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MS 76
BX 20
NBK 19

Wiatt Smith Articles

No. 3 (Three)

MS 76
BX 20
NBK 19

From Wiatt Smith's column in Herald-Dispatch, April 20, 1939.

It is a popular conception that the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Co. and the city of Huntington originated together, as far as the railroad in this section is concerned. Robert L. Archer held himself to this conception in the first of his series of Sunday Herald-Advertiser articles. I should have done the same thing. But as often happens when one writes of the back yonder days, Mr. Archer aroused the interest of a man whose memory goes into farther reaches of the past. H. C. Everett of Guyandotte told me when I met him in the First Huntington lobby yesterday morning, that the building of the Chesapeake & Ohio began before Huntington was conceived. Mr. Everett recalls that ere the war of the sixties started the trading, cutting and filling of the right-of-way from the Big Sandy as far east, at least, as Milton, had been started by the state of Virginia. Some of the cuts were completed and the piers in Guyandotte river were halfway when, as I presume, the outbreak of the war, ended the work.

2

CHRONICLES OF EARLY HUNTINGTON

Banker Dugan was Parital to Masons

Publication of the first article in the series "Chronicles of Early Huntington" last Sunday provoked much favorable comment and a few criticisms.

The name of the banker to whom Col. D. W. Emmons, Judge H. J. Samuels and a third man appealed for funds with which to close the options upon 20 farms in what is now the City of Huntington, was spelled "Dougan" in Mr. Archer's manuscript. This Portsmouth banker's name was actually Thomas Dugan, the paternal grandfather of Irvin Dugan of the Huntington Publishing Company, A. W. Dugan of the Emmons-Hawkins Hardware Company, and Dr. Thomas Dugan, all of Huntington.

It is said that Banker Dugan was impelled to make the loan by virtue of the fact that Col. Emmons, Judges Samuels and the third petitioner all were Masons--Mr. Dugan himself being high in Masonic circles, he was grand marshal at ceremonies conducted when the cornerstone for the main building of Marshall College was laid.

(From Wyatt Smith's column in the Herald-Dispatch)

Your Friends by And Mine *Watt Smith*

Charlie Carlisle, former Huntingtonian, well-known entertainer, shares honors with his brother, Amil, according to S. S. Harrell, who writes from Miami, Fla. . . "Read your recent article about Huntington's Charlie Kahlil, now known as Charlie Car-



lisle. I had the pleasure of seeing him at the Clover Club. He is a wonderful performer and is taking Miami by storm. Thought it might be of interest to you and a lot of Huntington people that Charlie's brother, Amil Kahlil, has founded one of the most popular yacht clubs in the South. This club was started here in Miami in April, 1947, and

WATT SMITH has grown by leaps and bounds. Also, Amil does all the announcing at all the regattas in South Florida, and last week announced the Gold Cup boat races at Fort Lauderdale. He is known by sports writers down here as "the Ted Husing of the South. . . I have been fishing with him several times—the last time I hooked a sailfish. . . I am writing this as I am from Huntington, too; knew Tom Kahlil well, and watched these boys grow up. . . I will leave for Texas the latter part of March but will be in Huntington for a visit this Summer."

MR. AND MRS. WALTER J. Conaty of Fifth Avenue, their daughter, Mrs. Robert A. Grant, and Walter Conaty, Jr., have returned from Richmond, Va., where they attended the funeral services of Mr. Conaty's sister, Mrs. Curtis M. Dozier. Mrs. Dozier, who had often visited in Huntington, died from a heart ailment. Solemn requiem mass was celebrated at her rites by her son, Father Carroll Dozier. The bishop preached the sermon and there were 50 priests in attendance.

RECENTLY THE PRESIDENT of the National Board of Realtors dedicated at Orlando the Florida Realtors Home. The home was dedicated to Stuart H. Bowman, who, after leaving Huntington for Clermont, became an outstanding figure in real estate in the Sunshine State and who died some weeks ago. Mr. Bowman, a native of Barbour County, had been a prominent realtor here before he went to sunnier climes. News of the dedication of the Bowman home comes, through friends, from the widow, Mrs. Flo Mansfield Bowman, who is recovering from an illness.

DR. AND MRS. C. M. (Helen and Curly) Hawes of Washington, N. C., are at Pinehurst, N. C. and have postcarded an urgent appeal for the Smiths to join them, asserting that the place will "cure whatever ails you." The idea is appealing, but the journey is ruled out—I'm getting along well enough here in Huntington.

2/26: Race Trk 5th Ave; First Dodge; Quilt Guyandot Baptist; Retreat, St. Mary's.
2/27: "Hello" phone system.
3/6: Old trolley cars; Teachers at Caldwell school.
3/9: Paul Pancake; Mrs. Baldwin; Miss Grace Kelly; A.F. Loeser;
3/11: Horse drawn vehicles
3/12: Mauser; James Brothers robbing bank.

2/14: Lincoln Day Luncheon
2/16: TWA plane:
2/19: Marshall college
2/21 Johnny Biagi
2/22 Laidleys
2/25: Wickers B. Watts; Hall; Dillon.

I don't know what the above notes mean. They were pasted on the top of two sheets containing Wyatt Smith columns, and were probably references of his, to the above columns. — J.B.L. —
March 27, 1956. — I got a lot of these columns of Wyatt's sister, Mrs. Smith Johnson, of 1236, 5th Ave. She said I could have what I needed, but to return the ones I didn't need. — J.B.L.

Your friends • by • *• • And Mine Wyatt Smith*

Mch 12, 1946

FULTON, Mo., was much in the news last week. It was there that Winston Churchill, after being introduced by President Truman, made his speech advocating a military alliance between the United States and Great Britain. I had read of the meeting with mild interest.



The event took on a more personal touch at the week end when I got a letter with a Fulton, Mo., postmark. Within the envelope I found a formal program on which Westminster College heralded the John Findley Green Lecture, by the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill. This seemed a bit strange until I turned the page and found the following note: "I thought you'd be interested to see a familiar Huntington name in this program. . . . Henry and I were among the lucky ones to attend this lecture. Best regards to all. Eleanor McCarthy Reidelberger." Eleanor drew an arrow pointing to the program scheduled, "Benediction—Rev. J. Layton Mauze, D. D., pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Kansas City, Mo."

WIATT SMITH

IT SEEMS but a few years ago that Dr. J. Layton Mauze came to be the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. In fact, it was a long time ago. The family, including J. Layton Mauze Jr., grew up here. Layton Mauze followed in his father's ministerial footsteps. For a time he was acting pastor of the First Presbyterian Church here. Following the death of his father he was called to succeed the latter as pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church at Kansas City, Captain Harry Wolfe Jr., while stationed in Kansas City on military duty, met at the Mauze home the young lady who later was to come to Huntington as Mrs. Wolfe. Henry and Eleanor Reidelberger live in Fulton and he, I gather, is an instructor at Westminster College.

WRITING from Route 1, Catlettsburg, Ky., John M. Moore says: . . . "Regarding the robbery of the Bank of Huntington by the James brothers, Frank James and Cole Younger spent the night with my father on September 4, 1875, in what is now my home, 10 miles above Catlettsburg. I well remember them. These men were riding two pretty bay horses. One of them had under his saddle a new sack which, as I heard later, was used to carry the money from the bank in. Lindsey Powell, a man from this community, had a grocery store near the bank. One of the men came in and told him to be quiet as they were getting some change from the bank. News came to Buchanan after the holdup that the robbers were travelling overland in West Virginia toward Kentucky. A man who lived near Buchanan decided he would arrest them. He hid behind a tree on the river bank. After seeing the men who had crossed the ford he changed his mind. Another inquisitive man who was on horseback rode a short distance with them. Asked where he was going he replied, 'Nowhere in particular.' James answered: 'We are going to a burying and if you insist on going on you may be the principal of the affair.' There were five or six members of the party and I have always heard that Jesse James was with them. Well, I've always heard Jesse wasn't here, but eminent historians refer to the Bank of Huntington incident as 'the Jesse James robbery.'

Your friends • by • *• • And Mine Wyatt Smith*

Mch 9, 1946

BEFORE Paul C. Pancake went on his Latin-American travels, he was told by Gilbert W. Gerhold to seek out in Santiago, Chile, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence (Hank) Baldwin. Mr. Gerhold had known the Baldwins in Cincinnati, O., and learned that Mrs. Baldwin had been a Huntington girl.

Mr. Pancake remembered the Gerhold suggestion at 9 P. M. on the night he was to resume his plane journey at 3 A. M. He telephoned and was surprised to learn that Mrs. Baldwin was the former Margaret Mullen. The two had lived across Fifth Avenue from each other when the Pancake home was on what is now the Post Office site. The one-time neighbors had a lively



phone talk but it was too late in the Pancake visit for any further exchanging of recollections. Mrs. Baldwin, daughter of Mrs. W. C. Mullen of Fifth Avenue and the late Mr. Mullen, lived in Huntington until her marriage. Her father was the partner of his own father-in-law, E. A. Searls, in the Ninth Street firm of Searls & Mullen. Mrs. Mullen lives with her daughter Mrs. K. K. (Ruth Mullen) Loefer. Mr. Pancake also tells of having missed by only a few hours seeing Irene Crum in Sao Paulo, Brazil, and Steve Vose, as the latter's naval vessel passed through the Panama Canal. During his 20,000-mile trip, mostly by air, Paul saw several persons he knew, but now that he's getting his feet on the ground he's beginning to recall the ones he missed.

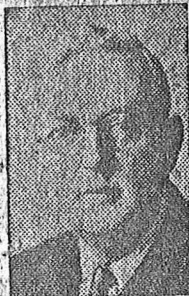
KELLY is a name which was closely identified with the iron business in Ironton, O. In the old blast furnace days it does not seem, however, that the father of Miss Grace M. Kelly was in the iron business. I do not recall him, though he built the house at Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street in which Miss Grace lived 50 years. Miss Grace was known to her friends as a person of taste and discernment, as well as a woman of substance. One of her major enthusiasms was gardening. I hear that she had been making ready for her 1946 garden before she suffered the stroke which resulted in her death Thursday.

AS OF YESTERDAY there had been no satisfactory response to the treatment being administered A. F. Loesser, 1111 Eleventh Street, a patient in the Chesapeake & Ohio hospital suffering from a rare type of meningitis. . . . His sons, Richard and Ed, until recently with the armed forces, are at home. Another son, Norman, remains with the merchant marine.

IT MAY be that I am over-optimistic, but I seem to note a gradual shifting in the attitude toward the consuming public of the purveyors of goods and services. Many merchandise items remain scarce, but scarcities are giving way. Moreover, a call for this or that service brings much more prompt and cheerful response than might have been expected a year ago. Perhaps the post-war clouds are thinning—but even if they are we'll doubtless have some other kind of gloom.

Your Friends • • And Mine *Wiatt Smith*

HUNTINGTON has had the dial system so long and the dial equipment is in use so generally, that the younger generations know little about "Central" or the "hello girl." Yet the "hello girl" was long an important factor in life here. One turned a crank, thereby ringing a bell and central,



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promptly, or after a time said, "Hello." Later, "Hello" was changed to "Number, please," but it was years before the ordinary telephone user gave a number instead of demanding to be connected with, say, Ricketts' grocery. As a contribution to Charter Day today, and the current celebration of Huntington's 75th anniversary, I submit that she who was the city's first "Hello girl" is now Mrs. Gaylord Stewart. She was Miss Ida Pollard when Lon H. Hutchison employed her as day operator at the exchange which he, as manager for the Bell Telephone Co. in quarters which she remembers as having been on the second floor of the Huntington National Bank building, now the Appalachian Electric Power Co. home.

THERE was a switchboard with facilities for 100 telephones, but the company failed to enlist that number of subscribers. Ida Pollard was day operator, at which she worked from early morning until night fall. She doesn't remember what she was paid. Eugene K. Perkins was night operator. His testimony is unavailable, as he is in Florida and expects to remain there until mid-April. Miss Pollard quit the telephone exchange to get married, thereby leaving a temporary job for a permanent one. Mr. Hutchison was also manager for the Western Union Telegraph Co. There was some technical reason why he couldn't hold both places, so he took one, Mrs. Stewart tells me, and his wife the other. Mr. Hutchison also sold typewriters and bicycles and sang in choirs and choruses.

THERE is some difference of opinion as to whether that Bell telephone exchange was in the bank building or a frame structure to the north. I don't know. All I hope to do is keep out of the line of fire when members of the Committee of 1,000 start throwing brick bats at each other. I will, however, take the affirmative with the Guyandotte section of the committee which loudly and truthfully proclaims that George S. Page and Henry Clay Everett, Guyan Street merchants, installed, owned and operated the first telephone line in the county. This line connected the Page & Everett store with Herman Jenkins' book store on Third Avenue. Mr. Everett himself, helped install the line and Sam Davis, big and black, who died last year, set the poles. At the end of the first year Mr. Page decided to buy the telephone instruments, which were used under lease. The telephone company wouldn't sell. Wallace's Cabell County Annals and Families says the Page & Everett telephone line was built in 1882.

Your Friends • • And Mine *Wiatt Smith*

HIGH praise from a political boss used to be that such and such a member of his organization would "stand without hitchin'." This was a horse-drawn comparison, used in a horse drawn age. There were horses which would stand without hitching,



but most of them wouldn't. It seems incredible that there should be such vast ignorance of horses as exists today. Not long ago I read remarks by a national columnist who dismissed the horse as stupid because "he shies at a piece of paper." This took no account of the thousands of horses which daily drew the traffic of that columnist's New York

and which didn't shy, either at wind-blown scraps of paper or at thundering trains. Some of the steadiest went into tantrums at the first sight of an automobile, but seeing what happened to the horse since, one can't blame them for that. There were wild horses and scary horses and mean horses—horses which wouldn't stand without hitching and which would run away at every chance. There were horse accidents, too, and many an individual now living bears some disfiguring or disabling reminder that the horse and buggy days were not safe.

BEFORE the automobile, horse and buggy ownership was a sign of affluence and importance. Most horse and buggy owners kept animals in the stable at the back of the lot, corresponding to the garage of today. Vehicles were housed in buggy sheds adjoining the stables. There were also corn cribs, coal houses and other outbuildings, but let's get back to the horses. Dr. Richard Stern has talked to me about his first days in Huntington. He had his veterinary offices in Kennett & Talliaferro's livery stable on lower Ninth Street. Those who could afford such luxuries boarded their horses with Kennett & Talliaferro or other liverymen. One of Dr. Stern's first jobs was removing a corn cob from the throat of Edward B. Enslow's driving mare. Mrs. Ely Ensign kept her horse and carriage there too, as did others. The service included three meals a day for the horse, keeping the buggy, spic and span and delivering the outfit to the home of the owner—or elsewhere—as directed two or three times a day. The normal charge was \$12.50 a month.

MULES were supposed to be treacherous and tricky—not to say kicky. Lawrence L. McClure, one of our better known horsemen, rode a mule in what I think was his first race. That was out in Mr. McClure's native Wayne County—and a long time ago. There was a big assemblage for a meet on a half-mile track. Young Lawrence, astride his mule, was doing well enough when rival riders crowded him to the fence. The mule jumped the fence and struck an old man—he seemed old, anyway, who was among the spectators. The victim was knocked unconscious. Dr. Napoleon Bonaparte Ferguson was present. The crowd made a path so Dr. Ferguson could get to the injured man. The physician, discovering that the injury was not serious, asked if anybody had any whisky. Many flasks were proffered. The hurt man took a big gulp from one of these and got up. Lawrence McClure was scared, but, try as he would to keep out of the way, he presently came face to face with the fellow who had been hit. "Lawrence," he asked, "are you going to ride in this next race?" Lawrence said he reckoned so. "Well," was the reply, "I'll stand about where I was and I wish you'd see if you can get that mule to turn the fence again."

Feb. 22, 1946

Your friends And Mine *Wiatt Smith*

IN SO FAR as I know, there is no one living in Huntington who bears the surname of Laidley. The telephone book discloses none. There are Laidley descendants, notably the daughters of Mrs. L. H. Burks and Mr. Burks. Mrs. Burks was the daughter of



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John Laidley, one of the founders of Marshall Academy. The Laidleys were well known in the earlier history of this section and in the beginnings of Huntington. Mrs. Gertrude Manley of Fairmont, one of the few surviving double granddaughters of the Revolution, is to be honored in her home city today — Washington's Birthday — by the West Virginia Society of the Sons of the Revolution. The occasion will be the annual banquet of the society with United States Senator Chapman Revercomb of Charleston making the principal speech. Mrs. Manley is a granddaughter of Boaz Fleming, on whose farm Middletown (now Fairmont) was laid out in 1819, and of Captain Thomas Laidley. Captain Laidley spent the closing years of his life at the home of his son, John Laidley, who lived on a farm which is now part of Highlawn subdivision of Huntington.

ROSS B. JOHNSTON, in his "West Virginia in the American Revolution," says of Captain Thomas Laidley: "Born in Argyleshire, Scotland, January 1, 1756; died March 13, 1838; married Sarah Osborne before emigrating to America in 1774; lived for a time in Philadelphia, Mt. Holly, N. J., and Morgantown, W. Va., before going to Cabell County to be with his son, John Laidley. In March, 1777, he enlisted under Captain William Lysle, commander of the boat 'Resolution' of the Pennsylvania fleet under Commodore John Hazelwood, then lying at Fort Mifflin in the Delaware, and served as a gunner. He later received a commission as captain of the 'Resolution' as which he continued until the British captured Fort Mifflin and Red Banks, November 15, 1777. He served as a hospital steward from that time until November, 1778, when discharged. He received a pension in 1834, as a resident of Cabell County." Captain Thomas Laidley was buried in the graveyard at Lemartine, John Laidley's home on what is now Twenty-sixth Street. Subsequently, all of the bodies in that graveyard were moved to Spring Hill Cemetery.

MRS. W. B. (Ida Burks) Wilson, granddaughter of John Laidley and Mr. Wilson were among the Huntingtonians seen at St. Petersburg and elsewhere in Florida by Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Roach during a just-completed tour in the State of Flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Roach also saw O. A. Wise, retired jeweler, now living at St. Petersburg. At Sarasota they saw Mr. and Mrs. Martin F. Sweeney and Andy Rush of Weston, who asked to be remembered to me. I guess they wish I was there.

STROBEL FULWILER, the county jailer, seeks a suitable home for Mike, a pure bred English pit bulldog, formerly the property of Major James E. Brown, commandant of the aviation cadet corps at Marshall College. Mr. Fulwiler says the cadets paid \$100 for Mike and presented him to the major. The dog was lease-lent to Strobel when Major Brown got orders to go elsewhere. There are too many dogs around the jail and so, a home for Mike is sought. He will be given to some suitable applicant who has premises strong enough to restrain him from returning to the jail, which he now

Feb. 25, 1946.

Your friends And Mine *Wiatt Smith*

AFTER 43 months in the Army, Captain Vickers B. Watts has returned to Huntington and civilian life. During most of his service he was in charge of a POW camp near Shreveport, La. He went away a bachelor, but on his return he brought a wife.



WIATT SMITH

She is the former Mrs. Lou V. Harris Colon. They were married at Shreveport last October 4. For the present, Captain and Mrs. Watts are with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hans Watts of South Boulevard. Vickers will not return to the general practice of law. He will devote his attention to the business of the Hans Watts Realty Co., planning to succeed to the management when and if his father retires. There is no intention here to imply that Hans, who has been 50 years in the real estate business here is planning to quit, or that his son is anxious to have him do so. The two will work together and there will be no resumption of the pre-war law firm of Watts & (John G.) Hudson.

"LIFE in the Navy is not too bad," Seaman First Class John (Johnny-boy) Hall told me yesterday when he stopped for an after Sunday School call. He came with his mother, Mrs. John S. Hall of Pea Ridge Road, who used to be Eugenia Wigal. Seaman Hall, a graduate of East High School, has been in the Navy a year. He did not put out to sea until after V-J Day, but he was with the destroyer escort which landed the first occupation forces on Truk. He has also been to Saipan, Hawaii, and other points, including Tokyo. He is now with the USS Forster, at Philadelphia. After a nine-day furlough he will return to his ship and plans call for an early cruise to Florida where the Forster will be decommissioned. He brought a Japanese rifle to his younger brother David, who, laid up with measles, took the gun to bed with him.

ANOTHER returned veteran is Bobby Dillon, who, after service in the Army, is driving a cab again. Bobby is the son of my friend, the late John Dillon, a grandson of B. F. Dillon of Davis Creek and a nephew of Captain B. F. (Frank) Dillon of the fire department. Frank telephoned yesterday to tell me—which I already knew—that the old city building on Ninth Street was not torn down in 1910, Frank knows because after that year he took his first civil service examination there. As a matter of fact, the new city hall was not occupied until 1915. Just as an aside to the Committee of 1,000, I can't devote much of this space to correcting inaccuracies that occur elsewhere. For all of the generous help of the committee, it's enough of a job to keep Wiatt Smith straight.

Your friends 3/4/1936 by • • And Mine Wiatt Smith

IN THE easy going, not to say gracious, back yonder days, Huntingtonians traveled by trolley car. The crews of the street cars were accommodating and for a long time they would stop to pick up or discharge passengers in front of anybody's



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house. Judge Thomas H. Harvey, who lived where the Kiwanis Day Nursery is, took the trolley each morning to his office. He moved by schedule and was ready at the same time each morning. But it so developed that he wasn't quite ready when the street car arrived—and the car waited in front of his house long enough for him to have a second cup of coffee. In Winter and Spring the unpaved streets were deep with mud. In order to avoid having to go to the wooden-crossing intersections to take the cars, householders built pathways of ashes. There was no natural gas then, everybody burned coal, and ashes were plentiful. Crossing walks were built by a simple expedient—each morning the housewife would dump her ashes along a line beginning at the curb. The housewife across the street did the same thing. They ended on either side of the street car track. Those crossings of ashes must have blocked the gutters, but I don't remember how they got around that.

THOSE times may have been easy and gracious; they certainly were muddy and swampy. There was a section on lower Fourth Avenue that was so low they had to build the street car track up a little to keep the way open for the cars. Ordinarily, the swamping of this stretch by rain halted horse-drawn traffic there. It never, however, stopped Warren J. Parsons. That West Huntington (then Central City) patriarch had a buggy and a team of horses which conveyed him every Sunday to the First Congregational Church at Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street. It may have been by design that his buggy wheels fitted inside the street car rails. At any rate, when he came to the swampy section he took to the street car track. If a car came along while he was in the area, it just had to wait.

MISS GRACE SHEPARD was principal of Caldwell School when that four-room adjunct to Huntington's educational system was across Fourth Avenue from the present Elks home. She was an older kinswoman of the Miss Grace Shepard who is now Mrs. Henry O. Aleshire. Other teachers at Caldwell were Miss Mary Myers, Miss Julia Wilcoxen and Miss Clara Newman. Caldwell School, which had been the Southern Methodist Church, was used to house the overflow from Buffington and Oley until the new Buffington building was ready. Among the pupils were DeWitt Carr, now a naval captain, Lola Carr, Will Donaldson, Nan Campbell, now Mrs. C. A. Staats, Hallie (Mrs. H. E. Webb) McClung, Louise McClung, now the wife of Dr. A. W. Adkins, Anna Andrews, who became Mrs. J. I. Miller, Edith and Oley Davies, Sadie Titus, Maly and Catherine Beach, Julia and Bernice Crider, Sam Biern, Andrew Torrance, who, I seem to recall, went away to be a missionary, Valerie Freeman, Leo Knowlton and Frances Adams and Salome Point, both of whom are dead.

2/26/46 Your friends • • by • • And Mine Wiatt Smith

THERE was a race track along Fifth Avenue between Fourteenth and Sixteenth Streets. T. W. Sliger, who called to tell me about it, thinks it was used but one year—1901. It was a half-mile track, without grandstand or judging stand, but it afforded



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great sport. There was a meet there, as Mr. Sliger remembers, on July 4, 1901. Entrants included Claud Douthitt, Ernest and Cecil Hanly, Boss Shy, the Church twins, George Frampton, Levi Kennet and Cecil Wolcott. There were also two men who brought horses from Catlettsburg, Ky. One of the horses—not a Catlettsburg horse—refused to perform, but a Church twin mounted the recalcitrant with some trace chains. When the nag heard the chains rattle he went away with speed and style. There was a big crowd, with many from the rural districts, the country girls dressed in new calico frocks. There came a big storm—it seems to me it always rained on the Fourth of July, and everybody was drenched. The dyes in those calico dresses ran faster than the horses, and the girls were left sporting all the colors of the rainbow.

IN 1927, Ralph Blake bought one of the first 1928 model Dodge cars. After 19 years of service, the car is running, getting around lively enough for Mr. Blake and his pal Charley Whittington. Mr. Blake retired at 70 after 55 years at the ACF foundry. He is now 75. Mr. Whittington, 76, is a retired Chesapeake & Ohio shopman. He lived on upper Main Street when I was a boy and I remember him well as a Guyandotte man. He and Mr. Blake came, riding in the Blake Dodge, to see me. Ralph Blake is one of the 15 children of Zachariah and Elizabeth Blake of Bradrick, O. His mother was world-famous as a spiritualistic medium.

IN 1892, Mrs. Agnes (James D.) Sedinger, Mrs. Esther (Frank A.) Weider and other women of the Guyandotte Baptist Church made a quilt for the purpose of raising money to put a new roof on the parsonage. The quilt had a number of white blocks, and by contributing a dime, any person could have his or her name worked into one of those white spaces. A sufficient sum was secured, including \$5.70 in dimes accumulated during an association meeting in Barboursville. Mrs. Weider, perhaps the last living of those enterprising women, wonders what became of the quilt.

THE Rev. Alfred J. Kienle, S. J., Baltimore, Md., has been conducting a retreat for the nuns at St. Mary's Hospital. Father Kienle spent 17 years in the Philippines, the last three of them in a Jap prison camp. After he was rescued by paratroop and amphibious forces, General MacArthur decorated him with ribbons. Mrs. Marie Floyd Ford and Miss Elizabeth Ford came from Charleston to see the clergyman, their relative, and to spend the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Lee Link of Fifth Avenue.

Feb. 19, 1946
Your Friends
And Mine **Wlitt Smith**

MARSHALL COLLEGE authorities and adherents were inclined to puff out their chests yesterday when the total enrollment reached 1,846. This, I was told, equalled the previous high point. True, it was pointed out, 611 of the 1,846 are war veterans, but without them the total yesterday



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represented a 25 per cent increase in "civilian" students. Moreover, Marshall's schedule for 1946-47 is being based on an estimated enrollment of 2,600 or 2,700. That doesn't seem over-optimistic. Presumably, the increased student body will include a sizable proportion of veterans who will be getting their schooling under the provisions of the GI Bill of Rights. Regardless of their war experiences, these youngsters are and will be just as much entitled to civilian classification as anybody else. They will go forth, eventually, to swell the ranks of Marshall alumni and to be, doubtless, Marshall boosters. They are not the first group to enjoy the benefits derivable at Marshall because of war service. Some who served as Federal soldiers during the war between the states enjoyed similar privileges 75 or 80 years ago.

THESE GI men are available, under general rules, of course, for athletics and thus the promise is that Cam Henderson will be up next Fall with a football squad that will be hard to beat. That is no prophecy; just a surmise. But Marshall College has come a long way since the time, some 40 years ago, when we made holiday in celebration of a 500 enrollment. It developed later that the 500 figure was reached by counting all students who had been enrolled at any period during the school year.

SPEAKING of Marshall and athletics, operatives tell me Ramey Hunter, a grid-iron star of earlier years, has returned to a Lexington, Ky., sanatorium for further treatment. His condition isn't regarded as serious and the expectation is he'll be home again in a couple of months. His treatment was retarded because he developed mumps the day he reached the hospital. . . . I also hear that J. E. (Ed) Frazier, a former sheriff of Putnam County, who was long a salesman for the Emmons-Hawkins Hardware Co., is gravely ill at his home on Fifth Avenue.

DURING her wartime sojourn in Orange, Tex., homesick Lillian (Mrs. Roy) Breece, sent to Beaumont for someone to tune her piano. The man who answered the summons was a friendly fellow who asked about the peacetime home of the Breece family. When he heard it was in Huntington he disclosed that he had many memories of this town. He was Harry Mitchell who with his wife, under the billing of Harry and Kate Mitchell, appeared at the old Hippodrome on Third Avenue about 1911. He was a pianist. His wife did a song and comedy act while he played. He remembered and asked about Nick Bullington, Jim Dunbar, Abe and Sol Hyman, and others. . . . Mrs. Breece says her husband, still on duty in Milwaukee, Wis., hopes for release soon and expects to come home and "look into the housing situation." To which she replied: "You may be a naval captain and wear a lot of brass, but you can't find a house any easier than I can."

Feb. 21, 1946

Your Friends
And Mine **Wlitt Smith**

WHEN he was growing up in Huntington, Johnny Biagi, a nephew of Mrs. Andy Houvouras of Fourth Street, played about the neighborhood of Sixth Avenue and Fifth Street with the sons of Dr. and Mrs. Will E. Neal. Apparently, the Neals lost track of



Wlitt Smith

Johnny. They were surprised and pleased when he appeared at a table where Dr. and Mrs. Neal and Dr. and Mrs. Tom Neal were having dinner in Guadalajara, Mex. Mrs. Will Neal told me about it in a letter telling of the family's Latin-American travels and of Huntingtonians met along the way. Johnny Biagi, who left Huntington a dozen years ago or more, went higher and yon and did various jobs until he got to Hollywood, Calif., and learned about pictures. He did some acting—was in the dance scene in "Rhapsody in Blue," spent some time in France and England, returned to New York and then went to Cuba. He has been over most of the United States and much of the world.

MRS. NEAL writes: "He is here helping to cast three Mexican pictures. On the side, he has an act of his own. That was the reason for his being in Guadalajara. He was putting the act on in vaudeville. We were his guests at the show, which was good all the way through. He is getting his act on in a night club here this week. He came to our hotel last night and visited with Dr. Neal, Tom, Dorothy and I were at Quernavaya for the night. We hoped to see Bill Estler there, but found he had gone away for a stay of several days. We are taking in everything we can in this wonderful, colorful country. We will tell you about it over buckwheat cakes and home made sausage. We are leaving Saturday. Tom and Dorothy to drive home, Dr. Neal and I to fly to South America. After stops at Guatemala City and Quito we will go to Lima, Peru, where we will spend two weeks with the German Larrabures family. Mrs. Larrabure was formerly Miss Ruth Davidson, daughter of T. M. Davidson of Huntington. The Larrabures lived in Huntington a number of years. Their two children were born there. Lou Davidson is a brother of Mrs. Larrabure."

PAUL C. PANCAKE, another Huntingtonian, met the Neals in Mexico City and entertained them at dinner. Paul had been in South America and was about to leave for Cuba when Mrs. Neal wrote on February 14. The Neals also met W. N. Matthews of Wellsburg, W. Va., who superintended the erection of the first Huntington unit of the Owens-Illinois Glass Co.

ELIZABETH CONATY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Conaty of Fifth Avenue, has been elected a cheer leader to represent Mt. St. Joseph's College, where she is a student, at the athletic contests in which outfits from St. Xavier University, like Mt. St. Joseph's, at Cincinnati, take part. She was chosen by the St. Xavier boys. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Bengt Franke and their son, Richard, will leave Thursday for a new home at Lewisburg. Miss Hedwig Franke, a senior at Marshall High School, will stay here until she gets her diploma. The Franks have sold their Washington Boulevard home and bought a place in Lewisburg. They can't get the new house until June 1, but have rented a furnished place as a tide-over.

Feb. 14, 1946

Your friends • by • • • And Mine • Wiatt Smith

TALL WALTER S. HALLANAN, who was slender when he and I were fellow-newspaper workers in Huntington prior to 1912, is rather thickabout nowadays. It was difficult to recognize him from a rear view Tuesday when he attended the Lincoln Day luncheon here. Nevertheless, emboldened by



WIATT SMITH

much experience as a party crasher, I went into the dining room and spoke to him. Never have I been given a kindlier welcome than I received there among those Republicans, most of them acquaintances through many years. At somebody's behest, I sat down in the vacant place beside Walter Hallanan and told the waiter to bring me a plate. My face felt red when Representative Hubert S. Ellis, for whom the seat had been reserved, appeared. But Hubert wouldn't hear to my moving and went himself to a seat on the other side of the table. I met lean, spare Senator Saltonstall of Massachusetts, Senator Robertson of Wyoming, and renewed old ties with Senator Chapman Revercomb of West Virginia. Altogether, I had a good time and was warmly received by everybody, including the host, James F. Edwards.

I HADN'T intended to go to that party at all. In fact, I had gone into the Hotel Frederick lobby with the purpose of talking to Aubrey Winston, the head bellman. Someone had told me, and I found it to be true, that Winston, as everybody calls him, is planning to leave the Hotel Frederick and Huntington. He came here from his native Virginia 25 years ago, joined the hotel staff 24 years ago and has been head bellman 15 years. He will quit his job February 20 and go to Covington, Va., to join Mrs. Winston and their son, Aubrey Winston Jr. The latter went through the war as a soldier, but has returned to civil life. Another son, Nathaniel Winston, lives in Cleveland.

SPEAKING of returned soldiers, I saw Major Raymond V. Humphreys at that Lincoln Day luncheon. Major Humphreys, resplendent in uniform, insignia and ribbons, said he hadn't let me hear from him because he had only been home a week and has spent much of that time in bed because of malaria. And, one convalescent leading to another, Mrs. O. L. Stanard has gone home from St. Mary's Hospital after surgery, and is getting well reasonably fast.

MRS. A. L. WISEMAN reports in behalf of the Committee of 1,000 that she read in an old magazine something throwing light on the use of the word "spud," as a synonym for potato. According to the reported article, certain persons feared the Irish, subsisting largely upon potatoes, weren't getting their vitamins. These persons organized the Society for Prevention of Unhealthy Diet. The members of the society were called spuds and the name gradually transferred itself to the potato.

Feb. 16, '46

Your friends • by • 1946 • • And Mine • Wiatt Smith

WHEN the Johnstown flood was raging in 1889, Dr. Ditson P. Carter left his dental office in Huntington and went to look at the rising Ohio River. He was thus absent when Mrs. James M. McCormick reached his reception room, but she waited until he came. Then he pulled her



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upper teeth and, as time permitted, made her a "temporary" plate which lasted until 1900 — all for \$30. In 1900, Dr. Carter made Mrs. McCormick a permanent plate which she still uses. She has "lowers," too, as she told me in explaining that she hadn't had occasion to see many dentists and that was possibly the reason she had never met Dr. C. O. Tate. "I was always," she said, "too busy to be bothered with a toothache." She had called to talk to me of the account in the February 12 issue of the New York Times of the departure from LaGuardia Field of the TWA liner bearing the Cardinals designate and piloted by Captain C. O. Tate.

IT HAS been published already in Huntington that the pilot of that plane was a Huntington boy, Oscar, as we used to call him, was editor of The Tatler when in high school here, then attended Marshall College two years and at 19 was editor of The Huntington Tribune. Thereafter, he took up flying. He lives in Alexandria, Va., and makes occasional visits to his parents here. Last April, to quote his father, Dr. Tate, he "kidnaped" the old folks and flew them to Alexandria. His mother amplified the paternal account, saying the son promised them to deliver them after a three-hour flight, and set them down at Alexandria right on the minute. Returning, he said the journey would take 15 minutes longer and in just three hours and 15 minutes he landed his Waco plane on the Thornburg farm, near the Tate home on Pea Ridge Road. The landing was made with the permission of the owners and, as Mrs. Tate phrased it, "he brought her in so smoothly that it didn't even disturb the cows." At Marshall College, Captain Tate met Miss Juanita Argenbright, a student from Beckley. They married and have two children, Anne, five years old, and Charles O. Tate III, one year old.

SHOPPING in a Brooklyn, N. Y. bookstore several years ago, Mrs. Morton Wyatt Davis of Fifth Avenue was addressed by a woman who said, "You look like a former pupil of mine." It developed that as Miss Clara Morris she had come from Colorado to teach French at the high school on Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Davis, then Morton Wyatt, attended her French classes. Miss Morris resigned at mid-term to marry the Rev. Edwin Rumball-Petre, a Unitarian minister who had come here on some special mission. They went to live in the East. Since their Brooklyn reunion she and Mrs. Davis have kept in touch with each other by letter.

MRS. FLORENCE Turner, 2736 First Avenue, asks me to help find her black Scotty Bonnie. The little dog disappeared four weeks ago yesterday and Mrs. Turner misses her sadly. The telephone is 4919.

Your friends • • And Miss Whitt Smith

WESTON, W. Va., Feb. 25.—One of the cherished possessions of our household is an oil painting of Jackson's Mill and of the Jackson mansion, boyhood home of the famous Stonewall which stood hardby. The mansion is gone now and Jackson's Mill has been converted into a state park, but those who remember the scene as it is depicted say the likeness is faithful. I don't suppose this picture will ever hang in an art gallery, but it is an enduring reminder of a man whose hands were skillful beyond most and in whose breast was the spirit of creative genius.



That man was my wife's father, Joseph B. Cox, Weston merchant, who passed away in his sleep Friday night and who will be buried on the morning that this column reaches the readers. I have often written about him and some of the friends know of him as a result. And in Huntington and The Herald-Dispatch area he had many friends among my friends and friends of his own, besides.

IT IS HARD to write of him as part of the past. Much more natural would it be to look up from Donee Cook's typewriter in the Weston Independent office and expect to see him making his serene and dignified way along Main avenue, and, seeing him, to knock on the window and wait with high expectancy such sparkling humor as he might utter from an unsmiling face. The friends who called him "Kelly" Cox and others, who by reason of his white hair, moustache and goatee, called him Colonel Cox, loved him for many reasons, one of which was the drollery of his wit. Truly a many-sided man, he was pious without solemnity; faithful to the vows of the Society of the Holy Name, he was merry with a merriment which sometimes would break through sorrow's darkest clouds; a successful and respected business man, he had a passion for making things with his hands. Long ago he laid aside his paint brushes, but never his woodworking tools, of his skill with which many examples remain.

