylor is a patient at Huntington Orthopedic Hospital with two fractured vertebrae in his neck. Well, he first earned fame as a collegiate baseball pitcher and he could have gone into the big leagues had he not chosen to practice medicine instead. He is a man of iron will and nerve and I know it is superfluous now to tell him to "stay in there and pitch."

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

THIS is a .64 cent question, and if you can answer correctly without stopping to think, you are better than I think you are: Question—On which side of the streets and avenues are the odd numbers and on which side are the even numbers? Maybe you are better than I am, but I usually have to pause and ponder that on the streets the even numbers are on the east side, the odd numbers on the west; that on the avenues the even numbers are on the north side, the odd numbers on the south. This system was devised by Rufus Cook of Boston who was engaged by Collis P. Huntington to lay out the city. There have been many changes in boundary lines since Mr. Cook's original plat was made and filed. Central City, Guyandotte, Harveytown, Westmoreland have been added, but still it is easy to direct a stranger almost to the very door sought, in the original Huntington.

WIATT SMITH

IT IS TO be wondered if Collis P. Huntington knew how well he was planning. It must have been that he did, although he soon left to its fate the city to which he gave his name when it was nothing but a succession of farms. Huntington's rise from the mud must have been quite a struggle, but those who took part in that struggle had a lot of fun. Many memories of that period have been preserved by the Early Settlers. Attention to this is drawn by some verses, written for the Early Settlers in 1921 by Miss Stacia B. Setliff, now Mrs. R. L. Davis of 2982 Fifth Avenue. Length and lack of space make it impractical to publish the verses here, but I quote one of them:

"Lon Hutchison was a very fine singer
With black sideburns and eyes of blue,
With Joe Gallick, Doc Haworth and others,
He furnished music for more than a few."

MORE poetry, excluded by the space rule, comes from Mrs. Mary A. Roach of 1604 Madison Avenue. Mrs. Roach's stanzas are entitled "Keep a light burning on your tree for me." They were inspired, she writes me, by the fact that at the approach of last Christmas she and her little granddaughter, Betty Jane, conceived the idea of burning lights on their Christmas tree for members of the family and some of the friends who were in the armed services. This idea seems to me to be likely to have general appeal.

ONLY a small percentage of our service men and women will be home Christmas. Many have gone overseas, others are going constantly. Among the late overseas arrivals reported to me is that of First Lieutenant George I. Neal Jr., who cabled his parents almost four weeks after he left the homeland.

ROBERT L. ARCHER of Draft Board No. 1 must spend Christmas in bed unless his physician relents. Following a smothering spell two weeks ago yesterday, Mr. Archer was sent to bed for a month.

THE HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTING

10-5-47

Your Friends . . . And Mine

Wiatt Smith

ALWAYS a dangerous man with a dictionary, Samuel W. Perry has landed a blow which sent both me and the Spelling Committee (Dr. W. E. Vest, chairman,) back on our heels. Resting one night in his library, Mr. Perry considered the fact that Dr. Vest and I had agreed on spondulix as a correct and accepted spelling. His cogitations led him to reach for the capital S volume of the Century dictionary. There he found the spellings "spondulis," "spondulicks," and "spoondoolicks." These I think are the spellings Mr. Perry brings before the committee. Certainly "spondulix" was not in the list. The dictionary agreed with us that the term is American slang and that the origin is unknown; also that the original meaning was folding money and by evolution the term has become to mean cash of any variety. Mr. Perry in part developed his interest in words while a student in Dr. Sawney Webb's school at Bell Buckle, Tenn. There, one of his fellow students was Frederick F. Shannon of Louisa, Ky., who now as the world famous Dr. Shannon of Chicago is conducting a preaching mission at Johnson Memorial Church. Doubtless, while Dr. Shannon is in Huntington he and Mr. Perry will meet and talk together of days at the Webb school from which numerous men of national and world wide renown emerged.

WIATT SMITH

ORDINARY laymen might be pardoned the belief that a minister in the pulpit keeps his mind on his preaching. Two kindred stories which have come to me recently prove that this is not always true, though each proves also that a minister whose attention is so diverted may be expected to act promptly to remedy the condition. Already reported here has been the experience of Dr. Samuel R. Curry, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Ashland, who told me how as a young bachelor preacher he found that a young woman who sat regularly in his Sunday morning congregation was distracting his thoughts from his preaching. Not long after making this discovery he married the girl, she now being Mrs. Curry. Kindred experience is that of Dr. Shannon, who after having left the Western Virginia conference of the Southern Methodist Church was filling a Methodist Episcopal pastorate at York, Pa. On a certain rainy Sunday a young lady who sat usually with her family near the front of the auditorium, arrived late and thinking not to attract attention to herself went quietly to a seat in the balcony. Just as she entered there the young preacher raised his eye and beheld her as she stood for an instant in the doorway. Then and there he concluded that marriage with her would be a highly desirable objective. Three months later they were wed.

HAVING learned in the course of his wanderings that I had been ill old Dr. Ichabod Ersington hove into town and dropped around to see me. I was apprehensive of one of his sharp-tongued lectures, but I need not have been. His speech was as of milk and honey. He did, however, revive in a mild manner an old controversy between us as to the pronunciation of tomato. He says "tomahto." I hold to "tomayto," as my mother taught, speaking as my mother. In his most urbane fashion Dr. Ersington told me that in 1747 one Peter Collison in England sent John Custis in Virginia some seeds of the "love apple," also known as "tomaito." What this proves as to pronunciation, I don't know. I'm still of the opinion that tomato and potato are kindred words and should be pronounced alike. Moreover I still can remember when some called the tomato the "love apple" and believed it unfit for human consumption.

Your Friends and Mine

by Wiatt Smith

DEALING in general merchandise, dry goods, groceries, shoes, feed, radios, washing machines and unlisted items, J. A. Morrison & Co. operate what must be one of the few remaining old-fashioned stores.

WIATT SMITH

The post office is Barboursville, the shipping point is Huntington and the store is in the country. J. A. Morrison has taken his pen in hand to write me as follows: . . . "I admire Your Friends and Mine because it deals with old times and old timers. I am an old timer myself, 75 years young. Recently you wrote about Eustace Thomas Gibson. I heard him make a speech in Barboursville in 1880—65 years ago. He gave a free dinner at Fatty Bum's Hotel (Baumgardner's). Believe me, he fed a crowd, at about 10 cents a plate.

"IN ANOTHER article you named those who took formal part in the dedication of the new courthouse. You said you knew all of them except Peter E. Love. I knew all of them, including Mr. Love. He was one of the builders of and leaders in Bloomingdale Baptist Church, a mighty fine man, a mighty good man and a real Christian. I have heard him testify as to the saving grace of Our Lord while the tears ran down his cheeks and off his black whiskers.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The meadows, the brooks, the fields and the wild woods,
And many loved spots which my infancy knew.

I love to think of boyhood days, or old times and old timers who are gone to try the realities of another world. But we have a promise and a hope that we will meet them again, in the sweet by and by in that sun bright clime of sweet deliverance. With best wishes to you and your friends and mine."

HUNTINGTONIANS and others whose earlier years were spent along the Mason-Jackson county border will have their memories stirred by news of the death at Charleston last Friday of Mrs. T. M. Allen. Mrs. Allen, who was 87 years old and who was active until the last 12 months of her life, was the former Emma Allen, daughter of Richard and Emma Allen of Hartford, Mason county. She married without changing her surname. Her father was a Hartford merchant, contemporary there with Taylor N. Boggess before the latter came to Huntington to open the drug store which still bears his name. Mrs. Allen was an aunt of Mrs. Frank B. Thornburg of Eleventh avenue, who attended the funeral and burial in Charleston Monday.

Your Friends and Mine

by Wiatt Smith

ALWAYS, about this time of year, I get one or more calls to remind me that October 14 is a memorable date in Huntington history. Often, these calls are belated, but yesterday morning Patrolman D. K. (Kin) Altizer telephoned to remind me that the day was the 35th anniversary of the battle of Reservoir Hill. I well remember October 14, 1910. George Lenz, special agent for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Co., had arrested a Negro trespasser who alighted near the Huntington shops. The prisoner, while being searched at the shop gates, whipped out a revolver, which Mr. Altizer says, was concealed in a glove gauntlet, and shot Mr. Lenz, wounding him seriously, but not, as I remember, fatally. Then the hobo took for the hills. Huntington police, reinforced by railroad men and others, went after him. Before the man, whose name was never known, was killed, two or three possemen died and several were wounded. Among the day's casualties was Ira O. Harrold, then marshal of Guyandotte. While cleaning his gun, preparatory to joining the fray, Mr. Harrold shot himself in the leg—not in the foot, as Mr. Altizer tried to convince me. Kin is still on the force, working the Chesapeake & Ohio station beat. He expects to retire as soon as the manpower pressure permits.

WIATT SMITH

WRITING from 49 Christian Fields, London, S. W., 16, on October 1, Rose Buckner said to the editor of The Herald-Dispatch: . . . "I wonder if you and your readers can realize the great nearness it gives us over here to get your paper and read about folks we actually know. In your issue of August 4, I read in Wiatt Smith's column about Mrs. Loman K. Cox. Mrs. Cox has helped me and my family with her sincere, sympathetic friendship during the war years. It is friendship of this kind that is going to create a better understanding among our folks and yours. Mrs. Cox sent my son, Hugh, a puzzle last Christmas. It was a map of the States and when your boys visit my home I ask them to point our their home towns on the puzzle. Your boys were fine ambassadors for the States." Mrs. Buckner is an author and radio-caster. She and Mrs. Cox have never met but have for some time interchanged letters and newspapers regularly.

RETURNING service men are making such inroads on civilian attire that it is hard for merchants to keep stock, J. R. (Rome) Osborne of Griffithsville and the firm of Osborne Bros. told me last night. The Griffithsville store is about out of dress shirts (as distinguished from work shirts.) Shirts and shorts are scarce, too, but there is plenty of long underwear. Moreover, the 1945 sorghum quality is better than that of last year, and my old Marshall College friend and schoolmate brought a jar to prove it. John Romeo Osborne was given his second name in honor of Congressman Romeo H. Freer, but was called John after his own grandfather. When I knew him first he was dividing baseball pitching assignments at Marshall with Boyd B. Chambers.

Our Friends 6-6-38
And Miss Wiatt Smith

EVEN in his sunset years, Joseph T. Hysell of Main street was a man of romantic turn. I got that impression strongly during the period when he stopped at our front door each Sunday morning to get me to tie his cravat. That was when he was courting his second wife. But I never suspected him of deliberate matchmaking. Yesterday, I learned that in at least one instance he was both deliberate and successful, though it took many years for the idea which he implanted to lead two young persons to the altar. All this is an echo of a singular romance and a wedding that took place more than fifty years ago. Mr. Hysell in 1880 or thereabouts, was a travelling representative of Roseberry & Hagen, woolen manufacturers and merchants in Guyandotte. His business took him to the "Old Stone House," the home of Ulysses Garred about ten miles from Louisa, Ky. There he told Miss Mary Callista (Kate) Garred, the fair young daughter of the household, that he knew a young fellow in Guyandotte who would "just suit her." Returning to Guyandotte he told the young man, Andrew G. Rece, about Kate Garred. Andrew Rece wrote Kate Garred a letter. She answered it. In 1881 he left Guyandotte, without having met her, and went to Missouri to live and work. During five years this correspondence was carried on intermittently. At the end of that period he came back to Cabell county for a visit. After a brief stop with his kinspeople, he went to the Old Stone House, riding horseback from Louisa, to call on a girl he had never seen. It was dark when he neared the Garred home and doubts assailed him. How would Kate's father regard him? But "Lis" Garred met him at the door and welcomed him.

WIATT SMITH

ALL of the Garreds were cordial to the stranger, who was not a stranger, and the next day he and Kate had "a serious talk." She agreed to marry him if his character was as represented. He referred her to Laban T. Everett, then a young lawyer in Catlettsburg, and to his pastor and someone else at his new home in Missouri. Replies were favorable and within a month after his return to his homeland they were married. They lived in Missouri—for thirty-five years at Centralia. Then they moved to Ardmore, Okla., where she died several years ago.

DESPITE the fact that his sister, Mrs. James W. Hagen, was shushing him from time to time and shaking an admonitory finger at me, Mr. Rece himself told this story when I called on him yesterday afternoon. He promised to stand between me and trouble if I kept to the facts—which I am sure has been done.

PERSONAL complications kept me away from the open house for Mr. Rece given Sunday afternoon at Will Hagen's home. There was a goodly company present, I learned yesterday, including, besides Mrs. Hagen, three persons he knew before he left for the West. These were Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Everett of Main street and Mrs. R. L. Morris. The latter, at the time of his going was a little girl named Lena Stevenson. Meeting these old friends and the sons and daughters and grandchildren of others affected Mr. Rece deeply and necessitated the wiping away of unbidden tears. This was but brief, however, for soon there was so much merriment and jollity that there was no place for other emotion.

MR. RECE has on one or two occasions written me from Ardmore. He told me yesterday, as he had in his first letter, that he and my father were youthful chums and that he remembered their going once together to call on my mother. He was the son of the Rev. John Calvin Rece who lived on the Guyandotte river at what later was known as the Judge Ward place, Judge Evermont Ward having purchased it from the Rece estate. Living with him in Ardmore are his two daughters, Miss Frances Garred Rece, a business woman, and Miss Emmy Muncy Rece, a teacher.

HAVING left Mrs. Hagen's, I went by 1302 Fifth avenue, just in time to exchange goodbyes with Mr. and Mrs. Howard M. Hayward and their children. Mr. Hayward came here at the beginning of the second semester to teach at Marshall. After commencement yesterday there were bustling preparations for the return trip to Grafton, Mass., for the summer vacation. They rolled away in high spirits, the car laden with baggage, Mr. and Mrs. Hayward in the front seat and Annie, John William and the frisky blue cat in the tonneau . . . This recalls another departing motor group to which I waved farewell yesterday morning, Judge Elliott Northcott, bound to Asheville for the summer session of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, Mrs. Northcott, Attorney Buford C. Tynes who is to lead an important discussion at a judicial conference scheduled for Asheville, and Mrs. Gordon Biggs, bound for Belmont, N. C., to see her son, Gordon Biggs, Jr., by worldly appelation — Frater Anselm in the religious community to which he belongs.

CHARLEY is a black cat with a white neck and four white paws and a little black mustache like Charley Chaplin's. That similarity gave him his name. He belongs to Mrs. Albert Perry of 512 Main street. Charley was ailing, having been hit by a car or bitten by a dog or something, and Mrs. Perry worried about him. Her milk and butter man heard the story and offered to take Charley to the country for a vacation. This arrangement was agreed to and Charley started for his temporary home. En route he disappeared. He was last seen near Martha. Mrs. Perry has advertised for him. She is willing to pay a reward for his return.

10-12-42

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

WHILE her husband is in Columbus, O., attending a conference from which some of the participants will emerge with commissions in the Army with assignment to ordnance department duty, Mrs. Charles Frost of Louisville Ky., is visiting here. She is the guest of Mrs. E. P. Frost of Sixth Avenue and Miss Hazel Frost, her husband's mother and sister, and Mr. Frost, her father-in-law. Charles Frost, who was born and grew up in Huntington and is head of the leaf department of the American Tobacco Co., needs no introduction. Huntington is still the home of many of his former schoolmates and friends of his childhood and youth. Neither is Mrs. Charles Frost a stranger here. She has visited Huntington before and is also well known as Mary Nowell Frost in literary circles here and elsewhere as the author of the book, "Be Young With Me." . . . Mrs. Ed Femoyer of Fourteenth Street is in Newport, Ky., whither she was called by the death late last week of her sister, Miss Mary Kremer. Their mother, Mrs. Kremer, died in Newport only a few weeks ago . . . United States Judge Elliott Northcott has gone to Richmond, Va., where he is sitting by designation for the October term of the circuit court of appeals. After Richmond, Judge Northcott will go to his Winter home in Sebastian, Fla. Also planning early departure for Florida and their Winter home at Fort Lauderdale, are Mr. and Mrs. Omar T. Frick. Their daughter, Mrs. Jean Berthier, who visited them during the Summer, returned to her Fort Lauderdale home some weeks ago. Mr. Frick finds a gas regulation will permit him to drive to Fort Lauderdale . . . but after he gets there he'll have to depend on car pools for transportation to and from the golf course . . . Things have changed since he drove last February from Fort Lauderdale to pick me up in Miami Beach for an afternoon's excursion to Hialeah Park.

WIATT SMITH

DURING World War one there appeared in Kenova one day a contingent of 137 men who were being sent to work in a lumber camp in the Northwest. Colonel Joseph S. Miller, to whom reference was made here Saturday, noted that they were thinly clad and also considered the fact that in the cold Northwest they would need clothing, warmer probably that that supplied by the Army. Colonel Miller took over a patriarchal interest in his neighbors, especially those who lived in Wayne County. Naturally, he moved at once to meet the needs of these shivering boys. Quite as naturally he turned to the Red Cross, seeking out Mrs. Richard Hardwick, Red Cross chairman, I think. He demanded sweaters and socks and other warm garments for these young men. Mrs. Hardwick replied that the garments were in hand but could not be distributed until after they had been passed on by an inspector who was expected within the next few days. "That," said Colonel Miller, "will not do. You take the garments you have and outfit these boys and I'll be responsible." Mrs. Hardwick complied and the contingent went away well equipped against the cold. While the transaction was in progress, Mrs. Hardwick had great confidence in Colonel Miller. She didn't lose this confidence but she preferred to avoid explanation. With this in mind she sent a hurry call to the Wayne County News. In response there was throughout the length and breadth of the great county such a knitting and purling as had never been known there before . . . and when the Red Cross inspector came, the Wayne garment stock was intact. Mrs. Hardwick told this story when she called to say that the venerable Father Cotter of Ironton has a complete collection of Colonel Miller's poems.

LAST May 24 Thomas C. Cowherd of Fifth Avenue, since retired from service as a Chesapeake & Ohio trainman, was 75 years the same date, William Cowherd of

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THE HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTING

Your Friends And Mine

. . . By Wiatt Smith . . .

WAS there among the Huntingtonians of the 1890's a citizen who wore a beard which he parted in the middle? This question was asked yesterday by Colonel T. W. Peyton, who thinks the answer should be in the affirmative. Yet he cannot name the man who wore his whiskers ala Charles Evans Hughes and J. Ham Lewis. Thus far I have been unable to recall any such man who lived here or hereabouts. But there passed along Memory Lane a long line of bearded citizens—most of whom had been soldiers in the War of Secession. The beards so long fashionable with American men owed their vogue, according to Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman, the Richmond editor and Lee biographer, to the war-born theory that the wearing of whiskers averted throat trouble. Dr. E. S. Buffington, who sported one of the flossiest beards in Huntington, personally told me that when he was a boy he suffered from recurrent attacks of throat trouble which never bothered him again after he let his beard grow. He had been a soldier of the Confederacy.

WIATT SMITH

BEARDS were much discussed yesterday, this talk having been caused by news of the WPB order restricting the manufacture of razor blades and razors. Jestingly, but with an undercurrent fear that they might be twitting on facts, men talked of the time when they would have to let their whiskers grow. I can't take that threat seriously—yet. But so many things have happened that I thought couldn't that I'd be fearful to say that there will never be any rationing of shaves. Of course there is always the possibility of returning to the three-shaves-a-week or even one shave a week schedule to which many Back Yonder men adhered. Also, there are many straight razors preserved as curiosities and still available for service and there is always the electric shaver which many men find most acceptable. Whatever happens, I'm going to think a long time before agreeing to Colonel Peyton's suggestion that I set the beard-growing fashion. Ordinarily, I do not resist the imputations of advancing years, but a white beard, or even a gray one, is more of a concession to time than I am willing to yield.

SHOULD beards come back, styles will be important. And there can be a wide range of such styles—say from the long and full gray whiskers of Dr. Enoch Baker to the sporty Van Dyke of Captain Joseph Anderson. The latter was a walking refutation of the idea that a man can't wear a beard and be a dandy still. Beards under a shave rationing program presumably would be full beards. This would rule out the neck ruff style observed by Judge W. H. Hagen or the clean upper lip pattern followed by Dr. William Parkinson Walker, the Baptist minister. Incidentally, and without reference to Dr. Walker, whom I knew to be a kindly man, the shaven upper lip above a big beard always had a sobering effect on my boyish imagination. This type of facial adornment gave the wearer an appearance of sternness, contrasting sharply with the benevolent cast lent to the countenance by mutton chop whiskers such as worn by W. J. Parsons of Central City—West Huntington to you recent arrivals. That fashion was no steel saver, either.

WHETHER or not a beard is sanitary probably depends on who wears the whiskers. My memory harks back to the spotless white and flowing beards of men like Dr. A. B. McGinnis, Dr. D. W. Dabney, Talton W. Everett and Judge B. D. McGinnis, to mention only a few. I remember other white beards which were constantly tainted about the mouth and even further down by what the common people called "ambier," the result of eating tobacco, and some dingy beards which would have been white had they been treated liberally with soap and water. But a directory of the bearded elds would take up overmuch space. Anyway, Schuyler Humphreys has just telephoned to say that a man named Gatewood, who sold liquor for a Lexington, Ky., distillery and lived here, used to wear a sandy beard, parted in the middle. I recall him now.

2-24-44?

ERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGT

2-24-44?

Your Friends And Mine

. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

WHEN the Rev. Arden P. Keyser, now a retired Methodist minister at Catlettsburg, was a Huntington youth attending Marshall College there was, he recalls, high rivalry between the Virginian and Ercsophian Literary Societies. Current disturbances affecting Marshall brought back to Parson Keyser a certain occasion on which Boyd C. Sharitz, now a Huntington attorney, was to be the leading debater for the Virginian society, of which Arden Keyser also were members. Orator Sharitz, crossing the campus on the way to the debating hall, was captured by a group of Erosophians who then and there gave him a country-style haircut in order that he might present a sorry appearance on the rostrum. This episode was recalled while Mr. Keyser and I were riding from Catlettsburg in his car. I would have asked who won the debate, but couldn't make my companion hear or understand me. Defective hearing caused his early retirement from the active pastorate and as he says, it's no joke to be deaf. However, his adventures in lip reading —I think he might write a book on the subject — have produced humorous situations. Once, after completing one of the many, many marriage ceremonies at which he has officiated, he was greeted by the mother of the bride who said, "Mr. Keyser you have buried three of my brothers." Thinking she said married, he beamed and replied, "Fine, have you got any more?"

WIATT SMITH

FROM the standpoint of continuous service in one retail business, John M. Martin of Center Street, Catlettsburg, must be near a national record. For 66 years he has been employed, first as a boy clerk helping his father, Davis Martin Sr., later as proprietor in the same meat and grocery store. It was always on Center but after the flood of 1913 it was moved from one side of the street to the other. Born in Lawrence County, John Martin moved to Catlettsburg when he was nine years old. At 10 he went into the shop, then dealing in meats only, which his father had just purchased. He was so small he had to stand on a box to cut lard on the meat block. The Martin store has withstood the ravages of the great floods of 1884, 1913 and 1937, to say nothing of lesser inundations. Usually, it has enjoyed a normal and steady business, but it passed through one boom period.

THIS was while West Virginia was dry and Catlettsburg was a famous Mecca for the thirsty. Liquor customers visiting Catlettsburg discovered the Martin establishment and patronized it liberally. It became the practice to open the place at 3 A. M., and from that hour until the forenoon was well advanced there was rush business. Three expert meat cutters were kept busy supplying orders for steaks and roasts from men who said "If we have to buy our liquor in Catlettsburg we'll buy our food here too." Often, Mr. Martin said, "it was necessary to lock the front door and keep it closed while the crowd inside completed its buying. When the door was reopened, a new crowd would come in." This business bonanza died when national prohibition closed the saloons on Front Street and elsewhere in Catlettsburg.

DURING preparation for the remodeling and expansion of the Steele & Lawrence drug store, now in process in Ashland, Johne Steele found a carefully compiled scrap book on the Marietta, Ohio, homecoming in 1934 and featuring "Marietta's Home of Today." Some thought the book might be mine, but it wasn't. Instead, I judged it to be a professional job, left by someone connected with the electric power business or, perhaps, an advertising man.

BEFORE joining the sales force of the Miller Supply Co., now the Banks Miller Supply Co., in Huntington in 1920, Tom Powell had several years maintained an engineering office in Ashland. In the early Summer of 1917 or 1918 L. N. (Lou) Davis met Mr. Powell in the Second National Bank and told him of "a mighty fine boy" who wanted work for the Summer—a boy named Harlan Hatcher who lived just back of Ashland. Mr. Davis was everybody's friend and such a request was not to be denied him if compliance were possible, so, on his recommendation, Tom hired the boy Harlan, who worked all Summer carrying the rod and chain, making stakes and cutting brush. After many years Dr. Harlan B. Hatcher came to Huntington from Ohio State University to speak at Marshall College and make other talks here.

THERE'S a real dog mystery in the fact that there remains unclaimed and apparently unsought a newly grownup Irish setter who took shelter last Thursday evening at the home of C. C. Thomas, 500 Fifth Avenue. The dog is in prime condition and apparently valuable. If he remains unclaimed he will have a permanent home with the Thomases.

Your Friends . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

DROVER is a word seldom heard. At least, I seldom hear it. Yet it has been a short time, comparatively, since the drover was an important factor in American life. A drover was one who drove herds or flocks of livestock to market. Before the railroads this driving was done overland. Many times I remember being blocked on a country road by a drove of cattle, which, of course, was then being taken to a nearby market or to some transportation medium. C. W. Kitts writes that he remembers seeing herds of cattle—often as many as 500 in one herd, being driven through Lawrence and Gallia Counties, in Ohio toward the Ohio River. He wonders how such cattle were shipped. He doubts if any steamboat could accommodate cattle by the hundreds—thinks perhaps there may have been special cattle boats or barges. "I do not," he says, "think Huntington afforded stock pens or loading facilities." It did. The Chesapeake & Ohio had stockpens near the foot of Seventh Street, and on the south side of the mainline at about Fourteenth Street.

WIATT SMITH

EX-PFC. WILLIAM J. BLUME and Stumpy, the wire hair terrier, have been reunited. This column, which told yesterday morning of the dog's disappearance, can claim no credit, as Stumpy had been restored to his master before that paragraph reached the readers. Having been lost since the preceding Saturday, Stumpy followed Mrs. Wes C. Cooley home Tuesday night. He made himself welcome and charmed the Cooley household with his tricks. He wouldn't leave. Mr. and Mrs. Cooley found his description in classified columns of their newspaper and took Stumpy to the Seventh Avenue home of J. M. Blume, uncle of W. J. Blume, as requested. This gave the story a happy ending. Stumpy is not much more than a puppy and William J. Blume, 20, is hardly more than a boy, albeit he was wounded twice while serving with the 80th Division in Germany. While attending school in Germany after the peace, he and some of his buddies bought Stumpy. It came about that Joe Blume brought the dog home with him.

AFTER we had both suffered disabling illnesses, mine much more apparent but no more definite than his, Sol Birke challenged me to a foot race. I accepted and we were just waiting to get in a little better condition before that trial of speed. Now the race has been postponed, indefinitely, Sol having died Tuesday. He was a droll fellow, accustomed to making witty utterances, keeping his face impassive as he spoke. There were times when the twinkle in his eye betrayed him, but Sol could even keep that twinkle under control. His passing impels me to say something—but I find utterance difficult. We met first when I bought clothing from him at Sam Gideon's store on Third Avenue. We had many subsequent associations, both in work and in play and I knew him to be a first rate friend—the kind that speaks up for you when you aren't there.

Your Friends . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith 12-16-46

BEFORE the railroads came, cattle and other livestock were driven overland to market. A paragraph here on drovers led C. L. Wallis of Latulle Avenue to tell me how his father, W. H. Wallis, drove cattle from Gallipolis Ferry to Baltimore something like 100 years ago. The cattle, bred and fattened in Mason County, were destined for the Eastern market. W. H. Wallis and one other man drove the herd across the mountains. Progress was slow, deliberately so, as it was undesirable that the beasts should lose weight. The drove moved 10 miles daily, feeding and resting at prearranged stations. The journey completed Mr. Wallis and his unnamed companion, returned to Mason. They had one horse, and took turns riding over four-mile stretches. It is approximately 500 miles to Baltimore and the trip east must have consumed 50 days or more. W. H. Wallis was employed on one of the Lewis farms. His wage was $12.50 per month and he often told his son he never saw the house by daylight except on Sundays.

WIATT SMITH

TODAY the journey between Huntington and Baltimore takes 12 hours by train. I was reminded of the comparative nearness of the two points when talking Saturday to William H. Gideon, now senior vice-president and chairman of the discount committee of the Union Trust Co. of Maryland. Mr. Gideon, who had come from Baltimore for the funeral services and burial of his brother-in-law, Sol Birke, was preparing to return home. Brought up in Huntington, he had early business training in the clothing store of his father, Sam Gideon. He left this occupation to enter banking, joining forces with Robert L. Archer in the West Virginia National Bank on Third Avenue. After a time the West Virginia National Bank was absorbed by the First National Bank, all except the trust department. Will Gideon became active head of the First Trust Co. which succeeded the West Virginia National Bank. The First Trust Co. was absorbed by the First National when Mr. Gideon decided to go to Baltimore to become third assistant cashier of a bank there.

THAT was 45 years ago. The bank with which the young Huntingtonian cast his lot has grown greatly. Its name has been changed, though it still retains the original charter of the Bank of Baltimore, founded in 1795. With total resources of more than $200,000,000, the Union Trust Co. of Maryland is the seventh bank in age in the nation, the eighth in size and the largest trust company in the South. As chairman of the discount committee, Will Gideon passes on all loans. The Union Trust Co. of Maryland is issuing a book entitled "One Hundred and Fifty Years of Banking in Baltimore." On the fly leaf of an advance copy, given the senior vice-president, Thomas B. McAdams, president, wrote: ... William H. Gideon—"Your sound judgment, loyalty in service, unlimited patience and constructive leadership are largely responsible for our growth in resources and public esteem."

6-27-1946?

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

IF MRS. EDWIN F. FLEMING, 1231 Tenth Avenue, has her way, as I am sure she will, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur V. Morgan of Clarksburg, will celebrate their golden wedding anniversary here on July 4. Mrs. Morgan is here and it is Mrs. Fleming's plan to keep her and to induce Mr. Morgan, a retired coal operator, to come to Huntington for the golden wedding. Mrs. Morgan, a descendant of Albert Gallatin, is national chaplain of the Army Mothers. Moreover, she's a gifted cook. Her daughter unhesitatingly proclaims her the world champion apple pie maker. Well, I've tasted some mighty good apple pies, but am not inclined to resist the claim since it was talk of apples and apple pies which led John W. Lea to tell me about the Flemings. Mr. Lea has been working at the plant of the Huntington Precision Products Co., where Edwin F. Fleming is chief inspector. Mr. Fleming, who has lived in Huntington two years, is the son of the late Brooks Fleming of Fairmont and a grandson of the late Governor A. B. Fleming.

WIATT SMITH

WHEN the Rev. Benjamin F. Farrell was an assistant pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, he would quit the cloistered seclusion of the rectory occasionally and lunch downtown with me and others, including the late Jim Clendenin. The two were warm friends. Jim is dead and Father Farrell has been gone away a long time. The years have made the stripling fat, so much so that he says he represents both the secular and the circular clergy. He must be wise, too, as he combines with his duties as pastor of St. Anthony's Church in Wheeling those of Wheeling diocesan officials—which means that he is head of the marriage court and that his position would be continuing even should there be a vacancy in the office of Bishop.

INCIDENTALLY, there is no apparent prospect of an Episcopal vacancy. Bishop John J. Swint, who wasn't so well a year or two ago, looked as vigorous when he was here Tuesday to take part in the exercises celebrating the completion of St. Mary's Hospital as he did when I knew him first, 25 years ago. Unlike Father Farrell, who was among the clergy here for the occasion, he has retained his youthful figure. I went to the dinner for the hospital celebrants at the Hotel Prichard Tuesday evening. My wife and I went thither with Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Powers. We saw many old friends, including the Rt. Rev. Monsignor James H. Cotter, 89-year-old pastor of St. Lawrence Church in Ironton, O., who has been 65 years a priest. Later we went with Mr. and Mrs. Powers to the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Linsenmeyer, where the ladies admired the Linsenmeyer's new daughter.

ATTORNEY EDMUND A. MARSHALL has left the hospital where he had been a patient because of scooter bike injuries, and is at his home on Wiltshire Boulevard. His physicians say he must keep to his bed several days before he gets out and around.

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

FORTY years ago yesterday I went from Guyandotte to Charleston. The journey was made by an afternoon train which I remember as "16." Maybe 16 still runs. Certainly it has been long since I traveled on it.

WIATT SMITH

Forty years ago today — that was on January 1, 1907—I took a job on The Charleston Mail. It was my first salaried newspaper employment. Orland H. Booton, now a Williamson publisher, was managing editor. Under his instruction I wrote my first headline, but I doubt if it was on that day Colonel George C. McIntosh, now deceased, was editor. It was through his kindness I got the place. Colonel Jesse V. Sullivan, now secretary of the West Virginia Coal Association, was the senior reporter. R. H. Martin, later editorial writer for The Mail, was telegraph editor. After a few weeks The Mail proprietors launched a morning paper which they called The News. I shifted over to work on that, under the guidance of L. A. (Pap) Fraser. I think Pap made a newspaperman out of me. The News was short lived. After it folded, I went to The Gazette, where I stayed the rest of 1907.

THAT year is clear in my memory. On The Gazette I worked for Editor Charles Gorden Mullen, and with Roy Neale and, I think, John R. Cork. Sometimes I did reportorial errands for W. E. Chilton, the publisher, afterwards United States senator. These errands took me to the Chilton home where I saw Major Joseph E. Chilton. As I recall, the Major took little part in the discussions. Otherwheres and at other times I saw Booker Chilton, brother to Joe and Will, and a great favorite with me. All three of the brothers and most of their contemporaries are gone. There are however, in Charleston, several whose acquaintance I formed that year and who have since been familiar friends. Going back a little, J. Lightfoot Brooke, now of Huntington, who retired last year after a successful career as a coal salesman, was business manager of The Mail when I joined the force.

AMONG the unforgettable characters I met in Charleston was Henry Middleton, the lawyer. To me, he seemed quite old and he may have been getting along in years. He had a massive frame and a Websterian head. I know little of him, but if he were available today and I were casting a play with a role calling for a lawyer-statesman of the old school, Henry Middleton would be my first choice. It was in Charleston that year that I first met Elliott Northcott, the then young United States attorney. At least I think I met him that year. I may have known him before. Many a noon hour did I spend watching him play billiards with U. S. Judge B. F. Keller. Judge Keller died long ago. Judge Northcott died in 1946. I will not go further with last year's necrology. Better, I think, to wish all the readers of Your Friends and Mine a Happy New Year.

HERE briefly from Washington for the marriage of her son, Attorney Irwin McGraw Warder, who yesterday claimed the lovely Miss Allen Culp as his bride, Mrs. A. S (Minnie McGraw) Warder brought greetings to friends from her sister, Miss Rose McGraw. Miss McGraw was unable to come to Huntington for her nephew's marriage. Former residents of Grafton, Mrs. Warder and Miss McGraw are sisters of the late John T. McGraw, famous leader of West Virginia Democracy, now one of the legendary figures in the lannals of his state and within the Democratic party in the nation. Mrs. Warder returned to Washington by plane yesterday afternoon.

SAN FRANCISCO has never been my idea of a Winter resort, but it must have its points, for Miss Virginia Foulk, in the Golden Gate City on some educational errand, writes: "Some seek relaxation in Florida; some in California. But the satisfaction of the latter is infinitely preferable to that of the former." Only a day earlier Mrs. Minnie B. King had urged the superior merits of Hot Springs National Park. Well, ladies, you may both be right, but if I were going to indulge in a regret it would be that I didn't go to Miami Beach sooner and stay later ... Incidentally William Smith, Chesapeake & Ohio veteran, and Mrs. Smith have gone to Miami for a late Winter outing. And Postmaster J. W. Dingess, whose influenza sent him home again after three days at his desk, is still hopeful that he get away for Florida some day next week.

THERE was excitement yesterday in newspaper circles, the occasion being the arrival at St. Mary's Hospital during the forenoon of Rebecca Stewart Brown. Named for her maternal great-great-grandmother, she is the daughter of News Editor Eugene Hill and Mrs. (Helen Smith) Brown. The proud father is bearing up normally and Grandmother Gracie Smith testifies that she doesn't feel any older because of her new dignity.

"IT HAS oft been said," writes T. E. Miller, that "everybody talks about the weather but nobody ever does anything about it;' this cannot be said of me so here goes:

On Groundhog Day the sky was clear;
The weather calm and bliss,
The woodchuck curled up fast asleep,
Was aroused by one Wiatt Smith.

He took time out in his column line,
Where he locates most lost dogs,
And quietly mentioned the woodchuck's name,
Which of course awoke the hogs.

So now, friend Wiatt, we're after you,
We've decided to see you together,
And if you can, have you explain,
Why you brought this damn bad weather.

And to ask, next year,
That you stick to the dog,
As to the woodchucks, silence keep;
Don't even mention a Groundhogs name,
And perhaps he'll stay asleep."

"P. S.—It may interest you to know that I have bought an eight acre farm at Culloden: the old White homeplace about 500 feet Culloden school house on the south Route 60. No, I'm not going to move xpect to spend a lot of time there rtin, who travels for a Columse, is living on it having harleston to be in the the duration."

See previous page about Valentine Bloss etc

HE HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTI
5-26-39

Your Friends and Mine

by Wiatt Smith

ROBERT W. POWER, of Peach Creek, writes: . . . "Mrs. William Fleming Power of Highlawn asked you about Captain George B. Bailey, of Aberdeen, O., who, it was said, lost his life at Guyandotte in the river during the war between the states. Your discussion did not bring out the details of his death, but did develop the fact that Grand Army of the Republic Posts at Aberdeen and Huntington were named 'Bailey' in his honor . . . Being interested, Mrs. Power being my mother, and the approach of Memorial Day making the subject apropos, may I add a little.

WIATT SMITH

When I read your first comment I attempted a little research myself. My 'History of Brown County,' (Beers, 1883) lists Captain Bailey first among the officers from Huntington township and designates him a captain of the Twelfth Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Inquiry to the Adjutant General of the United States Army brought the reply that there was no record in Washington of a Captain Bailey in the Civil war in the federal forces. I then wrote Division of Soldiers' Records, Adjutant General's department, State of Ohio, and was informed that the record of George B. Bailey shows he enrolled April 16, 1861, for a period of three months. Appointed Captain, Company G, First Ohio Volunteer Infantry, April 16, 1861, was mustered out August 1, 1861. He was 38 years old at the time of enlistment. Further than that his name does not appear on the muster rolls of Twelfth OVI . . . Now the mystery is to me why a man who served only four summer months in 1861 who won no citation other than that he was appointed Captain, should have two GAR posts named for him . . . There's legend lurking somewhere."

PART of that legend, Mr. Power, I can and will supply. It is a legend of Guyandotte and according to all that I have heard, Capt. George B. Bailey was on duty with the federal forces there when the Confederate Colonel (afterwards General) Albert Gallatin Jenkins, made a surprise attack, the home town boys in the forefront. The federals were completely off their guard. The fighting was short and anything but sweet. The Union soldiers, particularly the officers, as I have heard, were spending the evening of Sunday, November 9, 1861, calling on the Guyandotte girls. Those who were armed fought back as well as they could. Others retreated in such order as they could maintain, which was not good. Captain Bailey plunged over the river bank at the foot of Main street. He sought safety under a log but one of his comrades was there before him and he went on toward the river. The next morning a hand was seen protruding from the water not far from shore. It was that of Captain George B. Bailey—mustered out by death. I cannot, of course, explain the discrepancies of the record. Neither can I believe that Captain Bailey was not a part of the routed garrison of November, 1861. My incredulity is sustained by the testimony of his comrades, almost all of them gone from life, but who in the days of their strength named their Grand Army Posts for him and raised monuments to his memory. Captain Austin M. Sikes supplied me with the information that it was Captain Bailey for whom Huntington Post No. 9 was named. He had the information from his father, Colonel Thomas Sikes. I know he will be interested in Mr. Power's disclosure as to the records and it may be that whatever error of omission was committed may yet be corrected. There was error somewhere, for Captain George B. Bailey was a hero in the eyes of his fellow-soldiers, who didn't make many mistakes about things like that.

MR. POWER remembers his smallboy days in Aberdeen, where on each Decoration Day Bailey Post GAR held impressive ceremonies, with speechmaking and a parade to the Charter Oak cemetery and the people carried huge baskets of roses and peonies to decorate their graves. "Jesse Boswell," he writes, "of your plant, will remember, too, for his father was commander for years of the Bailey Post there, and a partner of my cousin, Frank Fleming, in the drygoods and notions firm of Fleming & Boswell . . . Around Peach Creek the Empress tree, or as Dr. Gilbert probably would say the Pawlonia Imperialis, grows in abundance and I have been watching for someone to tell you that the mature tree blooms annually. And they call the color of the blooms not purple, but blue." . . . Well, several persons did tell me about the annual blooming, but I just hadn't gotten around to saying anything about it. And this column is too long, but I must include Mr. Power's closing paragraph:

"YOUR little cheer for Pinecrest Sanatorium in your issue of April 15, in connection with Mrs. Carnahan and Tommie Long's return to Huntington, finds an echo in my heart. The compliment was deserved and I am sure the officials of the institution appreciated it. I spent three years there myself so you see I know whereof I speak. Among my Huntington friends were W. C. W. Renshaw, Ran Sprouse, Joe Harry, Cohen, D. B. Calfee, Tom Shepherd, E. N. Bishop, Gail Holland, Mrs. Nick Greco, Corrinne Hinchman, Mary Adams and others. Most of them have resumed the 'normal paths' you spoke of. Three cheers for Pinecrest and to the state of West Virginia for providing such an institution, and to Doctors K. M. Jarrell and G. E. Gwinn for their administration."

2-17-43

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

SEVERAL neighbors had told me about The Pigeon Lady who lives on Twelfth Street and makes it a daily practice to feed the pigeons. None of these informants knew The Pigeon Lady's name. They promised to get it for me but didn't. Finally, having discovered the general location of her home, I telephoned Mrs. Belle V. Hughes who told me that the person who fed the pigeons was Miss Belle Davidson of 413 Twelfth Street. Miss Davidson began feeding pigeons something like a year ago. She tells me she started with one and her business has grown until she now has 30 or 40 daily customers. These pigeons have learned that feeding time is from 4:30 until 5 P. M. daily and as it approaches they congregate in the neighborhood. When she emerges from her home well supplied with cracked corn and calls softly "come pigie" they swoon to her feet from telephone wires, eaves of the Central Christian Church and elsewhere. They come without fear and eat avidly, almost within reach of her hand although she never makes a move as if to touch one. Often passersby stop to watch the pigeons eat. Frequently some child stops at the door with a wounded or sick pigeon, for the little folks have learned that in addition to her feeding station Miss Davidson operates a sort of pigeon hospital. During the year since she began her ministrations she has sheltered a number of such pigeons against such time as they might go out and fend for themselves anew. Miss Davidson, who for a number of years has been widely known as a dressmaker, has laid aside her needle and taken a job at the Precision Products plant, thus lending herself to the war effort. She gets home from the plant in time to feed the birds. She and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Davidson, have long resided at the Twelfth Street address.

WIATT SMITH

MRS. L. S. DICK of 2958 Hughes Street writes: "I saw in your column on February 8 where a man had McGuffey readers for sale and I've been wanting to get one of them (fifth or sixth). I would be glad to find out more about them. I am 81 years old, have a broken hip and have been a shut in ever since last June. I read all those books years and years ago when I was a schoolgirl. I think the old McGuffeys had better lessons then than the modern textbooks have today." I'm sorry I don't have the information as to the man who had the McGuffey readers for sale. Things being as they are I refer the whole matter to the McGuffey Club.

3-26-42

94

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

PECULIAR markings on eggs laid by a barred rock pullet on the farm of Mrs. Ella Hall, a mile back of Proctorville, have been creating much discussion in that Lawrence county, Ohio, community. Mrs. Hall came to the news room yesterday bringing two of the eggs with her. On the point of one shell was a distinct and clearly recognizable letter D. Similarly located on the other was an unrecognizable device which included what appeared to be the numerals 28. To an untrained eye, the markings had every indication of being a part of the natural shell. Mrs. Hall said the pullet had for some time laid such a marked egg about once a week. The D on the one egg resembles the handwriting of Dwight Hall, her eight-year-old grandson, and there has been speculation that this phenomena might bear some portent in this regard.

WIATT SMITH

MRS. HALL and Sigsbee Hall her son operate a 70-acre fruit and truck farm on the site of what was the original Lawrence county fairgrounds. This is not to be confused with the latter fairgrounds above Proctorville which recently have passed into private hands. Her father was a Mr. Harless. Her parents died early and she grew up in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Hall. Mrs. Hall died and subsequently Marshall Hall married Ella Haskell. Mrs. Ella Hall is a member of a family of four sisters and one brother, each of whom is more than 60 years old.

OPERATIVES advise that today is the birthday of Mrs. S. A. Maupin of 1722 Third avenue. Mrs. Maupin came to Huntington from Catlettsburgh, Ky., with her husband and two children about 40 years ago. With her is her daughter Mrs. J. Bernard Peyton while her son Clarence Peyton lives in Massilon, Ohio. Mrs. Maupin is a devout member of Johnson Memorial Church and long has been one of Huntington's best known women. I don't know how old she is, but I congratulate her twice for every candle on her cake.

HOME on leave from the Navy is Ensign Paul Chambers of Huntington and Logan. From the Army comes Private Raymond V. Humphreys. Doubtless it was coincidence which led to these boyhood chums, now serving their country in different capacities and at points far removed from each other, coming home at the same time. But in peace times, seeing them appear simultaneously, I would have looked about for a Republican convention—or at least a committee meeting.

MISS Betty Bock yesterday was mourning the fate of her Manchester terrier, killed by a car . . . the second of her Manchesters to go that way . . . and John Meek III, downtown with his mother Mrs. John B. Meek was looking forward to the acquisition before the end of the day of a just ordinary terrier which is to become his playmate . . . Miss Emma Richey has returned to Huntington from Bluefield and is quartered at the Frederick. This sister of Robert L. Archer lived many years in California but now, though she continues to roam here and there, she once more calls Huntington home . . . Neighbor Tom Cowherd is recovering rather slowly from a severe illness which struck him amidships a number of days ago.

HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTING
2-27-42

Your Friends And Mine

. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

VALENTINE (VOLLEY) BLOSS who died on February 21, well-advanced in his eighty-first year, never married, but he maintained near Lavalette in Wayne County a country home which preserved the tradition of hospitality established there by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ezekiel Bloss. Save when relatives came a-visiting, it was a womanless home, but it was widely considered that no household had better food or more of it. It was a treat to breakfast or dine or sup with "Volley and Matt," as the neighbors phrased it. When they carried the body of Valentine Bloss away from the home of his father, James Madison (Matt) Carver, 78 years old protested tearfully. He did not wish to be left alone in the home he had shared so many years with Volley—expressed the hope that he, too, would die. For several days it seemed that this his wish might be granted, as he was desperately ill with pneumonia. Yesterday he was better, his recovery expected. The reunion of the two men whose friendship and devotion was deep as that of David and Jonathan or Damon and Pythias is to be deferred for a little.

WIATT SMITH

SIXTY years ago, members of Bloss family relate James Madison Carver became a hand on the Ezekiel Bloss farm. Then both Mr. and Mrs. Bloss were living, but before the latter's death Matt Carver, as everybody knows him, was helping about the house. He was absent from the household for a three-year period after his marriage to and during the lifetime of his wife, America Smith Carver. She died, leaving a daughter, now Mrs. Charles A. Davis of Lavalette, and the widowed husband returned to the Bloss home. Mrs. Ezekiel Bloss died and, in 1899, Ezekiel followed her. From that time forward, Valentine Bloss and James Madison Carver shared the former's home. Mr. Bloss was the farmer, Mr. Carver the housekeeper, famous for his ability as a cook and the lavishness of the table upon which he set three meals a day for Volley Bloss, himself, and the visitors within the portals.

See next page: Valentine Bloss

1-9-42

Your Friends And Mine

. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

WHEN Huntington High School occupied two or three big rooms on the second floor of the present Oley elementary building, Miss Lucy E. Prichard, newly come from College and Catlettsburg, was added to the faculty. U. S. G. Anderson was principal and the teaching roll was completed by Miss Lizzie Smith. Miss Prichard was a mere girl and some of the High School boys undertook to educate her. First step was to put a mouse in her desk. She took the varmint out with her hands, expressed sympathy for it, and dismissed the incident. The next day there was a beetle in the desk. Miss Prichard talked about this bug, asked the class members if they knew anything about etymology. They'd never heard of such a thing. She promised, if she could leave school in time, to take the boys and girls to the woods and teach them. She couldn't go that afternoon for someone misbehaved and had to be kept after school. The next day the students issued an edict that thereafter it would not be healthy for any of their number who caused Miss Lucy to be late leaving the school room. The result was frequent trips to the hills for Natural History study and observation. Discipline was no serious problem thereafter to the young Vassar girl, now retired after a distinguished career as teacher, high school principal and Marshall College professor. Pupils of her high school years bring their children to see her, and young men whom she taught and helped and encouraged at Marshall call on her to introduce their fiances. Recently there have been four such calls.

WIATT SMITH

LAST night, when I found Miss Prichard and Mrs. Karl C. Prichard having dinner down town, I asked the former about her memories of the high school days of Lieutenant General Delos C. Emmons. "Delos," she said, "was a bright boy, who did his work well. He was mischievous, but I always liked that combination. And there was a twinkle in his eyes by which I could tell when something was brewing." Sam Biern had just left the restaurant and Miss Prichard told me to ask him about the time he and others broke the lock to the Oley bell tower and brought her pieces of the lock, done up in tissue paper and tied with ribbons. And every year since his graduation, Sam has sent Miss Prichard a book—thin books at first, as befitted a law school student and a struggling young barrister, afterwards thick books, selected for the choice literary output of the then current year.

AT A NEARBY table were Mr. and Mrs. Herman N. Pugh, Miss Isabel Pugh, their daughter, and Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Jansman. This dinner apparently was a part of the general celebration of the safe return of Herman and Mrs. Pugh from Honolulu, which they left after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Miss Isabel Pugh, a New York artist, came home to greet her parents and to recover from the anxiety of waiting for them to be safe in Huntington again.

ALMOST lyrical in his thanks was young Ted Femoyer of Fourteenth Street who telephoned to say that Jo, his shaggy little dog, had been returned to him from Twentieth Street by a reader of Your Friends and

RALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGT
8-20-41

Your Friends . . By . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

MARSHALL ACADEMY, as is well known, was founded in 1837. A neighborhood enterprise in education, it was placed in the hands of trustees who erected on the knoll along which the main buildings of Marshall College now extend, a two-story brick school house. This building was included in the conveyance of one and one-quarter acres of ground on June 30, 1838 by James Holderby and Lucy Holderby his wife to the board of trustees of Marshall Academy, for a consideration of $40 and "for the express purpose of an academy and for no other use." All this is set down on the records at the Court House, but the subject interests me particularly because I have just discovered the existence of the actual deed of conveyance and been privileged to see and examine it. The more than 100-year-old instrument is in the possession of Dr. W. L. Reid of 1335 Ninth avenue. Dr. Reid is a retired minister and the last survivor of the secretarial staff of the now historic Western Virginia conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

WIATT SMITH

WHILE serving in important pastorates and as a presiding elder, Dr. Reid was for a number of years secretary of the Western Virginia conference. He left the connection and was succeeded by Dr. W. L. Canter who died recently at Gassaway. Dr. Walter Given, who served with Dr. Canter as assistant secretary, also died recently. Dr. Reid, as president of the conference (Western Virginia) historical society, has the academy deed and other records pertaining to Marshall, as well as the minutes of the Western Virginia conference from its organization in Parkersburg in 1850 until and including 1866.

THE Marshall Academy deed, written in ink on plain paper, now gray with age, was signed by James and Lucy Holderby and their signatures were acknowledged by Colonel William Buffington and F. G. L. Beuhring, justices of the peace for Cabell county. Another record in the Reid collection tells of a meeting of trustees of Marshall Academy on August 26, 1850, attended by John Laidley, William Buffington, James Holderby, James Gallaher and F. G. L. Beuhring. On that occasion these gentlemen, descendants of each of whom are well known in Huntington today, authorized the Rev. S. Kelly, presiding elder of Guyandotte district, to offer Marshall Academy to the Western Virginia conference at the organization session of that body scheduled for September of the same year. The conference accepted the offer, the members binding themselves to patronize the institution, insofar as practical "as a conference school." The Rev. Burwell Spurlock and the presiding elder of Guyandotte district, were named as a committee to look after and supervise the newly acquired educational institution.

TROUBLED years followed. There was already in existence in this valley as elsewhere, the political rift which, having caused the separation of Methodism was to widen as the decade advanced and finally to wash the land in blood. It must at times have been difficult to maintain the academy, consistently, as the pact with the Holderbys required. Marshall was to endure the rigors of civil war and to continue as a struggling school until, and indeed even after, it was taken over by the state of West Virginia in 1867.

NEXT month when the annual session of the West Virginia conference of the Methodist Church is held in Huntington, there will be, Dr. Reid is informed, a movement to extend unification to the historical societies, and a new and larger group will undertake the preservation of the records accumulated through the years by the societies of the Methodist Episcopal, the Southern Methodist and Methodist Protestant conferences.

THE HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTI
2-22-43

Your Friends and Mine

by Wiatt Smith

PANTHER MOUNTAIN is in Nicholas County between Summersville and the Gauley. Somewhere along the road that winds around this imminence lies a farm on which T. A. (Ted) Cavendish was born and brought up. He stepped from the door of his Panther Mountain home to the life of a school teacher in which he spent four years. Then he came to Huntington and engaged in business and politics. Early in 1941 he turned his share of the automobile business over to his brother and partner and he and Mrs. Cavendish went to live on a newly acquired farm between Milton and Culloden. This farm, adjoining the old CCC Camp, had long been known as the Duty place, although Mr. Cavendish acquired it from Dr. J. O. Williams of St. Albans. Here Ted has reverted to his early statue as a dirt farmer. He tells me that the ways of a food producer came back to him readily. While about his chores he wears work clothes, including the traditional high boots of the farmer, and spends his days much as he did those on Panther Mountain.

WIATT SMITH

LIFE on the Grant district farm is not as primitive as that in Nicholas County in Ted's early days. The house has electricity and running water, while gas wells on the place supply house and farm with free fuel. This, of course, includes heating, but in a basement room, designed for his leisure hours, Ted has an open fireplace where he burns wood. This room is adorned with horns and heads, trophies of Mr. Cavendish's hunting days. There are also a collection of stringed instruments, violins, a banjo, a guitar, a bass viol and others. I had not known before that Ted was a musician, but he can play at least a little on almost any instrument. Now his stringed instruments are being used for the instruction and entertainment of neighborhood children who attend Culloden school. These youngsters are encouraged to frequent the Cavendish game room where also are to be found books on history and biography which Ted has collected through his life. These include numerous volumes on Abraham Lincoln. A 14-volume history of the United States has been presented to Culloden School.

THE Cavendish farm, which as yet has no especial name, has an increasing herd of cattle, numerous swine and many chickens. There is a constant supply of fresh eggs and Ted came the other evening bringing me a box of White Leghorn eggs which had been laid just that morning. His pantries are stocked with canned meat, vegetables and fruits from last year's operations. Similar canning is planned for this year. Thus far Farmer Cavendish tells me, there has been no dearth of food at the country residence. It would appear from his tone that he anticipated no such dearth. On the whole, he is pleased with his lot, albeit cash crops may be somewhat lacking. Moreover, he admits, there are hours during which he feels a touch of loneliness and yearns a little for the companionship of his active years in Huntington. During some of those years he was a member of the Board of Education and throughout many of them he was a leader in the Kiwanis Club.

IN MAKING books and musical instruments available to the youngsters of his community he is carrying on the Kiwanis spirit which has long been expressed through the Kiwanis lending library and the Big Brother movement. He didn't tell me whether or not he expected to spend all of his days on the farm. I think perhaps, he may return to Huntington after the war, but I must say he said nothing of this sort. At least his Grant district nights should not be disturbed by the screaming of the panther which he may well have heard during his boyhood days on Panther Mountain.

HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTING
4-8-38

YOUR FRIENDS AND MINE

by Wiatt Smith

REFERENCE here a few days ago to the Charles Wilgus famous in the early affairs of Proctorville, led C. W. Kitts of Highlawn to bring for my inspection a book from the Lawrence county leader's library.

WIATT SMITH

The book, "The Life of Christ and a History of the Jews," written by the Rev. James Gallaher, pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati, was published in Cincinnati by Truman & Smith in 1834. It is well preserved. It was claimed by Mrs. Kitts as part of her share in the library of her grandfather, Mrs. Wilgus. More interesting to me than the book, were Mr. Kitts' stories of Charles Wilgus. Who, according to tradition, had the first bathtub between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, built the biggest mansion, now the home of Charles Smith, a grandson, between the same cities, was sheriff and commissioner of Lawrence county, and one of the wealthiest men of his day.

* * *

ALEYENE DRAKE (MRS. J. K.) DYE of 1150 Oak Avenue, Ashland, first vice-president of the Kentucky Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, writes: "Recently in your column an inquiry was made concerning the color of the stripes on Confederate uniforms. The following is to be found on the top of page 101 'Confederate Leaders,' by Miss Sallie Bruce Dickinson of Hampton-Sidney, Va., and printed by McClure Co., Staunton, Va., 1937. 'The uniform trousers for both officers and enlisted men shall be of blue cloth;' for general officers two stripes of gold lace on the outer seam; for regimental officers a stripe of cloth on the outer seam one and a quarter inches in width, color according to corps: artillery, red; cavalry, yellow; infantry, dark blue.' This was possibly first uniforms, and as the war went on, no doubt many things were lacking and this standard was not always maintained. Jackson's command probably would have worn yellow stripes, though a battery operating with him would have the red of artillery. I hope this information will help Mrs. Buffington. One knows these things but can't always find authoritative source. Best wishes to you and yours for the New Year."

THE HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTI

2-18-42

Your Friends . . . And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

NATIONALLY known publications, notably The New York Times, have published the verses of Albert Gallatin Jenkins II. This widely traveled son of Cabell County is now living in Roanoke, Va. I do not remember ever having met him, but for a number of years we have carried on an irregular correspondence. A letter from him recently received encloses a poem which, he explains, is apropos of remarks about Hitler in this column. I think it one of the best bits of war verse I have seen. It follows:

TAKE ALL—HOLD ALL

World liberty is on the march—
Guadalcanal to Caspian sea—
Herald, cry not a proffered peace
That is not sealed by victory!

The Nazi is a thick-lipped fool
Best looking in a shroud, forsooth;
His is the honor of a ghoul—
Allergic to a hint of truth.

This time we must not hold our fire
Until our flags fly o'er Berlin!
This time some shall for plots aspire—
More garden spots to wander in!

Take all, hold all for liberty,
In trust a thousand years or more!
This poison vine of infamy
Must be uprooted, seed and spore!

—*ALBERT GALLATIN JENKINS*

PEGGY (MRS. FRED) M'CORMICK has gone to Toledo, O., to visit Bob and Mabel Hoge. Mabel and Peggy are the Jarrell sisters . . . Lacking definite information, I presume Roberta Jeter wore the Grapes' Garters when she became the bride of Joe Smythe in the Southwest recently. I don't know who is to be the future custodian of these famous wedding garters. . . . Old Colonel Ridgley is a poor judge of beef on the hoof. . . . Naval Lieutenant (j. g.) William T. Chambers whose weight was estimated by Diamond Dust at 175 tips the beam in his uniform at 237. . . . He so reported when he called on me during his recent leave. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Hughes went to Ripley, O., Tuesday and attended the funeral services of her uncle, Harry L. Flesher. . . . She reports that the journey was an exceedingly cold one. . . . Now that Lawyer Jack Meek has gone to the Navy and Second Guesser Wells Gaynor has gone to the OWI at Charleston things should be quieter about the FHNB arcade . . . Patrolman Al Jessup recently left with me a centennial edition of The New York Post, and a copy of The London Times for Monday, December 31, 1900.

FAMILIAR to me by name only is Dr. J. H. Hysell who was a U. S. Army surgeon both in the war of the sixties and the Spanish-American War. Dr. Hysell lived in Guyandotte after and perhaps before the war of secession. I often heard his name but do not remember him as he moved away from Guyandotte before I was born, going to live at Pomeroy, O. He married a sister of Samuel D. Hayslip who survived him a good many years and continued to live at Pomeroy. Dr. Hysell built and occupied the Water street home which he sold to George S. Page before leaving Guyandotte. Mr. Page and his family lived there until they built a new home at the corner of Richmond and Water streets. Thereafter the Hysell built dwelling was the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Dugan who lived there until the coming of the flood wall. . . .

2-20-45

Your Friends • 64 • And Mine

Wiatt Smith

THOUGH I haven't had recent opportunity to observe, the Every Evening Club must have very nearly if not quite passed out of existence. This thought arises from the death of former Sheriff V. O. Walton, who as long as he was able spent almost every evening with his cronies in the lobby of the Hotel Frederick. W. B. Wilson and C. L. Ritter are about the last of the regulars as I remember them. This club which had no by-laws, collected no dues, dated back far into the history of Huntington. As the time of my first knowledge of it sessions were held at the Florentine Hotel. When the weather was chilly or cold a group of substantial Huntington men gathered in the evening around the open fire in the Florentine lobby. On summer nights these men sat outside using the old-fashioned hotel lobby chairs. After the Frederick was completed and opened in the fall of 1906 they moved with Dick O'Neal and his associates from the Florentine to the more modern hotel. Personnel changed with the years as one by one the members were claimed by death. With its ranks thus thinned, the club which at one time had occasional dinners, became quite small, but the informal sessions continued with those attending making themselves comfortable in the deep upholstered chairs of the Frederick lobby. Sheriff Walton was there every night before he took to his bed two years ago. Especially in the later years I found a great deal of pleasure in occasional chats with him.