RELATIONS between a woman's father and her husband may mean anything or nothing, but Mr. Cox was more than father-in-law to me. He was my friend. Standing with me beside his bier a wise Weston matron said: "There's your Old Pal!" How truly that was said! In the course of the years we spent much time together, went places together, played setback together with other friends in Weston or in Huntington, and when there were no others present we played each other. He wouldn't bet a mill on anything. That sort of gaming was entirely out of his line, but he got more pleasure out of catching my jack or, as he put it, "hanging a skunk on me" than a money player would out of calling a long shot. He was a musician, too, used to play the fiddle for dances, and after he was 70 I saw him do, despite his 240 pounds, as light-footed a jig as one would care to see.

WE KNEW he was ill but hoped that he might yet be spared for years to come. On Friday evening he laughed and joked with members of household, suffered no pain, and after his prayers slipped away into that deeper sleep in which he was to be found when morning came. I know that he went to sleep serenely, confident that from this or some other sleep he would awaken to a bright and glorious dawn. Against that morning, dear friend, farewell!

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

Albeit April, this far, has featured March-like weather, ground is being broken for vegetable gardens in Huntington. Reports come of plows being moved by truck thither and yon. This is the most tangible evidence of gardening activity, but I have no doubt of its accuracy. Less is heard of



WIATT SMITH

vegetable gardening now than was heard during the war years, when it was the thing to do to grow vegetables. In peace as well as in war, the gardener is always with us. Probably there are no statistics, but Huntington produces annually a sizeable crop of everything from strawberries to field corn. It is remarkable how much can be grown on a tiny bit of soil. There is a favored witicism about the profitless kitchen garden. Nevertheless, veteran gardeners persist in their annual efforts and it is to be surmised that there are many who make their gardens pay, not always in cash, but in food, some of which is eaten in season, some preserved for Winter use. Who has the plows or plow horses, I don't know.

AFTER AN EXTENDED residence at Hot Springs, Ark., A. G. Jenkins, former Huntingtonian, is on the move. Currently, he is at Roanoke, Va., where he may be reached through general delivery. In a letter to Mrs. R. M. Baker, Mr. Jenkins intimated he wouldn't be long in Roanoke, but didn't say where his next stop would be. I and others hope he'll be in Huntington soon. Mrs. John M. McCoach of Wheeling is in Huntington visiting her cousin, Mrs. Frank P. Botts of Fourteenth Street. Mrs. McCoach, the former Miss Lucy Sehon, lived here many years. Her father, Edmund Sehon, once mayor, was one of the founders of Sehon-Stevenson & Co. Her husband was the head of J. M. McCoach & Co. Miss Mayme T. Carroll, ill through the Winter, is better, though she hasn't been able to get down stairs yet.

GEORGE E. MOBUS, veteran vegetable and flower-grower, will be late in getting his garden in this Spring. Former Sheriff D. L. Freutel says Mr. Mobus, one of his fishing companions, is not too well. Confined to his South Side home, Mr. Mobus keeps his eye on his minnow pool from his bedroom window. Speaking of angling, 11-year-old David Lawrence Newlon went out one day and landed an 11-inch fish. He was so excited over this, his first catch, that he had to rush to get his father, Patrolman Paul Newlon, to unhook the prize. . . . Hugh B. Rees of Burlington, O., isn't sure he is advancing in life. Once he was president of the Fort Allegheny Skiing Club and a member of a society of cartographical engineers; now he is president of the Tri-State Dairy Goat Association. . . . Several of those who went to Florida during the Winter are home, but Mr. and Mrs. Bern Curry and their son, John Sweetland Curry, whose departure for the South was belated, are sunning and swimming at Del Ray Beach.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

Ironton, O., is to celebrate its 100th anniversary next October. Getting ready for the celebration, young men are growing beards. The whisker



crop was a Junior Chamber of Commerce project and JCCs are perforce refraining from shaving. Results are profuse as might be expected. Several of these bearded young Irontonians are students at Marshall College and their beards are to be seen on the campus. This is apart, I think, from the recent Hodges

WIATT SMITH Hall movement in which young men grew whiskers in preparation for the ball of the Beards, held recently, Catlettsburg, Ky., also is to commemorate this year the 100th anniversary of its incorporation. Driving through the old town, I saw no youthful beards, but was told that a showboat has been engaged for Centennial Week, in July. Incorporation of Catlettsburg came many years after its first settlement. I don't know how many lived on the site of Ironton before it was chartered in 1849.

MYSTERY OF THE St. Clairsville, O., pigeon, killed by a hawk at the foot of Twenty-ninth street, Huntington, was dispelled by Clyde C. Wilson, Sr. 101 Park Drive, St. Clairsville, whose name and address were stamped on a feather of the murdered bird. After having been told of the fate of the pigeon, Mr. Wilson wrote W. H. Bartram. . . . "Received your letter today and appreciate your interest. The bird was a Satinette, a fancy pigeon, and I sold it to John H. Marsh, 522 Twenty-ninth street, Huntington, at the Zanesville show. I have trouble here with hawks and have disposed of all my fancy birds on that account. My carriers are not caught so often, but when I lose some it sure burns me up." This note proves that the pigeon had not wandered far from home. It still leaves reason to wonder about the hawk's presence and the fact that his tribe persists here. To me, that seems not too strange, because there has been a screech owl in the neighborhood of our home for at least a year.

ALTHOUGH HE WAS 90 years old on his last birthday, J. W. Bell went yesterday by automobile to Louisville, Ky., to attend the funeral services of his younger brother 81-year-old J. L. Bell. Mr. Bell, a former building contractor, and for years carpenter at Marshall College, went to Louisville with his granddaughter, Mrs. W. E. Pifer, with whom he lives at 1628 Jefferson avenue. . . . After an absence of 10 years, Mrs. Margaret Blanchard Davis of Orlando, Fla., is visiting Huntington, her old home town. Mrs. Davis, widow of Claud Davis, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Luther M. Roe of Winters Road.

LAST JANUARY 18, I attended a party given for George E. Mobus on his 85th birthday. For years Mr. Mobus was my landlord, and a most considerate one. We were friends but I was never on the inner circle with his fishing and gardening cronies. He lived in Huntington a long time, had many activities and these included an active membership in the famous Second Regiment Band. Though I knew he was old and sick, news of his death upset me. I trust he has gone to a land where his green thumb is serviceable and where the fishing is good.

July 7-19-19
 Your friends
 And Mine Wiatt Smith

SOMEWHAT belatedly, I fear, there has come to me from Miss Virginia Lewis an inquiry about the Committee of 1,000. Perhaps the clearest answer to Miss Lewis is that she is a member in good standing. The Committee of 1,000 is a volunteer organization. It has no constitution — no by-



WIATT SMITH law — collects no dues and has only one purpose, which is "to keep Wiatt Smith straight." That's a big undertaking, made no simpler by the fact that committee members are prone to disagree among themselves about when this or that happened, who such and such a person was and whether blackberries grow on bushes or vines. The numerical membership is elastic. For the sake of exactitude, it might well be called the Committee of 1,000—more or less. Before the larger organization was recognized, Dr. Walter E. Vest was chairman of this column's spelling committee. He continues to function usefully as chairman of the spelling section of the Committee of 1,000. The committee holds no meetings, but Dr. Ichabod Ersington is generally recognized as founder, president emeritus and chairman of the board. Some time when the old curbedgeon is in town long enough, he may call the committee together. Unless he takes my by surprise, I'll arrange to have business out of town on the date of the gathering.

MRS. FRED C. DARLING writes from North Kenova, O.: "You are seeking a picture of the horse car. I am glad for I should like one of those pictures. My father, John Galloway, was the first to drive a car out Ninth Street. Our home was at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Tenth Street. My father and Uncle Billy Jordan worked together building the car tracks. I live in Burlington, across from Camden Park. The post office is North Kenova." Burlington was the original capital of Lawrence county. Scarcely discoverable from the highway, it stretches along the river front, a quiet and pleasant community, packed with historical interest. Meanwhile, as I regret to report, there has been no response to the request of Colonel George S. Wallace for a picture of one of the horse cars used in Huntington.

IT HAS been 25 years since the Camp Fire Girls held their first Summer encampment on the banks of the Guyandotte, near Barboursville. Mrs. Meyer Saltz was among the girls who enjoyed that first camp. She, as Bernice Dushman, and her sister, Naomi, were pioneers. Miss Marsha Saltz has been in camp during the first part of this season. She is the daughter of Mrs. Meyer Saltz, who, I am told, is the only member of the 1921 personnel with the distinction of being the mother of a later camper. Mrs. Saltz recalls that the Kiwanis Club was responsible largely for financing and setting up the camp, and that Don Chaffee was quite useful. Mrs. F. D. Sebaugh had a large share in working out the program, and her daughters, Virginia and Rosamond, were in camp. There were but two sleeping tents. Miss Lourilla McNulty was counselor in one, and the late Mrs. Bertha Polan in the other. Other campers included Ruth Levy, Anne Oyttler, Arline Dawkins, Jane Booker, Marian and Helen Summers, Mary Hooper, Margaret Lovett, Mary Durant and Katherine McMahon. Camping activities involved a good many chores, such as carrying water from a distant spring and washing dishes. Cooking was done over a coal stove. Camp Fire costumes that year consisted of black bloomers and middies and swimming was done in black sateen bathing suits, amply made. Since that time camp has been held near Kellogg, on the Wilson farm, and for the last 15 years near Salt Rock in the Camp Fire's own camp, Dekanawida, "a resting place near the joining of two streams."

YOUR FRIENDS AND MINE

by Wyatt Smith

THERE was a drum of gasoline afloat in the industrial district. Harried workmen, moving merchandise from the flooded zone, were horrified to see a pleasure boat party of young persons, smoking merrily.



One of the workers warned the sightseers of the danger and ordered that they put their cigarettes out and leave the vicinity. One of them answered angrily, "Whose river is this anyway?" The other man didn't argue. He stepped through an upper story warehouse window and emerged with a forty-four. "Get," he said, "before I shoot your boat full of holes." The scene was near the river and a steamboat mate shouted for the workman to shoot without delay. That wasn't necessary. The oarsmen in the boat of heedless ones laid to their oars with a will.

WIATT SMITH

DR. HOMER MANNON sent me word that I shouldn't be writing about lost dogs while the flood is raging. Well, maybe not. But Janie (Mrs. Joe) Dingess doesn't feel that way about it. She and Laura Rawn Woodell were scanning the streets anxiously yesterday in search of Rags, Mrs. Dingess' red cocker spaniel, missing several days from his Roland Park home. I didn't have a pencil at the moment and Mrs. Woodell produced a lipstick with which she wrote the name of the missing Rags on the back of a letter I found in my pocket. It is true that dogs have had little chance for attention in the last few days, but Miss Betty Schoew and her friends are looking out for them and the Huntington Kennel Club is resuming its activities. Yesterday the report that a number of dogs were imprisoned without food or water on an upper floor in the flood zone was being investigated. I never heard what had been done about it.

PROBABLY each family forced to move out of its home or to an upper floor has its own hero of helpfulness. Mrs. Frank N. Mann has hers, I know. In fact she has two, but the foremost is Lieutenant Marion E. Brown, USA, commander of Camp Boone, CCC. Lieut. Brown appeared in nick of time to take charge of the Mann moving. He and Parson Layton Mauze moved the stuff up stairs, piece by piece, and even took down the doors and moved them. It was an efficient job and perhaps the most surprising part of it was that Lieutenant Brown gave Mrs. Mann directions and she obeyed him. That's a record of some sort—bossing Nancy Mann and getting away with it.

SEEKING pictures of past floods, Bernard Staley came upon other back-yonder scenes which he found equally interesting. He showed me one, taken in 1898, of John Burke's "The Bowery Saloon," on Third avenue between Eighth and Ninth streets, also known and legended as "the horse trader's place." In the group posing in front were John Burke, Bernard Staley, Dick Wright, Johnny Wilson and Galley Dial. In super-box car letters posted on one side of the saloon front was a sign reading: "Don't Tell Your Wife." It puzzled me but Bernard explained it was advertising "a coming attraction" at the Huntington Theatre. Bernard gave me another picture, too, but that will be in the paper as soon as some of the flood-picture pressure is lifted from the en-

DR. JIM KLUMPF wears bifocal glasses with the small lens at the top, the big one at the bottom. I might say the arrangement gives him a bit of an owl's appearance, but I don't think he or his medical associates ought to have any fun poked at them just now. They rate or- chids instead, those boys who have left their private practices go, their families to take care of themselves and worked unceasingly for the general welfare.

1-27-37

YOUR FRIENDS AND MINE

by Wiatt Smith

HERE is one time when it is safe to rely on conjecture. The conjecture is that The Herald-Dispatch of Wednesday, January 27, 1937, will be published as usual and circulated as well as it may be. If it isn't



published nobody will know the difference. That's what makes it safe. The reason I'm so confident that it will be produced is that Col. J. H. Long, president of the Huntington Publishing Co., has shed the grimness which has marked him for several days and is as jolly as a boy. The Colonel thinks he has the flood licked, as far as newspaper production is concerned, and he isn't fooled often. The water is still rising slowly,

but it is being pumped out of the press pits. For several days Col. Long has been on the job almost unceasingly, directing the re-storage of paper stocks and the preparations for keeping the water out of the press pits. Monday evening he ate his dinner from the conference table in his office—wearing his derby hat. If you read this paper this morning it will be largely due to the fact that the Colonel never quits.

THOSE who find satisfaction in telling us who remember 1913 to go way back and sit down are welcome to it. I used to feel that way about those who prated of 1884. The flood of 1913 was bad enough, only to be described by the statement that it lacked little if anything in matching the present horror. But this one is higher. Marks all over the city attest it. One of these is the cross which E. P. Frost chiseled into the stone steps of the Guyandotte club when 1913 was at its crest. Mr. Frost planned to make a similar mark for 1937, but that was not necessary. The water rose over the porch and invaded the main floor where Secretary Bob Foley found it several inches deep when he went in during the afternoon to get raincoats for refugees. Speaking of Mr. Foley, he, little less of a fashion plate than ever, tackles flood duty like a timberman, and pulls a boat with the grace of a collegiate oar.

ANOTHER 1913 mark to which reference cannot be had just now was made by H. W. Adams of Hinton. His daughter, Miss Henrietta Adams, writes me that when the flood was raging twenty-four years ago, Mr. Adams came to Huntington to see if he could aid her grandmother, Mrs. F. L. Cowherd of 1033 Eighth avenue, now deceased since 1930. During his visit he carved something on the curbing in front of the telephone building, then on Tenth street opposite Brackman's. Miss Adams wonders if that mark is still there. I'll have to wait a few days before I can let her know as the point is well under water.

MY CHOICEST compliments go to Mrs. Arthur Emmons, skipper of the good ship Scioto, who is doing yeoman service in the flood. My knowledge arises from the fact that at my request she went to the rescue of my brother and sister and the latter's daughter yesterday morning. They were in no particular danger, but they were cooped in and wanted out mighty bad. And after giving them and the Joseph Cohens next door safe convoy to dry land, the Scioto went chug-chug-chugging away to other service.

NOT ALL the refugees are in the school houses and churches. The term applies just as properly to the more snugly housed and generally better conditioned colony at the Hotel Prichard. The big building is filled to capacity with flood sufferers. Many others are stopping with friends in higher sections. Not a few fled the town when the seriousness of the flood became apparent. By dint of much persuasion my wife went to Charleston on the George Washington Monday evening. Sammy-the-dog has been evacuated, too, placed in the custody of Mary-the-maid, high and dry and warm on Eighth avenue. I'm high and dry all right, but the prospect for warmth is not so good.

Your Friends • by • And Miss Wyatt 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

WYATT SMITH 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.

Your Friends 62 And Miss Wyatt Smith

BEFORE THE PUSHBOAT era, which preceded the arrival of the railroad, navigation on the Guyandotte largely was confined to dugouts, or canoes. These boats, used by the residents, were not Indian canoes, but were made of logs, hollowed by axes and sometimes by fire. Thomas E. Miller of Barboursville, who told me recently something of the old pushboats, remembers seeing some of the dugouts. One of these, which he saw, was wide enough to hold a barrel of flour, laid sidewise. The dugout was a solid craft but was tricky to ride in—if the operator or the passenger failed to preserve perfect balance, the dugout was likely to turn and spill him into the river. Mr. Miller brought me a copy of the History of the Barboursville Community, prepared by his father, J. W. Miller and published by the agricultural extension division of West Virginia University in 1925.

J. W. MILLER, widely known as Uncle Billy, wrote: . . . "It would no doubt create much consternation here in Barboursville to hear a boat whistle for a gate to open at the lock, so the steamboat could pass through. Then the polite clerk went down to assist the ladies and children ashore. Yes, we saw just that 65 years ago. Guyandotte river was locked and dammed by the New York Navigation Co. as far as Branchland. Seven locks were put in, at great expense, in order that the company might ship coal out. This was the beginning of coal development in the Guyandotte valley. These locks and dams had no keepers during the Civil War, and so were ruined by floods. Eventually they were taken out by the government. My father, W. C. Miller, built two of these locks by contract, one just above the mouth of Mud River, and one at Branchland. His foreman, Billingly Stanford, was drowned during this work and was buried in our old cemetery."

DURING HIS BOYHOOD in Barboursville, Thomas E. Miller saw many things, reminding of earlier years. He heard as a lad that his grandfather Miller had been the contractor for the Cabell county court house and jail which were built in 1857. The court house, afterwards Morris Harvey College and now a public school, had a belfry and a bell which was supported by a platform of poplar boards. During the Civil War, some of the Federal troops occupying Barboursville, were quartered in the Court House. Some of those young soldiers, doubtless homesick, whiled away their time by carving their names in the poplar planks of the bell platform. There were 18 names so carved, but Mr. Miller remembers only one—that of a Poffenbarger, initials unknown, recalled only because his carving was so artistic. The old jail was built of hewn logs, with an outer and inner layer, with a space between which was filled by rocks and brickbats. This was not the first court house and jail in Barboursville. J. W. Miller wrote that the original buildings were put up in 1814 and that there was a whipping post nearby!

PLANS ARE BEING made by Mrs. Charles Lambert, 1145 Monroe Avenue, for departure next week for Okinawa, where she will join her husband, Captain Lambert, USA. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Lambert of Barboursville. She is the former Miss Betty Ranson.

YOUR FRIENDS AND MINE

by Wiatt Smith

THERE was a drum of gasoline afloat in the industrial district. Harried workmen, moving merchandise from the flooded zone, were horrified to see a pleasure boat party of young persons, smoking merrily.



One of the workers warned the sightseers of the danger and ordered that they put their cigarettes out and leave the vicinity. One of them answered angrily, "Whose river is this anyway?" The other man didn't argue. He stepped through an upper story warehouse window and emerged with a forty-four. "Get," he said, "before I shoot your boat full of holes." The scene was near the river and a

steamboat mate shouted for the workman to shoot without delay. That wasn't necessary. The oarsmen in the boat of heedless ones laid to their oars with a will.

DR. HOMER MANNON sent me word that I shouldn't be writing about lost dogs while the flood is raging. Well, maybe not. But Janie (Mrs. Joe) Dingess doesn't feel that way about it. She and Laura Rawn Woodell were scanning the streets anxiously yesterday in search of Rags, Mrs. Dingess' red cocker spaniel, missing several days from his Roland Park home. I didn't have a pencil at the moment and Mrs. Woodell produced a lipstick with which she wrote the name of the missing Rags on the back of a letter I found in my pocket. It is true that dogs have had little chance for attention in the last few days, but Miss Betty Schoew and her friends are looking out for them and the Huntington Kennel Club is resuming its activities. Yesterday the report that a number of dogs were imprisoned without food or water on an upper floor in the flood zone was being investigated. I never heard what had been done about it.

PROBABLY each family forced to move out of its home or to an upper floor has its own hero of helpfulness. Mrs. Frank N. Mann has hers, I know. In fact she has two, but the foremost is Lieutenant Marion E. Brown, USA, commander of Camp Boone, CCC. Lieut. Brown appeared in nick of time to take charge of the Mann moving. He and Parson Layton Mauze moved the stuff up stairs, piece by piece, and even took down the doors and moved them. It was an efficient job and, perhaps the most surprising part of it was that Lieutenant Brown gave Mrs. Mann directions and she obeyed him. That's a record of some sort—bossing Nancy Mann and getting away with it.

SEEKING pictures of past floods, Bernard Staley came upon other back yonder scenes which he found equally interesting. He showed me one, taken in 1898, of John Burke's "The Bowery Saloon," on Third avenue between Eighth and Ninth streets, also known and legended as "the horse trader's place." In the group posing in front were John Burke, Bernard Staley, Dick Wright, Johnny Willson and Galley Dial. In super-box car letters posted on one side of the saloon front was a sign reading: "Don't Tell Your Wife." It puzzled me but Bernard explained it was advertising "a coming attraction" at the Huntington Theatre. Bernard gave me another picture, too, but that will be in the paper as soon as some of the flood-picture pressure is lifted from the engraving department.

DR. JIM KLUMPP wears bifocal glasses with the small lens at the top, the big one at the bottom. I might say the arrangement gives him a bit of an owl-like appearance, but I don't think he or his medical associates ought to have any fun poked at them just now. They rate orchids instead; those boys who have left their private practices go, their families to take care of themselves and worked unceasingly for the general welfare.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

On their way from Washington, D. C., to Sand Point, Idaho, where they expected to establish a new residence, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Cassidy stopped in Huntington to visit Mrs. Cassidy's mother, Mrs. E. L. Powers, 1408 Sixth Avenue. Mr. Cassidy, district manager for Planter's Peanuts, found he liked Huntington and decided maybe he might stay here. Definite decision has not been reached, but after 10 days, the Cassidys are still here. If they remain in Huntington,



WIATT SMITH

James Stepro, the newly appointed dog warden, will be due a big part of the credit. One day last week, 11-year-old wire hair terrier pet of the Cassidys disappeared. Mrs. Cassidy, the former Miss Eunice Powers, was distressed. She sent out her SOS in every direction enlisting, among others, the Humane Society and Dog Warden Stepro. Mr. Stepro found Willie, sore-footed and weary, on the edge of Ritter Park. He took the dog straight to Mrs. Cassidy and told her the witnessed joyous reunion was reward enough for him.

IF MEMORY SERVES aright, it was Col. Joseph S. Miller who supplied the Herald-Dispatch a copy of Rafting on the Guyandotte by Thomas Dunn English. The poem, which had been published by Appleton's Journal on January 6, 1872, was reprinted in The Herald-Dispatch. Yesterday Charles D. Smith, 1815 Seventh Avenue, brought me a long treasured copy of that Herald-Dispatch reprint. The poem is too long to use here, but here are some of the lines:

*"If among your friends there be
One who something rare would see,
One who dullness seeks to change
For a feeling new and strange,
To the loggers' camp ground send him,
To a ride like this commend him —
Ride that pain and sorrow dulces,
Stirring brains and quickened pulses,
Making him a happier man
Who has coursed the fierce Guyan
When the June rain freshet swells it,
And to yellow rage impels it."*

THOUGH WE BOTH went to school on Third Street in Guyandotte, Charles D. Smith and I were never fellow-pupils. He is much younger than I. He is 49 and has 12 grandchildren, which must be something near a record. Born in Ohio, he came to Huntington with his parents in 1905. This was at a time when the river was up and the Smith family had to drive their wagon through water to reach here. He also attended school at Ensign and at Buffington. Miss Hattie Gardner was his teacher at one of these schools.

FRIENDS WERE abuzz yesterday about the approach of the birthday of Miss Libby Johnston of 530 Sixth Avenue who is 86 years old today. Miss Johnston, a retired teacher, is one of the few Huntingtonians who were here before the city was. Born on the site of Huntington, she served long in the public school system before she retired.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

ITS WHITENESS and featherlike substance suggesting an angel's wing, a night-blooming cereus, brought me after my bedtime Sunday by Aron J. Jouan, 1419 1/2 Sixth Avenue, was one of the most beautiful blossoms I ever beheld. Mr. Jouan did not come



in to see me, explaining that there were several other cereus blooms at his home and that he planned to take one of these to a sick woman on Seventh Avenue. This must be the season for the flowering of the night blooming cereus. Mrs. Ralph (Sadie) Wiseman, who has returned to her home at 527 Fourteenth Street

WIATT SMITH after several weeks at the Rowley Hospital but who must keep to her bed, was interested yesterday that her cereus would bloom after nightfall. This beautiful flower is fragile and collapses by morning after its blossoming. There is a crib-like spot in its center and Mrs. W. W. Bryan who lives in the house between the Wisemans and ours, says that we call the night blooming cereus used to be known as the Christmas angel.

MY ERUDITE SISTER, Mrs. Flora Smith Johnson, has enrolled in the Committee of 1,000, as might have been expected, on my side. A few months ago I reported that I had been notified by a committee member that I had said unsanitary when I should have said insanitary. The dictionaries I had at hand justified the committee member, so I recorded the correction and thought to let it be. Mrs. Johnson, however, went in for deeper research — found unsanitary on page 2601 of the latest edition of the Funk & Wagnall dictionary and on Page 2790 of Webster's New International dictionary — adds, "in and un are interchangeable in this case."

THAT THERE is still extant one of the two "Jesse James caves" of Route 52 is attested by George Bush, who learned of them when he lived in that neighborhood. One of the caves has collapsed, but the other is there and can be entered, Mr. Bush says. To find it, one crosses the hill and enters the first ravine to the right. It occurs to me that this cave is on private property and perhaps should not be entered without the consent of the owner whom I cannot identify immediately. Otherwise, I must say the connection of the caves with the James robbery of the Bank of Huntington is contrary to all I have ever heard about that occurrence. The robbers were well dressed and well mounted. They stayed in this vicinity several days before holding up the bank and were believed to be ministers or deacons.

ONE OF THOSE who saw the visitors was the Rev. Thomas A. Quirk, founder of St. Joseph's Catholic Church. This recalls a recently received note from Cecil Williams telling me of the first Catholic Church here at the northeast corner of Eighth Avenue and Twentieth Street, where the Stone-Danforth department store now is. Part of the building was moved to Artisan Avenue, where it continues in use. Mr. Williams was told of these things by Francis Notter, the barber, who died early this year.

Your Friends And Mine Wiatt Smith

Aracoma, the Indian princess, the daughter of Cornstalk, had been killed by militiamen who had followed the Indians to the Guyandotte Valley after red raiders had stolen horses from Virginians. She lived on Logan Island with her husband, an Englishman. Other tribesmen lived there. It was



WIATT SMITH

there the battle was fought and Aracoma killed. The power of the Indians in the Guyandotte Valley was forever broken, though Indians occasionally passed through the Logan area on hunting expeditions thereafter. This is history. There is a legend that Aracoma is buried on what is now the site of the Aracoma Hotel. It is an established fact that Dr. Thomas Dunn English lived at what is now the city of Logan; that he practiced medicine in Logan County and was the first mayor of Aracoma, which had been known as Lawnsville, and which, in 1907, was reincorporated as Logan. Ira P. Hager, Logan lawyer, writes:

"HE WAS A GREAT student with a duplex mind. The people thought him eccentric, for he would spend his time under the big willow tree, near where the Chesapeake & Ohio depot now is, with pad and pencil, reading, making notes, or, at times, absorbed in thought. He gave no thought to making money and why he came to Logan County, then so isolated, is an enigma. My good friend Judge Charles L. Estep thinks he came here to study. That seems to me the most reasonable excuse for his being in this remote community. The county included what is Mingo today and the population probably did not exceed 2,500. One of the strangest things about him is that after he had engaged in journalism in New York and Washington he came into the wilds of Logan.

"WHEN I CAME to Logan in 1913, some of the citizens who had served in the Confederate Army could testify that Dr. English practiced medicine here." I, too, recall persons who knew Dr. Thomas Dunn English of Aracoma. His residence and his mayoralty are not in dispute. There are, however, profound differences of opinion as to whether he wrote Ben Bolt under the willow tree at Logan or under the walnut tree at Tazewell. Though not undertaking to settle the matter, I must say the evidence supports the Tazewell claim. Swain's history of Logan County says that Dr. English was for a time assistant postmaster at Logan, had leases on scores of tracts of coal land in the county, and that while he was there he wrote two poems, "Rafting on the Guyan," and "Found Dead in Bed." Both poems are published in Swain's history. Dr. English, born in Philadelphia in 1819, not only was a physician but a member of the bar. He wrote Ben Bolt in 1843, moved to Virginia in 1852; moved to New York City in 1857 and to Newark, N. J., a year later. He served in the New Jersey Legislature in 1863-64 and was elected as a Democrat to the 52nd and 53rd Congresses, March 1891, to March, 1895, died in Newark, N. J., April 1, 1902. His congressional biography shows that he had been prominent as an opponent

Your Friends And Mine Wiatt Smith

HUNTINGTON's first high school was conceived, planned and its course of study prepared by Mrs. Naomi Northcott Everett, about 1889. Mrs. Everett's high school used one study room and one small laboratory on the second floor of what is now the Oley Elementary School building at Fifth Avenue and Thirteenth Street.



WIATT SMITH

Early high school history is found in a letter sent by Charles Vaught Lallance, who died last week, to the Huntington High School Handbook for 1931. A copy of the old handbook has been sent me by Principal T. Smith Brewer who says: "You can see why we love the name, 'Huntington High School.'"

THERE was a time when it was popularly and perhaps officially known as Oley High School. However, that belongs to the back yonder days. The Oley building has been extended from Thirteenth to Fourteenth Street and houses Oley Junior High School as well as Oley Elementary School. It stands as a monument to General John Hunt Oley, one of the most active and most efficient men of Huntington's formative years.

"HUNDREDS who learned at her knee," wrote Mr. Lallance, "mourn the loss of this good and great teacher . . . she gave somehow that uplift, that personal touch, which made one desire to go on to higher and better things. Other early faculty members were John Simpson, later dean of the medical school at West Virginia University, Miss Lizzie Smith, Miss Kate Ellis, Miss Anna Ellis and Miss Cora Trice. The writer (Mr. Lallance) came back in the nineties to occupy the chair of science and was the first football coach our team ever had . . . In 1887 the freshman and sophomore classes of what was to be the first high school group were domiciled in the small prayer meeting room of the old Congregational Church, where the Fifth Avenue Hotel now stands.

EARLY residents will recall how the supreme test of our first fire engine was to throw water over the high steeple of that church—a test that was met. We were crowded into 10 or 12 chairs, and got along quite comfortably. In 1888 Principal W. B. Hawkins was installed with about 30 young ladies and gentlemen in the Council chamber of our magnificent City Building. This building long ago gave way to a modern business block, the Deardorff-Sisler Building. The ground floor of the City Building housed our glittering brassy red, fire department; next door was the city jail with its groans and cries and Prisoner's Song. One does not have to draw hard on imagination to picture what happened when the fire bell rang and those big, snorting gray horses galloped from the engine room, the siren shrieked and the firemen came sliding down the poles and made one desperate leap for the hook and ladder wagon. We dismissed classes for the time being, for no scholar could keep an even keel amid the noise and confusion."

DESPITE the fact that I bought a dinner because I was convinced that I was wrong when I contended that Thomas Hannan was the first permanent settler of what is now Cabell County, I think now I was right in the first place. Thomas Hannan, a Revolutionary soldier, established his home



WRIGHT SMITH

first on the Cabell side of the Little Guyandotte River in 1796. He moved across the river into Mason County, and his grave is there on the Mason side. It is marked by a monument erected to his memory by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Thomas Hannan was born in Frederick County, Virginia, in 1756 and died April 18, 1835. His grave is near the bridge entering Mason County on State Route 2. Thomas Hannan has many descendants in this vicinity and elsewhere in the United States. One of these is Thomas Wright Hannan of Huntington, a supporter of the contention that the original Thomas Hannan, his great grandfather, was the first permanent settler in Cabell. Another is Mrs. Nettie Hannan Dearborn of Seattle, Wash., lately on an extended visit here. Mrs. Mary Hannan Percival of Orlando, Fla., a great-great-granddaughter, recently left for her home after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wright Hannan. Descendants include Dr. J. D. Pollitt of the Marshall College faculty and Dr. Bruce Pollock, a Huntington physician.

THOMAS HANNAN held 3,200 acres by grant and 2,600 acres in other tracts. Some of this land is owned by C. W. Hannan, a great-great-grandson. After having been lost many years a parchment grant from Governor William B. Giles of Virginia to Thomas Hannan recently came to light. This has been photostated and copies given to some of the descendants, while the original is preserved carefully. This grant, dated March 26, 1823, refers to 1796 and 1798 grants already made to Thomas Hannan. It was made pursuant to an order of "the worshipful County Court of Mason County," which had certified the Hannan claim as "just and reasonable."

MISS MARY LYONS SUTTON, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Sutton of 143 Kings Highway, will leave Monday for the University of Minnesota at Minneapolis. There she is to be research assistant in the department of psychology and sociology. Miss Sutton, not yet 21 years old, took her A. B. degree at Randolph-Macon Women's College, after preparatory work at Marshall College. Last year she got her master's degree from the University of Minnesota, where she had been a teaching assistant in the department of psychology. Her grandmother, Mrs. Harriett Lyon, former supervisor of the training school at Marshall College, who retired five years ago, is justly proud of her and the other granddaughters. Berkeley Lyon, daughter of Dr. George M. Lyon and the late Virginia Sutherland Lyon, received an A. B. degree at Marshall and a master's degree at the University of Michigan. Now Mrs. Burley McCraw, she teaches in the junior college at Decatur, Miss., where her husband is high school principal. Miss Natalie Lyon got her A. B. at Marshall, her A. M. at Northwestern University and teaches in the public schools of Washington, D. C. Miss Harriett Lyon received her A. B. degree at Marshall in June and will pursue graduate work at the school here, but she plans to be married first. George Marshall Lyon, Jr., son of Dr. Lyon and Theeta Searcy Lyon, is an eighth grader at Alexandria, Va., where he lives with his parents.

up our banners" was the text of the first sermon preached in Huntington by the Rev. Dr. William Parkinson Walker, founder and first pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. Dr. Walker was also a founder and a co-editor of the Baptist Banner, which carried his original text on its masthead. From that text it took its name. Temporarily in my possession is a copy of the Baptist Banner, published in Huntington, November 12, 1890. R. R. Sadler, Zenas Martin and W. P.



WRIGHT SMITH

Walker were listed as editors and publishers; Rev. T. C. Johnson as associate editor. Dr. Johnson was pastor of the Baptist Temple at Charleston. This 58-year-old paper belongs to L. C. Sadler, 2918 Fourth avenue, a grandson of the Rev. R. R. Sadler. L. C. Sadler is one of the collectors on the Huntington-Chesapeake bridge. He got the old Banner from Charles W. Harmon, bridge superintendent, to whom it had been given by his mother, a resident of Winfield.

HUNTINGTON journalism has always borne the imprint of the Baptist Banner, an ably edited and well-printed weekly which issued from offices on Tenth street. A Banner feature was a column conducted by "Cousin Maggie," who, as was well known, was Mrs. J. N. Potts and whose object was to get small contributions to missionary funds from children, who were known as Gleaners. Mrs. Potts was the mother of Mrs. Rudd T. Neel. Her husband, Judge J. N. Potts, a well known Huntingtonian and Baptist, appeared in the Banner, too. A correspondent who signed himself, "One of Them," wrote: "To Bro. J. N. Potts, Dear Sir—Please name the gum-chewing brothers you saw at the General Association and thus stop the invidious reflections started by your statement in a late Banner. Being an inveterate enemy of gum, tobacco and whisky, I do not wish to have the finger of suspicion pointed in my direction."

ADVERTISEMENTS are of peculiar interest. . . W. H. H. Holswade furniture dealer, announced that his undertaking department was fully equipped and that special attention was paid to embalming. Embalming was not a general practice then. . . Thomas Medford proclaimed Medford's patent safety fire kindler, which offered all the advantages and none of the dangers of the deadly kerosene. Mr. Medford gave as references E. Kyle, sheriff of Cabell County, J. L. Caldwell, president of the First National Bank, H. M. Adams, Huntington postmaster and J. H. Russel president of the Bank of Huntington. . . D. E. Wetzel, specialist in diseases of the eye, throat and skin, had an office over Crider's drug store. . . Glenn Hilton, resident optician, graduate of Chicago Ophthalmic College, had headquarters at Kirkpatrick's drug store, corner Third avenue and Ninth street. . . John S. Marcum, attorney at law, had an office on Ninth street between Third and Fourth avenues, over Keenan's store. . . T. R. Shepherd, attorney at law and notary public shared Mr. Marcum's quarters. Each was to become widely known, Mr. Marcum as a lawyer who appeared in more than 500 murder cases, either for the state or for the defense; Thomas R. Shepherd as circuit judge. . . S. V. Mathews photographer, all work first class, offered best cabinets per dozen only \$4; card photographs per dozen, \$2.50 and said, "I am now using the instantaneous process exclusively."

KINSEY, two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Marshall, Jr., of Prospect Drive and her nine-month-old brother, Harvey Marshall, are upset by the absence of Bo-

Youth Friends
 Nov 15, 1948

H RALPH GIBSON, a civilian employe of the War Department, writes from Tokyo: "Although I have never had the pleasure of knowing you personally I have seen you often in downtown Huntington. Your column was one of my first duties in the morning, usually over a cup of coffee. Next



WIATT SMITH to my wife and two boys who reside on Collis Avenue in Huntington, I miss The Herald-Dispatch. I have been a subscriber for years and enjoyed it primarily because of its home news and especially the unique situation in which you often find yourself relative to who did this or that several years ago. Incidentally, a short time before I left Huntington, you were attempting to find out why a crowbar was called a crowbar. What was the final summation of opinion? If you will excuse me I want to take in 'Red, Hot and Blue,' a USO stage show at the Ernie Pyle theatre here in Tokyo. This is the nearest thing to a stateside (as the vernacular goes) I have yet seen in Japan."

C HARLES SMITH telephoned to ask this column to help him in deciding an argument as to whether or not there was once a Thornburg livery stable on the corner of Third avenue and Seventh Street. I think there was. Charles Smith said he and Davy Adkins had argued in the post office lobby, Mr. Smith contending that there had been such a livery stable, Mr. Adkins that there had not. Mr. Smith also told me that there once was an industry which manufactured horse and cattle powders at or near the foot of Seventh street. This was in the days when the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Co. had its stock pens there or thereabouts. The factory discontinued operation and some of the powder, packed in cartons similar to soda cartons, was left there. Playful boys scattered it about. Another Charles Smith memory is that after the Thornburg livery stable vacated the Third avenue and Seventh Street corner, Scharer & Ward had an undertaking establishment there.

H HERE is something that is beyond me. It is a letter from a teacher who, requesting to be kept anonymous, writes: "I am a constant reader of your column, which I find always interesting and entertaining and sometimes amusing. Everything seems to appear there but I think I have a new request. I am a teacher in a county adjoining Cabell. I claim a few citizenship rights in Huntington because my husband and I own property there and pay taxes and do our banking there; and because we graduated from Marshall College and expect to be there this Summer doing graduate work. I have not been able to buy a pair of hose since December 18, 1945, and only one pair then. Will you please help me find one pair of hose (not 100 pairs as several women in Huntington have). I want to appear decently dressed at commencement activities. I have no coupons and no credit accounts, but I hope some kind hosiery salesman or saleswoman will read this and spare me one pair. If it is necessary, I may be able to dismiss school an hour early to come and stand in line. Please do not publish my name, because I do not desire publicity." I sympathize with the woman's plight but I see no help for her unless she carries out her own suggestion and stands in line. Let me add that none of those girls who have 100 pairs of stockings is among my acquaintances.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

IT MAY HAVE been when he and Mrs. Thornburg had their fiftieth anniversary that J. T. (Tom) Thornburg told me of their wedding on January 12, 1887. The details are vague to me now, but I recall that he and someone else travelled horseback



across the hills from the Barboursville area to the Ohio River and crossed, through, over the ice to Miller, O., where, according to plan, he and Miss Nancy Varnum were married. A week later they went together to the Fryingpan Farm, near Barboursville, where they went to housekeeping. Their life together lasted more than 62 years, terminating in his death Monday night. Mr. Thornburg, son of John Thornburg, was a brother of Claude Thornburg, who became the father of Claude, Bob and Howard Thornburg. Another brother, John Thornburg, married Miss Jennie Varnum, a sister of Miss Nancy Varnum, who is Mrs. J. T. Thornburg.

THESE VARNUM girls who married the Thornburg brothers were daughters of Moses Varnum, Jr., and sisters of Carl R. Varnum, realtor and former postmaster of Huntington. Their grandfather, the first Moses Varnum, built boats on the flats at Guyandotte when the nineteenth century was young. Tom Thornburg first went to Miller, (then known as Millersport) to visit a relative and then met and fell in love with Nancy Varnum. Their son, Fred Thornburg, here for his father's funeral, lives at Springfield, Mass. A daughter of Fred Thornburg, Mrs. John Walker lives at Plymouth, Mass., and a son, Rex Thornburg, lives and teaches at Cleveland Heights, Cleveland, O. The Fryingpan Farm, at which Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thornburg first lived, belonged to his kinsman, Bailey Thornburg, who also owned the Hartman place which Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thornburg later occupied. For more than 40 years Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thornburg lived in Huntington. My memory is that I first knew him here in 1906.

HORSEBACK WAS a favorite mode of transportation when Mr. and Mrs. Thornburg were married and for a good many years thereafter. Mrs. Gaylord Stewart talked of this as the result of the death at the week end of Mrs. W. B. Dunkle. As Miss Ida Pollard, Mrs. Stewart attended Marshall College with Mrs. Dunkle, then Miss Florence Gallaher. Miss Gallaher, who lived near the present home on Norway Avenue, was one of those who rode horseback to and from school. There were several of these, Mrs. Stewart remembers, and there was a rail south of the college to which the horses were tied while the riders were in class. The Gallaher home was in the deep country when Miss Florence Gallaher attended Marshall and I surmise that she rode sidesaddle and wore an extra long skirt on her journeys between home and school.

RECOVERING FROM injuries received on New Year's Day, when he fell and sustained a cracked hip bone, Mrs. E. E. Wright is with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Walter Baysden of Auburn Road. No cast was necessary and Mrs. Wright's improvement has been notable, members of the family say.

Fri. Jan. 28, '49.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

TWELVE YEARS AGO today the waters of the 1937 flood were receding. Yesterday was the anniversary of the crest of that great flood in Huntington. On January 27, 1937 the river reached its crest at 69.03 feet, the highest mark on record then or thereafter. This disaster, the worst Huntington ever experienced, led to the



building of the flood walls, by virtue of which the city has kept dry and comfortable during times at which the Ohio passed flood stage. There are three major floods of record in the Ohio Valley. I grew up on stories of the flood of 1884. When 1913 high water came and surpassed the 1884 mark, I got into trouble by reporting the forecast that it would do so. In 1937, I was incredulous of predictions that a new record was about to be set — wasn't convinced until the last. However, the fact was proved before the crest was reached — and all the fun taken out of floods. I didn't think the flood wall idea was practical, but wiser men saw the flood control system constructed and Huntingtonians since that time have never witnessed the devastating effects of a major flood.

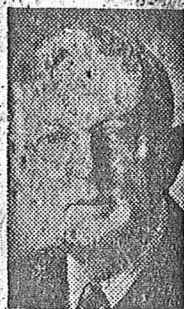
EVERY SUNDAY evening Mrs. A. B. Taylor, 1701 Sixth Avenue, entertains all of her children and grandchildren who live or happen to be in Huntington. Last Sunday evening there was an added touch to the family gathering, as there was a dinner in honor of the birthday of Mrs. Taylor, who was 88 years old on Monday, January 24. Mrs. Taylor was at the table and blew out the candles on her birthday cake. She has lived here 62 years, all of that time in her present neighborhood and only two homes — the one to which Mrs. Taylor and her husband took their family originally, and the present home which they occupied a number of years ago. Through the years I have been familiar with the Taylor family and I was there when Miss Ella Taylor and Boyd Jarrell, editor of The Herald-Dispatch, were married at the Taylor home. Mrs. Taylor, the former Miss Ora Chapman, was born near Hurricane. I learned of her birthday party from Mrs. M. Childress, a neighbor. Mrs. Childress is the wife of Dr. M. Childress, a retired physician.

CAPT. ELLIS C. MACE writes from Proctorville, O.: "In the 1870's, when I was just 10 years old, my oldest sister, the wife of George Hamilton, lived on his father's farm, just outside of Getaway. I visited them and would spend several days. George took me into Betts' grocery store at Getaway often. Also, I went from Burlington to camp meetings at Getaway in the seventies. Thus, I know this place has been called Getaway 75 years. At this time Russell's Place was three miles from Getaway. Dr. Herring was the town physician. He moved to Ironton. I knew of Dr. A. C. Burns when his office was on McMinnie

Wed. Jan. 26, '49.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

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Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

LONG AGO THERE was a steamboat running between Guyandotte and Gallipolis which was named the Egg Hunter. That name is familiar but it remained for John Reed to send word from Ona that the boat belonged to Frank L. Hersey, the father of the Frank L. Hersey I knew and the grandfather of Dr. Rex B. Hersey of Philadelphia.



WIATT SMITH Certainly the John Reed information that the Egg Hunter was the first passenger boat on the Ohio here is puzzling, though the craft may have been the first in the Gallipolis-Guyandotte trade. Mr. Reed's message came through Charles M. Maize, his nephew, who stopped here on his way to his Washington home after attending a convention in the West. Mr. Maize went to Ona to see his Uncle John, whom he found in good health and spirits. He brought word of others, too, including S. J. Price, who, he says, is not too well.

REARED IN GUYANDOTTE and Huntington, Charles M. Maize learned the machinist trade at the Chesapeake & Ohio shops, where he worked a number of years. He married Miss Myrtle Scherer, one of the daughters of Eugene Scherer. Thirty two years ago, the Maize family moved to Washington, D. C., where Charley is an executive in the machine shop at the Navy Yard. He thinks he may retire July 1, 1949, and that thereafter he may come back to Huntington to live. Since I saw him last his son, Charles D. Maize of the Washington fire department, has died, making the first break in a family of seven children. Charley tells of a considerable colony of Huntingtonians who live in Washington and read Your Friends and Mine regularly.

AFTER 35 YEARS of lending books and giving suggestions to patrons of the public library, Miss Margaret Hennion has retired. Yesterday she said she continued to live at the Hennion home on Sixth Avenue and was enjoying her leisure greatly. When I first knew Miss Hennion, she was one of a three-woman staff at the Public Library. Miss Lewis Harvey, now retired, was librarian, and Miss Maria Ware and Miss Hennion. Miss Ware, now Mrs. George Cory Adams, was the first head of the juvenile department of the library. She married and resigned and was succeeded by Miss Edith Hall, who later married and resigned and is now Mrs. Tom C. Williams. Miss Hennion is the daughter of the late J. C. Hennion, who was plant superintendent for the Ensign Mfg. Co., predecessor of the American Car & Foundry Co.

THERE IS NO NOTABLE disposition now to call the Institution at Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street Carnegie Hall. It has been accepted generally that the official name is the Public Library. At the outset the people coupled with the library the name of Andrew Carnegie, who gave the building which was erected on a lot which the municipal corporation conveyed to the Board of Education. In the beginning there was an auditorium on the second floor and this auditorium was officially named Carnegie Hall.

Your Friends by 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, Catletts-



WIATT SMITH

burg and the Kentucky hills. Also to be seen is Virginia Point, now the site of Kehova, 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 home there and made other improvements and live at Point Haven throughout the year. Point Haven is a 15-minute drive from Huntington and only a 10-minute drive from Ashland, where Russell Becker and his brother, Reginald W. Becker, have their law offices. The Becker brothers are sons of the late B. O. Becker, founder of the law firm.

SOUTH POINT, one of the historic settlements of this area, derives its name honestly, as 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 town friendliness and charm and to this charm is added the fruits of Mrs. Becker's enthusiasm for collecting antiques. She has lights made from coffee mills, and one of these was owned by her grandmother, Mrs. D. 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.

Jan 14, 1949.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

AFTER VISITING in Huntington, Capt. R. Meredith McComas last week started westward, his eventual destination being Guam. Yesterday he was on his way back to Huntington, having been reached in Wisconsin by news of the unexpected death of his mother, Mrs. Ealey McComas, 403 Fifth Avenue, Wednesday night. Mrs. McComas, the former Miss Vesta Snedegar, was born in Huntington, after her parents,



WIATT SMITH

Robert and Elizabeth Snedegar came here from Ona in the boardwalk era of Huntington. Her passing recalls her father as the engineer of the Chesapeake & Ohio shuttle train which ran between Huntington and Russell, Ky., before the coming of the inter-urban trolley. This train, well remembered by many readers of The Herald-Dispatch, was manned by the two Bobs—Bob Snedegar, the engineer, and Captain Bob Williamson, the conductor. It should not be confused with the dummy, which the Ohio River Railroad Co., predecessor of the Baltimore & Ohio here, ran between Huntington and Kenova.

DEATH OF MRS. MCCOMAS led to my being visited by her brother, Clyde H. Snedegar of Russell, Ky., and his wife, a daughter of my old friend Hugh Martindale, and by Mrs. Robert B. Snedegar also of Russell. Clyde Snedegar now retired, used to be assistant division superintendent at Russell. He and his wife often read this column and more than once, he says, he has been tempted to qualify for the Committee of 1,000 by sending information to put me straight. I trust that when the impulse again moves him he will act upon it — not stifle it. This column leans heavily on the Committee of 1,000, a useful if sometimes captious group. Mrs. Ealey McComas leaves two children in addition to her naval Captain son — Lyle McComas and Mrs. Don Whitex. Surviving children of Robert and Elizabeth Snedegar are the Misses Pearl and Lillian Snedegar of Huntington, Mrs. W. L. Agnew of Charleston, and Clyde H. and Robert B. Snedegar of Russell.

FAITHFUL FRIEND is the Rev. John W. Hollister, now a Methodist pastor at Fairmont, who, even while he was an Army chaplain, always remembered to send a message recalling a date of importance in my life, now past for 1949. How he recalls it, I don't know—but he does. Not being certain what Dr. Hollister was doing, I sought information from Bishop U. V. W. Darlington, who, though retired, keeps in touch with Methodist preachers. Bishop Darlington is making his second try at retirement stick. The first was interrupted when he was recalled to service during the war years. These days he conducts an occasional prayer meeting or funeral and sometimes preaches — but not nearly as often as he might. Otherwise, he stays at home, and is pronounced in his determination not to go South this winter. When I talked with him yesterday morning he was getting ready to go to see his old and much respected friend, O. P. Wheat, gravely ill following a seizure the night before.

WEARING A BROAD hat after the Texas fashion, E. Clarke Bobbett of Dallas, Texas, greeted me in a downtown hotel.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

CLEVELAND AMORY in "The Proper Bostonians," tells of a Boston matriarch who squelched a youth who was expatiating on the autumnal charms of his native Virginia with, "young man, hell would be beautiful in October." Virginia is beautiful always, and never more beautiful than in October, a month of loveliness in West Virginia as well as in Virginia and in Massachusetts. I have been reading "the Proper Bostonians" and do not wonder that Boston people are said to have been made indignant by Mr. Amory's book. He must know something about Boston, but I think it unlikely that he was ever in West Virginia. Whether or not he has visited this state he dragged in an insult to West Virginia and West Virginians. Nevertheless, his tome is readable and enjoyable.



WIATT SMITH

THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS even to October's beauty and Huntington experienced one of these Sundays, when the rain fell all day. Beauty returned Monday and yesterday, but the temperature was too low for comfort. Forecasts are that the mercury will climb now and that October will be itself again. Really to be expected now is Indian Summer, an uncertain season which, according to established tradition, comes after the first spell of cold weather. Certainly, the first visit of Winter has been here.

SMOKE FROM LEAF fires is in the air; the trees are gorgeous with their variegated colors and the leaves are tumbling to carpet the sidewalks. These days recall Sammy-the-dog, a timorous pet who never failed to show fear of the rustling leaves. Sammy-the-dog died years ago and was buried under a walnut tree near Dr. Stiles' small animal clinic. He was a great deal of trouble, but worth every bit of it.

"SEE A. M. CLARK & CO'S \$2 shoe for ladies" says an advertisement published in Huntington in 1893. I do not recall the Clark shoe store, but do go back to the days when a woman could buy a pair of respectable shoes for \$2. Puzzling is the card that custom made clothing was available at ready made prices at the Misfit Clothing Parlor. I never knew about that. G. C. Ricketts advertised himself as "the leading grocer, fine foods a specialty." Mr. Ricketts operated his market at the northwest corner of Third Avenue and Tenth Street. He had one of the first, if not the first, soda fountains in Huntington. In the closing years of his business life he had a restaurant north of his store and called it the Cafe Girard. Girard was his first name and that of his father, Dr. G. C. Ricketts of Guyandotte.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

LIKE A MESSAGE from beyond was a postcard which came Friday, postmarked Seattle, Wash., September 6, and signed by Samuel Biern. Mr. Biern died in Seattle September 7. The Huntington lawyer and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Rolla D. Campbell, were in Seattle for the convention of the American Bar Association. Sam must



WIATT SMITH

have been in a most happy mood when he wrote: "Rolla and Ruth Campbell are here and also Lola Vickers Seymour and her husband. A grand place for a reunion." It was typical of the man that he should send me that card — take time from his busy activities to write a note to an old friend and one-time schoolmate. He had no premonition that death was so soon to claim him. It is difficult to realize that he is gone and that never again will I be able to telephone him for information about the back yonder days.

SAMUEL BIERN was not old, having passed at the age of 59, but he was Huntington-born and his life had been lived here. Few knew the early story of the city as well as he. His father, Emanuel Biern, and Julius Friedman, Emanuel Biern's brother-in-law, were clothing merchants in early Huntington, their first store having been on Second Avenue. Later the store was in the Caldwell Building at Ninth Street and Fourth Avenue, where the Lawrence Drug Store is. The first Biern home in Huntington was on part of the present Caldwell Building site, facing Fourth Avenue. The house was moved later to Eighth Street. Emanuel Biern built a home at 711 Fifth Avenue — the first Fifth Avenue house — then regarded as far in the country. Dr. Oscar B. Biern was born at 711 Fifth Avenue; his older brothers, Arthur and Samuel were born in the house on Fourth Avenue. When the Bierns lived on Fourth Avenue and, I suspect, after they moved to Fifth Avenue, they pastured the family cow in the field which is now the Cabell courthouse site and campus.

MY FIRST definite memories of Sam Biern are connected with Marshall College, where the then future lawyer and I attended classes together. Sam did not graduate at Marshall, but studied there between his graduation from high school and his entrance at West Virginia University, where he won his law degree. Finishing at the University, he came home to practice law. His early professional connection was with the firm which is now Fitzpatrick, Strickling & Marshall, then, Enslow, Fitzpatrick & Baker. He left that firm to open his own offices.

REJECTED BY HIS draft board, because of some slight physical defect, Sam Biern joined forces with Lewis Caldwell and Dutch Schoenlein, similarly rejected, and they went to Texas where they got into the World War I Army, in which Mr. Biern served in the Signal Corps. When the Armistice was signed Sam had awaiting him a commission in the judge advocate's department, but the war being ended, he refused the promotion and awaited the mustering out which permitted him to come to Huntington and resume his career.

HE BECAME A successful and well-recognized lawyer, an acknowledged political leader and a forceful figure in the city and welfare life of the city. — tall, grained intense, serious, working assiduously, devoting himself to his family and friends and finding time and opportunity to give aid and comfort both through organized channels and through private deeds helping those who needed material aid and others whose greater need was moral support. I like to think of him at Seattle, during the reunion with Lola Vickers (M. Whitney N.) Seymour, full of life and vigor and little dreaming what he was so soon to come home to Huntington in the baggage car ahead.

Sept. 13, 1948

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

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Miss Kathleen Ellis, a member of Huntington High School faculty. The groom was Edmund C. Rece. Dr. W. P. Walker was the officiating clergyman. Dr. C. E. Hawthorth was the organist. The maid of honor was Miss Sue Ware, now Mrs. H. T. Lovett of Gray Gables. The best man was William

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Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

ONCE OR TWICE a year there comes to me an inquiry as to the points of historic interest in Huntington and the Huntington community. These questions come suddenly and I always forget some of the answers that seem to me important. Latest came from Cub Scout Bruce Fetter, who



came to the house with his mother, Mrs. Henry Fetter. I informed him as best I could and joined Mrs. Fetter in wondering why Huntington has no guide book. One might say that this area is not rich in historic interest. That, relatively, is true, but there are points and places worth knowing about and discussing. Perhaps the most notable of these, as far as Huntington itself is concerned, is the building on Third Avenue which housed the Bank of Huntington when that institution was robbed by the James gang. Guyandotte has numerous historic things — the Buffington mill stack at the foot of Buffington Street; the old Methodist Church yard on Fifth Avenue; the Carroll home; the former LeTulle home and the A. B. McGinnis home, just to mention a few.

CEREDO'S STORY is a romance in itself and there is much to be seen at Burlington, O., the first seat of Lawrence County, which was a known depot of the underground route over which fugitive slaves found their way in the years before the war that saw them set free. In Proctorville there are today basement rooms in which fleeing slaves were sheltered when they stopped there on their way to Canada and freedom. Marshall College has its historic interests, too, having been in existence years before Collis P. Huntington came here to found the city which bears his name. D. R. Porter of the sheriff's office telephoned yesterday morning to ask a question. Incidentally, he wanted to know what became of the fountain and statue which long ago stood on the library corner. That fountain and its duplicate, which was located at Third Avenue and Tenth Street, disappeared. I think they must have been sold as junk as the fire engine and the fire bell were.

THERE IS TO BE a family reunion on Thanksgiving day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Freedman, 1509 Blackburn Avenue, Ashland, Ky. This Julius Freedman should not be confused with Julius Friedman, early Huntington merchant, who was a much older man and died many years ago. At home for the Thanksgiving dinner will be Major Joseph Freedman, who will come with his wife and children from Lewisburg, O. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fetter (nee Freedman) and children Bruce and Maureen of Huntington, and Miss Rosemary Freedman, a teacher in the Fairmount section of Cincinnati.

MR. AND MRS. Harry Abrahams are preparing to leave for Miami Beach, Fla., where they will spend the winter. Like his brother and business partner, Sam Abrahams, Mr. Abrahams has retired because of ill health. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Abrahams are in Tucson, Ariz. . . . Mrs. Henry L. Doherty, the former Grace Randall of Cadetsburg, Ky., has been ill recently in Roosevelt Hospital in New York City.

And Mine *Wiatt Smith*

ON MONDAY night, Huntington Lodge 53, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, will confer a 50-year membership pin upon James Harrold of Ironton. O. Mri Harrold has been qualified for this pin for several years, but has never claimed it. Presentation arrangements have been made and



WIATT SMITH. Mr. Harrold will be brought to Huntington by his brother, Captain Ira O. Harrold, retired member of the police department. James Harrold, formerly a Chesapeake & Ohio engineer, is retired also, and his eyesight is much impaired. I learned of these things yesterday because I had been impelled to telephone to Captain Harrold, from whom I had not heard for a long time. My first memory of him is as of marshal of Guyandotte, or perhaps, of his election to that post. He served several years and after Guyandotte became part of Huntington joined the city force and served in numerous capacities until he retired.

FOR 50 YEARS, Captain Ira O. Harrold has been keeping a diary. He began his record when he made a river trip to New Orleans in 1899, and keeps it to this day, though he tells me he is less assiduous about it than he used to be. I never saw the diary, but have the impression that it consists chiefly of notes disclosing interesting historical dates, the birthdays of Captain Harrold's friends and matters of similar import. Years ago, I learned that a good way to supply a missing date was to ask Ira O. Harrold. He is an authority on numerous subjects, one of these being Ohio River, as he was a steamboatman before he became a policeman.

SINCE NOVEMBER 2, 1948, a favorite pursuit has been attempting to explain the election results. This column has refrained from joining in the chorus and shall continue to refrain. However, I've noted numerous explanations and can't refrain from reporting that a reader has decided that President Truman was reelected because Governor Thomas E. Dewey wears an eyebrow mustache. I don't subscribe to the theory but do know that mustache fashions have always had their adherents and their adverse critics. My father, who, had he lived, would have been 97 years old yesterday, always distrusted wearers of sideburns, a prejudice which I never shared. The reader who thinks Governor Dewey lost the presidential contest because of his eyebrow mustache thinks he might have fared better even with a handlebar mustache. I doubt that. Even so, I had no serious fault with the handlebar mustache unless it were dyed. I never liked 'em when they were dyed stiff and black, but I always was a sucker for a beard. Even today, when beards are scarce, I think a man with long whiskers is apt to be wiser than his fellows.

THIS PROBABLY because in my early days almost every man above 50 wore whiskers. Sometimes I recall the beard-wearers I knew as a boy. In those times the old men wore beards, the middle-aged wore mustaches, the youngsters were smooth-faced. One or two of the oldsters has smooth chins and wore whiskers on their necks. Many of those who shaved patronized barbershops and almost everyone had his individual cup and brush—his name on the mug, on the backstand of his

Your Friends by And Mine *Wiatt Smith*

When news of the assassination and death of Abraham Lincoln reached Buffalo, Putnam County, Henderson McCoy and another boy tolled the bell of Buffalo Academy. This was one of the memories of which Mr. McCoy told his daughter, Celestine, now



WIATT SMITH Mrs. Rolla F. Rogers of Ninth Avenue. Mrs. Rogers recalled it yesterday when I telephoned to talk about the Buffalo Academy centennial which is to be observed informally Sunday. Mrs. Rogers told me also of arrangements for expenditure of considerable sums for the construction of new schools in Putnam. She and I hope, doubtless with many others, that the improvement program will not doom the historic academy building, which has long housed a grade school, nor of the bell, still swinging in its place, which Henderson McCoy tolled when Abraham Lincoln died. Living at the Rogers home is Miss Etta McCoy, who looks forward to her 92nd birthday in August. Miss McCoy, daughter of Ervin McCoy, who was a member of the stock company which built Buffalo Academy, went to school in the old structure and later taught there after it had been acquired by the Board of Education. My mother, Sallie Wiatt, also attended Buffalo Academy.

WHILE THERE WILL be no formal observance of the centennial, the old school building promises to be a center of interest during the Buffalo homecoming Sunday — an annual event on the Sunday nearest Memorial Day. There are several Huntingtontians whose memories and family traditions go back to Buffalo and Buffalo Academy. I could find no one who was certain of the first name of the Major Browne who supervised the unloading of material for the academy in 1849, though Miss Etta McCoy had the impression that he was Major Columbus Browne.

J. E. PITRAT, one of the original shareholders of Buffalo Academy, was the great uncle of Mrs. H. A. Resener of Eighth Street. Mrs. Resener's grandfather was Dr. C. M. Pitrat. J. E. Pitrat devised and patented the original model of the Dayton computing scale — and sold it for \$10,000. Mrs. Harold F. Wright, nee Marie Allen, is a granddaughter Captain G. E. Allen, another of the first Buffalo Academy shareholders. Mrs. H. E. Pilcher, the former Miss Charlotte Barrows, is one of those who plan to attend the homecoming. Her father, Captain Frank Barrows, a steamboatman, and her mother are buried there. Mrs. Pilcher was born in Buffalo and went to school in what had been Buffalo Academy. She is a great-granddaughter of Ervin McCoy. Another daughter of Buffalo is Miss Carolyn Rehner of the Huntington Publishing Co.; also interested is David Foard, the shoe merchant, who was born at Pliny, across the Kanawha from Buffalo.

BECAUSE SHE IS in Orthopedic Hospital recovering from an injury, Miss Caroline Frazier of the Huntington school system will be unable to take part in the homecoming. Miss Frazier lives here with her mother, Mrs. Ed Frazier, widow of a Putnam County clerk.

Set Jan. 29 49.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

DURING THE AMERICAN Revolution General Benedict Arnold, his collusion with the enemy having been discovered, was fleeing toward the British lines. In the course of that flight he became ill and Mrs. Sylvester Fuller took him into her home and cared for him until he was able to travel.



She did not know who he was nor did she learn until he was ready to leave. Then he told her he was Benedict Arnold, the traitor. He added that he had no money but pressed upon her a moss agate snuff box, bound in gold. She kept it and it is in the possession of Irvin Wilgus of Proctorville, who lives in the home his grandfather,

WIATT SMITH Charles Wilgus, built there. Mrs. Sylvester Fuller was the mother of General Alphonso Theodore Foster Fuller, a hero of the War of 1812 and later an active citizen and well known figure in Proctorville and Lawrence County, Ohio. A tattered scrapbook lent me by Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Wilgus, 824 Eighth Street, tells of General Fuller, Charles Wilgus, who was Mr. Wilgus' great grandfather, and many other persons.

CHARLES WILGUS is said to have been the first sheriff of Lawrence County, and there is a family tradition that he, unwittingly, gave Getaway its name. Some one besought him to name the new village and he said, "O get away, I'm busy." So they called the place Getaway. General Fuller became a justice of the peace, and as such performed wedding ceremonies. The late R. G. (Clayton) Hall preserved one of his marriage certificates, filed January 26, 1846 and preserved in the Wilgus scrap book. It follows: "It is hereby certified by me, A. T. F. Fuller in and for Lawrence County, To all the rulers of the different continents and all the kingdoms therein, to all the people thereof both black and white, also the red and the partly colored ones, and also to all the governors of the United States and their constituents, constant and inconstant therein, — but more particularly to the Abolitionists therein, and to Ali Mommong, king of Barbary, and if he is dead to his representatives, legal or illegal — The state of Ohio, Lawrence County, SS. I hereby certify that on the 17th day of December, A. D., 1845, I solemnized the marriage of Seldon Peters and Miss Martha Ferguson by the authority of a license from the clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of said county and state, and that I acted the old soldier and kept as comfortable as I could and partook of a most splendid entertainment with bride and groom and all the gentry. A. T. F. Fuller, J. F."

GENERAL FULLER sleeps in the Fuller family burying ground near Proctorville. He has and Charles Wilgus has many descendants in Proctorville, Huntington and throughout this area. Charles Wilgus lived in what is now Proctorville when it was called Quaker Bottom. It was so known because a colony of Quakers stopped there for a time on a trek which ended in Iowa. Herbert Hoover's forbears are said to have been in the group. Charles Wilgus was twice sheriff and once assessor of Lawrence County when the seat of government was at Burlington. Records show that he took up his residence in Lawrence County in 1797.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

Burford C. Tynes told me he thought everybody in the world knew that the tall tree under which Dr. Thomas Dunn English wrote Ben Bolt was in Tazewell County, Virginia, where Mr. Tynes was born and grew up. I had entertained a hazy impression that the poem was written in Logan County, Frank Ball of Barboursville writes:



"We who write history must check closely for facts or we hear from a critical public. I have just written an article about Logan, W. Va. which should appear in Tracks magazine within the next few months. All the authorities I consulted, including the Dictionary of American Biography and the historical marker at Logan Courthouse, show the residence of Thomas Dunn English there from 1852 to 1856. He was elected the first mayor in 1852 and had the name of the town changed from Lawnsville to Aracoma. It was changed officially to Logan in 1907, although it had been known as Logan Courthouse since the county was formed in 1823. Dr. English wrote Ben Bolt in 1843, nine years too early for Logan authorship. It first appeared in The New York Mirror in September of that year. Not until 1894, however, did it become popular when George DuMarier used it in the novel, Trilby."

WIATT SMITH residence of Thomas Dunn English there from 1852 to 1856. He was elected the first mayor in 1852 and had the name of the town changed from Lawnsville to Aracoma. It was changed officially to Logan in 1907, although it had been known as Logan Courthouse since the county was formed in 1823. Dr. English wrote Ben Bolt in 1843, nine years too early for Logan authorship. It first appeared in The New York Mirror in September of that year. Not until 1894, however, did it become popular when George DuMarier used it in the novel, Trilby."

ON THE SAME SUBJECT. Mrs. C. R. Rutledge, 153 Baer Street, writes: "One day last week you mentioned a large walnut tree on the Peery farm at Tazewell, Va., under which the song, Ben Bolt, was written. I was a nurse before I was married and nursed in Tazewell and in the Peery family. There was a spring at the foot of that tree and a latticed summer house. The road formed a T. at the Peery farm, one arm leading to Bluefield, one to Burke's Garden and the other to Tazewell. People stopped there to drink water. Back in those days, 1920-22, there wasn't a drive-in or stand to serve a drink. Motorists also carried tin cans to put water in radiators. Remember? It made me a bit homesick when you mentioned this, I could close my eyes and see it in detail. The large red brick home in a drive. It was beautiful."

EDITH WINDSOR MANSELL, who was among the untraced members sought for the coming 30th reunion of the Huntington High School class of 1919, is a foreign missionary. She and her husband have been in Africa. Their last known address was in Portugal. Mrs. W. T. Bess has heard directly or indirectly from several of those concerning whom inquiry was made here Monday. Ethel Shaw Tabor lives in Charleston. The former Viola Durfee is Mrs. O. T. Deem and lives in South Parkersburg. Miss Kathleen Childers lives in Huntington. Iva Connally Joyner lives in Irvington, N. J. Mrs. Bess hopes to hear from or of others, including Earl Farrington, who was active in class affairs during high school days.

EN ROUTE NORTHWARD from Florida where they spent the Winter, Miss Clara DeNoon and Miss Anne DeNoon stopped at Charleston, S. C., where they visited some of the beautiful homes which were open. Among these were the homes of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Staats and Mrs. John Bennett. Mrs. Staats is the former Miss Juliet Wiles. Mrs. Bennett the former Miss Sallie Miller, both of Huntington. Miss Clara DeNoon and Miss Anne DeNoon are guests of Mrs. H. O. Ale-

illness of his mother, Mrs. S. G. Kline, who is a patient at St. Mary's Hospital. David Kline, Red Cross executive, Pasadena, Calif., took a plane at once and came to Huntington. Mr. Kline telephoned to say the report that I. E. Sowards, father of Erville E. Sowards, missionary in the Burma, is buried, at Hurricane is in error. I. E. Sowards is alive and well at Fort Springs, W. Va. David Kline married Elizabeth Sowards, daughter of T. J. Sowards, brother of I. E. Sowards, who lives at San Marino, Calif. From another source comes the following sketch of Erville Sowards: "He was born at Culoden, the



son of I. E. and Myrtle Perkins Sowards, who later moved to Hurricane. There they lived until the death of Mrs. Sowards, which occurred when Erville was in his teens. Erville's father saw that he got a good education. After graduating from Marshall College, he went to Burma to be an instructor in an English college. There he met and married an American girl. Returning to the United States, he became pastor of a church in Ohio. Several years ago he took his family back to Burma. His father, his uncle, Tom Sowards, now with the Chesapeake & Ohio here, and another uncle, the late Rev. H. G. Sowards, were brought up on Pea Ridge. Relatives on his mother's side are his uncles, J. F. Perkins of Logan, C. W. Perkins of Milton and W. R. Perkins of Charleston. The Rev. Erville Sowards has two sisters and two aunts in Charleston.

OPERATIVE ED WARD of Marcum Terrace reports that he often heard his father tell of the meteoric display which was known as the falling of the stars and which was described here by F. B. Lambert yesterday. Mr. Ward's father, Jesse Ward, lived in Franklin County, Virginia, at the time. He told his son the people were much perturbed, convinced the end of the world had come. One old fellow walked up and down, rubbing his nose, and vowing that he smelled brimstone. It was generally thought there would be no stars that night, if night indeed, came again. However, the sun set and there were just as many stars as ever. Mr. Ward remembers that his father said the occurrence was in 1836. Mr. Lambert's researches fix it in 1833.

GOOD REPORTS came from Bruce Perry, post-operative patient at St. Mary's. Mr. Perry, whose condition had his friends greatly disturbed, is getting better. John Beal has been to see him several times to shave him, and once to cut his hair. Mr. Beal was amazed at the Perry appetite for breakfast at which, accepting Bruce's account as accurate, which it was, of course, he ate more than John Beal would in a day ... As a result of a reference here to Jimbo Barnett, I heard that Mr. Barnett is bedfast at his St. Albans home, but no details.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

AFTER A VISIT to the Ohio Valley Miss Lillian Beinkampen, formerly of the Cabell school system, is back in San Antonio, Fla., resting and painting. I have a card from her in the Florida city—a card bearing a picture of Saint Anth-



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FROM AN ANONYMOUS friend I have a note saying: "Each day I read Your Friends and Mine. I have learned quite a lot about the town and people. I think it is quite a wonderful town, full of wonderful people. Beckley and Morgantown are boasting snow? Did you know Huntington has snow, too? It can be proved. Proof: In my deep freeze are snow balls which my young son put in Winter before last. It's two years old—but still snow." ... And will be snow until it's thrown out or the electricity fails. Personally, I have lost any yen for snow. When the old lady above starts picking her geese I'll stay indoors.

ANOTHER LETTER SAYS: "My dear boy: The Oxford dictionary shows the word unsanitary good, as used by you. Your really profound error lay in permitting a young female to correct one of the superior sex when he was right but unsure. Never be unsure, my boy: especially with females. Yours in the highest of high dudgeon, Ichabod. P. S. I am also annoyed at your expression 'laying late' (a la Samuel Peppeys) If you insist on laying when you should be lying, you owe it to your public to cackle." Now, now, Dr. Ersington, be patient and understanding—not that you are likely to be either. But if one female, as you say, upbraided me for saying unsanitary when she thought I should have said insanitary, another came to my defense, so that make's it even. As to the matter of laying late I know the Pepys form is archaic and if I see fit to use it again I shall offer no explanation. Others have read books, too.

WHEN IT WAS SAID here that G. C. Ricketts' store was on the northwest corner of Third Avenue and Tenth Street, there was left a wide opening for the Committee of 1,000. The committee promptly closed in for the kill. I acknowledge the error—of course the Ricketts store was on the southwest corner of Third Avenue and Tenth Street. I knew that all the time—but got my compass points mixed up. On the northwest corner was and still is the Harvey Building, a one-time three story structure from which the third story was removed a few years ago. It was occupied first by the store of R. T. Harvey & Sons, and was the first home of the American Bank & Trust Co. The upper story, or stories, served as the Harvey Opera House, Huntington's first

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The Friends

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KRAUT CREEK, which runs down from the hills through Westmoreland, has a name which has long been a subject of surmise. There is a tradition that it was so named because a settler spilled a barrel of kraut in its headwaters. Thus, it was christened with brine. Whether or not this is correct, no one seems to know. The stream is well known, running near what is now Burlington Road but, before



the development of Westmoreland, was McCormick's Lane. Joseph McCormick was born there and lived in the vicinity until he moved his family to Fifth Avenue when he was an old man. Mr. McCormick was a notable figure, who wore one leg of his trousers over his boot top and the

other tucked in the boot top. Everybody knew him as Uncle Joe McCormick, but his daughter, Mrs. Ella McCormick Clark, who died last year, told me he always resented this familiarity. Concerning the names of creeks, towns and counties, an operative has heard that there are no Indian names for geographical spots in Kentucky — the dark and bloody ground which took its own name from the aborigines. These matters came to attention because of a debate about the name of Kentucky streamlets, Whippoorwill Branch of Sunset Fork of John's Creek and Morning Glory branch of Whippoorwill.