WIATT SMITH

D. I. SMITH, banker, businessman and county commissioner, rarely attended these sessions. Indeed, I do not remember that he ever did. It was unusual for him to leave his home in the evening. Throughout the business day he bustled nervously about the bank, the court house, the offices of the Huntington Land Co. and other business and official establishments. Prior to the flood of 1913 he lived in Guyandotte but that inundation led him to build on Highlawn and go there to reside. The fact that he lived in Guyandotte where I was born and reared led to an impression which I find still exists that we were related. The truth is that we were not although he and my father and he and I were always good friends. D. I. (Frenchy Brown called him Big Eye) lost patience with me once when the young Democrats of Guyandotte rose against their elders. We young fellows had a pow-wow in advance of a convention which was to nominate delegates to a county convention. We went into the meeting cocked and primed. Beforehand D. I. had warned my father saying "Albert, Wiatt's right hand and glove with them fellers." The convention went off according to schedule. I was a member of a committee chosen to recommend delegates to the county convention. As we of the committee started to retire, ostensibly to make up our list, Mr. Smith exclaimed "Wiatt, why don't you take that paper out of your pocket and read those names without going through all that foolishness?" He had the right hunch. Nevertheless the committee held its session and only after due deliberation was the list presented and approved.

JANIS, 13 years old, and Karen, nine, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Max F. Jones, are accomplished accordionists and as such much in demand. They are favorite entertainers of the child patients at Huntington Orthopedic Hospital and play there at frequent intervals, Miss Mary E. Veach tells me. Mrs. Jones always goes with them not only to the hospital but to service club luncheons and other gatherings for which they play. She says the little girls enjoy these appearances and do not mind thus performing in public.

THE Huntington & Ohio Bridge Co. is still extant although its principal and only property, the Huntington-Chesapeake bridge, has been sold to Cabell county. I am told that the charter probably will be surrendered soon after the current tax returns are completed and filled.

8-20-40

Your Friends • by • And Mine Wiatt Smith

WHEN I was a six-year-old, we lived neighbors in Guyandotte to a couple of interrelated households peopled by Schultz's, LaGranges and an exceedingly old gentleman known as Mr. Hurd. In the passing years I had kept some account of the Schultz family and I seemed to remember that Mr. Hurd died during that period. Of the LaGranges I heard or knew nothing after they or we left Buffington street. Sunday in Ashland I met Miss Marie Hamm, a Putnam junior high school teacher who graduated from Marshall in 1935. Her mother is the former Miss Grace Lusher, of Barboursville, and her grandmother is Mrs. Carrie Hurd Lusher, now nearing 89, who was born in Guyandotte, attended Marshall College under Champ Clark and Professor Thackston and is the daughter of that William Hurd whom I remember. Mrs. Lusher is now in Barboursville, or nearby, with another daughter, will join the Hamm household at 2413 Bath avenue, Ashland, for the winter about October 1. And I expect to call on her then. She is the aunt of Mrs. Bruce Perry.

WIATT SMITH

MY EXPEDITION to Ashland was in the company of Warren C. Smith, my brother, and Powder Horn, Springer spaniel pet of our niece Jean Ashby Johnson. There's one smart old dog who knows how and when to presume on his privileges. He invaded the Hamm kitchen, demanded water, and got it. That was excusable. But when Warren, trustee of BPOE 313, led us into the Ashland Elks' Club, Powder started hunting for the kitchen, whither he emerged in short order with a luscious bone. We weren't sure he was coming home with us, so attracted was he by the roaming grounds about the new medium security federal prison which Harlan Winters of Ben Williamson & Co. took us to see. It is to be dedicated Friday, Saturday and Sunday, open to the public and richly worth seeing. Fair brick walls and green fields without, it is still a jailhouse, as the grim lookout stations remind you.

THERE was much good cheer at the Elks' Club. A quartet, mindful perhaps that it was Sunday, sang the Old Rugged Cross. Members were Lew Smith, bass, Leonard Kramer, tenor, Sam A. Bowman, PER, Ironton, second tenor, and Harry Kobs, baritone . . . Fred Franks was there, recalling old days in Huntington with Al Boysen, Joe Gainer and others . . . And J. C. (Coot) Messersmith, whose wife, Oneida Voiers Messersmith is kin to the Misses Voiers for whom search was being made last week . . . Charlie Robinson, Huntington traffic officer, was down to visit relatives of Mrs. Robinson . . . and Charles M. Williams, born at the mouth of Four Pole in 1870, the son of Arthur Williams, a resident of Ashland since 1905 . . . Bill Lady, the Elks' Club spaghetti king . . . Lewis Allen Marmoni, chief clerk in the Chesapeake & Ohio engineering department, who was born on the island of Corsica . . . Del Clary, Chesapeake & Ohio claim agent, down from Huntington.

MISS LAURA WILLOUGHBY who was renewing acquaintances in Ashland where she spent four years as an employe of M. M. Faulkner's department store. She came to Ashland from her native Mt. Sterling, left it to live in Tampa, Fla., now lives once more in Mt. Sterling and is visiting friends in Huntington.

...music the piano the ...orn as to be unserviceable. The ...t will also be available for use at ...unday school hour day after tomorrow, ...ss Mary Elizabeth Veach, one of the executives at Huntington Orthopedic Hospital, yesterday expressed appreciation for the gift, explaining that the children are always eager for music and that the instrument previously in use was no longer serviceable.

DESIRE of Mrs. L. S. Dick of Hughes Street for copies of McGuffey's Fifth and Sixth readers also seems in a fair way to be gratified. Your Friends and Mine referred to the McGuffey Club the inquiry of Mrs. Dick, who is 81 years old and recovering from a broken hip, concerning such readers. Mrs. John T. Graham, secretary of the McGuffey Club, telephoned to say that W. D. Keister, who supplies readers to club members, would communicate with Mrs. Dick. There was also a telephone call on this subject from Dink Mathes, retired taxi cab operator, but this came in circumstances which did not permit me to talk with this old friend. It concerned the McGuffey Club and the readers sought by Mrs. Dick. Thus far I've had no report on the hand power sewing machines needed by the Westmoreland Methodist Church for Red Cross war work.

IN THE January issue of the Chesapeake & Ohio Lines Magazine, a Huntington publication of which T. B. O'Meara is editor, Miss Laura E. Armitage has an article entitled "History in Pitchers." This article dealt with the hobby collection of Mrs. C. J. Schweikert of Huntington. Mrs. Schweikert, wife of a Chesapeake & Ohio conductor, lives at 611 Ninth Avenue. Her pitcher col-...tion, begun in 1899, included, when Miss ...tage wrote her story, 620 items. This ... has been increased considerably since ...tion of the article in the railway ...rs. Schweikert has had many ...s from various parts of the ...y callers from Huntington ...couple, passing through ... permission to call ... with them to the ...h was added ... Huntington ...

Your Friends and Mine

by Wiatt Smith

chess and checker boards" writes fellow-scribe Henry (Advertiser) King, "brings up another argument I want to tell you about. After the Marshall College Phi Kappa Nude

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episode my grandmother, Mrs. G. R. Swentzel, 1142 Ninth avenue, recalled Sunday to visitors at her bedside that Boyd Sharitz had once had his head shaved on the Marshall campus. This was stoutly disputed by some of her children there present, Mrs. L. H. Reynolds, Mrs. Mabel Claypool, Mrs. Harry G. King, my mother, and Mrs. G. W. Swentzel. Lo and behold. Grandmother found herself vindicated in your column Tuesday morning, a coincidence which pleased her considerably, inasmuch as she has been for years a reader of Your Friends and Mine. Her eyes are no longer strong enough for her to read, but she uses others to keep her in touch. Sunday night she had a visit from Leander Chambers, Madison, W. Va. banker, who roomed at her home on Eighth avenue while he was a student at Marshall. He brought with him and introduced his son, Dr. L. H. Chambers of the Marshall College faculty. Mr. Chambers didn't recall the Sharitz incident, which happened after he left Marshall . . . Grandmother's memory is so keen that it is a wonder her word was questioned. She and Grandfather Swentzel have lived on Ninth avenue since the days in which from their front porch they had an unobstructed view of the trolley cars moving on Twelfth avenue between Eighth and Sixteenth streets. They celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary last October but at that time would not let me publish anything about it" . . . For the foregoing this column extends its thanks to Henry King and its compliments to his Grandmother Swentzel and to Mr. Swentzel as well. And certainly Parson Keyser of Catlettsburg will be pleased to learn that he supplied the information which enabled Mrs. Swentzel to convince her skeptical children.

ERNIE SALVATORE who came from Greenwich, Conn., to enter Marshall College in 1940, stopped at the desk to say he came to the school here after being told about it by James Caldwell in Greenwich. Presumably his informant was James Louis Caldwell III, son of the late James Louis Caldwell Jr., and Mrs. Mary Louise Chrismas Caldwell, now Mrs. Julian Armstrong of New Canaan, N. Y. J. L. Caldwell III, grandson and namesake of the Huntington banker and capitalist, is now located in Brookline, Mass.

SKIPPY, red Cocker spaniel brood mother has disappeared from the Carrington court home of Mr. and Mrs. John (Genevieve Pixler) Hurd, leaving five puppies to subsist as best they may, Mrs. Hurd telephoned last night. Naturally, the Hurds are anxious to get Skippy home as quickly as possible. Their telephone number is 21048 . . . And Thomas F. Cowherd of Fifth avenue and Mrs. Cowherd are nursing back to health a Spitz, male, white with black head, which recently was struck by an automobile near their home. The pet is receiving every care but Mr. and Mrs. Cowherd wonder if its owner wouldn't like to claim it.

WRITING from Hot Springs National Park, Ark., Mrs. Minnie B. King asks: —"Next time you go away for your health why don't you come where you will be benefited?" Well, Florida served me rather well, but the best I can say doesn't equal Mrs. King's testimonial to the Hot. She continues: . . . "I'm already 10 years younger and haven't been here a week yet. By the time my three weeks are up I expect to be able to do any kind of a glide manufactured."

UNUSUAL activity of the Committee of 1,000 has resulted from the Howard F. Meek inquiry as to why a crow-bar is so called and the belated telephone caller's inquiry about the rule of three. There's nothing elusive about the rule of three, though even some veteran teachers fail to recognize it

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as simple proportion. Miss Virginia Foulk, Mrs. Sam B. Sayre and others have called to tell about it. It is unnecessary, probably, for me to explain. However, it seems relatively simple — merely to take three numbers to determine an otherwise unknown fourth. As an elementary example, "as two is to four, so eight is to the answer. Multiply the means one by the other, and four times eight is 32. Divide the multiplication result by the known extreme, and two goes into 32 16 times—so 16 is the answer. The same effect can be obtained from similar treatment of any three numbers. The result may be fractional, but correct, just the same. In the old days when a boy had been taught to cipher "as far as the rule of three," it was considered that he had enough mathematics for practical purposes. I learned it 50 years ago—and forgot it rather promptly. Let it be understood that this column is starting no arithmetic class—I could never qualify as teacher. Meanwhile, there has been no forthcoming information as to the origin of the verse about the rule of three. I have a hazy impression that it is to be found in "Ten Thousand a Year," but I wouldn't stake a pin on that. I still believe that the author of the verse claimed to be driven mad by practice and not by fractions, though fractions is the word used in Mencken's dictionary of quotations.

NUMEROUS committee members attest that they have found in dictionaries all the information about the crow-bar. Merrill R. Atkinson writes a sassy letter inviting me to come to Logan and learn about the crow-bar. I used a crow-bar, probably before Merrill Atkinson was born, and have at no time needed a description of the instrument itself. What is sought is information as to the derivation of the term. One operative says that according to his dictionary the crow-bar is so called because of its color, and was adopted after black iron supplanted wooden rods for leverage use. Samuel W. Perry says that in ancient usage, crow had a meaning similar to pry—and I'm inclined to think Cousin Sam may be on the right track.

MAKING their way to Kenova through yesterday's snow, Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Lanning and their daughter Dana entrained for Osborn, O., where Eldon will work for the Morris Funeral Home. For nine years he has worked for his Uncle Bob Steele at the Steele Mortuary . . . Mrs. Lanning was Miss Edna Gwilliams of Ironton.

DEAF and mute parents and a sick child were getting ready to leave Huntington for an Ohio farm. Preparatory to departure, sacks of feed and other provisions were stacked in the tonneau of the family car. While the owner, H. W. Keaton, had his back turned, someone drove away with the car—groceries and all. Dr. G. C. Morrison, my informant, describes the car as a black Dodge sedan bearing Ohio license plate, Z-469-D.

W chorused Whitley and Wesley Ward. These boys, eight years old today, are twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ward of 416 Twelfth Street. Their father preaches at Pleasant Valley Church on Fifth Street Road. Whitley and Wesley are members of Grade 2 at Oley School, where I saw them yesterday. They look almost exactly alike and they talk in unison, at least when answering questions. I met them and others of Grade 2 when I visited their room and was introduced by their teacher, Miss Flora Fischbach. They were having open house at Oley. Miss Dora Scarff, the principal, and Custodian H. O. Childers came for me in Miss Scarff's car. Our first stop was in Miss Fischbach's room. There I met the Ward twins and many others, including Barbara Allen Barker, 1533 Fourth Avenue, whose father is a flying instructor at the seaplane base. Barbara Allen Barker was at our house a few days ago to show a folder containing all of the published notices of the Hinton High School Band appearance in Fourteenth Street last Thursday to play The West Virginia Hills. Barbara Allen helped make the folder.

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THESE second grade children sang yesterday the chorus of The West Virginia Hills. I was told that the halls of the old school are reverberating these days with the strains of that old song. This is only incidental to life and work at Oley where the children are, as the school slogan has it, "learning to live in the world today." There is a vast difference in the atmosphere of the modern school and that of the schools I attended. Obviously, the children are enjoying their work and absorbing many things besides the three R's. There is a museum room where now on exhibition are maps of all West Virginia counties, articles produced in each county and items sent by request from 26 of the counties. Mrs. William A. Snider of the teaching force told me about the exhibits, which Miss Scarff said would be kept in place throughout the remainder of the school year. Mrs. Snider pointed with special pride to rhododendron blossoms given by Mrs. Harry McColm. The rhododendron is the West Virginia state flower. I do not think it grows naturally in this immediate area, but Mrs. Snider espied it on the McColm lawn and asked for a bouquet for the Oley open house.

THERE is a rhythm band at Oley. This band is comprised of fifth and sixth grade pupils and is directed by Miss Louise Fitzpatrick. The band was assembled to play The West Virginia Hills for me. Afterward, it played Home on the Range, the children whistling and singing this favorite as they played. I won't attempt to describe the band or to tell what instruments the musicians used. They get good results. Mrs. Will Woodward and her pupils showed pictures featuring the tufted titmouse, the West Virginia state bird. She told me that John Kincaid, one of the bird artists, was the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Mathias W. Dugan. Miss Scarff and the others spoke glowingly of the Oley library on the second floor of the building. I didn't go there, but hope to visit it on some subsequent day. Someone described it as "the best elementary school library in Cabell County." Miss Scarff said she thought it was the best in the state. All this has to do with Oley Elementary School and is not to be confused with the activities of Oley Junior High School. Oley elementary is housed in the oldest school building erected for, and by the city of Huntington. It stands at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirteenth Street and is continuous with Oley Junior High School, which occupies the building at Fourteenth Street and Fifth Ave-

MIAMI BEACH, Fla.—In Guyandotte I made it a practice to address B. G. Dunkle as "Sheriff." This was legitimate because Bernie was or had been a deputy sheriff. Not to be outdone, he called me "Judge," for which there was no reason at all. But the old exchange of titles ensued this afternoon when Sheriff and Mrs. Dunkle drove up to this hotel to take me driving. Since 1931 they have been wintering in Florida, a custom begun by their being called to the state by the illness and death of Mrs. Dunkle's father, George C. Milirons. The Dunkles have their own home on the Miami side of the Causeways and they don't mind telling you that their's is the right side. Well, I like it over there myself. What I can't understand is the obdurate position of Paul Dunkle who, his parents tell me, cannot be induced to come to Miami to visit them. He doesn't know what he's missing! The Dunkle daughter, Gwendolyn (Mrs. Bill) Yates, is not like that. She and her husband always drive down with Mr. and Mrs. Dunkle and spend 10 days of his vacation here.

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OUR motor expedition this afternoon was along the ocean driveway to Hollywood-by-the-sea. In course of it I got an enhanced impression of the beauties of Florida. It was enchanting to roll along the smooth boulevard and watch the white waves of the Atlantic beat against the shore line in a manner much more ocean-like than anything I've seen here at Miami Beach. On this impromptu visit to Hollywood I thought I would hunt up Henry Mander and Ed Reckard. Once we were in town, I realized how futile such an attempt would be, having no address, so deferred those calls until another time. Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Hatfield are in residence in Hollywood, I was told, but we saw nothing of them. I have discovered that Dr. A. K. Kessler is in a hotel only a few blocks from mine, and that Harry Brownstein lives on this same avenue and that Joe Stender is not far away. There are many other Huntingtonians and West Virginians in this area.

THIS morning, in the tremendous Seybold building in Miami, I called on Garland McNutt, a member of the law firm of Hudson & Cass. The receptionist smiled when I said I was from Huntington and said, "I think he'll be glad to see you—he likes to see folks from West Virginia!" Sure enough, I was admitted at once and Mr. McNutt, a rangy giant with the stamp of the high hills on him, welcomed me not only as a West Virginian but as a friend of his former University of Virginia school mate, Buford C. Tynes. Mr. McNutt grew up at Red Sulphur where his father, Dr. Joseph P. McNutt, was hotel physician when that Monroe County watering place was a widely known resort. Subsequently, it became the home place of Judge C. W. Campbell. Having first practiced in Charlottesville, Va., Mr. McN[illegible] has been here some 15 years. Meantim[illegible] had a tempting offer to return to [illegible] lottesville practice but declined b[illegible] said, "this is a fascinating place to [illegible] added that "We've had the boom bust and the hurricane, but we're st[illegible] getting along."

LIMITED circulation of Your Friends and Mine in Miami has provoked some indignation over the statement, quoted from another tourist, that there was a nudist colony on a certain island. Miamians and

Your Friends and Mine

by Wiatt Smith

After He Established, in 1796, his residence in what is now in Cabell County, opposite the mouth of Swan Creek in Ohio, Thomas Hannan blazed a trail from the mouth of Coal River to Chillicothe, O. This was the established route of travel until the turnpike was built down the Kanawha Valley a good many years later, Hannon's Frace, as it was known, fell into disuse when the main route of travel changed, but I am told there are in Ohio some sections of it remaining and these continue to be known as Hannon's Trace, as it cording to Hardesty's history of Lawrence and Gallia Counties, Ohio, Thomas Hannan was the first settler between Point Pleasant and Greenupsburg, Ky., as Greenup, was then known.

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APPARENTLY A PART of Hannan's Trace was a ferry service which Thomas Hannan established between the Virginia shore and the mouth of Swan Creek. The Trace was made in 1800, the ferry started in 1802. Mr. Hannan had the ferry until 1832, when he turned it over to his son, Henry Hannan. Henry Hannan was the father of Kate Hannan who married a Mr. Pollock, and they were the parents of George Campbell Pollock, father of Bruce Pollock, who told me of finding in an old Hardesty volume an account of his ancestor's activity. Thomas Hannan, who has many descendants here, was the first settler in this region, or so I have been told and always believed.

AFTER SOME YEARS of silence, James A. Wallen of the Ashland Oil & Refining Co. comes forward as a member of the Committee of 1,000 to tell me that Captain Frederick E. Way Jr., of Sewickley, Pa., author of The Log of the Betsy Ann and other Ohio River books, and Capt. F. E. Way, Jr., of Kenova are not to be confused. Recently I wrote of Captain Way of Sewickley and identified him as the Kenova man. The author of The Log of the Betsy Ann is no stranger hereabouts, having often stopped in Huntington during his steamboating days, and once served as master of an Ashland Oil & Refining Co. boat, Mr. Wallen says. Jim Wallen, who became a recognized authority on river lore while a reporter for The Advertiser, is now a public relations man for the Ashland company and editor of the company magazine. He is the son of Dr. A. F. Wallen, and lives in Huntington.

HAVING COMPLETED half of a one year course in a Cincinnati school of embalming, Ray Black of the Steele Mortuary, is spending a week in Huntington. Mrs. Black was here Sunday but has gone back to Cincinnati. . .MacTavish, called Mac by familiars, black Scotty with a red, silver mounted harness, is missing from the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. Carl Kappes, 310 Kings Highway. The Kappes boys, Billy and Charley, are worried about him. The telephone is 5317.

FOR God and Home and Native Land," was the slogan of the Sixth annual convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of West Virginia at Huntington, W. Va., June 19 and 20, 1889 . . . "Sessions to be held in the Baptist Church." A yellowed program of the event was inside a copy of Potts & Cammack's Huntington directory for 1891-92 which Mrs. Jesse Dinkins of 1415 Third avenue secured in a collection of flood damaged volumes purchased from a neighbor. Jesse Dinkins, Jr., son of Jesse Dinkins the linotype operator, the latter a friend of my early days, took the directory to E. L. Dornick, one of his employers at the Cabell Chemical Co. plant, and I got it through Mr. Dornick, otherwise known as Luke. The directory was not new to me but the WCTU enclosure was. Mrs. Jane A. Johnson of Parkersburg was president of the state union, Miss Maud Montgomery of Parkersburg, corresponding secretary, Miss Nannie R. Cameron of Fairmont, corresponding secretary, and Mrs. Henry B. Hubbard of Wheeling, treasurer. Addresses of welcome were delivered by Mrs. Kate Ware and the Rev. W. W. King . . . I found only one other Cabell county name, that of Mrs. Willie Womeldorf of Guyandotte. I recall her as a neighbor who later married a Mr. Burdette and moved to the country.

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ANOTHER enclosure is the program for the eighteenth annual commencement of Marshall College "the State Normal School," Davis Opera House, Tuesday, June 4, 1889, at 8:30 p. m. . . . In the class of 'eighty-nine were Nancy Adkins, Fannie C. Burgess, Irma L. Knight, Pearl Martin, Mary L. M. Myers, Stella M. Shelton, Leasie Shirkey, W. E. Cyrus and Harry A. Ritz. Miss Adkins, who, I am sure, was a sister of Mrs. C. O. Harrison of Third avenue, spoke on "The Mystery of Politics." Miss Irma L. Knight of West Columbia, Mason county, on "What Next?" . . . "The Pity of It" was the subject of Miss Pearl Martin of Charleston, while Harry L. Ritz of Ceredo, Wayne county, chose as his oration topic "Oklahoma." There was also "A Look Ahead" by Miss Shelton of Huntington and "A Half Century of Education" by Miss Shirkey of Sissonsville, Kanawha county. That Harry A. Ritz must have been the present Judge Harold A. Ritz of Kanawha county, and I could furnish current identification for one or two of the others . . . but won't just now.

* * *

AS SHOWN by the classified business and professional lists in the back of the directory, there were but three dentists practicing in Huntington. These were Dr. A. S. Carder, Dr. Ditson P. Carter and Dr. E. C. VanVleck. But there were fifteen or sixteen physicians and surgeons most any of whom had convenient forceps and willing dispositions where tooth pulling was concerned. The directory says nothing of this, but I know. One physician appears to have been a woman, as Florence L. Wetzel practiced at 1038 Third avenue. Wonder who she was? The Potts & Cammack proof reading was not perfect, this being proved by the fact that our old friend Dr. M. L. Mayo was listed as Mays.

* * *

HUNTINGTON was an active center of publication, the directory listing under the heading "newspapers," the Advertiser, daily and weekly, Baptist Banner, Daily Times, Huntington Argus, Huntington Commercial, Huntington Gazette, Herald, Daily and Weekly, Odd Fellows' Advocate, Our Church Bulletin, Pioneer, Presbyterian Evangelist and The Cricket. All the church and fraternal publications issued from one

new home at the corner of Fourth avenue and Tenth street the entrance to the 12-story office building was on Fourth avenue, west of the bank lobby. This was long before the First Huntington National Bank extended the structure back to the alley and put the elevators in their present location, in the south lobby. Those old Fourth avenue elevators were no great shakes. They moved so slowly as to give a passenger the impression of being in jail. However, they carried lots of people up and down. Unless I am mistaken Miss Gypsy Friend was one of the operators of those early vehicles. Anyway she is still on the job and has many friends among the occupants of the First Huntington building as well as among those who frequent the structure for one reason or another. I have been among that latter category but the first time I identified Miss Friend personally was after she wrote a letter to the column. Unfortunately for me I was not among those who extended birthday greetings to her yesterday. Operatives advise that she was at work wearing a bouquet of bright flowers and receiving many felicitations including not a few gifts. I hereby tender my belated congratulations.

WIATT SMITH

THERE was—perhaps still is—a Guyandotte organization known as the Elm Peelers. I was never a member and knew nothing about the Elm Peelers until recently, when I was told of an incident of the First World War in which Elm Peelers then soldiers of the AEF participated. The Elm Peelers had a peculiar whistle with which the members summoned one another. On one occasion the story goes, Roselle Adams, a tall, lanky, red-headed fellow, who died some years after he came back from the Army, was on duty on some lonely outpost in France. On some impulse he uttered the Elm Peelers whistle. Much to his surprise the call was returned from a distant point. When opportunity permitted Roselle sought out the source of the answering whistle and found that it was from another Guyandotte Elm Peeler. I haven't found anyone who knew who the other fellow was.

2-11-43

DR. J. BERNARD POINDEXTER tells me he was a member of the Elm Peelers but that he doesn't know the story of the organization which was old when he was a boy. Nighbert Page knows about the Elm Peelers and remembers the whistle but his present day rendition thereof would never reach from hill to hill. He says he can do better whistling through his fingers. Anyway, to get back to Roselle Adams I recently had a telephone inquiry from his nephew, Clarence Adams of West Huntington. Clarence wants to know when the watering trough was removed from the court house corner. I'm sure I can't remember but I know it was there the year of Halley's comet. There was a similar watering trough on the Marshall College corner at Sixteenth street and Third avenue. Freshmen in the process of being hazed often were plunged into that trough. These troughs which were of metal and shaped like over sized bathtubs long since went into the scrap heap. I doubt if anyone known when either or both disappeared.

CLARENCE ADAMS is a son of the late Otis Adams, a barber who also organized and conducted a string band. Strangely I cannot recall names of other members of this band which played for dances and serenades. Later Otis Adams moved his barbershop to a point near the Chesapeake & Ohio shop gates and after that to Central City, now West Huntington, where his son grew up. Somehow I think that Jeff Steven-

Dec. 19, '49

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

One of the most effective pieces of restraining legislation was the Johnson pistol bill. Introduced and pushed to its passage by Senator William S. Johnson of Fayette County, this act made pistol-packing go out of fashion in a hurry. There was nothing fancy about it. Unauthorized carrying of a pistol was made to call for a mandatory jail sentence. There were widespread objections to the measure by those who contended that it would restrain only the law-abiding, leaving the carrying of arms to desperadoes. Nevertheless, it went on the books and thereafter many a pearl-handled revolver which had been worn by a substantial citizen was left at home. It seems to me now, that before the Johnson law, known generally as the Johnson pistol-totin' law, almost every man carried a gun. Perhaps, my recollection is exaggerated, but I know there were many shoulder holsters. Sponsorship of the act won for its author the name of Pistol Bill Johnson.

SENATOR JOHNSON was a well known figure. In 1916, he was elected state treasurer, as which he served four consecutive four-year terms. In 1932, he won the Republican nomination for his fifth term as treasurer, but with other nominees of his party, he went down in the Roosevelt landslide, being succeeded by Richard E. Talbott of Philippi. Mr. Talbott, who was serving his fifth consecutive term as treasurer when he died unexpectedly at the week end, was a long-time acquaintance of mine. As I remember, we met first immediately before or during World War I through Robert L. Archer, Huntington banker who was a leader in government financing and among whose associates Mr. Talbott was. It was that period, too, that I first knew Waitman C. Given, then a Bluefield banker. Mr. Given became state banking commissioner under Governor H. Guy Kump, leaving that post to become a bank executive in Cleveland, where I visited him in his home. Subsequently, he came to Huntington to become president of the First Huntington National Bank.

AS STATE bank examiner Mr. Given succeeded Harry A. Abbott of Grafton. Harry Abbott, whose duties called him to Huntington often in those troubled years, returned to the northern and central sections of the state and it has been long since I heard anything of him. My last information was that he was in the mercantile business in Grafton.

ONE HUNTINGTON man served two terms as state treasurer. He was William T. Thompson, afterward the first judge of the Cabell County Criminal Court. Judge Thompson, who married Miss Nan Hagen, rests in Spring Hill Cemetery in the first mausoleum erected there.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

IN HIS second book, Captain Ellis Mace of Proctorville will include the story of the ill-fated trip made in 1878 by the John A. Porter from New Orleans to Gallipolis, O. Having completed 300 pages of the second book, Captain Mace, as he expresses it, hopes to see it in print. I quote from the new manuscript: "In 1878 this towboat carried the germs of the dreaded yellow fever more than 1,700 miles from New Orleans to Gallipolis under circumstances beyond parallel in the history of the greatest waterways of the United States, the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. It now seems inconceivable that a steamboat known by the government authorities at every important port between these two cities to be infected with this plague should have been permitted to proceed on her dismal trip north, scattering the seeds of disease as she went. It is an extraordinary fact and one little to the credit of humanity that the sole object of every town she approached was to get her away at any cost, regardless of the perils to which her crew or others might be exposed. No leper was ever shunned with greater dread than was the John A. Porter. To those whose duty it was to have guided her into a safe place, she seemed the embodiment of doom. Her sighing engines finally ceased their work with a groan of exhaustion.

WIATT SMITH

"THERE, at Gallipolis, she broadcast her foul infection upon a terror stricken people . . . left a monument of new graves. The John A. Porter with a fleet of 18 barges and a crew of 35 persons, left New Orleans July 18, 1878, a few days after yellow fever had broken out in that city. She was bound for Pittsburgh. At 8 P. M. Saturday, August 17, 1878, this ill-fated boat landed outside the limits of Gallipolis with her captain, four deck hands, two engineers, a lamp trimmer and a cabin boy all down with yellow fever. When city officials learned that the boat was tied up within their jursidiction, they set a guard in order to prevent, if possible, unauthorized communication between the boat and the town. A committee of physicians and other citizens were sent to board the John A. Porter and learn the true conditions . . . That night two of the crew died. One of them was a deckhand who fought hard. He would alternately pray and curse; finally he thrust his fingers into his mouth, bit his fingers to the bone, and died. The next day the John A. Porter prepared to continue her trip up the river. At the foot of Gallipolis Island, she broke a shaft and dropped back helpless to Walker's Landing.

"THERE followed a three day reign of terror, both in the city and on the boat. The fright of the citizens was increased on August 20, when it was learned that the crew of the Porter, including all but three sick men, the mate and one physician had left the boat under the cover of night and fled to points unknown. For several days the peace of mind of Gallipolis was seriously disturbed. Business fell off rapidly. Tar was burned day and night on prominent street corners; all whose business required them to pass in and out of the city were fumigated with assafetida. This was also used in small bags tied around peoples necks as a preventive. Many farmers would chew it in Gallipolis. In spite of all precautions, several persons died. Quarantines were established by Charleston, Huntington, Point Pleasant and Pomeroy. During the week ending September 15, heavy rains swelled the river and the Porter and her barges broke loose. The Porter was cut loose from her barges and landed. The barges drifted down the river, avoided by all . . . eventually the Porter's name was changed to the Sidney Dillon. She burned at Cincinnati November 9, 1895 with the Scotia and the B. S. Ray."

THOSE Guyandotte boys who went down in the eighties were real pioneers in railroading in the Southwest. Clay Womeldorf, who had been driver of the Barboursville stage, became general master mechanic of the road he served. Mr. Dietz was foreman of the blacksmith department long before he retired. He, I understand, is the last survivor of the Guyandotte colony in Texas. His visit is to be brief. He planned to go to Russell yesterday to find his cousin, Mrs. Viola Dietz Boggs, then return to the Prichard here before leaving for his home. But he wasn't sure he would be back. Texas was calling him anew.

MRS. MARTHA F. PAULEY — Ninety-five years old, widow of the late Lafayette W. Pauley, died early yesterday morning at the home of a son, Alva Pauley, at Snowden, W. Va. Funeral services will be held this afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Beech Grove Baptist Church with Rev. M. T. Miller, assisted by Rev. S. O. Dunlap officiating. Burial will be in the Pauley cemetery on Laurel fork of Harsh creek. Surviving are another son, G. L. Pauley, of Hamlin; two daughters, Mrs. Nora Elkins, of St. Albans, and Mrs. Leoma Elkins, of Ivaton, W. Va., and four step-sons, M. W. and Monroe Pauley, of Woodville, W. Va., Halleck Pauley, of Alkol, and Fayette Pauley, of Clothier.

GUYANDOTTE had a watering trough made of wood. It was at the corner of Richmond and Bridge streets and the horses which drank there never seemed to mind the mosses which lined the inside. This, too, disappeared with the horse and the horse drawn vehicle.

MRS. CAMERON L. THOMPSON will celebrate her 101st birthday tomorrow, February 12, at her home in Elkton, Ky. Mrs. Thompson was for many years a well known resident of Huntington. Also celebrating a birthday tomorrow will be a niece of Mrs. Thompson, Miss Lewis Harvey, ill at her home on Sixth Avenue.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

GETTING about again after surgery two weeks ago, Mrs. W. Carl Kappes, 316 Washington Boulevard, is concerning herself with several things, including moving. Dr. and Mrs. Kappes have sold their home to Lloyd Smith, who succeeds Harold Hastings, retired, as manager of the J. C. Penney store in Huntington. The Smiths have been living in Bluefield. Dr. and Mrs. Kappes haven't decided on a new location, though they have one or two in mind. Their decision to sell the boulevard home was influenced by the advance toward manhood of their sons, Billy and Charles, who like a roomier place. Billy Kappes graduated at Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Va., early this month. In the Fall he will enter Princeton, where he won a scholarship. Ambitious to follow in his father's footsteps, Billy has elected a pre-medical course. Charles who says he will study medicine, too, has finished at Cammack Junior High school, and will go to Episcopal High in September.

WIATT SMITH

CHECKING on her family history, Mrs. Neva Forrest has found that her people have been here since the Indians were here. Her great-great grandfather, Colonel John Van Hoose, was born in North Carolina, to which his parents had gone with Morgan Bryan, Squire Boone and others from the Shenandoah. He married Mary Bryan, daughter of William Bryan and Mary Boone Bryan, who was a sister of Daniel Boone. They went, with others, to Bryan's Station near Lexington, Ky., in 1778. William and Mary Bryan were living at Point Pleasant in 1790. One of their sons, Levi, Mrs. Forrest's great-grandfather, married Sarah Clark, daughter of William and Jean Ferguson Clark of Beech Fork, then in Cabell County. William Clark was a deputy sheriff in 1816. Mrs. Forrest's great-grandmother Van Hoose died and Levi married a second wife, who was a daughter of Moses Damron, and reared another large family. William Clark Bryan Van Hoose married Minerva Lee, a relative of the Rev. John Lee, first pastor of Mud River Baptist Church after its organization by the Rev. Mr. Alderson.

THOSE Point Pleasant Bryans were forebears of William Jennings Bryan. His grandparents, who originally were buried in Mason County, now rest in a graveyard near Ona. I don't know about the Indians here or hereabouts, except that the Mingoes fought under Cornstalk at Point Pleasant. I have the impression that settlement of this area was retarded by Indian hostility until Mad Anthony Wayne beat the redskins decisively in 1794. There was in the old Methodist church yard in Guyandotte a grave with a brick mound. People said there was an Indian buried there. This graveyard, carefully protected, is on Fifth Avenue, beyond Guyan Street and to the left as one enters Guyandotte by the Fifth Avenue bridge.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

WHEN Huntington was smaller, the Chamber of Commerce held membership meetings monthly. These sessions were conducted in open forum fashion, everyone spoke as he chose and there were times when the discussions were prolonged. Three of the chief spokesmen were Timothy S. Scanlon, Dan A. Mossman and A. W. Werninger. These men were allies and each was a Huntington booster. Mr. Scanlon and Mr. Mossman had the title Colonel before their names. Before Mr. Scanlon died he was rather generally known as "Uncle Tim." Mr. Mossman never got to be anybody's uncle and, at that time, the general public had not begun calling Mr. Werninger "Uncle Gus." They were Tim and Dan and Gus, jointly and severelly striving to upbuild the city. Mr. Scanlon and Mr. Mossman died years ago. Mr. Werninger died Wednesday night. A year ago, then in his ninetieth year, he was driving his automobile, tending his lawn and generally supervising his affairs. Last Winter he became ill and told his physicians he felt his time was short, but that he hoped to live until his ninetieth birthday. This hope was realized, but he was never again to become active. He lived and worked in Huntington many years, always respected and, in his last years, venerated.

WIATT SMITH

FIRST Lieutenant W. T. Bess, Jr., Mrs. Bess and their 13-months-old daughter, Patty, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Bess on Eighth Street. Mr. and Mrs. Bess (Bill and Mary Bertha) went to La-Guardia Field to meet the plane which brought their son and daughter-in-law and granddaughter from Stuttgart, Germany. Parents of Mrs. W. T. Bess, Jr., were there also from Yonkers, N. Y. The grandparents greeted Bill and Pat (Waldron) Bess hastily, then made a rush for Patty, the granddaughter they had never seen. Naturally, they addressed her in English and the effect frightened her. Her grandmother Bess says she guesses Patty regarded them as a bunch of foreigners. Unable, of course, to talk, Patty understands German as well or better than she does English, having been cared for in the American occupational zone by a German nurse maid.

LIEUTENANT and Mrs. Bess says children seem to learn German more readily than they learn English and that the result in some instances is amusing. They tell of one instance in which a three-year-old child had to act as interpreter between its mother and a younger child. Patty will forget her early training in German in San Antonio, Tex., where Lieutenant Bess is to report at Brooks Field early in July. Meanwhile, Grandmother and Grandfather Bess are having a field day, taking especial delight in promenading with Patty. The daughter of Doug and Frances Bess, who live with them, is still too young for such exercise.

RUSSELL (Nick) Carter, was abroad with a youngster or two when another white-haired man, who was also attended by a child, said, "It seems like we love 'em more than we did our own." Mr. Carter explained that the tots with him were his own children, not his grandchildren.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

FACULTY members at Oley Elementary School were surprised and shocked Tuesday when their principal, Miss Dora Scarff, told them that this was to be her last week there. Miss Scarff turned her books in yesterday, and tonight will leave Huntington for Florida and a cruise, in Southern waters, with possibly a visit to Cuba and South America. An operative from the Oley faculty wrote me: To say we were flabbergasted is to state it mildly. We knew Miss Scarff had completed 35 years of distinguished service in Cabell County schools as teacher, supervisor and principal. We realized we might lose her most any year, but we were sure of her for at least the rest of the 1947-48 term. Last night the faculty entertained Miss Scarff at dinner at which we presented her with a sterling silver compote. She wore an orchid given her by the Oley children, and read or was to have read a poem composed by one of the teachers. The poem follows:

WIATT SMITH

'Tis true that the best of friends must part—
Such knowledge comforts not the heart—
For parting time now comes to us
Who tend the flock at Oley.

For years, you've over-shepherd been
To spur us on our crowns to win;
Through war and peace, we've worked with you
To tend the flock at Oley.

It pains us sore to have you leave,
It causes many a heart to grieve.
What happens next we little know—
We'd surely like with you to go—
Nor tend the flock at Oley.

So pray for those you leave behind
That Justice may not be quite blind,
That someone kind and wise be sent,
Like you, to shepherd us at Oley.

For you, we wishes make galore
That down there on the Florida shore
A Grea' Romance will make you glad
You left us in the lurch at Oley.

G. M. B.

UNOFFICIALLY, and without hinting at the orchid or the poem, I talked with Miss Scarff about her plans. She said she had resigned sometime earlier but had stayed at her post by request. She will leave on the early train in the morning with Miss Edith Thomas of the Anderson-Newcomb Co. accounting department for the Florida coast. Miss Thomas told me she herself was neither resigning nor retiring but was starting for a Winter vacation, which she said, was not likely to extend either to Cuba or South America.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

IN 1873, the Rev. John Fox, presiding elder for the Western Virginia Conference of The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was holding services at Guyandotte when Dan Womeldorff died of cholera. Mr. Fox preached the funeral sermon for Dan Womeldorff, who is described by R. D. Wylie as "a fine young man." Often in my childhood, I heard the story of that sermon and of how Mr. Fox said there was no way to tell who would be the next to die. "It may be you," he said, "it may be you, or it may be your humble speaker." That night he was stricken my cholera and died. There were but two deaths from cholera in Guyandotte at that time and I have the impression that there were but the two cases of the disease.

WIATT SMITH

THAT tragic episode, and its mention here a few days ago, led Mr. Wylie to write me, because he lived in Guyandotte then. He also tells that thereafter his parents moved to what was known as the Dan Savre farm, one mile below Athalia and he lived there when the towboat Dan Porter carried yellow fever to Gallipolis. Wright S. Ranson tells me that the yellow fever caused many more deaths in the Gallipolis area than the cholera. I reported it contrariwise last week, but have no doubt that Mr. Ranson is correct. I have always wondered about that cholera outbreak—and still do. How that Asiatic disease got into this valley, I do not know. There was no mystery about the yellow fever epidemic. Before the conquest of mosquitoes during the construction of the Panama Canal, yellow jack took a heavy toll in our South, every year, I think. It rarely came this far North.

SUNDAY, June 6, was the birthday of Mrs. James W. Hagen, Sixth Avenue woman who recently went to Parkersburg to stay indefinitely with her daughter, Mrs. Norman Jones, and Mr. Jones. Marguerite Hagen Jones spread a birthday feast, featuring a cake, and Mrs. Raymond (Dorothy Hagen) Gibson went from Huntington for the event. Mrs. Hagen received birthday flowers, telegrams and, from Huntington friends, 63 cards. Last week she had visits from several Huntington women, including Miss Lucy Prichard, Mrs. Karl C. Prichard, Mrs. C. E. Haworth and Mrs. Rolla S. Kenaston.

LAST week death claimed my old friend John B. Graves. Mr. Graves, who was 85 years old, was a real son of the War of 1812. I learned that when he was 70 years old. He was born when his father was 70. The father, a Virginian, had served in the Army in 1812 and had, at sometime, shaken hands with George Washington. When I first knew Mr. Graves he operated a restaurant on the north side of Fourth Avenue, a few doors east of Tenth Street.

HOWARD D. FOGLESONG, whose Fourteenth Street plant was burned, has resumed the manufacture of glass on Jackson Avenue. This seems appropriate, as West Huntington, when it was Central City, was the cradle of the glass industry in this area.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

SEVERAL present - day Huntingtonians were fellow-students with Thomas E. Dewey at the University of Michigan. I recalled that Mrs. E. L. (Geneva Kent) Dornick told me something of Ann Arbor memories of Mr. Dewey when the New Yorker was nominated for President before. Yesterday, asked to refresh my memory, she said Mr. Dewey and she were fellow-members of the Bachelor of Arts class at the University of Michigan in 1923. Mr. Dewey was connected with The Michigan Daily, university newspaper, and Mrs. Dornick, then Miss Kent, was an occasional contributor. She knew Mr. Dewey, though not familiarly, remembers him, but thinks unlikely that he remembers her. A closer associate of Mr. Dewey's was Miss Frances Oberholzer of Huntington, now Mrs. Belsey of Chicago. Frances was a reporter on The Daily when Tom Dewey was telegraph editor. Judge J. Frank Eaton of Domestic Relations Court went from Proctorville, O., to the University of Michigan, where he was when Mr. Dewey was a student. He remembers seeing the present New York governor, but didn't know him well. Jess Hammock, a Kenova boy who now lives and practices law in Huntington, recalls that he and Thomas E. Dewey were members of the same freshman law class, and that young Dewey was one of the boys—much like the other fellows. Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Squire, nee Gladys Stanley, were married before they went together to Michigan. They knew Tom Dewey, but not well. Dr. Francis A. Scott and the New Yorker were at Michigan at the same period, but Dr. Scott doesn't remember Governor Dewey.

WIATT SMITH

MR. AND MRS. SQUIRE, who entered Michigan after their marriage, were unusual then, being perhaps, the only man and wife on the student roster. "Now," says Mrs. Squire, "I understand some of them even take their babies to classes." The Squires did not do that, but they sent a son to Michigan. This boy, Bill Squire, expects to graduate at the end of the Summer term at Ann Arbor.

SCHOOL days of my own were recalled the other day when I heard of the death at Tuscon, Ariz., of Mrs. Charles Hutchinson. Mrs. Hutchinson was Hattie Rose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Rose of Short Street. Her husband was the son of George W. Hutchinson, GAR veteran who in his older days was justice of the peace for Guyandotte district—a district which then included all of Huntington. Miss Naomi Rose, daughter of the late Laurence Rose, was killed in an accident at Charleston last week. She was a niece of Hattie Rose Hutchinson. The late Garfield Rose of the police department was the older brother of Mrs. Hutchinson. Edith Rose, who became Mrs. Ernest Benedict, died several years ago. The last of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Rose is Charley Rose of the fire department.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

FOUR years ago, Bishop U. V. W. Darlington of the Methodist Church retired. He had labored long and diligently as pastor, presiding elder, college president and bishop. He was 74 years old and, agreed with his colleagues that it was time for him to take his ease. This ease was not long enjoyed. The man-power shortage hit the bishops and Dr. Darlington was recalled to service. He is now president of the two conferences in the state of Mississippi. Next week there will be a jurisdictional conference at Columbus, S. C. If he feels well enough, Bishop Darlington will go thither with Mrs. Darlington. Whether he goes or stays, he asserts he will retire again—this time for keeps, and no fooling. He will be 78 years old August 3 and plans hereafter to work only as he chooses, either in the pulpit or the garden at his South Side home. Bishop and Mrs. Darlington have a house guest, his niece, Miss Ruth Storrs of Louisville.

WIATT SMITH

DRIVING in the evening along the Ohio River Road with his fellow-teacher, Professor J. B. Jablonski, Otto A. (Swede) Gullickson, head of indoor physical education at Marshall College, noted and mentioned the profusion of fireflies (lightning bugs, if you please) over the fields. The scene recalled an experience at his father's ranch, 50 miles from Fargo, N. D. He was a lad when an aunt came to visit at the Gullickson home. He went out and filled a water glass with lightning bugs, capped the glass lightly, and placed it in his aunt's room. When the lamp was extinguished that evening, the fireflies began to glow. The visitor was scared and lost no time imparting her alarm to the household. There was prompt inquiry, the cause of the trouble was disclosed, and the tranquillity of the aunt restored. Immediately, however, there were other sparks. They emanated from Swede but he didn't see them. They were behind him.

ATTORNEY WILL H. DANIEL has a new associate, in the person of his son, John Wesleigh Daniel, naval veteran who graduated from the West Virginia College of Law early in the month. He has been admitted to practice and tried his first case. Jack is one of the Daniel twin sons. His brother, William M. Daniel, is with the B. C. Clark Realty Co. William M. Daniel was an Army lieutenant and air pilot. John W. Daniel was an ensign in the Navy. The brothers saw much action. Each is married and has a son.

T. SELDEN JONES, authority on law, golf, bridge and all other subjects, continues to be ill. He is at St. Mary's Hospital. His condition is giving his family and friends some concern . . . Mrs. Edgar R. Oliver, daughter Amy and son Russell, left Monday night for Washington, D. C. After a little visit they will go to New York City for a quick look before going on to Albany, N. Y. to see Mrs. Oliver's sister. City Editor Oliver, husband and father, is batching.

6-22-49

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

MARSHALL R. SANFORD was news agent at the Chesapeake & Ohio station when his brother, Edgar Q. Sanford, was attending business school in Pennsylvania. One day a railroad executive asked Marshall R. Sanford where his brother was and whether the latter would like a job. The answer was affirmative. Telegrams were exchanged and Edgar Q. Sanford came home to Huntington to be night ticket agent. After a few years he was transferred to Louisville, Ky., where he still lives, and where he continued in the railway company's passenger service until his retirement last year. I met Edgar Q. Sanford, Sunday. He and I were fellow-passengers in the automobile of Warren D. Sanford when we drove out to the Sanford place on State Route 31 (the Martha Road) to attend a celebration of the eightieth birthday of Marshall R. Sanford. The latter, who worked for W. B. Wilson at Third Avenue and Tenth Street, before he opened his own store in Huntington, was a merchant many years before he retired in 1929. Now he lives at ease at his son's country place, a mile out of Barboursville. Twice daily, weather permitting, he goes to Barboursville where he mingles with other oldsters who keep watch on the affairs of the old county seat.

WIATT SMITH

THERE was great festivity at the Sanford place and we ate a dinner spread on an improvised table on the lawn under the trees and near Warren Sanford's grape arbor and raspberry gardens. I missed meeting the Rev. Kenneth Rule, pastor of the Elmwood Baptist Church, who had had to hurry away to a baptizing. Mrs. Fred M. Varney, nee Mary Lucy Varney, and Mr. Varney, a Huntington business man, were there, as was Mrs. Irvin P. Hambleton, nee Laura May Marshall, Mr. Sanford's niece. Sharing honors were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ackiss, nee Patricia Lou Hambleton, a bride and groom of three weeks.

LEAVING the Sanford party, I went to the not distant home of Squire and Mrs. William N. Clay, who were holding open house celebrating their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary. Both Squire and Mrs. Clay were born on Beech Fork in Wayne County. She was Miss Nevada Gilkinson, daughter of Wash Gilkinson. He was 18 and she was 15 when they were married June 10, 1883, at the Gilkinson home. The sixty-fifth wedding anniversary celebration was postponed until the arrival of a son, Dr. A. W. Clay, who has been in the drug business at Hallock, Minn., 46 years, and his wife. Mrs. Callahan Stanley of New Castle, Pa., a sister of Mrs. Clay, was there Sunday, the only guest who had witnessed the Clay wedding so long ago. Squire and Mrs. Clay had 12 children, of whom 10 are living. He was justice of the peace in Barboursville district 24 years, retiring voluntarily to tend his 100-acre farm, which he cultivated until a few years ago. There were guests from Tucson, Ariz., Wilmington, Del., and elsewhere.

MRS. J. EDWARD HUBBARD, who had been critically ill at Memorial Hospital Sunday, was better yesterday and apparently out of the woods. Dr. H. D. Hatfield, standing by lest Mrs. Hubbard require surgery, delayed his departure for Philadelphia and the Republican National Convention 24

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

HAVING STARTED WORK in a Pennsylvania mine when he was seven years old, J. W. Lawton, 328 Twelfth Avenue, continued in active life until he retired June 30, 1947, after a career which had covered 75 years and eight months. This, I think must be a record. Mr. Lawton has been living quietly since his retirement and he is now looking forward to his 84th birthday on September 23. He was born at McCaulay Mountain, Pa., September 23, 1864. This was about five months after his father was sent to British Columbia to sink two shafts for the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad. While away he wrote a letter dated October 17, 1864, headed Carolon Cove, Strait of Canso, Nova Scotia. When the elder Lawton returned after a year, the family moved to Shamokin, Pa. where at the age of seven the son, known to the family as Walter, started to work in "the breaker." This he continued until he was old enough to work on the farm of his father.

WIATT SMITH

IN JULY 1888, J. W. Lawton came to West Virginia to work at Alaska, which was four miles east of Thurmond. There he stayed until May 1, 1905. In 1895 he and associates opened the Laurel Creek Coal Co. In 1896 the same group opened the Greenwood Coal Co. and in 1898 they started the Hemlock Coal Co. In 1905 Mr. Lawton moved to Laurel Creek to take charge of that operation. He moved to Huntington January 1, 1911, and continued to devote his time and interest to the mining business. He helped to open several mines in West Virginia and Ketucky. He participated actively in the affairs of the Greenwood Coal Co. and other mines in the New River district until June 30, 1947, when he sold his interest in them and retired feeling that 75 years and eight months was long enough for anybody to work. His father, Joseph Lawton, was born in England in February 1825; his mother, Mary Mathews Lawton was born in Wales in July 1829. Mr. Lawton has four living children, Charles Lawton of Cleveland, and Mrs. Randall (Josephine) Baumgartner, and Thomas and John Philip Lawton of Huntington. He has nine grandchildren, seven of whom are boys, and one great grandchild.

NINE-YEAR-OLD Jeanetta Bradley, daughter of Homer M. Bradley, 420 Second Street, has appealed to this column to help her find her dog, Bob, oversized fox terrier, white with black markings. Bob, who always sat on the bench beside Jeanetta when she practiced on the piano, disappeared Friday.

BACK YONDER AUTHORITIES appear to be in conflict about long ago political speeches. Mrs. Mary E. McCoy says William McKinley spoke on the present site of the Hotel Frederick October 8, 1894. Mrs. McCoy testifies that she heard the address, having gone from the Florentine Hotel where she lived. Hub Owens said McKinley spoke on the present Post Office corner in 1892. Both he and Mrs. McCoy may be right. Mrs. McCoy, nee Hunt, was born on what was then known as Keyser Creek in Boyd County. Later the creek name was shortened to Key. She lives with her granddaughter, Mrs. Spencer Byard, and Mr.

ERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTING

Dec. 2 1940

Your Friends And Mine

. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

LOU JOHNSON of Youngstown, O., is mistaken in his belief that C. W. (Big Bill) Strickling used to sing in the choir at the First Congregational Church. Mr. Strickling, of the law firm of Fitzpatrick, Strickling & Marshall, did sing one summer with a male chorus which appeared on Sunday afternoon at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church under the direction of J. Roy Marcum. "It got so bad," Mr. Strickling said yesterday, "that they had to tear the church down." The church was torn down, after the site, now occupied by the Huntington Publishing Co., was sold, but it doesn't appear that the male chorus ever sang at the new church at Fifth avenue and Twelfth street. Lou Johnson's memory confused C. W. Strickling with the latter's younger and much smaller brother, George Strickling, who played the organ at the First Congregational Church while the Rev. J. L. Hoyt was minister and George Bagby was choir director. About once a year I get a letter from Lou Johnson, whose sister, Mrs. H. A. Wolfe, regularly sends him this column. Lou was here earlier in the fall, recuperating from an illness—but I didn't see him.

WIATT SMITH

IN THIS year's letter he speaks of a few of those recently mentioned here — of Ira J. Harshbarger, of umbrella fame, who was a member of the largest Sunday school class in West Virginia under Dr. Shade W. Walker at Johnson Memorial Church; of Bradley Watters Foster, whose bequest financed the Foster Memorial Home; of Ed Williams, the lawyer, and of Judge Edward S. Doolittle, of whom I was much afraid when I was a kid in Putnam county because he was 'The Judge.'

THE Johnson enumeration goes further, but it will have to wait because more pressing matters claim attention. One is that former Mayor Rufus Switzer will be 90 years old tomorrow. He is to be guest of honor at a dinner to be served tomorrow evening at the Hotel Governor Cabell. Tonight Joe L. Wilson is entertaining some of the remnants of the Every Evening Club at his home in Ohio. The Every Evening Club was comprised of citizens who spent evenings at the Hotel Frederick, occupying the lobby in bad weather and sitting in hotel chairs around the Fourth Avenue entrance in clement seasons. Most of the members have passed through the eternal portals—but I wonder what ever did become of those chairs? Originally, I think, they were brought over from the Florentine when the Hotel Frederick was opened for business in the Fall of 1906.

DR. C. O. TATE telephoned to say the Queen City Restaurant on Ninth Street was operated by a Mrs. Poole. Later, Mrs. Poole moved to Ironton where she and her husband operated a hotel—at least that's Dr. Tate's impression.

ANOTHER approaching birthday is that of Mrs. John W. (Sarah Ann Lilly) Berry, who will be 87 Saturday. Cousin Sallie is, to use an old expression, spry as a cricket, taking an unflagging interest in people and events. Her birthday will be celebrated by a family dinner at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. Thomas McLaughlin of Pea Ridge Road, with whom she resides. She has eight living children, 39 grandchildren, 55 great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild. She is a native of Logan County. As a girl she stayed at the home of my Grandmother Smith, who was her aunt, and went to school in Guyandotte.

THERE lived in Guyandotte in the years of the old town's importance a Scotch gentleman whose name was Duncan Henderson. Of course Mr. Henderson and his family were Presbyterians and the nearest Presbyterian church was at Burlington, Ohio. It is probable, though I do not know surely, that services were held at Burlington only once in awhile. As occasion permitted, the Hendersons, especially Mrs. Henderson, went to Burlington to church, riding horseback and carrying one of the children behind her. This tradition was revealed to me in Ashland yesterday by two of the Henderson granddaughters, Mrs. W. W. Dunn of Huntington and Miss Kitty Ulen of Ashland. While I was absorbing my weekly order of doughnuts, there came to that same drug store table Miss Louise Baird, Independent society editor, also Mr. and Mrs. Harold Simpson. Mr. Simpson had business to attend to but didn't intend to miss the football broadcasts, so he was taking with him one of these newfangled storage battery radio sets. He said it had been his prize presentation from Santa.

WIATT SMITH

THIS pleasant meeting with Mrs. Dunn and Miss Ulen was unrelated to another dip into Presbyterian annals planned before I went to Ashland. The Presbyterian Church in Ashland was established 120 years ago in a log structure built on land conveyed by Robert Poage. A few years later this log edifice was supplanted by Bethesda Church. I say it was in Ashland. It was and it wasn't, for in that time there was no such place as the Ashland which later was to grow up there. There is but one person living who was a member of the Bethesda congregation and much of the information which went into a pictorial history of the Ashland Presbyterian Church, which I saw shown from lantern slides yesterday, was furnished from the memory of Mrs. H. A. (Sophia Pollard) Geiger who on her ninety-second birthday crossed Newman street to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Esther Geiger Henthorne, to see the pictures. The pictures, prepared by Mrs. Dave Meyers, were accompanied by a historical sketch read by Dr. Samuel R. Curry, the pastor.

AMONG the pleasures to which I look forward as part of 1940 is a longer talk with Mrs. Geiger who agreed that yesterday with all its excitement wasn't a good time to delve into back yonder matters. Virginia Tierney and I crashed the Newman street lantern show. Someway we found seats in the darkened room without having stumbled over anybody. When the lights were restored I found myself among acquaintances. I had met Mrs Geiger before, as she remembered. And there were her nieces, Mrs. C. V. Lallance and Mrs. George W. Marrow from Huntington, and her great-niece, Mrs. John Edwin (Lady Lou) Jenkins, with numerous other representatives of the old families which lived in this valley before Ashland or Huntington existed and among whom for social purposes the entire region was one community.

9/24/48

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

IT WAS LIKE old times to see Mrs. Maude Mitchell Dudley and Mrs. John M. McCoach sitting together in the lobby of the Hotel Frederick. Mrs. McCoach, widow of a Huntington business leader, lives in Wheeling and comes back to her former hometown once or twice a year. In Huntington for a brief visit, she is a guest at the Frederick. Mrs. McCoach is the former Miss Lucy Sehon, daughter of the late Mayor and Mrs. Edmund Sehon. In Wheeling she shares the home of her sister, Mrs. M. N. Cecil. Mrs. Dudley, retired society editor of The Advertiser, lives in Huntington, occupying as always the old Mitchell home on West Fourth Avenue. She doesn't get uptown frequently, but broke her stay-at-home rule to go to the hotel to see Mrs. McCoach.

WIATT SMITH

WHEN A YOUNG MAN, Rob Roy MacGregor went from Parkersburg to St. Albans and helped organize the Bank of St. Albans, of which he was cashier. While in St. Albans he met and married Miss Ida Handley of Scott. Mrs. MacGregor's sister, Miss Sallie Handley of Scott, visited the MacGregor home in St. Albans and there she met young Delafield Hereford, to whom she was married. Mr. and Mrs. MacGregor left St. Albans for Mobile, Ala., later moving to Brunswick, Ga., where they live and where he is engaged in the real estate business. A few days ago they were called home by the illness of his borther, Dave MacGregor of Parkersburg. Mrs. MacGregor stopped here to see her sister, Mrs. W. D. Hereford, and Dr. Hereford of Fifth Avenue. They also visited their son, Gordon Morris MacGregor, at Auburn, Ky.

WRITING FROM Peter Brent Bingham Hospital in Boston, Mass., Mrs. Julius Broh expresses regret at the death of Dr. W. H. Sheffer of Knoxville, Tenn., friend and golfing companion of the late Mr. Broh. Mrs. Broh has been in the Boston hospital since she was hurt in an automobile accident in August.

RECENT NON-APPEARANCE in The Advertiser of Chatterbox, Harold Faller's editorial page column, has been due to the illness of Mrs. Faller. Mrs. Faller, well known to her husband's readers as "Ma Chatter," is under treatment at St. Mary's Hospital. Yesterday she was reported better.

WHEN SHE CLOSED her home on Sixth Avenue several months ago and went to Parkersburg to be with her daughter, Mrs. Norman Jones, Mrs. J. W. Hagen hoped to return to Huntington. Several times during her Parkersburg stay I got word indirectly from Mrs. Hagen, a lifelong friend, and I gathered that she wouldn't come to Huntington again in this life. This premonition was borne out. Mrs. Hagen died in Parkersburg and her body was brought to the Steele Mortuary here. She was born near Guyandotte, lived in Guyandotte during the early years of her marriage, was a younger contemporary of my mother and was an interested and often helpful reader of this column.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

WHEN the Committee of 1,000 develops internal strife I'm rather certain to be caught in the middle. It is a rare occurrence when two members of the committee agree—but it is always Wiatt Smith who is wrong again. I have this post card: "Your mention of the name of Perkins or Parkins got a rise out of me. It is Parkins. Earl Parkins came to Huntington and went to Johnson Memorial Church. I thought then it was odd, because I had never before heard the name pronounced with an 'a' . . . . Just one of the 1,000." Well, I wrote distinctly that I accepted R. S. Hall's Parkins rather than Dr. D. M. Phillips' Perkins. So I trust none will contend that I ever said the name of the Gallia county singing evangelist was anything other than Parkins.

WIATT SMITH

SOMEWHERE among my effects is a photograph of the first city commission, taken in the upper chamber of the City Hall which then stood on Ninth street where the Huntington Dry Goods Co. has its home furnishings store. The group included Rufus Switzer, mayor, John W. Coon, Floyd S. Chapman and L. A. Pollock. The first two were Democrats, the others Republican, and they had been elected under the famous bi-partisan charter. This charter was supposed to take the municipal government out of politics, but before the experiment was finished it was proved that while you may take a government out of politics, you can't take politics out of government. This isn't fault finding. The Switzer-Coon-Chapman-Pollock regime was efficient and able. Its accomplishments were notable and some of them endure. However, personalities meant at least as much to me as measures and I had a lot of fun reporting the commission and its doings. Thoughts of those days — 1909-1912, came to me Thursday night when I attended a dinner given in honor of Rufus Switzer on his ninetieth birthday. Mr. Switzer is the sole survivor of that commission.

MOST of those who held appointive office under the commission are gone, too. There were K. L. Hamilton, the clerk; Joseph R. Damron, the treasurer; F. M. Livezey, attorney; Sam Davis, chief of police, and Thomas B. Davis, fire chief. Those are the ones I recall now. There were others. The commissioners had their quarters on the second floor; some of the departments and police headquarters occupied the ground floor. To the rear of the city building, on the alley to the north, was the city jail. Sam Davis locked me in the bull pen once. He was joking, but I stayed behind the bars long enough to get the sensation.