DOUBTLESS there are readers who know the antecedents of Erville E. Sowards, Marshall College, 1921, who distinguished himself by being one of two who stuck to their mission posts when the tides of civil war engulfed their Burmese town. My own inquiries have produced few positive answers. Professor J. B. Shouse, who was dean of teachers college at Marshall when the school conferred its first degrees in 1921, says Mr. Sowards came here from Fort Spring, W. Va., and that soon after graduation he left for Burma, but has been here in intervening years. Miss Virginia Kline, daughter of S. G. Kline, recalls hearing nothing of Erville E. Sowards and doubts that he is related to Elizabeth Sowards who married her brother, David E. Kline. The David E. Klines now live in Pasadena, Calif.

MRS. C. N. DAVIDSON, one of the organizers of Court Bishop Donahue, Catholic Daughters of America, came from Detroit, Mich., to be one of the speakers at the court's anniversary dinner last night. She is visiting Mrs. W. W. Bryan, 523 Fourteenth Street. Bishop U. V. W. Darlington, retired Methodist dignitary, keeps on working, teaching a Bible class of older men at Emmanuel Church each Sunday. Bruce Perry, one of the men of Emmanuel, who has been gravely ill, is getting better, persons close to him report. They hope it won't be too long before Mr. Perry is up and around again.

THUS FAR I haven't grown old enough to be weatherwise. I can't tell when it ain't goin' to rain no more. Neither, I think, can the groundhog. At that, there is almost always six weeks more of winter after he sees his shadow and scurries back to his burrow on February 2, and he almost always sees his shadow. This is groundhog Day — and who am I to argue with the groundhog?

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Recently I wrote here of the brief Huntington visit of Mr. and Mrs. J. Gregg Layne, 1016 Shelby Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. There were paragraphs in two columns and both found their way to Mr. Layne. He writes: "I was surprised as well as pleased to think that I had broken the news in my native city. . . I was a little confused about the location of our home,



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but I didn't tell Miss Lovelace that I was born on the corner where the bank now stands. I thought it was in the middle of the block, where the theatre is located. When I got home my elder sister told me it was in the middle of the block between Tenth and Eleventh. My father's office was on Third Avenue, between Ninth and Tenth Streets. He was twice mayor of Huntington. My father (Judge) J. M. Yayne, did not come to California with us. His death on July 28, 1890, was the reason for our coming to California, where my mother's parents, formerly of Texas, were living. Father was buried in the old cemetery in Huntington.

"OUR HOME was a two story L-shaped building right next to the (Evan J.) Davies residence on Fourth Avenue between Tenth and Eleventh Streets. The home was given to my mother by her father, Josiah Gregg of Texas, shortly after her marriage. Then my father bought the adjoining lot on the west and made a garden and orchard there. I remember it had apple trees along the side next to the Cullens and two cherry trees at the back. My sister tells me the Elks Club now occupies this old garden of ours and the Cullen lot. Our mother was a real artist and painted some fine work. Among the earlier ones were two scenes in Huntington. One of them was a block long painting of our side of the street, showing all the homes.

"I HAVE made 21 trips back and forth across the continent, but this last one was the only time I could pick my own route. Some years ago I arranged to stop there on my way from New York to New Orleans, but the train was four hours late when we reached Huntington, so I contented myself with a look from the window. It was a real pleasure to visit Huntington, if but for a few hours. I was pleased to see such a prosperous looking metropolis. We patronized some of your merchants, buying jewelry and candy which we mailed home to our children and my sisters. I now live in the third city, in population, in the country, as we have now passed Philadelphia, having reached 2,029,690, and Los Angeles stores are known all over the country. Your stores measure well up to ours. While my chief interest is California and California history, my heart beat a little faster as I neared Huntington. While I admired the class and pep I saw in the Frederick dining room and on the streets, I must admit that the only thing I could recognize was the Ohio River, which, with the exception of the bridge, looked all right to me. . . Paul Walp told me that he had known you when he was teaching at Marshall College a few years ago. He is with the Colorado River Commission and gets in touch with me when he gets some particularly interesting historical material."

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PRIOR TO 1884, the highest flood in the Ohio Valley was in 1832. There lived in Gallipolis a descendant of the French 500 who remembered the 1832 flood. He was an authority on the subject and liked to talk



about it. This gave him prestige. When, in 1884, the rising river approached and then exceeded the 1832 marks, he was disturbed. He expired at the 1884 flood time and talk was that he died of pure chagrin because his high water mark had been beaten. Doubtless the medical findings were otherwise and death was due to some other cause. I don't know, but do know that many of those who liked to talk about the flood of 1884 were indignant when their memories were less significant when new records were established by the flood of 1913. This story has been told here, but will bear repeating. One of my recollections of 1913 concerns a telephone inquiry I got from Uncle Tom (Thomas A.) Wiatt. I told him the forecasters said the water would be higher than in 1884. "I don't believe it," he roared, and hung up the receiver. I was to sympathize with him when the 1937 flood knocked 1913 records into a cocked hat.

THOUGH 1937 records are the highest known, there is a tradition left by the Indians, of an even greater flood, during which the Ohio spread from hill to hill. This was recalled to my attention by Mrs. Marie Shepard Yost, a Gallipolis girl who told me of hearing of the death of the sage who remembered the flood of 1832. The Indian tradition was discussed after 1937. It was said then that the river had risen 10 feet higher than in 1937. This doesn't seem reasonable, but it isn't safe to discredit it. Theorists after 1937 held that the big waters resulted from the denuding of the forests, but the woods were primeval at the time of the flood of which the Indians left their tradition. My own theory is that the surest cause of a flood is persistent rain — and it doesn't have to rain 40 days and 40 nights, either.

MRS. YOST lives above the flood line and watches the river from the hill top. Saturday, when it blew cold, she told me of the hungry birds who came for her bounty — perhaps 100 of them. Moreover, she has made friends with the ground squirrels and with one field mouse. At the week end, she had flowers on her lawn, as did many other Huntington dwellers. Mrs. J. Clyde Turner, 23 Pogue Street, reported crocuses blooming on her lawn and Judge Jo N. Kenna, who came down from Charleston Saturday evening, reported a flower blooming on the Capitol grounds. Unless such flowers are hardier than I think, they must have been killed by the low temperatures of the week-end. And the birds must need feeding. Mrs. W. Page Pitt saw 14 cardinals on her lawn one day last week.

MISS EDITH DAVIES has a pet cardinal and also tells of a mocking bird which sits on her window ledge and joins in her song.

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BY CHANCE, I was within earshot of a group of railroad dignitaries who came to Huntington for the funeral services and burial of John W. Davin Monday. These men did not talk of John Davin in the past tense. Even though they were newly come from his grave they spoke of the departed president of the Nickel Plate as if he were



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among them, or in the other room. "Davin does thus," one would say, and presently another would quote the dead president, remarking "John Davin says this." From these things, and some others I knew, I concluded that John W. Davin had already become a traditional figure among his rail associates and that his words will be quoted and his methods emulated long after those who worked with him have followed him to the hereafter. Though he had lived a good many years in Cleveland, John W. Davin, was, to his friends here, essentially a Huntington man — and these friends quote him, too. I knew him casually only, but was much closer to his brother, Harlow Davin, who served many years as assistant division superintendent in charge of Chesapeake & Ohio affairs at Logan. Harlow is a tradition, too, and the name of Davin will persist long in railroad circles.

THERE WAS A GENERAL feeling of relief Tuesday when it was learned that Bruce Perry had come successfully through major surgery at St. Mary's hospital and that physicians had found nothing to indicate that he should not recover normally and satisfactorily. This is good news. Many of us have been concerned about Mr. Perry. I have known Bruce at least 40 years. I have no memory of him as a farm boy who lived at Salt Rock or as a United States Marine. After he completed his service with the Marines he came to Huntington and joined the police force. For several years he was a merchant here and for a long time he has been selling automobiles. If all the cars that have passed through his agencies could be assembled they would make a big parade and a weird one. In his early days as an automobile dealer he was in business with Dave Gideon. He, Sol Birke, I and others called ourselves "the Gideon boys."

ONE DAY which seems not so far away Harold R. Pinckard took me aside and started to make a blushing communication. I interrupted him, saying, "Are you going to get married?" The question helped him. I learned that the prospective bride was Miss Mary King. A short time later, I went to their wedding. There has been quite a lapse of time since those occurrences. Saturday Miss Joanne Pinckard, daughter of Harold R. and Mary King Pinckard, is to become the bride of Ernest Salvatore. The wedding is to be private, but I am invited to the reception which is to follow. If fate is willing, I shall go.

LIEUTENANT BOB FEMOYER who went away from Fourteenth Street to become an aviation cadet, won a commission and was awarded posthumously the Congressional Medal, after he died of war wounds in England, is to be brought back to the United States for burial. His grave will be at Jacksonville, Fla., where his

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IT IS TO BE hoped that youngsters who saw and heard President Harry S. Truman here yesterday will remember the event and the date. This is true because Mr. Truman is the President and some boy or girl of today may, in some later day, be asked to recall his visit.



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Presidential visits to Huntington have been rare, if, indeed, there has been any such a visit. Uncle Tom Wiatt returned to his home one day and told of having been in a line of citizens who passed and greeted President William McKinley. This is all I remember about it, but I heard the story told and believe President McKinley was here that day. However, no one else seems to know anything about it.

PRESIDENT BENJAMIN Harrison spoke once at what is now the Hotel Frederick corner, according to Paul W. Scott, who thinks this must have been in 1892. When General Harrison was running for reelection. Herbert Hoover, then president, passed through Huntington in 1932, on his way to speak at Charleston. I do not recall that he made even a platform appearance here. He was here, his train passed through Huntington, and Raymond Brewster, now editor of The Herald-Dispatch, boarded the train here and rode to Charleston with the Hoover party.

DURING HIS 'presidential years Franklin D. Roosevelt did not come to Huntington. I saw him when he inspected a naval armament plant at South Charleston at the beginning of World War II. FDR did speak in Huntington in 1920, when he was the vice-presidential nominee of the Democratic party, running on the ticket with James M. Cox. In the same year Calvin Coolidge, the Republican vice-presidential nominee, spoke at the City Auditorium and was somewhat annoyed at the call of "pour it to 'em," from J. K. (Doc) Sulter, until it dawned on him that Mr. Sulter was on his side. On that visit Mr. Coolidge met and began a friendship with Dave Gideon which continued until death ended the Coolidge career. Theodore Roosevelt spoke at the south front door of the Courthouse when he was the Progressive nominee for President in 1912. William H. Taft spoke here between his presidency and his appointment at chief justice.

DEATH THURSDAY of Mrs. Edith Kermit Carow Roosevelt recalls the years when her husband, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, was President and waved the Big Stick at the White House. Mrs. Roosevelt, essentially domestic, kept out of the public eye then and thereafter, except when she stepped forward to let it be known that she was supporting Herbert Hoover against her husband's kinsman, Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt was honorary president of the Needlework Guild of America. It was coincidental that on the day of her death I was told of the plans for the annual membership drive of the Huntington Branch of the Needlework Guild, October 10-16. Membership fee is two new garments. The ingathering and exhibit will be held at the Woman's Club House October 29. Mrs. Charles Fleegel, assistant secretary, says that this year there is an increased demand for Guild-distributed garments.

Her name, but Mrs. Carow, whose knowledge of dyes had been handed to her, made the kids stay away from the dye pots.

ings in Huntington. Evangelist Charles R. Scoville was a guest at the home of Congressman and Mrs. James A. Hughes. It so chanced that Mrs. Donald (Mary Vinson) Clark, sister of Mrs. Hughes, had lately visited a home on Stinking Branch of John's Creek, in Pike County, Kentucky, where she had bought a suit pattern of homespun woolen, woven by a mountain woman. She meant to have it made up for herself, but Dr. Scoville admired it so much that she gave it to him. He accepted it gratefully and had it made into a suit, which he wore frequently, and in which Mrs. Clark thought, he may have been buried. She gave him the homespun with a light heart, thinking she would soon return to Pike county and get another pattern. But she never got back to John's Creek to replace the gray cloth which she had given the preacher. That was a long time ago. Just now she is having a suit made of homespun, but the woolen came from the Federal Women's Reformatory at Alderson. Mrs. Clark is a member of the board of the women's reformatory, upon which she has served since she was appointed by President Franklin D. Roosevelt early in his first administration.



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WARDS OF THE ALDERSON reformatory weave wonderful woolsens, she tells me, but most of the products of their looms are used at Alderson and other federal institutions. Available to the public only—even including the directors—are goods made by the weavers of material which they have bought—and made on their own time. Mrs. Clark bought the material and paid the maker for the overtime effort. Once a year there is a fair at Alderson at which such things as the women have made for themselves are for sale. Once Mrs. Clark was accompanied to Alderson by Mrs. Hope Hammond of New York City and Mrs. G. W. Kerr of Kenova, both of whom bought some of these products.

DR. SCOVILLE, whose evangelistics campaign here is remembered by many, was a member of the Christian Church. He was an orator of distinction and an able psychologist. Mrs. Scoville, a beautiful woman, was a gifted singer and often she interrupted a Scoville sermon by rising to sing such a song as "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"

IN RELATION to the long reaches of history, it has been a short time, comparatively, since the explorers, map makers, settlers, named the creeks and farms in this area—yet I know of the significance of but few. Mrs. Clark says if she were writing a thesis she might choose as a subject the name of mountain creeks and forks. It may be that someone knows the origin of the name of John's Creek, which is one of the longest creeks anywhere and which runs into Levisa Fork or Big Sandy. I doubt if anyone knows how Stinking Branch got its name or how its neighbor became known as Whippoor Branch or how John's Creek came so to be called. Material for another thesis, perhaps already written, might be a study of the knowledge of dyes held by the women who lived in the mountains in the early days. Mrs. Clark remembers that as a little girl she was

June, Feb. 1, 1944.
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And Mine Wiatt Smith

Sept. 3, 1948.

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DAUGHTER OF Confederate Brigadier General Albert Gallatin Jenkins and goddaughter of Jefferson Davis, Cabell-born Alberta Gallatin elected a stage career and won a name for herself in the theatrical world. Miss Gallatin in private life Mrs. Al-



berta Gallatin Childer died in a New York City hospital Wednesday, August 25, at the age of 87. News of her death came to me via Hot Springs, Ark. from which her cousin, Albert Gallatin Jenkins II, sent a clipping from The New York Times of August 27. Miss Gallatin, who was

born on the Jenkins estate at Greenbottom, lived at 143 West Seventy-sixth Street, New York. She was never a frequent visitor here, but I recall a long-ago occasion when she appeared at the Huntington Theatre. According to The New York Times she founded the Edgar Allan Poe Society of America in 1920 and served as its president for 17 years. "Her last stage appearance here," continues The Times, "was in 1925 when she played Eve in Lord Byron's Cain at the Lennox Little Theatre."

"SHE HAD supported Edwin Booth in Shakespearean repertory and had appeared with Joseph Jefferson, Richard Mansfield, Thomas W. Keenè, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Maurice Barrymore, Otis Skinner, Jacob Adler, E. H. Southern and James K. Hackett. Miss Gallatin had been seen in Nell Gwynne on tour and in Shakespearean repertory with her own companies. She enacted many classic roles, including Mrs. Alving in Ibsens Ghosts, and the name part in Sappho in William A. Brady's production on the road. She had appeared with the Henry Miller, Daniel Frohman and the Wagenhals & Kemper Companies and had played stock in Washington, Milwaukee and Philadelphia. . . . Schooled in a St. Louis convent, Miss Gallatin made her stage debut at the age of 17 in the McCullough Dramatic Club there. She was a member of the New York Poetry Group, the National Arts Club and the United Daughters of the Confederacy."

ALBERTA GALLATIN, whose stage career covered more than 40 years, was the daughter of General Jenkins and the former Virginia Southard Bowlin, whose father, James Bowlin had been minister to Paraguay. Her father, a descendant of Revolutionary statesman Albert Gallatin, was a pre-secession member of the national House of Representatives. During the war of the sixties, he interrupted his military career to serve in the confederate congress. His army life began at Guyandotte as organizer and captain of the Border Rangers. He rose to colonel and then to brigadier general before being mortally wounded at the battle of Cloyd Mountain.

INVITATIONS FROM BELLE VINSON (Mrs. James A.) Hughes and from Z. Taylor Branham tempt me mightily to go to the Vinson reunion to be held Sunday at the Branham home, Honshell Hill, at Catlettsburg. Expectation is the Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson, whose earlier homes were at Louisa, Ky., and Ashland, will be there. Mrs. Hughes is going, though she is just now recovering from an injury.

Because of polio in the Tarheel state, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hawes, Jr., of New York City did not think it wise to take their children to see his father, Dr. C. M. Hawes, who lives at Washington, N. C. Hence, they came to Huntington to see her mother, C. M. Love of Sixth Avenue, and Dr. and Mrs. (Curly and Helen) Hawes, came here from North Carolina. Dr. Hawes was ribbed a bit because Helen came here with a frog in her throat. "That's nothing," he said, "I was hoarse as a raven when I was admitted into the Huntington Rotary

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Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

CONDITIONS FORBADE my visiting the Freedom Train and seeing the invaluable exhibits it bore to Huntington. However, I heard echoes of its memorable visit, one of these being a discussion of the words of the Star Spangled Banner. This discussion arose in a group of well-informed men and it



developed that none of us could sing or even recite the words of the national anthem. Please note the use of the word, us. I was and still am unable to repeat the words. I intend to learn them promptly, but even if the music were much simpler than it is, I'd never be able to sing the song. I think that group was representative; doubt that one person in a thousand knows all the words of the Star Spangled Banner or even how many stanzas the great anthem contains.

LIKE MOST PERSONS I know, I retain only snatches of songs—usually the first lines and the chorus. I thought I knew the words of America, but I find that I can no longer recall them. Oddly, it is the first verse that stumps me. Inclined to preen myself about my memory, I dislike to admit that I am so deficient, but the truth is that I know all the words of only one or two songs and I know these because I set about to learn them. Mostly, I join, actually or mentally, in the opening lines of any song, and then, as the song progresses, resort to humming. And I don't even hum well.

MUSICIANS AND SCHOOL children may be less ignorant on these subjects than the rest of us, but I'm doubtful even of them. When I got home after the debate about the words of the Star Spangled Banner, I turned with confidence to my favorite anthology—and lo the verses were not there. In the house there are other anthologies, but I doubt if any of them presents the deathless lines. However, almost every American knows some of the words. That was true of the group of which I spoke, some of them remembered enough of the lines to permit them to sing a couple of stanzas, and quite effectively, too.

LONG AGO, I attended Marshall College classes with a boy we called Charley Williams. He was a good fellow, and all of us liked him. After school years, our paths separated and I had not heard of him nor thought of him for a long time until I was told several weeks ago that he was in a Huntington hospital, a patient after two cerebral hemorrhages. I thought then I might communicate with him, but the next thing I heard was of his death. Charley, after learning the machinist's trade at the Chesapeake & Ohio shops, had gone West and become a salesman for a shoe manufacturing company. He had married, but was childless and his wife was dead. After he became ill he returned to Huntington and was cared for by his brother and only close relative, Cecil Williams, and Mrs. Cecil Williams.



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MRS. FULLER doesn't know anything about Mr. Foot, who owned the mill. As she recalls the original site of the Ensign Manufacturing Co., now the ACF, did not extend to the river front. Of interest to the youngsters of her day were the horses kept in the Ensign plant stables. Some of these horses drew the phaetons which hauled executives back and forth to work, including a trip downtown for lunch — or dinner as most people called it then.

Jan. 6, 1943.

"WHEN is Indian Summer?" This is the heading of a letter appearing in Time magazine, which says: "Time for November 3rd: Never in the memory of a living New Englander has there been such an Indian Summer." Time is correct, because Indian Summer never comes until November. My



When that deceitful Sum-
mer comes

Be sure to hail the Winter near;
If Autumn wears a morning coat
Be sure, to keep the mind afloat.

"The flowers have dropt; their
blooms are gone,
The herbage is no longer green;
The birds, to their haunts
withdrawn,
The leaves are scattered through
the plain;
The sun approaches Capricorn,
And man and creature looks
forlorn . . ."

AT THE risk of clashing with an authority, I reiterate that Indian Summer, or St. Martin's Summer, is the season not to be found on any calendar, nor, accurately, in any almanac. It comes after the first onset of Winter, if it comes at all. Sometimes it may not bless the world. This controversy began when there was a general tendency to describe the beautiful weather of October as Indian Summer. I do not think it is settled or ever will be settled. Anyway, I present my compliments to the members of the Committee of 1,000 who called my attention to or sent me the clipping from Time.

"WILL you please thank all the folks who wrote in to tell me the dye recipe," writes Lucy (Mrs. Earl C.) Halstead, "I have at one time or another made all but the walnut dyes. To Mrs W. W. Bryan may I say the robin's egg blue comes out beautifully." Mrs. Bray Bryan's recipe was one not published here. Because of certain peculiarities it was conveyed direct to Mrs. Halstead, who tried it. She says, "Never was I one to take things for granted. I always have to experiment. When other nice girls are out shopping or attending movies I'm in the midst of experiments. Once I heard you could train little pigs. The old sow was in the orchard and broke through the fence, and I was in an apple tree for nearly five hours. I got a good licking and it gave me a good scare . . ."

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

For want of a better term, Europeans uprooted by World War II are known as displaced persons. More than a year ago there was an inquiry in Huntington as to those who would receive and share their homes with some of these uprooted ones. Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Goheen, 2916 Winters Road, signed up. Months went by and they all but forgot this agreement. Monday night Mrs. Goheen got a telegram saying a Polish family was being sent to her and



her husband. Mr. Goheen was away and Mrs. Goheen may well be excused for being a bit flabbergasted. However, she got quarters ready and went to the Chesapeake & Ohio station to meet her guests. Mrs. Goheen was happy to have the aid of Mrs. S. O. Harwood and Miss Stephanie Kurtell, the latter a Polish girl who

WIATT SMITH came to her as a displaced person. Mrs. Harwood and Miss Kurtell were at the depot when the strangers arrived.

IN HER NATIVE language and theirs, Miss Kurtell greeted Mr. and Mrs. John (Barbara) Szvec. Then she introduced them to Mrs. Goheen and Mrs. Harwood, explaining that Mrs. Goheen and Mr. Goheen were to be their hosts and sponsors in the new world. Mr. and Mrs. Szvec went to the Goheen home and yesterday were making themselves accustomed to their surroundings. They are around 40 years old, and have a son in Canada. She speaks no English, he only a few words. He has sufficient command of the language to say he is an automobile mechanic. What the future holds for them is a closed book, but they must think the outlook bright now that they are enjoying the hospitality of the Goheen home. Certainly, they should not be lonesome. Mr. and Mrs. Goheen are the parents of 12 children, and nine of the children are at home. A daughter is married and has two children of her own. Two sons are away at school.

ON SUNDAY, MAY 22 between 3 and 5 P. M., at their home in Chapmanville Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ferrell will hold open house in observance of the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Ferrell lived in Huntington several years, at the end of which they returned to their native Logan County. Mrs. Ferrell is the former Miss Delia E. Garrett, whose parents, the Rev. and Mrs. W. D. (Uncle Dyke and Aunt Sallie) Garrett celebrated their seventy-first wedding anniversary before he died at the age of 96. Mr. and Mrs. Ferrell have eight children, all grown, 10 grandchildren. All of their children, save one, live in Logan County. Mrs. Ferrell's sister, Mrs. Scott Justice and Donald Justice plan to attend the open house Sunday. I'd like to go, too, but can't see my way to undertake the journey. As it is, I wish many happy returns to Delia, my cousin, and John.

7-12-19-? Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

Having read in The Herald-Dispatch last week of the death of Mrs. Martha Eskridge Osman of Barboursville Route 2, Attorney E. Henry Broh wrote me.

"During my recent unsuccessful campaign for election to the Legislature, I stopped at a store at the intersection of State Route 10 and the Heath Creek Road. There I met two lively and interesting septagenarians who introduced themselves as Martha Eskridge Osman and Nannie Day. The death of the former is noted in today's Herald-Dispatch. During our talk, Mrs. Day had me repeat my name, and thereupon pointed to an



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old pendulum clock on the wall. 'I got that clock from the old Broh Clothing Co. at Third Avenue and Ninth Street,' she said. She then told me that in 1899, the store which had variously belonged to my grandfather, my uncles and my father, had offered these clocks as a premium with the purchase of men's clothing. Having no men in her family she scrounged the neighborhood for certificates until she got enough to entitle her to the clock. In 1899 she hung the clock on the wall, she said and continued: 'It hasn't been down from there since; and in case you want to set your own wrist watch, you can do it from that clock. It always gives the right time.' Her sister told me that Mrs. Osman had been the postmaster at Martha, a town which was named for her."

MRS. JOHN B. PORTER, 63 Adams Avenue, writer: "I recall quite well the race track of which you wrote in your column July 9. I was Elizabeth Howell, youngest daughter of Alex C. Howell, a brick layer contractor. I was married to John B. Porter in September, 1903. We attended the races at this track the second day after our wedding. It will have been 46 years this September."

AS A LITTLE GIRL in Richmond, Va., Viola E. Mathews stroked the flank of the horse which was then being ridden by General Robert E. Lee. In the early days of Huntington she came to Guyandotte with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Miles Mathews. In her Guyandotte girlhood she chummed with Alice Smith my aunt, later Mrs. H. W. Stewart. Now Mrs. T. J. Bullock, 533 Tenth Street, she will be 91 years old in September. Mrs. Bullock supervises her garden, sits on her porch and watches the passing of the city she has seen grow from its beginning. Sharing her home is her daughter, Mrs. Claudia Summer, who called to tell me she was in the graduating class of Huntington High School with Miss Marian Walkinshaw, Will Wertz and others in 1898. Miss Olive Summers of Sixth Avenue also remembers that she graduated with one of the Walkinshaw sisters. Miss Edith Davies saw some members of the Walkinshaw family on an elevated train in New York City in 1913. This is the latest trace of the family known to have been here as late as 1909, concerning whom Truman A. Morris of the Chamber of Commerce seeks information in behalf of Jerry R. Reed, Chamber of Commerce, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

WEDNESDAY July 13
Mrs. Jeff Wilkins 1816 Fifth Avenue will celebrate her birthday. Here for the event is Mrs. Wilkins' daughter, Mrs. Bess Hoyt of Long Beach, Calif. Lieutenant Russell Hughes, USN, Mrs. Hughes and their daughter Deborah Anne, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hughes and daughter Kit of Des Moines, Ia. have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Hughes, grandparents of the two little girls. Lieutenant Hughes who had been at Seattle, Wash., is en route to Annapolis for new duty. This is the first reunion of the Hughes brothers in several years and the first time their families ever met. E. L. Zimmerman plans to leave Saturday for an automobile trip to Los Angeles, Calif.

May 2, 19—?

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

With the advent of May, Huntington comes into one of its loveliest seasons. This is true, though it may be raining when these lines reach the reader.



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However, May day was bright and fair. Flowers and trees are blooming and the air is scented here and there with their fragrance. There are few homes in the city without even a little lawn and garden. There is a more general emphasis on flowers and lawns and trees than in the utilitarian vegetable gardens which in earlier years most Huntingtonians cultivated. Vegetable gardens can be and often are attractive but they do not lend to the town the beauty that is created by flower gardens. That is created by flower gardens. Recently I sat in a gathering of professional men, some old, some young who discussed with interest their own gardening ventures. I listened and learned, regretting mildly that I had gained only superficial knowledge of these things since I grew old enough to abandon compulsory gardening activities of boyhood.

AZALEAS WERE the principal topic of these friends, but I don't remember that any of the speakers said the azalea originally was produced by a crossing of the wild honeysuckle. I didn't know it then, but I put it in here just to prove that I am close to informed sources. Biggest surprise to me was the advised statement of J. B. Meek that rhododendron and mountain laurel were not remotely related. I thought they were one and the same, but my favorite authority tells me Mr. Meek was right. However, I learned about such things from Jack Meek, Dr. T. W. Moore, E. P. Frost and others — and wasn't tempted to join in the discussion. Flower gardens are not new. They flourished when I was a boy in Guyandotte, though not so numerous as today. And I have yet to discover a fragrance equal to that of the blossoms of the locust trees which afforded shade for the Guyandotte I first knew.

DOWN FROM Charleston one day last week, Carl D. Poindexter hunted me up and we talked, as always, about boyhood years. I asked him about his family, particularly his grandchildren, whereupon he produced from a hip pocket a wallet containing pictures of his grandchildren, all four of them. He told me Mrs. Poindexter, the former Miss Julia Murphy of Main Street, is much better from the illness which afflicted her last year. . . . Speaking of pictures from pockets, Walter E. Duling has been carrying a snapshot of his mother, 97-year-old Mrs. Annie Duling who now lives at Morgantown. The picture was taken recently when Walter and Irl N. Duling visited their mother — and the sons are in it too. Walter tells me his mother is active and vigorous.

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Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

NEWS, UNEDITED and uncensored, travels at great speed over the grapevine telegraph. It may be indiscreet for a newspaperman to admit that a thing may be kept out of the press and still be no secret. Long before movable type was invented there were town criers and these criers must have often called out items to persons who already had the facts. These reflections arose yesterday morning when the story of the marriage of Mrs. Martha Chafin Renshaw and Dr. S. Roger Tyler got into circulation. The story was authentic, the event not too surprising, yet many were surprised. It seems to me fitting that the veteran rector of Trinity Episcopal Church and Mrs. Renshaw should wed. Each has devotedly



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served the church. Recently I learned that the Mary and Martha Guild was named for Mrs. Z. T. Vinson and her sister, then Mrs. Renshaw, now Mrs. Tyler. I had presumed that the Guild has been named for the Biblical, scriptures. None if this has anything to do with the grapevine telegraph, which does spread the word. It used to be that such news was passed over the garden fence. Now it goes by telephone — and were the wires hot yesterday morning!

AMONG THE TREASURED keepsakes of Mrs. E. A. Murray of Charleston Avenue is a robin's nest. This nest had fulfilled its normal destiny and was about to be blown from its mooring on the Murray garage when Mrs. Murray and the late Mr. Murray rescued it. They had watched together when the robins built the nest. Often, when the mother bird was setting on her eggs, Mrs. Murray saw her. At first the bird would fly away when Mrs. Murray came near. Later she stayed where she was. Mr. and Mrs. Murray watched the fledglings until they went away on their own power. Thereafter, it became necessary to rescue the nest, which has been kept because it has woven into its floor a tag, marked USA.

MRS. MURRAY LIKES birds and encourages them to live on her premises. Robins, especially, like the place, and one Summer a red-breasted pair built a nest on the Murray porch. They were not disturbed and all was serene until certain neighbors called, bringing the dog with them. It is probable that the dog meant no harm, but the hen robin was taking no chances. With an angry flutter, she attacked Towser so fiercely that he tucked his tail and ran home.

PLANS OF Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hoge of Toledo, O., and daughter Luanne to see me were disrupted when they called to Madison Saturday because Mr. Hoge's sister, Mrs. Talma Dotson, suffered a broken hip in a school playground accident. . . . Phoebe, 14-year-old English setter, white with orange markings, disappeared Sunday from the home of Fred McCormick, 1007 Chesapeake Court. Mr. and Mrs. McCormick and Freddie, Jr., were still looking for the pet yesterday.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

Colonel William J. German, Huntingtonian, now a civilian employe of the government in the U. S. zone in Germany, has offices in the Krupp mansion in Esse, Germany. During his Summer travels in Europe, Dr. Will E. Neal visited Col. German and was shown over the building by a man, who, as butler, had served the Krupp family there. This served as one of the interesting incidents of the tour of Dr. and



Mrs. Neal, their grandson, Billy, and Mrs. Curry of Thomas, W. Va. Dr. Neal is in Huntington again practicing medicine, with rich memories of his automobile trip over Western Europe and the British Isles. The journey overseas was on a slow boat. The Neals took their own automobile with them and used it in going from place to place.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Neal were hurt in a sea storm, but though he sustained a cracked shoulder blade, Dr. Neal rallied quickly and went on with his motoring. He is, as reported here recently, a former mayor of Huntington, and this reminds me that previous listings of former mayors, living, have omitted the name of Porter W. Smith.

MAIN STREET'S youngsters were partial, long ago, to lemon cookies made by Mrs. George E. (Miss Alberta) Burks. So far as I know, children never cried for them, but when Miss Alberta was making cookies the word got around and the kids queued up. And, kind lady that she was, Miss Alberta handed out the cakes. Mrs. George E. Burks of 141 West Ninth Avenue, whose husband is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Burks of Main Street, has the recipe, but, according to her automobile dealer husband, the cookies she produces don't taste like the ones his mother used to make. I suggested that George's taste had changed, but was ruled down on this. Those cookies were lightly flavored with baker's ammonia and the consensus is that the change must be in the ammonia. George Burks, who was for years my next door neighbor on Main Street, came to bring me a tear sheet from the New Haven, Conn., Register carrying a feature story about Collis P. Huntington, railroad builder and founder of Huntington. Mrs. Burks, the former Ethel Coffey, of Catlettsburg, never met R. R. Chamberlain who sent her the tear sheet. They are business acquaintances and all their communications have been by mail.

MY EARLIEST memories of Lawrence L. McClure center in the baseball diamond and historic League Park where Albert (Dutch) Nazel and his Mountain-State boys played all comers. Mr. McClure was a pitcher and a good one, albeit somewhat light in weight. I don't think he stayed in the Nazel team after that organization turned professional and joined the old Mountain State League. Lawrence, however, had a season with the New York Americans before he turned his attention to the law practice in which he was to engage, successfully, for many years. As assistant United States attorney he became a close friend of Judge George W. McClintic. They were of much the same disposition—each an exponent of the spiced tongue—but they got along. Lawrence McClure was a many-sided character, a long-time friend of mine and an often caustic member of the Committee of 1,000.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

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TALL FELLOWS, Whitney N. Seymour, Jr., six feet eight inches, and his brother Thaddeus Seymour, six feet, five inches plus, inherit their height from both sides of the house. Their father, Whitney N. Seymour, a New York lawyer, stands several inches above six feet.



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Their maternal grandfather, Dr. Robert E. Vickers of Huntington, was also of gigantic tallness. Mr. and Mrs. Whitney N. Seymour, nee Lola Vickers, live in New York city and have a Summer home, Northridge, at Stockton, N. J. Whitney N. Seymour, Jr., was a Princeton chum of William C. (Billy) Campbell. There was much to talk about when Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, attending the Seattle, Wash., convention of the American Bar Association, met Mr. and Mrs. Rolla D. Campbell, parents of William C. Campbell, and the late Samuel Biern at the bar association meeting. Mr. Seymour is a member of the New York firm of Simpson, Thatcher & Bartlett, in whose offices, he succeeded to the desk of Huntington-born Dwight Morrow.

HUNTINGTON conversation was enhanced, too, by the presence of Dr. and Mrs. Lyle McGinnis. Dr. McGinnis, who graduated in medicine from the University of Virginia in June, is doing his internship at the Tate-Nathan Clinic in Seattle. He lives in the Washington metropolis with Mrs. McGinnis, the former Miss Annie Comer Davis, and their three children, Imogene, Celeste and Lyle, Jr. Also with them is Dr. McGinnis' sister, Miss Eloise McGinnis. Miss McGinnis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ira J. McGinnis of Third Avenue, took care here of young Lyle McGinnis, about 16-months old, while his parents, who had gone ahead with their daughters, were getting settled in Seattle. When she was told they were ready she took the baby to Seattle by air. Having arrived there she decided, liking the place, to do graduate work at a university. In order to do so she got leave from her duties with the Cabell County school system. Before the school year started, she made a visit to Alaska.

HUNTINGTON relatives and friends have been advised of the birth on Saturday, September 11, at Lake Providence, La., of Margaret Mullady Voelker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Voelker, Jr. Mrs. Voelker is the former Miss Virginia Lee Wilson, who lived in Huntington several years and was active in the College Theatre. She is the sister of Mrs. Robert R. Twohig, 1221 Washington Avenue.

BUSY PREPARATIONS for a guest are being made at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Hughes. There are to be several guests, as a matter of course, but to hear Grandmother Hughes, who is the national commander of the Army Mothers, one might conclude that the others are coming for the ride and to act as escort for Kit Hughes, the granddaughter. Others in the party will be Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hughes, the baby's parents, and Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Hunt, the maternal grandparents, all of Des Moines, Ia.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

ONE of the most inspiring as well as most touching things I ever saw or heard on any stage was on the Bryant showboat at the foot of Tenth Street early in World War II. This was the solo of Mrs. Sam Bryant, Billy's mother, who sang "The White Cliffs of Dover." Mrs. Bryant was no young woman,



WIATT SMITH

but she was a gallant trouper and love for her native England was reflected in her rendition of England's great war song. Now, according to a clipping newly sent me, Mrs. Violet Bryant is too feeble probably ever to appear before the footlights again. Subject of the clipping was Sam Bryant, 92-year-old head of the family, who died June 30 at Gallipolis. Born at Ware, England, in 1856, he came to the United States in 1884, accompanied by Mrs. Bryant. At first they appeared together in medicine shows. In 1907, they established themselves at Point Pleasant and built the boat which was to make them famous, even as they made it famous, before it was sold to be converted into a wharffboat here in Huntington. Billy Bryant carries on as a lecturer.

ALWAYS an individualist, A. W. Werninger saw to it that his personal ideas of things as they should be were carried out even at his funeral. When, as his ninetieth birthday approached and he realized that he wouldn't be here much longer, he said: "I don't want my friends or relatives carrying my body to the grave." In accordance with his desire, the customary designation of pallbearers was omitted. The bearers at the Werninger funeral were Marshall students, engaged for the season. There was point to Mr. Werninger's direction. The custom of naming pallbearers must be very old, but many aging men serve when they are not fit.