CHIEF DAVIS liked his jokes and I guess he enjoyed playing them on me. Once the patrol wagon, the city's first motorized hurry-up buggy, a Kissel car sold by Luther T. Long, started out on a call. I decided to go along. Chief Davis was beside the driver and when he saw I was chasing the patrol he gave instructions that it was to be kept just out of my reach. I could and did run, and the faster I ran the funnier Sam Davis found it. Before I was entirely out of breath he stopped and took me aboard.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

HAVING gone as a youth to the Confederate army, Octavian Plymale of Wayne County became a courier for General Robert E. Lee. For some reason he tired of this service and yearned to return to his own regiment and the company commanded by Captain Hurston Spurlock. General Lee approved the transfer and the soldier returned to his regiment. This memory of his war service in the 1860s was recalled yesterday by his daughter, Mrs. E. L. Richardson, 847 Adams Avenue. He has another daughter and two sons living in Huntington, these being Mrs. Charles Dyer, J. M. M. Plymale and J. C. H. Plymale, Mrs. Richarson told me. His brother, Marion Plymale, was also in the Confederate army. Marion Plymale has a daughter, Miss Ruth Plymale, a former Wayne County teacher, who is a patient at the Adams nursing home on Fifth Avenue.

WIATT SMITH

THOSE Plymale brothers of the Confederate army have a surviving sister, Mr. Robert (Polly) Roberts of Catlettsburg, who will be 90 years old this month. Mrs. Octavian Plymale, whose maiden name was Perdue, died at 87. She has a sister, Mrs. Anthony Hutchison of Wayne County, who is 97 years old. Some of the real daughters and sons of the soldiers of the sixties are of advanced age, but there are many who are not truly old, as such things are counted nowadays. All of the veterans, on both sides, are gone from this area—at least I know of none now living. I often think and have sometime written of the fact that members of Bailey Post, GAR, and Camp Garnett, UCV, Huntington organizations of about equal strength, comprised the flower of manhood of the town I first knew. This was true of Huntington as well as Guyandotte.

ANOTHER real daughter of the Confederacy is Miss Nell Howes of Fourteenth Street. A retired Cabell teacher, Miss Howes devotes herself to her property and to the historical societies of which she is a member. She was born near Milton. Her mother was a Rece.

HAVING returned with Mrs. Klumpp from Florida, Dr. James S Klumpp vows he sent me a postcard from Hollywood. I didn't get the card. The letters he sent from the Navy when he was Captain Klumpp, looking for ham on home visits, got here all right. In Florida, he didn't eat ham, but fed sumptuously on fish.

MRS. MILTON Mann of Charlotte, N. C., is here because of the illness of her father, Ed. F. Meyerson, now recuperating at his Hotel Frederick apartment after a cataract operation and asserting he can see out of an eye which had been useless for 40 years.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

IN 1903, John I. Harvey bought and occupied a newly completed house at 1337 Sixth Avenue. No other family has lived at that address. After the death of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, the home continued to be that of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jack and Miss Lewis Harvey. In recent years the residents there have been Mrs. Jack, Miss Harvey and Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Hoffman and their daughters, Joyce, Lynn and Sarah. Mrs. Hoffman is the former Miss Margaret Lynn Jack. Currently, the household is contemplating an early removal to 440 Tenth Avenue, to a house they have contracted to buy. The Harvey home has been sold to Mr. and Mrs. James L. Templeton, Jr., who expect to move thither from the opposite side of Sixth Avenue.

WIATT SMITH

GOLFING operatives report that a new system has been inaugurated at the Guyan Country Club. Under this system, caddies are classified and there are bronze badges for the 10 honor caddies. Jimmy Richardson, one of the honor caddies, was assigned to a foursome which teed off Tuesday, serving Chester Holsomback. All went along as usual until the thirteenth hole, where Mr. Holsomback blew up. Discouraged by his own performance, he changed places with Jimmy Richardson, who finished the course in style, while Mr. Holsomback chased and washed balls, held flags, and carried the clubs, demonstrating, as he explained, that while he wasn't up to his golf game, he still was good enough to be an honor caddy.

CHILDISH memories include occasional hours on the lawn and in the orchard at Lamartime, the L. H. Burks place at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street. That had been the home of John Laidley, co-founder of Marshall College and well-known citizen of Cabell County in the years before the Civil War. Mrs. Burks was John Laidley's daughter. These things have been recalled by the death of Miss Mary Clark Burks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Burks, who was buried yesterday. I had known her always. She was a musician, a clubwoman, and, after suffrage, a political leader, in herself and by her own right one of the most prominent persons in Huntington.

WAYNE DAMRON wrote recently asking about a mysterious blimp which crashed near Point Pleasant and left no trace. Mr. Damron had heard of the incident in Amazing Stories. At the time, I could find no confirmation, but later there came a letter from R. H. Ruddell at Gallipolis, who assured me that the story was true as reported. He even supplied names of witnesses, and I've intended to pass them along but couldn't because I'd misplaced the letter. No one ever knew who was in the blimp. The passengers bailed out and disappeared, as did their balloon.

T. SELDEN JONES is ill at his home on Twelfth Street, following what physicians

Your Friends And Mine
by Wiatt Smith

ECHOES of the inquiry about the bell at Beulah Baptist Church on Ohio Route 7 in Rome Township persist. W. W. Sprouse of Chesapeake, O., writes to say he has been an interested reader of this column many months and that he was especially interested in the paragraphs on October 27 concerning the then approaching celebration of the 106th anniversary of Beulah Church. Ordinarily, he says, not interested in church bells, Mr. Sprouse supports the contention of his old friend Colonel B. F. Forgey of The Ashland Independent that the bell came from some wrecked river packet. As an authority, he quotes his father-in-law, the late Roswell Gardner, who was born on the Gardner farm in 1828, nine years before Beulah Church was built. Mr. Gardner said "When I was a boy, nine or 10 years old, I remember seeing a steamboat burn here at our landing. The boat was the Kentucky. She burned to the water's edge and the hull sank in the river."

WIATT SMITH

"BEULAH was the first church bell I ever heard, and I am no spring chicken myself," writes Mr. Sprouse, who continues: . . . "As to the wreck of the Kentucky there can be no doubt, for in the late Summer of 1912, I think it was, I saw at what had been the Gardner landing the bottom of the old boat. I salvaged a number of planks from the hull and took them home and used them about the barn. They were of white oak, 12 inches wide, two inches thick, and from 25 to 42 feet long, all free of knots. They had been lying there fully 75 years. The wash of the river had kept the planks clean of sand or gravel. The old bottom is now permanently under several feet of water because of the dams which have been built since 1912."

"THE Doctor McDowell mentioned," continues Mr. Sprouse, "was R. M. P. McDowell, M. D., who was born at Chambersburg, Pa., October 6, 1799, and died on his farm, now owned by the Gardner sisters, in 1869 . . . He was our family physician for many years before his death. I do not remember him myself, but I have been told that he was a tall slender man, rather quiet and sedate and duly impressed with the importance and dignity of his calling. I will relate one illustrative anecdote of the good doctor. Old Aunt Mercy Pritchard, an impulsive, fussy little woman, who was trying to raise a calf by hand, saw Dr. McDowell jogging down the road on his way to Proctorville. Aunt Mercy lived 75 yards up the road and had to hurry. She rushed from the house, throwing up her hands and shouting: 'Oh Doctah! Oh Doctah!' Dr. McDowell saw her and stopped and waited. She arrived out of breath but finally managed to say 'Oh Doctah, will buttah milk hahm a cawf?' The physician gave her one look and saying, 'Madam, I am no cawf doctah,' touched his horse with the whip and drove on."

ON THE original list of the charter members of Beulah Church I found one name of which I was uncertain. It appeared here as Henscal. "This," Mr. Sprouse informs me, "was the Rev. James Haskell, who for many years lived in Rome Township. It seems that he was a resident preacher in that locality and officiated at a great many weddings. In looking up the marriage records of some of my own people, I found that he had married a relative of mine to someone else as early as 1824, and that the last ceremony he performed for one of my kin was in 1857. From 1824 to 1858 he officiated at 14 weddings in which members of our family were among the high contracting parties. I think it was for him or his forebears that the village of Haskellville was named. I have no remembrance of him."

Your Friends And Mine by Wiatt Smith

IN GUYANDOTTE annals the Acrobats are known as the town's greatest baseball club. Yet on July 6, 1869, the Acrobats were beaten by the Eurekas, obviously another Guyandotte organization. F. B. Lambert, the historian, somewhere in his browsing came upon the story of this game. Mr. Lambert learned the names of the players and of the winning team—but not the score. Players for the Eurekas were Newton Keenan, Pete Baker, Ed Butcher, Taylor Wellington, E. Ong, H. W. Stewart, D. I. Smith, H. C. Lecky and Spence Lecky. Members of the Acrobats participating in that game so long ago were G. R. Blankenship, Frank Flowers, Ed Douthitt, George Scheneberg, Bert Ong, Cale Dusenberry, Charley Scott, Ed Stewart and Ed Hite. Never before had I heard that D. I. Smith and Z. T. Wellington, brothers-in-law, had been crack ball players in their youth. The same can be said of Hamilton W. Stewart. The athletic fame of some of the Acrobats has come down. I knew many of the players on both teams. Ed Hite of the Acrobats was a brother of William F. Hite. He rose to distinction in the Methodist ministry.

WIATT SMITH

SURMISE is that this game was played on the field under the river bank between the suspension bridge and the Ohio River. Baseball matches were held there long ago, but never in my time. From my earliest recollection Charles H. Summerson used that area as a cornfield, growing thriving crops on the rich silt left by the river which every year inundated that land not once, but many times.

THERE continues to be much interest in sporting events. Times have changed, but the minds of men have not. Operatives tell me some 75 persons have engaged tickets for the Marshall College-Catawba football game which is to be played in the Tangerine Bowl at Orlando, Fla., on New Year's Day. Identity of these ticket buyers is supposed to be a secret. On the day of the Tangerine Bowl game, Marshall College basketball players will be matched against a crack outfit on the Pacific Coast.

FOLLOWING surgery, H. A. Resener, a patient at St. Mary's Hospital, is making good progress toward recovery. . . . Also at St. Mary's, getting well, is Mrs. J. B. Rich, Sr. Mrs. Rich got a broken hip in a revolving door accident at Pittsburgh several weeks ago. After a stay in a hospital there, she came home to Huntington and is now able to get into a wheel chair at intervals. Her son, J. B. Rich, told me when I dropped into his home, Twin Pines, Sunday, that his mother would soon be walking. The Burke Rich place is far out on the road to Scottown. You must pass through Shaffertown to get there. It's a model farm, worth a much longer journey to see. . . . Mrs. Rich and the young ladies were at church when we arrived. Burke was finishing his breakfast. I'm not, in fact, sure he did finish eating . . . Driving over there, one is impressed by the thought of how much there is to see and appreciate within a short distance from Huntington. It isn't necessary to drive to California to get eye-filling views. These may be found, with little effort, on either side of the Ohio.

ton is serene and business goes along much as usual though the Ohio is higher than it has been since 1937. There is general confidence in the flood control system and thus far this confidence has not been misplaced. I do not think it will prove to have been. Meanwhile, sightseers are having their difficulties about getting satisfactory views of the water. The river is visible from sections of Highlawn and I hear some of the residents there have been annoyed by trespassers who have damaged lawns and gardens in their anxiety to look at the flood. Hundreds have visited the levees and many, no doubt, have crossed the bridge to see the tide from the Ohio side.

WIATT SMITH

4-17-48

FLOODS are serious, but a flood is fun, especially if you are young and gay. There are many stories of the high waters of the past. I grew up on stories of the flood of 1884. That must have been a disastrous experience all along the valley. Veterans of the flood of '84 were condescending to those of us who remembered only lesser tides. And they were indignant when the flood of 1913 passed the crest of 1884 and left them less to talk about. I recall stories of the flood of 1884, perhaps the most entertaining being about the Guyandotte rescue crew which was engaged in moving a Main Street piano. The workers, the householder among them, were wading in the water when the housewife came downstairs with a bottle of liquor which she handed to her husband with the admonition: "You'd better take some of this to keep from getting a cold." Nowise loth, the man took the bottle, uncorked it, took a hearty swig, then wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and passed the recorked bottle to his wife. "Come on boys, let's get out of this!" exclaimed one of the volunteer workers. The crew promptly dropped the piano into the water and took to their boats.

DURING much of the 1913 flood I was a prisoner with others of the family in the second floor of our Main Street home. Our provisions ran out and we were glad to take sandwiches from relief boats. During that flood, a Huntington woman, then living in another valley town, put a ham, some beans and some mush in an old-fashioned fireless cooker with a view to having something to eat when the waters were high. The river rose more than was anticipated and the householders fled to a hotel, first placing the fireless cooker and its contents in the second floor bathtub. Before the waters receded, the man of the house and a group of fellow emergency workers got into the bathroom, then inundated, found the food in the cooker unharmed, and made a royal feast there in the water.

FINALLY came the flood of 1937, a tragedy that took the fun out of high water. Huntington lost millions of dollars worth of property. There was scarcely a house which did not have a ruined piano on the back porch. The flood wall cost a great

EACH week-day morning [illegible] Hagen came to Guyandotte for his mail. He drove a blaze-faced sorrel in a phaeton and was followed, always by a yellow mongrel which, because of a white neck, came by the name of Ring. Judge Hagen stopped for awhile to discuss current events with the town sages and, in Summer, Ring slept under the phaeton during these sessions. Sunday, this program was varied to the extent that Judge Hagen came to Guyandotte to attend services at the Southern Methodist Church. While he worshipped, Ring guarded the phaeton. Judge Hagen, who had a white beard which was permitted to grow underneath his chin only, was a Huntington bank director, a former member of the County Court and had other Huntington connections, but he was always a Guyandotte man. His home, Lombardy Lawn, was on part of the present St. Mary's Hospital property. That had been Buffington land and, I suspect, the Buffingtons may have built the house. He had come here from Wellsburg, W. Va., after being educated at Bethany College, and married Mary Jane Buffington. Mrs. Hagen was the daughter of Colonel William Buffington and was a sister of Peter Cline Buffington, who was the first mayor of Huntington and president of the Bank of Huntington.

WIATT SMITH

JUDGE AND MRS. HAGEN were the paternal grandparents of Will Hagen, officially known as J. W. Hagen, Jr., who now lies dead. I haven't any memory of a time I didn't know Will Hagen. A few years my senior, he was born at the home of his grandfather, the Rev. Calvin Rece, just above Guyandotte on the Barboursville Road. I knew his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Hagen, and still know his mother, who lives on Sixth Avenue. I do not know that Mr. and Mrs. James W. Hagen and their family ever lived in Guyandotte, but I always knew them. Will had three brothers, Kendall, who was about my age, and Bayard, both of them have been dead several years. The youngest son, Julian L. Hagen, who was a Rhodes scholar and practices law in New York City, is here because of Will's death.

AS A YOUNG man Will Hagen was variously employed and he was in Parkersburg working for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co. when Herbert Fitzpatrick sought him out and induced him to come back to Huntington and become chief clerk for the law firm of Enslow, Fitzpatrick & Baker. He held that post 38 years. During that time he saw many changes, including the deaths of Frank B. Enslow, Rawlins M. Baker, Douglass W. Brown, Carey N. Davis and Herbert King. In length of service only Mr. Fitzpatrick was his senior in the offices of Fitzpatrick, Strickling & Marshall. He was a mainstay in the establishment and I suspect he became a rather good lawyer himself, but as to that one could never tell from anything he would say. I often talked with him of old days and old times and he was one of those I counted on to set me straight about the back yonder days. Yesterday, I talked with his mother, who, with the courage that has marked her long life,

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

MANY TIMES in the last fifteen years I have seen the blue platter and the tureen that sit on the dining room mantel at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Bryan of Merrill avenue and known they were Bryan family pieces. But it took Martin Sweeney of Weston, who with Mrs. Sweeney came down to attend the Funeral Directors' convention, to disclose the inside history of these two pieces. Mr. Sweeney, Mrs. Bryan's nephew, stayed at the Bryan home while he attended Marshall College—a good while ago—and he knew what was under the tureen lid. One yellowed bit of script testified that General Joseph Wood, who had been a Major on General Washington's staff, had in 1788 entertained General Washington and the Marquis de La-Fayette at his Trenton, N. J., home, and that the two great Revolutionary leaders had been served corn and beans from this tureen. Tradition is that they also ate wild turkey and venison from the willowware platter.

WIATT SMITH

MR. BRYAN also brought forth a frail appearing rocking chair—frail in appearance only, for it has withstood the wear and tear of many generations. When Joseph Bryan migrated from Trenton to Marietta, O., date not certain, but not later than 1796, his wife, Mr. Bryan's great-grandmother, sat in this rocker during most of the journey over the mountains and down the valley. He became a chief surveyor for the Ohio River Co. and a right-hand man of General Rufus Putnam.

7—1—38

OLD THINGS are not all that is interesting at the Bryan home. The garden, which Mr. Bryan tends with loving care, is a never ceasing wonder. Exhibit No. 1 at this time is a blooming magnolia tree. These trees are supposed to bloom in their seventh year, but this one by the banks of old Guyan did not produce blossoms until this, its ninth summer. One full blown posy was given to Niece Margaret Smith to take home. There is another which should be full-blown today, and other buds coming on. This is only one of the rare plants in the garden behind the comfortable home which soon must give way—garden and all, for the flood wall—the line for which runs right by the Bryan kitchen door.

STRAY DOG Department . . . Miss Virginia Milburn of 419 Sixth street, is sheltering a small female fox terrier, white with one tan ear, which came to her, footsore and weary, yesterday afternoon. Miss Milburn thinks the terrier may have belonged to some convention visitor. It waits its owner at the Milburn home.

SEVERAL years ago—four I think, there was published in this column a letter from a woman in Indiana, a Mrs. Hiatt, who sought to get in touch with her husband's relatives in West Virginia. I had no reaction from the paragraph until yesterday. Then I learned that Mrs. Betty Gibbeaut, who died recently, had answered the letter. She had been a Hiatt of Mason county and the husband of the Indiana widow was her brother. At that time his relatives had had no word of him for fifty years. He had gone west and the belief was he had died of yellow fever during one of the great epidemics. Instead he had married and lived many years in Indiana. Mrs. Gibbeaut went to Indiana to visit the sister-in-law she had never known.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

AFTER 50 years of dental practice, Dr. G. R. (Robert) Jenkins has retired. He quitted his New York City offices and he and Mrs. Jenkins sold their home in Yonkers. Thereafter they bought a house at Bethesda, Md., where they live next door to their daughter. Dr. Jenkins' brother, Albert Gallatin Jenkins II, who is living at Hot Springs, Ark., says Robert hereafter will confine his professional activities to giving dental advice to his own three granddaughters who live beside him. Albert Jenkins, who is not too well, is still able to write crackling paragraphs to his Huntington correspondents and, doubtless, to turn out an occasional poem for The New York Times. His address is 144 Hickory Street, Hot Springs, Ark.

WIATT SMITH

NOT LONG before 1896, I made the acquaintance of Scott Turner, then chief of police. Of course, I remember little about him, but I do recall him as an agreeable person who bought sweet cider from a vendor who stopped in front of my uncle's law office on Ninth Street, and that the cider was good. I think he was the first Huntington policeman I knew. Meanwhile, I have known a great many of them and have found that as a rule they are good fellows and good friends. In the old Guyandotte times, after I started working on The Herald-Dispatch, I sometimes missed the last street car and the police department sent the patrol wagon to take me home. Maybe it happened before I took a night job. I recall that someone asked one of my associates if Wiatt were regular in his habits. 'Well," was the answer, "he usually gets the last car for home." The last car ran at midnight and it was well to get it. The point of this tale is that the police still do me occasional favors. Just the other day a cruiser car stopped at the door and Patrolman Robert Dean came to the porch to report. Harry Flesher had induced him to pause for a manuscript I had failed to get to the newspaper desk.

ON SUNDAY June 11, 1899, the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Co. ran a special baseball excursion train from Huntington to Cincinnati and return. It left Huntington at 5 A. M. Tickets from Huntington, Catlettsburg, Ashland, Russell, Ironton, Greenup, South Portsmouth and Maysville were sold. On other points between Huntington and Cincinnati, Cincinnati-bound tickets were good on Train 17. Return tickets were good only on the special train which left the Fourth Street station at 7 P. M. Time of the special between Huntington and Cincinnati was four hours and 25 minutes. The newspaper notice which I have headlined "cheap rate and fast time." The story did not state the fare, but I think it was $1.50, round trip. Such trips are running now, but the fare is a bit steeper.

H. Ad. Nov. 25, 47.

Your Friends and Mine

by Wiatt Smith

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER (MRS. JACOB) SHEETS of Tenth Street is preparing for a big Thanksgiving week end. The star guest will be tiny Ellen Adair Barret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duane Barret of Cleveland. Mrs. Barret, formerly Miss Anne Neale and Mr. Barret will be there too. Also Mr. and Mrs. Sterrett O. Neale, the grandparents, and others. Ellen Adair Barret was baptized at the First Methodist Church last Spring, thus becoming the fifth generation representative of her families on the rolls of the congregation. The first was her great-great grandfather, the Rev. Calvin H. Lakin, and I'm sure, Mrs. C. H. Lakin must have been a member, too. Mrs. Jacob Sheets represented the second generation, Lessie Sheets Neale the third, Anne Neale Barret the fourth and Ellen Adair Barret the fifth. When I talked to Mrs. Sheets by telephone Sunday morning she was just about to start to church.

WIATT SMITH

CORPORAL JOHN J. (JAKEY) HAMILTON has come home after 18 months in the Army. He plans to enter Marshall College at the beginning of the second semester. Corporal Hamilton is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Hamilton of Holderby Road.

WILBUR O. THOMAS called me the other night for information about early Huntington telephone exchanges. He had been arguing with Chief of Police W. Z. Smith. I told him, and I think I was right, that the first Bell exchange was over the Huntington National Bank in what is now the Appalachian Electric Power Co. building. Lon H. Hutchison was manager. Chief Smith said Mr. Hutchison later was manager for the Huntington Mutual Telephone Co. when it had an exchange upstairs over Joe Helstern's Gem saloon on Third Avenue. He, Chief Smith, was a lineman. I don't remember Mr. Hutchison as Mutual manager. I thought H. E. Mathews ran the business. Chief Smith says Mr. Mathews was secretary-treasurer and Mr. Hutchison manager.

IF MY FACE isn't red, it should be. My feelings have been soothed somewhat by the good nature of Clyde Slater of the city health department. At that, I think Mr. Slater was the victim of an unintentional but somewhat disturbing incident which began Saturday night and ended happily yesterday. As already reported, I attended the Conference Club dinner at the YWCA Saturday night. I enjoyed the dinner and left in good order. It was not until Sunday that I discovered I had somebody else's hat and coat. Yesterday, I inquired and learned that Clyde Slater had lost his coat and bonnet and gone away with those left in their place. There wasn't much to choose between the hats and coats, but Mr. Slater's keys were in his coat and I'm afraid he needed them. Of that he said nothing when he came yesterday morning, after I had called him, to make the exchange.

A piece of sheet music. Ordinarily it would have meant little to me unless I chanced to hear it played and sung, which I did not, interest was compelled by the fact that it was issued by the Hunting Music Publishing Co. of 1735 Twelfth avenue—words and music by Carlos A. Morrison. It seemed well to find out about the Huntington Music Publishing Co., insofar as I knew, a maiden venture in the city. Two visits to 1735 Twelfth avenue proved disappointing, but eventually I found Carlos A. Morrison who is a partner in this unincorporated company with Miss Kathryn Wolford of Chicago. Mr. Morrison, I learned, writes the lyric and the score and Miss Wolford, a musician of some prominence, refines the latter. "For You" is the first number to be published, but there are four or five more on the fire. Each of these is to be a "request" number, as was the first, "written for the girl friend of a boy friend." Titles thus far decided upon are "Blue Eyes," "In the Shadows," and "Love Came Along." 6-20-38

WIATT SMITH

CARLOS A. MORRISON—he's twenty-five years old—is the son of James A. Morrison, farmer and merchant of Winslow on the Sixteenth street road, and Mrs. Oneida Swann Morrison. Winslow used to be a post office but isn't any more. Even when it was a post office more persons knew the location as that of Morrison's store than by the postal name. Carlos Morrison grew up on the farm and attended the country schools. He came into Huntington to attend West Junior High and Huntington High, graduating from the latter in 1931. Thereafter, he experimented somewhat in education, studying first at Marshall where he took important roles in several College Theatre plays, and at Notre Dame University before completing his A.B. degree at West Virginia University in 1936. At Notre Dame he assisted Max Merek as instructor in boxing and it was here, too, he first began dabbling in verse. Of this he has written much which he is saving for publication sometime in the future.

IN THE summer of 1936 he studied at the University of Munich. Meanwhile he has been seeing the world. He has done a turn in the United States Marines, visited and worked in Hollywood and has seen almost all of the United States. This sounds as if he had been a good deal of a butterfly, as indeed he must have, but he has found opportunity from time to time to help his father on the farm and in the store. I was skeptical about that and demanded to see his hands. They bear the marks of honest toil—such callouses as no one ever acquired on the golf course or tennis court. Music and poetry are avocations. Carlos Morrison's ambition and expectation is to become a physician, to which end he expects to enter a German university in the fall. Meanwhile he feels that he has reasonable expectation for the success of the Huntington Music Publishing Co. He has assurance of support from at least one of the big names of Moviedom, hopes for that of others.

"LOOKING at the ceiling twenty-four hours a day" grows tiresome, according to Dr. James S. Klumpp who underwent a spinal column operation in the Jewish hospital at Cincinnati several days ago. Outside of this, he postcards, he is getting along well, and is deeply appreciative of the many messages, cards and letters which he has received from his friends here and elsewhere. The card is signed "Dr. Klumpp, by his nurse."

Your Friends & Mine by Wiatt Smith

SKIPPER, terrier pet of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd E. Worden, did not go on the camping trip of Scout Troop 26 for which Mr. Worden was arranging when he and Mrs. Worden stopped at our house Thursday evening on their way from the Oley School building. They explained that Skipper's camping days were over. Before her wanderings ended, Skipper was a much-traveled little dog. She was the mascot of members of the Seventy-seventh Division when that outfit was in the Solomon Islands. Mr. Worden was with the Red Cross. Skipper had four puppies, barely old enough to be separated from their mother when the Seventy-seventh got orders to move out. The puppies were distributed among men of the division and Lloyd Worden brought Skipper home to Huntington.

WIATT SMITH

WHEN the 24 representatives of Huntington area garden clubs, who had gone to White Sulphur Springs to a convention, were entertained at Lewisburg, Mrs. J. N. Casey of Chesapeake found herself in the car with a Lewisburg woman with a familiar face. Mrs. Casey mentioned this and learned that the other woman was Mrs. Bengt Franke. Mrs. Franke is the former Ellen Wigal of Guyandotte. Mrs. Casey was Marie Richey, also of Guyandotte. They were neighbors but hardly chums, since several years separated them. Mrs. Franke is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Wigal; Mrs. Casey's parents were Mr. and Mrs. William C. Richey. The Richey family lived on the corner of Bridge and Buffington Streets; the Wigals on Water Street, a square and a half away. There was, naturally, a Guyandotte reunion there in Lewisburg, where Bengt Franke is a florist. Returning to Huntington Thursday evening, the garden clubbers took up most of a car on a Chesapeake & Ohio train. However, there was at least one other passenger there. Colonel George S. Wallace, returning from Virginia, talked to Mrs. Casey and heard of her meeting with Mrs. Franke. It all led to my calling yesterday Mr. Casey, who is chief car distributor for the Chesapeake & Ohio, and Mrs. Casey, who was reached at her riverside home in Ohio.

MRS. CASEY told me her sisters and my former schoolmate, Mrs. Elizabeth Richey Pritchard, has returned to Huntington from Dayton, O., where she spent the war years. Mrs. Pritchard has two daughters; lost a son in the war. Mrs. Casey has two daughters, Mrs. Bill Steelman of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Mrs. Ted Kluemper of Huntington.

FROM Frank M. Archer of the Superior-Sterling Co. of Bluefield comes an advertising letter issued by Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient in 1885. As Mr. Archer says, Tarrant & Co., a New York concern, established in 1834, may still be in existence, but the advertisement is approaching the antique stage.

Your Friends & Mine by Wiatt Smith

PROBABLY the oldest picture of Guyandotte in existence—certainly, the oldest I have ever seen, is reproduced in the Old Print Portfolio, published by Harry Shaw Newman at 150 Lexington Avenue, at Thirtieth Street, New York, for June and July.

WIATT SMITH

Under the caption "Rare View of the Ohio River in 1821," the Old Print Portfolio describes the picture as "an extremely well painted water color with an appearance that in everyway substantiates its date of 1821." The article continues: "Its title, Big Guyandotte, relates to a West Virginia town opposite the Ohio border. Peint par le marquis de St. Aulaire, and signature, Aulaire 1821, identify it as the work of a French artist of noble birth, Felix-Achille Beaupoil de Saint-Aulaire, born in 1801, a pupil of the Garnerays, and a salon exhibitor of 1827 and 1838, according to Benezit . . . His name, Beaupoil, indicates that he belonged to an ancient French family bearing the titles of marquis and count in several branches. We have been able to find no record of his visit to America in 1821, when as a young man of only 20 years he apparently made a trip to the West on horseback, as a self-portrait of the artist at work on the shore of the Ohio River is included in the picture."

THERE is a paragraph telling of the location of the Guyandotte River and the old town of Guyandotte. It quotes Mrs. Roy Bird Cook, state archivist, as saying Guyandotte was the county seat of Cabell County in 1821. Barboursville was the county seat in that year, but Guyandotte was the county seat originally. The picture title is taken from the river, not the town. No one calls the river Big Guyandotte any more as it was once customary to do to distinguish the Little Guyandotte which is the boundary line between Cabell and Mason counties. Both the river and the town, which had then been incorporated 11 years, are shown.

"THE ARTIST," continues the Portfolio, "must have had his vantage point on the north bank of the Ohio, watching keelboats and rafts going down stream and a river steamer making her way up stream. Here is not only an early steamer of the type of Henry Shreve's Washington, which made its first trip in 1817 and set the pattern of Western river steamer, but its predecessor, the keelboat. There are earlier, crude views of the keelboat, but this is the earliest, expertly drawn presentation known to us. Aulaire executed several lithographs of American subjects in 1832. The present subject apparently was never lithographed and seems to have served simply as a presentation piece to a Madam Ragon, whose identity is unknown to us." This picture, 10¾ by 16¾ inches, in Hogarth frame, is offered for $450.

Your Friends And Mine by Wiatt Smith 6-1-48

ECHO of the clash of Federal and Confederate forces at Guyandotte on November 10, 1861, is found in two newspaper clippings shown me by Mrs. Nellie Johnson, 1402 Third Avenue. These clippings came from a scrapbook, the contents of which had to do with Colonel Kellian V. Whaley, Mrs. Johnson's grandfather; also the grandfather of Mrs. John G. Aten of Point Pleasant. One of the two clippings appears to have come from a Wheeling paper. Headed "The Guyandotte Prisoners to be Released," it says: "Ralph Leete of this place, has the following letter from Hon. K. V. Whaley, the Union Congressman from the Virginia District opposite here. The intelligence it conveys will be joyfully received by many a heart in this county and in the adjoining county . . . 'Washington, D. C., Feb. 2, 1862.—Dear Sir: After months of labor and anxiety, I have the satisfaction of stating to you that I have at last succeeded in effecting a proposition from our Government for the release of the prisoners taken at Guyandotte. A list of names of rebel prisoners, of an equal number, is in the hands of the Commissioners and is now on its way to Richmond. I have no doubt that the exchange will be made and that they will return to their homes and friends.

WIATT SMITH

"'THREE exchanged prisoners, J. H. Windle, Arnold Felix and John Burns of the Ninth Virginia Regiment—the first two of whom were wounded in the fighting at Guyandotte—visited me in this city and remained several days. I procured for them their pay and ration money, as well as transportation tickets home. Will you please give the gratifying intelligence to the friends of the prisoners taken at Guyandotte? Your very obedient servant, K. V. Whaley'."

THAT exchange was not made, as an unknown paper, under heading, "Washington Correspondence," carries another letter from Col. Whaley, saying: "Washington, D. C., March 29, 1862: Friend Drake: As every mail here brings me more or less letters asking when the unfortunate prisoners, taken while fighting under my command at Guyandotte, Va., will be released, I will state in reply that nothing has been left undone by our Government to accomplish this desirable object." He quotes an article from the National Intelligencer of March 28 to show that "it is not in the power of the Government to do more, unless they are exchanged by the rebels." He concludes: "Probably nothing but the advance of our victorious armies will release them."

THE National Intelligencer item tells how the enemy had failed to keep an agreement for the exchange of prisoners, with the result that the Federal Government would thereafter refuse any releases or exchanges. There are to me no familiar names in the clipped articles. I never heard of prisoners taken at Guyandotte save of some 60 civilians which Jenkins' men took with them to Richmond, starting on a forced march up the Guyandotte Valley.

Your Friends And Mine by Wiatt Smith

THERE'S a young man in the Huntington Publishing Co. business who has been, to use a mountain phrase, uncommon civil to me, his courtesy taking the form of helpful acts. This doesn't mean that anybody in the big publishing company plant has failed in courtesy and consideration toward me, but that I was struck by the attitude of this youth who was always ready to help me, even though he had to do it on the run because of the pressure of his own duties. I didn't rightly know his name. Inquiry disclosed him as Lewis Harlow, son of my old friend and column follower, H. H. Harlow. Lewis Harlow's helpful inclinations have not relaxed but it looks as if I shall not long benefit directly from them, as Lewis has been inducted into the Army. He took the oath Monday and, being furloughed until December 20, returned to his circulation department job. He plans to work till the last minute up to his departure for a training center just five days before Christmas. He is a native of Huntington and has had five semesters of engineering at Marshall College.

WIATT SMITH

CAPTAIN ELLIS C. MACE, one of the foremost authorities on Ohio River steamboats, writes from Proctorville, O., to say: "I have investigated the bell at Beulah Baptist Church. I find no positive proof except that it did come off a steamboat. This church was built in 1837. The Petrel was turned over by the wind in 1869, just below Lock 27. She drifted down to just below the mouth of Twelve Pole and there she stuck. One man, Anthony Hister, was drowned. He was buried in the grave at Burlington, O., his home town. A stone at the head of his grave bore this verse:

Remember friends, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I,
As I am now, so you will be,
Prepare for death and follow me.

A passerby wrote under this:

To follow you I'll not consent
Until I find which way you went.

I talked to Clem Bowen. He is the oldest man in Rome township. He told me that he heard when he was a boy that the bell was off a boat that was wrecked near Gardner's Landing and that it was cracked. He had forgotten the name of the boat. I think Mr. Sprouse is very close to where it came from, off the the wreck of the Kentucky. The bell of the J. C. Ossley was placed on Mt. Pisgah Church back of Proctorville, the gift of Captain George W. Bay. Captain Bay also gave a bell to the Methodist Church at Proctorville. I'm rather certain this bell came off the Louise. If this is wrong, someone will correct me."

LOGAN coal operators have given Harlow M. Davin a station wagon as a going away present. Harlow, Chesapeake & Ohio assistant division superintendent, in charge at Logan, hasn't gone yet. His retirement, announced several weeks ago, is expected to take effect about December 31. When he does step down, after long years of devoted service, he plans it is said, to spend the Winter with his daughter, Mrs. John A. Kelly Jr. on the Kelly plantation in Florida.

Pere Marquette President John W. Davin, brother to Harlow, has so far recovered after recent surgery, as to be able to walk about the streets near his Cleveland, O., home. His plans for the Winter include some week in Arizona.

12-1-42

THE HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTING

Your Friends . . . And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

ALL previous stories of soldier looting during the war between the states, so far as I have known, had to do with the victimizing of families out of sympathy with the cause of the losers. It had to be the Logan Wildcats, among whom many of my own people were numbered, who broke the tradition. The story of how these brave and fierce soldiers of the Confederacy bivouaced at the home of Major Lorenzo Hill was told me at the weekend by Mrs. Robert E. Lowe of Stone Branch. Mrs. Lowe, the former Miss Carrie Hill, lives on the 1,000-acre Logan County farm which she inherited from her father, Major Hill. This has been their home during 81 of her 86 years. For the first five years of their married life, Mr. and Mrs. Lowe lived in Logan town. During her girlhood she often stayed at the home of my grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William (Crawley) Smith, long enough, she told me, to attend three schools. She said it was my grandfather's habit to portion the chores among the children. It often fell to her lot and that of my Aunt Delia, subsequently Mrs. George F. Page of Guyandotte, to go up the hollow after the cows. This was a welcome assignment as the route passed a field of ripe watermelon. During such seasons Carrie and Della always regaled themselves at the melon patch.

WIATT SMITH

CARRIE HILL was a very little girl when the Wildcats came to the Hill home. The soldiers occupied all the beds, all the cots and couches it was possible to improvise and slept on the floors in such numbers, Mrs. Lowe remembers, that it was impossible to walk through a room without stepping on one of them. She doesn't remember who was who among the soldier guests. She is rather certain that Uncle Jimmie (James I.) Dingess was among them, is sure that Uncle Dyke Garrett was not. Neither is she positive about Uncle Floyd Butcher who became one of the captains of the Wildcats. Captain Butcher was the father of Mrs. Robert Gunning of Lincoln Place and was the brother of my Grandmother Smith. Before they left the Hill home the Wildcats helped themselves to livestock and such portable household utensils as took their fancy. Noting their tendency to loot, an old slave woman hid the bed clothings and covers in a cane patch. The soldiers suspected her and forced her to divulge the hiding place promising that if she did not they would whip her all over the farm.

DURING the lifetime of my Grandmother Smith Mrs. Lowe was a frequent visitor in Guyandotte, often stopping at our house. She doesn't get down this way often now. She is widowed and all of her children, four out of eight of whom are now living, have gone from the farm. She came for the Thanksgiving weekend to visit her daughter Mrs. Collins, her granddaughter, Mr. and Mrs. Monk (Eloise Collins) Childers, her grandson, Earl Collins and Mrs. Collins and others. She had to walk until Sunday to see Eloise and Monk who are now living at Point Pleasant. Though her hearing and sight are impaired, she called on George Buskirk, a former Logan man, who lives in Huntington and is not very well, on Roxie Butcher Gunning and on me. She came to our house escorted by Mrs. Earl Collins, the former Miss Goldie Salyers, of Catlettsburg. On that memorable visit of the Wildcats Major Lorenzo Hill realized that his guests meant to carry away everything they could. As a personal precaution he hid his wedding suit in the corncrib, but the Wildcats found that and carried it away too. Despite this marauding the Hill home never lost its tradition of hospitality. A tradition which persisted during the many years the farm was known as the Lowe place and I have often heard lumbermen and railway prospectors tell of the wonderful entertainment they received at the home of Uncle Bob Lowe.

WALTER REED telephoned that the Big Bend of the Guyandotte River extended from McConnell to the mouth of Rum Creek, a distance of six miles. I surrender. Are there any straight places in the stream?

"EVEN though," writes a Logan County operative, "you have promised to suspend culinary activities in your column, perhaps you and Dr. Vest would like the recipe for 'Injun batter.' Here 'tis. Sift and mix together two-thirds quart corn meal, one-third quart of flour, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, two heaping teaspoonsful of baking powder, and a half teaspoonful of salt. Add two beaten eggs and one pint of milk. Beat into a smooth batter. Brown nicely on a very hot griddle. Serve with syrup. . . . After reading your column for Thursday, February 10, I started looking through an old cookbook of my mother's. The recipe was finally found in the Home Comfort Range cookbook, distributed to purchasers of the Home Comfort Range, a huge coal or wood burning cooking stove. It was published about 1900."

PAUL STEVENSON, being treated for burns at Memorial Hospital, is improving steadily and physicians foresee his restoration to health.

CEREDO is to have a golf course. Another Henry J. Stark enterprise, this nine-hole course is to be known as Wayside and will open tomorrow. In a field close to the Green Gables cabins, it has natural hazards and all that it takes to make a playground for golfers. There will be both membership and public patronage provisions.

NEW YEAR'S DAY had a special significance at Ashland's city hall. The old administration and the city manager form of government passed with 1939. Yesterday Mayor Henry D. Shanklin and the new council were getting things ready for business. As is always true on such occasions there was a mingling of pleasure and pain. Happiest person I saw was Miss Mae Smallridge who has been in the city clerk's office and is now to serve as city stenographer. There were 18 votes to be cast on the motion so to employ her and she got every one of them, a fact rightfully entitling her to enter her nineteenth year of service to the government of Ashland with her face wreathed in smiles.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

LIVING in Red Bluff, Calif., Mrs. Harry Turner often recalls her youthful days in Guyandotte, her memories even including the years of the Civil War. She was Miss Nela Hurd. Her daughter, Mrs. Ruth Hurd Shearer, 1042 Walnut Street, Red Bluff, Calif., writes to refer to a paragraph in the column of March 5 concerning the robbery of the Bank of Huntington by the James gang in 1875. She says "at that time my mother was living on Guyan Street in a house owned by Captain Price almost opposite the LaToole place. She was in her living room sitting by an open window when she heard horsemen approaching. As they came into sight there were six or eight men riding on bay horses, two abreast. The men were dressed alike, wearing long linen dusters and gray hats. They held the reins with their left hands, leaving their right hands free. She watched them as far as the Carroll place. My mother would like to know if you are the grandson of an Albert Smith who married a Miss Wiatt"

WIATT SMITH

. . I am not the grandson but rather the son of Albert E. Smith and Sally Wiatt.

YESTERDAY George W. Savage of Salt Rock was buried in the Baylous Cemetery. Mr. Savage was a native of Virginia but had lived here many years. He was, as I often heard and believe, a direct descendent of Captain John Savage, French and Indian War veteran from whom the Savage grant takes its name. Mr. Savage when in his eighties used to make occasional visits to Huntington to bring sausage or honey to his friends. His father was Talmadge Savage, for whom his own son is named. Inquiries into the Savage grant land a number of years ago disclosed that certain of the records of Cabell County were destroyed during the Civil War, according to Azel McCurdy, Sr., formerly a deputy county clerk.

NOT even yesterday's persistent rain was sufficient to dampen the enthusiasm about Huntington of Mrs. J. J. P. O'Brien of Wheeling and Mrs. Raymond Duffy of Boston, who are guests at the Hotel Frederick. Mrs. O'Brien is the mother of Mrs. J. D. Whelan, whose husband is a physician at St. Mary's Hospital. Mrs. Duffy, wife of a Boston psychiatrist, is the former Miss Marie Owens. Mrs. O'Brien and Mrs. Duffy came to Huntington for a visit, accompanying Mrs. Whelan, who had been sojourning in her native city of Wheeling.

BAMBI, a little brown pup, will shortly be brought to Huntington by Granville Newman, Jr. Granville is visiting at Covington with his uncle and aunt, Sergeant and Mrs. Carl W. White. Sergeant White is on recruiting duty in that Kentucky city. Granville hopes Bambi will get along with his other dog, Scotty. Scotty was lost some time ago and this column helped to find him.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

When, as a young man, Charles R. Carder came to Huntington to work in the Huntington National Bank, he lived two years at the home of his kinsman, James K. Oney, and Mrs. Oney at Third Avenue and Thirteenth Street. At the end of this period, Mr. Carder went to live at the home of Mrs. Martha Chambers, where he shared a room with her son and his fellow-bank worker, F. Pierce Chambers. The boys were friends and frequent companions but each, it appears, kept his own secrets. This developed one day when Mr. Carder told Mr. Chambers that he, Charley, would on October 15, 1913, marry Miss Elizabeth Baum — and that he would like to have Pierce as his best man. Pierce Chambers smiled and said he would like nothing better except to carry out his own arrangement to marry Miss Leonora Newlon at Sutton on the same day and hour. Both weddings took place as scheduled and the Chambers family and the Carder family have always been close and intimate friends.

THESE THINGS WERE recalled when Mr. and Mrs. F. Pierce Chambers were called from Ravenswood, where Mr. Chambers is cashier of the Jackson County Bank, because of the death of his brother, Dr. Virgil L. Chambers, beloved Huntington physician. Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, former residents, have many friends in Huntington. Their eldest son, Paul Chambers, practices law in Logan. He came to Huntington to attend his uncle's funeral. Also expected was his brother, Dr. John P. Chambers, resident physician in a Cleveland, O., hospital. Miss Margaret Anne Chambers, the only daughter, is a teacher at Johns Hopkins. Tom, the youngest son, is studying law. Also here for the funeral of Dr. Chambers yesterday were his sister and brother-in-law, the former Miss Estelle Chambers, and her husband Dave C. Eatson, who live in Pennsylvania. Mrs. James E. King, the former Miss Princess Turner, came from Richmond, Va., for her nephew's rites. Another aunt, Mrs. Virginia Mankin of Washington, D. C., and an uncle, Dr. John Roscoe Turner, former president of West Virginia University, who lives at San Diego, Calif., were unable to be here.

HUNTINGTON POST 16, American Legion, the Army Mothers, the Gold Star Mothers, the Navy Mothers, the Disabled American Veterans and American Legion Post 99, of Westmoreland, are selling tickets for the moving picture of Ernie Pyle's Story of G. I. Joe, to be shown at the Palace theatre December 10-14. Through the courtesy of the Palace management these veterans' organizations receive a generous share of the proceeds of the advance sale. This advance sale ends December 7, and Mrs. D. G. Hughes urges purchase of tickets from some friend or neighbor before that date. Mrs. Hughes, general chairman of the co-ordinating committee, says the proceeds of the ticket sale will be used by each organization right here in Huntington for hospital or welfare work with veterans who need help.

RETURNING FROM A HUNT in his native Morgan county, the Rev. Charles W. Ambrose, pastor of the Ninth Avenue Methodist Church, brought a 10-point buck which had fallen before his rifle. Experts estimated that the buck was 16-years old.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

General John Hunt Oley, a native of Utica, N. Y., and a veteran of the Union Army, was one of the early residents of Huntington. He was an agent of the Central Land Co., and must have come here at the very beginning of the city. From the first organization of Huntington's government until his death in 1888 he served as city recorder and ex-officio secretary of the Board of Education. During those years the City Council was also the school board. General Oley was a leading citizen, taking part in almost every civic enterprise, and there has been no Huntingtonian held in more general regard than he was. He was one of the organizers of Trinity Episcopal Church, and is said to have provided a choirmaster for that organization at his own expense. After he died, at the home of Colonel D. W. Emmons, there was great mourning, and there are those who still talk of his military funeral. His grave in Spring Hill Cemetery is marked by a monument provided by public subscription. This subscription was headed by Collis P. Huntington.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER Gen. Oley's death, Huntington built its first high school at Fifth Avenue and Thirteenth Street, and it was called Oley High School. That structure end of the square was, like Oley Elementary School. The entire Fifth Avenue square is now covered by buildings which house Oley Elementary and Oley Junior High School. The junior high school building at the east end of the square was like Oley Elementary School building, erected as a high school. It served as the high school during the years before the high school on Eighth street was built. At one time there was a third school on this square, standing in the center. It was the John A. Jones building, named for a music dealer who was for many years a member of the Board of Education. Jones school burned, and the Oley buildings were combined. Just now work is beginning on a new addition to Oley Junior High School. The plan is to replace the historic gymnasium and to bring the rest rooms from the basement to the first floor.

BEFORE THE HIGH school was erected at the corner of 14th Street, the Oley building at Thirteenth street stood alone on that square. Most if not al. of the ground between Marshall College and Fourteenth street, and along Fifth Avenue was in commons over which Marshall students walked on their way to town. I have seen a picture of Oley School surrounded by a fence, but in those days virtually all property was fenced. There was a bell in Oley tower and I remember seeing it swing to and fro at what must have been noon time. What became of that bell I have no idea.

P. A. LILLIE of Cloverdale, Ind., now more than 80 years old, used to come to Huntington to visit his son, the late Dr. James L. Lillie. On one such an occasion W. T. Chambers and I went to Dr. Lillie's office where Bill took a picture of Mr. Lillie. The photograph turned out well and Dr. Lillie had a framed copy in his office. We talked about it when I last visited Dr. Lillie.

Dec. 9, 1949.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

Time was when every well-regulated family had at least one photograph album. Such albums were plush-bound, metal - clasped volumes with receptacles on each page for photographs. In such albums were kept pictures of all the kin and many of the friends. The family album got to be a national joke and was, I think, laughed out of vogue. Doubtless there are many of these albums in existence and, for all I know, the old time album may have its modern successor, though whatever devices may be used today they are not in such general employment as the plush album of the nineties. It would be entertaining to pore over such an album—to note the bearded men, the handle bar moustaches, the bustles, the muttonleg sleeves, the old-fashioned hats and many styles which were fetching then but seem ridiculous now.

IT IS SAD BUT TRUE that liknesses which were valued a generation or two ago are little appreciated today, and that when one is wanted it is likely to be difficult to come by. Lately, from widely differing sources, I have had inquiries as to photographs of Major W. H. Banks and Timothy S. Scanlon. Both were important men in the life of Huntington and neither was averse to having his picture taken or displayed. If I were looking seriously for a picture of Major Banks, my first port of call would be the Proctor studio. Moreover, I think there are members of the Banks family living in Huntington. I would be more puzzled as to where to look for a picture of Uncle Tim Scanlon. Mr. Scanlon, shoe merchant, state senator, City commissioner, state road commissioner and paving contractor, who smoked a corn cob pipe and was always ready to make a speech, left no living descendants that I know of. He left many pictures and it ought not to be hard to find one.

SPEAKING OF finding things, Ira (Dad) Owen of the Owen Clinic, is looking for a black or dark wig. The late Mrs. Jim Brackman had a theatrical properties stock, pieces of which she rented to amateurs. Whether or not that was preserved, I can't say. Otherwise, I have no idea of where to look for a wig. Nobody that I know of makes wigs anymore and few if any wear them. Dad Owen is looking for a dark wig to wear at a show in which he is to take part at the Owen Clinic on December 18.

GETTING BACK TO pictures, the discussion recalls the days when likenesses of baseball stars were distributed, one in each five cent package of a popular cigarette. Kids collected them and traded among themselves, thus disposing of which they called "duplickets," accented the second paragraph of duplicates. Other cigarette manufacturers dispensed pictures of well-known actresses — and youngsters traded in these, too.

THE HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNT

4-23-42

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

OSCAR MATHER was a tailor at Barboursville during and perhaps before the war of secession. After the war ended he was postmaster at Barboursville and following that service he bought a farm on the Guyandotte River and went to live there. As a very, very old man, he lived in Guyandotte and, I think, died there, well along in the nineties. I remember him as a frail man with a white beard. Rufus Switzer recalls how in his own boyhood he went with his mother from Howells Mill to Barboursville to have Oscar Mather make him a suit of clothes from cloth of Mrs. Switzer's own weaving. Mr. Switzer told me of this yesterday when I went to his home to get information about the Harry Mather concerning whom Theodore Laidley of San Bernardino, Calif., had inquired. The Hal Mather Mr. Switzer remembered went to St. Louis years ago and, according to report died there. But Mr. Switzer, who was on terms of close friendship with this Mr. Mather, thinks he must have been the brother, rather than the son of Dr. V. W. Mather, who in his turn was a son of Oscar Mather.

WIATT SMITH

BUT Mrs. W. M. (Maude Mather) Brumfield postcards to say, "In answer to Theodore Laidley's inquiry, the last I heard of my Cousin Harry Mather he was practicing medicine in Kansas City, Mo . . . address 3810 Harrison Street. His sister is Mrs. J. P. Sprague, 6101 Brookside Boulevard. His father, Dr. V. W. Mather, now dead, lived at 2657 Independent Boulevard. I have not heard of them for several years." This doubtless will enable Mr. Laidley to find the answer to the question about his old friend. Meanwhile, Mr. Switzer, now in his eighty-seventh year, was moved to inquire as to a Laidley brother and sister, Mary and Charley, who attended Marshall College with him in 1875-76. Mrs. Greenwade said these were the children of John Laidley II who lived on the Guyandotte River and whose family went West after his death. The son is dead. The daughter, Mary Laidley Chewning is living in California where she and her cousin Mrs. W. B. Wilson of Huntington, often meet during the Winter months. Theodore Laidley, Mrs. Greenwade told me, was the son of Dr. Mordecai Laidley. The latter was one of several Guyandotte men who went to Texas after the fall of the Confederacy. His wife who had been a Miss Beall of Shepherdstown, died in Texas when their son and daughter were young. After this the children came to West Virginia, Theodore to live with his Uncle George Laidley on Third Avenue, Helen with W. S. (Sid) Laidley in Charleston.

IN NEW YORK CITY a few days ago, Dr. Oscar B. Biern found himself in the vicinity of the 168th Street Branch of the New York Health department. As Health director of Huntington, he thought it would be well for him to make a call there and see what he might be able to learn. Inside, he asked for health education information and was directed to Mrs. Mitchell in the health education department. There he was greeted by a personable colored woman who addressed him forthwith as Dr. Biern and said she was Mrs. Mitchell. He was puzzled as to her identification of him until she explained that she was acquainted in Huntington. He did not get her first name, but I learned from Mrs. Emma Wroute Johnson that she is Mrs. Hallie Mitchell, widow of Charles Mitchell who for years was business manager of West Virginia State College at Institute. She never lived in Huntington but spent some of her Summer vacations here. Her husband left Institute to become minister to Liberia, subsequently returning to be chairman of the Negro division of the Republican National Committee. He died in New York. Mrs. Mitchell told Dr. Biern that very soon one of the New York department's best lecturers would appear in Huntington. Dr. Biern asked whom this would be and answer was, "Mrs. Gertrude Mudge." And to this Dr. Biern replied, "The last time I saw Mrs. Mudge she was a guest in my home." Many will recognize the lecturer as Mrs. W. A. Mudge, until a few years ago a resident here.

IN THE back yonder days every man carried a coin purse. This was in addition to his wallet, if any. A valued operative has called attention to the fact that the purse has long been out of vogue, though one is still occasionally to be seen. Judge H. C. Warth carries one, as does also Julius Broh. Mr. Broh, by the way, and Mrs. Broh are home from Hollywood which they visited after an ocean voyage through the Panama canal. Also, I used to hear that if a man carried a purse and was careful of his change he was reasonably certain to be accumulative otherwise. It used to be true that almost every fellow carried a good-sized pocket knife, too, often used to cut judicious chunks from pieces of plug tobacco.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

ECHO of the clash of Federal and Confederate forces at Guyandotte on November 10, 1861, is found in two newspaper clippings shown me by Mrs. Nellie Johnson, 1402 Third Avenue. These clippings came from a scrapbook, the contents of which had to do with Colonel Kellian V. Whaley, Mrs. Johnson's grandfather; also the grandfather of Mrs. John G. Aten of Point Pleasant. One of the two clippings appears to have come from a Wheeling paper. Headed "The Guyandotte Prisoners to be Released," it says: "Ralph Leete, of this place, has the following letter from Hon. K. V. Whaley, the Union Congressman from the Virginia District opposite here. The intelligence it conveys will be joyfully received by many a heart in this county and in the adjoining county . . . 'Washington, D. C., Feb. 2, 1862.—Dear Sir: After months of labor and anxiety, I have the satisfaction of stating to you that I have at last succeeded in effecting a proposition from our Government for the release of the prisoners taken at Guyandotte. A list of names of rebel prisoners, of an equal number, is in the hands of the Commissioners and is now on its way to Richmond. I have no doubt that the exchange will be made and that they will return to their homes and friends.

WIATT SMITH

"'THREE exchanged prisoners, J. H. Windle, Arnold Felix and John Burns of the Ninth Virginia Regiment—the first two of whom were wounded in the fighting at Guyandotte—visited me in this city and remained several days. I procured for them their pay and ration money, as well as transportation tickets home. Will you please give the gratifying intelligence to the friends of the prisoners taken at Guyandotte? Your very obedient servant, K. V. Whaley'."

THAT exchange was not made, as an unknown paper, under heading, "Washington Correspondence," carries another letter from Col. Whaley, saying: "Washington, D. C., March 29, 1862: Friend Drake: As every mail here brings me more or less letters asking when the unfortunate prisoners, taken while fighting under my command at Guyandotte, Va., will be released, I will state in reply that nothing has been left undone by our Government to accomplish this desirable object." He quotes an article from the National Intelligencer of March 28 to show that "it is not in the power of the Government to do more, unless they are exchanged by the rebels." He concludes: "Probably nothing but the advance of our victorious armies will release them."

THE National Intelligencer item tells how the enemy had failed to keep an agreement for the exchange of prisoners, with the result that the Federal Government would thereafter refuse any releases or exchanges. There are to me no familiar names in the clipped articles. I never heard of prisoners taken at Guyandotte save of some 60 civilians which Jenkins' men took with them to Richmond, starting on a forced march up the Guyandotte Valley.

Dec. 23, 47.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

"How did Beech Fork get its name?" a friend asked the other day. I don't know the answer to that one, though I suppose it was that explorers or settlers found the creek lined with beech trees. Perhaps some one else knows. The question suggested another that has long persisted in my mind. This is, why was Pat's Branch so named? Pat's Branch runs into the Guyandotte River and was the southern boundary of old Guyandotte. It is easy to surmise that it was called after some one who lived beside it, but who this was, I have never heard. Presumably, his first name was Pat, short for Patrick, but that's guessing. Indeed, early spellers made it Patt's Branch and I don't know whether or not the extra "t" belongs there. Fact is, I don't know anything about it but I'll tell why Beeck Fork got its name in exchange for information about Pat's Branch. In case you don't know, Beech Fork empties into Twelve Pole at Lavalette. Traditionally, Twelve Pole and Four Pole Creeks were named by surveyors. Contrary to tradition, George Washington was not one of the engineering party. It has been reported, persistently, that he was, but his own records show he was never south of the Kanawha.

COLUMNIST HERB Welch of the Buckhannon Republican-Delta, wrote, in that paper's issue of December 15 . . . "Everyone expected the five-foot-two bundle of enthusiasm to punctuate his remarks with humor while the familiar grin crinkled around the edges. But Jack Tyree, Upshur County 4-H agent, for once was solemn as he addressed an annual 4-H meeting. 'I have the best job in the world,' Jack said — and the conviction both in his voice and his expression was a moving thing . . . A little guy, this Tyree, but one with objectives which are big in the biggest sense . . . A graduate of the college of agriculture of West Virginia University and a holder of a master's degree from Cornell, Jack has refused positions which would be more profitable to him financially. This little guy with the grin has undertaken a program in Upshur County that will require many years, perhaps a lifetime to complete.

"I KNOW FROM personal observation," continues Mr. Welch, "that he was not being facetious when he tossed in the report that he's promised his wife he'll spend one night a week at home next year, adding that he probably won't keep his promise. The 4-H leaders laughed with him on that one but they also knew that it was more truth than fiction. Particularly at this time he is burning the candle at both ends to keep the 4-H flame alive. Jack and the others at the office at the courthouse have added the duties of the county agent to their own. For some reason, Upshur has been without a county agent since the death of Glenn L. Ford four months ago."

RAYMOND V. HUMPHREYS, who sent me a clipping of Herb Welch's West Virginia Whirligig, says: . . . "Jack Tyree is the son of M. M. Tyree, who lives on the Ohio River Road and is an official with the Federal Agriculture Administration with offices in the Cabell County Courthouse. I knew Jack as a little boy and was proud to read the tribute from able Herb Welch."

Dec. 20, 1949.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

As a young man the Rev. W. D. Carroll, now 77 years old and living in retirement at Willada Farm in Lincoln County, taught school. In those times teachers were apt to be itinerant, teaching one year in one community and the next in another. This was the experience of Mr. Carroll, whose schools took him into Mingo and perhaps other neighboring counties. For itinerant teachers and preachers, moving was a recurrent problem. Mr. Carroll and his wife simplified this by building their own furniture, so designed that it could be and was knocked down, or taken to pieces, at the beginning of each migration and out together again at the end of the journey. I never heard of that process before. It was an idea that might have made Mr. Carroll rich, though I'm sure it didn't. Mr. Carroll, who took part in the laying of the cornerstone of the new high school building at Hamlin last week, sent greetings to me by Agricultural Agent W. D. Click and Herald-Dispatch Newsman Harry E. Flesher, who went from Huntington for the event. Mr. Carroll, from whom I used to hear occasionally, reports that he still is a daily reader of Your Friends and Mine.

ONE OF THE SPEAKERS at the cornerstone exercises at Hamlin was Mr. Click, now Cabell agent, but who was in Lincoln first. He was one of those who advocated and promoted the high school which was built at Hamlin 30 years ago and which burned last year. This necessitated the erection of the structure now rising.

LIEUTENANT AND MRS. Tord Malmquist and their young son, Chris, sent their 1949 greeting from Japan, where Lieutenant Malmquist is at an army post. Mrs. Malmquist, who was Betty Klein, writes:. . . "My close neighbor is Mary Hutchinson Wimmer (C. W.'s daughter) and we get together often and talk of Huntington mutual friends. It is certainly nice to have some one from home living here.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS come from Dr. and Mrs. W. Byrd Hunter, 1401 Cadiz, Coral Gables, Fla. Dr. Hunter is a Huntington pediatrician and I don't know whether he has gone to Florida permanently or is just vsiting there. . .Remindful of the Third Avenue days of The Herald-Dispatch is a greeting from Russ, Romayne and Fleta Benedict of Evansville, Ind., where, as the Benedicts remind me, Marie Henson Williams and her husband still live.

I WAS STARTLED to get a card from Charleston from Mrs. Gracie Smith. I thought this might mean that Mrs. Smith had quit her long time job in the offices of Dr. Will E. and Dr. W. R. Neal. Inquiry proved that her absence is temporary, only. She is visiting her daughter Mrs. E. H. Brown, and Mr. Brown there.

Dec. 16, 1949.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

When E. Vernon Carter came from his native Virginia to live and work in Huntington, he had his first abode at the home of his uncle, John M. Hawkins, and Mrs. Hawkins on Sixth Avenue between Ninth and Tenth Streets. Among his early friends was Ed Thornburg, with whom he went one evening to a Southern Methodist social. At that social there were also present Miss Ingaba Burns and Miss Maria Ware, who had accompanied each other. Miss Ingaba Burns and Vernon Carter were introduced. There must have been an instant liking, as they soon began going together. On New Year's Eve they went to a watch party at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church and on that occasion Mr. Carter proposed marriage. He was accepted and on December 18, 1899, the two were married. The wedding was at the Burns home, 1535 Third Avenue, and Dr. W. P. Walker, founder and pastor of the Fifth avenue Baptist Church, officiated. Miss Maria Ware was the bride's only attendant and Auburn Carter stood up with his brother.