THERE are numerous echoes of the marriage at Catlettsburg Tuesday of J. C. Rardin III and Miss Jane Marcella Galigher. Time was when many Huntington couples slipped off to Catlettsburg to be married, though I think the custom has fallen into disuse during latter years. Perhaps Jack Rardin was prompted a little toward the selection of Catlettsburg as the wedding scene by the fact that the Gate City was the early stamping ground of his dad, Jake (J. C.) Rardin.

REPORTS from the Guyan Golf and Country Club course having featured the name of Miss Maud Christian frequently, I suspected Maud had come back to Huntington to live. This hope wasn't well-grounded. Maud answered my telephone call to the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Wright, where she was visiting her sister, and told me she was just getting ready to start back to Welch, where she is Circuit Court reporter.

9/29/48

Your Friends by And Mine 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.

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.

9/25/48

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

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.

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 the facilities of the day and Huntington what it is because of his efforts and of others like him—H Sam Gideon, for instance, who advertised his clothing bush in the newspapers and on signs and fens who, as a member of the council, bo the dynamo which furnished Huntington first electric current and who was on County Court when the Cabell court h was built. Had they lived, they would have been adherents of the devices which n his age wonderful—the automobile, the electric refrigerator, air conditioning, the deep freeze, the airplane and vision. I've been reading about some who thinks we are coming along too fast who think they are wrong. I like to think talk of the back yonder days, but I won't like to go back to the horse and buggy.

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Nearing his ninetieth birthday, Dr. F. S. Pollitt, 126 West Eleventh avenue, has been in the Methodist ministry 70 years. He is the senior member of the West Virginia conference of the Methodist church. He has been retired several years and he and Mrs. Pollitt live quietly at their Eleventh avenue home. During his active



years, he served the Western Virginia conference of the old Southern Methodist church as a pastor, presiding elder, as a board secretary and, finally, as a pastor again. Currently he goes, almost every Sunday to Johnson Memorial Church where he attends Dean Wilson's Bible Class; then stays to hear the pastor, Dr. Rolla S. Kenaton, preach.

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DURING LAST MONTH'S preaching mission at Johnson Memorial, Dr. Pollitt met Dean Harold A. Bosley of the Duke University Divinity School, who came here to do the preaching. Dean Bosley visited the Pollitt home where he was shown a rare volume, long treasured by Dr. Pollitt. This was a Latin Virgil, printed in Rome 200 years ago or more; a huge volume which can be read only from a table. Dean Bosley admired the old book greatly. Whether or not he hinted that it would be a welcome addition to the Duke archives, I do not know. At any rate he has it or will soon get it. Dr. Pollitt decided that the Virgil should go to Duke and he has caused it to be sent to Dean Bosley at Durham, N. C. The volume was given Dr. Pollitt long ago by a Kentucky parishioner.

"THEY DON'T ALLOW me to rock her, but they will let me hold her," said Mrs. F. D. Clark yesterday when I called to ask how she had gotten along during a week's visit here of her first great-grandchild, Catherine (Cathy) Hamill of Cinderella, W. Va. Cathy is the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom (Barbara Mays,) Hamill. Mrs. Tom Hamill and Cathy came here to stay while Tom Hamill and his father, C. A. Hamill, attended the coal show at Cleveland. Barbara and Cathy are guests of Barbara's mother, Mrs. Evelyn Clark Mays of the Hamill apartments. Great-Grandmother Clark was pleased enough to be permitted to hold the baby, and Nancy Mays, Cathy's aunt was pleased with Cathy's visit. For all I know, she indulged in a little forbidden rocking. This no rocking edict must be hard on great-grandmothers, grandmothers and aunts.

AT A MASONIC meeting in Ashland, Irvin Dugan met Joe Ray, an old friend, who lives at Russell, Ky. Mr. Ray married Miss Maud Adams and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Adams, formerly of Guyandotte, live with them. Mr. Adams is 88, Mrs. Adams is 84. They have two other daughters, Mrs. Pearl Adams Fitch of Cincinnati, O., and Mrs. Mary Ellen Adams Scarberry of Scottown, O. Roselle and Bob, sons of Mr. and Mrs. John Adams, are dead. While I was hearing of these old friends, I gained a new acquaintance. He was Gregory Michael Dugan, Irvin's grandson, who, at his grandfather's behest, addressed me unintelligibly over the telephone.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

When Mrs. G. B. Kelley and Mrs. Thomas Welch asked for the words of a song entitled Sweetest Mother, they started a search which is going on still, though they got what they wanted the morning their request was published here. I learned of their success when I telephoned that Mrs. Glenna Morrison had sent the words to me.

Currently comes a postcard from Mrs. Charles Kitts, North Kenova, O., who says:



... "In case the ladies did not find the song, Sweetest Mother, I have it in a book, New Perfect Praise, James D. Vaughan, Lawrenceburg, Tenn., publisher. I have so many song books that I guess it's a hobby with me. Rev. Carl Hicks says 'If you want a song, just look for it

at Mrs. Kitts.' If she doesn't have a book with it in, I don't think you'll find it around here.' I am a former resident of Huntington. My grandmother came to Huntington when there were only 15 houses there."

DOUBTLESS Sweetest Mother will be sung by many on Sunday as a result of the quest of Mrs. Kelley and Mrs. Welch. Sunday is Mother's Day and there are evidences that this festival, originated by a West Virginian, will be remembered generally. There is a rush at the Post Office, obviously caused by the approach of Mother's Day. Yesterday the city was assuming a holiday aspect because of the ingathering of the high school bandsters. There has been no practice, so far as I have heard, at Oley School this year, but yesterday found bands converging there. Most of the selections were unfamiliar to me, but I would have hit the jackpot if somebody had called and asked the name of one tune—"Let Me Call You Sweetheart." The band youngsters have had sunny weather, thus far and I trust it will continue during their stay. Moreover, I'm sure all the people will be alert to do what they can to make these boys and girls comfortable and happy, and that the bands will be back next year.

THERE WERE no school bands when

Clifford B. Stephenson pursued his studies in his native Guyandotte. This was not long ago, either, as Clifford Stephenson, who was buried yesterday afternoon, was 56 when he died. He liked to fish, to row on the river, and to hunt. He was younger than I, but I saw him often as he and my brother, Warren, were pals and playmates. He was the last of the second generation of Stephenson men I knew, in Guyandotte. His father was Vincent W. Stephenson, hotel proprietor, riverman and sometime marshal. His uncles were Pomp L. Stephenson, woodsman and fiddler, Charles W. Stephenson, the transfer man, and Jeff Stephenson, the barber, all dead long ago. His mother, who was Nora Walker, lives with her daughter, Mrs. Gustin, at Le Sage.

Nov. 18, 1948

Your Friends by And Mine *W. Smith*

WHILE CARL Van Doren, author-lecturer, was a patient at St. Mary's Hospital, the Rev. C. L. Nisbet went to make a sick call on him. The two had never met, but during their conversation they discovered that they probably were common descendants of Peter Van Doren, who came



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to America to settle on Manhattan Island with other Hollanders in 1652. The Van Doren clan scattered and Mr. Nisbet's mother, who was a Van Doren, was born in Wisconsin. The connection between the Huntington clergyman and the New York writer is remote, but they concluded it was definite. Mr. Van Doren has recovered from his illness and gone from Huntington, and he and Mrs. Nisbet met only once. Mr. Nisbet, who, when his health permits, engages in evangelistic and Sunday School work, is feeling better now and has agreed to supply the pulpit at the Second Presbyterian Church during the month of December. The pulpit will become vacant because of the resignation of the pastor, the Rev. Joe Ledford.

TAILORS WHO worked for G. A. Northcott & Co., and that firm's successor, the Northcott-Tate-Hagy Co., have been recalled by the death last week of Jack F. Smith, who was one of them. Those tailors made clothing for many of Huntington's better dressed men, and there are former customers who testify that Jack Smith was a able coat maker. I'm sure he never made any clothes for me but I knew him a long time, first when he married Miss Cora Flowers and came to Guyandotte to live. Mr. Smith, who was active in politics and was at one time a member of the State Senate, retired from tailoring long before G. A. Northcott died, and the store with which they had been identified, went out of existence. Jack's passing led back yonder figures to speak of Jake Shivley, Frank (Papa) Joy and another, who made himself a Prince Albert coat and bought a plug hat which he wore together when he fared forth one Saturday evening. Before he closed the store he returned, his coat slashed to ribbons and the top cut out of his shiny new hat.

THERE SEEMS to be a heavy mast this year. In other words, there's a big nut crop — and not enough boys to gather it. This may be wrong, but Mr. and Mrs. Fred Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Buckley, and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Willis of Ashland, Ky., went Sunday to the country home of W. R. Hazlett, located on Jack's Fork of Garner's Creek, in Boyd County. There, they found the ground covered with hickory nuts, black walnuts and butternuts, of which they took home a plentiful supply. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Williams — she was Miss Tess Hayes of Huntington, said they would send me some of the butternuts when they were duly seasoned. Mrs. Willis is the former Miss Ruth Hazlett, daughter of W. R. Hazlett. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Williams Monday evening when the Williamses and the Smiths went to a birthday dinner for Dr. Wes C. Thomas at his Ninth Avenue home. This was a double celebration, as Dr. Thomas' birthday and our wedding anniversary coincided.

TODAY AND tomorrow will be devoted at the Foster Memorial Home to the pre-Christmas bazaar at which the guests will display and offer for sale the needlework they have produced this year. The sales will begin in the early morning and last until bedtime.

16/49 Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

As a young man in Marietta, O., Conrad Molter was engaged to be married. The girl he was to wed died of typhoid fever. Through the remainder of a long life Mr. Molter kept her memory enshrined in his heart — he remained a bachelor. Apparently he was the first of the Molter brothers to come to Huntington. All the Molters were bakers. Three of the brothers eventually lived here. Conrad Molter came to Huntington early and established a successful business. After a time, he decided to go to Germany for a year. In order to do so, he induced his brother, A. Molter, to come from Marietta to run the shop. After Conrad Molter returned, A. Molter bought property on Third Avenue and built on the site now occupied by a Kroger store in the 1,000 block. There he opened a bakery, which was also a success. William Molter, a third brother, managed a bakery at Catlettsburg. A second generation William Molter was chief of the fire department. Mrs. Elizabeth Meadows, a daughter of A. Molter, told me these and other things yesterday when I called her at the suggestion of Frank McCallister, who married her daughter. Whether Conrad Molter was or was not the first baker in Huntington, I don't know. Prominence of the Molters in the baking business in early Huntington was recalled by Frank M. Archer of Bluefield, who gathered that in a recent paragraph I inferred that the Snider brothers were the first bakers in Huntington.



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FRANK ARCHER, of the Bluefield chapter of the Committee of 1,000, was here late last week. I saw him as he, Waitman C. Given, and Harry Scherr were luncheon bound together. He told me about the Molters and advised that I ask Frank McCallister about them. Mr. Archer is a former Huntingtonian, having grown up here while he and the city were young. He reads this column and sometimes points out wherein it is inaccurate about some back yonder matter.

ON A RECENT afternoon as I was about to get into George D. Bradshaw's car for a trip home, W. H. Newcomb stopped to pass the time of day and to remind me that the First Huntington National corner has had only two owners since the Central Land Co. The land company conveyed the corner to the First Methodist Church. The church sold it to the bank. The property then, as now, ran from Fourth Avenue to the alley. The church was built on the corner and the parsonage, at the rear, faced Tenth Street.

MR. AND MRS. John Lewis were married in Ironton, O., 53 years ago last November and on their wedding day came here to live. Mr. Lewis served 47 years at the Chesapeake & Ohio shops before he retired. Mrs. Lewis lives in Huntington. I met her the other day with her daughter, Miss Mary Lewis, a teacher at Lincoln school.

MEI LING, female Pekinese with short reddish brown hair and a red harness, is missing from the home of Mrs. Mabel Arthur, 1660 Fourteenth Street. Mrs. Arthur, whose telephone is 28512, is anxious about

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

IN GUYANDOTTE annals the Acrobats are known as the town's greatest baseball club. Yet on July 6, 1889, 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



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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. O. 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.

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.

And Mine Wiatt Smith

Another reunion, planned for the approaching commencement season is that of the Marshall College class of 1906, concerning which F. M. Boon, 1016 Sixth Street, writes. . . "Sunday, I had a visit with W. W. Furnell, who should have graduated in the 1905 class at Marshall, but because of one little credit did not graduate until 1906. You perhaps remember him. He is just as full of pep as he was when he was in Marshall, despite the more than 40 years that have elapsed. He is planning a reunion of the 1906 class at commencement this year.



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There were 43 graduate students, making 44 graduates and he lists 10 graduates. The members he has failed to locate are Bertha Allen, Harold Casey, Ernest Denney, L. A. Edwards, Eva Fling, Homer D. Groves, Cora Hickel, Janie Price, W. A. Smith, Blanche Miller, Dorothy Porter. The deceased are Ira L. Dadisman, Dr. Claude Gautier, Ralph Gorrill, Dr. Claude Grimm, Isabel Kerr, Grace Leete, Paul Morrow, Cyrus VanBibber, Eva Myer and Clara Nichols. Some of those you probably remember are Mary Berry, Harry Bossinger, Norma Cox, Sidney Day, Bertha Gilman, now Mrs. F. M. Boon, Garnet Sliger (Mrs. C. O. Tate), Hilda Kanode, Anna Lewis (Mrs. O. W. Fitch), Ed Love, Lew Wells, Mattie Marcum, Anna Mobus (Mrs. C. L. Cavendish), Elbert Tomkies, brother of Douglas and Frank, Sadie Enslow, Heffley, Bessie Foley, Joe V. Davidson, Maudie Harshbarger Armstrong, Anna Gibson.

"MR. FURNELL did not reveal any of the details of the reunion, but was confident that it would take place and would be a success. Mr. Furnell has had an interesting career. He is a member of the American Bar Association, American Institute of Accountants, is in the oil business and his address is 5454 Cass Avenue, Detroit, Mich. His work takes him all over the eastern part of the United States and as far west as Texas.

"I WAS SO PLEASED to hear again from my old friends of as far back as 47 years ago that I thought you might like to go back a few years with me. The 1906 class would have been mine if I had not run out of money and had to recuperate for three years and finish in 1909. However, I am like a fellow I talked to a few days ago. His father and mother were missionaries in Africa when he was born. So, after living in the United States 40 years, he asked for a government job. The only way he could prove his citizenship was that his wife was a citizen. I married into the 1906 class."

REPORT OF A member of the Committee of 1,000 of rambles in Ritter Park . . . Willie Green, on his way home with a power lawn mower in the back of his car . . . A lady and a gentleman, riding good looking horses. . . Plenty of badminton and tennis. . . a one-armed man showing a man with two arms how to approach and drive a golf ball. . . children with a raft on Four Pole. . . a high school boy with a model airplane motor. . . the motor was powered from a bottle of lighter fluid. . . the propeller going at 1,000 revolutions a minute. . . track-minded high school boys warming up on the riding paths. . . Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Vawter, walking on the south side of the creek, spryly as if they were going to high school. . . children wading in the fish pool in the pansy gardens. . . a pastime strictly forbidden.

Your Moon by And Mine Wiatt Smith

SEVERAL TIMES has this column been involved in the discussion of the moon's influence on vegetation and other earthly matters. There are three schools of thought on the subject—positive, negative and neutral. I am neutral. Many intelligent persons, including experienced farmers and gardeners say that it is vital to do any planting when the sign of the moon is right.



Scientific agriculturists scoff at the idea, holding that the sign of the moon has nothing to do with the growth of vegetation. Personally, my interest is in getting the vegetables in season, or maybe out. This year, I am to umpire a practical test or demonstration, proposed by A. M. HEWITT, an exponent of the positive school. Mr. Hewitt proposes that I go with him to see a potato planted when the moon is right; again to see a potato planted when the moon is wrong. Later, we are to make two other trips, one to see the harvesting of the potatoes planted according to the moon, the other to see the digging of the potatoes planted when the sign is unfavorable. Mr. Hewitt says the potato vine resulting from the moon-correct planting will be low and bushy, while there will be a generous yield of potatoes. He adds that the wrong-time planting will produce a lavish vine, but few if any potatoes. And he knows by experience that shingles laid at the wrong time of the moon will curl. I expect to witness the potato experiments. Too many hard-headed persons follow the signs of the zodiac for me to agree that there is nothing in these things.

ONCE EACH MONTH, there is a musicale at the Owen Clinic. Miss Virginia Lewis, teacher, who doubles as musical director at the clinic, officiates at these functions. When she is absent, Dr. Marguerite G. Stemmerman serves as director, though Dr. Stemmerman says she is not a musician. There was such a musicale Sunday afternoon. Miss Lewis was present and there was a song fest in which the patients, Dr. Stemmerman, Dr. Thelma V. Owen and others joined. They had a good time. The best was reserved till the last. Mrs. Aurora Leeson (Mrs. E. V.) Townshend played the piano, rendering from Chopin and other masters. Long ago I discovered that Mrs. Townshend could evoke classical numbers from a piano that would thrill even a musical lowbrow. Dr. Owen and Dr. Stemmerman assures me she hasn't lost her touch, and that is no surprise, either.

YESTERDAY THERE was a paragraph here about a nuclear energy study group. I thought that might bring a response from some student of the atom bomb. It produced a response, all right, but not regarding the chief subject. Instead, it regarded the lines I used in closing as a disclaimer of any knowledge of nuclear fission. The comment came from Buford C. Tynes, who said he had always been under the impression that the work fractions belonged at the place where I put practice. I don't know; neither does he, but I think he may be right when he says the lines are:

"Multiplication is vexation.

Division is as bad;

The rule of three doth puzzle me,
and fractions drive me mad."

These lines come Ten Thousand a Year and are part of the metrical mouthings of a character who explained:

"Tiddlebat Timmouse is my name;

England is my nation;

London is my dwelling place

9/10/48
**Your Friends by
 And Mine Wiatt Smith**

CLASSES AT MARSHALL COLLEGE were recalled at the Vinson reunion Sunday when I talked with Mrs. C. B. Lauhon of Roanoke, Va. She was Miss Nancy Baker of Huntington. She told me her husband, long a well-known Huntingtonian, lives at Roanoke, as does her brother, Edgar Baker, another of my Marshall school mates. Mrs. Lauhon is a sister of the late Mrs. Robert F. Adams. Another Vinson reunion echo relates to Mrs. O. D. Irwin, who lives at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Chapman, 2838 Herman Avenue, Ashland, Ky., and subscribes to The Herald-Dispatch partly, at least, to read Your Friends



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and Mine. I learned of her from Mrs. Chapman, who was at the reunion. These matters probably conclude comment on the Vinson meeting, but that is not certain. I may, from time to time, remember other things.

HAVING ATTENDED the Vinson reunion at Catlettsburg Sunday and the Dugan reunion at Guyandotte Monday, I felt that the picnic season for me was over. I had not then been told that there will be another Guyandotte rally at the Stewart Baker place on Union Ridge on the afternoon of Sunday, September 19. Naturally, I'll attend. This is to be a picnic for the former pupils of Miss Anna Baker and of Mrs. John C. (Miss Mary Poindexter) Hennen and all old-time Guyandotte people who care to attend. There will be no invitations—just pack your basket and go. Dinner will be spread at 2 P. M., this hour having been selected as one convenient for those who attend 11 A. M. church services. It will probably be the last assembly at the Union Ridge home of the Bakers, who are getting ready to move back to Huntington.

WHEN THE THERMOMETER hit 102 above week before last, Miss Kitty Kleiman collapsed. She had to take to her bed for a few days rest. Miss Kleiman had overtaxed her strength housecleaning and thereafter gone to the King's Daughters Hospital to see Mrs. William T. Arthur and her new son, Woodie William Arthur. . . . Miss Kleiman teaches music at the Veterans Hospital and she writes me that the soldiers there really keep their minds on the piano, adding, "No kidding, it's lots of fun."

EARL W. (SQUIRE) MAUCK, Gallitollis newsman and editor, is recovering from surgery at the Holzer Hospital. He is reported to be in good condition, though somewhat weak, and when I had heard he had not been permitted to go home. . . . Another newsman, or former newsman, John F. Hamilton, of the promotion department of the Huntington Publishing Co., is recovering satisfactorily after surgery. Mr. Hamilton is at St. Mary's Hospital.

SHOCK AT THE NEWS of the death of Attorney Samuel Biern is intense. I had known Sam many years and we were always friends. Many knew him, but I think it likely that not all knew that one of his practices was to be helpful. It was. He visited the sick and when he could performed for them kindnesses, some little and some big, which they are not likely to forget.

10-25-48
**Your Friends by
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LESS THAN 200 years ago Indians roamed in this area. They must have belonged to warlike tribes as there is little



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to indicate any white settlement before the Indians were beaten by General Anthony Wayne in 1794. Thereafter they went to other hunting grounds and the white men came and lived. There is almost no Indian tradition of which I know. There was a brick mound in the old church yard at Guyandotte and people said it marked an Indian grave. In those days of my childhood, there were boys who amused themselves by hunting, finding and collecting Indian relics. These were rare, even then, but a diligent lad could find occasional arrow heads, beads and sometimes a tomahawk in the hills around Guyandotte. I was never a collector. Lately I heard of a boy who lived in downtown Huntington and who had a passion for Indian mementos and who found, as others did, many arrow heads in the then undeveloped fields where much of the city has been built. I wonder what became of the collections of that day and if there are boys who still hunt and find arrow heads.

MENTION HERE of Henry Sexton, who lived on Sixteenth Street, had a grist mill and practiced as a veterinarian, led E. C. (Lige) Koontz to remember his early days on Sixteenth Street. He recalls Henry Sexton as a veterinarian, who tended all the ailing stock, but nothing of the grist mill. Mr. Koontz lived on the Shelton place, where his mother died in their log cabin home on January 17, 1887. In subsequent years he and his brothers worked in the fields of E. S. Holderby, who then lived where the detention home is today. He tells me the boys worked from sunup till sundown for 35 cents a day. Three of them were in the fields when an elevator boat exploded on the river, killing several persons. I have heard of that accident but remember little about it. Of the Koontz brothers who were on the farm that day, two are living — E. C. Koontz of Huntington and John Koontz of Dayton, O.

THERE IS A tradition, fully credited by many, that Frank James lived in Wayne County and worked as a cabinet maker. That there was such a cabinet maker seems an established fact, but I know of no proof that he was Frank James. Lindsey F. Maynard heard the story from his grandfather, John Maynard, who told that on the day before the Bank of Huntington was robbed, presumably by members of the James gang, the cabinet maker deeded his farm to a neighbor and disappeared. Mr. Maynard says there are some of the cabinet maker's tools in Wayne County and some of his handicraft in Huntington.

MR. AND MRS. Ira Davis, former Huntingtonians, came from Virginia to spend last week at the Hotel Prichard and, partly because Mr. and Mrs. Davis were here, Miss Laura E. Armitage came from Richmond, Va., to spend the week end with Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Crenshaw. Miss Armitage, who was one of the earlier migrants when the Chesapeake & Ohio began locating part of its offices here, is now a railway company researchist at Richmond. Mr. Davis retired last year and he and Mrs. Davis are building a home on the Eastern Shore.

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Though Edith Windsor Mansell is not expected for the thirtieth reunion of the Huntington High School class of 1919, the reunion arrangers have found



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where she is and have apprised her of the plans. Mrs. Mansell, wife of the Rev. Ernest Mansell, is with her husband in Portuguese East Africa. They are medical missionaries, sent by the Seventh Day Adventist church. The Mansells, both Huntingtonians, have led an eventful life together. Their first mission field was in Brazil where their daughter was born and where the child met a tragic death by drowning. From Brazil, the Mansells went to Portugal where they attended a language school. Thereafter, they went to the Maderias. Before Pearl Harbor, they started to a Pacific assignment. Stopping at Manila, they were caught by the Japanese invaders and spent three years in prison camps. Released by the returning Americans, they went to Portuguese East Africa. Friends and kin here have kept in touch with them through the years. Among Mrs. Mansell's Huntington correspondents is Mrs. George Corran of Carrington Court. Mr. and Mrs. Mansell have two sons, one in business in Arizona, the other in school in Arizona. The thirtieth reunion of the class of 1919, to be held at the Hotel Frederick May 28, is to be marked by a dinner and dance, preceded, in the afternoon, by a gabfest on the mezzanine.

PLANS OF MR. and Mrs. O. H. Wells of Third Street, Guyandotte, to celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary on last Tuesday, May 3, were disrupted when Mr. Wells found he had to leave that morning for Chester, W. Va., on a business mission. However, the fiftieth anniversary was an established fact. I remember when Herb Wells and Miss Flora Eskey were married. They went to live in the Wells home on Third Street, and they have never lived anywhere else. Originally, it had been the home of Mr. Wells' parents, Jesse and Elizabeth Amos Wells, who celebrated their own fiftieth wedding anniversary there. Mrs. Wells' parents, J. N. and Hannah Jane McEldowney Eskey, also lived to see their golden wedding day, celebrated in Virginia, to which they moved when leaving Guyandotte. Mr. Eskey was a well known political figure in his day. Herb (O. H.) Wells was mayor of Guyandotte and commissioner of Huntington before he retired from politics.

HAVING HEARD of these things I telephoned to the Wells home and talked to Mrs. Paul Clark, formerly Miss Anita Wells. She told me her uncles and my schoolmates, Wilmer (Dick) Wells and Eugene Eskey, are living and active. Dick Wells in Jamestown, N. D., and Gene Eskey in Norfolk, Va. Dick Wells expects to retire soon and may return to Huntington to live. Miss Grace (Crockett) Wells, sister of O. H. Wells, lives with a brother in Ohio. There is another brother, Jesse Wells, who married Ona Burks, and he and she live in Huntington.

Sept. 14, 1948

Your Friends by And Mine *Watt Smith*

MORNING NEWSPAPER workers acquire late-sleeping habits. This is almost invariable and I sometimes think the taste for late-lying dictates the course of many who take night press jobs. Leland E. Davis, a Huntingtonian who used to be on The Herald-Dispatch staff but who for years has had his own advertising agency in Cincinnati, was one who had a morning affinity for his bed. So far as I knew he had never outgrown it. Therefore I was surprised when I telephoned the Sixth Avenue branch of the Orthopedic Hospital at 9 A. M. yesterday and Mr. Davis was called to the telephone. He is a patient at the hospital, and getting along satisfactorily. I complimented the institutional regime which caused him to stir so early. "Listen, you old curmudgeon," he said, "I'll have you know I've been getting up at 8:30 A. M." "How long has that been going on?" I asked. He hesitated momentarily, then growled, "three or four days."



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ALSO A PATIENT at the Sixth Avenue branch of the Orthopedic is Mrs. Carl D. Poindexter of Charleston. Mrs. Poindexter, the elder daughter of Mrs. James Murphy of Main Street, and Mr. Murphy, is a former Huntingtonian and is widely acquainted here. Her husband, who came here from Charleston because of her illness, brought his automobile around and we went on another of our scouting expeditions to Guyandotte, where each of us were born. We even went to Dietz Hollow, beyond which lay the picnic ground of our boyhood. Moreover, we went up Route 2 to Seven Mile, thence cross-country to Barboursville. At Barboursville we talked with Carl's brother, Frank L. Poindexter, retired coal man, who with his wife lives in the warmer seasons in an apartment in the former George Thornburg home. By or before early frost, Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Poindexter will go to their Winter home in Florida.

ON HER LAST VISIT to Huntington, only a few weeks ago, Mrs. John E. (Lela Bondley) Norman of Coral Gables, Fla., went with her husband to see the South Side residence in which they lived in Huntington 20 years ago or more. Mrs. Norman then expressed a deep desire to return to Huntington and live in that same house. It might have been so arranged, but fate decreed otherwise, as Mrs. Norman died unexpectedly Sunday at Battle Creek, Mich. Word of her going stunned me as she and her husband had been my friends for a long period. Her death cast a pall over what might otherwise have been a rather festive occasion, which was the sixty-fourth wedding anniversary of John Norman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Norman of Kenova. Mrs. Norman, who was Miss Annie Atkins, and Mr. Norman were married in Charleston. They have lived in Kenova since 1893.

ESTABLISHING WHAT I believe to be a season's record, W. S. Estler of Orchard Hills, Barboursville, produced two 24-ounce tomatoes and sent them to me by his son-in-law, Boyd Jarrell. Needless to say, I appreciate the tomatoes. Boyd Jarrell got it coming and going as after he appeared with the Estler gift I put him to work.

7-10?-48 Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

IN 1876, the nation's centennial year, Huntington celebrated the Fourth of July in style. There was a parade, there were picnics, a baseball game and speech-making. There were costumes, too, and the makeup honors were carried off by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Foster, and Ed Freeland. Mr. Foster appearing as George Washington, Mrs. Foster as Martha and Ed Freeland as little George. The baseball game was played on the Clippers' grounds on Fifth Avenue between the Middleport, O., team and the Acrobats of Guyandotte. The late John R. Gibson wrote that Middleport won, 9 to 0, after Woodrum, the Guyandotte pitcher, left the game in the fourth inning. That must have been a forfeit



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score, but it is unlikely that anyone now living knows.

MR. GIBSON records that in 1879 Huntington celebrated July 4 on an even larger scale. There was a parade, headed by General John H. Oley, grand marshal, on horseback, and city officials, fire department, military companies, baseball clubs and brass bands from several neighboring towns. Arches over Third Avenue were covered with flags, an imposing sight, "especially when lighted at night." There were popular selections from the Middleport band, considered the best along the Ohio River, and other bands from various towns. State Guard companies from Lexington, Ky., Ironton, O., and Charleston, W. Va., competed in a prize drill on the grounds at the foot of Thirteenth Street, for a beautiful silk flag. The Lexington boys won over such well-drilled companies as the Charleston Zouaves and the Kirker Rifles of Ironton. The Ironton baseball team won the silver ball, defeating the Gallias of Gallipolis by a close score.

DURING the centennial celebration, Jim Sample, leader of the Huntington Cornet Band, became overheated, the weather being extremely warm, and died two days later. Mr. Gibson describes Mr. Sample as one of the popular men of Huntington. In the preceding April he had been elected city clerk, defeating James K. Oney. After his death, Mr. Oney was appointed to fill the vacancy. Jim Sample was an uncle of the late H. E. Mathews. I do not remember James K. Oney as city clerk, but he was for years secretary of the Huntington Independent District Board of Education. I am getting confused here. There was, as I understand, no city clerk during the first 12 years of Huntington's history — General John H. Oley serving as city recorder and keeping books for both the municipal government and the school.

MISS MAYME CARROLL has been terribly ill for several days at her Guyan Street home, but yesterday she seemed somewhat improved.

W. O. SAUNDERS THERE MUST BE hundreds of men and women in the Huntington area who went to school at Kenova, Ashland or elsewhere in the Ohio Valley to E. O. Saunders. Doubtless some of these will learn with pleasure and surprise that Mr. Saunders, now 80 years old, not only is living but teaching. The story of Mr. Saunders and



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his teaching career which already has spanned 60 years is told by Jack Cowie in the magazine section of the Columbus O. Dispatch for Sunday, January 2. In his article, entitled, "The Journey Without End," Mr. Cowie says: "Although he still dreams of someday being able to spend his hours under the shade trees, E. O. Saunders, Meigs County octogenarian, continues to teach school just as he has been doing for 60 years without decrease in his wit, energy or popularity. . . Mr. Saunders lives in a small cottage on U. S. 33 near Pomeroy and each day he drives a round trip of 20 miles to Chester School. . . Ironically, he named his home Journey's End 10 years ago when he began to think of finishing his service to the youngsters of river towns in Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky. But he still hasn't reached the 'end' — retirement."

SOMETIME DURING his nine-year tenure as dean of boys at the Ashland, Ky. High School, I knew Mr. Saunders. We met frequently at luncheons of the Ashland Kiwanis Club. Vivid memories of Mr. Saunders as principal and teacher in Kenova were awakened in B. B. Lovins when I telephoned him that I had heard of his old instructor, Mr. Lovins, Huntington advertising man who grew up in Ceredo and Kenova, told me his first grade teacher in Ceredo, was Mrs. Saunders, the wife of the sage of Journey's End. When he was in the seventh and eighth grades at Kenova, E. O. Saunders was his teacher. "I never knew a finer man," was his tribute to the veteran pedagogue. For a long time he kept in touch with Mr. Saunders, but hasn't heard from him for a decade. He plans to write Mr. Saunders soon.

OF MR. SAUNDERS Jack Cowie continues: . . . "He first taught in various one-room schools in Meigs County, later serving in Pomeroy and Middleport. He was made principal of schools at Kenova, W. Va. For nine years he was dean of boys at the Ashland, Ky., High School, having gone there as principal of a grade school. He retired from teaching in June, 1939, but there was to be no rest for Mr. Saunders. That Fall there was a shortage of teachers in Meigs County and he was prevailed upon to take a school. 'Now,' he remarks, 'I will have to wait till they graduate enough teachers to fill the vacancies caused by the war.' An hour in his class room discloses that he holds the respect and admiration of his sixth grade pupils, even though they know he spares the rod. Mr. Saunders started his teaching career in the Spring of 1888, when he was less than 20 years old. He was born July 9, 1868. Looking back over a lifetime spent in a classroom, he says, 'My bank account is not overflowing but I feel that I have accumulated a wealth money couldn't buy.'"

"TEACHING ASSOCIATES say he has a way of dealing with boys. He has taken many 'tough' youngsters and soon had them interested in hobbies and school work which kept them out of mischief. His philosophy is summed up in his own words: 'Show a boy what's right, give him a square deal and he'll do what's right.'"

Monday,
Feb. 7, 49

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

WHEN, QUITE A GOOD many years ago, the First Presbyterian Church was seeking a successor to Dr. Newton Donaldson, as pastor, a committee comprised of Judge C. W. Campbell, Mrs. Frank N. Mann and William J. Harvie went to St. Louis to hear and interview Dr. J. Layton Mauze, then pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church there. On the recommendation of this committee, the First Presbyterian Church called Dr. Mauze. He accepted. He and Mrs. Mauze lived and worked in Huntington. Their children grew up here. Their residence in Huntington ended when Dr. Mauze accepted a call to the pastorate of the Central Presbyterian Church in Kansas City, Mo. There he remained until his death. His son, Dr. J. Layton Mauze, Jr., came back here and became assistant pastor of the First Church, remaining until he accepted a call to the Central Presbyterian Church at Kansas City, where he became his father's successor. Now, to continue the cycle, Dr. J. Layton Mauze, Jr., has accepted a call to the Central Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, where he will begin his pastorate March 1. Mrs. Frank N. Mann, the only living member of the committee which recommended the call to Huntington of the first Dr. Layton Mauze, brought me a clipping from the Kansas City Star with an account of the resignation of Dr. J. Layton Mauze, Jr., from the Central Presbyterian Church there. His son, J. Layton Mauze, III, plans to follow the ministerial footsteps of his grandfather and father. Dr. George Mauze, eldest son of Dr. J. Layton Mauze, Sr., is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Winston-Salem, N. C.



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"SINCE COMING to Huntington," writes Mrs. Clifford Goodwin, "I have spent many enjoyable hours talking to Mrs. George F. Miller. Mrs. Miller, in her nineties, has the most remarkable memory I have ever known. Although she is blind and no longer makes social calls, her good deeds go on. A stranger might not notice right away that she does not see. She is so cheerful and always looking at the bright side of life it makes one who is active stop, and think. During the war Mrs. Miller did much for the boys in service. Neighbor boys as well as those of her own family were remembered with packages and cards... the boy who had delivered ice... the boy who had delivered groceries. It was wonderful how she did her shopping by telephone and fixed attractive packages. Mrs. Miller's good man Friday is her radio. You can be sure she can tell you of the new styles for Spring, what the youngsters at the high schools are doing and how national affairs are going. She gets from the American Foundation for the Blind recorded editions of Talking Book Topics. It is remarkable how well informed she is, much better than most of us with two good eyes..." Mrs. Miller is no stranger to me. I recall her husband well, and her brother, Col. Joseph F. Miller of Kenova, who was a special friend of mine.

FRANK ENSLOW was president, H. O. Aleshire and J. H. (Tony) LeBlanc cashiers of the Day & Night Bank, which started on Third Avenue and moved to the corner of Fourth Avenue and Tenth Street before it was merged with the Huntington National Bank. At the Day & Night Bank I first met Edwin L. Neale, who worked there, and Joseph Cohen, a customer. Both died at the week end. Both were friends and neighbors in earlier days. Ed Neale was a member of the Mason County clan. Joseph Cohen was a business man of unusual piety. He founded B'Nai Israel congregation and will be honored signally Tuesday when his funeral services are held at B'Nai Israel Synagogue. It is not the custom of his people to have such rites in their temples.

12-11-48
**Your Friends by
 And Mine** *Watt Smith*

MARSHALL COLLEGE pictures, mostly groups, taken when Dr. Lawrence J. Corbly was president, comprise a collection lately unearthed, after two years or more. Supposition is that some one brought or sent them to me, but I don't know who it was. The pictures will be restored to the owner if he or she will come forward. That the photographs were taken during the Corbly era is indicated in several ways, one being that Dr. Corbly himself appears in several of them. I think I should be able to identify many of the faces, but I am not. There are pictures of Dr. Corbly, Miss Lillian Hackney, Miss Harriet D. Johnson and William M. Meridith of the faculty. Mr. Meredith, who used to try to



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pound arithmetic into my head, became a Huntington lawyer and business man. Dr. Corby and Miss Hackney and Miss Johnson are dead.