SUNDAY, December 18, 1949 will be the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Carter, who live at 1028 Eighth Street. There will be no festivities outside of the immediate family, which is comprised of Mr. and Mrs. Carter, their daughter, Mrs. Charles Bunker, the former Elizabeth Ware Carter, and Mrs. Carter's sister, Miss Elizabeth Burns. Those now living who attended the wedding include Mr. and Mrs. John L. Hawkins, their daughter, Mrs. Harvey C. Taylor, who was Nan Hawkins, a little girl then, and Maria Ware, now Mrs. George Cory Adams of Gray Gables. Auburn Carter, the best man, died many years ago.

NOW CONNECTED with the business department of the Huntington Publishing Co., Vernon Carter has had an active part in the history of the city. He was one of the owners of the Union Transfer & Storage Co., out of which the first taxicab line developed. His associates in the transfer company were J. Marshall Hawkins and A. P. Sharpe. He owned and operated the second Ford agency in Huntington, was the first president of the Lions Club and a charter member of the Guyan Country Club. At present he is an honorary veteran member of the club. I think he must have belonged to earlier country clubs, as he has long been an enthusiastic golfer and still plays when weather and opportunity permit.

THERE IS GREAT stir at St. Mary's Hospital these days over the impending departure for Rome of Mother Christina, Sister Bridgeta and Sister Amalia. These, with six from other convents, will represent North American Pallotine Sisters at the beautification of the Venerable Vincent Palloti, founder of the Pallotine orders of priests, brothers and nuns. St. Mary's is the mother house for the Pallotine Sisterhood in North America. Mother Christina, Sister Bridgeta and Sister Amalia will leave Huntington January 6 or 7 for New York City, whence their ship will depart for

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith 6-17-49

IN HIS column, "Everyday Events," in The El Paso (Texas) Times, W. J. Hooten asknowledges receipt of a clipping from this column, sent to him by C. D. Hampton, Box 305, Dexter, N. M. Mr. Hooten quotes part of the story told by Dr. A. R. MacKenzie, who recalled that a dying woman who was in her nineties had once told him that Jesse James was her nephew and that he was working in her garden at Racine, W. Va., at the time of his supposed death. All this arose when an aged man at Lawton, Okla., was quoted as saying he was Jesse James. After quoting the Dr. MacKenzie paragraph, Mr. Hooten says: . . . "There it is, for whatever it may be worth. It is my opinion that Jesse James was killed by Charles and Robert Ford, as history records." He also quotes the Encyclopedia Americana, which says that the Fords surrendered after the killing, were tried, convicted and sentenced to death, whereupon they were pardoned by the governor. "Perhaps," he says, "I should have known that, but I didn't." Last December, C. D. Hampton, one of the members of the firm of Hampton Bros., went to New Mexico, seeking relief from the asthma which plagued him. He is living at Dexter, and Mrs. Hampton and her sister, Miss Iretne Van, are with him. His health is somewhat improved, I learned from his brother, P. N. B. Hampton, but his activities still are restricted.

WIATT SMITH

LIKE Mr. Hooten, the El Paso columnist, I often fail to know things I should know, or, again like him, perhaps I should know them. This truth was impressed on me when Marion C. Dusenberry of Main Street, telephoned to ask who was the first mayor of Guyandotte. I haven't the remotest idea. Indeed, I have never heard the name of any pre-Civil War mayor of Guyandotte, or if I have I have forgotten it. There must have been many mayors between the incorporation of Guyandotte in 1810 by the state of Virginia and its re-incorporation by the state of West Virginia after 1863. Post war mayors included Julius Freutel, Sanford Scott, Edward A. Smith, D. I. Smith, James Murphy, Albetrt E. Smith, Thomas C. Rogers and O. H. Wells. The question as to the first mayor was raised by Grant Hayes at a late night session on Murphy's corner. Marion Dusenberry was detailed to ask me. I have to pass it along to the Committee of 1,000.

W. S. LAIDLEY in the West Virginia Historical Magazine for October, 1901, said the Savage grant survey ran from Great Sandy Creek, or Great Tatteroy, to Little Sandy, now the Guyandotte, and was then, (December 15, 1772) in the county of Fincastle, afterward, in Montgomery. A Charleston operative, who writes to tell of the article, also quotes Mr. Laidley as follows: "It is said that there was an Indian village where the town of Guyandotte now is when the country was first explored . . . This is improbable, as the surveyors mentioned no such fact. They called the stream which was afterward called Guyandotte, Little Sandy."

6/27/49

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith 6-17-49

THERE was a fox hunt in Huntington on Christmas Day, 1889. There are few to remember that long ago event, but there will be, probably, a few of the readers of this column who recall the episode told of by Miles McCullough of Worthington, O., in a letter now at hand. Mr. McCullough had written me earlier seeking information concerning the graves of his great grandparents, Ephriam and Rachel Thornburg. He notes that I referred to him as the son of "the late Robert McCullough," and says: "The truth is that my father's name was not Robert. He actually was christened Bob. My grandfather, Dr. P. H. McCullough, had an aversion to nicknames. After the christening was over, my grandsire is said to have remarked to a friend: 'Now let me see someone nickname Bob.' So my father's correct name was Bob Clifford McCullough, or as more commonly known in business, Bob C. McCullough."

WIATT SMITH

OF THE fox hunt on Christmas Day, 1889, Mr. McCullough says: . . . "At that time we lived on the outskirts of the town, on Sixth Avenue, almost out to Thirteenth Street. East of us was nothing but Holderby's Grove and a dilapidated school. Sixteenth Street picked its perilous way across the Chesapeake & Ohio tracks, then continued southward as best it could. Christmas Day dawned warm, dark and murky. By 7 A. M. the relatively few Christmas gifts had been examined and the family was at breakfast in the light of the kerosene lamp. While Mother did the breakfast dishes, the small fry, with their treasured supply of firecrackers, hurried out of doors to celebrate Christmas with a bang! But on Christmas 1889, firecrackers were a bitter disappointment. The damp air had done its deadly work and most of the bright red crackers proved dismal duds. They wouldn't even splutter when broken in the middle and touched with a match. So there wasn't much to do but go back into the house and re-inventory the presents.

SOMEHOW, the morning passed, and Mother sounded the call for Christmas dinner. And such a dinner! Nor could the extra-thick mince pies, waiting on the sideboard, be overlooked. The meal passed, with the speed of all such feasts. While it was being dispatched, everyone stopped eating, listened a moment, then laid aside knife and fork and rushed to the front door. On that Christmas Day, Sixth Avenue presented a most unusual sight. Up the middle of the muddy street a nimble fox raced. Back of it a pack of hounds, in full cry, found it heavy going in the mud. Then came the hunters, shouting encouragement to the dogs and the horses, as the latter, fetlock deep in mud, splashed onward. At Sixth Avenue and Thirteenth Street the hunted and the hunters left the muddy thoroughfare. Cutting diagonally across Holderby Grove, fox, baying hounds and shouting horsemen disappeared out Holderby Lane." I don't know, but I suppose the McCullough family returned to the table. And there is no record as to the fate of the fox.

Dec. 8, 1949.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

Best way of relieving the congestion on the Huntington - Chesapeake bridge would be, not by moving the toll house, but by freeing the span, postcards Captain Ellis Mace. This elder statesman of Proctorville is right, but—. George H. Wright, chairman of the Cabell County Bridge Commission, says that at the present rate of revenue, it will be three years before the bridge can be made toll-free. This calculation involved the accumulation of funds sufficient to continue paying interest on bridge bonds which are redeemable in 1965. Meanwhile, there has been no decision as to the suggested toll house removal to the north side of the bridge, but, according to Mr. Wright, the widening of the approach at the Huntington end is a must. Plans for this improvement have been made, blueprints are in hand and, weather permitting, the job will be done in the first quarter of 1950. Congestion and resultant traffic jams are ascribed to inability of big trucks to turn into the bridge from Third Avenue.

MISS DEE LEWIS, R. N., of the Huntington Orthopedic Hospital, has written John Goodno, manager of the Palace Theatre, saying: . . . "After reading Your Friends and Mine I must write to say that I shall be happy to join the party to be held by the Palace Theatre and The Herald-Dispatch. I have been in this country two years and thoroughly enjoy working in American hospitals, especially here at this hospital. I served four years with Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Service during the war. My decision to come to the States to work was hastened by the knowledge that socialized medicine was inevitable in England." Miss Lewis' reference is to the prevue to be held some January evening at the Palace with The Herald-Dispatch cooperating, and to which all persons born in the British Empire are invited.

IMAGINE TWO WOMEN, riding horseback up Third Avenue to Guyandotte, each with a huge sack of wool slung across her horse in front of her sidesaddle! That picture is difficult to comprehend today, but time was when such a sight would have caused no comment. Thomas Luther, now 81 years old, remembers when wool was conveyed thus to Guyandotte from Shoals, Wayne County, where he grew up. Sacks for the wool were made of blankets, according to Mr. Luther, who remembers such an expedition in which his sister, Miss Lizzie Luther, and Mrs. Wylie Hale, then Miss Lyda Brumfield, took part, Miss Luther and Mrs. Hale are living, both being in their eighties. The wool, representing the family crops, was traded for yarn at the mills at Guyandotte.

THOMAS LUTHER also recalls now he and his brother came from Shoals to Huntington, their wagon hauled by two yokes of oxen, used because the mud, both in country and city, was too deep for horses.

. . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

MRS. MARK H. RUSSELL, Sr., Russell Apartments, Williamson, W. Va., is known to many in Huntington as the former Miss Starr Kennett. She writes: "Being a constant reader of your column, I was surprised to see the inquiry about who operated the first livery stable in Huntington. I have been always under the impression that it was my grandfather, L. L. Kennett, and his son, my father, John. They arrived in the early 1870's and bought the land where the Central Fire Station now stands. They operated as Kennett & Son and, after the death of my grandfather, the business was carried on by my father as long as he lived. In 1882 the stable burned. This was the biggest fire Huntington had had up to that time. It burned all of Second and Third avenues between Seventh and Eighth streets. . . . The other Kennett referred to was a cousin of my father, by whom he (Bill Kennett) was employed several years. Bill Kennett and Shorty Taliaferro bought from W. H. Bull the livery stable on Ninth Street then operated by W. H. Bull. Mr. Bull had purchased it from a Mr. (J. W.) Henry. Another early livery firm was comprised of Scott and Jerry Turner who had a stable on Second Avenue between Ninth and Tenth Streets."

WIATT SMITH

F. M. BOON of the post office writes: . . . "I know of one man who lives in Huntington in the house where he was born, and he is more than 50 years old. He is Burnett A. James of 813 Eighth Street. His father, W. O. James, was a cement contractor and lived at the Eighth Street address many years." I well remember W. O. James. He was a client of my Uncle Tom Wiatt and it seems to me he must have had considerable law business. I know he laid many of the early concrete walks in some of which the name of W. O. James is discernible to this day.

ATTORNEY J. B. (Jack) Meeks tells me that Mrs. John B. (Era Garrett) Burgess, was born, lived for some 80 years, and died in the same house at Ardell, Wayne County. She was the mother of Mrs. Charles W. Ferguson of Wayne and, I'm sure, the daughter of the famous mountain preacher, the Rev. Dolliver Garrett. While on the subject of long residential tenure, it occurs to me that Leland Wilson was born in the same Main Street home which he still occupies and has never lived anywhere else. It was the home of his maternal grandfather, Joseph Hysell. Mr. Hysell was widowed and while he was courting the woman who became his second wife he used to stop at our front door every Sunday morning to get me to tie his necktie. Now I have to have someone tie my ties for me.

DEATH of Frank Stevenson revives old memories. Frank, a pal of my brother Tom, used to be at our house a good bit. His father, Charley Stephenson, was the Guyandotte deliveryman, operating a two-mule dray. I liked him a great deal and am annoyed because I cannot remember the names of his mules.

Dec. 7, 1949.

Your Friends & Mine by Wiatt Smith

Although such things were out of her experience, Miss Marjorie Johnson, Maidenhead, England, was assigned at the outbreak of World War II to what the British call land work and we call agriculture. Her job was to milk cows, and she had to learn to do it. During the war she met an American soldier, Herbert Davis. They were married and live, with their 30-month-old daughter, Janet, in Huntington. Mrs. Davis lately returned from a visit to England, coming back on the Queen Elizabeth as a fellow-passenger of Field Marshal Montgomery. Mr. Davis, who works for the Appalachian Power Co., plans to go with Mrs. Davis to the Herald-Dispatch-Palace Theatre prevue party which is to be held in January, at a date to be announced, at 10 P. M. This is the answer to a question several war brides have asked—husbands are invited and expected.

ORIGINALLY ANNOUNCED for a December date, the prevue has been delayed until January for a number of reasons, including the convenience of the guests. The January party will be free to any or all who were born in the British empire, and to the husbands of war brides, too. Mrs. Clinton Thomas, 201 Main Street, was one of those who asked if she could bring her husband. The answer was, "Sure." Mrs. Thomas is the former Miss Mary Rosalene Cavanaugh, 17 Gainsborough Avenue, Stratford, Manchester, Eng. Mr. Thomas, whose home was at Glen Alum, W. Va., was in Britain as a corporal of the Fifteenth Port Battalion. He is now a Marshall student. Mrs. Thomas came to the United States by sea, traveling on a ship, which bore 187 war brides to their new home.

WHILE WORKING in a London hospital, Miss Ivy Bramble met Wayne W. Schwartzholder of Huntington. They were married and live at 145 West Ninth Avenue, and expect to be present at the prevue.

THROUGH MRS. C. R. Reynolds word comes that Mrs. Hattie Hall is critically ill at Bradenton, Fla. Mrs. Hall devoted some years to the care and comfort of her invalid son, R. C. (Clayton) Hall, Lawrence county historian whose weekly articles in The Herald - Advertiser are well remembered.

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT MacGregor of Brunswick, Ga., arrived Wednesday for a 48-hour visit to Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Hereford of Fifth avenue. Mrs. MacGregor is the former Miss Ida Handley of Scott Depot. She is the sister of Mrs. Hereford, who was Sallie Handley.

NEWS COMES OF THE death at Sarasota, Fla., of the Rev. C. L. Nisbet of Orchard Avenue, a Presbyterian minister who had been in virtual retirement several years. . .a good citizen and a worthwhile

Your Friends & Mine by Wiatt Smith

GOLD payments on the Chesapeake & Ohio continued at least as late as 1900. This is revealed by V. E. Beuhring who in that year was working at the railway shops as a machinist apprentice and being paid 50 cents a day. He writes: "The paycar came in and they had lost the combination for opening the safe. I was working on a drill press. The safe, under escort by several policemen, was brought into the shop and we drilled some holes near the lock. Then some laborers with sledge hammers and chisels proceeded to cut the door out. This revealed the stack of gold which looked like a fortune to a boy working for 50 cents a day."

WIATT SMITH

GEORGE W. SAVAGE, who died a few days ago at the age of 92, was the great-grandson of Captain John W. Savage, from whose name the Savage grant derived its name. George W. Savage was the son of George W. Savage, which is contrary to earlier statements made here. The first George W. Savage came to Cabell County from Virginia and married Minerva Peyton, a daughter of Henry Peyton, a Revolutionary soldier who settled in this county after independence was established and lived until about 1850. He was the great-grandfather of Nannie Peyton, now Mrs. F. B. Lambert. Mr. Lambert, a retired teacher who has a vast store of knowledge of Cabell people, testifies that George W. Savage had a comprehensive knowledge of people and families of his part of the county, and, indeed, of all the older generations hereabout. This is borne out by Clyde L. Morrison, who, though 43 years younger than George W. Savage, was an intimate friend. He writes: "Mr. Savage wasn't even feeble. He was a fine specimen of manhood. He was a great idealist and was both interested and interesting. I never met him that he did not have some tale to tell of some new discovery. Thirty years ago we were at dances together. He knew more people than any other person I have ever met. He could tell you the history of every well known family in Cabell County. He and my father were raised together and often I heard him tell of boyish escapades in which they had been engaged. A kindly, friendly man, he loved to have folks call and talk with him. Himself a charming conversationalist and wit, he enjoyed the conversation of others.

"THERE was much of the mimic in this strange man. He had few eccentricities of his own but he liked to make himself the butt of his own jokes. He was at his best when telling of some peculiar quirk of a friend's behavior. No one resented his mimicry as all knew that back of it all lay an inborn sense of tolerant respect for the frailties of all flesh." Much that I learn causes me to regret that I didn't know Mr. Savage better. Not long ago I had some reference to him and Mrs. Savage, the former Miss Lola McCallister.

THOUGH the river is at flood stage, Huntington streets are dry, save for the April rains. The flood control system is working, and when the walls and dikes are keeping the river out the knowledge always gives me a dreamlike sensation. Maurice G. Powers had a similarly dreamy sensation when

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

EARLY yesterday morning Mr. and Mrs. J. Harold Ferguson of Thirteenth Street were awakened by a loud honking. The honking, which was nearby, persisted about 10 minutes. Then it ceased abruptly and was heard no more. Mrs. Ferguson thought it sounded like a goose. She was right. A little later Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson learned that their son-in-law, Lyman Berry, who lives next door, had gone to investigate the noise. He found a wild goose in the Ferguson front yard, making what probably were frantic cries to the flock from which it had been separated. Mr. Berry tried to corner and capture the fowl, but the goose had no notion of being taken prisoner. At the first gesture of the householder the bird took wing and was across the Ohio River in no time at all. Mrs. Ferguson said she hoped the goose would find its flock. At the suggestion that the wanderer might settle down to domestic life in the Buckeye state, she replied that it might alight at the Ferguson Summer place near Athalia.

WIATT SMITH

IT IS READILY deducible that the goose was one of a flock bound northward after a Winter in the South. This is a sign of Spring—the northward flight of the geese—and I hope the birds will find they didn't start too early. Spring signs are everywhere and the vegetation is getting well-started. Mrs. Waitman C. Given and Miss Elizabeth Given find the flowers delightful at their home, 1205 First Street. "We lived 10 years in an apartment and here we are spending as much time out-of-doors as possible," explained Mrs. Given yesterday. When Mr. Given came to Huntington from Cleveland, O., to become president of the First Huntington National Bank, he, Mrs. Given and Miss Given were, in a sense, returning home. They are West Virginians. Mrs. Given, the former Miss Elizabeth McCullough, was born at Hinton and when one year old went to Bluefield, where she grew up. I first knew Mr. Given when he was a Bluefield banker, and saw him often here when he was state banking commissioner. Subsequently I saw him at Cleveland and met Mrs. Given and Miss Given at their home there.

MRS HARVEY ADDISON WOLFE'S letter has recalled early memories to Mrs. Harry Day, 329 Fourth Avenue. Mrs. Day was Miss Ida Bird, daughter of Jane Ann Handley and Hilary Bird. Her parents lived on Big Sixteen, in Mason County. She writes . . . "My mother would take me to Buffalo and we would go to see Miss Etta McCoy; also Harvey Wolfe's father. He had a drug store. He pulled a tooth for me. They did not use dope those days. My father and the Rev. Richard Davis were close friends. Mr. Davis preached at Siloam Baptist Church. He rode a gray horse, named "Fashion." Parson Davis came to Guyandotte and married my father and mother. Fashion was Cousin Fannie Wiatt's horse and lived to be 22 years old. Cousin Fannie was the second wife of Dr. D. W. Dabney and it was at her burial that I first met Mrs. Harry Day.

6/16/48

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

JOSEPH M'CORMICK, who lived in what is now Westmoreland, and later on the 900 block of Fifth Avenue, was a well-known figure in Huntington of his day. I do not remember him, but have often heard of his fashion of wearing boots, with one leg of his pants tucked into a boot leg, the other down over a boot. He was widely known as Uncle Joe McCormick. In recent years I learned from his daughter, Mrs. W. R. (Ella McCormick) Clark, that he resented this general claim to relationship, and that she shared his disapproval. Mr. McCormick passed from this scene long ago, and few remembered that Mrs. Clark was his daughter. She lived in Huntington and continued active until one afternoon last week when she died almost without warning. She was buried Sunday. Mrs. Clark was one of the senior members of the First Methodist Church and as long as she lived was active and interested in its work.

WIATT SMITH

MINNIE (MRS. BORGE) ROSING will leave today with her husband for Copenhagen, Denmark, where she will see his native city and meet his father and other kinspeople for the first time. Minnie thinks maybe she'll get some pointers in Copenhagen as to the management of Borge. She and I have the impression that when he is in Copenhagen, Borge does exactly what his father tells him to do—how and when. In Copenhagen Borge may be just Mr. Rosing's little boy. Here in Huntington he is an executive of the West Virginia Steel & Manufacturing Co., and is likely to preserve the old Danish custom of being the head of the house. Nevertheless, Minnie will look after herself, in Denmark and in West Virginia.

PAGE and Virginia Pitt gave a bon voyage dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Rosing at the Guyan Country Club Saturday evening. I resurrected my soup and fish from the mothproof bag in which it had reposed for six years or such a matter, and, conveyed by the guests of honor, we went to the party. This was a notable affair for me as well as for Mr. and Mrs. Rosing and other participants. The Pitts had put the big pot in the little one and Virginia got many compliments on her cooking. Whether she cooked it or not, the food was good.

THERE was something familiar about a youngish woman who had a starched bow behind her. I had to think before I realized that she was Mrs. William H. Smythe, the former Mary Jane Shofstall. Mary Jane will leave today with her son, Jimmy, via motor, for Denver, Colo., where they will visit her sister, Isabel Cartwright, and Captain Richard Cartwright, USA. As far as Kansas City, Mo., Mrs. Smythe and Jimmy will proceed in a two-automobile caravan. In the other car will be Mrs. Russell Daugherty and her children, Susan and David. In Kansas City, the Daughertys will visit Mrs. Daugherty's sister and brother-in-law, Mrs. Chuck Elliott, the former Miss Gladys Lee Parrish, and Chuck.

Dec. 12, 1949

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

From 1907 through 1909, J. M. Ross, Jr., was chief of police. I remember the period and most of the policemen, but was unable to recall all the names of the pictured force, taken during that period, with the officers grouped on the public library steps. The picture was brought for my inspection by Capt. Thomas Bruce Gilmore of the Fire Department. Capt. Gilmore, who is in command at the South Side station, was named for his father, Thomas Albert (Bert) Gilmore, and his uncle, Bruce Perry. The picture was found among the efects of Bert Gilmore. Bert, snappy in the uniform which he wore as Huntington's first desk sergeant, is prominent in the photograph, as is Lieutenant L. P. Carter. In the front row are K. L. Hamilton, city clerk, Thomas Jefferson Bryan, police judge, Virgil J. Warren, treasurer, and Chief Ross. Also in the group is John Masterson, assistant treasurer.

ALMOST ALL OF those pictured are now among the honored dead. Readily recognizable are Otis (Tom) Harrison, Frank (Paddlefoot) Simpson, Harry (Deacon) Hill, C. C. Clingenpeel, who wasn't a captain then, H. C. (Mooney) Morris and others. There is one grizzled veteran with a mustache, who I am unable to recall. Mr. Ross has one of those pictures and he and Capt. Gilmore plan to put their heads together and see if they can identify all the officers. This was Huntington's last partisan police force, preceding, as it did, the bi-partisan commission which was elected in 1909, with Rufus Switzer as mayor. Then came civil service.

YEARS AGO, THERE were several men who gathered regularly to sit on the stone coping around the tiny public library lawn and discuss the state of the nation. Writing here, I dubbed them the Rock Sitters. These things were brought to mind by a letter from E. F. Weeks, who is perhaps the last of the Rock Sitters. Widowed, Mr. Weeks lives at 422½ Eleventh street, where, he hopes, his friends will visit him. He is recovering from a traffic accident in which he was hurt some weeks ago.

ARRIVING IN Huntington in the early 1880's, John L. Hawkins of Virginia was so fortunate to be introduced at the railway station, to two young and winsome sisters. The girls were Elinore and Mary Beuhring. Yesterday, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Hawkins celebrated their sixty - fifth wedding anniversary. Mrs. Hawkins, known to her family and friends as Daisy, is the same Elinore Beuhring who was at the train that long ago day. Miss Mary Beuhring, now deceased, became Mrs. Davis, the mother of Jack Davis. Another Beuhring sister married J. Marshall Hawkins, brother of John L. Hawkins. After a notable business career in Huntington, John L. Hawkins retired a few years ago.

RECOVERING satisfactorily, my brother, Warren C. Smith, is ill at his home, 1236 Fifth avenue. Callers are not forbidden, but calls are restricted.

Twelvepole Creek near the [illegible] the latter stream wends its way through lands that are so low that any unusual tide in the Ohio River fills these lands with backwater. In pre-flood control days this backwater almost surrounded the town of Ceredo. Jordan's Branch thus swollen with backwater was the scene of one of the early nautical adventures of Captain Henry F. Bruns who on Thursday was nominated by President Roosevelt for the post of rear admiral in the U. S. Navy. This incident was recalled yesterday by Herman T. Gieske, here on vacation from the Charleston Gazette, who was a boyhood playmate and scholastic rival of Henry Bruns. The two boys, then about 12 years old, built a raft and thereupon started cruising on Jordan's Branch. The cruise was highly pleasurable but ended abruptly when the raft came apart and dumped the young navigators into the water. With not too much trouble, they swam to shore, but as they could not choose their landing place they had to wade through much deep mud before reaching dry ground. Although safe, the boys were wet, chilled and apprehensive — apprehensive not of pneumonia but of parental discipline. Hoping to avoid the wrath to come they made straight for the Bruns residence which they entered unseen, and thence to the bathroom where they set about removing the evidence of their mishap. Both serene and confident that they would escape detection.

WIATT SMITH

BUT, alas for such youthful optimism—they had forgotten the muddy shoes and the tracks which led straight to the bathroom door. They were collared and ushered into the stern presence of the future admiral's father, Dr. W. F. Bruns who still practices medicine in Ceredo. If two Guyandotte boys had been taken in such circumstances they would have been flogged but Henry and Herman escaped with a lecture. Memories of that lecture are painful today but Mr. Gieske is of the opinion that its lessons may have been helpful to Henry when in subsequent years he designed ships for the U. S. Navy. The gist of it was—if you're going to build a raft, build one that won't come apart.

IN THE Yankee built town at Ceredo stress was laid upon education and Ceredo high school from which Herman and Henry graduated about 1907 maintained such a high standard that when he was appointed to the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, young Henry Bruns was able to pass the entrance examination with the aid of a little summer tutoring. It must of course be remembered that Henry had been a star student and that his brilliant high school record had been one of the factors influencing Congressman James A. Hughes to give him a Naval academy appointment. However, the school must have been unusually good. Miss Anna Lederer, afterwards a teacher in Charleston, was principal of the high school and G. Otto Gregory was superintendent of Ceredo schools. All of this transpired before the pooling of interests which led to the creation of Ceredo-Kenova high school. Henry Bruns, by the way, was quarterback on the Ceredo high school football team but the best of my information he did not go in for athletics at Annapolis. At high school he was a fencer, too, and once almost put out one of Herman Gieske's eyes when they were fencing and got mad. I knew him first in the days just preceding his entrance to Annapolis. When he often came up from Ceredo to pal around with Herman Gieske and consequently to mingle with the newspaper crowd. Herman Gieske, too, received an appointment to Annapolis but having decided to devote his life to

[illegible] must go for his examina-

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

IN HER recent letter from Buffalo, W. Va., Mrs. Harvey Addison Wolfe recalled that in a column some time ago I referred to a poker for fire. She says: "This house (the J. E. Frazier residence) has five grates. We burn coal, use pokers. Mrs. Alice Surbaugh, originally of Hanging Rock, O., one of our neighbors on Madison Avenue, writes and asks if she may have the privilege of poking the fire. We hope she may visit us while we have a fire to poke. We do not use the five fireplaces, but use two of them. Buffalo hopes to have gas. We do have running water, electricity and a peaceful quiet where we live. The three churches ring their bells on Sunday morning. The Rev. John Martin sponsored the building of the Methodist Church in 1874. The Baptist and Presbyterian churches are older. Of course you have the record of Buffalo Academy. Putnam County is 100 years old. Mr. Wolfe's grandfather, Addison Wolfe, a teacher and one-time county superintendent, was the first coroner of the town of Buffalo."

WIATT SMITH

PUTNAM County has contributed much to Huntington. One of the best known Huntingtonians who originated in Putnam was Dr. Ira Clay Hicks, who is to be buried today. Dr. Hicks was a story-book like character. The oldest son of a large family, he achieved a medical education, graduating at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Baltimore, then practiced a number of years at his native Hurricane before he came to Huntington. Through his inspiration and guidance and his active help, I think, five younger brothers became doctors—three physicians and two dentists. Two of the physicians were Dr. Charles F. Hicks, who practiced medicine and surgery at Welch, except a short time spent in Huntington, and Dr. J. O. Hicks, an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist who located here and soon removed to Victoria, Tex., where he lived and died. Dr. W. D. Hicks was an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist at San Antonio, Tex., and Dr. Earl Hicks practices dentistry at Beaumont, Tex. Dr. O. E. Hicks is a dentist at San Antonio. Dr. Ira Clay Hicks led this useful group into professional life. He lived and worked in Huntington many years. His broad hat, his broad smile and his cigar were familiar. But many were without the knowledge that from the underprivileged who sought his service and advice, he would accept no pay.

CARL EARLEY, FHNB guard and messenger, will on next Sunday present at the City Auditorium his eleventh annual pageant in song. Unlike many of its predecessors, this pageant will not be Carl Earley's own work, but will consist of an assembly of songs which he has selected. The Pageant in Song began in churches, but after a few years became so largely attended that it had to be moved to the City Hall.

FOLLOWING surgery in a Cleveland, O., hospital Monday, Mrs. Flora Smith Johnson was progressing satisfactorily yesterday.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

SETS of photographs of the 1913 flood and the 1937 flood were produced for my edification by Taylor Vinson, who has them in his files. The 1913 pictures were taken by Charles R. Thomas. Those of 1937 were taken from the air by a Charleston cameraman. Both sets are effective and interesting, worth seeing especially while the flood of 1948 was lapping at the Huntington walls and the people of the city, secure in their homes were going about their business and grumbling over such inconveniences as being unable to get in and out of town just as and when they pleased. Those Charleston pictures of the 1937 disaster recalled that Charleston sent generous relief to stricken Huntington—also that soon thereafter Charleston sought to interest the International Nickel Co. in a Charleston site—above flood danger.

WIATT SMITH

AS THE flood wall was being completed, residents were skeptical and when the river came toward the city again, Third Avenue wholesalers took counsel together and decided to move out of their basements. There was water in the elevator pit at the Watts, Ritter & Co. place, but when the delayed pumps at Eleventh Street were put into action, the water disappeared. This year the wholesalers didn't even think of moving out of their basements.

FLOOD troubles for Huntington have been chiefly indirect. For instance, Colonial Motors, Inc., had certain Lincoln cars marooned at Portsmouth. Now that the rivers are dropping the management expects to get the cars here in time for the formal opening Thursday of the new Colonial Motors plant at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street. This new establishment, all equipped with modern gadgets, will sell and service Lincoln and Mercury cars. The principals are three Huntingtonians who were naval officers in World War II—Paul Hardy, Jr., J. C. Rardin, Jr., and Harry Pace. They have an arrangement whereby at least one of them is at the plant during all business hours. This means somebody must get up, and get on the job early in the morning. The boys call it on the dawn patrol.

WATER permitting, Dr. J. Edward Hubbard and Wayne Damron were to start yesterday for Florida, where they will fish and where Dr. Hubbard will go to Ft. Myers to see his 85-year-old father, recently married. The Hubbard-Damron departure was scheduled for Sunday, but had to be postponed because Dr. Hubbard's car was marooned at his Ohio-side home. While the river was up he came to his Huntington offices via skiff and taxicab.

MRS. MARY BRANNEN—Sixty-three years old, who died yesterday noon in her home at Nine Mile, will be buried tomorrow following funeral services at 2 o'clock in the afternoon in the Fairview Church in Mason county, with Rev. William Anderson officiating. Burial will be in the ... family cemetery nearby. Mrs. Brannen is survived by her husband, James Brannen; four daughters, Mrs. Joe Hesson, Lesage; Mrs. Flora Queen, Niles, Mich., Mrs. Elmer Huff, Huntington, and Mrs. Ora Samuels, Barboursville; two sons, W. H. Brannen, Chester, Wyo., and Garland Brannen, Portland, Ore.; three brothers, John, Steve and Harvey Mount, all of Lesage; 16 grandchildren and one great-grandchild. The body will be taken to the residence at Nine Mile this morning from the Heck & Dan... funeral home, Milton, and will re...

4-9-37

YOUR FRIENDS AND MINE

by Wiatt Smith

STANDING together on the south side of Third avenue, in the nine hundred block, Mrs. C. J. Neekamp and I looked across the busy street and tried to remember who occupied what business room when we were young. Harold Faller says I ought not publish the fact that such a handsome and well preserved woman was a school mate of mine, but Mrs. Neekamp, the former Miss Ethel Point of Sixth avenue, now of Ashland, is proud of the fact that she is "a grandmother three times," especially when she hears the truthful statement that she is still easy on the eye. However, the subject really is the location of John A. Jones music store, a center of artistic culture in Huntington through many years. Mrs. Neekamp said she ought to know for she had managed the sheet music department there during three years.

WIATT SMITH

* * *

IN THOSE days it was customary to have a talented pianist to play the new pieces for inquiring customers. And, if there were no customers at hand, there was no harm in having the piano going anyway, on the chance that trade might be attracted. Miss Point was a willing player and as such she established a select, private clientele of loafers—George Bagby, the vocalist, Judge John H. Holt, Simon S. Altizer and others would sit by the hour to hear and discuss the music. Also there was Professor McVey, piano teacher, who had his studio in the rear of the Jones store, gave lessons there and recitals. The room was big and we decided it had subsequently been made into two rooms.

* * *

RECALLING other back yonder interests, Mrs. Neekamp told of a day when she, Miss Nell Pelot and Will and Frank Enslow rode bicycles to the old Vinson home on Piedmont road, there being joined by a number of other Huntington youths and maidens for a picnic and dance, the later at the home of the Misses Gotha in Ceredo. The non-bikers rode the shuttle train down, all came back that way, four wheels resting in the baggage car . . . And what became of Nell Pelot? She is Mrs. Murrell McNeil, neither spelling guaranteed, she lives in California and Mrs. George Barrar of Charleston, nee Zaidee Point of Huntington, talked to her on the telephone one day last year.

* * *

LATE in January, young Miss Paulina Burke put me on notice that I was shortly to be expected to say something here about a Newman Club dance which would be given at St. Joseph's high school gymnasium. The notice never appeared because Old Man River put thumbs down on the dance and then Lent intervened. Now Paulina says plans for the shindig are revived, and it will take place on the evening of April 16, with Howard Jennings' orchestra. The Newman Club is composed of Catholic members of the Marshall College student body.

W coxen, separately and at different hours, landed on me with both feet about the statement that James E. Johnston was one of the partners in the old firm of Laidley & Johnson. I stand corrected . . . it was John L. Johnston, an uncle, I think, of my old and honored friend James E. . . . and Mrs. G. A. Northcott supplies the information that Eli Walton, who wrote the letter published here yesterday, married a sister of her own grandfather, General Wayne McMahon . . . Sol Birke is home from Richmond where he met Mrs. Birke, returning from a winter in the South, and with her visited their son, Billy, otherwise, W. D. Birke, branch manager in Richmond for the Federal Yeast Co. . . . H. Irvin Lusher, of Barboursville and Guyandotte memories, now of 1937 Fourth avenue, is abroad again after pneumonia which threatened seriously at the crisis . . . And Dr. W. D. Hereford is beginning to stir about in the sunshine after influenza that dated from the flood.

Jan. 7, 1944

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

ALTHOUGH she did not attend the social hop which the young men of Huntington gave at Harvey's Opera Hall for the Marshall College class of 1877 in June of that year, Mrs. Elizabeth Tanner of Eighth Street Road "knew all about it." Mrs. Tanner, now 86 years old, is the widow of J. C. Tanner and the daughter of George Toney. She has lived here since the beginnings of the city and she drew on her early settler lore to tell me about some of the members of the committees who managed the Marshall College class hop in 1877. Thomas Deegan, whom she believes to have been a Chesapeake & Ohio man, left Huntington for Pittsburgh and she heard nothing of him thereafter. Dr. S. L. Butler was a dentist and his wife was a Jenkins of Greenbottom. R. A. (Andy) Jack was a brother-in-law of John W. Valentine, whose sister he married. And J. Edgar Poage left Huntington for the West. Mrs. Tanner is not informed on the subject but my information is that he died many years ago.

WIATT SMITH

FRANK P. SLACK, of Huntington and Cypress Manor greeted [illegible] time with cards

4-13-37

YOUR FRIENDS AND MINE

by Wiatt Smith

IN THE winter which followed the great fire at Chicago on October 8, 1871, there was keen demand for workers to assist in the rehabilitation of the stricken city. This demand was heard in Guyandotte and George Price, a son of the famous Capt. Price and a Mr. Hamm, whose initials I do not know, though he was the late Billy Hamm's father, decided to go to Chicago and get jobs. The accepted means of reaching Chicago was by train out of Ironton. The Ohio was ice-filled when these adventurers went on their way, launching a small raft into the dangerous stream. Many citizens of Guyandotte stood at the levee and watched them make their departure. Among the watchers was Hugo R. Dietz from whose lips I heard the story Sunday night. Ten years later Hugo Dietz was to start on an odyssey of his own, part of a movement which took half a dozen Guyandotte boys to Texas in 1882. Mr. Dietz and the others went to the Lone Star State to work in the railway shops. He stayed there thirty years, then retired to become a rancher and merchant. He and Mrs. Dietz, a Texan by birth, and their grown children, are prosperous and pleased with their home and surroundings. He has been in Washington on a visit and stopped by here to see the scenes of his boyhood once more.

WIATT SMITH

* * *

ONE object of his stop was a visit to the graves of his dead. He sought to enter the old church yard on Bridge street to see if he could discover the resting place of his grandfather, Christian Dietz, who with his wife and children and servants came to the United States on a government mission which was to keep them here six months—and stayed to found the famous Dietz Hollow settlement back of Guyandotte, where members of the clan still live. His sons were Hugo, the contractor, who built some of the earlier structures at Marshall College, Rudolph, the boat builder whose barges travelled the length of the Mississippi valley, and Robert. H. R. Dietz of Palestine, Tex., is the son of the first Hugo.

* * *

WHEN Collis P. Huntington brought the Chesapeake & Ohio shops to the new town of Huntington, Guyandotte boys went into the mechanical departments to learn trades. Hugo Dietz was one of these, a tool dresser. About 1879 Clay Womeldorf heard of a job in Texas and went thither. Henry Freutel followed him at his urgence, as did Charley Miller, whose wife was Lottie Dietz and Charley Miller painted such an attractive picture of Texas life that Hugo Dietz followed him. John Woodrum went also, but he continued westward to California. In the middle of late nineties, Mr. Dietz came back to Guyandotte to visit his brother George Dietz. The latter's elder son, a slender and studious boy, was not well, and his uncle took him home with him. Presently George Dietz followed with Mrs. Dietz, nee Sarah Carter, a sister of J. C. and J. B. Carter, and their second son, Irvin. George Dietz is dead. His widow and their son Henry, a railroader, live in San Antonio. Irvin, who is about my age, is a physician at Corpus Christi, prominent in professional and Masonic circles.

Thornburg, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Millard Thornburg of Pea Ridge, entered the ministry. Gene, the younger, joined the Southern Methodist (Western Virginia) conference; Joe joined the West Virginia conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. There wasn't any family division or difference as to northern and southern allegiance. It just happened that Joe, who explains that for some years he had been "playing Jonah," was brought to his affirmative answer to the preaching call under M. E. Church influence. His mother, whose southern sympathies were strong, was hurt by his decision, but soon became reconciled. Now, at the annual conference of unified Methodism, in session here, the two brothers are among the unified. They started in the same year and in the same districts of two conferences. This year they are going out from one district of the same conference. Gene, formally known as the Rev. P. E. Thornburg, is ill at Poca and unable to attend the annual meeting by which he, having reached the age of 65, is to retire by his own election. The Rev. J. S. Thornburg, just concluding his fourth year at the Sixth Street Methodist Church at Charleston, will be 72 next year. By a rule of the unified church, a minister retires automatically at 73 and the Rev. Joe is not going to wait . . . he's getting out this year. His first charge was at Egypt, in Wayne county, and, of course there were lots of jokes about Joseph in Egypt. His longest pastorate—eight years—was at Kenova. Recently he and Mrs. Thornburg, the former Miss Sadie Kinder of Gallipolis, Ohio, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Their son, the Rev. Amos Thornburg, is minister of the Matheson Street Methodist Church at Providence, R. I.

WIATT SMITH

9-24-41

FIRST graduation class of Ceredo-Kenova high school was comprised of three young men who received their diplomas in 1896. Yesterday all three were guests at a high school assembly arranged in their honor by Maxwelton Wright, principal. Occasion was the presence in the community of Louis Stewart, the one of the trio who left this region. For many years he has lived in Cheyenne, Wyoming. The others are Carl A. Wright, Ceredo business man, and W. W. Smith, Huntington attorney.

HUNTINGTON'S J. Patrick Beacom recently has been in St. Paul, Minn., where the St. Paul Pioneer Press says, he is representing eastern transportation interests, including railroads and barge lines, surveying possibilities of moving ore down stream from St. Paul. The Pioneer Press also reports that Pat last Thursday lost $300 in cash from a wallet which he dropped in the lobby of the Minnesota building. The purse was returned—empty!

LANCE CORPORAL HAL L. CURTIS of the Essex Scottish regiment, has been invalided back to Windsor, Can., after sufficient recovery from wounds inflicted by flying debris during a London air raid. Corporal Curtis, a native of Spencer, W. Va., and subsequently in newspaper work in Huntington and Charleston, went to Canada to enlist early in the war. Mrs. Alice Ready Curtis, his wife, editor of the West Virginia Merchant, official organ of the West Virginia Retail Grocers' Association, went by air from Charleston to greet him at Windsor. She got to Huntington yesterday morning to attend the grocers' convention.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

THAT sterling citizen and friend, the late Dr. A. K. Kessler, who was born and brought up in Nicholas County, was true to his Nicholas tradition in every way, including a taste for ramps. I fear I'm rather out of the mode in my lack of appreciation for these West Virginia wild onions, but it helps to learn that I'm not alone. Mrs. Lewis G. Hoyt, who was Margie Kessler, says her father, Dr. Kessler, could never get enough ramps. Occasionally, he came by a mess of ramps and caused them to be cooked and served in his home. There was no argument about it—if Dr. Kessler wanted his ramps cooked and served, it was done according to his wish. Mrs. Hoyt didn't like the things and, I suspect, would just as soon not have them on her table. She said it comforted her to know that I didn't like them either. There are Huntingtonians who are growing them in their gardens.

WIATT SMITH

THOUGH Huntington is cosmopolitan and has residents from every quarter of the globe, there are enough native sons to make a comfortable number. Huntington-born men and women have scattered widely, too, but here and there is to be found someone who stayed in Huntington and succeeded. To point this tale, I'll have to point out that the men I have in mind were not originally Huntingtonians, one hailing from Guyandotte and one from Central City. Guyandotte-born D. Sterling Diddle is about to be succeeded as president of the Chamber of Commerce by P. O. Duncan, who grew up in Central City. Mr. Diddle is an industrialist and banker; Mr. Duncan is an industrialist; both are civic leaders.

MR. DUNCAN was not born in Central City, but at Green Sulphur Springs, in Summers County. He came to what is now known as West Huntington as a small boy. He he has found many fellow-descendants of his great-great-grandfather, Colonel James Graham, who in Revolutionary days built a house at Lowell, in what is now Summers County. The house is standing and is owned and occupied by a club which includes several Huntingtonians in its membership. Descendants of Colonel James Graham include, besides Mr. Duncan, the Garreds, Judge C. W. Ferguson of Wayne, Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson and many others.

LIEUTENANT BERNARD L. O'DWYER, stationed with the army in Japan, recently found it possible to go to Shanghai, China, to visit his brother, Captain Joseph E. O'Dwyer, who is a commercial air pilot there. Just after he arrived, his brother got orders to fly to the United States. Joe left at once, leaving Bernie in possession of his apartment and planning to join him there soon. In Shanghai each brother wrote a letter to their mother, Mrs. J. M. O'Dwyer of Fourteenth Street, and Joe mailed them to Huntington from San Francisco. Captain O'Dwyer's letter contained a clipping of a newspaper account of his having made a radar-guided landing at a non-scheduled port after visibility became too dim for normal flying.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

READING THE ministerial assignments at the closing session of the West Virginia Conference of the Methodist Church Sunday afternoon, Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke paused after he called Johnson Memorial, and, looking down upon Dr. Rolla S. Kenaston, inquired, "Is that your church?" Dr. Kenaston was prompt in replying, "I hope so." The Bishop Wicke continued with the announcement that Dr. Kenaston had been assigned for another year at Johnson Memorial. This surprised no one; gratified many. Itinerancy in Methodism has its points, but there are often times when a congregation and the city are pleased to learn that a pastor is to continue in residence. Return of Dr. Kenaston to Johnson Memorial and of Dr. Arthur Beckett to First Church had been expected. Any announcement otherwise would have been a shock. Nevertheless the verdict is never known until it is read by the bishop.

WIATT SMITH

THESE TWO ministers in themselves are a sort of cross-section of Huntington. Dr. Kenaston came from the South; Dr. Beckett grew up in Huntington. Those who were born or brought up here are but a small minority, though they are numerous. It is interesting to consider the divers origins of the people who have gathered from all places in the world to make the Huntington of today. Throughout its history Huntington has been cosmopolitan. Original residents of the city came from Virginia, New England, New York state and elsewhere. Then too, there were the pre-Huntington residents, those from Wayne and other West Virginia counties, and those from nearby counties of Ohio and Kentucky. New Englanders came in strength, but some were already at Ceredo, which was a New England-originated settlement, conceived by Eli Thayer. He thought that by sending New Englanders into this region he might help to soothe the sectional misunderstandings which then in the 1850s, were building up to secession and civil war. The effort was unsuccessful in regard to the war, but Ceredo proved permanent and it is worthwhile to watch Ceredo grow.

CROWDS WHICH CAME here last week for the Methodist conference have gone. They did not dominate the Huntington scene as conferences did in the earlier years, but their presence was notable. Many visiting ministers and their wives were entertained in Methodist homes, just as such visitors always have been. Little has been said about it but it is probable that chickens are less numerous than they were before the preachers came. Times and conditions change but preachers still like chicken.

MRS. WALTER S. HALLANAN of Charleston, nee Imogene Burns of Huntington, has gone to Los Angeles, Calif., en route to Honolulu. Mrs. Hallanan will take a plane from Los Angeles October 1. In Honolulu she will visit her daughter, Betty, and the latter's husband, Lieutenant Harold Kennison.

Dec 49

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

During preparations for moving from 2584 Third Avenue to 1036 Seventh Street, Mrs. Cornellia Williams and her mother, Mrs. W. S. Smallwood, came upon an old hymn book, the Perfect Jewel, which was owned by Mr. Smallwood. This book contains the words and music of John H. Yates' hymn, "The Model Church." Mrs. Williams, a court reporter, who used to be secretary to John H. Holt, tells me that the hymn has 11 verses. She isn't enthusiastic about copying it and I'm not in position to publish it, because it is so long—but I know that Miss Wanda Browder of Milton, whose request created interest in the old song, has been supplied with the words. Meanwhile I have communications on the subject from Mrs. O. M. Adkins., 419 West Nineteenth Street; from Mrs. W. F. Grove 1625 Twelfth Avenue, who sends the words and says, "when I was quite young I heard this hymn. I am now 75 years old, and from Mrs. M. B. Ellis, who says:, "I hadn't thought of this old song since I was a little girl, but with a little urging of the mind, most of it came back to me."

H. B. CLEMMONS, 2109 Carter avenue, Ashland, Ky., writes: . . . "December 10 I find you linked with the dilemma of astronomers trying to identify the Star of Bethlehem. As if God probably used a ready made one. I'd rather dismiss the matter as His making a special one and just for the occasion only. Would that not be a logical conclusion as we get no place with its identification.?" It happens that in The Herald-Dispatch yesterday morning there was an article on this subject by Howard W. Blakeslee, science editor of the Associated Press. Mr. Blakeslee dealt with the current appearance of the planets Jupiter and Venus, very close together, and the fact that this phenomenon has been advanced as a candidate for the Star of Bethlehem — "Probably wrong" he comments. He explains that astronomers have been looking for the Star of Bethlehem for 1950 years, and have never found it. Personally, I am willing to leave it to the theologians and the astronomers.

HAVING FINISHED his training and gotten his commission, Lieutenant Bob Femoyer came home on final leave and crossed Fourteenth Street to call on me. I'll never forget the tall, slim lad, who walked away so confidently after our chat. It was my last glimpse of Bob, who was to die after safely guiding comrades to a British field. He died from the wound he had sustained over France, so heroically that he was given posthumously the Congressional Medal. Now Virginia Polytechnic Institute, at Blacksburg, Va., where he was a student, has made known its intention of calling a new dormitory after him. May earnest students, for generations to come, find inspiration at Femoyer Hall.

Dec. 14, 49.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

Traffic Problems in Huntington grow vexing increasingly. Experts are wrestling with these problems and I feel that they need support and sympathy and not advice However, the swelling traffic is menacing. Efforts to protect school children are worthy and often worthwhile. Just now patrons of Oley Elementary and Oley Junior High Schools and those of the schools of St. Joseph's Catholic Church are busying themselves about the installation of traffic lights on Thirteenth Street at the intersections of Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Such lights exasperate motorists, but I don't think traffic could be handled without them. There already is a traffic light at Thirteenth Street and Third Avenue. Such lights at Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Avenues, would justify themselves if they kept only one child from being killed or crippled.

DUNCAN McRAE,, who was a veteran newspaperman at Charleston when I was a cub reporter there in 1907, wrote feelingly about the passing of John H. (Uncle John) Blount, night engineer at the statehouse, when Uncle John died. Everybody from the governor down knew and appreciated Mr. Blount, whose lifetime hobby was the location of bee trees. He handled bees fearlessly and they never stung him. He was the stepfather of Mrs. Bess Lancaster, 2586 Third Avenue, who yesterday recalled that one of his favorite songs was "The Model Church," concerning which Miss Wanda Browder of Milton inquired. Mrs. Lancaster remembered two additional stanzas as they were sung by Mr. Blount:

"The meeting house was finer built
Than they were years ago;
But I found out when I went in
It was not built for show.

"The sexton did not sit me down
Away back from the door;
He saw that I was old and gray,
And knew that I was poor."

CAPTAIN T. DEWITT CARR who went from Huntington to Annapolis and the Navy, is now retired from the Navy and is active dean of the school of engineering and architecture at the University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kans. Captain Carr writes that his sister, Mrs. Lola Carr of Sixth Avenue, sent him the copy of this column which dealt with his impromptu reunion with that friend of his Huntington boyhood, Robert Elliott Freer of Washington, D. C. He says: "It was a pleasure to see Mr. Freer. As trustee of George Washington University he accompanied their football team to Lawrence where they played against the University of Kansas. Since I am the faculty representative for athletics, it was my privilege to introduce him to our chancellor."

H-D. Feb. 15, 1944

Your Friends And Mine
. . By Wiatt Smith . .

EDITORIAL workers on The Herald-Dispatch were justly proud of yesterday's coverage of yesterday morning's fire. And certainly it is not detracting anything from their glory to say that a telephone switchboard operator made it possible for this coverage to include some of the best fire pictures ever published in Huntington. Let me present the heroine—Miss Bernice Hinds. Bernice has been a newspaper switchboard operator many years. She never worked in the news rooms but has got onto many of the tricks of the trade. Consequently when awakened Sunday morning by her mother, Mrs. Nettie Hinds of 1136 Third Avenue, and told there was a big fire in the business district, she knew what to do and did it. This was to telephone Lyell V. Douthat who teaches at Marshall College—and makes photographs for The Herald-Dispatch. She wasn't sure Mr. Douthat would appreciate being awakened at that hour, but he did. He lost no time in getting on the job. In her place, a cub reporter would have gone to the fire—but Bernice Hinds went back to bed.

WIATT SMITH

UNTIL yesterday I had never heard of a chromonica. As I understand, a chromonica is some sort of a high falutin' French harp—but is not made in France, but in Germany. This being true, chromonicas are scarce. Mrs. Kitty Morrison Deegan telephoned to ask the aid of Your Friends and Mine in her search for a chromonica to send to her cousin, Seaman Jack Menshouse, who is with the United States Navy somewhere in the Pacific. Mrs. Deegans said Seaman Menshouse had written to request that she send him a chromonica. She had canvassed the music stores without favorable results. Jack Menshouse had asked her to "beg, borrow or steal" a chromonica for him. Had it been necessary, she would have begged me to write this paragraph. I think if Seaman Menshouse wants a chromonica he ought to have one if its obtainable. If any reader has a chromonica and is willing to part with it out of patriotism or for cash or both, telephone Mrs. Deegans at 21804, the home number of her father, Dr. G. C. Morrison.

RESPONDING to a Huntingtonian's genealogical inquiry, a deputy circuit clerk of Orange County, Orange, Va., wrote: . . . "Send me a copy of your Herald-Dispatch. I once lived out there a short while and remember the editorials of Boyd Jarrell. I was sorry to learn of his death. I am too much attached to Virginia ever to have been satisfied elsewhere, but I would like once more to see a copy of The Herald-Dispatch and note what you are doing and thinking these awful days of war. I have but one child, a son 20, in the Army. Most of my time is spent in writing to the service boys I know and in helping their families in the filling out of the numerous required forms."

12-5-19

MISS JANE BLACK — Eighty-five years old, of Milton, Route 2, who died Saturday, will be buried in Maupin Cemetery following funeral services at 11 A. M. tomorrow at the residence, to be conducted by the Rev. C. C. Jarvis. Survivors include two sisters, Mrs. Anna Barber and Miss Sallie Black, both of Milton; three nephews and one niece, and 18 grandnieces and grandnephews. The body has been taken to the residence from the Heck Funeral

ALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTON

12-26-37

Your Friends . by . And Mine Wiatt Smith

WHAT a boon to humanity would be a device which would cure headache in three minutes and break up the most severe cold in a few hours. Unhappily, there seems to be no such a thing, but as long ago as January, 1890 assurance was given the public that these and other wonders could be accomplished by "Cox's Medical Electricity, manufactured only by E. G. Cox, Braderick, Ohio, to whom all orders should be addressed." These things are set forth in the Huntington Evening Times, January 12, 1890, a copy of which came to me last week from Mrs. J. W. Hagen. The advertisement is illustrated with a square bottle, at the bottom of which a coil may be seen, while electricity is darting from the open mouth. The advertisement says Cox's Medical Electricity is "an infallible remedy for headache, catarrh, asthma, hayfever, neuralgia, deafness, colds, etc.," and that it is "not a snuff, liquid or salve, but an electric battery, combined with vegetable compounds that generates vapors which is a safe, certain and most convenient method of obtaining relief." Alas for the vanity of human expectations. I have no doubt Mr. Cox thought his curative would do just what he said. What the history of his enterprise became I do not know. I do know it was just too bad that the medical electricity couldn't have lived up to the promise. Also, one of those bottles would be a great curiosity today.

WIATT SMITH

WORD of Judge Thomas R. Shepherd comes through Austin M. Sikes who not long ago visited the retired jurist at the farm in Success, Va. Judge Shepherd is there with his brother, has been there since August and will stay until after the holidays. Then he will go to Cairo, Ga., to spend the remainder of the winter with his cousins. His health is satisfactory and he's enjoying the leisure and comfort of gentleman farming. Here's wishing him a serene and happy Christamas.

INCAPACITATED for the last nine weeks by an arm fracture, Col. H. G. Bowles is rounding into form and expects to return to duty at the First Huntington National bank within a few days, possibly tomorrow. Saturday was his birthday. I was one of several who stopped by the home of his daughter, Mrs. George J. Caldwell, to wish him happy returns. He accepted congratulations but declined to be specific on the subject of the birthday.

ABROAD for the first time after a brush with influenza, during which he narrowly escaped pneumonia, George H. Dimick spoke regretfully yesterday of his inability to attend the party which the Elks lodge at Catlettsburg gave last week for the surviving Charter members, of whom he is one. It was interesting to note how many of those seventeen are Huntingtonians today. The installation of the lodge was a great event, followed by a banquet served at the historic Alger House, owned by J. C. Rardin, Sr., whose son, then J. C. Rardin, Jr., was a member of the first class.

of the Boston store building on north side of the nine hundred block on Third avenue, I strolled thither in the evening to renew my mental picture of the structure. What I beheld was not a renewal. For the first time in countless looks I truly beheld the ornate cornice and pediments which were intended to adorn it. The frontage, which I take to be ninety feet and includes three store rooms on the ground floor of a three-story structure, is surmounted not only by overhanging eaves but by three huge pediments, those on either side in the shape of a half drum, the other a triangular peak. Having withstood the winds and storms of almost fifty years, they seem a bit awry. From the sidewalk on the opposite side of the avenue they look like stone, or terra cotta, but responsible authority tells me they are fashioned of galvanized iron, covering frameworks. Perhaps someone knows the type of architecture they represent and from what cathedral or ancient castle they were copied. Until advised to the contrary, I prefer to think of them as Victorian, pure and simple.

WIATT SMITH

WITH THE pediments removed, this will still be a handsome building, especially since the ground floor rooms are being modernized, one having been completed for some time. Its erection must have been a great venture, either in the late eighties or the early nineties. From what I can learn, it appears to have been a joint enterprise. J. Ziegler, famous early Huntington clothier, was a moving spirit. Associated with him were E. Biern and J. Friedman of the firm of Biern & Friedman and one of the Molters. Each owned one-third, including his store room. J. Ziegler took the center room and the sign of his "The Boston Store" is clear and legible to this day, high in the center of the facade. Biern & Friedman owned and occupied the east room while H. Newman leased the west room from Mr. Molter. 6-21-38.

J. ZIEGLER, deciding to leave Huntington for the West, sold the center room to Max Schoenfeld, whose heirs own it today. The Biern & Friedman room, through a series of transactions has passed into the hands of Herbert Fitzpatrick. The east room was acquired at one time by the Prindle brothers, W. M. and R. S., and I think they had their furniture store there. Woo Dell, the laundryman, bought it from them, and in his will he directed that it be sold and the proceeds sent to his widow in the Chinese interior. Only a year or so ago, Samuel Biern, representing the estate, sold it to Harry Brownstein and Louis Craft. When Biern & Friedman vacated their room to move to other quarters, they were succeeded by what I am told was Huntington's first picture show, called a "nickelodeon." Who operated it, I have not heard . . . The west room was once owned by a corporation formed with the intention of starting a daily newspaper devoted to the cause of labor, a paper which never reached the first edition stage.

IN THE course of that walk I stopped at the Baltimore & Ohio station, once one of the busiest places in Huntington, now quiet and seemingly deserted. For all of that the service is almost as frequent as of yore, two trains daily operating between Kenova and Pittsburgh, one, a "mixed" train, between Huntington and Parkersburg . . . Seeking information about the Boston store building, I telephoned J. Broh and found him tired from a long journey. He and Mrs. Broh and Hugh Douthat had driven to Dartmouth to bring Harry Broh (Hugh Douthat's pal) home from college . . . That [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Bardin.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

AS A YOUNG man Stuart H. Bowman of Philippi came to Huntington to practice law. He and Hugh S. Byrer were partners in the firm of Bowman & Byrer. Mr. Byrer later went to Martinsburg, W. Va., where he continues at the bar. The lawyer's life was not for Mr. Bowman. He went into the real estate business and for a number of years the Bowman Realty Co. was active here. Florida called and Mr. Bowman went thither, first on missions for this and that and later to live at Clermont, in the Florida highlands, where the mountains look like molehills when compared to those of Barbour county, West Virginia, whence Mr. Bowman came orginally. Stuart H. Bowman married Miss Flora Mansfield of Wayne, who, like her husband, has become well known in Florida. I stopped overnight at their comfortable home in Clermont in 1932. They were recalled to me when there came a copy of the Florida Broker and Builder, with a picture of Mr. Bowman on the cover.

WIATT SMITH

UNDER the title "The Man On The Cover," the Broker and Builder says: - - - "Stuart H. Bowman, Lake County, Fla., twice president of the Florida Association of Realtors - - - instrumental in developing the Lake County Board, one of the most active in the state and winner of the Hammond trophy for board achievement in 1945, 1946 and 1947 - - - He was winner of the Harold R. Davis achievement award as the outstanding realtor in the state of Florida in 1945; former president of the West Virginia Association of Real Estate Boards and active in Florida real estate since 1925." The cover picture leaves no doubt that the Florida climate has agreed with Mr. Bowman. He's plump—much plumper than he was in his Huntington days.

MISS Martha Lucy Via, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel R. Via of Elk Grove, Calif., was married a few days ago to Davis Henry Van Greeve of Sacramento, Calif. Her brother, L. R. Via Jr., known to the family as Richard was married to Miss Doris Jean Kipps of Carson City, Nev., on February 28. Richard and Martha Lucy are Huntingtonians and lived here until their father retired from law and politics and went to live in Elk Grove a few years ago. Word of the weddings came to me from Mrs. Marvin Jones, who has kept in touch with the former United States attorney and Cabell County prosecutor and his family since they moved to California.

JOHN L. HITE, former chief of park police, is expected home next month from Pinecrest Sanitarium at Beckley where he has been a patient for a year. His health is greatly improved and when he is able he will rejoin the staff of the park police, though not in his old capacity. The present park police chief is Harry Cobbs, a retired Chesapeake & Ohio man.

. . And Miss Wiatt Smith

"WHY," asked John R. Gibson, "don't you find out about a really famous poet who once lived in Ashland?" Mr. Gibson, an outstanding back yonder authority who doesn't often volunteer information was persuaded to add that the poet's name was Lampton. Yesterday, I asked John Hager, who told me that W. J. Lampton, who became a nationally known journalistic and literary figure, did newspaper work in Ashland before the Hager family came to that city 60 years ago. He never saw Mr. Lampton, but recalls that he did come back to Ashland for occasional visits and that, counting Ashland as his home town, he advertised it much as the late O. O. McIntyre advertised Gallipolis, O. Mr. Lampton wrote a letter, long treasured as a classic, to Benny Nicholson, who used to operate a hack between Ashland and Catlettsburg. Doubtless that letter, in which Colonel Will Lampton, as they called him in Washington and New York, talked of his boyhood and youth in Ashland and Catlettsburg and of rides in Benny Nicholson's one horse hack, Mr. Nicholson, John Hager remembers, carried a horn which he tootled to summon passengers. He played a little tune on this horn, and the community supplied—perhaps Will Lampton wrote it—a lyric for the hackman's music. Here is is:

WIATT SMITH

"My hack is all empty,
My horse is all thin;
If you want to go to Catlettsburg
Just jump in."