THERE ARE GROUPS of students from specific counties, one of the Jefferson Boarding Club and one of a band, including Cyrus VanBibber, Will Donaldson and Herbert Sikes, all fellow students of mine at the turn of the century — and all dead. An individual portrait is autographed by Lenore H. Gosling, who became Mrs. E. M. Keatley of Charleston.

IN SACRAMENTO, CALIF., Wednesday, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. David Van der Veen and named David, Jr. Mrs. Van der Veen is the former Miss Martha Via of Huntington. Little David is her first born and the first grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel R. Via. Mrs. Via is here, the guest of Mrs. Marvin Jones, 59 West Fourth Avenue, and was told by telephone Wednesday that her grandson had been born and that he and Martha were doing well. Mrs. Via would like to see the grandchild but she will be here a little longer, having come back to Cabell County because of the illness of her mother, Mrs. A. W. Ashworth of Milton. Mrs. Ashworth is better, but her daughter thinks it would be unwise to leave her yet. L. R. Via, former Cabell prosecutor and United States attorney for the southern district of West Virginia, is retired and living quietly in Sacramento.

MISSED FROM HIS usual haunts is Bruce Perry, veteran automobile dealer, who yesterday was at home waiting word from physicians about the illness which has kept him away from Christmas festivities. There have been a good many inquiries about him. Mr. Perry, a Cabell native, served in the United States Marines and on the Huntington police force before he started selling automobiles.

GREETINGS FROM JERRY and Bernie Klasman of Piqua, O., were brought me by their Piqua neighbor, J. S. Smith, who is spending the holidays with his son, R. M. Smith of the Emmons Junior Apartments. Joe Klasman is working as a reporter on the Piqua Call, Bernie is a busy housewife and their naval-veteran son, Jerry, is a student at Purdue University.

MRS. NELL BAKER, 2778 Latulle Avenue, telephone 32184, asks this column to help her find "any kind of a radio that will play for a shut in." Anyone interested

9-16-48
**Your Friends by
 And Mine** *Watt Smith*

DESCRIBED as "Huntington's first policeman," Kemp Hatfield served before I remember. He was wounded by a bullet fired by a culprit taken in the act of stealing hogs. The hog-lifter snatched Officer Hatfield's gun and shot him with that, according to the John R. Gibson papers. The culprit was arrested and



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jailed, but the news of the shooting, which spread over the town quickly, so aroused the people that it was deemed necessary to hide the prisoner to avoid a lynching. The man was taken to Trice's orchard where he was kept under guard during the night, chained to Officer Henry Harrison. Officer Henry Childers shared their vigil. At daybreak the policemen took their prisoner to Bar-

hoursville where he was locked in the county jail for safekeeping.

THERE has been no lynching in Cabell County in my time. Once there was an angry gathering around the old county jail on Eighth Street apparently intent on hanging a section hand who had thoughtlessly dug his pick into his foreman's back. I don't recall that the militia was summoned, though this at a time seemed advisable. Ira J. Harshbarger, the sheriff, stood at the jail steps and read the riot act, ordering the citizens to disperse and go to their respective places of abode. Whether he bluffed the would-be lynchers, or the impulse to string up an offender died for lack of leadership, I don't know. There was no lynching. Subsequently the accused killer was sent to the penitentiary for life. Once in Guyandotte there was a tense half hour when a suspect was arraigned in the mayor's office after the fatal shooting of Colonel A. S. Fry. There were no threats, but faces were grim and I have often wondered what might have happened if there had been any evidence against the prisoner. There wasn't. The shooting of Colonel Fry was to remain one of the region's unsolved mysteries.

PROPRIETOR of the National Hotel at Main Street and Bridge, Colonel Fry arose in the still of the night to investigate a noise. He suspected some fellow might be jumping his board bill. He walked, candle in hand, into the office, where two men were engaged in breaking into the safe. He spoke affably, but one of the intruders shot him, inflicting a wound from which he died. His name was Admiral Simpson Fry but his friends called him Bill, for short. He was the first Republican mayor of Guyandotte whose term of office I remembered.

Z. TAYLOR VINSON, 15-year-old son of Attorney and Mrs. Taylor Vinson, has been interested in paragraphs about the Columbia Light Six which the late J. Will Hagen bought. He writes that this car was manufactured from 1917 to 1925 and that he has an advertisement showing a 1919 model. He collects catalogues, and information about all automobiles past and present.

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Martin Bayard, an elderly man with a white beard, lived long ago near the foot of the hill on the road leading to Dietz Hollow. Nearby were the Catholic church and cemetery and, back of the Catholic church yard, the Everett land which was also used as a graveyard, though



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I think it was never set aside as such. These things are recalled in connection with Dietz Hollow, known to the Guyandotte of my boyhood as Dietz's Hollow. Passing the Bayard home, the Catholic church and cemetery, and a number of comfortable dwellings enroute, youngsters travelled the Dietz Hollow road to the then favored picnic ground. The road terminated at a fence. There was no gate there, but a stile, and over this stile we trooped in to D. I. Smith's pasture. On the pasture side of the stile we found a stretch of level grass land, suitable for play, and a spring always supplying cold, clear water. I suspect the cows drank there, too, but such a trivial matter never bothered the picnickers.

WHEN THE PICNIC grounds were abandoned as such I don't know. They were frequented long after I attended my last picnic there, as Mrs. L. H. Sedinger, president of the Guyandotte Parent-Teacher Association, says. Her late husband, who was much younger than I, often told her of picnics in Dietz Hollow. And I wonder if the spring is there still. There are urban touches along the Dietz Hollow road but, according to reports, the pastoral scene in what was the D. I. Smith pasture has given way to a garbage dump which is worrying Guyandotte folks. Mrs. Sedinger says Guyandotte School, with an 800-plus enrollment, is one of the biggest elementaries in the state. The building is modern and conditions generally are good, but Mrs. Sedinger reports all windows and doors have to be kept closed when atmospheric conditions cause the building to be enveloped by smoke from the fires at the city garbage dump.

MRS. SEDINGER says these fires can be seen by unaided eyes from distant Beverly Hills, where her daughter lives and that from that point additional fires are revealed by binoculars. Garbage disposal questions have troubled Huntington often. There was a period when it was customary to dump refuse in abandoned gravel pits at now what is the site of Fairfield Stadium. The refuse took fire or was fired; and the resultant smoke and smell annoyed the neighbors. Despite the fires which alternately smoked and smoldered there not all the refuse was consumed and the place became a breeding place for roaches, which also irked the people. How the nuisance was abated I do not remember, but one of the results was that the dump gave way to the much more sightly and useful Fairfield Stadium. It seems to me that Huntington should be able to find some less troublesome method of disposing its garbage. Perhaps it is too much to hope that the picnic grounds be restored.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

On Christmas eve, at Lakeland, Fla., Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Cartwright celebrated their sixty-fourth wedding anniversary. They have been man and wife since December 24, 1884, when, according to my best information, they were married at Miller, O., then known as Millersport. The place of the marriage is somewhat of a guess, because no one here knows for certain. They are ex-Huntingtonians who have lived in Florida since 1916 and in Lakeland



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since 1918. Mr. Cartwright is 86 years old and Mrs. Cartwright, who was Miss Elizabeth Told, is 85. Mrs. Cartwright was born at Hanging Rock, O., but grew up at or near Miller. They are the parents of Fred E. Cartwright, 2037 Eighth avenue, and W. E. Cartwright who also lives in Huntington. Another son, Charles, lives at Fort Orchard, Wash., and still another, H. C. Cartwright, Jr., at Indianapolis, Ind. Their daughter, Miss Ruby Cartwright, is with them at Lakeland.

JAPONICAS, blooming on a foliageless plant in her garden in Spring Valley Circle, brought wonder and admiration to Mrs. Phillip Hoff, who came here a year ago with her husband from Wethersfield, Conn., near Hartford. There are no Christmas flowers at Weathersfield, nor in Philadelphia, Pa., which was Mrs. Hoff's girlhood home. Ordinarily, there are none in Huntington but they persisted in spite of snow, ice and a good bit of coldish weather. Mrs. Hoff is president of the Newcomers' Club, the activities of which she finds most interesting. The club has many members who find among each other people from their home states and even from their old home towns. Every state, Mrs. Hoff, tells me, is represented. Mr. Hoff is divisional manager for the Thermoid Corp.

NEW YORK IS a good place to live and the job of vice-president of the American Car & Foundry Co. is agreeable, but Robert W. Ward, who before he became vice-president was district manager for the ACF here likes to come back to Huntington. He and Mrs. Ward, the former Mayme Wellman, who was born at Fort Gay, enjoy returning to their old home and they are here, having come to spend Christmas with their grandchildren, not to mention their daughter, who was Miss Nancy Ward and her husband, Robert Shotts. The grandchildren are Bobby Nancy and Sally. The other daughter, nee Betty Ward and her husband, Jim Callihan, live at University City, St. Louis, Mo., and will not be here during the holidays. Mr. and Mrs. Ward plan to leave for New York tomorrow.

T. SELDEN JONES, after long confinement from illness, was about town again for the Christmas tide. Sam W. Perry, ill at St. Mary's hospital, is improving. At this writing, it is too early to tell about the exact accuracy of C. W. Gibbs' white Christmas forecast, but the respectable snow showing on Christmas eve entitles him to say, "I told you so."

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

DAUNTED NEITHER by advanced age nor its accompanying infirmity, U. S. G. Anderson, former Huntingtonian, now a resident of Sweet Springs, W. Va., is carrying on and, in collaboration with his nephew, Orin J. Likens, 2836 South Staunton Road, is rewriting the "Family History of Wright Lewis Anderson." Early high school principal, member of the Board of Education and, for years, an insurance executive, Mr. Anderson had a conspicu-



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ous part in the life of Huntington. He went away a number of years ago and a letter from him came as a surprise. The letter was sent through and by Mr. Likens, now retired, the son of Lula Anderson and her husband, Edward Likens. Ulysses Simpson Grant Anderson is the son of the late John Lewis Anderson, who was born April 6, 1837, near Burlington, Ohio, died at Catlettsburg, Ky., December 6, 1901, and was buried in Huntington's Spring Hill Cemetery.

JOHN LEWIS ANDERSON, father of U. S. G. Anderson, and commodore Washington Honshell, head of the famous White collar line of Ohio River steamboats, were half-brothers. John Lewis Anderson was captain and pilot on White Collar boats. Washington Honshell, the Anderson history sets fourth, was the son of Joseph Honshell and Nancy Anderson, his wife. Migrating with her sister, Amanda, from Portland, Me. to Charleston, S. C., she became a teacher. At Charleston she married Joseph Honshell, a brother of John Honshell, who had married Amanda Anderson. Joseph Honshell died in 1823, leaving one son, Washington Honshell. Later his widow came to Burlington, O., with Mr. and Mrs. John Honshell, who established Honshell Homestead. She remarried, becoming Mrs. James Anderson, and lived in the Burlington area until she was drowned, accidentally while dipping a bucket of water from Symmes Creek. Her children were reared by their Aunt Amanda. There were six of them, five by the second marriage. U. S. G. Anderson is in normal health otherwise, but his legs are paralyzed and he cannot walk alone.

ENTHUSIASTIC about his discovery, Arthur J. Darrah, Appalachian Electric Power Co., returned at the weekend from New York City with a plentiful supply of dulse. Samples of this rare, to me, edible, were distributed by Mr. Darrah to some of his familiars. He explained that many of his boyhood pennies were invested in dulse, or dried seaweed, but that he had not seen any of it for many years until he found it in New York. He said it was something to chew and those who tasted it found him correct in the statement that it had a salt taste. Dictionaries define dulse as an edible seaweed, indicate that the word is from the Gaelic.

TEN-YEAR-OLD TOMMY FOLSOM was much disturbed over the week end because of the absence of Tops, his black cocker spaniel. Tommy and Tops are the same age and have been together since infancy. Tops had polio some years ago and was paralyzed. Veterinarians advised that he be put out of his misery, but Dr. Thomas G. Folsom, Tommy's father, treated the pet as he might have treated a child, and Tops recovered. Saturday he wandered away from the Folsom home at 1405 Washington Boulevard.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

NOT SINCE James Whitcomb Riley has any verse maker made himself and his rhymes generally known and liked by all the people of the United States. It is probably an exaggeration that all the people of the land liked Riley's verse. Doubtless, there were many who heartily disapproved of the



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work of the Hoosier poet. On the other hand, there must have been but few who did not know of James Whitcomb Riley and his verse. His characters, like *Little Orphan Annie*, and some of his lines and phrases persist. Even Ella Wheeler Wilcox is quoted sometimes and some remember rhymes of Berton Braley and Eddie Guest. Certainly there is none today whose name and writing are generally recognized by the people. Nevertheless, there is much poetry written and published yearly in the United States, but for some reason Tom, Dick and Harry aren't familiar with it.

IT IS LIKELY that there are in Huntington and this region, numerous persons who know of the poems of Mary Moon. Mary Moon has won several awards from poetry magazines which have published her verses, but she hasn't sold anything to the slick paper periodicals. She says that poetry is not popular — and she may be right, though I think poetry—or maybe just verse—would have a much wider vogue if those who control the literature of the nation would give it a chance.

ALL THIS is a rather roundabout approach to the fact that Mary Moon is a former West Virginia woman. Before her marriage she was Miss Mary Louise Rankin. She graduated at Mt. de Chantal Academy at Wheeling, later taking degrees in art and English at the University of California. She is now Mrs. C. F. Moon and lives at 1604 Brookes Avenue, San Diego, California. Her mother also lives in San Diego, where she is a well known clubwoman.

DIVIDED ALLEGIANCE may beset Dr. T. D. Kauffelt Saturday at Morgantown as he watches the football game between West Virginia University and the University of Maryland. Dr. Kauffelt is a graduate of both schools. His favor may be swung to West Virginia by the fact that his son, T. D. Kauffelt, Jr., is studying at Morgantown. Moreover, he may be helped to make up his mind by being a West Virginian himself.

ALTHOUGH HE may be at home ere now, Henry O. Dunfee is sure to remember his New York City experience which last week led him to postcard: "Attending realtors' convention; my feet are tired; Charley horse in my legs; too fast for a grandpa."

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

THERE ARE no covered wagons any more and the desert blooms and bears fruit. The wilderness is conquered but the spirit which sent young Americans to new and strange places lives. Americans of earlier generations went forth to make homes for themselves in wastelands. Today they are



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going to lands that were old when Columbus sailed the seas, but which are as new and strange to them as any thing could have been to the Admiral of the Ocean Sea. These pioneers are bearing and following the flag. First the men go, to make smooth the pathways. Then, the women and children follow them. Two of these modern pioneers took ship at Seattle, Wash., last Tuesday for Kobe, Japan. They were Mrs. Tord V. Malmquist and her young son, Christopher Vincent Malmquist, and in Kobe they will join husband and father, Lieutenant T. V. Malmquist, USA, who has found a home where they expect to live two years. Mrs. Malmquist, the former Miss Betty Klein, and Chris, her son, had been here with her mother, Mrs. W. A. Klein of Seventh Avenue. On her trip to the West, Mrs. Malmquist was joined at Indianapolis by her friend, Mrs. Gene Kelly Sims, nee Jean Ashby Johnson of Huntington, who rode to Chicago with her. In Chicago they found Miss Pat McCoppin, former Huntington newswoman and one of their hometown chums. They had quite a reunion in Chicago.

AIR FORCE careers beckon to numerous young men who rose to rank and position during the war and had to come back home and start anew after the fighting ended. Among those who have decided to resume their uniforms are Captain Emmette S. Harrison, Jr. Captain Harrison, now a Herald-Dispatch reporter, will work here until December 3. Thereafter, he will go to Tucson, Ariz., where he will on December 9 re-enter the Air Force with his former rank and title. Mrs. Harrison and their young daughter, Pat, will spend Christmas with her family at Louisburg, N. C., later joining Captain Harrison at Tucson. During the war, Captain Harrison served overseas with the Air Force.

AFTER SERIOUS surgery, Dominic Gentile of Williamson, spent a month at St. Mary's Hospital. His stay there was ended Saturday when he left to be at home on the wedding day of his granddaughter, Gloria Marie Gentile, who was married yesterday to Henry Lowe. Mr. Gentile was accompanied to Williamson by Miss Marie Virginia Anselmi of the nursing staff at St. Mary's. Saturday morning he introduced Miss Anselmi to Mrs. Mary Koblass of Beauty, Ky. The introduction brought together two girls who had graduated together at Matewan High School, and hadn't seen each other since. Mrs. Koblass was then Mary Domolsey. She was born in Hungary, came to the United States at an early age, as did Miss Anselmi, a native of the Austrian Tyrol. Mrs. Koblass came to Huntington to spend the week end with her daughter, Miss Rosemary Koblass, a Marshall student. Together, they had gone to St. Mary's Hospital on an errand. Mrs. Koblass teaches in a rural school near Beauty.

And Mine Wiatt Smith

C. S. HOOVER, M. D., specialist in diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, had offices at 916 Third Avenue, just below the First National Bank and had a supply of glasses always on hand, as he told the public in a card which appeared in the program of a benefit opera for the city poor fund, at the (Davis) opera house, November 30, 1893. I remember nothing of Dr. Hoover, but do recall Dr. A. T. Cherry, eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, who had offices in the Commercial Building, Third Avenue between Tenth and Eleventh Streets. Dr. Cherry, who married Miss Mayme Smith of Guyandotte, died early. Dr. T. W. Moore bought his office equipment and for years carried on his specialist's practice there in the Commercial Building. Cards of Dr. Hoover and Dr. Cherry attracted my attention when I scanned the old opera program found at her Seventh Avenue home by Mrs. C. V. Lallance.



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MRS. LALLANCE, then Eugenia Pollard, was one of the little girls members of the cast of the Home Opera Company which rendered the Chimes of Normandy in the opera on that long ago November night. Those little girls who gave the baby song from the opera Wang included Bessie Emmons, Mabel McClintock, Pearl Kahn, Dora Inghram, Inez Wall, Maude Bishop, Eva Walkinshaw, Mabel Dickerson, Edna Parsons, Minnie Derbyshire, Ollie Summers, Louise McClung, Mary Parsons, Mary Palmer, Mary Reese, Hazel Frost, Nelle Pelot, Kate Flooding, Pearl Deeley, Inez Dickerson, Maude Needham, Cora Pfouts, Katie Gorham, Hallie McClung, Lola Terrell and Olive Bossinger. Many of these names are well known to me, and quite a few of those little girls are Huntington matrons today.

A PEASANT DANCE, fitted into the third act as a lawn fete, was "charmingly rendered" by Misses Katherine Honshell, Eva Wilson, Bertha Isbell, Flora Ward, Maria Ware, Rose Wolf, Reda Oppenheim, Edith Zeigler, Edna Wertz, Jessie McWilliams, Lucy Thompson, Susie Page, Bert Lacock, Jenia Oppenheim, Daisy Gidson and Grace Tanner.

BOYS WHO SANG the Tinkers Chorus from Robin Hood included Ernest Lea, Ike Hanley, Charley Collins, John Williams, Bennett Vinson, Wade Southworth, Harry Boggess, Delos Parsons, Henry Smith, Miles McCullough, Elder Welch, Will Wertz and Roy Marcum. Also there was a Chorus of Coachmen, sung by Henry Aleshire, James Shifflette, Dan Lacock, Warren Wood, Charles Burnham, Ed Hughes, H. C. McMillan, H. E. Longley, Jesse Ward, Lon Hutchison, George McIntosh, Lee Gibson, A. S. McDonald and Burnett Parrish. Professor Ginzol was leader of the orchestra and Miss Lou Reimer, pianist. There were two prima donnas, Miss Ida Caldwell and Miss Jessie Stewart. Admission was 35, 50 and 75 cents — gallery 15 cents.

Oct. 12, 48

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

ITS WHITENESS and featherlike substance suggesting an angel's wing, a night-blooming cereus, brought me after my bedtime Sunday by Aron J. Jouan, 1419 1/2 Sixth Avenue, was one of the most beautiful blossoms I ever beheld. Mr. Jouan did not come



in to see me, explaining that there were several other cerus blooms at his home and that he planned to take one of these to a sick woman on Seventh Avenue. This must be the season for the flowering of the night blooming cereus, Mrs. Ralph (Sadie) Wiseman, who has returned to her home at 527 Fourteenth Street

WIATT SMITH after several weeks at the Rowley Hospital but who must keep to her bed, was interested yesterday that her cereus would bloom after nightfall. This beautiful flower is fragile and collapses by morning after its blossoming. There is a crib-like spot in its center and Mrs. W. W. Bryan who lives in the house between the Wisemans and ours, says that we call the night blooming cereus used to be known as the Christmas angel.

MY ERUDITE SISTER, Mrs. Flora Smith Johnson, has enrolled in the Committee of 1,000, as might have been expected, on my side. A few months ago I reported that I had been notified by a committee member that I had said unsanitary when I should have said insanitary. The dictionaries I had at hand justified the committee member, so I recorded the correction and thought to let it be. Mrs. Johnson, however, went in for deeper research — found unsanitary on page 2601 of the latest edition of the Funk & Wagnall dictionary and on Page 2790 of Webster's New International dictionary — adds, "in and un are interchangeable in this case."

THAT THERE is still extant one of the two "Jesse James caves" of Route 52 is attested by George Bush, who learned of them when he lived in that neighborhood. One of the caves has collapsed, but the other is there and can be entered, Mr. Bush says. To find it, one crosses the hill and enters the first ravine to the right. It occurs to me that this cave is on private property and perhaps should not be entered without the consent of the owner whom I cannot identify immediately. Otherwise, I must say the connection of the caves with the James robbery of the Bank of Huntington is contrary to all I have ever heard about that occurrence. The robbers were well dressed and well mounted. They stayed in this vicinity several days before holding up the bank and were believed to be ministers or deacons.

ONE OF THOSE who saw the visitors was the Rev. Thomas A. Quirk, founder of St. Joseph's Catholic Church. This recalls a recently received note from Cecil Williams telling me of the first Catholic Church here at the northeast corner of Eighth Avenue and Twentieth Street, where the Stone-Danford department store now is. Part of the building was moved to Artisan Avenue, where it continues in use. Mr. Williams was told of these things by Francis Notter, the barber, who died early this year.

Oct 5, 1948 (H. 10)

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

DAUNTED NEITHER by advanced age nor its accompanying infirmity, U. S. G. Anderson, former Huntingtonian, now a resident of Sweet Springs, W. Va., is carrying on and, in collaboration with his nephew, Orin J. Likens, 2836 South Staunton Road, is rewriting the "Family History of Wright Lewis Anderson." Early high school principal, member of the Board of Education



and, for years, an insurance executive, Mr. Anderson had a conspicuous part in the life of Huntington. He went away a number of years ago and a letter from him came as a surprise. The letter was sent through and by Mr. Likens, now retired, the son of Lula Anderson and her husband, Edward Likens. Ulysses Simpson Grant Anderson is the son of the late John Lewis Anderson, who was born April 6, 1837, near Burlington, Ohio, died at Catlettsburg, Ky., December 6, 1901, and was buried in Huntington's Spring Hill Cemetery.

JOHN LEWIS ANDERSON, father of U. S. G. Anderson, and commodore Washington Honshell, head of the famous White collar line of Ohio River steamboats, were half-brothers. John Lewis Anderson was captain and pilot on White Collar boats. Washington Honshell, the Anderson history sets fourth, was the son of Joseph Honshell and Nancy Anderson, his wife. Migrating with her sister, Amanda, from Portland, Me. to Charleston, S. C., she became a teacher. At Charleston she married Joseph Honshell, a brother of John Honshell, who had married Amanda Anderson. Joseph Honshell died in 1823, leaving one son, Washington Honshell. Later his widow came to Burlington, O., with Mr. and Mrs. John Honshell, who established Honshell Homestead. She remarried, becoming Mrs. James Anderson, and lived in the Burlington area until she was drowned accidentally while dipping a bucket of water from Symmes Creek. Her children were reared by their Aunt Amanda. There were six of them, five by the second marriage. U. S. G. Anderson is in normal health otherwise, but his legs are paralyzed and he cannot walk alone.

ENTHUSIASTIC about his discovery, Arthur J. Darragh, Appalachian Electric Power Co., returned at the weekend from New York City with a plentiful supply of dulse. Samples of this rare, to me, edible, were distributed by Mr. Darragh to some of his familiars. He explained that many of his boyhood pennies were invested in dulse, or dried seaweed, but that he had not seen any of it for many years until he found it in New York. He said it was something to chew and those who tasted it found him correct in the statement that it had a salt taste. Dictionaries define dulse as an edible seaweed, indicate that the word is from the Gaelic.

TEN-YEAR-OLD TOMMY FOLSOM was much disturbed over the week end because of the absence of Tops, his black cocker spaniel. Tommy and Tops are the same age and have been together since infancy. Tops had polio some years ago and was paralyzed. Veterinarians advised that he be put out of his misery, but Dr. Thomas G. Folsom, Tommy's father, treated the pet as he might have treated a child, and Tops recovered. Saturday he wandered away from the Folsom home at 1405 Washington Boulevard.

Tues. Jan. 20, 1949.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

PIGEON POPULARITY is none too high, but these birds which live in towns and sometimes make nuisances of themselves, have friends. One such friend is Nathan Wolfe, Fifth Avenue tailor. Operatives tell me that each day at noon Mr. Wolfe scatters corn for the pigeons. They are regular customers and regardless of weather, report for Mr. Wolfe's bounty. Less domesticated birds may be indifferent to trays on which kindly householders place morsels



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which they may eat when the ground is frozen or snowcovered and natural sustenance is scarce. Such birds are independent thus far this Winter. Instead of the snow and cold expected in January, there has been a prevalence of Summer-like weather. James R. Harworth reports dining table adornment of lawn grown japonicas. There are flowers blooming everywhere. Thus far there have been few instances of blooming fruit trees. General expectation is that the snows will come — probably when the public is ready for Spring. My memory is that last Winter didn't set in until February and that it then made up for lost time.

REGARDLESS of the Winter warmth, the trek to Florida and other sunny areas continues. Currently I hear that Mrs. Anna M. Simms will go to Hollywood, Fla., early next month. Mrs. Simms daughter, Juanita is preparing to leave soon for Fort Hamilton, at New York, where she will take ship for Yokohama, Japan, there to join her husband, Captain Sewell Fisher, USA, who is with the American occupation forces. Her sister, Mrs. Fred E. Griffith, is with her husband, Sergeant Griffith, who is on duty in Germany.

ENCLOSING a clipping of column paragraph about the juveniles who diverted fats from household larders and sold them to Keefe's soap factory and got licked for their pains, a reader asks, "Couldn't it be possible you were one of 'em?" No, it couldn't. For one reason, I was yet to be born; for another, Keefe's soap factory was down town and my boyhood was spent in Guyandotte and I seldom got below the suspension bridge.

ALBEN W. BARKLEY of Paducah was sworn in as vice-president of the United States by Mr. Justice Stanley Reed of Ashland. This was arranged because they were both Kentuckians. Bishop U. V. W. Darlington tells me of another similarity, this being that they are both Methodists. Bishop Darlington was newly come from Kentucky having been in Lexington Sunday, laying the cornerstone of a big Methodist Church. The ceremonies were held as scheduled, though there was a steady rain at the hour set.

FROM WASHINGTON, D. C., whither he had gone to to attend the inaugural ceremonies, Buford C. Tynes was called to Bluefield, W. Va., because of the death of his brother, Conrad Tynes. Their sister, Mrs. J. R. Laid of Kanawha Terrace, was in Bluefield at the time of her brother's death. Mr. Tynes returned to Huntington Sunday night.

Your friends • by • • • And Mine Wiatt Smith

IN THESE DAYS it is difficult, not to say impossible, for a man to buy a shirt. Not that I've been trying, but, just to confirm my impression as to the garment's current scarcity, I telephoned a men's furnishing store and was told the establishment had



some a few days before and was expecting more at anytime. The condition this revealed offers sharp contrast to the offer of Broh Bros., cash clothiers, Third Avenue and Ninth Street, "the best soft shirt in the city for 50 cents." Such an advertisement as the cash clothiers ran in The Huntington Herald on July 14, 1894, today would produce a rush of customers outdoing the most formidable nylon line. But probably, such days are gone forever. The almost 32-year-old Herald, Long & Whitmyer, publishers, was found in the alley between Eighth and Ninth Streets and Second and Third Avenues by Lee Mathews, who brought it to the newspaper offices. Other copies, were submitted by a Mr. Phillips. I have not seen them. Colonel J. H. Long was the senior publisher and proprietor. At the end of that year he sold The Herald and bought The Advertiser.

C. S. HOOVER, M. D., 916 Third Avenue (just below the First National Bank Building, announced that he was an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, with "a supply of glasses always on hand." I do not remember hearing of Dr. Hoover. Dr. A. T. Cherry, in a bigger, blacker card than that of Dr. Hoover, announced that he had offices in the Commercial Building and that his practice was limited to eye, ear, nose and throat. Dr. Cherry retired because of ill health, died, and his office and practice were taken over by Dr. T. W. Moore. . . . Among the news items was the statement that Columbus, veteran fire department horse, was being worked in a cart by Street Commissioner Stewart.

THE "buxom Irish girl with snapping black eyes," mentioned in Pearl Buck's book, "The Fighting Angel," died April 8 at her home in Roncerverte, W. Va. She was identified as the original of Mrs. Buck's character by Mrs. E. L. Zimmerman, her niece. The "buxom Irish girl" was Mrs. Sally Ann Sydenstricker, nee Sherwood. She would have been 90 years old April 11. She was the widow of Rev. F. D. Sydenstricker, who was the brother of Ab Sydenstricker, a missionary to China and father of Pearl Buck. Huntington relatives include Mrs. Zimmerman, three grand-nephews and her namesake, Sally Jean Sydenstricker.

MRS. FRANK D. (Jess Runyon) Clark, soujourning at Martinsville, Ind., writes that she has sold her home on Main Street, but does not say to whom. That property had been in the Clark family a long time. . . . E. Carroll Wright writes from Phoenix, Ariz., that Mrs. Wright, nee Elizabeth Reuschlein, is recovering her health in the southwestern sunshine.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

CLEVELAND AMORY in "The Proper Bostonians," tells of a Boston matriarch who squelched a youth who was expatiating on the autumnal charms of his native Virginia with, "young man, hell would be beautiful in October." Virginia is beautiful always,



and never more beautiful than in October, a month of loveliness in West Virginia as well as in Virginia and in Massachusetts. I have been reading "the Proper Bostonians" and do not wonder that Boston people are said to have been made indignant by Mr. Amory's book. He must know something about Boston, but I think it unlikely that he was ever in West Virginia. Whether or not he has visited this state he dragged in an insult to West Virginia and West Virginians. Nevertheless, his tome is readable and enjoyable.

THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS even to October's beauty and Huntington experienced one of these Sundays, when the rain fell all day. Beauty returned Monday and yesterday, but the temperature was too low for comfort. Forecasts are that the mercury will climb now and that October will be itself again. Really to be expected now is Indian Summer, an uncertain season which, according to established tradition, comes after the first spell of cold weather. Certainly, the first visit of Winter has been here.

SMOKE FROM LEAF fires is in the air; the trees are gorgeous with their variegated colors and the leaves are tumbling to carpet the sidewalks. These days recall Sammy-the-dog, a timorous pet who never failed to show fear of the rustling leaves. Sammy-the-dog died years ago and was buried under a walnut tree near Dr. Stiles' small animal clinic. He was a great deal of trouble, but worth every bit of it.

"SEE A. M. CLARK & CO'S \$2. shoe for ladies" says an advertisement published in Huntington in 1893. I do not recall the Clark shoe store, but do go back to the days when a woman could buy a pair of respectable shoes for \$2. Puzzling is the card that custom made clothing was available at ready made prices at the Misfit Clothing Parlor. I never knew about that. G. C. Ricketts advertised himself as "the leading grocer, fine foods a specialty." Mr. Ricketts operated his market at the northwest corner of Third Avenue and Tenth Street. He had one of the first, if not the first, soda fountains in Huntington. In the closing years of his business life he had a restaurant north of his store and called it the Cafe Girard. Girard was his first name and that of his father, Dr. G. C. Ricketts of Guyandotte.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

SOMEONE SENT me a tattered copy of the Lincoln Monitor, J. Jerome Haddox, editor, published April 4, 1912. The editor is anonymous and the only clue for the sender is the name John Lewis, pencilled on the front page. Obviously, Mr. Lewis



was the subscriber who got The Monitor from the mail. As anyone who remembers J. Jerome Haddox, would expect, the paper is filled with political items, wisecracks and poetry. Jerome Haddox was a gifted person, who could write and speak fluently. However, this is not to be a paragraph or a column devoted to him. Scanning the old Monitor, one finds an item quoting Police Judge T. J. Bryan of Huntington, who said from his bench one Monday morning: "Forty per cent of the boys of Huntington would be better off on the farm plowing this morning instead of being in Huntington."

SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS is that juvenile delinquency did not originate with the end of World War II. Every area has had its quota of bad boys — not to mention bad girls — and many believe that the youngsters of today average up better than those of earlier generations. Judge Jeff Bryan, a gentleman who had a sharp tongue which he liked to exercise from the police court bench, believed sincerely that many boys would be better behind the plow than inside a school room. In those times there were many persons who regarded universal education dubiously.

THERE WERE POLLS, then too, as Mr. Haddox wrote: "The Monitor would like to intimate that Editor D. Blaine Shaw stuffed the ballot box in the Barboursville Budget's straw election." That seems unlikely, though Editor Shaw might have done it if the notion had struck him. But there has never been any advantage in a faked straw ballot. Whether they are proper or not, is not for me to decide, but my own observations has been that straw ballots indicate trends, and I think this is still true.

AFTER 29 YEARS, Buford C. Tynes is vacating the eighth floor suite in the Guaranty Bank Building, so long his law offices, and moving to the fourth floor. This change was necessitated by plans for further Island Creek Coal Co. office expansion in the Guaranty Building. Mr. Tynes' moving problems were complicated when he sustained a leg injury in a Saturday mishap. Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Brandabur and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Muth will leave Friday for Miami, Fla., where Dr. Brandabur will attend the convention of the Southern Medical Association. John A. Kelley, who was under treatment for weeks at Memorial Hospital, has gone to his Charleston Avenue home. Oley L. Davis, gas company manager, is recovering from illness which has kept him at home recently. He is up part of each day and expects to get back to his desk soon.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

IN EARLY HUNTINGTON times, Henry Sexton lived on Sixteenth Street, where he had a grist mill and practiced as a veterinarian. Henry Sexton, whom I do not remember, owned much real estate on Sixteenth Street and must have been well known.



WIATT SMITH

William H. Patton, 1515 Ninth Avenue, of the custodian force of Johnson Memorial Church, told me of Henry Sexton and of others who lived on Sixteenth Street Road in the back yonder days. William H. Patton was born on Fourteenth Street, between Second and Third Avenues, 69 years ago and knows much of Huntington as it was in the beginning. His father, Joe Patton, had Indian blood, and his hair, worn at shoulder length, was black and straight. William H. Patton was one of several youths who went from Huntington to the Spanish-American war. Unlike most of his comrades, he chose the Army as a career, serving many weeks. Soon the big house at Fifth Avenue listments and through three wars, and being for 19 years a drill sergeant at Ft. Benning, Ga. He called to talk about early racing and said he rode at track on the South Side, including Ninth Tenth and Eleventh Avenues and Fifth and Sixth Streets.

FOLLOWING the disposition of the estate of Dr. and Mrs. Ira Clay Hicks, which will require some weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Macon Jones probably will go to live in some other city. However, that is problematical. Mrs. Jones, the former Miss Xilpha Hicks, had rallied somewhat yesterday from the shock of the entirely unexpected death of her mother earlier in the week. Soon the big house at Fifth Avenue and Eleventh Street will pass into some new phase. It was long the home of Dr. and Mrs. Hicks and Xilpha and I often saw them there as they sat on their shaded porch on Summer evenings. Before Dr. Hicks and his family acquired it and went to live there, it was the home of Judge C. W. Campbell and his family. It was built and originally occupied by J. B. Harris, who was a constructive force in the Huntington of his day.

ONE OF THE familiars of my youth was John G. Wilson, who died here recently and was taken to Hinton to be buried. Mr. Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Wilson, was active with his father in the saw mill business in Guyandotte when I knew him first. The two, father and son, also had a clothing store on Bridge Street. Before going to Hinton, where he was with the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Co., Mr. Wilson was for a time in the city clerk's office. Years have passed since I saw him, but his death disturbed me. He was one of the most unforgettable characters I have known. As a young fellow, polished and sophisticated, he was a social leader in Guyandotte — a primary figure in the Seconee Club, which had regular dances in Page & Everett's hall. This club was called after the Indian name of the Guyandotte River.

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Dec. 16, 1948
**Your Friends by
 And Mine Wiatt Smith**

IN 1903, Frank James came to Huntington with a show which he exhibited on Second Avenue below the point where the bridge now crosses the Ohio at Sixth Street. He had a topless canvas enclosure and many good horses. Jim Salliers remembers all of this, particularly because he found



WIATT SMITH it a problem to find the 50 cents necessary to admission. He also remembers that, accompanied by a police officer, Frank James went to see the Third Avenue and Twelfth Street building, still standing, which was the home of the Bank of Huntington when it was robbed September 6, 1875. Jim Salliers, an orphan, came from Louisa, Ky., in 1898. He came down Big Sandy River on a steamboat and on to Huntington on the shuttle train, or perhaps it was the dummy. There were two interurban trains then, the Chesapeake & Ohio shuttle, and the Ohio River (B. & O.) dummy. Mr. Salliers grew up as the ward of Mr. and Mrs. Will Miller, who, upon his arrival, were operating the Central Hotel in Central City. Later they lived in Milton. The Central Hotel burned.