Benny Nicholson was an uncle of former Mayor William Nicholson of Ashland, and his mother, who lived to be more than 100 years old, was a descendant of Daniel Boone. They were related, too, to Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) and that reminded me that I had heard the same of C. L. Clemons of the Hotel Henry Clay desk. I went and asked him and he said: "I don't know, but my grandmother said we were kin to Mark Twain." C. L. Clemons is a native of Lewisburg, W. Va., has worked in Ashland 12 years.

BACK in Huntington, I went to the Public Library where, through the kindness of Margaret Henion, I learned a good deal about Will Lampton. Though Kentucky claims him, he was a native of Lawrence county, Ohio, his biographers saying he was born within sight of the Kentucky border. He did grow up in Kentucky and attended the schools of Catlettsburg and Ashland before studying at Ohio Wesleyan University and Marietta College. John Wilson Townsend, in his "Kentucky In American Letters," describes Colonel Lampton as the founder of "the Yawp school of poetry." Professor Townsend quotes a stanza addressed by Colonel Lampton to James Lane Allen:

"The reign of law!
Well, Allen, you're lucky;
It's the first time it ever
Rained law in Kentucky."

The authorities say Will Lampton was born sometime in the eighteen fifties. A tall and bald bachelor, he was sensitive about his age and would never, up to that time, disclose it exactly. I presume he is dead, though this may not be true. Just to complete this part of the chronicle, he published the Weekly Review, a Republican newspaper, in Ashland in 1877-78.

JOHNNY CHRIS ABBOTT, four years old, shouted gleefully at me from an automobile in which he and Jennie Fay Abbott, his eight-year-old sister, waited at a Winchester avenue curb for their mother, Mrs. L. F. Abbott to return with the groceries she had gone to buy. Johnny was quite jolly about his proposal to "hang me up" on a bit of wire spring with which he was playing. . . . Lee Tate Smith beckoned to me from the door of the Field Furniture Co. and I entered to find Rufus, Lee Tate's Dad, there also, and to be hailed by Millard Field as "tail-end of the Smiths." There was a good bit of stir around one of the show windows and I went over to find a group of nurses from the King's Daughters Hospital arranging a Community Chest display. They were Miss Grace Williams, Miss Louise Riddle, Miss Mabel Fugate, Miss Ruth Barr and Miss Helen Dishon. Miss Dishon is a Huntingtonian and a graduate of Memorial Hospital training school.

A. H. DAVIDSON, of the South Point and Huntington Davidsons, recently lent me an old postcard taken on Front street, Catlettsburg, June 28, 1919. The picture, to be found elsewhere in this paper, shows the crowds on this famous thoroughfare in the days just before the eighteenth amendment dimmed its glory. I recognize but one face—that of the late Wayne Damron.

of Marian Harland, a Victorian novelist and newspaper columnist. She wrote "Alone," her first novel when she was 16 years old, and many others followed. Her newspaper work was for the Philadelphia Inquirer. This is of especial interest, just now because Marian Harland, in private life Mrs. Edward Payson Terhune, was the mother of Albert Payson Terhune who died suddenly yesterday at his home, "Sunnybank," Pompton Lakes, N. J. Huntington interest is enhanced by reason of Mrs. Terhune's having been the former Miss Mary Virginia Hawes and an aunt of Dr. Charles Morris Hawes. Dr. Hawes often talked to me of his cousin Bert Terhune. The two had been cronies in boyhood and kept in touch with each other through the years. Dr. Hawes practiced medicine three years at Pompton Lake before he hung out his shingle here. Because he himself is abed with a mild attack of influenza he will not be able to go to the Terhune funeral. 2-19-1942

WIATT SMITH

RECENTLY in Johnstown, Pa., Mrs. George A. Board presided at a meeting of the Joseph Johns Study Club. The theme was poetry and accompanying a Johnstown newspaper account of the meeting was a poem entitled "This Small Town," by Essie Wigal (Mrs. George A. Board). Some of the stanzas follow:

"I like small towns, they seem friendly to me,
I was reared in a small town you see.
Main street runs the full length of this town,
Elm trees shade it all the way down.

"One never feels neglected or lonely in a small town,
The news of your coming soon gets around;
Good friends share your sorrows, rejoice with you,
Small town friendships are loyal and true.

"I like small towns, they seem friendly to me,
I was reared in a small town, you see."

The small town glorified in Mrs. Board's memory was Guyandotte. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Austin L. Wigal and she and I both were residents of the Main street to which she refers. She and George Board were married in Guyandotte and went away to Pennsylvania many years ago. If she ever hopes to see her Main street block as it was in her girlhood she'd better hurry home as the flood wall is going to make great changes there.

WILLIAM C. (WILLIAM TELL) ESTLER has gone away to the wars, but his works abide in Huntington. Some time before he left Huntington and The Herald-Dispatch to join the United States Army, Bill published in his column that some one in the city wanted American flags available hereabouts but not in use. Yesterday there came to the newspaper office a lady looking for William Tell. She was Mrs. Elizabeth Orme of 303½ Thirty-first street, apartment 1. Mrs. Orme explained that she had been ill when Mr. Estler published the request for flags but had, as soon as she became able, come forward to offer a Spanish-American War flag which had belonged to her husband, the late Charles Orme. The flag is in good condition, resting safely in Mrs. Orme's cedar chest. But if the persons for whom William Tell made his re-

a member of the Chamber of Commerce 20 or more years ago, B. B. Lovins last night attended one of the annual dinners of the organization unaccompanied by one of his children. Even when the kids were small he alternated them at the dinners — the daughter and the two sons. Last night he was alone and, though surrounded by what might have been considered fair company, he confessed to a feeling of loneliness. The daughter is married and gone. Bart Lovins, the elder son, is a bridegroom of a week and Jimmy, the younger son, and probably the reason for the loneliness, is with the United States Army Air Force and was at last report awaiting orders to take off for some distant front. So B. B. went to the dinner alone and talked as he ate, first of his absent children and then of the War garden which he is cultivating at his place on the Walnut Hills side of Norway Avenue. He has acre of ground, with a half-acre under cultivation and corns in his palms as an earnest of the corn and beans he expects to have on his dinner table after awhile. 5-20-42

WIATT SMITH

ALWAYS I have had for Point Pleasant a sentimental as well as an actual regard. It was the childhood home of my maternal grandmother and is still the home of my kin. And one of my earliest sallies into the great world to spots farther from Guyandotte than my grandmother's Huntington home took me to Point Pleasant where Uncle Sam (S. E.) McCoy told the story of the great battle with graphic description of the activities along Crooked Creek. I've been back to "the Point" many times since that childhood excursion and have hosts of memories of the usually quiet town at the mouth of the Kanawha. Strange as it may seem, I've not been there since it became a center of war industry, though I'm determined soon to go. Harold B. Wright of 1328 Fifth Avenue, a former lockmaster, who dropped into the meeting which followed the recent Fourth Estate Club dinner, purpose being to speak to his daughter, Juanita, told some of the pressmen of the great stir at Point Pleasant, and his depiction, relayed to me, increases my desire to visit anew the banks of Crooked Creek.

WHAT seems to me a most appropriate suggestion comes from a reader who chooses to be anonymous but believes Huntington should find some way of recognizing Lieutenant General Delos C. Emmons, USA, her native son, now military governor of Hawaii and commander of the Department of Hawaii. It has been just a little less than a year since General Emmons dropped down out of the sky one day and stayed long enough to receive the degree of Doctor of Law from Marshall College. A lot of things have happened since then to the world, the nation, to Huntington and to General Emmons. If a celebration were arranged in his honor he couldn't come home to attend it, but I'm sure he would appreciate it none the less. Perhaps it is too early to be placing the laurel chaplets but the author of the suggestion thinks Huntington could honor itself as well as General Emmons and also help promote the war effort by doing something now. Concrete suggestion, from the source already mentioned, is to rename Government Square and call it Emmons Square instead. And recalling the Chuck Emmons who was a football star at Huntington High School, why not Emmons Stadium?

THERE was a buzz of interest in the newspaper building yesterday over a letter received by Jim Wallen from Johnny Dunbar, Advertiser scribe now with the Army

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

ONE of my earlier recollections is of looking across Main Street and watching the moving of the green house—I think it was a green house—which had stood at the corner of Bridge Street, to the next site to the south. I have heard it was a log house which had been weatherbeaten, but I never learned whether or not this was true. It had been the home of Mr. and Mrs. Admiral S. Fry, who continued to live there while their National Hotel was built. The National Hotel building still stands on that corner, though it long ceased to be used as a hotel. The business room at the corner is occupied by Murphy's drug store. James Murphy, and later, his son, Frank L. Murphy operated the store which has been the only tenant there since the hotel, with its one business room, was erected in the early 1890's.

WIATT SMITH

ADMIRAL S. FRY and Mrs. Fry, were Logan County people. He was a gray-bearded veteran of the Confederate Army, widely known as "Colonel Bill" Fry. Bill was no part of his name and the rank of colonel was conferred by his neighbors because of his advancing years and his venerable appearance. He was, I learned from his son, E. W. Fry, a lieutenant in the Logan Wildcats. I doubt if he was as old as he then seemed to me. Certainly he was active and intrepid. One night in 1906 he heard commotion in the hotel office. Lighting his way with a candle, he walked into a room where two men were engaged in cracking his safe. One of them shot him, producing a wound from which he died a day or two later. The killer was never caught.

R. T. EVERETT and I sat up with the body. This was the first time I ever sat up. Dick was shocked at the amount I ate at midnight. Dick was a polite boy, even as he is a polite man, always careful to address his elders as he should. Therefore I had been taken aback several times when he addressed Mr. Fry as "Admiral." Presently I asked if he knew that Admiral was the old gentleman's name. He hadn't known it but thought it a courtesy title. He never used that title again. I don't think I have ever known anyone else with that name. It tried some of his acquaintances and I once heard a Logan gentleman describe Mr. Fry as "old man Admirable Fry."

DR. JOHN H. STEENBERGEN stopped by to present some crocus blooms which he had removed from their bed on his lawn and potted. The crocuses were and are attractive.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

WHEN I began columning after illness compelled a pause a few weeks ago, Mrs. Tabitha Cremeans Moberley came to the house several evenings and wrote my copy. Mrs. Moberley was acting on her own motion—working on her own time. More than once before she had helped me and I appreciated it a lot. Yesterday, inquiring about another matter, I learned at the offices of Fitzpatrick, Strickling & Marshall that she was ill. After surgery at St. Mary's she has gone home to 1610 Marcum Terrace to recuperate. Toby, as her friends know her, is a secretarial mainstay at the law office. She has a flair for journalism. I hope it will be but a short time until she is able to return to her job. Then, perhaps, I'll wander in and dictate a column and she'll write it for me if the demands of her employers are not too pressing. This, they have never been yet, but I fear that the extra work has been an imposition more than once.

WIATT SMITH

ALSO missing from a regular place in the Fitzpatrick, Strickling & Marshall offices is Will (J. W.) Hagen, head bookkeeper. Will has been there a long time and has seen many come and go. He is post-operative at St. Mary's and they're not ready to let him out of the hospital yet. Physicians think he can go back to his work after a few weeks.

MRS. J. W. HAGEN SR., mother of Will Hagen, who has been housebound since November—hopes to be abroad again when the Spring has advanced a bit more. And she's hoping to have all her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren around her at Easter. Her daughter Marguerite (Mrs. Norman) Jones of Parkersburg, is with her. Mrs. Hagen told me by telephone that she and her father, the Rev. Calvin Rece, attended the Baptist Association meeting near St. Albans near which W. D. Hereford, St. Albans merchant, saw two of the men who robbed the Bank of Huntington. These men, members of the James gang, recognized Mr. Hereford's wife when they visited his store, but never let on about it until they got back to Missouri.

WHILE the Rev. Mr. Rece was away from home, two well-dressed, well-mounted strangers stopped at the house two miles above Guyandotte on the road to Barboursville and asked for lodging. They were taken in. The next day they joined two others at the Isaac Crump place on what is now the Norway Avenue road. Monday, they robbed the bank. Mrs. Hagen doesn't think the captured man died in the penitentiary, but that he was paroled or pardoned. Anyway, he was one of the two who stopped at her parents' home, and was identified at the trial by Mrs. Rece and her son.

CHARLES MOORE of Barboursville, a member of the posse who pursued the bank robbers, returned with a handsome gray horse, said to have belonged to one of the bandits. "I had more than one drive behind that horse," said Mrs. Hagen.

LUCY and Earl Halstead are in the South, having visited Cuba and Miami Beach. I had a postcard from Palm Beach, Fla., and guessed they were making their way homeward.

Your Friends And Mine by Wiatt Smith

Sons And Daughters of Bonnie Scotland will be numerous at The Herald-Dispatch British Empire reunion at the Palace Theater sometime in January. Plans for the reunion are progressing and will be made known in detail soon after Christmas. Huntington has many Scots residents, including the Henrys, Farquaharsons, Smarts, Gracies, Frames, Starks and Gruegs, to name only a few. There are, of course, many others in the area through which The Herald-Dispatch circulates. John L. Henry, who has done as much to popularize the Scot as any one in the United States, always has a Scotch story ready and a song which 10,000 Rotarians applauded when he rendered it in Denver a few years ago at a convention of Rotary International. John's stories usually include a Scotsman, his pocketbook and a moth. Such stories are at variance with the character of Andrew Carnegie, who gave away tremendous sums of money, but they persist.

12-21-49.

SCOTCHMEN GET ALONG, as for instance Robert (Scotty) Nicol, who owns and operates the Tradewell Market. He came to the United States from his native Aberdeen (the Granite City) on the S. S. Transylvania, and from New York took a train to Huntington, where he was met by his uncle, Alex Nicol, now deceased. Like many people from Scotland, the latitude of which corresponds to that of Hudson Bay, Scotty found the train uncomfortable. It was March, but he insisted in raising the windows, to the dismay of the fellow-passengers. Then he took off his shoes—but his feet swelled and he couldn't get 'em back on. Anyway, he got to Huntington someway, was met by his uncle and soon started out to see the town. He likes to tell of a time when he stood outside of a Fourth Avenue drug store one March day, when a stranger grabbed him by the arm and said: "Come with me inside. It makes me cold as the devil just watching you." He got acclimated, but not until he discarded his long woolen underwear. Early in his Huntington life he went to a theater where he lost his pocketbook. He couldn't remember where the theater was and the theater management found nothing to show ownership, except photographs and school papers from Scotland. Several years later he got his pocketbook back from the Palace—where he had lost it.

MAX D. ANGEL, the clothier, was born in Glasgow, his brother, Abe, in Inverness and Henry at Ft. William. Hymie and Harry Abrams were also born in Scotland. English - born continue to be discovered. Charles F. Wainford, 1342 Jefferson Avenue, and his family are looking forward to the reunion at the Palace. Mr. Wainford was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne and came to the United States in 1919. He lived 10 years in New Jersey and then for 18 years in Maine. He and Mrs. Wainford, a Maine woman, have five children, two of whom are at home and plan to come with the others to the big reunion.

ANOTHER ENGLISH-BORN Huntingtonian is Mrs. James F. McGrath, 2721 Fourth Avenue. She was Miss Moira Richardson, born in Windemere, a town in Westmoreland County. It nestles beside Lake Windermere, the largest lake in England. Mr. McGrath, and industrial engineer for the International Nickel Co., and the then Miss Richardson met in Scotland when she was on duty as a

6-23-48

Your Friends And Mine by Wiatt Smith

IT WAS like dropping into a town I never saw before," said J. W. (Bill) Rogers of Whittier, Calif., of a visit to Guyandotte, where he was born. It was not so much the physical changes in the old town, though they have been many, that troubled Mr. Rogers, but the absence of familiar faces. Looking for old acquaintances he found H. C. Everett, Mrs. W. H. Wilson and Jim Sedinger. He stopped to see Jim Murphy, but the latter was out. Mr. Rogers has no near kin of his own here now, but is visiting relatives of his late wife, who was Myrtle Bing, daughter of a one-time Guyandotte marshal. His family, including his sister Maggie, lives in Whittier. Some of his children are married and he has a great-grandson, also descended from William Stoody of Ripley, O., and Huntington, who operated a machine shop at Twentieth street in the early days of the city.

WIATT SMITH

THE SON of J. W. Rogers, Bill Rogers grew up in Guyandotte, learned the machinist's trade at the Chesapeake & Ohio shops and played the tuba in the last of the Guyandotte bands, a musical aggregation directed by the late W. C. Dusenberry. Among other members were John and Vince Reed, "Baldy" Flowers, John Noonan, Owen Rust and—for awhile—George Worden. It was George who, true to a promise, brought Mr. Rogers to see me. The latter retired in 1928 and soon thereafter moved to California. He is in West Virginia to attend the Chesapeake & Ohio Veterans' Association meeting which opens in Ronceverte today. At its conclusion he will return to Huntington to stay probably a month.

BOONE ARTHUR telephoned to know if I would accept corrections for this column. The answer was obvious. He challenged, indeed denied, the statement that the Gem theatre in the Boston Store building on Third avenue was Huntington's first motion picture house, also that Jesse Burns was the owner. The Gem as well as Dreamland, actually the first Nickelodeon, according to Mr. Arthur, was owned by A. J. Burns, Jesse Burns' father. It was located on Ninth street on part of the site now occupied by the Hotel Governor Cabell. A. J. Burns, not the merchant policeman who had the same initials, was one of the earliest restaurant men in Huntington. He eventually sold his holdings here and opened a restaurant in Parkersburg, where he remained until his death. He was brought here for burial. His son, Jesse, died not long ago in Charleston. Boone Arthur is in position to know about the Burns family, as he and the elder Burns married sisters, the Misses Gilmore.

YESTERDAY afternoon witnessed a reunion between young Buddy Schweitzer and his alligator. Buddy's Grandmother, Mrs. G. J. Weiler, called me yesterday morning to help her find Andy Morris, the taxicab driver who rescued the saurian from traffic danger at a South Side intersection Tuesday night. I gave her the information and Buddy went for his pet, which he recognized. It was restored to him promptly, but Andy Morris wasn't as glad to get rid of it as he thought he would be. "He wasn't much trouble," he told me, adding, "I fed him a couple of times, caught some flies for him."

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

Editor's Note: On February 7, 1939, on the occasion of Wiatt Smith's completion of 31 years as a working newspaperman in Huntington, the following column, written by the now editor, Raymond Brewster, was published, without the knowledge of Mr. Smith, in the space usually occupied by his column, "Your Friends and Mine." The purpose of its publication was to salute Mr. Smith's years of service and to acquaint many of his readers with their favorite columnist's personality.

A few days ago, Wiatt Smith, the conductor of this matutinal column of observations, casual and acute, celebrated his birthday anniversary. Contrary to the opinions I have heard expressed by many persons whose acquaintance is limited to the regular perusal of his writings, Wiatt was not one of the founding fathers of his beloved Guyandotte nor did he fight in the Civil War. In fact, he is the youngest man for his years—and occasionally, and perversely, the oldest—that I know. He has managed to retain a youth's fresh enthusiasm for everything. Like the superlatively good reporter he is, Wiatt likes people, is intensely interested in everything they do, and probably more than anything else enjoys making the acquaintance of strangers and "getting their story" for his column. "Folks" are his favorite column material. The column's title, "Your Friends and Mine," indicates the friendly, sympathetic treatment he accords those he writes about, the complete freedom of his columnar writings from the venom and jaundiced attitude of many of his scribbling brethren.

The ocassion of this usurpation of Wiatt's space is not, however, his recent birthday. Rather, it is an effort to salute his completion of 31 years as a working newspaperman in Huntington — an accomplishment demonstrating perhaps greater endurance than the mere achievement of the years that are his—and to express a measure of the regard in which he is held by his professional fellows. Wiatt started his career in journalism back about when Odd McIntyre was launching his in another Ohio river community—meeting the packets and thrusting cards at the passengers bearing the forthright reportorial query "Have You An Item?"—and Irvin Cobb was sharpening the literary tools that won him renown at newspaper tasks in downriver Paducah. That Wiatt chose to remain in West Virginia, and in Huntington, is no reflection upon his abilities as compared with those of contemporaries who may have achieved a national audience. More exactly, it expresses his choice of a way of life that affords opportunity to savor living. There are compensations, as Odd himself knew so poignantly.

Although long ago Wiatt was dignified by an editorial title, he is a reporter at heart. A good reporter once told me wryly that he would rather have anyone other than Wiatt covering his beat for the opposition. I could sympathize with him. A reporter who is invited to sit on the bench with the judge when he is covering a court session, for example, is the kind of opposition to be feared. There is no secret about Wiatt's reportorial abilities. He has a genuine interest in people; he has the good reporter's abiding curiosity; he has the happy faculty of making and keeping warm friends in all ranks; and when reporting he always worked hard for his paper. To dismiss Wiatt's qualifications as a newspaperman without commenting upon his abilities as a writer would be to tell but half the story—a reportorial sin certain to arouse the ire of the columnist himself. He is widely read, his tastes tending toward the classics and that which has survived the test of time. Stylistically, as many a cub is aware, Dickens is his god—for purposes of journalism. When the occasion demands, Wiatt is a veritable word mill and even under such stress can maintain a surprisingly high standard. Given the time and the inclination, he can write what may unblushingly be termed literature. There is no writing job on a newspaper that he can not do very well. He adheres religiously to the canons of good journalism. That he is a good columnist in the field he has chosen is demonstrated by his large and loyal following of readers who find his column ever interesting despite the fact that frequently the "Friends" are but names and the references to local history kindle no spark of remembrance or connection.

Your Friend And Mine

In every community there are material landmarks which time inexorably removes. The removal leaves a gap which is not filled.

Likewise, there are individuals whose personalities and whose careers are so distinctive, and whose associations with the community are of such an intimate and manifold nature, that their passing, too, may be said to have lost to the community a landmark as indelibly identified with the community's life as an edifice or institution which time and the elements at last conquers.

Such a citizen, such a personality, such a man was Wiatt Smith, the beloved dean of Huntington newspaper workers, a distinguished journalist and newspaper executive, and a gifted writer whose column, "Your Friends and Mine", appeared daily on the editorial page of The Herald-Dispatch until the day of his death.

Mr. Smith graced the profession he followed from his early youth, and to whose highest ethical standards he was devoted, with distinguished talent as a writer, outstanding ability as a reporter, and wide experience in every phase of newspaper editorial production. He graced his profession also because he was "a scholar and a gentleman," a loyal and generous friend and an ever-courteous and willing mentor to young men and women aspiring to careers in journalism.

His column, "Your Friends and Mine," gained through the years of its daily publication a wide following of devoted readers who shared the writer's interest in the history and lore of Huntington and its early settlers, his native Guyandotte, and the great Tri-State area. His interesting comment on events of immediate currency and of the back yonder days so stimulated the interest of his readers, and aroused in them the pleasant nostalgia of recollection and reminiscence, that many became regular voluntary contributors of suggestions for "items" which Wiatt's journalistic craftsmanship skillfully expanded and developed into absorbing chapters of local and regional history.

The quality which distinguished Mr. Smith's columnar writings derived in equally important respects from his distinctive style and his abiding interest in people. Like every outstanding reporter, Mr. Smith sincerely liked people, every kind and degree of people. Throughout his newspaper career he remained absorbed in their lives, the annals of their families, their successes and distinctions, their origins and their identity with local and regional history and lore. He was an innately kind man and his column unfailingly treated with kindness and understanding all about whom he found or made occasion to write.

His influence in community affairs was considerable, although exercised always with modesty, and that influence was uniformly constructive and progressive. He enjoyed the respect and confidence of the community's leaders throughout his professional career.

The very nature of newspaper work encourages a peculiar quality of comradeship and loyalty among those who pursue it. Mr. Smith was of that admirable school of journalism whose members are proud to proclaim themselves "newspaper men." Every associate of Mr. Smith in newspaper work quickly and freely recognized his unusual ability and his distinguished accomplishments. He had a marked talent for friendship, he had the true "newspaper man's" love of life and everything that happens in it, and he possessed great capacity for tolerance and understanding so that his judgments were rarely harsh and his outlook seldom obscured by cynicism. By nature, by instinct, and by inclination a sociable man, Mr. Smith was a pleasant companion on any occasion, he cherished the amenities, he stood firmly and in all situations for what is right, for what is essentially good, and, true to his gentlemanly instincts, what is seemly. He will be missed and his legacy of high journalistic performance will be cherished.

—Raymond Brewster

5/29/50
Herald Disp.
(Buried today.

Wiatt Smith Newspaperman For 43 Years

(See Page One Story)

Wiatt Smith, former managing editor of The Herald-Dispatch and author of the column, "Your Friends and Mine," who died Saturday, was born January 11, 1886 in Guyandotte, the town he loved to write about when he recalled boyhood days.

He was a son of Albert E. and Sallie Wiatt Smith. His father, a native of Logan County, occupied a prominent position in Guyandotte, where he engaged in business and served as mayor and as a member of the Guyandotte District Board of Education.

Wiatt Smith attended public schools in Guyandotte and Marshall College. He entered newspaper work on January 1, 1907, when he joined the staff of the Charleston Daily Mail. Later in the same year he was employed by the old Charleston News, and by the Charleston Gazette.

Early in 1908 he returned to Huntington and on February 8 of that year joined the staff of The Advertiser. He served as a reporter, special writer and city editor.

ENTERED POLITICS

On December 31, 1913 he left The Advertiser and began his distinguished career on The Herald-Dispatch.

In 1908 he took a leave of absence from The Advertiser to handle publicity for the West Virginia Democratic Committee in the gubernatorial campaign between William E. Glasscock, Republican, and Louis Bennett, Democrat. He also directed publicity for the Democrats in the 1928 campaign.

During World War I he handled publicity for the West Virginia War Savings Committee, of which his fellow townsmen, Banker Robert L. Archer, was chairman.

When World War II broke out he was again called upon for public service and served as liaison executive for West Virginia between the press and the Newspaper Advisory Council of the Southern Publishers Association.

Among the most colorful events covered by Wiatt Smith were the series of labor difficulties on Paint Creek in Kanawha County in 1921, and the "Battle of Blair Mountain," when Kanawha County miners organized a march to Logan with the avowed purpose of unionizing that field and proceeding to Mingo County to liberate a number of prisoners in the county jail.

He covered the funeral of Anderson (Devil Anse) Hatfield near Logan.

While covering labor developments in McDowell County, he met Thomas Morris, chief of the Pittsburgh bureau of the Associated Press, and one result of that meeting was the establishment of an Associated Press bureau in West Virginia.

On August 13, 1942, Mr. Smith suffered a paralytic stroke, which left him partially crippled, but his colorful career was not yet ended. After a period of inactivity, he became again an important factor in the community's life and in the affairs of The Herald-Dispatch.

Despite his physical handicap, he continued to write his popular column. There were few interruptions because of illness until about three months ago when Mr. Smith was stricken with pneumonia.

Again he rallied and "Your Friends and Mine" returned to its customary spot in The Herald-Dispatch, but the author's strength was ebbing fast. He suffered several heart attacks but, loyal to his newspaper, kept to the task and dictated on Friday afternoon what proved to be the last "Your Friends and Mine" over the signature of Wiatt Smith.

The veteran newsman is survived by his widow, Mrs. Margaret Cox Smith; two brothers, Warren Smith, member of the staff of The First Huntington National Bank, and Tom P. Smith, New York City businessman, and a sister, Mrs. Flora Smith Johnson of Huntington.

The body will be taken to the church from the Steele Funeral Home at 8:40 A. M. today.

Funeral Rites For Wiatt Smith Today

5/22/52

Funeral rites for Wiatt Smith, 64, 521 Fourteenth Street, beloved former managing editor and columnist of The Herald-Dispatch and dean of Huntington journalists, whose long distinguished career was ended by death Saturday, will be conducted at 9 A. M. today at St. Joseph's Catholic Church by the Rev. Sylvester Staud. Burial will be in Ridgelawn Cemetery.

Pallbearers will be Raymond Brewster, Boyd Jarrell, Hugh D. Stillman, William D. Birke, Edgar R. Oliver, Dr. Thadd D. Kauffelt, J. C. Rardin, Jr., L. H. Dornick, Harry E. Flesher, Jr., Russell Wyatt and Dr. Wes C. Thomas.

Honorary pallbearers will be members of the editorial staffs of The Herald-Dispatch, The Advertiser, and The Herald-Advertiser, officers of the Huntington Publishing Co., members of the Guyandot Club, and members of the Your Friends and Mine Club, named for Mr. Smith's column.

"Your Friends and Mine," the column on The Herald-Dispatch editorial page which was born in 1927 under another name, and later given its present title at the suggestion of the late Dave Gideon, publisher of The Herald-Dispatch, appeared as usual in Saturday morning's edition of the paper. It had been dictated to a Herald-Dispatch staff member just a few minutes short of 24 hours before the revered newsman's death. It dealt, in the main, with the history of a Huntington family, a theme which was one of the columnist's favorites. It had been dictated with the usual precision of wording for which he was noted.

(See WIATT SMITH, Page 7)

WIATT SMITH
'30' To A Notable Career

1-24-39

HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTING

Your Friends . . . and Mine

By Wiatt Smith

TWENTY-FIVE years ago this month carpenters were busy at the southwest corner of Fourth avenue and Seventh street. The sound of saw and hammer was to be heard from morning till night as work was rushed on the erection of a huge tabernacle being prepared for the Billy Sunday revival which was to start—did start—in April. With the exception of circus tents, no such spacious auditorium has been erected in Huntington, before or since. It was a time of much excitement. Evangelical churches of Huntington had joined together for this supreme effort. Billy Sunday was approaching the height of his career — moving on toward Philadelphia and New York, and it was fortunate for a smaller place to get him. But Huntington did itself proud. W. H. Newcomb, who recalled the approach of the anniversary to me yesterday, was general chairman on arrangements. Everybody was busy, though the principal occupation of some was to stand on downtown corners and find fault. But the cottage prayer meetings taking place in all sections of the town were paving the way for a wholehearted reception for the evangelist and his party. Not a few of the pillars of the churches today started or renewed their religious lives at the Billy Sunday meetings in 1914. Reporting those meetings was the hardest work I ever did in my life.

WIATT SMITH

THOSE records of the railway mail service found at the old Hanly place at Apple Grove and brought to me by Miss Dorothy Lewis aroused interest in several places. Ervie Wallace of the Northcott-Tate-Hagy store, told me that Jim Shively of Apple Grove was a railway mail clerk, and that he was a brother of Mrs. John Hanly and a great uncle of Hanly Morgan, Huntington merchant. Mrs. Frank (Myrtle McIntosh) Marshall telephoned to say that Jim Shively became a mail clerk on the steamer B. T. Enos when her father, George R. McIntosh, retired in 1864. Mr. McIntosh had been in the railway mail service, but because of age and impaired health had transferred to the river, changing places with my uncle, S. E. McCoy, later in the shoe business in Huntington. Uncle Sam quit the service after his chum, Hale Morrison, lost his life in a wreck.

TAKING note of the gradual demolition of the old Guyandot Club building at Fourth avenue and Eleventh street, some of us were reminded that a ghost was being laid. During the last years of the building's use some of those who lodged there insisted that they heard strange noises at night. One went so far as to declare he had seen on the broad stairway of the structure the wraith of a departed and well-beloved member whose death had occurred within the club itself. Skeptics scoffed at this, but even the most disbelieving admitted the actuality of strange noises and eerie lights.

MRS. ADA BRALEY of Pea Ridge Road writes: . . . "This is to remind you that it is sassafras tea time in this part of the country. How could we have our West Virginia Spring without sassafras tea? Here's hoping that Your Friends and Mine have a long life. Was so sorry that Jim's work was so short-lived as I always agreed with his comments."

B. G. SHY, a Sixth avenue neighbor, stopped to ask me when the suspension bridge at Guyandotte was built. From memory, I said 1852. Mr. Shy recalls that his father, also B. G. Shy, told him of the making of the great cables from which the bridge was suspended. These cables, made of a great number of strands of strong wire, were built on the west bank of the river. When it was time to raise them, there was a big celebration and men, assembled from many miles around, shouldered the heavy burden and carried it to the other side of the stream.

2-15-39

RALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTO

Your friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

THAT vast contrast which exists between Huntington as I knew it in early years and the Huntington of today was emphasized in an unusual way yesterday morning. Harry Gordon of 96 Oney avenue had read about my dictionary and telephoned to say that he had an old book, too, a Chamber of Commerce pamphlet published in the year my Worcester was acquired—1896. Mrs. Smith and I took a taxicab to go see it. I have seen and written before of copies of the "Prosperity, Health and Happiness" volume which the Chamber of Commerce had produced from the presses of The Advertiser Publishing Co., the year Bryan ran for president the first time. It contains much of interest and value including many pictures. The thing that impressed me most, as it chanced, was the fact that many of the pictured buildings are gone—the Caldwell building which was then the post office, has been remodelled beyond recognition, the city hall and jail are gone from Ninth street, Boone Engine House No. 2 from Fourth avenue, the old Chesapeake & Ohio depot from its place beyond the tracks, the Harris building, first of Huntington skyscrapers from the corner of Eleventh street and Third avenue, the Methodist Church, the little chapel behind it, and the parsonage long since made way for the First Huntington National Bank building.

WIATT SMITH

WHEN I left Harry Gordon, who was born in Huntington, whose father, the first Harrison Gordon was an early Huntington industrialist who subsequently transferred his lumber operations to Tug river, and whose sister, Miss Isabelle Gordon, a teacher in Lincoln school found the old book among her mother's effects, we drove on through Walnut Hills to see the new park improvements around the reservoir. That's a journey worth anybody's while. Walnut Hills is almost a city in itself and from its high and historically named streets and avenues one can see to wonderful advantage that newer Huntington that is building in the uplands—in the sun and above the floods.

WITH Roscoe Midkiff as driver it was like taking a personally conducted tour. He showed us the evergreens planted on reservoir hill, the new roads, made and improved by the park commission and told us of the community house which Colonel Wallace and his associates plan to build there. Later, he pointed out a lovely cottage, built in Walnut Hills by a man who purchased the stone from the sides of the street car tracks and used it in construction. We saw the red clay turning at the site of the new Geneva Kent school and drove eventually down the boulevard to view the unusual architecture of the completed Meadows school. Perhaps I'm bringing coals to Newcastle. Those who are consistent motorists may see these things constantly, but I know there are many who could get a refreshing and heartening understanding of what is happening in Huntington by such an exploration of the hills to the southeast.

5—Huntington Herald-Dispa

ILLNESS FATAL TO MRS. ROLFE

Mrs. Charles Ruffner Rolfe, 230 Twelfth Avenue, a former member of the Marshall College faculty, died yesterday at 4 A. M. in a Huntington hospital. Funeral services will be conducted tomorrow at 2:30 P. M. at the Steele Funeral Home by Dr. Rolla S. Kenaston, pastor of Johnson Memorial Methodist Church, and burial will be in Ridgelawn Cemetery.

Pallbearers will be G. M. McLaughlin and Dr. C. L. Poindexter, nephews of Mrs. Rolfe; Porter W. Smith, C. L. Roe, E. S. Reeser and Dr. H. E. Summers.

Mrs. Rolfe was born in Louisa County, Va., and came to West Virginia with her parents, Captain and Mrs. A. J. Thrice, when she was a young girl. Her father was engaged in the construction business and had the contract with the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad Co. for building the original roadbed into Huntington from the East.

She was graduated from Marshall College, later becoming a faculty member, and was a member of Johnson Memorial Methodist Church where she was active in religious work.

Mr. and Mrs. Rolfe, who had resided in Cabell County for more than half a century recently celebrating their 55th wedding anniversary, Mr. Rolfe, who survives, is a member of one of the county's earliest prominent families.

Surviving also are a daughter, Mrs. C. Gordon Robinson, with whom she resided; one son, Charles L. Rolfe, veterans employment representative for West Virginia, and three grandchildren, Miss Mary Gordon Robinson, a student at Converse College at Spartansburg, S. C.; Miss Janet Lee Rolfe of Huntington and Charles L. Rolfe Jr., a cadet at Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg.

Your Friends and Mine

by Wiatt Smith

ILLITERACY statistics for Huntington, released by the United States Census Bureau after the census of 1920, disturbed the Woman's Club. Too many adults had been found who couldn't read or write. The Woman's Club resolved to do something about it. Mrs. U. G. Wriston, president, named a committee, which, with Miss Lucy E. Prichard as chairman, established what they called moonlight schools, patterned after a similar organization in Kentucky. The committee members went from door to door enlisting scholars, and met with success which must have surprised them. Night classes for adult illiterates were opened in a dozen Huntington schools. Women, many of them without teaching experience, but each having a warm love for human kind, were the teachers. One of these were Mrs. Mayme Smith Cherry, widow of Dr. A. T. Cherry and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. I. Smith. Mrs. Cherry had never taught, but she so instructed numerous grownups that they became able to read and write. Other teachers included Mrs. C. W. Thornburg, Mrs. C. O. Harrison, Mrs. L. M. Cammack.

WIATT SMITH

MRS. PRICHARD recalled this when talking of Mrs. Cherry, who will be buried this afternoon. It was news to me. I had known Mrs. Cherry as long as I had known anybody. I have a faint memory of her marriage to Dr. A. T. Cherry, young man from Bowling Green, Ky., who located here and became Huntington's first eye, ear, nose and throat specialist. His health failed. He sold his office furniture and equipment to Dr. Thomas W. Moore in 1897. Dr. Cherry died in 1901. Mrs. Cherry never remarried. Through a long widowhood she devoted herself to her parents, her daughter, now Mrs. B. O. Becker of South Point, O., and other family interests, still finding time for the Woman's Club, for church activities and other good works, of which, characteristically, she said little. Mrs. Cherry is the last of the children of D. I. and Hannah Miller Smith. Her brothers, George Collord of Huntington and Dudley Irving Smith Jr., of Los Angeles, Calif., died before her. Mrs. Cerry was a member of the Great-grandmother's Club.

SPEAKING of great-grandmothers, Mrs. Alice Blanche White of 4246 Waverly Road, now visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. J. Neal in Miami, Fla., has been married about 54 years to Charles E. White of the Waverly Road address. Mr. White continues to work as a brick mason. People in Westmoreland know Mr. and Mrs. White as "Grandpa" and Grandma." They don't mind this. They have, living 11 children, 32 grandchildren, 23 great-grondchildren, and one great-great-grandchild, according to information from their son, A. B. White, 234 Court Street.

HUNDREDS of miles and six years separated the weddings. This makes it clear that it was purely coincidental that Thursday, July 17, was the anniversary date of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Rardin and Dr. and Mrs. J. Edward Hubbard. Mr. Rardin and Dr. Hubbard discovered this common interest during casual conversation on the important date, which, happily for them, they had both remembered. J. C. Rardin and Miss Mamie Sterling were married in Winchester, Ky., July 17, 1906, so Thursday was their 41st anniversary. They went to Cincinnati, thence to Chicago and wound up at Niagara Falls. Dr. J. Edward Hubbard and Miss Lillian Godwin were married at Easton, Md., July 17, 1912. They went to Niagara Falls; also to East Aurora, N. Y., where Dr. Hubbard saw, but because of youthful diffidence did not speak to, the famous Elbert Hubbard. It was not until some years after their marriage that Dr. and Mrs. Hubbard came here to live. The Rardins and the Hubbards have been friends but I do not think they knew until Thursday that they were married on the same day in July. In those times honeymooners almost always went to Niagara Falls. Oscar Wilde came over from England, and like many tourists, visited Niagara. He did not think the spectacle justified its publicity, and afterwards wrote that Niagara Falls must be one of the first, if not the keenest, disappointments of American brides.

WIATT SMITH

PROBABLY the youngest man ever to be marshal of Guyandotte was Royston M. Brown. Royston — known to his cronies as 'Brownie'—could not have been much more than 21 years old when he pinned the silver star to his coat, took the tax books under his arm and went about town keeping order and collecting revenues. As I remember his salary was $25 a month. He wasn't a spectacular policeman, but everybody liked him, then and ever afterwards. He died Tuesday night in Washington, D. C., and yesterday morning a group of his friends, mostly from Guyandotte, attended his burial in Spring Hill Cemetery. Mrs. Brown, the former Miss Florence Mather, was with him in Washington at the end, and, of course, came here for the burial. Mrs. Brown's sister, Mrs. Bob Swan, she who was Kate Mather, and Mr. Swan, came from Fowler, Ind. Royston Brown was the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. John W. Brown of Short Street. Dr. Brown is well-remembered. He was a North Carolina gentleman who delivered many babies, some of whom are named for him. He also pulled teeth and when he pulled your tooth you knew it. His second son, Wirt Brown, an executive of Watts-Ritter & Co., died early. The third son, Carl Brown, lives at Peru, Ind. Wirt Brown's widow, Mrs. Ella Layne Brown, lives in Frankfort, Ky., and her daughter, Adelaide, who is Mrs. Roy Yates, lives in Ohio.

WILLIAM G. STRICKLER of Salem, Va., here for a convention of railway mail-clerks, came yesterday to see me, with Emmitte Harrison, Sr., of the Railway Express, and Capt., Emmitte Harrison, Jr., of The Herald-Dispatch staff. Mr. Strickler used to run into Ceredo and Kenova when the Norfolk and Western trains traversed the old line by Wayne.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

BORN IN 1853, Franklin Pierce Morrison was named for President Pierce. After growing to manhood, he was active with his brothers in coal production. Having reached the age of 39, he married Miss Mattie Alexander of East Bank on August 17, 1892. The bride was 17. After the wedding they were driven, in a carriage drawn by two superior horses, across country to Belmont where they went to housekeeping that night. Mrs. Morrison became a teacher, continued in educational work 55 years, and was principal of the elementary school at Montgomery. For seven years Mr. and Mrs. Morrison have lived in Huntington. They will spend the fifty-fifth anniversary of their marriage at their Marcum Terrace home Sunday. There will be no celebration, as Mr. Morrison, now in his ninety-fifth year, is in enfeebled health and his physicians have advised quiet. Otherwise, Mrs. Morrison said when I called her yesterday, there would be a celebration, for their 55 years together have been happy ones. Mrs. Morrison thinks there is no one now living who attended their wedding. They are members of Johnson Memorial Church, have many friends, find life in Huntington good. They have two daughters, Mrs. Clyde Jenkins of Parkersburg and Mrs. Kenneth H. Martin of Montgomery.

WIATT SMITH

AFTER A tour of duty in the Philippines, First Lieutenant Bob Hippert has been sent to a new station at an airport 30 miles from Tokyo, Japan. Mrs. Hippert, the former Miss Joan Stark of Huntington, and their daughter, Sharon, who were with him in the Philippines have gone to Japan also. Mrs. Hippert is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Stark of Woodland Drive.

OUR neighbor, John P. Siers, is a busy man these days. Besides attending to his regular duties with the Railway Express Co., John is keeping a careful eye on his son, John Paul Siers, Jr., and his toddler-daughter, Rebecca Jane, while Mrs. Siers is in St. Mary's hospital with a new daughter, named, I hear, Rosemary, for her mother.

MEN MAKE fun of women for bowing to the edicts of fashion, but more and more of the fellows are wearing bow ties and denouncing as conservatives or old fogies, those of us who stick to four-in-hands. Personally, I think I'll use the present tie supply until it wears out or [illegible]. Meanwhile I'm a bit speculative about the new bow tie fashion. I think it must have come into vogue because of the fact that President Harry S. Truman, the President, followed the fashion in setting it. Men are slow to accept new ideas, as proved by the fact [illegible]

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

YEARS ago, when the Daughters of the Confederacy were entertaining Garnett Camp, UCV, at Johnson Memorial Church, I was introduced, as Mr. Smith to H. E. Ferguson, a bearded veteran from Louisa, Ky. The old gentleman looked at me keenly and said: "Smith - Smith - you must be Crawley's boy. I was Crawley (William) Smith's grandson, which statement here today will answer the question of Mrs. Anna E. Ayres of Barboursville who writes:

WIATT SMITH

"When I was a little girl four years old I lived in Guyandotte. My father, the Rev. J. E. Steele, was then pastor of the Bridge Street Methodist Church. Again in 1876 we lived in Guyandotte when father was presiding elder of the Charleston district. In my memory there is no name connected with the town that stands out more prominently than the name of Smith. I have been wondering to which family you belonged. There were Edward E. Smith and his family who lived at the corner of Bridge and Guyan Streets. His daughter, Miss Minnie, was my ideal. There was Crawley Smith who lived on the Ohio River bank, kept a hotel and catered to the river men. There was Nicholas Smith who lived on Main Street with his daughter, Mrs. J. L. Caldwell, and Mr. Caldwell. His daughter, Miss Lulu Smith was my Sunday School teacher, and to say I adored her is, putting it mildly. Then there was Dudley Smith who lived out next to the hill in the neighborhood of the public school building. Now to which of these families do you belong?" I have already answered that question. There were well-known Smiths in Guyandotte to whom Mrs. Ayres did not allude. The roll is too long to call. I know of all those she names, but I did not know Dudley (D. D.) Smith, who was the father of D. I. Smith, ever lived in Guyandotte.

"IN 1879," continues Mrs. Ayres, "my father was pastor of the First Methodist Church in Huntington, then at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Tenth Street. I attended Marshall College. Jennie and Maggie McGinnis were students there at the same time. Maggie married John M. Beale, who recently died. Jennie married Fletcher Stewart. In 1880 my father went to the Kentucky conference and in 1883 we moved to Illinois where father served different churches. In 1891 I married G. W. Ayres of Gridley, Ill., and in July 1895 we came to Barboursville. My husband died in 1919 since when my son, Raymond, and I have continued to live here. On July 4, 1945, we will have been citizens of Barboursville 50 years.

"IN THAT time I have met a great many people—people who have been kind to me and whom I have come to love dearly. As I approach my eightieth birthday, I want to do something to show my appreciation of all the lovely things they have done for me, and so I have decided to keep open house on February 3 from 2 P. M. to 5:30 P. M., and from 6:30 P. M. to 10 P. M. During these hours I will be most happy to receive my friends, not only from Barboursville but from anywhere in the county or state or any other state, who may find it convenient to call. I live at 1048 Main Street, just across from the Kuhn Memorial Presbyterian Church."

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

INFIRMITIES prevented my going to Gallipolis, O., to attend a newspaper dinner given at 6 P. M. yesterday by Harold Weatherholt on the seventieth birthday of Earl (Squire) Mauck. Mr. Weatherholt is publisher and Mr. Mauck is editor of the Gallipolis Tribune. I greatly desired to be at that celebration and join in the good wishes which I know were piled upon my former colleague and unfailing friend, Squire Mauck. A native of Cheshire, Gallia County, O., Squire worked in Gallipolis, New York City, Huntington, Logan and elsewhere before settling down once more in Gallipolis. To hundreds of readers of The Herald-Dispatch, he needs no introduction. There are several things I might say about him but since, in previous exchanges of compliments I have come off second best, or so it seems to me, I'll content myself with expression of the wish that Squire may have many more happy birthdays—all of them in Gallipolis. There's a town where the people know how to enjoy life.

WIATT SMITH

DURING a good many years the P. C. Buffingtons and the E. K. Mahans were Highlawn neighbors. Mr. Mahan and Mr. Buffington died and the families eventually went elsewhere. Never, however, did the Highlawn-born friendship lag. Beginning tomorrow, there is to be a two-week reunion at Mrs. Buffington's apartment on Thirteenth Street. Mrs. Mahan, the former Miss Victoria Williamson, will come from her native Catlettsburg, Ky., where she lives, and her daughter, the former Virginia Mahan, now Mrs. George Parker of Arlington Heights, Mass., will be Mrs. Buffington's guests.

SMALL boy memories include the name of Miss Grace Jenkins, who was especially friendly with my aunt, Miss Susie Wiatt. I do not remember seeing Miss Jenkins in those now shadowy days, but I called on her a few years ago when she came to visit Mrs. R. H. Armstrong of Fifth Avenue. Last night they brought the body of Grace Jenkins back to Huntington from Roanoke, Va., and she will be buried at 4 P. M. today in the Jenkins plot in Spring Hill Cemetery. A native of Greenbottom, she lived in Huntington from 1893-97 while her brother D. J. Jenkins was sheriff. The family dwelt in the former Michie residence, adjoining the First Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue, long the residence of A. W. Werninger. My friend, Albert Gallatin Jenkins II, poet and philosopher, came from Roanoke with his sister's body. Another brother, Dr. G. R. Jenkins of New York City, is here for the burial.

1946

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

BEFORE the advent of the "Big Store," Guyandotte was dry, legally, for a number of years. During that salonless era there developed a number of establishments which sold hard cider. I never drank any of it but saw a good deal consumed. The results appeared satisfactory. The cider parlors disappeared with the coming of the Price & Kenney establishment and I don't know that I've seen any hard cider in the meanwhile. There was a sometimes heard theory that the cider was spiked, but that was supposition only and no one interfered with the trade. I doubt, now, that any spiking was necessary. Currently, there is said to be an extensive demand for the unrationed wines which the liquor stores dispense. It is cheap, in comparison, the taste is agreeable—some of the customers call it "Sweet Lucy," and—well, maybe I'd better let it go at that.

WIATT SMITH

MORALIZATION about Tuesday's light election turnout largely must be left to others, but I cannot resist comment on the absence of bannered cars on the streets ready and anxious to haul the electorate to the polls. This has no reference to the purchaseable vote, but to the indifferent or disabled who usually go to the polls only when urged. I voted, as always, and when I emerged from Oley School, after depositing my ballot, marked with the aid of Miss Stacey Gill, I was accosted by an unrecognized voice which, I learned, belonged to my old schoolmate, Harvey Shelton. He drove me home, but throughout the day no one darkened the door to inquire whether or not members of the Smith household had voted. A few years ago, no election day would have passed without half a dozen such inquiries. I think the politicians are slipping.

WHILE I was intent on my balloting, I was addressed from behind by one who sounded like Ira J. McGinnis. When I could I looked, and sure enough it was Ira. "Judge," we used to call him, because he was the son of Judge Ira J. McGinnis. In those days both of us lived on Main Street, within a couple of squares of each other. Now we both live on Fourteenth Street and less than three squares separate us. Usually, we go from election to election without seeing each other and then meet at the voting place.

HARVEY SHELTON and I talked, naturally, of earlier days. He told me how he had been irritated by some newcomer who wanted to know how long he had been in Huntington. "I was born," was his reply, "at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street." He told me his father, Joseph R. Shelton, built the Fifth Avenue brick where Mrs. Shelton now lives. Her girlhood home and that of her father, J. Harvey Poage, faced Five and a Half Alley, which had been the James River and Kanawha Turnpike. And Fourteenth Street was Shelton's Lane.

4-17-19

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

SECURE behind its flood walls, Huntington is serene and business goes along much as usual though the Ohio is higher than it has been since 1937. There is general confidence in the flood control system and thus far this confidence has not been misplaced. I do not think it will prove to have been. Meanwhile, sightseers are having their difficulties about getting satisfactory views of the water. The river is visible from sections of Highlawn and I hear some of the residents there have been annoyed by trespassers who have damaged lawns and gardens in their anxiety to look at the flood. Hundreds have visited the levees and many, no doubt, have crossed the bridge to see the tide from the Ohio side.

WIATT SMITH

FLOODS are serious, but a flood is fun, especially if you are young and gay. There are many stories of the high waters of the past. I grew up on stories of the flood of 1884. That must have been a disastrous experience all along the valley. Veterans of the flood of '84 were condescending to those of us who remembered only lesser tides. And they were indignant when the flood of 1913 passed the crest of 1884 and left them less to talk about. I recall stories of the flood of 1884, perhaps the most entertaining being about the Guyandotte rescue crew which was engaged in moving a Main Street piano. The workers, the householder among them, were wading in the water when the housewife came downstairs with a bottle of liquor which she handed to her husband with the admonition: "You'd better take some of this to keep from getting a cold." Nowise loth, the man took the bottle, uncorked it, took a hearty swig, then wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and passed the recorked bottle to his wife. "Come on boys, let's get out of this!" exclaimed one of the volunteer workers. The crew promptly dropped the piano into the water and took to their boats.

DURING much of the 1913 flood I was a prisoner with others of the family in the second floor of our Main Street home. Our provisions ran out and we were glad to take sandwiches from relief boats. During that flood, a Huntington woman, then living in another valley town, put a ham, some beans and some mush in an old-fashioned fireless cooker with a view to having something to eat when the waters were high. The river rose more than was anticipated and the householders fled to a hotel, first placing the fireless cooker and its contents in the second floor bathtub. Before the waters receded, the man of the house and a group of fellow emergency workers got into the bathroom, then inundated, found [illegible] and made

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

MRS. ELLA WALLACE ANDERSON yesterday was thought to be dying in a Huntington hospital where she has been a patient two years. She was in extremis following a series of strokes. Mrs. Anderson came a few years ago to Huntington, which had been the home of her girlhood. As many know, she is the daughter of George R. Wallace, who published the Huntington Argus from a Fourth Avenue location which is now a part of the Hotel Frederick site. I think the Wallace residence was in the same building. Miss Ella Wallace learned the printing business in the Argus shop. Later, she was for many years with the government Bureau of Printing in Washington. She married late in life and after her husband's death returned to Huntington to live.

WIATT SMITH

NEWS of Mrs. Anderson's illness came from Mrs. Edith Stivers of Sixth Avenue. Mrs. Stivers was the daughter of John Reis, who had a blacksmith shop on Sixth Avenue where the Mullineaux Garage now is. The Reis dwelling faced the avenue, the blacksmith shop was at the rear. What had been the Reis residence was razed to make space for the garage.

AN IMPULSE of regret came the other evening to Mrs. Shirley Stewart of Lampeer, Wales, who is visiting Mrs. William A. Jones at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Taylor. Mrs. Stewart was sorry she hadn't brought with her to America her Wren uniform. If she had, she explained, she could don it and give Admiral Joel T. Boone, USN, an official salute when he came to dinner at the home of his kinsfolk, the Taylors. Admiral Boone, of the Navy Medical Corps, is with a health mission in the West Virginia coal fields. Mrs. Stewart is the widow of Lieutenant Thomas Grier Stewart of Kansas, who lost his life during the war. He was a brother of John D. Stewart of Philadelphia, whose wife is a daughter of the C. A. Taylors.

VIRGINIA (Mrs. William Page) Pitt, has returned to her Norway Avenue home after several days in a hospital to which she went for emergency attention. . . . In answer to an inquiry, John Zontini, Marshall College football star, never made the mythical All-America. Jackie Hunt came closer but was left off the list because Marshall's schedule wasn't considered heavy enough. . . . Both were probably as good as the best Grantland Rice picked out. . . . However, that is not in my bailiwick, but I will add John Zontini is playing baseball in the Piedmont League and that Jackie Hunt expects to play professional football again this Fall as a member of the Chicago Bears.

FINALLY came the flood of 1937, a tragedy that took the fun out of high water. Huntington lost millions of dollars worth of property. There was scarcely a house which did not have a ruined piano on the back porch. The flood wall cost a great deal, but it has repaid the outlay by keeping the river out of the town 11 years.

HE HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGT

3-20-37

YOUR FRIENDS AND MINE

by Wiatt Smith

FROM Ardmore, Okla., comes a letter: "You will doubtless be surprised at receipt of this, so I will tell you at the start who I am. I am an old friend of your father and mother and I went to school with your Aunt Delia who married George S. Page. My mother knew your grandmother and family from childhood. I am a brother to Mrs. James W. Hagen, 1101 Sixth avenue, Huntington, and my name is Andrew Rece. I was born in Guyandotte, just across the street from the Baptist Church, just one block from where Charley Ricketts was born. Until Charley's death I thought he and I were the same age to a day, but from the paper clipping my sister sent me, I seem to be about three months his senior. Our families were like kinfolk. I think Mr. Ricketts officiated at my birth. Charley and I played together in childhood, went to school together, ran foot races, went swimming in old Guyan and finally he married an old sweetheart of mine, Miss Jennie Peyton. Your description of Charley is practically perfect.

WIATT SMITH

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"I KNEW every member of the Ricketts family as well as I did my own and I sat on juries at Barboursville when Lucian was prosecuting attorney of Cabell county. So from this connection you can appreciate why I just can't help writing you and thanking you for the kindly expression regarding him and his family . . . Then, too, the writeup of my old school mate, Joseph E. Chilton. He and I were school mates at St. Albans in 1873. Joe was a fine manly boy, ambitious and studious and was reading Blackstone at night and on Saturdays preparing for the law. His brother, W. E., when fifteen years of age was also a student of Blackstone and was just as surely headed for the United States senate as he was the day he started for Washington, D. C. He and I were in the same classes and sat together at the same desk. He used to take up his slate and write on it, 'Rece & Chilton, attorneys at law, will practice in all the courts of the state,' hold it up to me and say, 'What do you think of that, A. G.?' I smiled and went back to the farm. He went right on and in due time became a lawyer, practicing in all the courts of the state, became secretary of state and went to the United States senate. I have served several years on school boards and while visiting school rooms, as was once the custom, I have told this to graduating classes to impress on them the importance of having a goal early in life and striving to attain it.

* * *

"JUST a few words more and I'll ring off . . . I have bought several dollars worth of groceries from your father when he and his brother-in-law, George S. Page, were in business in Guyandotte. I always liked your father and he and I went calling on your mother once or twice when they first commenced keeping company. I knew the family from the day they first went into the hotel. I think they came from Logan county. If I'm ever in Huntington again, I'll look you up and tell you more why I am a good friend to you and feel as if I had once known you well."

FOR MY part, I feel as if I had always known Mr. Rece, though I do not remember that I ever saw him. I have heard my parents speak of him, I have talked of him with his sister, and many times with Uncle Charley Ricketts. I trust that some day he will return to his native heath where he can still find a few of those whom he knew in his youth, and many of his generation's children and children's children.

Tues. March 23, 1937

HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTO

3-23-37

YOUR FRIENDS AND MINE

by Wiatt Smith

AFTER the New London school disaster on last Thursday, March 18, Frank O. McIntosh came to the news room to check up on the February 24 forecast of J. W. Roach, who, we found on consulting the files, said "March 20 has nothing good in store for us." Recalling that Mr. Roach gives himself fifteen hours leeway, backward or forward, Mr. McIntosh was inclined to couple the forecast with the disaster. I'm not sure, but as I understand matters, Mr. Roach confines his prophecies to the weather and makes no claim to occult knowledge. Still, the forecast, as worded and the date of the Texas tragedy, considered together, are interesting. From a weather standpoint, the Roach prediction was a bull's eye. Besides recurring high winds, the twentieth was marked by one of the worst dust storms ever experienced in this section. Col. J. H. Long noted the dust from afar as we rolled homeward from Charleston in his car. And presently, when rain started, the windshield wiper converted rain drops and dust into trickles of muddy water.

WIATT SMITH

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IN 1885, Riley Ferguson came from Putnam county to work for the Ensign Mfg. Co. Those whose Huntington tenure goes to the back yonder period know that the Ensign Mfg. Co. was the predecessor of ACF. For the Ensign company and its successor, Riley Ferguson worked thirty-five years and seven months. Quitting after that long period he became a building contractor. Now he and Mrs. Ferguson have a ten acre plot off Robey road. He has retired but expects this year to cultivate a one acre garden for exercise. In the building on another errand, he stopped to tell me that his boyhood home on the Kanawha river was near that of my mother and her people and of the dance the neighbors gave in their honor on the night before they left the farm for a new home in Guyandotte.

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YOUR FRIENDS AND MINE

by Wiatt Smith

DURING forty-odd years of law practice, John W. Perry has gone to his office morning, afternoon and night. Allowance must be made, of course, for time spent of necessity in courts, but when Lawyer Perry is not busy professionally elsewhere, he is to be found at his desk, in his library or in his consultation room. His son, Fred L. Perry, does as his father does and goes to the office in the evening. Wilbur C. Perry, the younger son, is likewise diligent in his business, but takes a more modern view of office hours. He sees clients in the evening by appointment only, and afternoon on Saturday, if and when they can catch him. I think most of the latter day lawyers follow the Wilbur Perry plan. It wasn't so in the old days when Lawyer Perry was starting his career. Almost all lawyers returned to their offices in the evenings, sometimes to prepare cases, at others to confer with clients whose daylight occupations left them little time for legal consultations. Lawyer Perry is alone in continuing the custom. It was a rare evening when the late Douglas W. Brown did not spend half an hour, at least, in the office.

WIATT SMITH

* * *

ATTORNEYS were not alone in the custom of devoting early evening hours to business. Every physician had after supper office hours. More than that, the stores kept open till 9 or 10 o'clock, not only on Saturday nights but all other nights. On Saturday night a busy store would not close until 11 or 12. "Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee," said Poor Richard, and the shop keepers kept his saying in their hearts. The theory was that workers, loosed from factory and field would come in the evening to purchase their necessities. There was much in it, too, for in that period the ten-hour day was a radical innovation and man's work came precious near being "from sun to sun."

* * *

BUT those evenings were not given over to any rush of efficiency. They were leisurely and highly sociable periods and the customer who dropped in for a shirt, a handkerchief, a pair of socks, a new dinner bucket and a plug of tobacco usually took his place on winter evenings in the group which surrounded the big burnside stove. That stove! It ate coal by the wheelbarrow load and produced ashes in prodigious quantities, and had to be tended, going and coming! Ask any boy who grew up in a store. But it made a brave and cheerful heat when its bowl turned bright red and then to whiteness almost transparent. Blue smoke curled up from pipes and stogies—nobody smoked cigars except an occasional drummer and Jim Drury. The battles of the sixties were fought anew, there were occasional stories of the trek to California in '49 and sometimes of Indian fighting in the wild west.

* * *

SEEMS as though I have dwelled ... eralization in personal recollections. Well, the store atmosphere in Guyandotte was very similar to that of similar establishments in the bigger town of Huntington. The bigger the store, of course, the less informality. Time came when the merchants struck for shorter hours. It wasn't a sit-down strike. They simply locked up and went home to what they were just beginning to call dinner and didn't come back till morning. I suppose it must have been done by agreement. Come to think of it, pressure from the clerks may have hastened it. Even after evening closing was general, it was customary for the stores to keep their doors open until late hours for a week or so before Christmas. Public indignation at the long hours to which saleswomen were subjected led to the abandonment of this practice and the institution of the movement which has for its slogan "do your Christmas shopping early." That reminds me that it is just no time 'till Easter.

MANY times I have wondered why it was not more usual to have the eulogy of a prominent citizen spoken at his bier by a friend. This was done touchingly yesterday when Colonel George L. Neal spoke of his friend, Lawrence L. Wilson. It was a fitting tribute . . . Colonel Neal said that Lawrence Wilson was, in a way, "a self made man." That was, I think, under expression, for Lawrence made his own career after he left the common schools. He taught in the country, saved his money and studied at Morgantown enough to supplement his law reading and enable him to pass the bar examinations. That was before a degree was necessary. He came here to practice with little or nothing on which to start. He told me once of a time when he was so discouraged at the sparseness of his living that he almost took a job as a reporter on The Advertiser. That decision changed his destiny and may have changed mine, for I subsequently got the place he didn't take.