FROM THOMAS S. WRIGHT comes a clipping of a United Press dispatch telling of the launching, planned for tomorrow, of a Sunday edition of The Indianapolis Times, a Scripps-Howard paper. This is of especial interest in Huntington because Editor Walter Lekrone is joined in announcement of the venture by Henry W. Manz, business manager. Henry Manz was advertising manager of The Herald-Dispatch before the formation of the Huntington Publishing Co. Later, he became advertising manager of The Cincinnati Post. "Henry," writes Tom Wright, "was your friend and mine."

ANOTHER FORMER newspaper associate has been in the news of late. This was A. N. (Nevette) Thomson, who died at his Parkersburg home. When I started work on The Advertiser in 1908, Julian E. Caton was editor; Nevette Thomson was star reporter and I was the cub. Mr. Thomson, who had been a newspaper correspondent in South Africa during the Boer War, quit chasing the elusive news item and became a salesman for the Bowman Realty Co., with which he was connected several years before he left Huntington and returned to Parkersburg, his home city.

HAVING LEASED the Montgomery Hotel there, Dan S. Rardin will go to Mount Sterling, Ky., in time to assume direction of the property December 1. Mr. Rardin, a successful traveling salesman, has a double inheritance of hotel-keeping blood. His paternal grandfather, the first J. C. Rardin, ran the Alger House in Callettsburg; his maternal grandfather, R. W. Sterling, had hotels in Central Kentucky, Point Pleasant and Huntington. Mr. Rardin, his wife, who was Miss Marjorie Brooks, and their lively daughter, Betsy, will live at the Montgomery, although Betsy warns that she will, if she finds it insalubrious in Mt. Sterling, come back to Huntington to stay with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Rardin. I think it will be the other way around, predicting the Betsy will like the hotel business and that the elder Mr. Rardin will find frequent occasion to go to Mt. Sterling to sit in the lobby or on the spacious veranda of the Montgomery.

Nov. 18, 1948
**Your Friends by
 And Mine Wiatt Smith**

RECENTLY THIS COLUMN told of a benefit opera, for the city poor fund, given at the opera house on the evening of November 30, 1893. As "the Lost Marchioness," Miss Jessie Stewart was one of two prima



WIATT SMITH donnas, sharing honors with Miss Ida Caldwell, who sang the role of "Serpolette, the good for nothing." Miss Caldwell became Mrs. W. P. H. McFaddin of Beaumont, Texas. Miss Stewart married William Tracy and lives according to available information, at Petersburg, Va. Miss Stewart, whose father was A. F. Stewart, master mechanic at the Chesapeake & Ohio shops, was a serious musician, teaming with Miss Lou Heffner, pianist, who is now Mrs. P. A. Rutledge of Cincinnati. Miss Heffner, however, did not go with Miss Stewart to Harrisburg, Pa., where the latter sang vocal solos in the City Grays' Armory in the fall of 1898. A "50 year ago" item in a Harrisburg newspaper records that Miss Stewart was accompanied by Miss Mary Christy of Gallitzin, Pa.

THIS HARRISBURG clipping was given to me by Charles W. Strickland a Philadelphia boy who went to Gallitzin for his first job and there met and married Miss Katherine Gunning. Mrs. Strickland, long a resident of Huntington, keeps in touch with her old home town. Mr. and Mrs. Strickland knew nothing of Miss Stewart, but did know that Miss Mary Christy, who became Mrs. Isidore Pfeiffer and was the mother of Mrs. Hugh T. Lynch who lives on Wiltshire Boulevard and teaches mathematics at Marshall College. Mrs. Pfeiffer, who died four years ago, visited in Huntington several times but never saw Mrs. Tracy here. A. F. Stewart went from Huntington to Clifton Forge, Va., and later to Richmond, Va., where he spent his last years. Miss Jessie Stewart, who lived with her family at 1408 Sixth Avenue, must have met Will Tracy here, for the latter's family lived a square or two down Sixth Avenue. They were married in Richmond and never lived in Huntington thereafter.

TESTIMONIALS TO Dr. H. D. Hazelwood, recently retired principal of Douglass High School, are in order and I want to add mine. Dr. Hazelwood has been a good and useful citizen of Huntington and it pleases me to know that he doesn't plan to move away. He is now business manager of Storer College, at historic Harper's Ferry, but keeps his residence here and returns to Huntington from time to time. His only son and child, Davis Hazelwood, a musician, lives at Baton Rouge, La. Davis Hazelwood, who grew up in Huntington, was once or twice a notable competitor in The Herald-Dispatch marble tournament. Dr. Hazelwood talked to me of his long time association with The Herald-Dispatch which began when Boyd Jarrell the elder was editor, continued through the editorship of Jim Clendenin and goes on today with Editor Raymond Brewster.

Your Friends • by • • • And Mine Wyatt Smith

PROBABLY because of the Thanksgiving season rush, taxicabs were scarce over the week end. There were as many cabs as usual, but they were hard to come by. Consequently, when I started homeward Friday



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afternoon, I found my usual method of transportation unavailable and after some wait in the cold, started hobbling up Fourth Avenue. Before I had gone far, Oley L. Davies discovered me and, thinking that the walk ahead was not advisable, went out into the avenue and stopped an Eastbound automobile. The two sailor brothers who readily consented to transport me were James and Ralph Lykens, whose leaves happily coincided so that they happened to be at home for their first reunion in 28 months. They had not been together in the service and they were leaving shortly, James for the West Coast and Ralph for the East Coast.

ON SATURDAY, before I had time to look for a cab, C. W. Kerr offered me transportation, which, of course, I accepted. A moment after I took my seat in the car, something moist assailed my ear. I was being greeted by Betty, the black cocker spaniel who owns the Kerrs. This, I learned, was an honor, for Betty is shy of strangers, ordinarily. We went to the Kerr residence on Fourth Street where Mrs. (Cousin Julia) Kerr was just exchanging farewells with the members of her bridge club, an organization which at her call had met for the first time in several years. Those departing were Mrs. H. A. Zeller, Mrs. F. L. Schoew, Mrs. Elizabeth Dimmick, Mrs. Irving Estler, Mrs. W. C. W. Renshaw, Mrs. P. C. Buffington and Miss Annette Harvey. After they had gone I joined Mr. and Mrs. Kerr in disposing of what was left of the party grub.

AFTER a week-end visit to the home of his mother, Mrs. C. R. Wyatt of Fifth Avenue, Joseph Willard Wyatt left last night for his Washington, D. C., home and law offices. Joe, whose father, C. R. Wyatt the elder, was a Cabell County lawyer, left Huntington in 1929 to practice law in New York City. Later, he went to Washington where he and Carr Ferguson, son of the late M. J. Ferguson of Fifth Avenue, are the active partners in the firm of Parker, Wyatt & Ferguson.

MRS. BERGIE B. BIAS of Milton has or soon will receive the words of the Christmas song, "Star of the East," for which she asked through this column last week. Mrs. Burkhammer of Thirteenth Street telephoned that she had the song and would mail it to Mrs. Bias. Subsequently, Mrs. E. G. Hatcher telephoned a similar offer and recalled that years ago I had visited her home with John D. Muldoon of Marshall College in a successful quest for an old song.

MRS. A. V. DYE sent from her Richmond Street home generous samples of her green tomato pickle and plum jelly, both the handiwork of a master cook—and better because they were made in Guyandotte.

Your Friends • by • • • And Mine Wyatt Smith

"THE Ohio is Just the Right Size for a Man to Live By," says the heading from a published excerpt from "The Buckeye Country — a Pageant of Ohio" by Harlan Hatcher. I do not know Mr. Hatcher, nor even who he is, but after reading what he



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says about our river, I have no doubt that he has spent some time around this neck of the woods. I feel sure that others, who grew up near the Ohio's banks will share my interest — hence, I quote Mr. Hatcher:

"The Ohio River was the arterial highway to the West. It bore with ageless leisure the men in boats hunting a better life around its bends. There is no river in the world quite like it. The French who had seen the Rhine and the Rhone, the Seine and the Thames, the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, and the great Mississippi, looked upon the Ohio and spontaneously exclaimed, 'La Belle Riviere.' Beautiful River it was as a living part of the country through which it flowed, and as a smooth wide surface for communication through almost a thousand miles of forest. It was an object of inexhaustible beauty to the eye, and it was the vital center of life for a swelling multitude. Day and night for more than a century and a half the people along its banks have turned their eyes daily to look at it and watch its rise and fall. It is always a living, moving, vital being in its own proud right, and its people live with it as with a kind and neighborly but temperamental king of a small principality who may send gifts one day and seize your home and farm tomorrow."

"You have to live with this river to know it fully in all its moody grandeur and in its quiet intimacy. I was born on its banks in a house from whose upper rooms you could look out upon its willow-fringed banks all day long. It was always the same and yet always changing, with the fast packets going gracefully by, blowing their three-toned steamboat whistles for the landing at Ashland, Kentucky, hugging the channel on our side of the river, then swinging around easily like a great swan, heading upriver and gliding along without a bump alongside the wharfbat on the wide, steep, cobble-stoned river front where horses and mules and wagons by the dozen awaited the unloading.

"THIS river is just the right size for a man to live by. The Mississippi and the St. Lawrence are too wide; they make a man feel small; they are a barrier between the two shores. The Hudson is too austere, too wide between its steep palisades lower down, too shut in, or too narrow and without bluffs further up. But the Ohio was designed on a rare scale. Its parallel ridges from three hundred to six hundred feet high follow its course and gently restrain its windings without ever showing the hand of authority as the Storm King and Bear Mountain sharply discipline the Hudson. These hills are from one to three miles apart, while the river is about eighteen hundred feet, or a third of a mile wide. . . . It is just wide enough to make good neighbors of Ohio and Kentucky. You can row a boat across it in ten or fifteen minutes, and boys who swim pretty well often cross it in July when the water is low."

Your Friends • by • • • And Mine Wiatt Smith

WILD asters are blooming along the drive-ways leading into the hill sections of the city—and on the hills. The trees have assumed their autumnal dress. The dogwood is aflame with red leaves and red berries. The holly berries are red against a background of green leaves. Touched by the Midas hand of frost, the maples are a mass of gold. There is an old controversy as to whether West Virginia is more beautiful in Autumn or in Spring. I think the answer depends on which season is current, though I must own a lifelong preference for Autumn and for Indian Summer. Huntington, with its forest of trees, is singularly blest with the beauty which reminds me of Rose Osborne Sell's Lines:

WIATT SMITH

Summer. Huntington, with its forest of trees, is singularly blest with the beauty which reminds me of Rose Osborne Sell's Lines:

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

Because of certain Monday excursions and attendant observations, it was in my mind to write of these things. Then Mrs. Frank D. (Jessie Runion) Clark telephoned from Guyandotte to tell me of the beauty of the arching trees which make a veritable tunnel of Main Street. Doubtless, I am prejudiced, but that street on which I grew up always seems to me one of the sightliest to be seen anywhere.

ONE of those Monday excursions was to Chesapeake and the funeral services held for Mabel Crawford (Mrs. Hugh) Rardin in the lovely and historic home of her parents, Captain and Mrs. Clayton Crawford, wherein Mrs. Rardin must have spent her life. I went with Mrs. George Cory (Maria Ware) Adams, Mrs. D. W. Brown and Mrs. J. O. Carter. Mrs. Adams recalled how she and Mabel Crawford as young girls were taken by Captain Crawford to Portsmouth aboard one of his boats. She recalls that they spent the night aboard and had a glorious outing, but she does not remember the name of the boat.

AS WE crossed the bridge, Mrs. Brown urged me to say something to make Huntingtonians more conscious of the beauty of the river and its advantage as a play place. In childhood, I played about the river banks and fronts, and occasionally upon the waters. Now, I think I am like many others, to whom the river is more of a recollection than a reality. Perhaps, as to the others, this is not true. The flood wall has served to deprive us of some of our river views, but I trust that after the war, the river front, especially the earthen levees, will be beautified and that there will come a deeper and more widespread appreciation of the beautiful Ohio.

AN APPEAL of a different sort came from Colonel W. H. Waldron, who asked that householders be urged to cooperate with the school children in the collection of scrap paper. This is a reasonable request. Such cooperation helps the householder get rid of encumbering trash; it helps the children who through last year's scrap paper collections made \$2,700 for school purpose; most important of all, it helps in the war effort.



Your Friends • by • • • And Mine Wiatt Smith

AN early Judge of the West Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals was John F. Patton who may have been a brother to Colonel George S. Patton, Colonel George S. Wallace told me yesterday. If the presumption is correct, the West Virginia jurist was the great uncle of Lieutenant General George S. Patton, USA. Like General Patton's grandfather, George S. Patton of Kanawha Riflemen fame, John F. Patton was born in Richmond, Va. He also served in the Confederate Army but I am not sure that he came into what is now West Virginia before the war of secession. But he was prosecuting attorney of Monroe County before he was elected to the Supreme Court of Appeals. He had been on the bench approximately one year when he died in Wheeling in 1871.



WIATT SMITH

He had been on the bench approximately one year when he died in Wheeling in 1871.

USUALLY, I am able to laugh off slips here caused by lapses of memory, but I can hardly see any joke in the fact that I do not recall that in its last years Guyandotte high school was moved from the then "new building" on Richmond Street to the older building on Third Street. But my brother Warren, who was graduated from the Third Street building, assures me this is true. It accounts for some of my inability to recognize the school on a 1911 post card sent me by Ms. L. T. Elkins. I did recognize the man in the picture as Prof. W. H. Leonhart, but I couldn't understand what he was doing there. Warren says one of the ladies is Miss Grace Wilson. Meanwhile, the postcard has been submitted to a committee of experts for examination and report.

BECAUSE I came such a cropper on that school house business, I am cautious in regard to a difference of opinion which has arisen between Dr. Don F. Weider and me. It relates to the Bridge Street location of the factory where Don's Uncle Harry Weider made Edgewood stogies. He, the doctor, says the place was in an old building immediately to the rear of Murphy's drug store and that the foundations of that structure may still be seen. It seems to me the Weider plant was in the Fry building across a private alley in the rear of Murphy's. Anyway, Mr. Weider had a confectionery in the store room, made stogies in the back rooms and he and his mother lived upstairs. His cigar makers were Ed Surrat and Frank Church.

IN appreciation of Indian Summer (yesterday's and, I hope, today's variety) Mrs. James V. McCormick telephoned to recite to me of these lines by Helen Hunt Jackson:

*"O sun and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather."*

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

DURING many years, quilting was the avocation of Mrs. M. L. Gilmore of 209 Nineteenth Street. Eventually, quilting became a bit too strenuous, so Mrs. Gilmore took up tatting. Now she spends some part of each day — and her output is not in-



WIATT SMITH

considerable. Mrs. Gilmore gave up quilting because she was getting old, but after a lifetime of hard work she was unsatisfied with a prospect of idleness and she will probably do some tatting next Monday, October 30, when she will celebrate her ninety-seventh birthday. Lacking but three years of the century mark, Mrs. Gilmore is well. She tats, does a little housework, just to keep her hand in, reads, listens to the radio and tells those of younger generations exciting stories of her youth. She never lacks an audience. Her seven children are all living, her three daughters in Huntington. She also has 16 grandchildren, 17 great grandchildren and nine great, great grandchildren — this by the latest count.

AS Margaret Holcomb she was born in Gallia County, Ohio, October 30, 1847—the year before the Mexican war. Before the Civil War her father migrated from Ohio to Missouri, taking his family, Margaret included, in a covered wagon. During the war the Holcombs lived in Missouri and Mrs. Gilmore has vivid memories of the excitements as well as the hardships of that period. The family returned to Ohio and then went west again, settling this time in Iowa. Mrs. Gilmore and her family came to Huntington 56 years ago. Prior to his death in 1925, Mr. Gilmore operated a broom factory in the rear of the Nineteenth Street address.

MR. GILMORE shares her home with a widowed daughter, Mrs. George Gillispie. Her other daughters are Mrs. F. J. Hoback and Mrs. T. A. Nelson, the latter of 2043 Eleventh Avenue. She has sons living at Portsmouth, Va., Alhambra, Calif., Clendenin, W. Va., and LaCrosse, Va.

HUNTINGTON newspaperdom is disturbed these days by anxiety over Naval Lieutenant William Turner Chambers who was photographic officer on the carrier Princeton, lost in the battle of the Philippines. I am not writing Bill Chambers off. Unless and until I hear definitely to the contrary, I will hope and believe that he was among those rescued from the Princeton. In no case will I forget him. Through long years I have never known a more cooperative or more enthusiastic fellow worker. Bill Chambers, a school teacher, turned photographer, knows a news picture possibility when he sees it. He will climb a telephone pole, if need be, to get the proper focus. He takes his work seriously but is nevertheless an agreeable companion, equally ready for play or for work. Other Huntingtonians were aboard the Princeton. Each of them is as important in his circle as Bill Chambers is in his. I write about stalwart cameraman because he's a fellow I know.

ALL THINGS come to him who waits—long enough. I have my new copy of Philip Gibbs' Street of Adventure. The book, a paper back, designated as "Everybody's Rebound, 21—", came all the way from 156 Charing Cross Road, London, W. C2. It was



delivered in person yesterday morning by John F. Hamilton, just home after three years in London with the OWI and the State Department. Miss Marie McGowan, described by Mr. Hamilton as a Brooklyn gal, albeit I understand she is from Manhattan, found the fugitive volume in a London book shop. I had said here I wanted it. Mr. Hamilton

read the paragraph. With his usual generalship, he enlisted operatives to look for it in London. Miss McGowan secured it, many weeks ago and Mr. Hamilton wrote he was sending it. I watched the mails in vain. Finally, John came home, bringing the Street of Adventure with him. He explained that he couldn't be bothered to post it. I believe that but I also suspect he kept it by him to read. In my opinion, it is the best of stories of newspaper people, of whom Mr. Hamilton, veteran of The Advertiser staff, is one. He gained poundage despite London diet restrictions and complains of the richness of the food Kathleen, his wife, serves him. He also complains of the Huntington heat—but so do we all. John says that there was never a day in London when the heat made him peel his coat—but that the cold weather last Winter was something else again.

MR. HAMILTON proposes to take a well-earned rest—anyway a rest, and for the time being he'll do nothing but stay at his Holderby Road home and fan himself. Probably he'll start working again before too long. Yesterday, I couldn't even persuade him to serve as guest columnist. He did oblige with a few remarks about the handiness of the column through which, he remarked, I replenished by library, fed myself and perhaps derived other benefits. I'm caught with the goods about the library replenishment—as to the rest, I plead nolo contendere. It is a real satisfaction to own the Street of Adventure again and a matter of some wonder that no reader on this side of the ocean heeded my appeals for it. Fortunately for me, John F. Hamilton was in London and here is the book, inscribed in true Hamiltonian style.

IF I SOMETIMES use these columns to help myself, it is also true that they serve others. Currently, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co. wants the exact date of the opening of its Huntington station in 1892. That's too far back in the book for me, or not far enough back. The station originally was that of the Ohio River Railroad Co. Subsequently, the Baltimore & Ohio bought the line and made it its Ohio River division. The depot must be just as it was in 1892. I don't recall that it was ever enlarged or altered. Time was when there was daily newspaper-day agitation for a new B & O station, but nothing came of that. Today, the station serves the railroad and the Greyhound buses. The bus company has plans for a new terminal at Fourth Avenue and Thirteenth Street and there's a fresh stirring of the old rumor that the Baltimore and Ohio trains will run into the Chesapeake & Ohio station. Anyway, the Baltimore & Ohio wants the date of the station's opening, making its request through Colonel George S. Wallace.

MR. BESS OLIVER and Miss Maude Day came last night from Wheeling to visit their son and nephew City Editor E. R. Oliver. Mrs. Oliver and Miss Day and

8-5-47
Your Friends
by
Wiatt Smith

3-3-47
**Your Friends by
 And Mine** *Wiatt Smith*

NOTHING has been heard as to the identity of the cabinet maker who lived to be 100 years old because he kept selling coffins made for his own use. However, the paragraph on that subject led J. L. Phipps to tell of his uncle, Preston M. Phipps of Danville, Boone County, P. M. Phipps, who believed



in preparedness, sent to Charleston for a coffin to be kept until his death. That was before the days of railroads, hard roads or automobiles. The coffin was carried through the mountains on a jolt-wagon. There must have been a regular express route between Charleston and Danville, for the coffin came to P. M. Phipps in the same shipment with a barrel of whisky, also addressed to him. He must have ordered the liquor, too, but I do not understand that he expected to get the coffin and the corn juice at the same time. Anyway, he kept both. How much of the liquor was left when Mr. Phipps came to the end of his days is not part of the story. He died and was buried in the coffin at the direction of his widow, who forthwith sent to Charleston for a coffin for herself.

TWO-B is the abbreviated name of a Boxer, a dog of forbidding mein but gentle disposition belonging to Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Stark of Kings Highway. Two-B developed a great admiration and affection for Postman George Roberts, who at that time was delivering mail to the Stark home. The dog was interested in the mail deliveries. When letters were pushed through the slot he would sniff them. If a substitute had made the delivery, Two-B would turn away disdainfully. If the letters came from the hand of Mr. Roberts, Two-B would clamor to be let out. Once outside, he would join his idol and make the rounds with him. George Roberts was put on a collection truck serving that area and Two-B soon learned to wait for him at a certain box. From that point he rode on the truck until George Roberts came lugging him home. Mrs. Stark thinks Two-B's devotion to George Roberts started because of the latter's resemblance to the dog's young master, Jack Stark, now away at school. Two-B was also an affectionate and gentle playmate of the baby daughter of Lieutenant and Mrs. Bob (Joan Stark) Hipert, now in the Philippines.

PAUL C. PANCAKE postcards, as of February 20, that he was aboard an air liner forced down at Numea, New Caledonia. He said all was well with him and his fellow passengers but he expected to be delayed three or four days. . . . He was en route to New Zealand. . . . F. B. Lambert, retired teacher, is a post-operative patient at St. Mary's Hospital and a right sick man, his brother John informs me. . . . Mr. Lambert has devoted himself in recent years to the collection of historical matter affecting this area. I know of no person who has more of that information at instant command. . . . I hope he will soon be able to leave the hospital. . . . His work is not done. . . . Mrs. Archie Roberts talked to me about the fact that March came in like a lion. . . . which it did. . . . The old tradition is that if March comes in like a lion it will go out like a lamb, or vice versa. I trust the back yonder authorities will be proved right this year.

3-6-47
**Your Friends by
 And Mine** *Wiatt Smith*

RECENTLY the Miami Herald carried a picture of Mrs. George Walden, West Hamlin, W. Va., "proudly displaying the 170-pound, blue marlin she caught on her first deep sea fishing excursion." The fish is described as the second heaviest of its



kind in the Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., Chamber of Commerce \$5,000 Fishing Festival. The clipping comes from J. L. (Jack) Richmond, who writes from the Hollywood Beach Trailer Park, saying: "Am enclosing a clipping from the Miami Herald which speaks for itself. I do not know the lady but she leads the field with this catch. Strobel Fulwiler, Homer Duncan and I are WIATT SMITH living by the ocean in a trailer. We expect to stay and come north with the bluebirds. There are lots of Huntington folks here. Dug Freutel and Bill were here and are on their way home."

MIGRATORY habits of the bluebird are unknown to me, but I judge we needn't look for Jack and Homer and Strobe just yet. It may interest those sojourners to know that the robins are here and some of them having a lean time. Mrs. Henry S. Washington of Fifth Avenue told me yesterday of a robin which lighted on her bird tray and spent half an hour eating suet. Mrs. Washington was unable to tell me the date or the year of the extra session of the Colonial Club at the Washington home years ago. Occasion for this session was a consignment of live lobsters sent to the Washingtons by Captain Hix of Rockland, Me., who had been their host at numerous Summer fishing outings. The Colonial Club played bridge regularly for 12 years. On this occasion the members gorged themselves on lobster. At table, each diner wrote an impromptu verse praising lobsters. Captain Hix and incidentally the (Henry and Hallie) Washingtons. A copy of the program includes verses by U. S. Judge Elliott Northcott, Dr. C. E. Haworth, Dr. L. V. Guthrie, Robert L. Archer, Irma K. Archer, Dr. T. W. Moore, Harriet C. H. Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Washington.

ON TUESDAY, April 26, 1898, the Board for the Home for Incurables met in Huntington and selected the site for the institution which is now the Huntington State Hospital. Mrs. Mary Jackson Ruffner, president of the board, who was to become superintendent of the Home for Incurables, gave a statement to The Advertiser. She reported that the board had rejected as "utterly unsuitable," the Huntington-proffered Verlander property, told of the choosing of the new site—location not given—and urged the Chamber of Commerce to augment available means to an extent sufficient for the completion of one building. "I strongly urge," she said, "that this building be used for crippled and deformed little children." I don't know that the Chamber of Commerce advanced any money. However, the Home for Incurables opened its doors, but did not long continue as such. It became, first, the West Virginia Asylum and later the Huntington State Hospital. Officers of the Board for the Home for Incurables were Mrs. Ruffner, president, John K. Thompson of Putnam, vice-president, Miss Kinnie E. Smith of Parkersburg, secretary, and John Q. Dickinson of Charleston, treasurer.

3-1-47

Your Friends by And Mine *Watt Smith*

AMONG family effects, J. Donald Pollitt of the Marshall College department of English recently found a 100-year-old letter, written from Marshall Academy by his mother's uncle, who later became Dr. Frank Hannan, in 1847. The future Dr. Hannan was a student at Marshall Academy. Subsequently he graduated in medicine at Philadelphia. He decided he liked farming better than healing and settled down on the ancestral acres at Swan Creek, O. Donald Pollitt's mother, Mrs. Mary Maud Pollitt, lives at Bendview, Swan Creek. Mr. Pollitt went to school at Gallipolis. At the Thursday evening dinner of General Andrew Lewis



WATT SMITH chapter, Sons of the American Revolution, he and Mrs. E. H. (Hilda Sheets) Long, exchanged Gallipolis memories. With Mr. Pollitt was his son, Donald Pollitt, Jr., one of the younger SAR.

AT THE RISK of reopening a subject dropped at insistence of the Committee of 1,000, I'm constrained to report that Carl R. Varnum, real estate dealer and former postmaster, once had a narrow escape from death because of Guyandotte River steamboat, J. T. Hustler. Carl, whose home was at Miller, O., was a student at Barboursville College, later Morris Harvey College. He and some of his pals had a john boat on the Guyandotte and Carl volunteered to row the boat out into the stream and ride the Hustler's waves. He made the attempt but got in front of instead of behind the wheels, one of which struck and demolished the john boat. Carl managed to get to shore where his companions shouted with laughter while he got his breath. Mr. Varnum, another of the SAR dinner guests, told me his brother-in-law, J. T. (Tom) Thornburg, had not been well.

NICK BULLINGTON once remarked that if all the people who came from Gallipolis had stayed there, that town would have been bigger than Pittsburgh. I'm beginning to believe that applies to Louisa, Ky. The idea occurred Thursday night when I met Dr. U. G. McClure of Charleston, president of Daniel Boone chapter, SAR, who was there with Mrs. McClure. Dr. McClure, who has been practicing medicine in Charleston since 1908, was born in Louisa. He says Huntington was the first big town he ever visited.

MY FACE IS RED today because of the inadvertent omission yesterday of the names of the Meek brothers from the law firm of Scherr, Meek & Vinson. This firm is comprised of Harry Scherr, J. B. Meek, Howard F. Meek, Harry Scherr, Jr., and Taylor Vinson. These lawyers were members of the old firm of Vinson, Thompson, Meek & Scherr which changed to the new name February 1.

MR. AND MRS. Charles E. Robison, Jr., returned from Florida recently to find they had lost their dog. The missing pet is Dandy, a three-month-old fox terrier, white with black markings and a long tail. The Robison children, Chuckie and Alice Jo, are disturbed because of Dandy's absence. The telephone number is 8231.

3-28-47

Your Friends by And Mine *Watt Smith*

THERE is a tradition of a cabinet maker whose home was near what is now Huntington, who specialized in making coffins. In those days coffins were made on order and, usually, as needed. However, this man took pride in craftsmanship and, as his years were advancing, decided to make a coffin for himself—just such a coffin as he wanted.



WATT SMITH He made it. Soon someone died and there was a hurry call for a coffin. The artisan sold the box he had intended for his own use. Thereafter, he made another against his own burial day. Another neighbor died and the coffin-maker was persuaded to sell his special job. Thereafter, he made another. It, too, was sold. The old man was kept busy making coffins for himself and selling them for others who needed them sooner. He was mighty particular about his coffin and he just couldn't die without having one ready. He lived to be 100 years old but I'm uncertain as to whether or not he had a coffin at hand. This story was told me by Miss Nell Gibson, case worker for Family Service Inc., beside whom I sat at the agency's 25th anniversary luncheon Wednesday. Miss Gibson thinks she can learn the name of the coffin man. Meanwhile, some reader may know who he was.

COLONEL and Mrs. William R. Thompson of Mitchell, Va., are spending the winter at the Hotel Lord Culpepper, Culpepper, Va. Now in his 92nd year, Colonel Thompson is frail. His mind is alert and he often asks of his friends in Huntington and West Virginia. He retired from law practice in the early 1920s, but until February 1, 1947, his name was retained by the firm of Vinson, Thompson, Meek & Scherr. As of February 1, the law firm became Scherr, Meek & Vinson. There was no change in membership, which is comprised of Harry Scherr, Taylor Vinson and Harry Scherr Jr.

FOR years, Colonel Z. T. Vinson and Colonel Thompson practiced together as Vinson & Thompson. John H. Meek and W. C. W. Renshaw joined them and the firm became Vinson, Thompson, Meek & Renshaw. Mr. Renshaw was succeeded by Harry Scherr. Colonel Vinson, John H. Meek and Mr. Renshaw are dead. Colonel Vinson's widow, who lives on Fifth avenue, is now a patient at St. Mary's Hospital, having what her son, Taylor Vinson, believes is her first hospital experience. Mrs. Vinson is in the hospital for tests and is not alarmingly ill.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD boy in a downtown store, tired of clerks who made unsuccessful efforts to find shoes to fit him, protested: "This is getting monotonous." That's what I think about this cold weather. I have several things ahead of me which must wait for better weather. One is a visit from Barbara May Frazier, tiny daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Frazier of Brandon Road. Mrs. Frazier is the former Virginia Oliver who was one of Huntington's most efficient women war workers.

2-25-47

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

FOR several Winters, there has been a redbird at home in the D. B. Gwinn garage. Mr. Gwinn never closes the garage doors until Mr. Cardinal has taken his perch for the night. Each morning, before he has breakfast, Mr. Gwinn opens the garage so



the bird can get out. I have known about this before, but until yesterday had supposed it to have been an incident of a not far by-gone time. W. A. (Billy) Egerton says it happens every year and is part of the Gwinn daily routine now and was even while Mrs. Gwinn was suffering with the illness from which she is just now recovering. Mr. Egerton telephoned, saying "our robins have come back. One is in the apple tree, the other in the dogwood." He reported, too, that a couple of male cardinals live there at the former H. C. Harvey place, while Miss Effie Oliver has a flock of hen redbirds. Within a few weeks the mating instinct will change that arrangement.

BILLY EGERTON and Byrd Gwinn are friends of long standing, having been first acquainted when they were fellow boarders at the L. D. Isbell home, on Fifth Avenue opposite the present City Hall. Other boarders recalled by Mr. Egerton included Charley Boxley, Hal Murray and Alex Pack. Those men came from all directions, but Mr. Gwinn and Mr. Egerton were products of this area, the former having come down from Glenwood, the latter from Chesapeake, only it wasn't Chesapeake, then.

SOMETIME after 1850, the date being uncertain, cholera developed on an Ohio River steamboat on which Franklin Dewey Shepard of Ashland, Ky., was going to Gallopolis, O. The boat headed into the Guyandotte River and was quarantined at a point some distance above the mouth. Young Mr. Shepard was among those who died. Afterwards his father, Luther Enoch Shepard, visited the scene and found the marked grave of the son. Luther Enoch Shepard, who was born in the blockhouse at Marietta, O., during an Indian raid, was the father of Mrs. R. A. Andrews. I had the story yesterday from Mrs. Andrews' daughter, Mrs. James I. Miller.

WHILE discussing cholera and other subjects Sunday evening, Dr. Walter E. Vest called attention to the new moon, which, he said was a "dripping moon," also called a hunter's moon, because, by Virginia tradition, a hunter could hang his powder-horn on its tip. This, according to the same tradition, means falling weather. Also, said Dr. Vest, the fact that the snow stayed on the ground traditionally meant more snow to keep it company. He was surprised when told that the moon had been darkened by clouds and that there was a new blanket of snow on the ground. The lunar prophecies are not mine. Hardly any two moon students agree about the portents. However, I'm inclined to back Dr. Vest.

HARRY FLESHER, newsman who recently was most seriously sick, has recovered so well that he is again back on the job at The Herald-Dispatch.

3-7-47

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

TRAVELING by air from New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Friedman went to Guatemala City, spending two weeks in that Central American capital, which they found pleasant and interesting. They hardly had



time to get homesick. Certainly, they weren't expecting to see familiar faces. One morning Maurice Friedman was drawn into a conversation in a Guatemala City shop. He disclosed that his home was in Huntington, W. Va. Suddenly, a young woman among the shoppers evinced great interest—explaining that Huntington was her home city, also. She was Mrs. Joe Glover, the former Miss Merille Hewitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Hewitt. During her childhood she and Mr. Friedman had been acquainted but in that far-away city neither recognized the other. Mr. Glover is with the Standard Oil Co. at Guatemala City.

JACK and Jill Smith, brother and sister, live in Huntington. They are not twins, Jack being several years older. They are children of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Smith. I learned of them from their father, whom I saw Wednesday evening for the first time in several years. Their brother, Herbert E. Smith, Jr., served with distinction in the Marine Corps on Guadalcanal and elsewhere.

OPERATIVES bring word of an exhibit at the Public Library featuring the poetical works of Charles B. Warren, 637 Fourth Street. Mr. Warren, a native of Fayette County, is a retired cost accountant. He is one of Huntington's more distinguished literary persons. He is a member of the Huntington Poetry Guild and his two books, "A Paraphrase of Seven Days" and "A Paraphrase of Job's Dark Days," are described as Huntington Poetry Guild publications. These and other of his poems have attracted wide attention. The Warren exhibit at the library has been in place almost two weeks and will, I am told, end tomorrow.

THE Warren exhibit at the Public Library is to be followed next week by an exhibit of Mrs. Raymond Brewster's collection of Johnsoniana. Mrs. Brewster is a student of the life and works of Dr. Samuel Johnson . . . I was pleasantly surprised Wednesday to find myself being chauffeured by Mrs. Walter L. Brown of Darien, Conn. Mrs. Brown, the former Miss Dorothy Ann Rardin, had arrived Wednesday morning and had come down town to motor her father, J. C. Rardin, home . . . Paul C. Pancake, continuing his travels over the South Seas, stopped at the Fiji Islands at least long enough to send me a card with a picture of some gorgeous scenery . . . He promised to write from Sydney, Australia, and I look for the letter to be along any day. He said it was hot in the Fijis—which was more than it was here. In the back yonder days I thought nobody but missionaries went to the Fiji Islands and that the missionaries might be eaten by cannibals.

HISTORY of Asiatic cholera in the United States in general and in the Ohio Valley in particular does not seem well known. Recent paragraphs here told of cholera deaths in Guyandotte in the early 1870s. These deaths occurred. The medical profession has been able to



tell me little about cholera in the United States. However, Dr. Walter E. Vest appealed to Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association and received from Dr. Fishbein, on loan, some pamphlets from the package library of the association in reference to cholera in the Middle West. Dr. Fishbein also tells of a book,

WIATT SMITH "Medicine in Virginia in the Nineteenth Century," by Dr. Wyndham B. Blanton of Richmond, Va., which tells of cholera in Virginia. Doubtless Dr. Blanton tells of the Ohio Valley epidemics, most of which preceded the separation of Virginia and West Virginia. 2-24-47.

AMONG the pamphlets is one by Dr. Edwin W. Mitchell of Cincinnati, O., entitled, "Cholera in Cincinnati." Dr. Mitchell says cholera began in India in 1826, was discovered in Russia in 1829, in England in 1831 and was brought to this country in 1832 by immigrants who landed in Quebec. It was estimated that four per cent of the population of Cincinnati was destroyed by cholera in three years, 1832-33-34. The first case in Cincinnati was that of a passenger on a steamboat from Portsmouth. Dr. Mitchell, quoting one Dr. Drake, says it became a problem to care for the numerous orphans left by the epidemic. Benevolent women founded the Cincinnati Orphan Asylum with funds contributed by the Masonic Lodge and others. The city gave a building on ground that later became Lincoln Park. There were subsequent epidemics. There was one in 1866 and another, described as the last, in 1873.

THERE has been no cholera in my time. I remember a plague of smallpox which was devastating indeed, but smallpox appears to have been beaten by vaccination. There were sporadic cases of yellow fever as far up the river as Gallipolis, but I do not remember them. More devastating than the smallpox was the influenza epidemic of 1918-19. It killed more people. I do remember that well, and that certain public spirited persons, while doing all they could to combat it, thought the newspapers should play it down. Study of the Fishbein papers leads to the belief that there were communities that felt the same way about cholera. That may be the reason so little is known of it today.