Your Friends and Mine · by · Wiatt Smith

2-12-37

WASHINGTON'S birthday, Monday, February 22, 1858 was the scene of a "big demonstration" in Barboursville, the Cabell county seat, at which representatives of several southern counties urged the state of Virginia to proceed with the construction of the Covington & Ohio Railroad from the mouth of the Big Sandy to the Kanawha. I know no details of the meeting itself, but it must have been held as scheduled and may have been a part of a movement which might have succeeded had not the war of secession intervened. Miss Mary C. Burks has a copy of the Kanawha Valley Star, published at Kanawha C. H., Va., Tuesday, March 2, 1858, "in the first building below the court house, Joseph Hundle, publisher," which deals at length with a meeting held at Hurricane Bridge at which the continued construction of the railroad was urged. It seems that the state, after expending a million dollars on the project had grown indifferent and the Hurricane Bridge meeting, by resolution, complained that "the abandonment of the western end of the road . . . has induced the people of Kentucky to abandon for the present the construction of the Lexington & Big Sandy Railroad and drive the commerce and trade of a considerable portion of the southwestern state on northern roads and northern cities."

WIATT SMITH

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MANY items of interest are to be found in the Kanawha Valley Star, but they cannot be reviewed here this morning, save as they apply more directly to the interest of Your Friends and Mine. Concerning the legislature of Virginia, I find an adverse report "in relation to the securities of James H. Ferguson, late superintendent of schools in Logan county." Also, under bills passed, "enlarging the present corporate limits of the town of Guyandotte in Cabell county." . . . This must have been the Russell addition . . . and a formal notice of the marriage by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Jackson of Mr. John Laidley, Jr., of Cabell county, and Miss Sallie E., daughter of Dr. James B. Chewning of this place." The groom was an uncle of Miss Burks and was born in Lamartine, the old Laidley home on the Kanawha and James River turnpike. He was one of fourteen children of John Laidley who married Mary Scales Hite and for whom it is claimed that he is "rightfully known as the founder of Marshall College." John Laidley, Jr., moved to Missouri where he died in 1886.

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PET STOCK at the Cabell County detention home increased yesterday when Molly, groundhog matron, produced a litter of four—pigs I suppose they'd be called, but if they're pups or cubs it is quite all right with me. Groundhogs are favorite playmates of detention home residents and the colony is quite large. Also, as the result of certain new discoveries in groundhog culture, it is expected to be larger. There is a pair of ringnecked pheasants there, the hen is producing eggs and Sam Owens plans to set them under a bantam hen and raise pheasants on a big scale. Moreover, he has recently acquired two wild geese. He finds that birds and animals engage the attention of his young wards and help solve the problems of discipline.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

ON DECEMBER 11 Mr. and Mrs. John L. Hawkins will have been married 63 years. Mr. Hawkins has long been a well-known man in Huntington. Mrs. Hawkins was Virginia Elinor Beuhring, daughter of Frederick D. Beuhring. Mr. Hawkins and intimate friends call her Daisy. This subject came to attention when Mrs. Don (Betty Hawkins) Ritter called to say her grandmother, Mrs. John L. Hawkins, was richly entitled to a place in the list of great-grandmothers which Mrs. Mae Robertson Hayslip and I started a few days ago. Mrs. Hawkins has four living children, 18 grandchildren and 18 great-grandchildren. This entry admits the great-grandfathers to the class, as, of course, Mr. Hawkins has 18 great-grandchildren, too. . . . Also nominated was Mrs. Fred Marcum of Kenova, who, "spry as a cricket at 71," is the great-grandmother of 14-months-old Harriet Jane Hicks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Hicks of Kenova. My informant was Mrs. John Calvert of Kenova, daughter of Mrs. Marcum.

WIATT SMITH

AFTER some years of high school teaching in Chicago, Mary Lee Keister has dropped school work and returned to Huntington to operate the Keister Insurance Agency, 830 Sixth avenue, founded by her father, the late Walter D. Keister. Mary Lee, widowed, is Mrs. Talbet, socially. During her teaching years she studied variously and became interested in historical research and writing. Through a reference in this column in 1943 to Blennerhassett Island, she was led to look into the Blennerhassett story, which continues to engross her in spare moments.

BASEBALL was popular as an inter-community sport when J. R. (Rome) Osborne of Griffithsville, Lincoln county, and I were young. Rome pitched for Marshall, alternating with Boyd B. Chambers before he graduated in 1901. I often watched him work. He continued to play ball some 15 years after he left school, but wasn't the pitcher at a memorable game in which Hamlin beat Griffithsville by a 2-1 score. Ginny Gwinn, whose first name Mr. Osborne does not know, was the Griffithsville twirler. Lawrence L. McClure pitched and Erza Midkiff played third base for Hamlin. Perhaps Carl V. (Duke) Ridgley was shortstop for Griffithsville. He sometimes played short for the oilfield nine. Mr. Orborne spent the weekend in Huntington, attending the Marshall College football game Saturday night and paying me his annual sorghum call on Sunday evening. He always comes in the fall, bringing sorghum, and vowing he'll be back before sorghum time comes again. But he never does. Incidentally he says sorghum is more plentiful this year and a bit cheaper than it was last.

RAYMOND WISEMAN spent the weekend in Pittsburgh attending a conference of business schools. Mr. Wiseman is with the Wiseman Business School on Sixth avenue.

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

1-12-39.

DEER in their wild state are now reappearing in the lower counties of Southern West Virginia, but there were a great many years in which these ruminants were absent, save from the highlands. The return, I think, must be due to preservation and perhaps to some restocking. All of which leads to the story of the last deer killed in Putnam county—in 1877, as I had it yesterday from Miss Emma Irwin of Euclid place. This incident occurred when Miss Irwin, then a toddler, was the baby of the household of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Irwin who lived near Hurricane. Hounds and hunters from Kanawha county had chased a prime buck to the Irwin neighborhood. The animal, the dogs trailing, passed through the Irwin yard, to take refuge in a swamp beyond. There the dogs surrounded it. Mr. Irwin killed the deer with a butcher knife, which was something of a feat, albeit the buck was wearied.

WIATT SMITH

HE claimed by right of possession the scalp and antlers of his prey. Though the venison was divided with the hunters, they demanded the antlers. Their demand refused, they threatened suit. John Ellis, father of Hubert and Bob of present day Huntington, owned the land on which the kill was made. He saved his neighbor and kinsman, Mr. Irwin, trouble by countering with a threat to sue the nimrods for trespass. The Irwins kept the horns. Miss Irwin showed them to me and explained their bluntness with another story, that of an epileptic boy in the neighborhood who had heard that the tips of a deer's antlers boiled in a certain vegetable compound would cure him. Reluctantly, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin permitted him to have them. It is not of record that the remedy relieved the fits.

DURING a recent visit with Mrs. Robinson to Daytona Beach, St. Petersburg and other points in Florida, Ben M. Robinson was seated on a St. Pete pier fishing when a man walked passed him, slapping him on the shoulder and saying "Hello, Ben." He arose and [illegible] to see who it was. He didn't ask his [illegible] but inquired of another man to whom he had seen his unidentified man talking. The answer was refused. He had to go to headquarters to learn that the bearded fellow in fishing togs was his fellow-townsman Charles A. Bruce. The man who wouldn't tell was Charley's father. Subsequently Ben played the same trick on General A. A. (Cousin Abe) Lilly, who was fishing off shore, who puzzled out the answer without having to be told. "But," he said, "you know I didn't know who you were."

FELLOW-pedestrian H. Clay Warth, judge of the common pleas court, doesn't think it such a good idea to have eliminated the orange caution interval from the traffic signal system. Neither do I. Pedestrians are frequent offenders against the traffic laws and should be educated to do their part in making the streets and highways safe. But they have to get about—and all of us are foot passengers at times—in the congested districts. When traffic is heavy they can only cross at certain points when the cars are halted for them. But I'd better shut up. I've had my annual fling at scolding and there are indications of action on the matter of street signs. So here's a resolution . . . no more poaching . . . for a long time [illegible] the editorial preserves.

HAVING stopped to visit Huntington while enroute from Chicago, where he represented the government in the settlement of the truckmen's strike, Conciliator John L. Conner naturally thought of the legislature in which he formerly served. He found added interest in the fact that Delegate Andrew (Snooks) Winters took the oath of office yesterday, January 11, on his birthday. On January 11, 1911, twenty-eight years ago, Delegate John L. Conner was sworn in. I have no special memory of January 11, 1911, but it was my birthday, too. And Colonel Jack Wilkinson's.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

OTHERWISE well and strong, 82-year-old Frank Darling of Proctorville, O., has an injured arm which gives him some trouble after several years. Mr. Darling says this indisposition is the result of his having fallen out of a tree when he was in his late seventies. "I guess," he said, "I thought I had to act like a squirrel." Otherwise, he's in good shape. Off and on during a long period he worked at the ACF plant. In 1940 he retired and now, living with his daughter, Mrs. Leland S. Dillon and her husband, Dr. Dillon, he works or doesn't work as he chooses. He likes to go over to Guyandotte to talk things over with his friend, L. T. Elkins. As several others have done recently, he promised to bring Mr. Elkins, who is an old friend of mine, also, to see me. I fancy Mr. Darling will make good.

WIATT SMITH

MR. DARLING was born at or near Miller (then Millersport), O., the son of Moses Darling. His mother died as the result of an attack by a savage dog when he was young. Later, Moses Darling married Sallie Thornburg of Cabell County, a sister of Charles W. Thornburg and of the late Mrs. G. R. Mayberry of Guyandotte. Frank Darling first came to Guyandotte in the 1880s with G. R. (Bob) Mayberry, the lawyer. His first job was at the Roseberry axe handle plant on Main Street and his first boarding place was at the home of Mrs. Louis Darling, at Main and Bridge Streets where the Murphy drug store now stands. Mrs. Darling, who was no relation to Frank Darling, lived in a green house on the corner. I remember when Colonel A. S. Fry moved that green house to the next lot above and built the National Hotel on the corner. People used to say that green structure was a log house which had been weatherboarded. I don't know about that. They did move it. Mrs. Louis Darling, a widow, afterwards married L. P. LeTulle. She operated the Darling House on Guyan Street. Frank Darling went back to Ohio and married a daughter of John A. Bowen. They went to housekeeping in the Bukey house on Richmond Street in 1887 when he was working at the Hartzell handle plant, just across the street. He was working there when the factory burned in 1888. Mr. Darling doesn't use tobacco, doesn't drink. He used to take an occasional drink, but he was never a servant of My Lady Nicotine.

MRS. MAY R. HAYSLIP of Pawtucket, R. I., who is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. H. Bronson, called to say her son Leland Hayslip would be here at mid-October with his wife and their daughter, Miss Audrey, an artist. The Leland Hayslips live in Philadelphia . . . Miss Margaret Lovelace has in her current piano class a father and his two daughters, or maybe I should say two girls and their Daddy. The students are Ralph Quick, of the State Forestry service, and Martha Jean and Mary Ellen Quick. The three come in from the country together two evenings a week.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

ST. EDWARD'S Preparatory College was a Catholic diocesan school for boys, erected on what had been the W. H. Hagen land. Mrs. Hagen was a Buffington and the land, I am sure, had come to her from the Buffington estate. St. Edward's College was operated with varying success several years, but it fell victim, probably, to the rising tide of community and parochial high schools and the Most Rev. John J. Swint, Bishop of Wheeling, invited the Pallotine Missionary Sisters to come to Huntington and transform the college into a hospital. The offer was accepted. The Pallotine sisters took over the two red brick buildings, the present east wing and the convent, together with five acres of land. The appraised value was $50,000. At the end of the 1923-24 school year, remodeling of the buildings started under the supervision of H. M. Brown. Sisters Kostka and Ludwiga arrived June 9, 1924, to take possession in the name of the Pallotine order. They had their troubles, but the place was in readiness for the formal opening of St. Mary's Hospital November 6, 1924. The Rt. Rev. Henry B. Altmeyer, pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, who had been consistently helpful in the preparations, took part in the ceremonies.

WIATT SMITH

BEGINNINGS were small. Thirty physicians sent patients to the hospital within the first month or two. The number of patronizing physicians increased to 69 by the end of the second year. Demands called for a resident physician and Dr. Harry E. Beard was the first to hold this post. As the years have passed, St. Mary's has grown. The third enlargement is now completed and the bigger hospital will be opened, formally, tomorrow. There will be an all-day program, including an open house between 2 and 5 P. M., to which the public is urgently invited.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL needs no praise from me. It stands today as the best possible testimonial to the manner in which the Pallotine Sisterhood has served the community. Personalities interest me, and I find it worthy to note that Sister M. Carola, one of the founders, is hospital administrator, albeit she was away several years. Among other pioneers were Sister M. Gerarda, who has been in charge of the main kitchen since the hospital was opened; Sister M. Amalis, superior of the hospital; Sister M. Anastasia, a nurse, who cared for patients many years, and who died at Buckhannon, W. Va., December 20, 1945; Sister M. Valeria, who was at St. Mary's nearly 22 years; Sister M. Pia, who served St. Mary's as secretary, nurse and, for 10 years, director of nurses, and who is now at St. Joseph's Hospital in Buckhannon; Sister M. Damiana, who nursed at St. Mary's eight years, and who is now at St. Joseph's Hospital in Buckhannon. Incidentally, St. Mary's has been the Mother House of the Pallotine order in the Western Hemisphere.

Feb. 24, 19[illegible]?

ALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTO

YOUR FRIENDS AND MINE

by Wiatt Smith

SENATOR VANDENBERG in an article in the current Saturday Evening Post says "I do not play at prophecy." That is a good line and a good idea, as far as I am concerned. But there are those who enjoy the role of prophet, especially in reference to the weather, and some of them have more than a fair knack at it. There is, for instance, my friend J. W. Roach, who, despite numerous bull's eyes in the past, has been put on the spot because he made a wide miss as to the storm which he said would hit Huntington December 21, and the extreme cold which did not materialize.

WIATT SMITH

Mr. Roach is a man of good sportsmanship as well as of good will. He is entitled to a show for his white owl. He has just called my attention to the fact that in a letter, which because of the stress of the flood period was lost in the shuffle, he forecast the storms which have been raging over the land. Fixing February 22 as the date, and allowing himself the usual fifteen hour play. And do you remember how the wind and the hail raged here on the afternoon of Sunday the twenty-first? . . . and once more he hazards his reputation, saying: . . . "just to make it more interesting to anyone who cares to keep tab, I will say without reserve that March 20 has nothing good in store for us. Look for trouble. It is sure to come on that date, a fifteen hour variation excepted."

* * *

WELL, Cyrus Biggs VanBibber reputation as a we[illegible]

whose nothing to speak of, is confident of an early spring. He forbade me to put him on record, but I can't resist. His theory that the season is at least two moons ahead of itself is so brightly hopeful that I think it should be passed on. And with kindest regard for any who may hold a contrary view, I'm rooting for Mr. VanBibber. Regardless of what we maybe going to get, we need an early spring—the worst way. And Lee Gentry saw a robin in his yard on February 15.

* * *

IS THERE in Huntington a group of what are known as Plymouth Brethren? The question is not inspired by curiosity, tho[illegible] I would like to know just for the s[illegible] knowing. Behind it lies the presen[illegible] Fifth Avenue Hotel of R. L. G[illegible] foundland, Elliott count[illegible] Plymouth Brethren [illegible] because thei[illegible] mouth[illegible]

Your Friends . . . And Mine

Wiatt Smith

IN PRE-RAILROAD days and, probably, during the transition period which followed the coming of the locomotive, many residences were built to face the Ohio River. This custom was followed after the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Johnston married John C. Pollard. The Johnston's gave their daughter a homesite on the Ohio at what is now West Fourth Street. Thereon a dwelling was erected—facing the river—and in it the Pollard children spent their early days. Mrs. Gaylord Stewart, who was Miss Ida Pollard, recalls that the Pollard home was directly opposite the Ohio home of Colonel A. P. Kouns, Ohio steamboat magnate, which also faced the river. The families often exchanged visits—using skiff ferriage. Colonel Kouns died in New Orleans and his body was brought home by steamboat. Embalming was far less advanced than it is today, and, as Mrs. Stewart remembers, the body was packed in salt for preservation . . . Some of those houses which originally faced the river, eventually became Huntington homes. The transition was effected by the simple method of using what had been the front door for the back door and the former back door for the front door. One such, which continues in use, is the Harrison Lamb residence on Washington Avenue. Mrs. Stewart says Mr. Lamb was at a loss to understand why the stairway was at the rear of the building until the process was explained to him.

WIATT SMITH

APROPOS Miss Sharlee Watts' metal working establishment at which old-fashioned jewelry—including stick pins—is converted to modern uses, a friend recalls an incident of earlier days. She and her sisters had beaux who wanted to give them trinkets. Anything but candy, flowers and books was under a maternal taboo and, if accepted, had to be given back. As one Christmas approached, a young swain came calling on the friend referred to. When they were alone, he said: "I've got a Christmas present for you." Thereupon he produced a gorgeous diamond stick pin. "But why a stick pin?" exclaimed the amazed recipient. "Well," said the lad, "I knew you'd have to give it back, so I just bought something I could use myself."

DR. AND MRS. I. I. HIRSCHMAN, 428 Eleventh Avenue, telephone 25704, have lost their dog. Frisky, a near-spitz, white with brown markings, has been missing since Sunday, and Mrs. Hirschman is much disturbed. The Hirschmans had been away two weeks, having gone to Cambridge, Mass., to spend two weeks with their son. Isidore, Jr., who is working toward his Ph. D. at Harvard. Frisky was left in a boarding kennel. No sooner had the Hirschmans reached Huntington than they went to get their pet. Dr. Hirschman let Frisky out of the car at the driveway, but instead of going into the house with her master and mistress, she ran away. Nothing has been seen or heard of her since.

ADVICES are that Francis D. Calley, who underwent severe surgery late last week, is making a satisfactory, not to say spectacular, recovery at St. Mary's Hospital. Francis has a fighting heart and I look to see him about his old haunts one of these days—but it won't be this week or hardly this month.

RALD-DISPATCH, HUNTING

2-9-37

YOUR FRIENDS AND MINE

by Wiatt Smith

DURING the extreme cold weather of last winter, when it was known that many people were suffering, word came to Charles H. Ricketts that a certain family was in distress, in especial need of bed covers. One of Uncle Charley's most cherished possessions was the army blanket under which he had slept in camp while a sergeant in Company A, First Regiment, West Virginia Volunteer Infantry, serving in the Spanish-American war. When he wanted something like that done he often called on me as he did in this case. From his hands I received the cherished blanket and there were tears in his eyes as he parted with it, tears of compassion for the sufferings of those whom he would relieve, regretful tears of a sick old man at parting with something he had treasured through the years. This state of mixed emotion was characteristic of the man, even when he was younger and stronger. Ever a sentimentalist, he loved old things, old friends, old causes and his loyalty knew no swerving.

WIATT SMITH

* * *

MR. RICKETTS was the last of an interesting family, the youngest son of Dr. Girard C. and Virginia Everett Ricketts. Dr. Ricketts practiced medicine in Guyandotte before the war of the sixties, dying there before that struggle began. His eldest son, Gallatin Ricketts, was killed while in the Confederate service. Just a year or two ago Uncle Charley gave Galley Ricketts' sword to the Daughters of the Confederacy. Another son, Lucian C. Ricketts, served in the Confederate army and afterwards practiced law in Cabell county. Girard C. Ricketts operated a large grocery store at Third avenue and Tenth street. Charles H. Ricketts and George Ricketts, brothers, worked there, and afterwards Charles H. had his own store lower down the avenue. Dr. Ricketts' only daughter, Mrs. Rankin Wiley of Point Pleasant died several years ago, not long after her mother who lived far into her nineties.

* * *

FROM my standpoint, the term "Uncle Charley" is purely honorary. We were not related. But he and his first wife, who was a Peyton, were at the wedding of my father and mother. Looking over some of the many letters Mr. Ricketts has written me in the last few years, I found one yesterday in which he described himself as "your father's friend and yours." That was true and that is why I am struggling now to try and make others see this good man as I knew him. He was not of great accomplishment, the total of his worldly achievement was small, yet he walked daily through the long years in sweet and gentle exemplification of the Christian faith which was his shield and buckler. Though he wept for the past, he was gay, serene and hopeful as he faced present or future, for his was a gallant spirit.

* * *

THAT incessant traveler, Anonymous, bobs up again, this time in Los Angeles, and post cards a picture, not of a dog, but of the Huntington Hotel in Pasadena, Calif., in which, he says, Don Hensley put up for the Rose Bowl game. He writes: "I've been a little trepidation of Hunt-

HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTING

3-15-37

YOUR FRIENDS AND MINE

by Wiatt Smith

ONE OF the most interesting traditions of this section concerns Frank James, brother of and second in command to Jesse James, Missouri outlaw chieftain who was a sort of American Robin Hood. Many have contended that Frank James was here in person when Jesse's men robbed the Bank of Huntington in the summer of 1873. The weight of authority is against this theory. Nevertheless, there are those who continue to believe it. There is, besides persistent tradition that Frank James spent considerable time as a refugee in West Virginia. I have even heard that he lived in Wayne county, married

WIATT SMITH

and reared a family there. The story bobs up anew from a correspondent, who, asking that her name be withheld, tells of a friend who lives in Huntington and owns a piece of furniture which Frank James made with ripsaw, plane and pocketknife while he was in exile in our hills, a dresser, made of black walnut and trimmed in wild cherry. The minute I am past the income tax deadline I shall go forthwith to see that dresser, also to learn what I can about Frank James and his stay in West Virginia.

* * *

ALSO, while I am in that section of the city, I shall go to call on the mother of H. D. White, manager of the Western Union at Mt. Hope. Mr. White's letter, advising me that his mother's eighty-fifth birthday would fall on last Saturday, reached me belatedly, much to my regret.

* * *

MANY Huntington men and several women who began newspaper life and proved their mettle in the home sheets have gone elsewhere to continue their successes . . . Herman Gleske, Sam Love, Winston Murrill, Bob Thornburgh, Chick Frampton, Garry Osborne Owen, Frances Oberholtzer . . . just to name some of them. This is the story of a Huntingtonian who got his start in the game elsewhere and has now returned to play a star journalistic role in one of the most stupendous dramas his home town has ever known. He is John Liecester Sehon, Jr., who, after working on Wheeling and Fairmont papers joined the Associated Press at Charleston. He is here to cover the trial of Charles B. Baldwin, who must face the court today to answer the charge that he killed his mother, Mrs. Enslow. Charles Baldwin's grandfather was the first mayor of Huntington. John Sehon's grandfather, the late Edmund Sehon, served as mayor of Huntington, long after the death of Peter Buffington.

HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTON

3-22-1937

YOUR FRIENDS AND MINE

by Wiatt Smith

H. D. WHITE, Western Union manager at Mount Hope, relays by letter one of his mother's favorite stories of old days and old characters in Logan county. Uncle Johnny Garrett and Uncle P. K. McComas, the ayuncular title being honorary as far as Mr. White and I are concerned, rode together to Logan, or "taown" as it was then known, one day just after the war of the sixties. During the course of the day they imbibed certain quantities of apple jack and as they rode homeward they fell a talking of the war. Just above Peck's Mill, Uncle P. K. said: "Uncle Johnny, supposin' that thar stump yander aside the road war a Yankee, I'll show ye how ter change 'im." He waved his ancient revolver, as putting spurs to his steed, he raced down the road, high, wide and handsome. When within thirty paces of the stump he lowered his gun and fired. Just as the gun was fired the horse was brought to his haunches and its head went back within the range of the bullet. The result was fatal to the faithful animal, which fell with and on Uncle P. K. Uncle Johnny exerted all his strength in the effort to extricate his friend from his plight and as he tugged Uncle P. K. every few minutes would cry: "A leetle mucher, Mr. Garrett, a leetle mucher."

WIATT SMITH

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ERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTON

3-27-1937

YOUR FRIENDS AND MINE

by Wiatt Smith

SHORTLY before the Charleston, S. C., earthquake and about six months after I was born, George T. Higgins received a pay envelope from the Ensign Manufacturing Co. It was in July, 1886, but the date is so dim that I can't determine whether it was the seventh or some other day. Mr. Higgins drew $8.61. Who he was or where he may be now, living or dead, I know not. Arnold Willis, Twentieth street furniture dealer, found the envelope some twenty years ago and preserved it as a curiosity, largely because of the advertising matter appearing upon it. The first is a single line saying: "Subscribe for the Huntington Republican, $1.50 a year." The next announces "groceries, confectionaries and family supplies. Anything you want of the best quality may be had cheap at Williamson & Black's grocery, 1040 Third avenue, Huntington, W. Va." And then, between two pointing hands . . . "The cheapest and the best at the lowest prices." . . . In two small squares "M. Well, the King of Clothing," shared with "Pioneer Coal Yard, foot of Tenth street, use black band coal. George Eversole, Prop." W. H. H. Holswade advertised "furniture, carpets," then some article I can't make out, followed by "caskets and robes." And "Embalming on latest scientific principles." . . . On the reverse side of the envelope The First National Bank boasted of a paid in capital and surplus of $60,000! J. L. Caldwell was president, George F. Miller, Jr., vice president, and M. C. Dimmick, cashier . . . Levi Crider was nawsdealer, book-seller and stationer, who urged the public to smoke "the Green Lizard Cigar." But Keefe the druggist contended that besides drugs, medicines and druggists' notions, he had to offer the "best cigars in the city." I doubt if Mr. Higgins smoked many cigars from either establishment.

WIATT SMITH

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THAT Keefe ad, by the way, contained a word rarely used in merchandising these days . . . "notions." Dry goods and notions were unfailingly coupled in nineteenth century days and the idea persisted to some extent up to the World War. Some stores sold "notions" only. Some of the later generation may be puzzled as to just what a notion was. Well, instead of druggists' notions they are now called druggists' sundries and include everything from tooth brushes to vanity cases. Notions, in partnership with drygoods, were O. N. T. spool cotton, silk thread, yarns for knitting, pins and needles, hooks and eyes, corsets, sunbonnets and Oliver chilled plows.

* * *

Your Friends and Mine

by Wiatt Smith

ANDY COE, writing about the Gray Goose and its builder, says: . . . "This car was an assembly job for the most part. All mechanical parts were supplied by a St. Louis firm and shipped here to Walter Hambrick. They were put together at the Ingram & O'Neill machine shop. The body, made here, was of wood. The white oak and poplar of the body were of the best, but the coach was not so good. They glued heavy upholsterer's burlap to the body to cover defects in jointry—and painted it gray. . . . The first time it moved under its own power with Walter at the wheel it came out Tenth Street and started up Third Avenue, but stopped in front of the Huntington National Bank. The motor ran, but the car stood still. A universal joint on the drive shaft had snapped. The Gray Goose had to go back to the shop where a new shaft was made of bronze. The next trip was a success. Walter drove it all over town and wanted to race with No. 2 (Chesapeake & Ohio flyer) which then left at 6:10 P. M., from the depot to the shop gate, driving up Eighth Avenue.

WIATT SMITH

"THE Goose did not stay long in Huntington. Walter Hambrick shipped it to Cincinnati where he had it much refined. It was repainted, still gray, with red wheels. It had a folding top with guy straps on the front to hold the top down, two wide straps over the hood to hold it down, and lamps, horn and radiator shell, all of polished brass. The hand horn was the largest I ever saw on a car. The Gray Goose never came back to Huntington. It was used to sell the stock which helped finance the Stoddard-Dayton Auto Co. and was later renamed for the company. So the first Stoddard-Dayton car was a product of Huntington, W. Va. Walter Hambrick had his office in the old Florentine Hotel building and told me he was well pleased with his interest in the stock sale of this company."

MR. COE has told more than I have ever known about the Gray Goose, the car that was built in Huntington. It may be well to explain that the Huntington National Bank, in front of which the Goose stalled, was at the corner of Third Avenue and Tenth Street, in the building now owned and occupied by the Appalachian Electric Power Co. The Huntington National Bank was the reconverted Bank of Huntington, and subsequently was merged with the First National Bank to form the First Huntington National. The West Virginian, a magazine quoted here yesterday, carried in 1905 an advertisement of the Huntington National Bank, a state and city depository, which invited correspondence. Its capital was $100,000, its surplus and undivided profits $75,000, its deposits "over $500,000." F. B. Enslow was president; John W. Ensign, vice-president; James K. Oney, cashier, and C. M. Gohen, assistant cashier.

And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

"HEADLIGHTS," featuring sights and scenes along the Chesapeake & Ohio route, may have been an official railroad company production—but I doubt it. More than once in the past have I seen the issue devoted to Huntington. I do not know what year it was published and experience the old feeling of helpless exasperation because an issue of "Headlights," from the collection of S. Conway Beach, bears no date. Study of the old magazine leads to the suspicion that it was a private enterprise, financed by the sale of space or "write-ups" to companies and individuals. The issue contains nothing to indicate the identity of the publisher, but does have many items which recall the Huntington of that period, which must have been in the later 1890s.

WIATT SMITH

There is a picture of an equipment parade arranged by R. F. Williamson, livery, feed and sales stable. The parade is headed by a buggy, drawn by a dappled gray horse, and containing two men, one with a white suit and a straw hat, the other with a black suit and derby. Next came a hearse, drawn by two white horses. The driver wore a straw hat, a black coat, white trousers and sported a luxuriant moustache. To the rear were horse-drawn cabs, the first with two black horses and a driver with a lap robe. The others are lost in perspective. An accompanying story locates the Williamson stable at Fourth Avenue and Twelfth Street and says: "Funeral contracts are well managed. A fine new hearse and carriages are part of the equipment."

ANOTHER article says: "George Cullen, Sr., came to Huntington in 1872 from Orange, Va., where he was born in 1837. At the beginning of the growth of the city he followed the jewelry business, continuing until 1880 when, on account of failing eyesight, he was compelled to retire. He served as mayor of Huntington three times, being elected by handsome majorities. During his second and third administrations the city passed through an epidemic of smallpox, involving the death of 80 persons. Mr. Cullen's devotion to the afflicted during those trying times will never be forgotten. About six years ago he accepted the agency of the Christian Morlein Brewing Co. of Cincinnati and has since given it his whole attention. He was a captain in the Confederate army and received seven wounds. "Cousin George," as he was known, lived on Fourth Avenue on part of the site now occupied by the Elks home.

ALL but forgotten is the fact that D. C. Crutcher & Co. then had a clothing store at the northeast corner of Third Avenue and Ninth Street. The main store of the company was at Frankfort, Ky., and Lafayette Crutcher managed the Huntington branch. Later, this store was operated or perhaps it was a similar store in the same location, by William Loeb . . . The Miller Supply Co., predecessor of the Banks-Miller Supply Co., was operating with J. C. Miller as president and F. M. Archer, secretary. The two had formed the Miller Supply Co. to succeed the Smith-Hobson-Brand Co. by which Mr. Archer, now living in Bluefield, had been employed. The Miller Supply Co. had two traveling representatives, E. H. Smith and L. M. Sanford . . . S. V. Matthews was special agent for the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York, chairman of the Republican Executive Committee for Cabell County and treasurer of the Republican Executive Committee for the city.

3-15-38.

HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTO

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

FROM the north window of my brother Warren's third-story quarters in his residence at 1236 Fifth avenue one looks across the garden and beyond the alley to a Fourth avenue used-car lot operated by George E. Burks. All of which is uninteresting or would be if it were not for the background. In Guyandotte our home and the Burks home were side by side on Main street, with only an alley, known then and probably still as Burks' alley because it led to the George E. Burks livery stable and coal office. The George E. Burks of today is the elder son of the Mr. Burks we as children and young people knew. Warren and George, near the same age, were pals, and Warren's chumship also included, and does today, Stanley, the younger Burks brother. Warren had an affinity for the livery stable and spent much time there. Mr. Burks often elected to take Warren with him when he went on horse and buggy drives behind "old Joe" about Guyandotte and the eastern section of Huntington, looking after his varied business affairs. He didn't honor me, thus, though, kindly man that he was, he more than once included me in outings to fairs and such. Anyway, Warren marvels that, after years of separation, he is once more "across the alley" from George Burks.

WIATT SMITH

STREETS once more are becoming infested with child-mendicants. Depression rackets are in vogue and they succeed because of the same feeling that prevailed in those days, a feeling summarized by the thought, "maybe this one is on the square." I succumbed to the crying-boy gag one day not long ago. The youngster sat on the steps of the Elks' building and wept audibly and copiously. There was no mistaking the tears. He said a "dar ole big boy" had snatched from him a quarter which he had to take home. A smaller amount dried his tears, probably until I passed and some other gullible approached.

THOSE accustomed to deal with pencil-sellers, chewing-gum merchants and those who lack just a little of "enough to get home on" are wary. Such a one naturally would be taken by surprise by a boyish voice from a shadowy Fourth avenue entrance—night, of course—saying "buy me something to eat." The supplicant, a lad of ten dropped quickly into step to a gruff, "We' all right, come along." A lunch room s soon held him and he grasped greedil the milk which was the first item o dinner service. Whatever his backg that boy was hungry. He said hi was out of work, was promised r employment, but hadn't gotten i was off looking for a job on wh port a household wherein ther clamoring mouths.

SMILING at me across a ho a dark-haired fellow pr went across to discover in herd who installed Th classified service in 192 ber of weeks in Hunti

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

ON JUNE 26, 1894, there were heavy storms and rain in Guyandotte all afternoon and at show time. There was a showboat there and the receipts were $14.85. This, of course, was a losing figure and the log of the showboat sets forth that license men of both town and county "threw off." Presumably, they didn't charge anything. A diary recording the movements of this showboat for 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895 and 1896 has come to the attention of G. Harry Wright, formerly of Marshall College and now professor of public speaking and dramatics at Kent State University. Professor Wright, a Guyandotte boy, is engaged in writing a book on the history of showboats. He and Mrs. Wright, the former Miss Lila Hager of Huntington, have traveled 10,000 miles gathering information and pictures on the subject. The showboat history has been accepted as a doctoral thesis by the University of Wisconsin. Moreover, Professor Wright has just reason for his belief that the book may have a popular appeal.

WIATT SMITH

HE IS stymied currently because the old log book contains nothing to identify the boat or its owner. Indications are that the records are those of Price's Floating Opera, but in order to have things in required order for his thesis, Harry Wright must be in position to prove this identification. For several days he and Mrs. Wright have been seeking evidence here and hereabouts. Newspaper files are silent. Thus far, municipal records have revealed nothing. The boat did not show at Huntington, but appeared annually at Guyandotte, Proctorville, Millersport, Central City, Ceredo, Catlettsburg and Ashland. It is set forth that Catlettsburg was a good show town only at the time of timber run. Guyandotte was a showboat town. The mysterious log shows that the boat took in $88.55 there on June 12, 1893; but only $57.55 at Ashland, Ky., on July 9, 1895.

PRICE'S FLOATING OPERA was owned and operated by Captain E. A. Price. Captain Price subsequently bought his older rival, French's New Sensation, and operated it as the New Sensation. The showboat is part of the river romance. It was an event in Guyandotte when the calliope announced the approach of a floating theatre and sent all the kids scurrying toward the river bank.

DOUBTLESS showboats stopped at Gallipolis, O., but I didn't think to ask for showboat memories of Mrs. Chester Geppert Marsh of Winston-Salem, N. C., who is visiting those friends of her Gallipolis girlhood, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Resener of Eighth Street. Mrs. Marsh, formerly national director of arts and crafts for the Girl Scouts, now has an arts and crafts establishment in Winston-Salem. She was a sister of the late William Geppert, who for years was a Clarksburg editor, later becoming a publisher at Cumberland, Md., where he died.

Your Friends and Mine

by Wiatt Smith

1-24-48

ON SATURDAY, January 17, Mrs. Virginia Baker Stuart attended the wedding of her daughter, Barbara Stuart, and Harry Hawkins in the Cathedral Chapel in Los Angeles, Calif. The next morning, Sunday, Mrs. Stuart went to the Cathedral Chapel to church and thereafter stopped in a nearby restaurant for breakfast. As she entered, she noted that a woman ahead politely held the door for her. With conventional thanks, Mrs. Stuart went forward. Presently, Mrs. Stuart was talking with the woman, who seemed to be and, in fact was, a stranger to her. They disclosed that each was from Huntington. The other woman was Mrs. Susie Gwinn Jones, who lives near but not with her son, Gwinn Jones, of Los Angeles. She has a grandson there, too. Naturally, the two had much to discuss, but, that the circle might be completed, Mrs. Jones called the proprietor, who advanced to be introduced as Tommy Dotson, formerly of Huntington. Mr. Dotson owns Tommy's Steak House, of which his brother, Gene Dotson, is manager.

WIATT SMITH

THE Dotson brothers are sons of Mr. and Mrs. V. G. (Nina Desmond) Dotson, 529 Tenth Street. Tommy Dotson graduated from high school here, attended Marshall College, then went to California, via Chicago, 10 years ago. He is married and has two children. Gene, too, is married. Mrs. V. G. Dotson told me yesterday that she and Mr. Dotson planned to go to California before long and to stay if they liked the place. "Still," she said, "that's a long way from the West Virginia hills." Even so, she would not be among strangers, entirely. Her brother, Glenn Desmond, has a ranch near Los Angeles. Her sister, Miss Katie Desmond, lives in San Francisco.

MRS. SUSIE GWINN JONES is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. E. (Gene) Gwinn, who years ago left Huntington for Columbus, O., where Mr. Gwinn and others operated the Gwinn Milling Co. Mrs. Jones was here a few years ago and I talked to her. It seems to me we were classmates at Marshall College. I'm sure she and Virginia Baker Stuart had never met. After revelling in the California sunshine during much of January, Mrs. Stuart and her mother, Mrs. R. M. Baker, returned Saturday to be greeted by one of the worst snowstorms in Huntington's history.

MISS NELLIE CORCORAN has a grievance. She finds that almost every West Virginia county is well represented in Huntington, but so far as she knows she, Miss Margaret Lovelace and Dr. T. D. Kauffelt are the only Greenbrier County people here. She came from Lewisburg; Miss Lovelace and Dr. Kauffelt, who is now recovering from a short but happily brief sick spell, from Ronceverte. I'm of the opinion that there are many other Greenbrier folks here. Miss Corcoran brought up the subject when she came with Miss Helen Williams of Weston to see us. Miss Williams, taking special training at the Veterans Administration, is a temporary addition to the Weston colony. She found a room with Mrs. Frank Botts of Fourteenth Street. Mrs. Botts, as Miss Anne Sehon, was a Point Pleasant schoolmate of Miss Williams' mother, who was formerly Miss Helen Howard.

Your Friends and Mine

by Wiatt Smith

APPROACHING her 93rd birthday, Mrs. Anna Leedom is enjoying a Summer vacation. On a motor trip with her daughter, Mrs. E. V. (Aurora) Leedom Townshend, and Miss Lucie Lewis, Mrs. Leedom visited various places in Virginia before turning into northeast West Virginia. She sent me a card from Aurora. No, that's no error—Aurora is the town where Mrs. Townshend was born and for which she was named. Even farther afield is 90-year-old James Gibson, whose daughter, Miss Bess W. Gibson, says in a card from Tucson, Ariz.: "We have arrived in Tucson. The 90-year-old boy stood the trip well. We traveled via Colorado Springs, then south, which gave us a cool trip. We didn't attempt Pike's Peak but enjoyed the Garden of the Gods, the Grand Canyon and the Painted Desert. It's comfortable here." Miss Gibson, who retired from the Cabell school system in June, and her father, will spend the Winter in Tucson with their sister and daughter, Miss Goldie Gibson.

WIATT SMITH

NOT TOO readily translatable was a card from William Campbell Estler. Not that Bill wrote illegibly or was incoherent—he just relied too much on my knowledge of geography. I thought at first he had written from France, but closer study showed that the carte postale came from Perce, in the province of Quebec. There Bill is painting and catching up on his French, which is the only language spoken in Perce. He will go back to New York next month. At Provincetown, Me., he saw Miss Virginia Foulk and gave her a message for me—which I have yet to get.

POSSIBLY a bit sparer, and certainly grayer than he was when we were neighbors on Fifth Avenue 10 years ago, Dr. Charles G. Stater came with his daughter, Audrey, to call in the evening. Dr. Stater was seven years pastor of the First Methodist Church and, at an earlier period, had been pastor two years at the Seventh Avenue Methodist Church. He became a thoroughgoing Huntingtonian, so attached to the place that he's coming back to live after he retires from the ministry next month.

His retirement, dating from the annual conference which is to convene in Clarksburg September 17, will end a ministry of 40 years. He left Huntington to become district superintendent at Wheeling, is now pastor of the First Methodist Church at Fairmont. He isn't returning to Huntington to idle, but to be associated with his daughter in the management of Stater's Antiques at 1426 Third Avenue. His son, Charles G. Stater, Jr., also lives in Huntington.

WHEN I first remember, the house at 1426 Third Avenue was the home of A. M. Barlow, one of the principals in Barlow, Henderson & Co., original predecessor of Watts, Ritter & Co. Whether or not Mr. Barlow built the house, I do not know, but its cut stones first story and its iron fence are just as he left them.

Your Friends and Mine

by Wiatt Smith

IF AND when the Early Settlers acquire a museum, one of the museum exhibits will be the 1913 Packard touring car, the gift of Mrs. Victoria Thornburg Vickers. This automobile, one of the oldest, if not the oldest, in Huntington, was in service until it went out of commission during the war years. Then, because of the scarcity of men and materials, Mrs. Vickers found it too difficult to have the necessary repairs made. Consequently, the ancient Packard was put on blocks and since has rested in its garage. Mrs. Vickers thinks it unlikely that she will try to restore it to usefulness. Instead, she proposes to retain custody until the Early Settlers have a place for it.

WIATT SMITH

CHARLES R. WILSON was first president, and I think, the founder of the Early Settlers. The organization has done much to preserve the traditions of the Huntington of the seventies, eighties and nineties. Lon H. Hutchison diverted the first sessions with pictorial slides showing early Huntington people and scenes. Those pictures are still in existence and accessible. They belong in a museum such as Mrs. Vickers suggests and of which I have long dreamed. Some day, it will come into existence. I trust that day will come soon, as items which belong in it are disappearing almost day by day. Thought of the sale of the fire engine and of the fire bell, the latter for junk, always irks me. Irritating, too, is the fact that the leaden fountains and soldier monuments which long ago occupied, if they did not adorn, downtown corners, have disappeared. Those leaden statue pedestals were equipped with running water. Each had a brass spigot and a tincup fastened with a brass chain. Many drank there, especially on circus day and the Fourth of July or when a political rally brought a big crowd to town. I shudder to think of that common drinking cup, but I had many a cooling draught therefrom and took no harm.

THESE fountains, cups and statues disappeared and there were years during which a drink of water was hard for a casual Huntington visitor to come by. It was possible, of course, to bum a drink of water from a soda fountain, but few liked to do this at a place where they had soft drinks for sale. Later, the automatic drinking fountain was installed in stores, hotel lobbies and elsewhere and the great drought ended. There is at least one public drinking place, an automatic hydrant on the courthouse lawn. This, as I remember, is un-iced and the water is not too refreshing in the hot months. Search high and low, it is to be doubted if there is a public or semi-public drinking place in Huntington which features a common cup. The germ has driven the common drinking vessel away. However there are probably those who lie face downward and drink from running streams.

Your Friends and Mine

by Wiatt Smith

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. George E. Worden had their fiftieth wedding anniversary, they came to our home to tell me about it. With them was Captain Ellis Mace of Proctorville, brother of Mrs. Worden, who was Miss Lillian Mace; also their daughter, Mrs. Norman Watson of Logan and Mrs. Robert P. Hatfield. Mrs. Hatfield, the former Miss Nell Lloyd, whose mother was a Mace, grew up in the Worden home, her mother having died when she was a child. All of this and many other things came back to me yesterday morning when I learned that George E. Worden had died during the night. When he visited me, Mr. Worden was already an invalid from the illness which was to end in his death. When I first knew him he was a young man. I didn't remember his marriage, but at or about that time his mother, Mrs. Harriet Worden, widow of William Worden, was our Buffington Street neighbor. His brother, Charles Worden, a close follower of the Cincinnati baseball team, died years ago. Wilbur R. Marks, a nephew, with whom I went to school in Guyandotte, died at the week end.

WIATT SMITH

MRS. RAYMOND Q. HUNTER of Big Timber, Mont., is the former Miss Ruth Kiefer of Ashland. Miss Aurora Flaugher married O. T. Hunter and is Ramey Hunter's mother and the sister of Miss Edith Flaugher of Sixteenth Street. Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Hunter have gone to Big Timber to visit the Ramey Hunters. The Committee of 1,000 had a field day yesterday shouting "you're wrong" because I had said Mrs. Ramey Hunter had been Miss Flaugher. I'll not attempt to explain but am willing for the incident to be placed indefinitely in the department of red faces.

MRS. VARINA CHRISTIAN convinced me that the big September frost and freeze which killed the sugar cane was in 1907. I'm still convinced there was such a frost but there must have been two or more of them —in different years. C. M. Childers, 117 Locust Street, writes: . . . "I see in your column that J. H. Vickers of Chapmanville wants to know the year of the heavy September frost. It was in 1888. But as I remember it was on Sunday morning September 25, instead of September 10. I know it was in 1888 because me and mine were married on July 4 before the frost. It not only killed the cane; it got acres of tobacco and corn."

FORMER Mayor Claude V. Swann writes, enclosing a clipping from the Gallipolis Tribune of September 6 recording that there had been a light frost reported 25 years before. That was in 1922 and I'm sure it was not the frost to which Mr. Vickers refers. Almost any morning now there may be frost on the pumpkin, on the lawns, on the roofs and elsewhere. Summer seems to have ended. One night last week I kept an electric fan running until almost morning. The next night I reached for a blanket. Now we have fires here and there in the house.

MRS. CHARLES R. WILSON has returned to Huntington after a Summer at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Joseph G. Estey, in Brattleboro, Vt. Mrs. Wilson is at the Frederick, where she expects to remain

. . And Mrs. Wiatt Smith!

AFTER an absence of 24 years, Mrs. Jessie Somerville Craig has returned to Huntington and lives in Trenton Place. Her husband was the Rev. A. D. Craig of the Central City Methodist Episcopal Church. Leaving this section her husband served charges in the northern section of the state until his death a year or more ago. Mrs. Craig, whose father was Lon Somerville, Central City druggist, greeted many old friends yesterday afternoon when Central City high school alumni held their annual picnic at Wellwerth, the home of Clyce and Virginia Werth Wellman on the Spring Valley drive. Up from Portsmouth for this event was Jesse Brooks. He didn't recognize Mrs. Craig and was somewhat flabbergasted to learn that she was the same Jessie Somerville whom he used to take home from church in their Central City days.

WIATT SMITH

DOUBTLESS it seems strange that I should be attending a Central City school reunion, but despite the fact that Guyandotte and Central City, as separate municipalities and school districts, were miles apart, I met many acquaintances, a few of whom I knew in childhood and several of whom were among my Marshall College schoolmates. Among these was Ollie S. Hartzell, who now works for the Ford Motor Co. in Detroit. Ollie, the son of Enos Hartzell, now of Memphis, Tenn., was also the grandson of Chub Scott of Guyandotte, and as a lad he often visited the Scott home on Guyan street. He is somewhat stouter than of yore, but otherwise little changed. His wife, who was Nell Hickman of Central City, died a year ago. His father, at 77, is still active in the axe handle business.

ALSO from afar, though she now spends much of each year here, was Mrs. Alice Crawford King, widow of a newspaperman with whom she lived 36 years in Watertown, N. Y. Two Central City teachers had arrived before I left. One, Miss Grace Wilson, menaced some of her old pupils with dire pains and penalties if they told they went to school to her instead of with her. The other was Mrs. Robert F. (Mamie Baker) Adams. Mrs. Grace Ellis, 77 years old, went to the reunion picnic with her son Hubert S. Ellis. She never attended the Central City schools, but sent her children thither and thus, she argued, became eligible for yesterday's festivities.

BESIDES baskets and hampers of picnic supplies, the alumni took with them exhibits of their school days—group pictures, report cards and old party invitations. Mrs. S. M. (Rosella Chadwick) Callaway, the doctor's wife, recaptured an invitation she had issued quite a long time ago to a party on the porch—for her fourteenth birthday—an even number of years back from yesterday, her natal day being August 17.

Wellwerth

Ve ELLWERTH, back from the drive and [illegible] on the banks of Four Pole, where Editor Wellman fishes and boats as the season permit, and his moods induce, is an idyllic setting for the Wellmans and their charming young daughter. Conspicuous in the living room is a Cottage organ, reminder of the fact that as a girl Virginia Werth was organist at the Ceredo Congregational Church. At the mouth of the lane which leads from Spring Valley drive to Wellwerth is Wildwood, a 100 year old cabin in which Mr. and Mrs. Herman R. Wild, newly returned from their honeymoon, have established a home. Wild and Mrs. Wellman are sisters.

Your Friends And Mine
. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

WRITING from Parkersburg, where he now resides, A. C. Thomas, former Huntington banker, says: "When you confess inability to identify the personnel of those sponsoring committees for the social hop given for the Marshall College graduating class of 1877, the question arises, who makes the better historian, the native or the immigrant? Adding to those you identify would not C. B. Harvey be the brother of H. C.? They were in business on Third avenue in the early days of Huntington as 'Harvey Bros.' . . . Undoubtedly the Mr. Harvey on the hop committee was Clayton of Clayt Harvey and he was a brother of the late H. C. and Judge Thomas H. Harvey and W. H. (Coin) Harvey, who at or about that time was practicing law here. If H. C. and Clayt Harvey were ever in business together as Harvey Bros., then the immigrant is teaching the native something. Mind you, I don't say there never was such a firm, but the original Harvey business was operated by R. T. Harvey & Sons. Colonel Harvey, the father, was head of the outfit and the sons were Clayt and Harry. Clayt died early. I do not remember him. Harry C. Harvey lived many years in Huntington, operating first as a wholesale grocer and later as a banker and financier.

WIATT SMITH

MR. THOMAS' letter continues: 'Evidently Thomas Deegans who served on the hop committee was the young man who came to Quinnimont in the latter part of 1877 as bookkeeper for Bramwell & Forman, operators of an iron furnace. We were informed that he had been employed in the Chesapeake & Ohio transfer depot in Huntington. I left Quinnimont in 1878, turned up in Ironton in 1880, and found the firm of Bramwell & Deegans preparing the Ironton Rolling Mill for operation. Mr. Deegans was somewhat of a society chap. He married a Miss McQuigg and, later, went to Barberton, O., where he was connected with the Sterling Boiler Works. I left Ironton in 1884 and lost track of him but think he may have been of the same family as William E. Deegans, the coal operator, and O. J. Deegan, the lawyer, later of Huntington.'

CAPTAIN E. E. Winters Jr., USA, left Nuroc in California's Mojave desert yesterday en route to Huntington and the bedside of his father, Colonel E. E. Winters, who was gravely injured in a fall Monday. Captain Winters, Huntington lawyer and former Cabell county prosecutor, is expected to reach Huntington Thursday or Friday. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Archer are closing their South Side apartment and going into winter quarters at the Hotel Frederick. Mr. Archer is improving after his recent illness but his physicians have told him to stay off the stairs. . . . J. Bernard Derwacter returned to his first Huntington National desk yesterday after a tussle with the flu. . . . Dr. W. D. Hereford is better, too, after a grippe siege. . . . Mrs. Delia Mills of South Point obliges with a recipe for the making of lye hominy virtually identical with that supplied by Mrs. Byron Dean of Wayne and published here yesterday. . . . At 1:30 P. M. yesterday Mrs. Charles W. Burks had received five telephone calls from persons who had read here in the morning that because her husband is soon to enter the service, she was looking for a home for Betsy, her pet terrier. Betsy was given to Mrs. Patricia Aylesworth of Sixth street, who was the first to telephone.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

YEARS ago Dr. and Mrs. Lindsey T. Vinson gave a masquerade party to which many were bidden. The hostess was the first Mrs. Vinson, she who had been Willie Mae Holderby. I went to the party, outfitting myself by renting a monk's garb from Brackman's costume shop. Mrs. J. W. Brackman owned and operated the costume shop. It was, as far as my knowledge went, the only place of its kind here. Mrs. Brackman, widow of the restaurateur, was buried Monday. To the last, she kept her shop, though in recent years she had given it less attention than of yore. She rented costumes for masquerades, for amateur theatricals, for school entertainments and such other occasions as might create a demand. The business was publicized little but it thrived. It is still there, on the back of the Brackman residence lot; it has a large and varied inventory. Whether it is to be continued or not, or what its future would be, seemed uncertain yesterday.

WIATT SMITH

ON THE eve of a recent confirmation service at Trinity Episcopal Church, Mrs. Frederick H. Weaver, who, with her husband was to be included in the class, got word of the death of her mother, Mrs. Willa Jenkins of Jane Lew. Necessarily, Mr. and Mrs. Weaver went to Jane Lew. They thought their confirmation would have to await the next regular class. It didn't turn out that way. Last Sunday Bishop R. E. L. Strider, accompanied by Mrs. Strider, drove to Huntington from Charleston. At 4 P. M. on that day, at Trinity Church, Bishop Strider confirmed Mr. and Mrs. Weaver. Mrs. Weaver returned yesterday to Jane Lew where she will see to the disposition of her mother's effects.

BILLY ROSE, whose column, Pitching Horseshoes, has many followers, including me, doubtless has learned that the path of the columnist is beset by booby traps—and the way that seems the smoothest and surest is likely to develop unexpected pitfalls. But, I'm sure, he'll find helpful friends to set him straight—maybe a Committee of One Million. Ordinarily, my rule is to look after my own errors—that keeps me busy enough,—but I have an irresistible urge to point out that Billy Rose got his dates mixed when he told, in his column which appeared in The Herald-Dispatch Tuesday, about the introduction of the Christmas tree to the United States. According to the story he credited to the watch-fixer, the tree was introduced by a German who came here in the 1820's rather than be kicked around by Bismark. The future Iron Chancellor was a school boy then.

Your Friends And Mine

. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

THE Rev. L. J. Prestley, superintendent of the West Virginia Anti-Saloon League, writes from Charleston to say: . . . "I was interested in the column in which you referred to Daniel Boone, Hardesty's History and William Jones' saloon. You referred to the notice by William Jones ordering small boys to stay out of his saloon. No doubt this saloon was located in Hamlin, for I have heard of Bill Jones' place in that town. If I am not mistaken, it stood on the lot where the late Attorney D. E. Wilkinson afterward had his office, just in front of the Court House. Some nine years ago Mr. Wilkinson told me that he bought the lot, with whatever building was on it then, for the purpose of getting rid of the saloon. This was probably in the late eighteen eighties, for in 1891 saloons were closed in Lincoln County and there have been none since that time. Within the last month I have seen the report of the death of the man who cast the deciding vote in the county court to close the last saloon in Lincoln. His name slips my memory, but he lived and died near Fourteen Mile Creek on the Guyandotte River. In 1935 he wrote me urging that everything possible be done to keep the State Liquor Control Commission from establishing a store in Lincoln county. I was then pastor at Hamlin. The county voted on the question on September 17 of that year and by a majority of almost two to one prevented the store from being established. P. S. . . . My recollection is that a cord is a stack of wood eight feet long, four feet wide and four feet high."

WIATT SMITH

AND J. S. Burks, 428 Thirtieth street, writes: . . . "I see where there is an argument about the Big Bend in the Guyandotte River. You will find the largest bend in that stream just above Martha, one-half mile from Shank Branch across the low gap to the river and three miles around the bend to the low gap. It is in Cabell County, three miles above Barboursville."

HAROLD (CHATTERBOX) FALLER takes issue with this column about the use of maple syrup or sorghum on buckwheat cakes. The way to eat old-fashioned buckwheat cakes, opines Chatter, is with sausage and gravy. When he wrote that paragraph that old scamp was just trying to make me hungry—and he succeeded.

IF YOU have stored your potatoes in a basement, watch out for sprouting, warns G. H. Peck, veteran telephone man, who told me that he discovered his basement stored spuds were sprouting. He desprouted 'em and now they are all right. He thought it would be well if others knew that the recent warm days had raised basement temperatures dangerously. As I understand it, potatoes sprout—then rot, and food is too scarce these days for any such wastage.

R. PAUL RICHARDSON telephones from Catlettsburg to say that Miss Virginia Tierney should be cited for effective aid in the Boyd County Court House Federal Employes Bond drive. Virginia, the lanky, shanky Irish gal who covers the Boyd County front for The Herald-Dispatch, rates numerous stars in my book and always has. I don't know exactly what she has done in the bond drive, but as Mr. Richardson says, she would be too modest to tell about it.

. . . by Wiatt Smith 12-27-41

IN DECEMBER 1921 Grover Leap, whose home was on a farm some distance from Huntington, entered a hospital here, seriously ill. Even so, he hoped to be home for Christmas and he asked his wife to bring the three children to see him in the event that he could not come to them. His stay was all too brief, and well before Christmas the wife and children were summoned to his death bed. After the funeral and burial, Mrs. Leap's mother, Mrs. Clovis Bowen, persuaded her to stay here in the city for awhile before returning to the farm. And, as the festival day was nearing, Mrs. Bowen prevailed on her daughter to take three-year-old Regina Leap to see Santa Claus. Mother and little girl traveled down town on a street car. They made the rounds of the stores but failed to find St. Nicholas. Just at the last, when they were going to take the trolley for the Bowen home, they espied Santa with a Salvation Army kettle in front of the First Huntington National Bank building where Regina is now an elevator operator. The little one was taken up to the red-jacketed, white-bearded figure, who, after shaking hands, asked her what she wanted for Christmas. With implicit faith she gazed into his face and answered: . . . "O, Santa, they have just taken my Father to Heaven and I want you to bring him back." All who heard had tear-filled eyes, and Santa Claus blew his nose as the result of what seemed a sudden onslaught of cold: . . . But he rallied and said, in a shaky voice, "Little Girl, I'll do my very best." . . . Regina's mother, now Mrs. Jeff Swann, told this story recently to a group of downtown shoppers. One of them, who did not sign her name, sent me a postcard suggesting its use here. While making the inquiry, I also learned that Jefferson Emory Swann, in government service, is here from New York City with his wife, on her first visit to Huntington.

WIATT SMITH

EARLY on the evening of Christmas Day, Henry O. Dunfee called on the telephone and in exultant tones advised that he and Herman R. Wild were grandfathers. This was his way of saying that a daughter had been born on Christmas morning to Robert M. and Lila Ruby Dunfee Wild, as has been duly reported. Little Marjorie Wild was one of seven babies born at St. Mary's Hospital on Christmas Day. The first of the seven came into the world on the stroke of 12 midnight on Christmas eve. Also there was a baby born at Memorial Hospital just after midnight on Christmas night. I have no check on home delivered babes, but have no doubt there were several in Huntington and hereabouts. If this calls for comment, I'm sorry, I have none to make, but will add that of J. Bernard (FHNB) Derwacter who says he is always a bit sorry for a baby born on Christmas, for in a way, it is cheated out of its birthday.

FHNB Building Manager E. H. Sheets spent Christmas in a sick bed, having contracted a sharp attack of flu. However, he may look forward to use during convalescence of a fireside chair, the Yuletide gift of the building staff. . . . Gertrude Mary Weber, Huntington student of the University of Cincinnati, underwent an appendectomy in a Cincinnati hospital on Christmas Eve. Her mother, Mrs. Robert H. Weber, was and is with her. . . . Coleman A. Staats, who had been house-bound after a long illness, got

Your Friends And Mine
By Wiatt Smith

CARL A. PLANK of 5286 Pea Ridge Road, writes: . . . "Recently we received a letter from Mr. and Mrs. B. C. (Ben) Stollar of Claysville, Pa. Mrs. Stollar enclosed a poem about Huntington which we thought might be interesting to the readers of Your Friends and Mine. Mrs. Stollar, as you will gather, loved Huntington as few people do. A talk with her always makes one appreciate the advantages of living in this beautiful city and the good people here. The Stollars were raised at or near Claysville, Pa., but lived in Huntington a number of years, returning to Claysville, I think, about 1930. Ben Stollar is a piano tuner, a good one. He worked in leading music stores in Pittsburgh and Uniontown, Pa., and Wheeling, W. Va., before coming to Huntington. Here he worked for the old Alfred Wiley Piano House and later, in 1927, for the Anderson-Newcomb Co., for which I was working at that time, having something to do with the music department. . . . After the Stollars returned to Claysville, Ben came back to Huntington one a year for about six years to take care of many pianos for folks who preferred his work. They were quite well known in Huntington. Today Mrs. Stollar is in failing health and I know would be pleased to hear from old friends. . . . We are glad to know you are able, after your illness, to be back at your desk again. I have been home since November, 1932. Last month I was able to get down on Fifth avenue for the first time since November, 1936. I noted many improvements, including the new East high school, the Route 60 bridge over the Chesapeake & Ohio tracks at Twenty-ninth street. . . . P. S. Ben is a cousin of Earl Stollar who operates a filling station on Third avenue."

WIATT SMITH

IN THE opinion of this column, Mrs. Stollar's poem is worthy of a place in the anthologies. Perhaps her subject prejudices me, but it is with real pleasure that I submit it to the readers:

HUNTINGTON

The hills stand south of Huntington and from their height one sees
Away below the city streets, the river and the trees,
Above the streets of Huntington the leafy tree tops meet,
And roses blooming in the sun, make all the city sweet.
Along a road from Huntington, I travelled one March day,
Now Huntington is weary miles, and long, long years away.
My bridges all are burned now, and I no more shall fare
Along that road to Huntington, and no one seems to care.
Yet in my quiet garden, when day and toil are done
I see again, I walk again, the streets of Huntington.

—MRS. B. C. STOLLAR.
(September, 1943).

THERE is at least one other good Huntington poem, written by Miss Laura E. Armitage, now of Richmond, Va. To me, Huntington is indeed the Jewel City from which the poets well may find inspiration.

[illegible] Wiatt Smith

CHILDREN, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Hawkins have a favorite jest among them. This is that Mrs. Hawkins has been married to Mr. Hawkins lo this long time and has never become well enough acquainted with him to call him by his first name. She calls him Mr. Hawkins. He calls her Daisy. Her name is Virginia Elinor but they started calling her Daisy when she was a mite of a child—and the designation has stuck. Tonight between the hours of 7 and 9, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins will be guests of honor at a reception at the home of their nephew, Howard B. Hawkins, and Mrs. Hawkins at 1219 Fifth avenue. The hostess and host will be Mrs. Elinor Hawkins Sheets and her husband, J. Calvin Sheets. In order that the older friends of the celebrants might attend with a minimum of trouble, this recognition of the 63rd wedding anniversary of John L. and Virginia Elinor Beuhring Hawkins was arranged for the mid-town address. There have been no formal invitations. Many have been advised of the event, one way or another, but it will be a true open house with an assured welcome for the friends of the bride and groom.

WIATT SMITH

MR. AND MRS. HAWKINS were married December 11, 1884 at the home of the bride's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Miller at Covington, Ky. Mr. Miller, who had been a Guyandotte man, was then an executive of the company which operated the White Collar packets on the Ohio. Today they are the survivors of their generation—11 Beurhing children and nine Hawkins children. Yesterday it was considered improbable that anyone who attended the long-ago wedding at Covington would be present to felicitate Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins tonight. Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins are institutions in Huntington. Mrs. Hawkins rarely makes her voice heard outside of her home circle, but her children say she is the real authority on almost any subject. Mr. Hawkins is well known as a business man, a civic leader, a Mason and a Baptist. Last Sunday the morning congregation at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church gave him and Mrs. Hawkins a rising ovation. Like the rest of the Hawkinses he plays golf. I remember his telling me of shooting a 77 on his 77th birthday—and that was some years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins have four living children, 17 grandchildren and 17 great-grandchildren.

THEIR house has always been a favorite spot for children. Currently, the Hawkins residence on Kings Highway is brightened by the presence of Becky Bastianelli and Adrian Bastianelli III, children of Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Bastianelli, Jr., grandchildren of the late Adrian and Louise Hawkins Bastianelli, and great-grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins.

MRS. HAWKINS descends from one of Cabell County's earliest families. When I last heard, four generations had graduated from Marshall College. The first was Frederick G. Beuhring, father of Mrs. Hawkins; then came Mrs. Hawkins herself, next Nan Hawkins, now Mrs. Harvey C. Taylor, and Miss Nancy Taylor. F. G. L. Beuhring, grandfather of Mrs. Hawkins, was a Marshall trustee and many of his descendants have attended and graduated from the old school.

Your Friends And Mine
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WRITING from Gallipolis, O., W. L. Ingerick says . . . "Regarding your request for information about Harman Blennerhassett, I am wondering if your answers included the devastating results to the family of that unhappy man? I think the story of Blennerhassett is generally known, but the terrible fate visited on his family is not, I take it, so well known. In 1907, the year I think you and I both arrived in Charleston, I often visited the Department of Achives and History in the old annex. By the way, it does not seem to me that the sucessors of Virgil A. Lewis have kept that important department before the public as Mr. Lewis did. One of the objects I used to study there was the model of the Blennerhassett mansion and that alone caused me to go to the library for other information . . . Blennerhassett died in the Isle of Guernsey in 1831. He had gone to Europe to try to raise money to keep his wife and children from starvation. He had three boys, Dominick, Harman Jr. and Joseph. Mrs. Blennerhassett and Harman Jr. lived in a wretched tenement and Harman Jr. died of starvation. The mother lived 11 years after her husband's death and died in misery and want. Harman is said to have died in an attic, probably shortly after his mother's death. Dominick, reared as a gentleman, did not know how to face the world. He drifted to St. Louis and there got into bad company. He drank to excess and met a violent death following a drinking party in a river dive. Joseph died at least an honorable death. He was a soldier in the Confederate army and was killed in battle. This was the terrible price paid by the innocent family of the man whom Burr and Wilkerson dragged from wealth and happiness to poverty and disgrace.

WIATT SMITH

ANOTHER letter comes from Mrs. May Robertson Hayslip, secretary of Guyan Mills Inc., at Pawtucket, R. I., "Miss May," as we used to call her when she taught a big Sunday school class in Guyandotte, writes: "You will be surprised to hear from your friend in Rhode Island, who is still a West Virginian and many times a homesick West Virginian—who would love to see the hills and the Ohio River again—and my many friends . . . You remember the Roberts brothers. Dick has been very sick . . . a major operation . . . is better now . . . Clarence died last week from a stroke . . . They were a Guyandotte family. Ed Hayslip has been very busy in the mill since Roberts' illness. He has the war production which includes bombchutes and many other items."

NO LETTER accompanied a carefully wrapped cane mailed by R. M. Johnson from Pliny, Mason county. The stick is hand made, doubtless from wood native to that section of the Kanawha valley where my mother lived in her girlhood, and is striped like stick candy, or maybe a barberpole. In size and general conformity it reminds me of the cane which the late Judge George W. McClintic carried after his health failed and which he would not relinquish even for choicest Malacca.

ON LEAVE from his Army post at Casper, Wyo., Sergeant James T. (Brother-in-Law) Cox visited our house a little while, Saturday while en route to his home in Weston. His talk was punctuated by trips to the windows to watch the birds because in Casper there are to be seen only a few chickadees and an occasional sparrow.

Your Friends And Mine
. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

WHILE I was a stripling reporter in Charleston in 1907, another young fellow named John Baker White was a member of the Charleston City Commission. He was older than I and had been away to the Spanish-American war. The acquaintance between us has continued through the years and because of its long standing, if for no other reason, I regret inability to accede to any suggestion of his. However, the newsprint shortage and other war-born conditions, too numerous to mention, make it impractical for me to publish here a ballad addressed at the Veterans' Administration Hospital here by Crosby M. McClung of Hico, Fayette County, World War I veteran, "To My Veteran Friends of Three Wars." The ballad is good, distinctly so, but it is too long for this column, this page or this paper. However, my compliments to Mr. McClung and to Colonel John Baker White, who is a patient at the Veterans' Hospital also.

WIATT SMITH

"FOR many, many years," says a letter addressed to this column, "my children and those not my own were due home from school around 4 P. M. After they were all of them gone, I had difficulty breaking the habit of listening for their coming and even of going to the window to watch for them. This experience led to the writing of the enclosed verses:

LISTENING

"I listen for the coming
Of steps that come no more,
I listen for the humming
Of songs up to my door.

Day after day I listen
As 4 P. M. draws near
While sunbeams dance and glisten
And joyous shouts I hear.

But those for whom I'm longing
Have passed beyond my ken
And thoughts of them come thronging
Back to my heart again.

Life has a way of sweeping
All that she claims her own
Out from a mother's keeping—
And so—the birds have flown.

Silent now the one time nest,
Lonely and sad and still;
Gone are those whom I love best—
Of course, it is God's will."

Virginia Wells Garvin,
Underwood Avenue,
Huntington, W. Va.

BECAUSE Edgar Reckard Jr. had been "one of Miller School's little boys," Miss Florence A. Brown of the Miller faculty clipped from this column a recent account of the Huntington divinity student's assignment to England. He wrote in reply, telling of his work in the Student Christian Movement of Great Britain and Ireland, and saying to Miss Brown "how much I appreciate your remembering me and what a privilege my brothers and I feel that we had in having part of our elementary schooling in your classes."

Your Friends And Mine
. . . by Wiatt Smith . . .

HONEY is an all-black Cockier Spaniel who disappeared Saturday afternoon from Honeysuckle Hill, the home of the Walker Longs. Nine-year-old Phoebe Long telephoned to ask the help of this column in having her pet found and returned to her and the others . . . Monty Hansford, though he continues to be a very sick man, fought his way out of the coma in which he had lain throughout Friday. When I visited him Saturday morning he clasped my hand and called me by name . . . A minute later he drifted away into the strange lands wherein the delirious wander . . . Miss Mary Graham can't understand how she can get letters and packages from Hawaii and those which she sends to that fair island fail to reach the intended recipient . . . Dick (Associated Press) Boyd started the newspaper crowd to pondering as to the name of indented lines on the upper lip just below the nose—As Neighbor Winchell might say, philtrum, you dope . . . Don't tell anyone, but I didn't know either until I asked Dr. Lawrence B. Gang who looked in a book and told me—just like that.

WIATT SMITH

MIAMI echo—a postcard message—"Hello there—The Chinese Girl (Venetian Pools) was thrilled when we told her she made your column. Some fun! not to mention the 'unusual weather.'" Gwendolynne Yates and Margie Naylor. Gwendolynne is Mrs. Bill Yates, in Miami visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Dunkle . . . From all reports, the weather became even more unusual after I left the sandy shore . . . and, oh, yes, the Yates-Naylor card carried a picture of the sausage tree . . . Miss Hattie R. Hanna, whose father, the late R. B. Hanna used to contribute dog and nature notes to Your Friends and Mine, writes that she saw her first 1942 robin in her Norway Heights garden on March 5 . . . Mrs. Eugene H. (Helen Smith) Brown and her new daughter Rebecca Stewart Brown went home from St. Mary's Hospital yesterday.

WRITING from his home in New York City to congratulate me on my return to work after illness and the Florida sojourn, Tom P. Smith, my brother, observed "you and your job remind me of Emerson Magee's song:

"There stands a mill by a river fair,
Where the murmuring waters flow;
And rain or shine is the miller there
As the seasons come and go . . .

"All day waters are rushing past,
All day millstones are turning fast;
Where so contented a man is he?
Where is a Life so fair and free?"

Well, that's one way of looking at it. I have an idea that the Miller himself may not have agreed with the song writer—not entirely, anyway. Still it was a good song and Emerson Magee, now dead a good many years, had a golden voice and it is pleasant to be reminded of him and of the days when he and my brother and I were young in Guyandotte together. Some may remind me that Emerson was a Proctorville boy, as indeed he was, but Guyandotte had a fascination for him—he married there and lived there till he died.

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FATHER'S DAY, June 18, has been chosen as the tentative date for the dedication of a piano at Enon Baptist Church. The instrument has been given by Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Johnson of Spring Valley Drive. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson are members of Huntington's considerable Salt Rock colony and in their youth attended Enon Church and Sunday School. They responded to a suggestion, made by Mrs. Robert S. Kilgore and published in this column, that someone give Enon Church a used piano. The piano is now being reconditioned with funds collected by Mrs. Kilgore from Huntington men who grew up in the Salt Rock community, who attended Enon Church, and whose fathers are buried in or near the church yard. Mrs. Kilgore will accompany the piano with a collection of new hymnals, these to be given in memory of her father, the late Huntington attorney, John W. Ferry. Enon is one of the older Baptist churches in Cabell County and like many rural churches, has sent a notable company of spiritual sons and daughters out into the world. The Rev. E. L. Stephens is pastor.

WIATT SMITH

LAST year Mrs. Carl G. (Nellie Jane) Campbell neglected her flowers for her Victory Garden. This year, she plans to have both Victory Garden and flowers. Nellie Jane Campbell and her husband's niece-in-law, who live side by side on Roland Park Drive, will cultivate the flowers. According to the plan outlined by Mrs. Campbell, while the two Nellie Janes tend the flower garden, the two Carls, Mr. Campbell and his nephew, Carl I. Estler, will look after the Victory Garden. From my understanding of Nellie Jane Campbell, I think [illegible] will work out. The [illegible] does.

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. . And Mine Wiatt Smith

IN THE Autumn of 1940 Robert B. Wilson, then 20 years old, dropped his studies at Marshall College, where he had more than two years' credits, and entered an Army Aviation Corps cadet school at Randolph Field, Tex. On July 11, 1941 he was graduated and commissioned as a second lieutenant. In March, 1942, he was advanced to first lieutenant. He held that rank when his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Wilson of 837 Twelfth Avenue visited him recently at an unnamed field where they spent three days. At the end of that time they came home and he went somewhere to fly a fighter plane with the American armed forces. Since that parting he has been made Captain Wilson, this commission effective July 4. The news came in a letter from abroad, a letter containing little other information. Captain Wilson's father is a veteran travelling salesman employed by Watts, Ritter & Co. The young Captain's brother Jack Wilson, 19 years old, has been accepted for enlistment in the Army Air Corps and is now awaiting call.

WIATT SMITH

NOT AS strange as it would have seemed a year ago, but unusual enough at that, is the presence of a hitching ring attached to one of the metal line posts on the parking lot just West of the newspaper building. The post has been drilled and the iron ring inserted. How long it has been there, I couldn't say. It was only last night I noted it. Lot attendants said they didn't know why it was there. Perhaps somebody is getting ready for the time when again there will be more horses than horseless carriages. This all caused me to wonder how many hitching posts there are still standing along Huntington curbs. Only a few years ago there was a hitching rack in front of the Presbyterian Church and a horse block in front of the H. C. Harvey residence on Third Avenue. Perhaps it's still there. A horse block, in case any of you young folks don't know, is a stepping stone—usually two steps—from which saddle horses are mounted. They were used in horse and buggy days by old or portly men and by women in long skirts—riding habits, they called them. What a sensation it would cause should a lady so attired ride a saddle horse along Fifth Avenue today! — Lady Godiva in reverse.

IN THE late afternoon yesterday as I, dinner bound, awaited a bus, a lady whom I have known well and favorably many years paused to ask, "Mr. Smith, when are they going to have the election?" She wasn't joking and her face was somewhat pink when I answered, "They had one yesterday." With noble self restraint, I refrained from asking if she'd heard about the war.

AT THAT, elections aren't what they used to be. They come and go as the years roll on and nobody throws anything but mud. Of course there's been plenty of mud chucking in the recent primary and it's still going on, but otherwise there wasn't a blacked eye or a thrown brick bat in the whole affair. I well remember election times when bricks flew freely and some on which there were exchanges of hot lead. In Guyandotte? you ask. Yes, and downtown too. Ask any back yonder authority about the Battle of Ninth Street. Just the other day I heard John Beal telling of watching it from the Hotel Adelphi barbershop . . . bullets flying to and from the old city building which stood where the Deardorff-Sisler building is now. Don't misunderstand me. While those old times are exciting to remember, I prefer the milder forms of campaigning.

ACF plant has assembled the photographs which have accumulated there since the seventies. It makes an interesting collection, in a way a pictorial history of the enterprise. There is one view of a box car on the side of which is the legend, West Virginia & Southern. None of the plant veterans who attended Mr. Ward's get-together meeting Monday afternoon remembered anything of such a railroad. I am sure I never heard of it before. Who knows where and what it was? It must have been a tangible property for it had at least one box car. Another picture is of the Russell snowplow. I have known something of this, but it escapes memory now. I remember when the plows were being built by the Ensign Mfg. Co., the wooden sides of the finished product shiny as those of a Pullman coach. The Ensign company had the patent rights on the Russell plow and built and sold a number of them.

WIATT SMITH

IT HAS been recorded here in the past that the Canda fire station, originally the home of Canda Hose Co., was named for F. E. Canda, president of the Ensign Mfg. Co. Mr. Canda never lived in Huntington, but with his brother, C. J. Canda, often visited the plant in its early years. They came more frequently than they might otherwise have done to see about the development of the Canda stock car, a conveyance designed for the transportation of cattle, horses or sheep. The plant veterans were vague on this subject, but gathered the car was equipped with a special feeding device on which one or both of the Canda brothers owned patent rights. Like the Russell snowplow it nourished a hopeful dream of wealth that was never realized.

IT HAS been many years since the Ensign Mfg. Co. was absorbed by the ACF. Originally the plant was a wheel foundry only, later expanding into the construction of wooden bodied cars. In the years of wood construction it included a big band saw mill at one corner of the main location, on the river bank of course, a second mill near the foot of Seventeenth street, called the Thornton mill, after M. L. Thornton, head of that department, and a third on the Guyan river at the edge of Guyandotte. This was the West Virginia mill. Lumber cut at these mills was dressed and sized in the planing mill at the main plant. The band saw mills are gone. The planing mill is in operation, but whereas it at one time employed two hundred men, it now has a force of two—John Shiveley and Bill Dick.

EVOLUTION of the rail industry brought the steel car and the ACF plant entered that field. When there are steel car orders under construction the plant booms. At other times the employment roll drops to something like two hundred, below which it never fell even during the depression. Three elements provide the answer to this stability. One is the mine car department, the other the machine shop, the third most important, the wheel foundry. Once steel wheels threatened to supplant cast iron wheels, but the trend has turned and, Mr. Ward tells me, more cast wheels than steel wheels are in use on the steam lines. Cast wheels, by the way, have been improved. And there is always a demand for wheels, the best of which, from time to time, will go flat.

IT HAS just come to attention that through some oversight there was omitted from the list of ACF veterans published here yesterday the name of Allen Smith. That was a grave error, for Mr. Smith, whose tenure began in February, 1881, is one of the seniors and for almost sixty years he has

. . And Mine Wiatt Smith

BESIDES that of Phillip Brown, the colored man of whom something was written here recently, there were two French families in the Guyandotte of my early days. They, or their descendants are still there, for that matter. I have the impression that John B. Schenebeng the merchant came into Guyandotte after the war of the sixties. The LeTulle's, as I have always known, came much earlier. City Auditor E. A. Trenor has a deed to his residence at 268 Guyan street made in January 1839. The conveyance was from Louis and Susan LeTulle to Victor LeTulle, their son. From Victor LeTulle the property passed to his son, Louis Phillip LeTulle whom I knew well. Victor LeTulle and his wife are buried in the old church yard on Fifth avenue, where to this day can be seen their tombstone with its French inscription.

WIATT SMITH

WITNESSES to the deed from the first Louis and Susan to Victor LeTulle were William Buffington and John W. Hite, justices of the peace. Much has been spoken and written in recent years of Col. William Buffington, in justice remembered as one of the foremost men of his day in this valley. Less is said of John W. Hite, who left no male descendants to carry on his name, though I suppose him to have been either uncle or brother to Ely Hite's grandfather. Anyway, he was the leading banker of Guyandotte and the county during the years when Guyandotte was the metropolis, a man of large means, and by tradition, of high personal worth. He built the brick residence, now in delapidation, at the corner of Guyan and Bridge streets. Her daughter, Josephine and her husband, Edward A. Smith, lived there during my childhood and youth. And Miss Josie's lawn and flower garden was one of the show spots of the town.

PROBABLY at home at this writing, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Ratcliff, have, according to a post card mailed last week, been having a good time in Miami. Guess that they are in Huntington is based on Marion's promise to "start home Thursday." Another evidence that spring, if not actually at hand, is just around the corner.

BYRON E. DICKENSHEET stirred the embers of the reed organ discussion with his letter, published Saturday. In case any one doesn't know—I didn't—a reed organ is what we used to call a cottage organ, or parlor organ—in other words, just an old-fashioned organ. Edwin R. (Ned) Brown, youthful newspaper scribe, recently bought a reed organ from a second-hand store, has fixed it up and plays on it. Ned never took a music lesson in his life but his sister Catherine, approximately the same age, took a lot of them. Ned studied along with her and does a good job with the classics at the piano—or the organ. And while some of us were talking of organs, Ray Brewster spoke up to say, 'I know a fellow who has one to sell." Sorry, Mister, you'll have to see the want-ad man.

SPEAKING of music and musicians, Braxton county's Susanne Fisher has been announced for one of the leading roles in Carmen, to be presented over an NBC network next Saturday. The program is to begin at 1:55 o'clock in the afternoon. Many Huntingtonians, by the way, are finding opera broadcasts, delightful diversion these Saturday afternoons. But, no, not I, thought it might prove worthwhile.

. . And Mine Wiatt Smith

ON MARCH 21-22, 1922, there was produced at the Huntington Theatre under the auspices of the Early Settlers, "Pageant of the Progress of Huntington." Miss Alice Maples Young was pageant director and Charles R. Wilson, president of the Early Settlers, general chairman. I remember little of this event, but the program pageant, preserved by Mrs. Gaylord Stewart recalls much of the city that then was. There is a note of thanks to "early and late settlers of Huntington, whose cooperation made the pageant possible," naming the Emmons - Hawkins Hardware Co., the O. L. Stanard Drygoods Co., Wilson Sand & Supply Co., and G. A. Northcott, Lee A. D. Tate and V. L. Hagy.

WIATT SMITH

THIS was a pageant of six interludes, the interludes devised by Miss Alice Maples Young; the episodes designed and outlined by John H. Sanborn. I admit, at the risk of showing ignorance, that I do not place Miss Young. John H. Sanborn was a true early settler. He wrote the first episode. Episode II was written by Boyd Jarrell, the first editor of The Herald-Dispatch; Episode III was written by Mrs. Neva Forrest, and Dr. L. J. Corbly, then a teacher and past president at Marshall College. Judge C. W. Campbell, lawyer and former mayor, and Judge H. C. Warth (this was before he went on the bench) wrote No. IV. Episode V was written by Berry Lee Priddie, and Episode VI was devised by Miss Young. The pageant traced the development of the area from the Indian hunting ground days onward. In the cast of characters are the names of many now dead and gone. In fact, the names of the departed are much more numerous than those of the survivors. This program is of especial interest now that Huntington is celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary.

WITH war time restrictions removed, more are traveling. Borge Rosing has returned from an air clipper trip to his native Denmark, where he found the situation not too bad . . . Mr. and Mrs. Robert R. Steele, Mrs. Warren A. Green, Miss Janet Green and Miss Roberta Riggleman, the last named of Charleston, left yesterday by motor for Canada, where the Steeles have a camp . . . Virginia Ranson, Ola Crow and Mae Houston of the Cabell school system are at Saltillo, Mex., where they will study several weeks before going sightseeing to Mexico City . . . Miss Anne Kauffelt will come from New York to spend the Fourth with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. T. D. Kauffelt of Sixth Avenue . . . Miss Mollie Jayne Stanley has gone to Bayport, Mich., to visit Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Harder. Before her recent marriage, Mrs. Harder was Miss Patricia Farrell of Huntington.

JOHN TEEUEN, pronounced Tayan, of Lisse, Holland, has been here and hereabouts for several days. He comes yearly to sell bulbs to Marion Korstange and, I suppose other florists and growers. He has numerous friends in the Huntington sector, who always make much of him. I haven't seen him this trip but get this report on his observations as to the situation in Europe. There has been no war talk there for the last year. People generally are busy and there is little unemployment, and, though they don't live, they seem har

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

AFTER 30 years, Mrs. J. W. Winget plans to live in Huntington again. Her residence here will not be resumed until Spring. Having spent two weeks at the Hotel Prichard, Mrs. Winget left Saturday afternoon for New York City where she will visit her son, Rader Winget of The Associated Press. On August 10 she will attend the wedding of her grandson, Joe Geyer, recently a first lieutenant in the Army Air Forces, and Miss Florence Hastings of Suffield, Conn., at Suffield. Joe Geyer is the son of Charles J. Geyer, Chesapeake & Ohio general manager, who is Mrs. Winget's son by her first marriage and who grew up on Sixth Avenue with the Winget children. J. W. Winget was claim agent for the Chesapeake & Ohio. Walter Winget, son of Mr. and Mrs. Winget lives and practices law in Indianapolis. Mrs. E. G. Stahl, nee Hilda Winget, lives at Phoenix, Ariz. During September Mrs. Winget will be at the Geyer home in Richmond, Va. She will spend the Winter with Mrs. Stahl in Phoenix. Then she will come to Huntington, which she regards with affection as her former home and looks upon with favor because its location will make it easy for her and her children to visit each other.

WIATT SMITH

NOTHING would induce me to condone dog poisoning, yet I agree with an anonymous correspondent who contends that nights often are made hideous by howling and barking canines. "How," the correspondent asks, "would she (naming a complainant whose admittedly unoffending dog was poisoned) like to be kept awake most of the night by dogs (sometimes 25 dogs) barking? If the Humane Society and the police would have dog owners train their dogs to be quiet, I feel there would be no need for poison." The point is well taken, but I still think the use of poison is unjustified.

OCCASIONALLY I get a letter or a message which makes me feel like wriggling, and frisking like a praised pup. One such comes from a reader, who because he considers himself more or less just an interested spectator, asks that his name be withheld. In part he says: "Although I am a newcomer to Huntington (slightly less than a year) your column is one of my everyday musts and from the reading thereof and the assimilation of events and the names of participants, I am beginning to feel that I am native to Huntington . . . In your discussions I have never noted any reference to an organized Huntington Hostorical Society . . . Possibly I have just overlooked it . . . I want to thank you for the many pleasant moments I have spent reading your column and to tell you that in the writing thereof you have done more in the creating of a hospitable feeling in the stranger within the city than any other agency." The correspondent's thanks are returned with interest. Also there has been and may still be a historical society in Huntington.

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Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

MRS. MARGARET WILLIS BICKERS, who formerly presided over the music counter at McCrory's and played the organ at the Hotel Governor Cabell, is playing an engagement at the Crystal Lounge in Chicago. Mrs. Bickers, whom I remember best as a crack contract bridge player, is connected with an agency which assigns her from time to time to different cities. She is one of the seven daughters of Mrs. Elzie (Florence Baumgardner) Willis of Sixth Avenue and the late Mr. Willis. Mrs. Willis was born in Barboursville on January 1, 1883, so New Year's was her birthday. When I talked with her she had not exchanged greetings with Mrs. Ora Mallory McDonie of Barboursville. Mrs. McDonie and Mrs. Willis were born in Barboursville on the same January 1, 1883. It was Monday morning. One was born at 5 A. M., the other at 7 A. M., but Mrs. Willis doesn't know which was the 5 o'clock baby and which was the 7 o'clock baby.

WIATT SMITH

MRS. WILLIS lives in the big house on Sixth Avenue with her daughter, Miss Susan Willis, the only unmarried one of the seven girls. Mrs. James Smith, who was known to the household and Huntington friends as Baby Doll Willis, lives in Washington, D. C. There are also Mrs. W. W. Breece, who was Eleanor Willis, and Mrs. A. G. (Eugenia Willis) Holt, both of Kenova, Mrs. Harold Honaker, nee Betty Jane Willis, and Mrs. Eugene (Anita Willis) Gwen of Thirteenth street. Also there are two grandchildren, Gloria Jean Owen, a Marshall student, and five-year-old Lynne Breece. Mrs. Willis was the daughter of William Baumgardner and the granddaughter of John (Fatty) Baumgardner.

SUPERIOR deduction by Mrs. Paul Life of Eleventh avenue, led to the recovery and return to the Life home of Smoky, 15-year-old Schipperke, after an eight-day absence. The Life household was much disturbed when Smoky disappeared on the afternoon of Christmas Day. They advertised, they appealed to the police, they besought and secured the aid of this column. We got trace of the roving pet and it was certain Smoky was alive. But no one returned her. Mrs. Life recalled that Smoky had spent her earlier years at the Park Terrace apartments. She decided to look for the dog in the vicinity of the Park Terrace. The hunch paid off. Mrs. Life found Smoky there and took her home, much to the joy of the household. Little, if any, the worse for her experience, Smoky seemed glad to be back.

MRS. D. BYRD GWINN, who spent the holiday season in the hospital, is better, her husband tells me, but not yet able to leave St. Mary's.

12 — 19373

RALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTO

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

THEODORE LAIDLEY'S inquiry from San Bernardino, Calif., about Hal Mather continues to produce echoes. Latest of these is a letter from Mrs. Sarah Dillon of Twentieth Street—I believe the address is 1013—who as Sarah Adkins worked in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe (Roxie Mather) Hatfield many years ago. Mrs. Hatfield had been a widow at the time of her marriage, her first husband having been a Mr. Price who was drowned in the Ohio. There were three Price children, Joe, Hallie and Lelia Jane, to welcome Margaret, the first child born to the Hatfields. Sarah Adkins, now Dillon, was working in the Hatfield home when Margaret was born. She says, "I was treated as one of the family. Now I am an old woman, 81 years old, and would love to know if any of those children are living. I would love to see them if they are. Their sweet mother, Roxie Mather Price Hatfield was a noble woman. I also got acquainted with Hal Mather and am glad to know that he and Sid Mather are still living . . . I also met Uncle Oscar and Aunt Margaret Mather and visited Uncle Mose Hatfield over close to what was then called Nigger Hill . . . I am the youngest sister of the late George W. Adkins who lived and died some years ago at West Hamlin."

WIATT SMITH

GREEN BURKS and Eliza McComas were born in the Taylor's Knob section of Wayne County 87 years ago. And 63 years ago last October 16 they were married in Wayne County and for years thereafter lived at Taylor's Knob. Then they came to Huntington to put their children in school and Mr. Burks operated a restaurant on Third Avenue. Thirty-six years ago he was made a guard at the West Virginia prison and went with his family to Moundsville where they have since resided. Mr. and Mrs. Burks are in Huntington visiting at the home of their son, former Fire Chief Rush Burks at 1037 Madison Avenue, renewing many acquaintances of Huntington and Taylor's Knob days, I was told at City Hall yesterday by their granddaughters, Miss Edna Burks and Mrs. David (Eliza Burks) Curry.

MRS. MARGARET LYNN GUTHRIE, widow of the late Dr. L. V. Guthrie, is extremely ill at her Rugby Road home . . . Nurse Ruth Ranson will go to Chicago tonight to represent the Children's Clinic, Junior League project, at a Junior League clinic there . . . Captain Tom Cowherd went to the Chesapeake & Ohio Hospital yesterday . . . Various and sundry women have argued with me about the color of Dorothy Lamour's United Action Day turbans . . . And I was merely trying to give the girls a break . . . Put me on the witness stand right this minute and I couldn't swear to the color of any of the three turbans in question, but I'm sure I described those bonnets just as the charming Dottie described 'em to me . . . Right now I wouldn't even swear to that . . . Complications also have arisen because of recent mention here of a garden . . . Telephone suggestions that I visit this or that additional garden are being received . . . I'll do the best I can, but I know I can't cover the area . . . This is regrettable as yesterday's rains should make the gardens all the more lovely.

ARRIVING unheralded one day in Point Pleasant, Colonel William Jennings Bryan made contact with Robert P. Bell, then publisher of the Point Pleasant Register. To him Colonel Bryan confided the reason for his visit to the country where his grandparents had lived. This was to visit their graves and see that they were put in order. He found the markers fallen and broken and arranged with Mr. Bell to have them restored. One of the prize exhibits of the F. C. McColm Granite Co. of Third avenue is a record of this transaction "arranged by Charles T. Beale of Point Pleasant at the request of Mr. W. J. Bryan." It involved only the restoration of the Mason county markers. Before the work was done, Colonel Bryan died, and the McColm bill was paid by the check of Mary Baird Bryan, widower of the Commoner. Later, Mrs. Bryan and Governor Charles Bryan arranged for the removal of the bodies of John and Mary Bryan to Yates cemetery near Ona. These are established facts, and go to prove to Squire Mauck, editor of the Gallipolis Tribune that we must be careful about "positive recollections," and to me, what I knew already, this being that when Prof. Franklin L. Burdette speaks on a historical matter he is most apt to be correct.

WIATT SMITH

PASSING through Huntington yesterday, B. J. D. Bruff [illegible]d for a little visit with his boyhood [illegible]bor and playmate, R. J. Foley. Almost [illegible]rybody in Huntington calls Mr. Fol[illegible]m, but Mr. Bruff, after the Baltimor[illegible]unty tradition, calls him Bob. Mr. Bruff now lives in Knoxville, Tenn. He and Mr. Foley had a spirited time exchanging Maryland memories, especially of the days when the blacksmith shop served as their neighborhood club.

SEVERAL days ago something was written here about the courtesy of truck operators to fellow-motorists and pedestrians. Yesterday I noted an indication of a courtesy code, unwritten, of course, between drivers of commercial vehicles. On an errand to St. Mary's hospital, I sat in a cab which stopped behind a huge meat truck, the driver of which was trying to jockey through the court packed with parked cars to the service door. He cleared the path for us, but the cabman, to my surprise, did not move. Watching, I saw he was signalling to the truck driver, who, with this help, backed in safety to the position he needed. Then, and not till then, did the cab move. Needless to say, I made no objection to this slight delay.

IMPRESSION of how a man who does not habitually carry a stick, but appears on the streets with one may feel, came to me yesterday when I appeared with two hooked over my arm. Everybody wanted to know. I did not in the least mind explaining that the strange black and silver mounted cane was that which the late Colonel George C. McIntosh, my early mentor and long-time friend carried for many years. Frank McIntosh brought it to me from Washington where his father died. I shall treasure it

2-24-38

HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGT

Your Friends . . . by . . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

MORE than once, many times indeed, I have written here of the Rev. Arden P. Keyser, a Huntington boy who has grown gray in service as pastor of the Catlettsburg, Ky., Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Early in his ministry, Mr. Keyser began to grow deaf. As affliction advanced, the love that existed between him and his flock deepened. In those times it was only under the most unusual circumstances that a clergyman of this denomination could serve one charge more than four years. The circumstances were recognized and Mr. Keyser stayed, year after year, until his tenure became the longest in the connection, and it continues to endure. He is now almost if not entirely deaf, reading the lips of his familiars, a pad and pencil with others. He is a marrying parson, whose name is called blessed by many who went to Catlettsburg to wed. Moreover, he is a poet, as the following stanzas, first published in the back of his church bulletin on January 15, 1937, prove:

WIATT SMITH

COMPENSATION

I cannot hear the crickets chirping
'Neath the rose-bush in the spring;
But I can touch its petals,
Soft as velvet, while they sing.
I cannot hear the bees hum
When the days are warm and sunny;
But I can taste the nectar
Of their golden store of honey.
I cannot hear the carols
Of the birds among the flowers;
But I can scent their fragrance
As they blossom in the bowers.
I cannot hear the raindrops patter
On my roof-tree any more;
But I can see the rainbow
When the summer storm is o'er.
So many things I cannot hear,
So many things I see,
And in them all the wonder
Of the Father's love for me.

—Arden Philbrick Keyser.

THOSE verses were written to go with an article prepared for the Christian Advocate a year ago, under the title "If I Were Given Three Years of Hearing." In the course of that article he told this story on himself. He was called to the court house to perform a marriage ceremony. When the knot had been tied the mother of the bride said: "Mr. Keyser, you have buried three of my brothers." Mistaking "buried" for "married" he replied . . . "Have I, indeed, well that's fine! Have you any more?" A few days later he told this story to a preacher friend in the presence of one of Catlettsburg's confirmed bachelors. He said that buried and married on her lips looked just the same. The bachelor piped up . . . "They are the same."

DROPPING into a restaurant for a bowl of gruel, I found Clyde A. Wellman, Andy Houyoufas and Walter E. Reed joined in argument as to ownership of a bakery operated in Guyandotte in the earlier years of the century. Mr. Wellman was correct, it was our old friend Harry Wright. That a Central City boy should have recalled that seemed remarkable. It was because Clyde and his cousin, Rodney Suddith, had gone to a party at the Wright home in Guyandotte in 1905 and Clyde remembered the smell of the pastries from the nearby bakery. He recalled then that it was only last year he had stopped in Newport News, Va., to see Rodney Suddith, but missed him. Mr. Suddith had gone to Richmond for a week-end with his parents, the Rev. and Mrs. L. H. Suddith. Parson Suddith, a Baptist, long served in Louisa before he moved to Central City. Last year, at eighty-four, he was still preaching—to the Indians.

IN THE Guyandotte days, one of mother's closer friends was Mrs. A. (Willie Hensley) Wigal. Mr. Wigal, who had been chief clerk at the Chesapeake & Ohio shops, years ago moved with his family to an Arkansas plantation where he died and where his son, Fred, still operates. Mrs. Wigal is with her daughter and son-in-law, Mrs. George Board and Mr. Board at Johnstown, Pa. I learned of her and her continuing interest in Cabell county people and affairs from Mrs. Board, the former Essie Wigal who has been spending the week with her cousin, Mrs. H. E. (Mabel Lindsey) Cleaton on Merrill avenue. The Boards, both former Huntingtonians, have two children, Wilma, about to be commissioned in the WAVES, and George Jr., 10 years old.

MY OWN memories of those "weighty men of Cabell," who tried the scales in Barboursville in 1875, was refreshed by my neighbor, Mrs. Elzie Willis of Sixth Avenue, who telephoned to say the list included her father and her grandfather. The latter was J. B. Baumgardner, Barboursville hotel keeper whom I now recall having heard referred to as "Fatty Bum." His son, William E. Baumgardner, who at 208 was one of the lightweights of that old crowd, was 24 at the time the article quoted yesterday was written. At the age of 12 he had carried the mails afoot between Barboursville and Guyandotte.

MR. AND MRS. R. C. (Bob and N[illegible]) Ward, who became hotel dwellers after selling their Fifth Avenue home some weeks ago, have moved again. They are living with her father, G. F. VanFleet at 412 Sixth Avenue.

[illegible] somebody [illegible].

Wiatt Smith 5/26/37

MY WIFE and I went to call on Mrs. J. P. Heninger, 141 Eighth avenue, to see some items from the collection of Mrs. Heninger's mother, Mrs. J. E. Hufford of Fort Gay. One rare item is a History of Ab's Valley, a small book recording one of the most gruesome and romantic stories of Indian Massacre that our mountains afford. Also, old coins, from all over the world, clippings of numerous variety and yellowed with age and Rissie, the rag doll made by Mrs. Riddie Hufford, wife of Dr. Alex Hufford of Tazewell county, Virginia and grandmother of Mrs. Heninger. Now serving the third generation, Rissie is more beloved of little Anne Heninger than any store bought dolly. Other Heninger children are John and Julia. Mrs. J. E. Hufford, as Miss Margaret Anne Freeman of Danville, Pa., taught a modern school for deaf children at the World's Columbian Exhibition in Chicago in 1893.

12-7-46

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

AFTER 39 years of partnership—15 years at the Adelphi Hotel and 24 years at the Fifth Avenue—Ed F. Rappold and John T. Back sold the Fifth Avenue barber shop in 1944 and retired. Retirement took with Ed Rappold and he has been living the life of ease since. It was different with John Back. He had entertained the idea that he could amuse himself by gardening and other outside activities but soon found he was hard put to it for something to do. Idleness made John cantankerous. Mrs. Back took note of this and scolded her husband for his crossness. Thereupon he announced he would go down the street the next day and look for a job. He was as good as his word and at the first shop he applied he was told to hang up his hat and start in. Since then he has been much happier. I found him yesterday at Lee Wass' shop on Tenth street, quite happy and adept as of yore.

WIATT SMITH

JOHN BACK has been in Huntington since 1900. He was born at Charley near Louise in Lawrence county, Ky., and reared on a farm. One season he had several head of cattle, for the fattening of which he sowed some acreage in oats. There was drought and the oat crop failed. John Back sold his cattle that fall and came to Huntington—on the train. He learned his trade in Steve Pizella's Third avenue shop. Thereafter he worked for Owen Bartram and Roy Lombard and elsewhere before forming his partnership with Ed Rappold. Insofar as he knows there are only two Huntington barbers who were working here when he started. These are John Beal and Francis Notter. Early in his Huntington residence he met Miss Olivia Curry of Hamlin, then a student at Marshall College. They were married and lived on Third avenue.

APPROACH of Christmas is producing the usual stir about toys for underprivileged children. Mrs. Walter R. Peyton of Barboursville writes me saying: "Already much has been spent and before Christmas much more will be spent as Christmas is the time of generosity and giving. But let us remember to give gifts where they are needed. Let none of us fail to do our bit to make Christmas bright and happy for the children who are dependent upon our remembering whether Santa is to visit them or not. There is a drive to obtain toys, candy and clothing for the tots at Morris Hospital. The Department of Public Assistance, with offices in the basement of the court house, has issued an appeal for Christmas gifts for 65 children. Then there is the Stella Fuller Settlement which does so much to insure Christmas joy for those in need. Can't each buy a toy to send to some deserving organization?" . . . These are worthy causes. I suggest that the Charles W. Cammack Children's Center formerly the Union Mission Settlement and the Salvation Army be remembered also.

STUMPY, perhaps the only GI-imported dog in Huntington, is lost. His owner, Pfc. William J. Blume, 2817 Bradley road, a disabled veteran, is much disturbed because his dog is gone. Stumpy, still quite a young dog, was bought by Pfc. Blume and some of his buddies who were together in school in Germany after the peace. It was elected that Pfc. Blume should bring him home, which he did. Stumpy is a wire hair terrior, white with a brown ear

12-7-46

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

THAT inveterate scold, Dr. Ichabod Ersington, making one of his unheraided appearances, lit into me about the city auditorium. Dr. Ersington asserts the hall should be equipped with fire escapes. He explains that a panic there might result in great tragedy. As to the panic possibilities that is true beyond doubt. That fire escapes would provide the answer, I am not so sure. The greater need, from a safety standpoint, is for the closing of the open well at the front. The well is protected by a guard rail, but that rail would serve little purpose in an emergency. I always kept a respectful distance from it. However, so far as I recall, nobody was ever hurt there. Indeed, I remember no serious mishap at the auditorium. However, there has to be a first time for everything.

WIATT SMITH

FLOYD S. CHAPMAN was mayor, and T. S. Scanlon, L. A. Pollock and O. H. Wells commissioners, when the city building, including the auditorium, was started about 1912. Verus T. Ritter was architect. The building was an object of pride and the auditorium a wonder. The auditorium has served and is serving useful purposes. When it was first used it was "ahead of the town" and it was difficult to fill it. Some of the early audiences were so sparse they rattled. Since then the hall has been filled many times. Because of its superior seating capacity, it attracted to Huntington many gatherings which otherwise might have gone elsewhere—political conventions, fraternal conventions, church conferences, concerts, operas, lectures and assemblies of various kinds.

HUNDREDS of thousands of persons have passed in and out of it during the more than 30 years of its existence. It is approachable only by high stairways, but there are two such stairways at either end and the people do get up and down them. I recall a near emergency which occurred there some years ago. Because the storm doors had not been collapsed before the departure hour, hundreds were stopped in the main corridor while the people went out, one at a time, through the revolving doors. There was no panic but a vast impatience. That didn't happen soon again, if ever.

DR. ERSINGTON'S fault-finding is duly recorded. He may have something. Perhaps long usage has accustomed me to conditions, but I am not afraid of the auditorium — the front entrance well alone excepted. Tragedy can result from panic in any public hall, but I hope city auditorium crowds keep their mental balance as have those of the past. Meanwhile, I should like to see something done about that well at the front and, when circumstances permit, I should like for Huntington to have a new auditorium, as much ahead of its time as was the present auditorium when it was first opened to the public.

and elsewhere in the Huntington area is urged by Lucy (Mrs. E. C. Halstead. That's a worthwhile idea. Huntington, itself, has several points which might well be marked if, indeed, they haven't been. Marshall College was the birthplace of Dwight Morrow, and Champ Clark taught there. There still stands the Third Avenue building which housed the Bank of Huntington when it was robbed by the James gang in 1875. Burlington, O., Ceredo, W. Va., and Louisa, Ky., birthplace of Mr. Chief Justice Vinson, should not be overlooked.

A SOLITARY listener to a child pianist in a Hotel Frederick parlor, Mrs. Wells Goodykoontz of Williamson told me she was on one of her frequent visits to Manager and Mrs. F. A. Short. She added that she planned to leave her Williamson home in the Fall and come to Huntington to live at the Frederick.

PERSONALLY, I'm not an authority on the arts, either fine or applied, unless judgment of cookery might qualify me. I yield to none in the ability to taste and pass on the merits of strawberry shortcake—now happily in season. Indignant protests from those who realized the error, have all but banished the spurious sponge cake variety of shortcake. The southern tradition of biscuit dough, or something a little shorter, prevails in well-informed circles, and when the berries are luscious, like some Robert R. Steele brought me recently from his Pea Ridge estate, when the crust is properly softened by the juice of the berries, when the sugar has been applied judiciously and a big helping doused generously with real cream—none of your whipped cream—either, this is something to make you wonder why anyone would roam from his habitat, to be a Captain in the navy or a director in a Paris art school. You should hurry home, DeWitt and Stewart—it's strawberry shortcake time.

OKEY K. HAYSLIP paused downtown in the morning to say that Robert T. Oney went from the Bank of Huntington to the Kanawha Valley Bank in Charleston. Charles R. Carder, Mr. Oney's nephew, whom we encountered just a few minutes later, supported Mr. Hayslip. I was wrong again when I said he went to Bluefield. Anyway, Mr. Hayslip remembers when his father, Samuel D. Hayslip, sent him from Guyandotte to Huntington with three fifty-dollar counter orders. The bank was discounting these orders at six per cent. Okey, then just a boy, argued with Cashier Oney that the discount was too high. Mr. Oney was interested and questioned the lad. How did he get down from Guyandotte and how was he going back? I don't know about the journey down, but he was going to walk unless he caught a wagon. Mr. Oney told him he would discount the papers at two per cent if he would charge his father the difference, or discount them to him at six per cent. It was a deal. Young Okey rode a good bit of the way home on R. Enslow's farm wagon and took the six dollar profit.

FIRE CHIEF BROOKS M'CLURE turned teacher yesterday and the Huntington employes of the McKesson & Robbins Co., wholesale drug house went to school to him. This happened because Branch Manager Jones Chamblin made a survey which disclosed that only one of his 29 employes knew how to handle a fire extinguisher. This disconcerted him, but he recovered and asked Fire Chief McClure to come and instruct the force. Now every fellow knows how to use an extinguisher . . . and also knows the location of every extinguisher in the McKesson & Robbins plant . . . All of which may supply an idea for the use of other business executives.

Guard. Of those who were contemporary with him and others in the early efforts along civic lines, only two, I think, survive. These are Colonel Darwin E. Abbott and A. W. Werninger. The reflection recalls the names of some of those who have gone . . . George F. Miller, J. D. Caldwell, T. B. Enslow, Sam Gideon, Harry C. Harvey, Dan A. Mossman, T. S. Scanlon, H. B. Hagen, D. I. Smith, James K. Oney, each of whom in building his own fortune contributed notably to the building of Huntington, several of whom gave without stint of their time and effort to make Huntington what it is and will be . . . men who embodied the Huntington spirit and flourished in that happier era when every Huntingtonian was a booster and to be anything else was next door to blasphemy.

Your Friends and Mine

by Wiatt Smith

RESTING at home after dinner in the evening, John P. Hallanan was called to the telephone to talk to somebody in Long Beach, Calif. He pondered as he went to answer, telling Mrs. Hallanan that he didn't know anybody in Long Beach. He found that he did. The communicant from the Far West was Paul Tiernan. Mr. Tiernan, a Wayne man, was circulation manager of The Charleston Post when Mr. Hallanan headed the advertising department of that newspaper 30 years ago. Harold Faller was a member of the news staff. When The Post left the field, the workers scattered and, as far as Mr. Hallanan remembers, he never heard again of Paul Tiernan until he got that message a few nights ago. Mr. Tiernan said he was coming east with his wife and daughter and would stop in Huntington to see the Hallanans and others, including Mr. Faller.

WIATT SMITH

ALWAYS Milton has been a good town. Prosperous for one cause or another, it nevertheless retained, until a few years ago, something of a pastoral atmosphere. This seemed to have gone when I went to Milton Monday night. The main street was aglow with signs—lighted up like the great white way. Everybody seemed to be awake and many were abroad, with not a few resting comfortably in garage doors, at filling stations and on the steps of the bank. I went with a friend whose business was dispatched quickly and the trip from Huntington and return took little more than an hour. Things have changed greatly. It doesn't seem many years since it took all day to go to Milton and back. And many stretches of pure countryside have disappeared to be succeeded by well lighted ways.

RETURNING, we stopped at the College Corner where I had a reunion with Proprietor Walter B. McWilliams. Our acquaintance began when my Grandmother Wiatt lived on the northeast corner of Sixth Avenue and Tenth Street and Circuit Clerk R. W. McWilliams and his family lived at the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street. Each house occupied a full lot, so there was only the alley between us. That was 50 years or more ago and Walter and I have known each other in various capacities in the intervening time. He told me he had owned the College Corner a couple of years, but only assumed the management a few months ago. He is straight and slim, but, like others I could mention, is white-headed.

THOUGH I take it she didn't attend the Lilly reunion, Mrs. John W. Berry, who was Sarah A. Lilly of Logan County, is active and interested in all that goes on. She will be 89 in October. Yesterday she was at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John T. McLaughlin of Pea Ridge Road. She joined with the McLaughlin household and the neighbors in worrying about a young cocker spaniel, tan with white markings. The dog, which seems lost, will eat, but won't make friends with anybody.

ers who will raise their eyebrows at this narrative. Nevertheless, there are in abundance witnesses who can and will testify that I went to a bridge party the other night and scored ten marks. It was to St. Joseph's high school gymnasium that I went, guest of the John P. McDermotts. The Parent-Teacher Association was entertaining. It must have been the fairy touch of fortune that brought me such good hands and such competent partners for I headed for the head table and, once there, was never ousted. After the competition in bridge was ended there was another distribution of favors and lightning hit me at the first flash. Having been very busy for a time walking back and forth across the gym floor to collect my booty, I left, feeling like a successful burglar.

WIATT SMITH

OPERATIVES have been telling me about Midway Park, an amusement center which must have flourished in the early nineties. It is only a name to me. When it was first mentioned, I confused it with Union Park, at or about Seventeenth street and Second avenue, but Midway was an earlier institution. It seems to have been located along the Baltimore & Ohio tracks near Second street, and to have included a famous beech grove. Bicycle racing was one of the major sports there. These contests seem not to have been confined to the park, but to have been run on courses on the streets. Someone tells me that George I. Brammer, still living in Huntington, was a prime mover in the bicycle racing era. This was natural as Mr. Brammer was the proprietor of one of the big bicycle and bicycle repair shops. He operated his business on Third avenue, above Eleventh street, several years after I went to work on the newspapers. I knew him well, but it has been a long time since I have seen him.

AMONG the advertisements in the Woman's Enterprise, published at Christmas, 1895, by the ladies of the Episcopal and Congregational Churches, is that of the Hartzell Handle Co. of Central City. This company manufactured axe, pick, sledge, hatchet and hammer handles. Its original home was at Guyandotte. Within my lifetime but beyond my recollection was a fire which destroyed the handle factory and some of the nearby dwellings. It was not the fire which caused the removal of the plant. What it was, I do not know, but the factory was rebuilt and for many years the sheet iron buildings, which to me seemed huge, stood idle and deserted on the Ohio at Richmond street, where the W. F. Kahler home is today. Irvin Hartzell, the head of the business, later moved to Memphis, Tenn., where he prospered and where he resides today, unless I am mistaken.

ANOTHER interesting advertisement is that of Marshall College "the state normal school," Thomas E. Hodges, principal. Jno. M. Simpson, Miss Lillian M. Hackney, Miss Mary McKendree and G. A. Proffitt were assistants. Miss Jessie Stewart was the music department and Miss Mae French taught art and elocution. Total cost for non-residential students need not, the announcement said, "exceed fourteen dollars per month." It is interesting to note that Miss Hackney is a member of the faculty today, Miss Mary McKendree is well known as the wife of Representative George W. Johnson. Miss Stewart, as I recall, is a Virginia matron. I am sure Mr. Simpson was a Mason county man and have the impression that he is dead. As to Mr. Proffitt and Miss French I cannot say. Dr. Hodges, later president of West Virginia University, died a number of years ago. His son, Charles E. Hodges, who was born at

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

MALCOLM JAMES SEXTON and Edward Thomas Sexton, six-month-old twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. John Sexton of 423 Fourteenth street, sharing their pram, wheeled along here the other evening and were stopped for an interview. These sons of an American soldier and an English war wife didn't say anything but grinned engagingly. Their father has returned to the Army and is now at Camp Richardson, Alaska. His wife, the former Miss Betty Hynes of Portsmouth, Eng., and their sons await him here. Mrs. Sexton, who when she first came to Huntington admitted some homesickness, is over that now and prefers to remain in Huntington, albeit she might, if she saw fit, return to England. Equally free from homesickness is Mrs. Homer R. Johnson, who, with her husband, shares the Sexton address. Mrs. Johnson is the former Miss Patricia Coles of London. She and her husband, the son of John Johnson of Hamlin, met while Homer was in London as a corporal in the Eighth Air Force.

WIATT SMITH

MRS. JOHNSON has no desire to go back to England and explains that if she had there would be no point to it, since her mother, her only relative, now lives in Weyburn, Saskatchewan. After her daughter's marriage, Mrs. Coles crossed the Atlantic by plane and wed the Saskatchewan citizen she had met in England during the war. Mrs. Sexton and the Johnsons told me Mrs. Frank Hooser, another English war wife, has returned to Britain for a vacation, taking her young daughter, Marcia Lee, home to see the folks. This column helped bring about the acquaintance of the Hoosers, the Sextons and the Johnson. Having read here of the presence in the neighborhood of Mrs. Sexton, Mr. Hooser came seeking her that she and his wife might get together and talk about things over there.

RECORDS of the American Red Cross disclose there are about 40 foreign war wives in Cabell county. This number includes those who came over here to wed, and, of course, refers to those whose romances flowered in World War II. It takes no account of the war wives in Wayne county, or elsewhere in the Huntington area. Miss Mary Gordon Robinson of the Red Cross says most of the Cabell county wives came from the British Isles, though there have been several from Australia and at least one from Vienna. Also, already here or soon to arrive, is one from Italy. That these girls like life in Huntington may be a testimonial to the American way of living or it may be that it is a tribute to the ancient institution of matrimony.

GEORGE C. GARRED, recently seriously sick at St. Mary's Hospital, was better yesterday, friends said. His acute illness having been arrested, Mr. Garred is to be given a build-up for surgery.

from cornfields to skyscrapers, there lived in Barboursville, then the Cabell county seat, two brothers who were physicians. They were Dr. Radford Moss and Dr. Charles Moss. Each was highly regarded professionally as well as personally. Dr. Charles Moss was a surgeon, often sought in consultation and for surgical action by physicians throughout this section. There was continual debate between him and his brother, the latter being inclined always to avoid surgery insofar as possible. Memories of the Doctors Moss were recalled yesterday by U. B. Buskirk of Logan and Cincinnati as we talked in a downtown hotel lobby. Mr. Buskirk, a native of Logan, spent part of his youth at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Radford Moss, whose foster son he became after the death of his own parents.

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HE ATTENDED the public schools at Barboursville and must have done well there, for when he was seventeen years old he ran away from the Moss home and returned to the mountains. He applied for and was given a job as teacher of a school near the mouth of Pigeon creek in what is now Mingo county. Then it was all Logan. He boarded with Aunt Hulda Dempsey, Jack Dempsey's grandmother to whom he paid five dollars a month in exchange for food and lodging. His salary was $32.50 a month. The teacher who saw fit could elect to serve as janitor also, receiving for this an extra fifty cents a week. Beck Buskirk saw fit. This work consisted chiefly in keeping the big open fireplace supplied with wood. The log school house was old. Dogs often followed the children to school and the little dogs went in and out as they pleased, using the bigger openings between the timbers. Before bitter winter arrived, Mr. Buskirk and the boys chinked the building with mud and made it snug.

THAT was the end of the young teacher's boyhood. He had matured early and no one challenged his majority. He began voting when he was seventeen, and has ever since voted in Logan county. With the savings from his school term, virtually all he got, minus his board, he started a store in Logan town. From that beginning he gradually developed into one of the big timber dealers of what was then a richly timbered valley. It was talk of the rafting days that led Mr. Buskirk to tell his story. He often came down the Guyandotte on rafts and in Guyandotte he knew my father, another Logan man who had become a merchant. Two men would bring the raft down the swift flowing stream. Usually they walked back to Logan. Sometimes they went on pushboats. These were long narrow scows which were laden at Guyandotte with provisions and propelled by long poles against which the men leaned padded shoulders. Mr. Buskirk has a withered finger, memento of a pushboating injury.

OCCURRENCE of the Lincoln day holiday at the week-end afforded Witcher McCullough, secretary of the national coal commission, opportunity for one of his rare visits to Huntington. He was about town yesterday morning, dropping in at the Chesapeake & Ohio hospital for a call on General Superintendent E. L. Bock. Mr. Bock is steadily gaining strength after his recent severe surgery but with the rarest exceptions, he is denied to callers. He says he will not go to Florida or anyplace else, but stay in the hospital until he gets entirely well . . . But despite the summerish weather here, Florida expections continue to get under way. Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Wilkinson and Judge and Mrs. E. M. Watts left last night for Venice. Dr. and Mrs. Ray M. Bobbitt [illegible] to Guyandotte to take part in the flood wall meeting there he will be returning to scenes which date back to his earliest childhood. He does not remember when he first came down with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Seamonds, who lived on a farm near Barboursville, to visit Guyandotte kin. The Seamonds family was closely related to the Poindexters and the Sedingers. The trip in George's boyhood was an all-day business, the mode of conveyance being either a buckboard or a farm wagon. Young George didn't get in much more than once a year. Neither did Guyandotte relatives get out his way often. One day James D. (Happy Jim) Sedinger, went up to visit the Dundases. He made the trip by train and was walking to the farm of his uncle when some country boys espied and began to torment him. Jim went over to the group, threatening them—he wouldn't have hurt a fly—and they were rather scared because Jim was a big fellow. Instead of fighting, he told them who he was. They welcomed him as cousin and friend.

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IN THOSE years the name Seamonds was rarely pronounced as it is spelled. The family were known to their county neighbors as the Simmonses and even today Mayor Seamonds is often addressed thus. He doesn't mind, but some of the younger generation take most unkindly to the corruption of the family moniker.

SEVERAL weeks ago there was talk here of the lawyer's sons who have come to the bar and are practicing in Cabell, with or in the footsteps of their fathers. There was important omission from that list, unintentional, of course. This was the name of Phillip Baer, younger son of Judge Ira P. Baer of the domestic relations court. Phillip has a desk in the offices of Russell W. Morris and I met him there the other morning when I dropped in on his chief. The other list included Peter Baer II, his brother, who is in the offices of Via, Hardwick & Quinlan.

MEETING a late train Saturday night, I found Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Booth and their daughter, Dorothy, waiting for a visitor from the west. Expected, was Mrs. John O'Brien of Grand Rapids, Mich., coming to see her first born grandchild, Dorothy, graduate from Huntington high school tonight. Mr. Booth, a member of the First Huntington National Bank force, met and married Emmaline O'Brien when he was a world war soldier, in camp in Michigan.

ON SUNDAY afternoon I went with a friend to call on Judge Carney M. Layne, convalescing slowly after a long and serious illness. Judge Layne is housebound, following his recent return from the Cleveland clinic, but feels encouraged over his prospects. And he was able to talk with us as only he can talk of the men and occurrences of other days, particularly of John H. Holt whom I had accompanied, years ago, on my only previous visit to the Layne home.

L. A. STAKER, lawyer and bird lover, remarked yesterday on the "robin weather." . . . It looks like we may have snowbird weather today . . . Incidentally, robins have been seen, one in Willow Glen by E. B. Kyle and another in Fairfax court by Mrs. Grace Smith . . . There is urgent need for a fresh telephone directory at the booth in the post office lobby . . . I am requested to put Kathleen Norris' address in this column . . . She or any other syndicated contributor to the press may be addressed in care of the paper in which the articles appear . . . The mail will be forwarded . . . Much to my

7-4-1946

Your Friends . . by . . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

AN ACQUAINTANCE who, having dropped enemy bombs against enemy points in the Pacific, is now studying at Marshall College, recommends for Fourth of July reading, the Constitution of the United States. His reading time is 18 minutes and he says it 's absorbing matter any day in the year. This reminds me how John H. Holt, in a commencement address at Marshall College, referring to the Constitution of the United States, said: "Study this instrument — it will lend you patriotism!" . . . I never heard anybody read the Constitution, but it used to be a regular feature of the Fourth of July program for the chosen orator to read the Declaration of Independence.

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B. G. CURRY came to see me Monday and insisted that I go with him to greet an old friend—whose identity he would not disclose. I went along, wondering futilely and presently found myself in the presence of W. P. (Billy) Mahood, who for a considerable period prior to going west in 1917, was cashier of the Lincoln National Bank in Hamlin. Bessie Mahood, his wife, sent greetings from Huntington Park, Calif., where for many years Billy has been city clerk. Mr. Mahood stopped here and at Hamlin en route to California from Richmond, Va., where he attended a convention of municipal finance officers.

AMONG former Huntingtonians here to help out with the seventy-fifth anniversary celebration, are Mr. and Mrs. Amos Adkins, of San Francisco, Calif. A West Virginian, Mr. Adkins came to Huntington when he was two years old and stayed until he moved to California in 1912. Mrs. Adkins was Elizabeth Nicholas of Chesapeake, O., where she grew up and where she and Mr. Adkins are now guests of her aunt, Mrs. Sarah Riddle. Mrs. Adkins has two brothers, Harlow and Wilson Nicholas, in Chesapeake, a sister, Mrs. Zilla Bragg, of Chesapeake, and two other sisters, Mrs. Mamie Powell of Milton and Mrs. Wilks of Shoals. Mr. Adkins has a sister somewhere in this area but doesn't know where. W. A. McMillian, a nephew of Mrs. Adkins, hopes the sister will see or hear of this paragraph and communicate with her brother in Chesapeake.

DR. ROBERT JENKINS, who went to Cincinnati to study dentistry after student days at Marshall College, practiced here six months before he went to New York City, where he is still active. He and Mrs. Jenkins, who came here with him for the burial yesterday of his sister, Miss Grace Jenkins of Roanoke, Va., have five children, all grown and married, a fact which reminds Dr. Jenkins' brother, Albert Gallatin Jenkins II of an old song which contained the line, "Great big house with nobody in it." But Dr. and Mrs. Jenkins are there, as are also, frequently, children and grandchildren.

DURING the first World war—before the United States became a combatant—Miss Fannie Hampton of Catlettsburg went to Canada and became a Red Cross army nurse, attached to the Dominion forces. Naturally enough, she married a Canadian soldier though their romance didn't run true to pattern because he had never been one of her patients. Now, as Mrs. Duncan McCosh, she lives at Toronto where Boyd County Treasurer Frank Ross, Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Fred Cooksey of Catlettsburg called on her during a recent Canadian vacation tour. Mrs. McCosh is a granddaughter of William (Uncle Billy) Hampton, famous in Boyd county annals, and of Louisa Ward Hampton for whom, I am told, the town of Louisa was named. The Ross party also stopped at Hamilton, Ont., to see Charles Runis who formerly was in the lumber business at Catlettsburg. I did not see Mr. Ross, but talked with George Ross his son in the county treasurer's office. George called his aunt Mrs. J. C. (Fay Patton) Hearne and she supplied the background information by telephone.

WIATT SMITH

RETURNING tourists—there are many of them—say Canada is alive with uniformed men. Mr. Ross made it a practice to give lifts to soldiers with the result, his friends have been told, that he virtually had a Canadian RAF escort wherever he went. . . . Miss Virginia (Herald-Dispatch) Tierney and Miss Kathleen Eaton, a former Marshall journalist who is now an Ashland business woman, also are just returned from Canada. Gone two weeks, they drove more than 2,200 miles to Quebec and return, with several two-day stopovers including New York City.

RICE BRALEY of the Braley Midland Co., Catlettsburg balloon manufacturer, told me of finding a booklet on the observation car of the Chesapeake & Ohio's George Washington train, the statement that Catlettsburg was once the headquarters of George Washington. This, if true, was long before there was any Catlettsburg and Mr. Braley says he has been unable to confirm it. There's an old and persistent story of the travels and activities of George Washington in this Tri-State area. His is credited in these stories of having surveyed and named Four Pole and Twelve Pole creeks. Historians whom I consider well-informed, say George Washington never got far south of the Kanawha valley. However, I'll check up with the Chesapeake & Ohio. Maybe Walter Jackson knows better.

NATHAN BRALEY, father of Rice, was 80 years old last January 17. He is one of the most active and generally best preserved octogenarians I know. Born in Meigs county, Ohio, he left home at 19, just after his father's death, and worked here and there until he had seen about all of the United States. At 35 he drifted into Catlettsburg where he married—and settled down—45 years ago.

MISS HELEN DICKORE, having resigned to join the Kentucky & West Virginia Power Co., her former place in the office of the Boyd county judge has been taken by Mrs. Annette H. Kirk . . . none of which has anything to do with the fact that Mrs. Wanda Lee Thorson of the county attorney's office has just invested in a chiming alarm clock.

ERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGT

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

EULOGIES, as I have observed, are not often pronounced in the course of Protestant Episcopal burial services, but the Rev. S. Roger Tyler departed from that custom Saturday and paid glowing tribute to the life and works of Gustavus A. Northcott whose remains laid before the altar. He talked of Mr. Northcott the churchman, who was for fifty-four years a vestryman of Trinity and for thirty-two years the superintendent of the Sunday School. Of the long tenure on the vestry he said, "It may not be a record, but insofar as I know, it has never been equaled by anyone, anywhere." He told of Mr. Northcott's part in the moulding of the religious life of the young people of Trinity, of his steadfast devotion to his duties, his unfailing presence in his pew and of his love for two hymns, "Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus," and "Onward Christian Soldiers," which were sung at the funeral service. And he summed up with what I believe to be the best and most concise characterization of Mr. Northcott that anyone has achieved. He said he lived "the victorious life." Sometime, I hope not soon, someone is going to write and speak of Mr. Tyler. I shall never forget his grief-lined face as he spoke that day of his dear friend, nor his calm and steady intonation of the service at the grave, following which he was to hurry away to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church to assist at the funeral service of the Rev. W. J. Cocke. I believe that when the time for his evaluation comes it can be truly said that he assisted at more funerals than any other clergyman in Huntington. That is because in his interest in and concern for his neighbor he knows no boundary.

WIATT SMITH

LOOKING through some files, I have come upon a column written about Mr. Northcott after his birthday in April, 1935. He had told me then of his coming to Huntington, which came about by his having been given an opportunity to engage in business at Rupert, Greenbrier county, with the late George F. Miller as one of his partners. That was a timber operation. When it was completed he thought of joining a brother in Nebraska but Mr. Miller persuaded him to come to Huntington and go into business. What a different Huntington that was, when he and Heath Kelly opened their store on Third avenue in 1885. No paving, board sidewalks and spaced stones across the streets and avenues at intersections. If one missed a stone that April he went up to his knees in the mud.

LAST NIGHT I drove with Hans Watts down one of the hills overlooking the city and we gazed upon and talked about the far reaching view of lighted streets and lighted homes, lovelier, as Mr. Watts said, than any Christmas decoration. Had one looked from the same vantage point in 1885 he might have seen but a sprinkling of dim and yellow lights stretching a few squares along the river front. Time and progress have wrought a marvelous transformation—time and progress and men—and Gus Northcott was one of those men.

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what he meant. And how could I look in the dictionary for a word I couldn't spell? Moreover, why take the trouble? Unless Ichabod, who is an old grouch, is too far away, he'll get the facts to me—just for the chance to give me what for. And the Pennsylvania Dutch dish we've been talking about is "panhas." After playing with me, cat-and-mouse-fashion, for a time, Dr. Ersington pointed it out in the supplement of the P. Q. volume of the Century dictionary. It's "Panhas," with a number of variant spellings . . . Defined: "In cooking, meal, boiled in water, in which hog's liver and pork have been boiled and, when cold, sliced and fried for the table. A Pennsylvania German dish. Also pan rabbit." There follows this quotation . . . *"But Rosa could cook. Himmel! Her panhas was like angel's food, her liverwurst was the talk of the town, and the scraps she threw away would not keep a snowbird alive." C. C. Lockhart in the Century, August, 1905.*

NOW THAT we know how to spell it, there is still a divergence of opinion as to what it is and how to cook and serve it. Mrs. Harvey Addison Wolfe stopped in the midst of the shopping crowds yesterday to give me the recipe of her mother, Mrs. Volney Johnson . . . "Boil the face of a hog until the meat is off the bones . . . boil one hog liver, then crumb it. Take the juices from the two boilings, mix them with meal, season with salt, pepper and sage and boil to the consistency of good mush. Then mold in pans. When cold, fry, or slice and serve as sandwiches . . . Mrs. Wolfe made such sandwiches for parties of young persons hurrying away in the long ago to meet the Kanawha steamers at Midway, in Putnam county.

ACCOMPANYING a paper bag which contained two coffee cans, came this note from Mrs. Ada E. Braley of 5324 Pea Ridge Road . . . "As a descendent of the Penn Dutch, I want to say there is a big difference in cracklin' bread and scrapple or panhoss. For cracklin' bread you use any corn bread recipe made with buttermilk, soda and eggs and last, add your cracklins and bacon. Cracklins are made by rendering the lard from little cut up pieces of hog fat. Now hoghead cheese is different. It is made from the good parts of the hog head, the meaty parts, the tongue and the ears—the liver if you like. Do not add the jowls as it will make it too fat. Cook very tender, remove bones and work with the hands into small pieces (to put it through the meat-chopper would spoil an old-fashioned dish) then add seasonings, such as a little sage, black pepper and salt. Pack in crocks and weight down in order to press together. When cold slice and serve, or put vinegar over the head-cheese and call it souse." . . . Preliminary investigation shows that one coffee can contains head-cheese, the other panhas . . . Dr. Ersington will please note the spelling.

12/7/49

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

THOUGH the Florentine Hotel gave way to a modern structure several years ago, its site at Ninth Street and Fourth Avenue will be the Florentine corner to me always. Yet before the historic inn was built, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Burdick had a small home there facing Ninth Street. Clara Burdick was born there. Currently, Mrs. Frank H. Tyree, who was Clara Burdick, and who is in Huntington after nine years of absence, is stopping at the Hotel Governor Cabell whence she can look from the window at the spot where her native home stood. Mrs. Tyree, widow of Sheriff Frank H. Tyree, lives in St. Petersburg, Fla., and has for 14 years. She was here nine years ago, but thereafter stayed in the Sunshine City in order to be with her mother, Mrs. M. A. Burdick. Mrs. Burdick died in 1945. From Huntington, Mrs. Tyree will go to Detroit to visit her son, Captain Harold Tyree. There she expects to see her grandson, Cadet Tom Tyree, soccer star who won mention on the All-American squad. Cadet Tyree is now entering upon his last year at the United States Military Academy at West Point. He is to be graduated and receive his Army commission next June.

WIATT SMITH

CADET Charles Bell III is here from West Point after completing his first year at the Military Academy. He plans to go out for football in the Fall. Regardless of his personal fortunes, he thinks Army will have a good gridiron outfit this year, even though such outstanding stars as Blanchard and Davis will not be there to help.

MRS. TYREE enjoys her Florida home and keeps in touch with things here by frequent visits with members of the Huntington colony, which is numerous even in Summer. However, she is glad to be in Huntington again, finding that the city has changed somewhat but that her friends have not. She rejoices, too, to see the hills once more—the hills that never change. There is nothing like them in Florida. So did Ellen Ruddell King rejoice when she returned to her home state in 1885 and wrote The West Virginia Hills. During a West Virginia day program yesterday, the Rotary Club sang Mrs. King's song—in my honor, John Brothers said. I am pleased to have had a part in the revival of the state song which was a must in my school days.

ROTARIANS devoted yesterday's program to West Virginia, in anticipatoin of West Virginia Day, June 20. Guests of honor were A. W. Werhinger, who was born in Pleasants County February 28, 1858, and A. J. Wilkinson, born in Harrison County January 9, 1863—both older than the state. Colonel J. H. Long was to have been in the company, but he was in California, having left several days before to visit his son, Luther T. Long in Los Angeles. Traveling by air from Cincinnati, he was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Long and Miss Berry Long.

H writes: . . . "Dear Wiatt: I see you often on the street and otherwise, but you are either busy or in a hurry, so I am taking this method of letting you know how much I appreciate and enjoy your column. I have been a constant reader of it since its beginning. Hardly ever an issue of the paper, but the whole column, or at least a part of it, a line or a paragraph interests me. For instance, the Malcolm spring . . . Joseph Malcolm, my great great grandfather on my mother's side, was the first settler there . . . The late Uncle Billy Miller of Barboursville, telling of the skirmish there in the beginning of the civil war. The man who was killed there (James Reynolds) was my grandfather. He married Dorothy Malcolm, the daughter of the original Joseph Malcolm . . . The Adelphi Hotel fire, my first after coming to Huntington.

WIATT SMITH

"EARLY memories of my childhood were brought back when you told of being in Sam Biern's office looking at some papers and finding a teacher's certificate issued to George Wilkinson, signed by John Clark and George Keyser of Lincoln county. John Clark was my first teacher and George Keyser was my second teacher . . . Prof. Chesterman and Prof. Ben Thackston, who were presidents of Marshall College, were my teachers at Hamlin, Thackston 1886, Chesterman a few years earlier . . .

"LAST, but not least, the old mill or livery stable at Hamlin. I was in that place dozens of times after the mill was converted into a livery stable and run by Squire Dillon. But I want to tell you of another time I was in that old mill many years before this when it was operated by Squire Johnson. My brother Jim and I went there to mill from Griffithsville. He was fourteen, I was ten. We could not get any 'grinding' the same day so we decided to stay all night. Together we had about fifteen cents so we had to sleep in the mill. I don't think either of us slept a wink. About midnight an old jackass came through town, signalling for crossings and stations. I had never heard one of them before and naturally was frightened almost out of my wits. He finally parked right in front of the mill door which was none too securely fastened. Eventually, he tested all his vocal chords as a signal that he was about to move. I did not know which way he was going to move, so decided on safety first and took to the stairs. My brother started after me. I thought he too was running from the beast. If possible, I increased my speed. He finally caught me and took me back down stairs, assuring me the animal had gone and would not hurt us. That happened a long time ago, but it is just as vivid in my mind as if it had been yesterday . . . These are a few samples, a few things that have interested me."

MR. GRIFFITH did not give me leave to print his letter. I took that for granted because I could not resist passing along this to me most interesting analysis. Needless to say, I appreciate his kind words. And just to prove that different things interest various readers, I have another letter. It is from Oliver S. Beckett of Ona, who writes: . . . "Having seen in The Herald-Dispatch of November 18 your mention of your discussion with Mr. John R. Meek relative to what part of speech the word both may be, I give my opinion, with no less an authority than Thomas N. Harvey as reference. The word is a demonstrative adjective. You will find this on page forty-six of Harvey's "A Practical Grammar of the English Language." Thank you Mr. Beckett. Somewhere about here I have a Harvey's grammar. I'll look

Your Friends . . . And Mine — Wiatt Smith

TRUE to his promise, Director Edgar Loar brought the Hinton high school band to my door at 521 Fourteenth street and played "The West Virginia Hills" at 11 A. M., yesterday. There was a crowd—not too big a crowd—but big enough to enhance the pleasure and excitement of the moment.

WIATT SMITH

Yesterday morning I said in a column that no refreshments would be served. This line attracted the attention of Victor D. Wormser, who sent cigarets and candy. I gave the candy to the band, and Drummajor Janie Ball went away with it in her arms. The band was to go from our house to play "The West Virginia Hills" at the Huntington Orthopedic Hospital. It wasn't clear whether the candy was to be distributed to the bandsters or in their name to the child patients at the hospital. That was for them to deside. Director Loar was reared in Kenova, educated at the University of Chicago and elsewhere, and was for several years director of the Wayne high school band. This is his first year at Hinton, and he told me he hoped to come back next May and have the band play for me again.

THIS is the story someone else should write and doubtless will. There was too much for me to absorb. I enjoyed the music and appreciated the attention. It would be foolish for me to say I was not pleased, and I hope to be here to hear the Hinton band and other bands in the 1948 state High School Band Festival. There were impromptu guests whom I shall not try to name. One of these was the Rev. I. A. Canfield of Morgantown, who retired from the Methodist ministry after 57 years. During his active life he occupied pastorates at Milton, Barboursville, Hamlin and Fort Gay. He first visited Huntington in 1889. He came for the band festival and is visiting his daughter, Mrs. B. F. Hatton of Piedmont Road. He brought greetings from E. E. Meredith, Fairmont historical columnist. Director Loar brought greetings from Editor Kenny of the Hinton Daily News.

JOHN B. (JACK) O'DWYER, across-the-street neighbor who had been a patient in the Chesapeake & Ohio Hospital, came home to sit on his porch during the concert. Oley Davies, another neighbor, came up from the gas office to take color photographs of the pageant — it deserves to be called by that name. I was almost abashed at the number of cameras pointing at me and clicking. In the old days, one would have said that the photographers were clicking shutters, but I don't think that's what they do now.

MY INCLINATION is to make this column a sign-off on "The West Virginia Hills." A postcard from A. S. Coe said that in 1898 he was told that the Rev. Thomas C. Johnson of the Baptist Temple in Charleston was the author of "The West Virginia Hills." I, too, remember Dr. Johnson mentioned in reference to the old song. However, Mrs. Chilton Brown sent me pamphlets with the words and music of the "West Virginia Hills." These pamphlets credited Mrs. Ellen King with the authorship. There is no doubt that Mrs. King did write the song.

THIS tale would not be complete without mentioning the presence of the youngsters from Oley Junior High and Elementary Schools. I think the principals may have dismissed classes, not so much in compliment to me but in recognition of the fact

Your Friends . . . And Mine — Wiatt Smith

WILLIAM E. (BILLY) WILSON, a Burlington, O., boy who made good in Huntington, will be 82 years old on August 16. He and Mrs. Wilson, the former Miss Ida Burks are at the Hotel Frederick where they will stay until they leave for their annual Winter sojourn in St. Petersburg, Fla. The date of their departure has not been set but it will before Jack Frost gets here to start painting the leaves . . . Miss Edith M. Henry, for eight years a public stenographer in the lobby of the Hotel Frederick, has moved her desk to the Huntington Hotel where she will carry on her business as usual besides acting as personal secretary to James M. Donohoe.

WIATT SMITH

MRS. G. B. DEVRIES post cards: "Way down here in our new home, Baton Rouge, La., we eagerly await The Herald-Dispatch, having lived in Ceredo many years. A few weeks ago while browsing through the public library here, I found "The Big Sandy Valley," a copy of which you borrowed from Dr. W. E. Vest. As I turned the pages, I felt I was visiting many good friends. Of course, the Marcums, Fergusons, Tabors and Vinsons were ancestors of the ones we knew. One of the things that interested me was that the 59-year-old book said, 'There is a Milton J. Ferguson in every generation.' It also said, 'one of the young Bruns boys of Catlettsburg is a promising medical student.' He is now Dr. W. F. Bruns of Ceredo as you know. We like Louisiana, but never forget West Virginia. P. S. Wonder how the book got in the Baton Rouge library?" I can't answer that, but the fact that Dr. John Buffington spent some of his later years in Baton Rouge may have to do with the explanation.

STILL speaking of Wayne County, the Vinson family reunion is to be held at Camden Park August 25. It will be an all day meeting, with a basket dinner. All the Vinsons and Fergusons of these parts, and many kinsfolk of other names will be there. The payoff is that, according to Mrs. James A. Hughes, Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson will be among those present. That's a big order for such an important and busy man, but Mrs. Hughes points out that "Fred never has missed a reunion." As senior member of the Vinson family she expects Cousin Fred to attend and to make a speech, sharing the platform as in other years with his first cousin, Judge Charles W. Ferguson of Wayne.

JOHN RAU yesterday was desperately sick at St. Mary's Hospital, where he had been a patient since Saturday. He retired recently, having sold his interest in the Frederick Barbershop, of which he had been owner or part owner almost 40 years.

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Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

ALMOST 30 years ago Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Dodrill returned to Huntington from the Philippine Islands. There he had spent six years and she three. Friendships formed in the Islands thus long ago have not lapsed. Some, of course, are dead. Some were in Japanese prison camps, where a number of them died. Among the survivors there is a continued correspondence, often in the form of round-robin letters. Once Mr. and Mrs. Dodrill attended a reunion which these former Philippine residents held somewhere in the United States. Mrs. Dodrill was Miss Blanche (Bubbles) Henderson. She was born in Nicholas County, where her father, Charles J. Henderson, was sheriff. As a girl, she came to Huntington and stayed with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thornburg, while she attended Marshall College. After finishing her studies at Marshall she married Mr. Dodrill, who came from the Philippines for the ceremony and took her to the Islands. After three years they returned to West Virginia and he studied law at West Virginia University—now practices in Huntington. Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Henderson eventually came to Huntington to live, and he was in the mercantile business with his son George until his death. His widow lives in Huntington and George Henderson still is engaged in business here.

WIATT SMITH

CHARLES F. DODRILL, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Dodrill, graduated at Marshall College, whence he went directly to Harvard Law School, where he is to get his degree next June. He is said to have been the first student to go direct from Marshall College to Harvard Law School. Incidentally, I hear he is to marry within the next month, Miss Beatrice Rose Dodrill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dodrill, graduated from Katherine Gibbs School in New York recently, and is now visiting friends in the East.

IN ITS July issue, "West Virginia History," a quarterly magazine, carries "The Civil War Record of Albert Gallatin Jenkins, C. S. A.," by Flora Smith Johnson. Mrs. Johnson's article is described by the magazine, as "a problem report submitted to the Graduate Council of Marshall College, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Arts Degree which was granted her in 1944." Mrs. Johnson, born in Guyandotte, graduated from Huntington High School in 1914, and four years later received her A. B. degree at Randolph-Macon Woman's College in Lynchburg, Va. She is a teacher at Lincoln Junior High School.

CECILE R. GOODALL is editor of "West Virginia History," and Mrs. Roy Bird Cook is managing editor. I don't know how much circulation this magazine has, but the occasional copies I have seen have contained much that was interesting and worthwhile. The copy in hand has an article on the formation of West Virginia Counties by Sigfus Olafson. According to Mr. Olafson, Lincoln County was formed in 1867, from portions of Cabell, Putnam, Kanawha and Boone. This reminds me of a controversy which waxed hot years ago as to the origin of the name of Hamlin. Someone said that Lincoln County's seat of government was named for Hannibal Hamlin, Abraham Lincoln's vice-president during his first term. Lee Taylor, of the Hamlin Democrat, took issue with this assertion. He claimed, and as I remember, proved, that the town was named for a certain Bishop Hamlin, long before Lin-

AFTER several years in the Army, during which he rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel, Dr. Sam Vinson has donned civilian attire once more and hung out his shingle for the practice of medicine at Wheelersburg, O. This is near the city of Portsmouth where Dr. Vinson was reared and where his father, Clay Vinson, a brother of Mrs. Ralph Robison of Huntington, still lives. I learned about Dr. Vinson from his father's cousin, Mrs. Belle Vinson Hughes of Fifth Avenue. She is almost as proud of Dr. Sam Vinson as she is of that other cousin, Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson of Louisa and Ashland, whose oath-taking she witnessed in Washington.

WIATT SMITH

MEMORIES of Chief Justice Vinson are being recalled by many in this area. Rufus Lester of Fort Gay has written to tell me of a time in 1917, when Fred M. Vinson, having visited Wayne on some matter connected with his law practice, had his car break down near the Lester home on Trace Creek. He continues: "The driver came to get my automobile to take Chief Justice Vinson (I called him Fred, then) to Louisa, Ky. There were few automobiles in Wayne County then and my car, a 1916 Ford, was new. I was very careful with it and was about to refuse to lend it when the driver told me Fred Vinson would be responsible, I let him have it freely. So, you see, I lent my ear to the man who ultimately was to be chief justice of the United States. I was well acquainted with him and his family."

AS I UNDERSTAND the tradition, the cold spell which set us—well, anyhow, me—ashivering on the eve of the Fourth was blackberry Winter. I think it is a cold snap to be expected about the time the blackberry crop is ripe. I know it is blackberry time. John Bickar, who lives with his father, Peter Bickar, on route 52, near the approach to German Ridge settlement, was at the door the other day with a truck load of this and that—not peddling, but making deliveries. However, he was persuaded to search out a couple of boxes of blackberries. Mr. Bickar told me that blackberries grow wild and do well but raspberries don't thrive in the same places, the reason being that cattle will eat and do eat raspberry bushes, but won't touch the blackberry bushes. Nevertheless, he added, he and another had recently picked two gallons and a half of wild raspberries in the woods near his home.

MISS ALICE MAPLES MILLER, who directed a historical pageant presented here in 1922 under Early Settler auspices, was a New York professional. She was employed to arrange and direct the pageant by Charles R. Wilson, Early Settler president. I was enlightened on the subject by Mrs. R. L. Davis, who as Miss Stacia B. Setliff, took part in the pageant, and Mrs. Neva Forrest, another pageant participant.

Jan. 8, 1947.

Your Friends • by • And Mine Wiatt Smith

THERE were many things I knew about Walter D. Keister, who died last week. I never knew that he was a fishing enthusiast and went with Jeff Withers, his friend and fellow church-worker, on many an angling excursion. Some of these excursions were in the waters of this section. Some took the two to the old Keister home in Pendleton County. The friendship between Mr. Keister and Mr. Withers was time-tried. It began long ago—ended only with Mr. Keister's death. Walter Keister was one of those men I felt I had always known. In fact, our acquaintance began in my boyhood when Mr. Keister, an executive for Gwinn Bros. & Co., visited the office of my uncle, Thomas A. Wiatt, on law business for his firm. Mr. Keister and I never were closely associated, but we were always on the most cordial terms. Of late, I had seen him infrequently. Druggist, miller, legislator, insurance man, he was, to quote Dr. S. R. Tyler, "a sweet-spirited citizen."

WIATT SMITH

HAD he lived he would have completed, sometime in 1947, his 50th year of continuous service as clerk of Central Christian Church. By far the most of the records of that congregation are set down in his hand, clearly, because he was a scribe of first quality, who learned to write when penmanship meant something. In her history of Central Christian Church, through its semi-centennial year, published in 1941, Betty Petit Atkins tells how it was that the wedding of Walter D. Keister and Lenora Weaver failed to be the first in the new Central Christian edifice. The couple planned to be married on October 2, 1895. They hoped to have the ceremony in the Central Christian Church, then building. As the wedding day neared it was apparent that the church would not be ready. Therefore Miss Weaver and Mr. Keister were married in the First Congregational Church, then on the present site of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Mrs. Keister was the first person baptized in the new Central Christian Church.

WHEN the late Dr. A. K. Kessler went practicing medicine and operating with kitchen tables as his surgical counters in the mountains of Southern West Virginia, he was accompanied, often by Nurse Sallie McKinney. Miss McKinney lived in Huntington and served as a nurse in the city and its environs from 1912 to 1933. She had a wide acquaintance and numerous friends. After she left, 14 years ago, she lived with a sister in Alton, Ill. Some Huntingtonians kept in touch with her. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hawes. Miss McKinney died on New Year's Day. Mr. and Mrs. Hawes and their daughter, Mary Catherine, went to Alton for the funeral, returning home yesterday.

LONG on order, the new elevator for the Hotel Frederick has arrived and is being installed. For the period of the installation guests and habituees are being referred to the Tenth Street elevator, which originally served the business offices on which the east rooms of the hotel building were occupied.

Jan. 3, 19__

Your Friends • by • And Mine Wiatt Smith

RECENTLY this column expressed casual wonder as to what had become of all the stick pins men used to wear in their neckties. The answer might have suggested itself—the women are wearing them. Not all of them, of course, but a substantial proportion are going into costume jewelry for the adornment of the fair sex. I learned this when Miss Sharlee Watts stopped by to show me a consignment she was sending to Detroit. New-style pieces made from old stick-pins, old cuff links, stick-pin safety catches and the slides the girls used to wear on long watch chains go into the production of Miss Watts and her associate, Mrs. Bernadette Toupin Givan, who have a craft shop adjoining Miss Watts' home at 916 Tenth avenue. Demand is brisk. Much of the completed merchandise goes to Detroit.

WIATT SMITH

SHARLEE, former co-proprietor to the Southern Kitchen, spent the war years as a civil cafeteria hostess at Fort Knox and Camp Campbell. Later she took courses in tools, art metal and jewelry at Wayne University and Cass Tech, both in Detroit. An apprenticeship at the store of the J. L. Hudson Co. in Detroit followed. Miss Watts was succeeding notably when the illness of her mother, Mrs. A. J. Watts of Tenth avenue, made it imperative for her to return to Huntington. She came, bringing Mrs. Givan and the latter's daughter, Miss Marilyn Givan, with her. Marilyn attends St. Joseph's school. Mrs. A. J. Watts is much better. She came with Sharlee to see me and showed much of the same spirit she manifested once long ago when I took her arm with the purpose of escorting her down the steps at St. Mary's Hospital. "What's the matter," she chided then, "can't you stand up?" It is easy to see from her appearance today why Mrs. Watts in her Wayne county girlhood was known as "pretty Betty Blair."

LAUGHTER and tears mingled Tuesday, when an accompaniment of gifts and good wishes, fellow-workers at the First Huntington National Bank bade farewell to Bernie Massie. Bernice (Mrs. Eldon) Massie wasn't going far—just to her Huntington home. Having decided 22 years was long enough for her to work for the bank, Mrs. Massie resigned. January 31 was her going-away day. During an extended period she and her husband worked together in the bank's note department. Late last year he resigned to take a place with the Huntington Wholesale Furniture Co.

"WHY does a barber call a man who is hard to shave 'a squirrel?'" asked Dr. Oscar B. Biern when he telephoned to say Happy New Year. It was all news to me, as I had never heard the term. However, I consulted a dictionary and learned that there is a squirrel fish which is covered with tough spines. There, I suspect, is the explanation sought by Dr. Biern.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

ON DECEMBER 11 Mr. and Mrs. John L. Hawkins will have been married 63 years. Mr. Hawkins has long been a well-known man in Huntington. Mrs. Hawkins was Virginia Elinor Beuhring, daughter of Frederick D. Beuhring. Mr. Hawkins and intimate friends call her Daisy. This subject came to attention when Mrs. Don (Betty Hawkins) Ritter called to say her grandmother, Mrs. John L. Hawkins, was richly entitled to a place in the list of great-grandmothers which Mrs. Mae Robertson Hayslip and I started a few days ago. Mrs. Hawkins has four living children, 18 grandchildren and 18 great-grandchildren. This entry admits the great-grandfathers to the class, as, of course, Mr. Hawkins has 18 great-grandchildren, too. . . . Also nominated was Mrs. Fred Marcum of Kenova, who, "spry as a cricket at 71," is the great-grandmother of 14-months-old Harriet Jane Hicks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Hicks of Kenova. My informant was Mrs. John Calvert of Kenova, daughter of Mrs. Marcum.

WIATT SMITH

AFTER some years of high school teaching in Chicago, Mary Lee Keister has dropped school work and returned to Huntington to operate the Keister Insurance Agency, 830 Sixth avenue, founded by her father, the late Walter D. Keister. Mary Lee, widowed, is Mrs. Talbet, socially. During her teaching years she studied variously and became interested in historical research and writing. Through a reference in this column in 1943 to Blennerhassett Island, she was led to look into the Blennerhassett story, which continues to engross her in spare moments.

BASEBALL was popular as an inter-community sport when J. R. (Rome) Osborne of Griffithsville, Lincoln county, and I were young. Rome pitched for Marshall, alternating with Boyd B. Chambers before he graduated in 1901. I often watched him work. He continued to play ball some 15 years after he left school, but wasn't the pitcher at a memorable game in which Hamlin beat Griffithsville by a 2-1 score. Ginny Gwinn, whose first name Mr. Osborne does not know, was the Griffithsville twirler. Lawrence L. McClure pitched and Erza Midkiff played third base for Hamlin. Perhaps Carl V. (Duke) Ridgley was shortstop for Griffithsville. He sometimes played short for the oilfield nine. Mr. Orborne spent the weekend in Huntington, attending the Marshall College football game Saturday night and paying me his annual sorghum call on Sunday evening. He always comes in the fall, bringing sorghum, and vowing he'll be back before sorghum time comes again. But he never does. Incidentally he says sorghum is more plentiful this year and a bit cheaper than it was last.

RAYMOND WISEMAN spent the weekend in Pittsburgh attending a conference of business schools. Mr. Wiseman is with the Wiseman Business School on Sixth avenue.

geles wrote his brothers and sisters instructions about assembling brick for an outdoor oven. The brick were provided and Walter found them at hand on the premises of his sister, Mrs. George M. Moore, and Mr. Moore on Main Street. Without mishap, he had motored here from Los Angeles, but after arrival he sprained his back when lifting a sack of potatoes. This made it necessary for him to accept help in the preparation of the reunion breakfast in the Moore garden Monday morning. This must have been hard on Walter, a bachelor who takes justifiable pride in his cookery. He got able help from the Rev. James Hyden, Marshall student who preached at the Main Street Methodist Church Sunday evening and helped get breakfast for the Dugans and certain family friends Monday morning. breakfast was wonderful—pancakes, sausage, eggs, coffee and the like. Someone asked whose formula was used for the cakes and Mrs. Warren C. (Alice Dugan) Johnson, dimpled like a girl and said, "I think it was Aunt Jemima." Mr. Hyden interposed to say that he had added eggs to the mixture.

WIATT SMITH

HAVING GONE to Guyandotte with M. W. Dugan, Mrs. Smith and I returned with Carl D. Poindexter of Charleston. We drove about Guyandotte a bit and Carl and I pointed out interesting places, such as the houses wherein we were born. Many memories were stirred by that Guyandotte reunion, one of, these being of the day in 1910 when Miss Julia Murphy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Murphy, left home one morning ostensibly for Marshall College. She never got to school. Somewhere along the line she joined Carl Poindexter and they went to Catlettsburg and got married. Mr. Poindexter is a successful real estate dealer in Charleston. He and Julia have four children and five grandchildren. One of their daughters married Stanley Juzwik, now a war veteran, who is preparing to study pharmacy at Louisville.

It is planned that when his studies are finished he will join his wife's uncle, Frank L. Murphy, in the Murphy drug store on Main Street. Mr. and Mrs. Poindexter were down for the holiday to visit her mother, Mrs. James Murphy, who continues to live at the Main Street home.

FIRST PAWPAWS of the season were sent to me by Mrs. C. A. Steele, 1112 Madison Avenue, whom I met at the Vinson reunion picnic at Honshell Hill, Catlettsburg, Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Steele have a small orchard at their Madison Avenue home and the pawpaws, produced in that orchard were brought by her niece, Miss Helen Wellman of Central High School faculty. Miss Wellman is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Wellman of Adams Avenue. Mrs. Wellman, the former Grace Fraser, told me that she and her husband celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary August 19 by going to Ridgelawn Cemetery to see their newly erected monument.

YESTERDAY, FOR THE FIRST time, the Committee of 1,000 resorted to the long distance telephone. I got word that Edmund Kirker did not buy the George Brown Martin home in Catlettsburg, which was bequeathed to Mrs. Clem Poage, who lives there. Mr. Kirker bought and occupied the home of his grandfather, White Collar Line steamboat captain James Kirker, across the street from the Martin residence.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

IT MAY be that people always look back at their younger days and say that men don't measure up to old standards. That is a conclusion to be avoided. Yet I confess to having been impressed with the Cabell bar as I knew it when it included Z. T. Vinson, William R. Thompson, John H. Holt, C. W. Campbell, Frank B. Enslow and others who might well be listed here. However, those names make my point, to which emphasis is given by the fact that Colonel William R. Thompson is dead, having succumbed in Virginia Saturday at the age of 92. Colonel Thompson retired years before his death. He had been a leader of the bar—a lawyer of the old school who cut his professional teeth trying criminal cases. Originally, he was no specialist, but one who took his practice as it came, so long as it was honorable. He was a man of honor and integrity; a worthy adversary in the law courts, as any of his colleagues would say, a political leader and a charming friend. I had not seen him for several years, but heard from him indirectly occasionally. Blind and helpless as he was in his latter days, I venture the guess that he never lost his flashing wit nor his Chesterfieldian manner; "Nary a hate" of either, as he would have said.

WIATT SMITH

MISS VIRGINIA FOULK, principal of Marshall College Junior High School, is taking a sabbatical Summer. I judged this must be true when efforts to telephone her proved ineffective. Finally, I found her on an incidental visit to Huntington. She has been hither and yon; to Maryland to visit; to Romney, W. Va., where a set of altar brass was presented to Peterkin Center as a memorial to her mother, the late Mrs. Wilson M. Foulk of Huntington. This week she's starting for a tour of New England which is to conclude with a visit to her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Eric A. Foulk of Cape Cod. Mr. Foulk may or may not be there as he is with the ACF at Wilmington, Del., where Pullmans are being converted into mortuary cars for the transportation of the soldier dead, brought home from overseas. During the third week in August she will go to New York City for the annual convention of Delta Kappa Gamma Sorority, of which she is West Virginia president.

AFTER an extended absence, Mrs. A. J. Baxter has come back from Pennsylvania and will stay in Huntington. I was on the Fourteenth Street porch when Mrs. Baxter, looking much as she did when she and her husband, "Cap," located in Guyandotte in 1904, came along . . . We had an old home talk-fest. Another such a fest occurred when I telephoned the home of Sheriff D. L. Freutel and found myself talking to Mrs. P. D. Eggleston of Yuma, Ariz.; she is the former Jersey Suiter of Guyandotte, daughter of J. K. Suiter and mother of Louis Biederman.

MISS ELEANOR CLENDENNING, R. N., gravely injured in a fall recently, will leave St. Mary's today and continue her convalescence at the Veterans' Hospital . . . She was an officer in World War II . . . Jack O'Connor, snappy young New Yorker, has returned to his home city after spending the Fourth of July week end in Huntington . . . attraction, Anne Kauffelt, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. T. D. Kauffelt of Sixth Avenue.

And Mine Wiatt Smith

DURING the showery period late Monday afternoon there was such a rush for taxis that I was left on the sidelines. Presently, however, there came a man whom I recognized as a cab driver but who invited me to ride in his personal automobile, which I did. The friend who thus came to the rescue was Omer Bradley and I shared the ride with his grandfather, J. J. Kissinger. Mr. Kissinger, who long lived near Proctorville, had with him a column of mine, written four years ago, and containing a paragraph about his having brought cryptically marked fruit to his old street car running mate, Uncle Billy Jordan. Mr. Kissinger has been living in Huntington since the death in May of his wife. They had been married more than 55 years and found marriage a success. He says without hesitation that he misses her more than he can tell.

WIATT SMITH

WHILE waiting for that ride I was addressed by a tall, slender fellow who asked if I were Wiatt Smith. He was Sherwood Wilson, son of the late Jim Wilson of Barboursville and my cousin, the former Rhoda Dingess. Coming by air from Miami, Fla., Sherwood was disappointed of his hope to get to Logan county in time for the Dingess reunion Sunday. He had been away six years, the time spent first in Miami, then in Milwaukee and in Miami again. Now 41 years old, he was not in the armed forces during the war. His sister, Miss Mary Lois Wilson, lives in Huntington.

HANDCUT nails at least 125 years old were brought to me with a small block of flooring secured by Charles W. Campbell from the house at 232 Main street. Mr. Campbell brought me this memento of what was long our home. The house was recently sold by my brother, Warren C. Smith, to Harvey C. Taylor, who is restoring it. I say the nails are at least 125 years old and I'm sure that's true. However, there is no definite record, so far as I know, of when the house was built. I often wish the people in earlier times had been more thoughtful about marking dates on their buildings.

THE same wish is inspired when one gets a yellowed clipping, telling of some far-back-yonder event, but with nothing at all to indicate the year of the chronicled happening. Sometimes these clippings are marked with month and day, but not with year. Recently someone suggested that this column be dated, as it frequently is. For instance, this is being written on August 6, 1946 — Primary Day — and will appear, if schedules are carried out, on Wednesday, August 7, 1946. That's for the benefit of some antiquitarian who may chance to read it 100 years from now. If none does, it won't make any difference to me.

ELECTION day isn't what it used to be. There are few if any fights and, ordinarily, no gun play. In my earlier years there were many hand-to-hand battles, some of them punctuated with brickbats, and it was not unusual for somebody to get shot—on election day.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

Traditionally, grownups go to the circus just to take the children. An occasional adult admits getting a kick out of the performances under the big top, but others blame it on the kids. If they don't have any tots of their own, they'll even borrow one or two. There was a similar reaction to the big Christmas parade Monday afternoon. Numerous persons reporting on the event said it was good entertainment for children. However, they had watched it from beginning to end. This parade was a notable event, not only in itself but because of the outpouring of humanity it evoked. I saw some of it. Two hours after the parade, I regarded it safe to start home. This was a mistake. The streets were still crowded and public transportation was at a premium. I had to go back indoors and telephone to ask Earl H. Arnett to bring his car for me—which he did.

HERE ON THE parade day, if not for the parade, was Miss Nina Ayres of Gallipolis. Nina, Jesse V. Sullivan, Orland H. Booton and I were fellow workers on The Charleston Mail when Colonel George C. McIntosh was editor. Miss Ayres and I had met last when we were in Gallipolis for the funeral services of O. O. McIntyre. Monday she was trim and stylish as of yore, but she told me she had elected to rest comfortably in a hotel lobby chair while her younger companions went shopping.

COMPTROLLER FRED SMITH of Marshall College, who was a jungle fighter in the American army in the Pacific, lives near Aracoma lodge, likes the outdoors and keeps hunting dogs. His kennel just now consists of an old and wise setter and a young pointer, under training. During a recent field expedition, the old setter was shot and wounded. Mr. Smith got the injured dog home and went to seek a veterinary. The young pointer appointed himself as nurse, keeping the older dog warm until the doctor came.

W. H. PATTON, 1515 Ninth Avenue, writes that he was glad to learn through this column of the location of Mr. and Mrs. F. Pierve Chambers of Ravenswood. "I was much enlightened. I know the family well. they lived at 520 Tenth Avenue when I lived at 301 Eleventh Avenue . . . I am a sick man, a victim of Hodgkins disease. . — do not get out, but stay at home and suffer—waiting for the time to come, and I hope it will come soon." . . .That's a touching Christmas letter and I hope it will prompt some one to go and see Mr. Patton.

BRIEFLY, MARY STERLING Rardin visited me a day or two ago. She is the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. (Jane Galigher) Rardin, Jr. She was named for her grandmother, who died just a few days before she was born. Mrs. J. C. Rardin was known generally as Maymie. Her grandchildren called her Mimi, and Mimi is the familar name of tiny Mary Sterling Rardin.

Dec. 5, 47.

Your Friends and Mine by Wiatt Smith

Several months ago, Harvey C. Taylor sent me a quotation from a book, "Young History," pertaining to a visit to Guyandotte by James K. Polk, then president-elect and en route to Washington for inauguration as President. Senator Polk met the postmaster, who told him he had not voted for him but would if he had it to do over again. The postmaster was kept on the job. Something was said about it here at the time and wonder was expressed who the postmaster was. F. B. Lambert, historian, writes from Barboursville: . . . "In answer to your inquiry, made some time ago, Joseph Gardner was postmaster of Guyandotte from 1836 to 1848, the time of his death. His grave may be seen in the old cemetery on Fifth Avenue, Guyandotte. He was succeeded by Henry H. Miller, a prominent merchant . . . This Joseph Gardner should not be confused with another Joseph Gardner of Barboursville, who was connected with the William C. Miller family, grandfather, I believe, of Mrs. George F. (Florence) Miller of Sixth Avenue, Huntington."

RECENTLY, WORD came of a woman, ill in a hospital, who knew me. Information was sketchy, and I didn't learn who she was until she died last week. She was Mrs. G. J. Cline, who had been Miss Mantie Berry, my kinswoman and friend. Mrs. Cline was buried yesterday and her nephews served as pallbearers. One of them Was Dr. Lowell Berry, son of the late Elbert H. Berry. Dr. Berry graduated from Huntington High School, from Marshall College, magna cum laude, and won his medical degree from Virginia Medical College at Richmond. He has completed his internship in a Charleston hospital but has not announced where he will practice. Another pallbearer was Irvin Dugan, Jr., better known now as James I. Dugan, Jimmy to his friends. He and his father discovered there were too many Irvin Dugans and the son decided to use the name of James, by which he had been known during the war, and which was the name of his paternal grandfather, James S. Dugan of Main Street. The son of George Dugan of Sixth Avenue is James Shackelford Dugan II. All these Dugans are descendants of Thomas Dugan, Portsmouth, O., banker, who took a chance and lent Col. D. W. Emmons the money to take up the options on the land on which Huntington was constructed. This resulted happily. C. P. Huntington wired that he would pay the loan. Thomas Dugan's son, grandsons and great-grandsons, were to become well known citizens of Huntington.

A. J. SHEETS writes: . . . "In Tuesday's column you seemed to doubt that there are any 'cater-cornered' doors extant in Huntington. Being a member of the Committee of 1,000, I want to point out that the former American Bank & Trust Co., which now houses the store of the George H. Wright Co., now has such a door." True enough, Mr. Sheets, and I pass it almost every day and have been familiar with it since George Keller and Julian Park had their Frederick Pharmacy there when the building was new. Already Henry J. Stark, president, had brought a picture to remind me that the First National Bank of Ceredo has a cater-cornered door . . . as has, according to the facts cited by Mrs. M. G. Powers, the Huntington Hotel.

1-3-36 Belongs to column.

AIR mail service is something extra special. I feel like bragging on it because on New Year's day I took from my post office box a letter which was mailed in Tucson, Ariz., just twenty-four hours before. It was postmarked at Tucson at 4 p. m., December 31. Perhaps it was a little after 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon that it came to my hands. How long it had been in the box is a matter of conjecture but I surmise it was but a short while. It requires three full days to reach Tucson by train. Ability to get letters to and fro so quickly serves appreciably to lessen the sense of distance, yet one can always get a laugh by saying his wife has gone so far away it takes six cents to send her a post card.

WIATT SMITH

ONE of the merriest sights I saw at Christmas was that of John A. Kelly holding aloft his infant grandson, Tim Hollandsworth, Jr., and saying: "Laugh for your Grandpappy." And Timmy never failed to produce a smile. This was at Mr. Kelly's home, Pleasant View, a charming and spacious mansion, steeped in Huntington tradition. Indeed, it goes beyond the Huntington era, having been one of the Buffington residences before the coming of Col. Delos W. Emmons who acquired it and made it his home. It was a country seat, even in the Emmons days, the grounds extending to Third avenue and including the banks of the Guyandotte. This fenced enclosure, an entire city block was used as pasture for Colonel Emmons' blooded dairy stock. And on the terrace beside the home was a tall windmill, which served, or had served, to draw water for the cattle.

IT WAS on his journeys to and from this home, that of his parents, that I first saw and became conscious of Carlton D. Emmons. This was when I was quite young and small. A few years later I saw him often when I went to the Emmons-Hawkins hardware store to buy goods for my father's store in Guyandotte. Mr. Emmons was usually on the floor, serving trade and I think it was always his delight to meet and talk to people. He did not have and never acquired the air or attitude of the high class executive and forceful business man that he really was. He liked to talk of early days, particularly of his own days on the road, when he walked the ties between this and that small town soliciting the trade of the merchants. A good man he was, one of the best, and a pleasant man from whose eyes the twinkle only faded with his death.

SOMETIME this morning an army plane will alight at the airport and take on a passenger with whom it will head for the west coast. The passenger will be Brigadier General Delos C. Emmons, commanding aviation forces along the Pacific, a Huntingtonian who is now the youngest general officer in the army. General Emmons was called here by the death of his father, Col. Carlton D. Emmons. He travelled as far as Wichita in a bomber, but took the train there because of weather conditions. He left Huntington in 1904 to enter prep school, went to West Point in 1905, graduated in due season and has seen service, in times of war and peace, in every quarter of the globe. A friendly gentleman, pleased to greet acquaintances of his boyhood days, he does not respond readily to efforts to induce him to talk about his job.

WORD comes that Capt. Ellis Mace, steamboat master and river historian, is a patient at Memorial hospital . . . and it was only after I had gone from St. Mary's last week that I learned Senator Harry H. Darnall was in a room next door to one I had occupied . . . And Boyd Jarrell wound up his holiday activities in a literal blaze of glory . . . coming down with measles by which he is confined to his Eleventh avenue home . . . Shumate & Lacey's Huntington Daily News, of which account wa given here a week ago today, was publish in eighty-two, not ninety-two, as the was given . . . Postmaster Jerry W. Di was printer's devil in the News sho

6-10-37.

HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTIN

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

AS ALWAYS, when called to set the class in history right, Dr. Frank Gilbert of Marshall College was on his toes about the small berry-like nut which looked like a chinquapin and still did not seem to be one, which Curtis Wolfe sent me. Dr. Gilbert described it as "the seed of the lotus," explaining that this seed has often been called a water chinquapin. The seed is edible, as Mrs. Harvey Addison Wolfe said in her letter accompanying her son's gift. Despite its resemblance to the true chinquapin it belongs to another family or group. The chinquapin is related to the chestnut—the lotus seed to the water lily family. Mrs. Wolfe explained that the nut Curtis sent had been found long ago by her father in a Kanawha valley field which had once been swampland. Presumably, the lotus still grows in swamps, but it is also cultivated as an adornment for rock garden pools. William C. Estler, Dr. Gilbert tells me, has lotus growing on a pond at his country home near Barboursville. The lotus blossom is white, or yellowish-white.

WIATT SMITH

Your Friends . . by . . And Mrs. Watt Smith

ABOUT two weeks ago this column carried a paragraph telling of a widowed father who was willing to place his four-year-old son for adoption in some good home. Before the ink was dry on the paper William A. Leech, field engineer for the Koppers Co. and Mrs. Leech, residents of the Hotel Governor Cabell, were investigating. They had long thought of adopting a child but had never given effect to their purpose. During the conferences, negotiations and finally, legal proceedings they found that this process was not without travail, but yesterday it was accomplished. By an order duly executed by Judge Ira P. Baer the bright and attractive little fellow became James Douglass Leech. The James is for Editor Jim Clendenin, the lad's legal godfather, the Douglass for Mrs. Leech, the former Miss Dorathea Douglass of Upper Montclair, N. J., a graduate of Wellesley College. The boy is to be called Douglass. Mr. and Mrs. Leech have been in Huntington a year or more. His duties in this section shortly will be completed and he and Mrs. Leech and little Douglass will go to live elsewhere. Closing the chapter for this column I wish to thank the numerous persons who have made inquiry about the little boy, some with serious idea of his adoption, and to say that it is most gratifying to have had even a part in placing a child so auspiciously.

WYATT SMITH

WHEN Edmund Sehon, A. G. (Gal) Blake and others established the wholesale grocery house of Sehon, Blake & Co. in 1891, John M. Beale, then a Guyandotte merchant, was one of their number. The most experienced among them, he did the original buying. The first location was on Third avenue. Then the company, Mr. Beale told me when I met him downtown yesterday morning, purchased the site now occupied by the offices of Gwinn Bros. & Co. and built there. While the store was in the new location, W. W. Gwinn dropped over from the mill one day and said: "I've got a good young fellow over here rolling barrels for eighteen dollars a month, but I don't need him. Why don't you hire him?" He was told to send him over and he very shortly reported for to the company of which he in time was to become the head. That man was John B. Stevenson. Finding that he had not time to spare from his own business, Mr. Beale soon decided against dividing his activities and sold his stock, as I remember the conversation, to Mr. Blake.

ON HIS way down from Guyandotte, Mr. Beale had stopped at St. Mary's Hospital to inquire about Colonel T. W. (Ted) Peyton. He learned that surgery is in contemplation for the well known soldier-lawyer. Talking of Ted, he was led also to speak of Ted's father, Capt. T. W. Peyton, a soldier-lawyer also. Mr. Beale and Capt. Peyton married cousins, the former Miss Margaret McCards of Guyandotte, the latter Miss Mayme Hovey of Barboursville. The two couples went together on their honeymoon journey, by rail to Norfolk, Va., thence by steamer to New York City. The grooms wore long-tailed Prince Albert coats and high silk hats—plug hats, they were called in those days. Mr. Beale was interested by a barber in his hotel shop in some toilet preparations and bought a considerable supply. "I have some of it yet," he said. "That fellow took me for a greenhorn—and he was right."

CONFLICTING reports, some quite disturbing, are heard concerning the condition of James Murphy, ill at his Main street home. I trust the rosier ones are true. Mr. Murphy hasn't been well since the death and burial of his friend Colonel W. V. Hennen several weeks ago. I almost said, "friend and star loafer," which would have been true and still unfair, for Colonel Hennen was no loafer though he spent countless hours beside the big stove behind the prescription case of Murphy's drug store. They were staunch friends and all but the last of the group which centered about the drug store while and after I was growing up. It can almost be said, if not quite, that Mr. Murphy and H. C. Everett are the last of that company — of their generation of course.

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

MRS. JAMES E. KING of Richmond, Va., is a woman of such youthful mein as to make one hesitant to report how long it has been since she was a student at Marshall College. There's no need to be specific—but I attended classes with her and that makes it clear that it has been quite a spell since Princess Turner, as we knew her then, left Marshall College and went to Morris Harvey for her fourth and last school. Soon after she graduated she married Jim King who became a Chesapeake & Ohio executive and moved to Richmond. Mrs. King is visiting her sister, Mrs. M. A. Chambers at 603 Sixth avenue and I dropped in yesterday for a chat that was not, as it happened, entirely about back yonder days. Another sister, Mrs. Virginia Turner Mankin of Washington, an author of some note, will be in Huntington today and Mrs. King plans to leave tonight for Richmond. Mrs. King has three sons, one a practicing lawyer, the other two graduate students at John Hopkins University.

WIATT SMITH

DURING many of the years The Herald-Dispatch plant was on Third avenue, George Nasser had a confectionery next door. George's place was a favorite haunt of the newspaper workers. Too often, when a reporter was in demand, it was necessary to send down to George's for him—or her. Naturally, we did buy a good deal of merchandise from George and when the paper moved to Fifth avenue we worried lest his business suffer. It didn't. George prospered and fixed up his store in style. I think he may have been glad to get rid of us and make room for freer spenders. I saw him only occasionally after that, but always, when I did, enjoyed his expansive gestures and his flashing, strong-toothed smile. He was a strong man, apparently of the healthiest, and it was with surprise and distress that I read Saturday morning of his death.

LOGAN Attorney Paul C. Chambers went back to his adopted city yesterday afternoon after a week-end visit with home folks and attendance at the Lincoln day dinner . . . Dr. and Mrs. Harry A. (Hazel) Myers, who lived for many months at the Hotel Frederick while Dr. Myers was stationed at the Veterans' Hospital, are now resident at the Hotel Melborne in St. Louis . . . Dr. Myers is attached to the staff of a government hospital in the St. Louis metropolis . . . Mrs. H. H. (Edith S.) Marks is or has been in Boston . . . She sent me a post card . . . Lawyer B. Randolph Bias of Williamson was another Lincoln dinner visitor to the home of his boyhood . . . And Postmaster Dingess attended a week-end convention at Parkersburg . . . John P. McDermott drove to Moundsville to stand up with his brother Lawrence, who was marrying my wife's cousin, Sara Tulley.

ONE OF the happiest men to be found in Huntington or anywhere else these days is Capt. Herman E. Watt, "HE" as many call him, is busy as a bird dog showing his successor, Max Jones the ins and outs of managing the Huntington Water Corporation. Mr. Jones has been here several days but will not actually relieve Capt. Watt of command until tomorrow. Thereafter, Herman is going to travel—at least he says he is, but I have no doubt Huntington will continue to see a good bit of him—that, at least, is what his friends—and they are highly numerous—are hoping. Meanwhile, Max Jones is getting around, hearing that Huntington is the best town in the world and manifesting willingness to believe it—even if he is from Missouri. He came from Joplin, is stopping at the Prichard and plans to bring his family to Huntington in the near future.

Your Friends . . . by . . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

10-21-19—?

IT IS WELL known that Champ Clark, who was to become famous as a congressman from Missouri and speaker of the House of Representatives, was for a time head of Marshall College . . . It was only yesterday that I learned that Mr. Clark found time while here to umpire baseball games. The fact that he did is recorded in voluminous historical articles and notes left by the late John R. Gibson, some of which are in my possession through the kindness of Mrs. Gibson. John R. Gibson, son of an early Huntington newspaper publisher and political leader, was a baseball player, a printer and a publicist—one who knew at least as much about the beginnings and younger days of this town as anybody—more than most. If I should stop to examine all of these papers, I wouldn't get a column ready for a week, so for expediency's sake, a few notes are garnered here and there.

WIATT SMITH

GENERAL JOHN HOOE RUSSEL is best remembered as bank president and social leader. Mr. Gibson remembered when he was in the grocery business at the corner of Third Avenue and Tenth Street as the head of the firm of Russel & Miller. General Russel, who served the trade himself, always wore white gloves while cutting cheese—claiming it was more sanitary. That, be it remembered, was before germs were detected by Louis Pasteur.

IMPRESSION that John Rau the elder opened the first white barbershop in Huntington after the flood of 1884, is disturbed by a Gibson note to the effect that a Mr. Fisher was Huntington's first barber, white or otherwise. This Mr. Fisher, it seems, lectured to boys who tormented him from safe distances. The boys were less happy when their parents sent them to Fisher for haircuts. It made them uneasy to feel Mr. Fisher's razor shaving the backs of their necks. I don't remember Mr. Fisher or anything about him, but have heard much of Taz Hoback, the colored man, whose barbershop served many famous clients, including, according to the Gibson notes, General Beauregard. All of which reminds me that John Rau, Jr., after weeks of critical illness at St. Mary's Hospital, has gotten well enough to go home.

MR. GIBSON also left notes about the old log house at Marshall College Hollow . . . Professor Chesterman raising hogs on the Marshall College campus . . . Major W. H. Banks, wearing a skull cap, acting as master of ceremonies at Frank Millender's skating rink at Fourth Avenue and Twelfth Street, "where the Salvation Army made its first appearance."

PROBABLY there were not meat shortages in the days when Professor Chesterman kept his swine on the college grounds. There are meat shortages now but Bill Pifer has visions of a bountiful season ahead, a 400 pound white Berkshire hog having strolled into the Pifer grounds on Adams Avenue Saturday morning. Mr. Pig sniffed and rooted about awhile, then made himself comfortable in the middle of the Pifer garden. Mr. Pifer notified the police who could throw no light on the subject. Bill said he would keep the hog 'till Christmas and then slaughter it, if no claimant had appeared. The cops advised him not to wait longer than Thanksgiving.

HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNT

8-5-41

Your Friends . . . by . . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

AMONG the worries of certain participant in Boyd county primaries last Saturday were the returns from Sandy City. This talk caused me, for all that I had begun to believe myself fairly well acquainted with Catlettsburg and Ashland, to wonder where Sandy City was. W. E. Fearing, the county clerk, and R. V. (Bob) Stanley, county commissioner, one of whom was unopposed and the other successful in a race for renomination on the Republican ticket, told me it was "the lower end of Catlettsburg." Getting back to Huntington and hoping for more specific information, I telephoned J. C. Rardin and asked where and what Sandy City was. "The lower end of Catlettsburg, my boy," he said, and that was that. Anyway, it appears to have been just across Horse Branch from Argo City and Horse Branch is the natural dividing line between Catlettsburg and Ashland. Why they located Sandy City so far down the Ohio from Hampton City, which, lying on the banks of Big Sandy is at the upper end of Catlettsburg, I do not know, but that's the way it must have been. On the Ashland side of Horse Branch, Normal was beyond Argo City, and there was a Chaffee in there too, though I think maybe Sandy City and Chaffee were one and the same place. In the same area is Clyffeside, once famous as a seat of the Tri-State's favorite amusement park, now marked chiefly by Chesapeake & Ohio railway communications cabin.

WIATT SMITH

ANYWAY, Bob Stanley, proprietor of the Friendly Grill in Catlettsburg and the only member of the present county commission to win a renomination, was duly pleased when the vote counting ended late yesterday [illegible] the crowds drifted away from the county [illegible]e. His name is Robert Vincent Stanley [illegible] exception everybody calls him [illegible]tion is Mrs. Stanley to whom

HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTIN

7-29-39

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

UNION BAPTIST CHURCH, a brick structure now standing and in use, was occupied by the federal forces which guarded the old Mud River bridge in the sixties. The long church which originally housed the congregation had been supplanted by the brick one 12 years before the war. This is the contribution of two persons, neither of whom have any desire to contradict me or Dr. F. F. Farnsworth, but merely wish to set us right. Mrs. James W. Hagen Sr. attended school in the brick church after the war. She remembers that the soldiers had left it windowless and in a bad state of repair, but that it served for the school of Malin Kirtley who offered instruction in all grades and had pupils of all ages from six years up to adulthood. Mrs. Hagen's grandfather, Abiah Rece, owned the land on both ends of the covered bridge and he and his wife and their seven sons and the wives of the sons sleep in a graveyard near the bridge.

WIATT SMITH

VIRGIL W. COLLINS of Milton writes: . . . "I believe Dr. Farnsworth was mistaken when he said the Federals camped in the old log church. The new Union Baptist Church had been completed 12 years before the war and the soldiers used it. The prints of their bayonets can yet be seen just above each door. Two years ago we removed from the wall some bricks in which the soldiers had pierced holes with their weapons, replacing them with new brick. The gallery where the slaves sat, above the doors is used for class rooms on Sunday. Several years after the war it was discovered that the trustees did not have a deed for the land where the church stood. On October 13, 1885, Joseph A. Rece conveyed the land to the trustees 'for the proper use and behalf of said church forever.' This is recorded in deed book 26, page 388. The old building is in good shape and many come to this historic place for family picnics and reunions. The logs of the first Union church can yet be seen because many years ago they were converted into a barn which is still standing.

"PRACTICALLY three-fourths of the timber on the old bridge," continues Mr. Collins, "will not be bothered in its restoration. On examination one can well see that there were carpenters and architects in those days. Of course Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson and many other notables, Abraham Lincoln, too, crossed this bridge. Mr. Lincoln came this way in 1846 just after he was elected to congress. It is said he stayed all night somewhere between Barboursville and Hurricane." . . . It is quite possible that Mr. Lincoln's stopping place was the home of Abiah Rece who accommodated travelers in the brick home now standing near the covered bridge, a home which was a regular stage coach stop. Joseph Addison Rece who conveyed the land to the church was the youngest and last surviving son of Abiah. After living to be more than 85 years old, Abiah Rece died of an injury sustained while feeding his stock.

RUFUS SWITZER was downtown early yesterday, preparing for departure this morning for Denver where he will spend part or all of the month of August . . . At 83, and still somewhat feeble from a long illness of last year, Mr. Switzer travels alone . . . The Witcher McCulloughs are again resident in Huntington but have not decided upon a permanent address . . . their sons, Guthrie and Witcher Jr., will enter Washington & Lee in the fall, the former for law, the latter for pre-medic course . . . Miss Amelia Hale Thomas, employed in Baltimore, planned to spend her vacation at a Virginia resort, but after a few days at the seashore came home to Huntington and her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis P. Thomas . . . And Sammy-the-dog will be home from Weston first of the week . . . Mrs. Charles Jones, nee Hattie Gardner of Proctorville, is a post-operative patient at St. Mary's.

2-14-38

ERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGT

Your Friends . . by . . And Mine Wiatt Smith

WHEN Huntington was a straggling town along the river, beginning its transition from cornfields to skyscrapers, there lived in Barboursville, then the Cabell county seat, two brothers, who were physicians. They were Dr. Radford Moss and Dr. Charles Moss. Each was highly regarded professionally as well as personally. Dr. Charles Moss was a surgeon, often sought in consultation and for surgical action by physicians throughout this section. There was continual debate between him and his brother, the latter being inclined always to avoid surgery insofar as possible. Memories of the Doctors Moss were recalled yesterday by U. B. Buskirk of Logan and Cincinnati as we talked in a downtown hotel lobby. Mr. Buskirk, a native of Logan, spent part of his youth at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Radford Moss, whose foster son he became after the death of his own parents.

WIATT SMITH

HE ATTENDED the public schools at Barboursville and must have done well there, for when he was seventeen years old he ran away from the Moss home and returned to the mountains. He applied for and was given a job as teacher of a school near the mouth of Pigeon creek in what is now Mingo county. Then it was all Logan. He boarded with Aunt Hulda Dempsey, Jack Dempsey's grandmother to whom he paid five dollars a month in exchange for food and lodging. His salary was $32.50 a month. The teacher who saw fit could elect to serve as janitor also, receiving for this an extra fifty cents a week. Beck Buskirk saw fit. This work consisted chiefly in keeping the big open fireplace supplied with wood. The log school house was old. Dogs often followed the children to school and the little dogs went in and out as they pleased, using the bigger openings between the timbers. Before bitter winter arrived, Mr. Buskirk and the boys chinked the building with mud and made it snug.

THAT was the end of the young teacher's boyhood. He had matured early and no one challenged his majority. He began voting when he was seventeen, and has ever since voted in Logan county. With the savings from his school term, virtually all he got, minus his board, he started a store in Logan town. From that beginning he gradually developed into one of the big timber dealers of what was then a richly timbered valley. It was talk of the rafting days that led Mr. Buskirk to tell his story. He often came down the Guyandotte on rafts and in Guyandotte he knew my father, another Logan man who had become a merchant. Two men would bring the raft down the swift flowing stream. Usually they walked back to Logan. Sometimes they went on pushboats. These were long narrow scows which were laden at Guyandotte with provisions and propelled by long poles against which the men leaned padded shoulders. Mr. Buskirk has a withered finger, memento of a pushboating injury.

OCCURRENCE of the Lincoln day holiday at the week-end afforded Witcher McCullough, secretary of the national coal commission, opportunity for one of his rare visits to Huntington. He was about town yesterday morning, dropping in at the Chesapeake & Ohio hospital for a call on General Superintendent E. L. Bock. Mr. Bock is steadily gaining strength after his recent severe surgery, but with the rarest exceptions, he is denied to callers. He says he will not go to Florida or anyplace else, but stay in the hospital until he gets entirely well. . . But despite the summerish weather here, Florida expections continue to get under way. Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Wilkinson and Judge and Mrs. E. M. Watts left last night for Venice. Dr. and Mrs. Ray M. Bobbitt left yesterday with Ft. Lauderdale as the first Florida destination, planning to join the Wilkinsons and Wattses a few days later.

WHEN that old booklet was published there wasn't much of Huntington south of the Chesapeake & Ohio right of way, and there was none of it in the hills. Farm lands stretched between Twenty-fourth street and the Guyandotte and there was a "neutral" and largely undeveloped strip between Huntington and Central City. Westmoreland was unthought of. That's old stuff, of course, but there is new information for those who contend—and I know such persons—that Huntington has been static in recent years, concerning the all but vast development of highland residential properties since the 1937 flood.