BEFORE the war, natural history questions which came to this column were referred to Dr. Frank Gilbert, Marshall College botanist. Dr. Gilbert went away and I just had to get along without him. He and Mrs. Gilbert and Bob, one of their twin sons, were here from Columbus, O., for the week end, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Max K. Jones. Dr. and Mrs. Gilbert came for the reunion dance of the Mayfair Club Friday night. He is in research work at Columbus. Speaking of natural history, Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Toole of 1242 Fifth Avenue, have discovered a robin which has a white head and some white feathers in its tail. H. A. Resener had a birthday Saturday and yesterday he and Mrs. Resener went to Gallipolis where

forcefully to Getaway, O., when news arrived there of the death of Private George W. Tucker. In The Herald-Advertiser of July 24, 1938, R. C. Hall, now deceased, said: . . . "This brave youth had, a short time before, run away from home to join the Union Army and, like a hero of Waterloo, he rushed to meet the foe and, 'fighting foremost fell' at the Battle of Bull Run. His remains were brought back and laid to rest in the old Baptist Cemetery." This resurrected item came to me because Minnie R. Booth of Chesapeake, O., post-



WIATT SMITH carded: . . . "I saw where you visited Getaway, O., Baptist or Upper Cemetery, and wondered how old it was. Old people told me the mother of the late John S. Thacker of Seven Mile, W. Va., was the first person buried there—probably 85 or 90 years ago. Her daughters, Mrs. C. L. Hibner and Mrs. Fred Merritt of Huntington may be able to tell you more. Mr. Thacker's mother was the first wife of the Rev. Elisha Thacker, who was also buried there. My grandfather, Rev. Andrew J. Booth, rests in that same cemetery." 7-1-49.

INQUIRY DISCLOSED that Mrs. C. L. Hibner had gone to Cowen, W. Va., to serve as a youth counsellor at a Baptist Summer camp. Her sister, Mrs. Fred Merritt, whom I knew in Guyandotte long ago when she was Minnie Thacker, sent me Clayton Hall's article about Getaway and from this departed friend I learned several things about the village on Symmes Creek. Among them was that several Getaway boys went to the Spanish-American War and that one of them, Corporal Leonard B. Neal, was killed at Damar, Philippine Islands, and that his body was brought back to Getaway and buried in the Methodist Cemetery there. Mr. Hall spoke of the cherished Getaway dream of a hard road, a dream which is just now nearing realization. He also talks of the excitement created by recurrent reports of a railway along the valley of Symmes Creek. The railroad, which was to connect Huntington with Jackson, O., was often proposed, but never got further than the paper stage.

IN A CURRENT MAGAZINE there is an article entitled "Home-made Ice Cream." I didn't get around to reading that article, but its title started me remembering about home made ice cream in the back yonder days. Some families made and ate ice cream and thought nothing of it, but ice cream making was always an event at our house. The cream was custard, usually flavored with vanilla. The mixture was poured into a tall cylindrical metal container, which, securely capped, and dunked into a mixture of crushed ice and salt in the freezer bucket. Then the freezer had to be turned, rotating to the motion of a crank which had to be operated by hand. This was a tough job, but there were always enough kids to get it done. And it was great fun licking the paddle or dasher. There may be ice cream making festivities in modern homes, but my impression is that the confection is produced by trays placed in electric refrigerators.

ON MAY 24, her husband's seventy-seventh birthday, Mrs. F. J. Ginn of Huntington suffered a cerebral hemorrhage at Grand Junction, Colo. Mrs. Ginn's illness interrupted a westward journey in which Mr. and Mrs. Ginn, James Ginn, Mrs. R. D. Callaway, James Ginn Callaway and Helen Gay Callaway were participating. As soon as Mrs. Ginn was able to travel they returned to Huntington. Yesterday, she was in the Chesapeake & Ohio Hospital, much bet-

Jan. 17, 1949 Your Friends And Mine by Watt Smith

REPORT OF THE first robin of 1949 comes from Mrs. D. G. Hughes whose husband heard and later saw a robin near their home on the morning of January 13. The next day, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes saw 14 robins on their lawn. This is an annual topic. The first robin is regarded as a harbinger of spring. There is much reason to think that the robins stay in this area through the year, congregating in groves and orchards when the weather is severe—venturing into town when the sun shines. It is true that there are robins here or whereabouts at all times, but it may be that our robins go south while others come here from the north. This is speculative. Storms



WIATT SMITH have raged elsewhere, but thus far the winter has been comparatively open and birds, fending for themselves, have been less interested in feeding trays than they are in more severe seasons.

MRS. HUGHES is busy getting ready to attend the Women's Patriotic Conference for National Defense in Washington, D. C., next week. As immediate past commander of the United States Army Mothers, she is a leader in the conference preparations. Moreover, she is credentials chairman and as such she has received credentials from prospective delegates from all the states and from Puerto Rico and Hawaii as well. Later this week Mrs. Eally Kearns, Fort Dodge Ia., national commander, Mrs. S. E. Apple, Fort Smith, Ark., national Americanism chairman, and Mrs. Mary Jackson, Kansas City, Mo., founder, will join Mrs. Hughes here and there will be a reception for these visitors at the Elks' Club next Sunday from 3 to 5 P. M. Thereafter the guests and Mrs. Hughes will leave for Washington, being joined en route by Mrs. Bess Harrison of Charleston, national chaplain. Mrs. W. E. Bartram will go to Washington to represent the Huntington American Legion Auxiliary. The official party has an appointment to see General Omar N. Bradley, Army chief of staff, and members hope to see President and Mrs. Truman.

WASHINGTON appointments were arranged by West Virginia's Senator Harley M. Kilgore, who, to my surprise, was conferring with Squire Bolton in a downtown hotel lobby when I arrived there Saturday. The Kilgores had come to spend the week end with Mrs. Kilgore's friend and school mate, Mrs. E. C. Reckard, Squire Bolton, past commander of American Legion Post 16, who had been having a wonderful time here visiting around among his old friends, told me he would leave yesterday for Fairbanks, Alaska where he is Red Cross director. Mrs. Bolton is to stay here for the rest of the winter.

NEWS CAME early yesterday of the death of J. E. Thomas. This was saddening, though not unexpected, as Mr. Thomas had been mighty sick for several weeks. For many years he was a well known figure in Huntington's business, civic and religious life.

1-14-49 Your Friends And Mine by Watt Smith

HAS Huntington lost its friendliness? Betty Davis Ballard thinks it has—at least she writes that she hopes I can help, "our town regain some of its friendliness." She continues: "When war was declared I couldn't



WIATT SMITH wait to graduate from the hospital where I was taking nurse's training. A few days after graduation I entered the Army Nurse Corps, proud that I was going to serve my country and my town. . . . On January 1, 1944, I was wounded when our hospital was struck by a bomb. This made me all the prouder. I was the only West Virginia girl awarded the Purple Heart. Yep, I had to hop a baggage car to get a ride home in time for Christmas, but that didn't dampen my feeling for getting back to Mom and Huntington.

IT IS THE same old problem that is troubling me and the rest of the gang that helped make it possible for some people to sit back and enjoy all the comforts of home—yes, finding a place to rent or buy. When you are lucky enough to find a place to rent you are asked if you have children or are planning a family. . . . Another Army nurse—she married a West Virginia soldier—came from Wisconsin and has a two-year-old son. They had an opportunity to rent a garage apartment here. When she told them she had a two-year-old boy, the woman—owner—and her daughter threw their hands in the air and said they didn't even allow the grandchildren around their own grandfather. So the answer was no. I wonder if the grandfather knows what it is like to have a small child put its arms around his neck. Incidentally, the nurse is living in a four-room farm house with six other adults—no gas, no electricity, no bath. She has resigned here because she is going back to Wisconsin where, she says, "people are still having children and loving them." She adds, "I wonder if the people in your town expect me and other parents to drown our babies in—what's the name of that river? Oh, yes, the Ohio." We are not asking for the moon—just a place to hang our hats and look at one another and say, "at last we are really home." West Virginia is still the state we took the ride for when our buddies from the other 47 states looked at us and said, "Hey hillbilly, which hill did you swing from?"

IT USED to be and perhaps still is a machine shop custom to send the newest apprentice to borrow a "left handed monkey wrench." I have the feeling of being sent on such an errand when I ask for three old-fashioned gas table lamps for the Community Players. Maybe I'm wrong, though I don't see how a gas table lamp could have been practical. There are also desired for a forthcoming Community Players offering, two gas well brackets. Any one able to supply either or both needs is asked to communicate with Mrs. Larry Trimble, telephone 7735, or E. Henry Broh.

EVAN RAWN has a suggestion for finding lost dogs which may prove helpful when Fido goes astray. "Watch the garbage cans," is Mr. Rawn's prescription. "If a dog gets lost," he says, "the other strays will show him where the garbage cans are."

3-25-49 Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

THERE are signs of Spring at Oley Junior High School, across the alley from our house. The bands have begun practicing for the state festival in May—that's one of the indications that the vernal season is at hand. Please understand that this is no complaint. The youngsters are good neighbors and we get along with them without friction. During school hours they are out of sight and one gathers discipline rules there. Occasionally, at the noon hour, they manifest themselves in some unusual way. There was such an incident on March 21. A crowd of boys and girls, perhaps 100, gathered in the mouth of the alley on the east side of Fourteenth—across the street from the school. We could not tell the cause of the excitement. Some of the participating youngsters got grandstand positions on the J. M. O'Dwyer porch. Pajama-clad Jack O'Dwyer came out the front door and chased them off. They left the porch but joined their fellows in the alley. Then it was I espied a shiny pate among the kids. Principal Edward Mays, owner of the pate, had appeared. I don't know what he said but the celebrants scattered. One kid told me they were having a parade. Someone else said it was the Spring Fight. This may have been true, as some of the urchins came over and started a fracas in our yard. The school boy patrol broke that up. In a few minutes all was quiet. The youngsters were indoors and back at their books. Nevertheless, though the sky was leaden and the air cool, we knew Spring had come to Fourteenth Street.



WIATT SMITH

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SADORE HIRSCHMAN, JR., has received his second fellowship at Harvard. This is a travelling fellowship which will take him first to Princeton. He has already had a fellowship from the National Research Council. Mr. Hirschman, one of Huntington's outstanding students, graduated in mathematics, *summa cum laude* from Harvard. Later he was a math instructor at Harvard. He has his Master's degree and is to get his Ph.D. at Harvard in June. Besides all this, he served two years in the Navy. He is the son of Dr. and Mrs. I. I. Hirschman.

PETE, a youthful sable collie, disappeared from Orchard Hill, the Lawrence County, O., home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Emmons when the ice and snow were still on the ground. He had been part of the establishment just one week and Mr. and Mrs. Emmons presumed he had wandered away. They advertised in Huntington and Ironton papers and searched all the country roundabout. All this brought no word of the missing collie. When Pete had been absent a full week, Mr. Emmons decided to spend an otherwise unoccupied Saturday afternoon looking for the lost pet. He went about his place, going in a hitherto unexplored direction, and calling his dog. As he neared the edge of a cliff, he called and was alerted at once by an answering bark. He found the dog had slipped over the edge of a precipice and landed on a ledge, two feet wide and six feet long, some six feet from the edge. There was considerably more depth below him and he couldn't get either way. Mr. Emmons rescued him. The dog had clung for a full week to his precarious position, subsisting only on snow. He lost 10 pounds during the period. I heard about it and asked Arthur Emmons, who said they were delighted to get the dog back but made little of his own action in rescuing the collie from

TEN TO TWELVE dollars a month or 104 weeks was the rate usually paid by Marshall College students for boarding in private families in Huntington in 1898-9. This included table board, room, light and fuel—but not laundry. The faculty advised inexperienced boys and girls about boarding places. Cheap as those rates were, as judged



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by today's standards, there were more economical means of subsistence. Mr. and Mrs. Eskine McClane have lent me a year book published in June, 1899, by the Marshall College, State Normal School. On the cover of this book is the signature of Lillian Crawford, Central City, W. Va., to whom it belonged. Miss Crawford, now Mrs. Michael Moran of Pasadena, Calif. She was a neighbor of Mrs. McClane, then Miss Marguerite Kerr, and of Mr. McClane.

7-8-47
THOSE who knew Dr. L. J. Corbly, then principal of Marshall College, will recognize his style in the catalogue paragraphs, some of which, headed "Self-Board," are quoted here: "Several of our best students have adopted the plan of boarding themselves. The method of procedure consists of renting one or more rooms with a private family, having all, or a portion of, their eatables sent from home, providing themselves with a stove and doing their own cooking. In some cases, bare rooms are rented and furnished by the student, he bringing his bedding and other articles from home and renting or buying cheap furniture. In other cases one furnished room for study and bedding is rented and one vacant one for cooking and eating. In some cases, where there are good house-keepers, one furnished room has sufficed. Boarding in this way is reduced to from \$4 to \$9 per month, including everything, the amount varying according to the amount of eatables brought or sent from home, and to the number of delicacies the student may elect to have. Rooms may be had for very reasonable rates, and even houses can be had. There is no reason why brothers and sisters of the same family, or neighbor girls with their brothers, should not rent an entire house or flat, bring bedding and almost all of their eatables from home, and live at a rate not to exceed \$5 to \$8 per month, and live nicely. Huntington perhaps offers better facilities for self-board than any other city or town in the state."

ANOTHER paragraph dwells on club board, something new introduced by L. M. Newcomb, who had attended West Virginia University one term and then returned to Marshall. Club boarders engaged their own cook and matron, provided their own food and lived for an over-all cost of from \$8.75 to \$9 per month of four weeks. Rooms convenient to the clubs were available at 50 cents per week. Some of these rooms were six blocks away from the clubs, which the faculty did not regard as a disadvantage. "Indeed," says the yearbook, "this seems to us a very good way to compel a good amount of exercise."

FOR WEST VIRGINIA students there was only one scholastic fee of \$1.50 per term, and there were three terms in each year. Students from other states paid tuition of \$2 per month. This was the beginning of simplification, the Legislature having abolished tuition charges for West Virginia students and done away with the necessity of getting an "appointment" from the county superintendent. Those who attended school under these appointments were required to teach

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

GETTING ALONG, as I am, in my 43rd year of newspaper work, I am a youngster in comparison to such veterans as Col. J. H. Long, who has been in the publishing business in Huntington almost 60 years. Even so, it is probable that the record is held by William Y. (Uncle Willie) Morgan of Warsaw, Va., who in May rounded out his 70th



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year with The Northern Neck News, of which he is editor. According to a story written by Larry Gould and published in The Richmond News Leader, Mr. Morgan brought out of the print shop in his arms the first edition of The Northern Neck News on May 16, 1879. He tied the 300 papers on horseback and delivered them in the surrounding country. "Now," writes Mr. Gould, "he is 63 years old but he still has as much enthusiasm as he did when he was a bright-eyed youngster of 13." Later he became business manager and editor, but always spent much of his time chasing items, first on horseback, then in a horsedrawn buggy and finally in an automobile. He thought he would retire after finishing his 70th year, but decided to shoot for 75, or maybe 80.

UNCLE WILLIE and I are not acquaintances. I don't suppose he ever heard of me, and he was all news as far as I was concerned when an envelope from the Hotel Statler, New York, brought a clipping of The News Leader story. There was no clue to the sender, who addressed me in care of "a Huntington newspaper," unless it was in a marked advertisement on the reverse of the clipping. This advertisement was inserted by Harold M. Gallagher of Warsaw, Va.

SEVEN YEARS AGO, when I first saw Johnny Carter, he was 10 years old. Now he is 17, and has, with the consent of his mother Mrs. Annie Carter, 615½ Fifteenth Street, enlisted in the Army. For indoctrination, Johnny Carter was sent to Fort Knox, Ky. . . From Canada's "largest and gayest night club hotel," the Elmwood at Windsor, came recently a card from Charlie Carlisle, "the king of laughs," was appearing there. Mr. Carlisle used to live in Huntington. . . He was known here as Charley Kahlil but changed the spelling when he went into the amusement world. His brother, Amel Kahlil, pronounced like Carlisle, was here not long ago.

BOBO II, six-month-old beagle, has disappeared from the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Marshall, Jr., 1 Prospect Drive, telephone 36164. The Marshalls lost Bobo I much the same way, but the first Bobo disappeared at the beginning of the hunting season. Bobo II appears to have strayed for some reason of his own. Anyway, the Marshalls are anxious to get him back, according to Francis Calley, who told me about it. Mrs. Marshall is the former Miss Eloise Long.

HEAVY ACCIDENT toll of the Fourth of July period is not new. Indeed, there are few casualties from powder burns and fewer deaths from tetanus induced by such burns. These used to be more numerous than automobile mishaps are now. They diminished as a result of the campaign for "a safe and sane Fourth." One still hears the occasional pop of a firecracker around Independence Day. Formerly, the bombardment lasted

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

Among American experiments, tried and found wanting, was the Day & Night bank idea. I do not know of any day and night bank operating today. The plan originated in the East and spread rapidly. Behind it was the thought that bank hours were too short and that if they were extended, service would be improved and, I suppose, profits enhanced. Huntington had its Day & Night Bank.



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Frank Enslow, then known as little Frank, was president, Henry O. Aleshire, vice-president and J. H. (Tony) LeBlanc cashier. The bank flourished, not only because of its expansive service but because of the popularity of its personnel. Its original home was on Third avenue but it was moved to the southeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Tenth Street where it remained until it was absorbed by the Huntington National Bank, it having been demonstrated that heavy overhead occasioned by long hours, ate up profits. Frank Enslow is here, in the coal business, Major Aleshire has been dead many years and Tony LeBlanc is at Clermont, Fla., engaged in real estate, when I last knew of him, and claimed the distinction, doubtless justified — of having been the oldest buck private in Uncle Sam's World War II army.

ALTHOUGH THE DAY & Night bank passed from the scene, the building which had housed it continued to carry its name. This is no longer to be true. Tenants have been notified that what has been known in the past as the Day & Night building is to be known, henceforth, as the Ritter building.

6-18-49.

YEARS AGO—10 or, perhaps, a dozen, the then manager of one of Huntington's larger office buildings, undertook to see that men elevator passengers kept their hats on, despite the presence of women. The idea fell flat because the men would not co-operate. Most of them took the position that they had always taken off their hats while riding elevators with women and, bejiggered if they were going to quit the practice. Dr. William F. Beckner, writes from Cleveland, O., where he attended the National Conference of Social Workers, enclosing a Cleveland Plain-Dealer editorial in which the newspaper said an Otis Elevator Co. survey had answered to its satisfaction the question: "Should men take off their hats when there are women in a business elevator, or shouldn't they?" The answer to the survey, in which thousands of women were interviewed was, leave them on. That's the verdict of the Plain-Dealer, too. I doubt if women, as a rule, care, one way or another. Certainly it is a nuisance for everybody if men in a crowded elevator, hold their hats in their hands. But I think the job is to sell the men, not the women, on the hat-wearing plan.

ANOTHER SURVEY FINDING is that women prefer to have men leave elevators in the most convenient way, instead of bowing gallantly and exclaiming, "after you, my dear ladies!" That, too, will have to be settled by men. Another finding was that there is common complaint against smoking on elevators, a point about which I do not think there is any room for argument—although I sometimes forget to throw away my cig-

2-28-47
**Your Friends by
And Mine Wiatt Smith**

THERE is a tradition of a cabinet maker whose home was near what is now Huntington, who specialized in making coffins. In those days coffins were made on order and, usually, as needed. However, this man took pride in craftsmanship and, as his years were advancing, decided to make a coffin for himself—just such a coffin as he wanted.



WIATT SMITH

He made it. Soon someone died and there was a hurry call for a coffin. The artisan sold the box he had intended for his own use. Thereafter, he made another against his own burial day. Another neighbor died and the coffin-maker was persuaded to sell his special job. Thereafter, he made another. It, too, was sold. The old man was kept busy making coffins for himself and selling them for others who needed them sooner. He was mighty particular about his coffin and he just couldn't die without having one ready. He lived to be 100 years old but I'm uncertain as to whether or not he had a coffin at hand. This story was told me by Miss Nell Gibson, case worker for Family Service Inc., beside whom I sat at the agency's 25th anniversary luncheon Wednesday. Miss Gibson thinks she can learn the name of the coffin man. Meanwhile, some reader may know who he was.

COLONEL and Mrs. William R. Thompson of Mitchell, Va., are spending the winter at the Hotel Lord Culpepper, Culpepper, Va. Now in his 92nd year, Colonel Thompson is frail. His mind is alert and he often asks of his friends in Huntington and West Virginia. He retired from law practice in the early 1920s, but until February 1, 1947, his name was retained by the firm of Vinson, Thompson, Meek & Scherr. As of February 1, the law firm became Scherr, Meek & Vinson. There was no change in membership, which is comprised of Harry Scherr, Taylor Vinson and Harry Scherr Jr.

FOR years, Colonel Z. T. Vinson and Colonel Thompson practiced together as Vinson & Thompson. John H. Meek and W. C. W. Renshaw joined them and the firm became Vinson, Thompson, Meek & Renshaw. Mr. Renshaw was succeeded by Harry Scherr. Colonel Vinson, John H. Meek and Mr. Renshaw are dead. Colonel Vinson's widow, who lives on Fifth avenue, is now a patient at St. Mary's Hospital, having what her son, Taylor Vinson, believes is her first hospital experience. Mrs. Vinson is in the hospital for tests and is not alarmingly ill.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD boy in a downtown store, tired of clerks who made unsuccessful efforts to find shoes to fit him, protested: "This is getting monotonous." That's what I think about this cold weather. I have several things ahead of me which must wait for better weather. One is a visit from Barbara May Frazier, tiny daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Frazier of Brandon Road. Mrs. Frazier is the former Virginia Oliver who was one of Huntington's most efficient women war workers.

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**Your Friends by
And Mine Wiatt Smith**

ABOUT 1890, the Board of Trade of the City of Huntington caused to be prepared and distributed a circular map showing Huntington as the geographical center of everything from the lakes to Florida and



from Illinois to the Atlantic. This map, made by Rand, McNally & Co. of Chicago, adorned Board of Trade stationery. One of what must be one of the few existing copies has come to me from Mrs. John R. Gibson, who found it among the papers of her husband, who died last year. It was addressed to W. A. Gibson, Commercial Block, Huntington, W. Va. W. A. Gibson was

WIATT SMITH John R. Gibson's brother. Officers of the Board of Trade were J. M. Layne, president; James K. Oney, first vice-president; James A. Gohen, second vice-president; M. C. Dimmick, secretary, and W. H. H. Holswade, treasurer. Their names are familiar in the history of the city.

JOHAN R. GIBSON, printer, publicist and baseball star, had a flair for the historical and must have thought of publishing some of his memories. Many of them he did put on paper and Mrs. Gibson has lent me some of these notes. They were made at random, probably with a view to later compilation, and I shall give some of them here much as Mr. Gibson set them down. He speaks of "the old Maupin Road," which ran through what is now about the center of the ACF grounds, and past the Cheesman, Laidley, Buffington and Emmons homes into Guyandotte. We called it merely "the old road," which is now First Avenue and was, I think, part of the James River & Kanawha Turnpike. . . . There's a note on the rescue of Frank Dickinson from the flames during the Third Avenue Hotel fire in 1879. Bystanders knocked the head out of a barrel of whisky, broke into a store for tin cups and several otherwise strict temperance advocates partook.

ANOTHER Gibson note recalls a walking race between John H. Kennet, 330-pound drummer from Cincinnati. The drummer won, but by not much margin. Mr. Kennet came into possession of a human-faced owl and a three-legged rooster and exhibited them at Kohl & Middleton's museum at Cincinnati. Mr. Kennet also drove the bandwagon and took tickets in the gallery of the Davis Opera House.

TURKEY drovers stopped in Huntington with their charges and the birds roosted in Holderby's grove. They left in the early morning, the driver on horseback with a sack of corn, the turkeys following their gobble leader on the way to Richmond, Va. . . . Marshall Field I, a product of Greenup County, Ky., married a Miss Scott, daughter of a Proctorville merchant. That was before the Civil War, before Mr. Gibson's time, but he made a note of it.

BEFORE tank cars, the Standard Oil Co. brought barrels of kerosene into Huntington, these barrels in open stock cars. Exposure to sun would cause these barrels to leak. Boys caught this household necessity from the seeping barrels and took it home. One ingenious youngster tapped a barrel with a gimlet and the result was an ample oil supply for all the boys, with some left

Jan. 15, 1949.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

REFERENCE HERE earlier in the week to Getaway, O., led Miss Josephine E. Waldeck to write of road improvements which promise to bring Getaway residents nearer to their neighbors. Miss Waldeck says: "Since last Fall work on State Route 243—that's the road that passes directly through Getaway—has been in progress and we hope by the Fall of 1949 to be the beneficiaries of a modern paved



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highway. It begins at Bradrick and ends at Coal Grove, thus making us, the residents of Getaway, easily accessible to our friends in Huntington, Ironton and the surrounding communities. We also have the promise of a bus line so hop on board and come over to our village some time." The suggested project interests me. So far as I remember, I have never seen Getaway, though I used to ride about a good deal in Lawrence County with the late Roy Brammer and I hardly understand how we missed Getaway. Even so, it will be as an undiscovered country to me and to many Huntington motorists who will certainly use the new highway.

NOT OFTEN is this column called upon to deal with the future, but it gets questions about things that happened a long time ago. Miss Janet Monk, high school junior daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Monk of Belford Avenue, in her reading found some reference to "the dark day in New England."

Like a good student, she set about to find out about it. She learned the date—May 12, 1780, but not the cause. She enlisted her parents in the hunt and her father called me. Valiantly, I told him I'd find out. That was Thursday night. Yesterday most of my New England operatives gave me a quick brush off, explaining that they'd never heard of the dark day. Mrs. W. S. Hathaway was more sympathetic. A former New England girl who is now president of the Huntington chapter of the American Association of University Women, Mrs. Hathaway turned to her books for the answer. Like Janet Monk, she found the date, but not the cause. I remember seeing or knowing something about the day when it turned so dark in New England that the chickens went to roost, but my memory fades right there. Like the others, I think the darkness must have been caused by a solar eclipse. Before these lines reach the reader, Janet Monk may have found all about it. Otherwise, the information should be available through the Committee of 1,000.

Jan. 10, 1949

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

TODAY IS THE eightieth birthday of Okey Johnson (O. J. to the trade) Morrison. Advance notices of this event have brought to attention the fact that Mr. Morrison's parents, long ago lived on what is now Norway Avenue, near the present Gallaher school. Granville Morrison established what



is said to have been the first mail route and hack line between Guyandotte and Coal Mountain. Manager of the Huntington O. J. Morrison Department Store is Carroll Morrison, 250 Gallaher Street, half-brother of O. J. Morrison. Granville Price Morrison was 73 years old the day Carroll Morrison, the youngest child of his second family, was born in 1915. O. J. Morrison was the eleventh child of the first family. He was born at Kenna. Carroll Morrison was born in Huntington, his father having moved here at the turn of the century.

ONE OF THE features of the modernistic home of Carroll Morrison on Gallaher Street, is a pond of water on the roof, which serves as insulation and is unusual in this section. The new home, called by the two Morrison sons, Richard Conard, 13, and Phillip Lee, 11, "the house that daddy built," is managed by Eloise Plantz Morrison, mother and wife. Returning from the Navy after World War II, Carroll Morrison found the old home too crowded and no new one available. House planning has always been a hobby with him, and he set about to see what he could do. To this end, he went into a huddle with his brother, Granville Paul Morrison, 627 First Street, a contractor. The house was completed last year. It has cinder block walls, not unusual at this period, but the all-concrete floors were constructed with a new twist to avoid absorption of moisture. They were laid on coarse gravel, covered with roofing paper to bridge the concrete over the stones. Then came the new departure, a lake for a roof.

MR. MORRISON had read of the desert practice of using house-tops as catch basins to store water and at the same time to insulate the building. He liked the idea and decided to try it. His home is covered with two inches of water, or ice, according to the temperature. The water level is kept constant by a built in box and float, which feed the pool as it goes down from evaporation. In Summer the hot rays of the sun are sent skyward by the water. In Winter, the water insulation keeps the house heat inside. The Morrisops are delighted with their house and like to show it to visitors.

HAVING SOLD his Winter-practice at Fort Lauderdale, Dr. J. Bernard Poindexter plans to spend his 1949 vacation in Florida swimming and luxuriating on the sand and under the sun at his place in Nokomis. Dr. and Mrs. Poindexter will go to Nokomis soon, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. J. C. Poindexter, and possibly his aunt, Mrs. McGinnis Stewart. Bernard, Jr., is a student in West Virginia University. Bernice, now Mrs. Clifford Heimer, Jr., and her husband attend Marshall College. During the absence of the Poindexters the Heimers will keep the home fires burning.

Jan. 15, 1949
**Your Friends by
 And Mine Wiatt Smith**

REFERENCE HERE earlier in the week to Getaway, O., led Miss Josephine E. Waldeck to write of road improvements which promise to bring Getaway residents nearer to their neighbors. Miss Waldeck says: "Since last Fall work on State Route 243—that's the road that passes directly through Getaway—has been in progress and we hope by the Fall of 1949 to be the beneficiaries of a modern paved



WIATT SMITH

highway. It begins at Bradrick and ends at Coal Grove, thus making us, the residents of Getaway, easily accessible to our friends in Huntington, Ironton and the surrounding communities. We also have the promise of a bus line so hop on board and come over to our village some time." The suggested project interests me. So far as I remember, I have never seen Getaway, though I used to ride about a good deal in Lawrence County with the late Roy Brammer and I hardly understand how we missed Getaway. Even so, it will be as an undiscovered country to me and to many Huntington motorists who will certainly use the new highway.

NOT OFTEN is this column called upon to deal with the future, but it gets questions about things that happened a long time ago. Miss Janet Monk, high school junior daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Monk of Belford Avenue, in her reading found some reference to "the dark day in New England."

Like a good student, she set about to find out about it. She learned the date—May 12, 1780, but not the cause. She enlisted her parents in the hunt and her father called me. Vallantly, I told him I'd find out. That was Thursday night. Yesterday most of my New England operatives gave me a quick brush off, explaining that they'd never heard of the dark day. Mrs. W. S. Hathaway was more sympathetic. A former New England girl who is now president of the Huntington chapter of the American Association of University Women, Mrs. Hathaway turned to her books for the answer. Like Janet Monk, she found the date, but not the cause. I remember seeing or knowing something about the day when it turned so dark in New England that the chickens went to roost, but my memory fades right there. Like the others, I think the darkness must have been caused by a solar eclipse. Before these lines reach the reader, Janet Monk may have found all about it. Otherwise, the information should be available through the Committee of 1,000.

Jan. 14, 1949
**Your Friends by
 And Mine Wiatt Smith**

MRS. CHARLES KITTS, North Kenosha, O., postcards. "Sometime ago you had an item about Getaway, O. I remember the day Orrin Burns, son of Dr. A. C. Burns, who moved to Huntington from Getaway, came to school. I attended the old Huntington School on Fourth Avenue and as I sat in the seat nearest the one taken by Orrin, I was to tell him where the lessons were that day.



Also, I could hear him when some one spoke to him at the noon hour. As each one passing would ask him, 'Where are you from?' he would answer 'Getaway.' They thought him a little mean to just tell them to get away, as they thought, so he was left alone for several days, until it was found that

WIATT SMITH he was answering the question. They had not heard Getaway was a Lawrence County village. This column has many times referred to Getaway and I have always known it was there. My impression is that the village got its name because it was the jumping off place for fugitive slaves, travellers on the underground railway who were hidden in Proctorville or Burlington before going to Getaway where they started on their last dash for Canada and freedom.

THIS SPACE has been called upon through the years to serve many purposes, but a request now in hand seems to me to be unique. Before presenting it, I wish to disclaim any part of the call for a food item, not because I think the product would not be worth trying, but because I'm getting sensitive about grub paragraphs. However, Mrs. J. L. Taylor, 721 West Fifth Street, is on the hunt for pickled beans. She's willing to buy them, but doesn't think they are on the market. When active, Mrs. Taylor pickled beans each year. Her pickled beans were so tasty that she was asked to join someone else in putting them up commercially, but she declined. For several years, she has been unable to pickle beans. Her larder is empty of the delicacy—and she craves pickled beans.

WE NEVER HAD pickled beans at home—just ate dried beans and liked them. Those whose early diet included pickled beans say they were good. It seems the beans were cooked, slightly or otherwise, and then put down in a jar or barrel, first a layer of beans, then a layer of salt—similar to the making of kraut by the packing down of alternate layers of cabbage and salt. The packed beans were weighted down by a heavy platter and a washed stone, or some other object suitable to the purpose. Mostly, they were packed in stone jars and it is surmised, only, that they were ever made in barrels. Kraut was made in barrels and few if any would bother to make only a jar of it. There was a German householder known to my youth who was doubtful as to his ability to supply some kraut which had been asked for "I don't know," he replied, "the old woman yust made drei barrel for sickness."

July 8, 1949
**Your Friends by
 And Mine Wiatt Smith**

ON JULY 4, 1897—52 years ago last Monday, there was an imposing ceremony at the plant of the Ensign Mfg. Co. This plant has long been that of the American Car & Foundry Co., and the early designation "the Ensign," has long passed into disuse. Frank Darling of Proctorville was one of the employees who joined with the executives in



the erection of a 110-foot flag pole and a beautiful flag, the gift of Major Ely Ensign, on that long ago Fourth of July. There were about 1,000 men employed at the plant then and Mr. Darling wonders how many who participated in the flag-raising are living today. He knows of J. T. Feeley, 2547 Fourth Avenue, Ames Bennett of Rockwood, O. Abe Miller of Miller, O., and William Plybon of Bradrick, O. That flagpole stood and served many years.

MARTIN, WHO ASSERTS that he is the senior Martin serving Huntington hotels, and who admits, when pressed, that his first name is George, is a philosopher, taking a much more complacent attitude toward the heat wave than I do. Martin summed up his thought on the subject by reciting what he described as an old saying. It was like this:

"Weather is cold, weather is hot,
 We will have weather, whether or not."
 This, of course, is true, and it may be added that most of us will talk about it. I am sick of the heat wave and look forward longingly if not too hopefully, to blackberry Winter. Meanwhile, I hear that blackberries are drying up.

CALIFORNIA as a Summer resort would not occur to me, but I know several who have gone thither lately, and one who plans the journey. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilson left early in the week for Los Angeles, where they will visit their son. On July 4, Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Matthews and their son, Minor started westward. They will visit Dr. Matthews' aunt, Mrs. John C. Black, who is ill at her home in Glendale, Calif., afterward going to Pasadena, where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Bryson Rawn, Jr. Mrs. Matthews and Mrs. Rawn are sisters. Mary Daniel, whose departure this year was delayed because of illness in her family, hopes soon to be on her way to the California mountains.

OCTOGENARIANS BOTH, Mr. and Mrs. James Light of Norwood Road visited the business district Tuesday to attend to some errands which included the cashing of a pension check. The errands were dispatched but when the aged couple reached home it was discovered that Mrs. Light had lost her pocketbook, which contained a bank book insurance papers and about \$1 in cash. This was a blow. They can be reached by telephone 36468.

MISS MARY L. WASHINGTON, who is doing graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania, has been assigned to find some obscure humorist who wrote for a newspaper or papers in the 1870 or 1880s, and has turned to me for a possible suggestion. I can't help her myself, but think maybe the Committee of 1,000 may.

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2-26-47
**Your Friends by
 And Mine Wyatt Smith**

SURVIVOR of the swan colony at the Ridgelawn Cemetery lake is a male bird now familiar with and to visitors. Indeed, the bird is friendly, according to reports, and waddles up to callers for food offerings. There are persons who supply themselves



with tidbits just to feed the swan. This fowl is said to be 30 years old, but as to that the Ridgelawn management can't say definitely. He has been lord of his lake 10 years. Customarily, his wings are kept clipped, but not long ago that chore was overlooked. One day the bird spread his wings and, in the language of H. S. Shivel, took off like a big seaplane. Soaring higher and higher, he became but a speck in the sky—then disappeared. He wasn't expected back, but after three days, according to Ray Black of the Steele Mortuary, he returned. His wings were clipped immediately and he's keeping his usual hours, always on the lookout for someone bearing food gifts. These visitors keep him so well fed that the upkeep cost to Ridgelawn is not much.

MRS. ROBERT DOWELL is of the opinion that I don't know anything about redbirds. The Dowells used to have a pet cardinal, which, rescued from marauding cats in its babyhood, adopted the Dowell family and stayed on. His name was Jim and he was intelligent and more obedient than some children I have known. He watched for Mr. Dowell's homecoming in the evening and always fluttered about his master and made a big fuss, finally lighting on Rob's head. At a word he would leave this perch and sit atop the bathroom door while Mr. Dowell made his ablutions. Jim had a magpie-like habit of accumulating treasures. Once he took a quarter from the refrigerator and all but caused a misunderstanding with the iceman. The missing coin and several other articles were found in a chandelier bowl. He was never a captive, but came and went as he chose until one regrettable morning on which he met a fatal accident.

FRIENDS told Mrs. Dowell that she might get into trouble for housing a wild bird. She consulted Attorney L. R. Via, who assured her that since she was protecting Jim rather than holding him prisoner, she needn't be afraid. This led me to wonder what had become of my old friend Mr. Via. I learned that since Fall the former United States attorney and prosecuting attorney and Mrs. Via have been living in Sacramento, Calif. The move was made at the suggestion of L. R. Via, Jr., on his return from the Navy. Their daughter is also with them.

GEORGE E. MOBUS and Wayne Damron are finding good fishing at Dunnalton, Fla. Mr. Mobus postcards that they caught one 11-pound bass and another which weighed nine pounds. He must have written or wired Sheriff D. L. Freutel about this, as Dug has gone to join them. The Huntington fishermen are down among the Florida Indians, and the Mobus postcard carries a picture of Seminole women dressed up for Mother's Day.

2-20-47
**Your Friends by
 And Mine Wyatt Smith**

ONE of the prospective degree takers at Marshall College, looking forward to June, is John Erskine McClane of the department of journalism. Graduation from Marshall College is a family tradition with him. His father, Erskine McClane, grad-



uated in 1904 in a class which set a new record for numbers. I should have been a member of that class had I not wearied in well doing. Cyrus B. VanBibber, who died a few years ago, was the youngest member. There were also Nan Hawkins, now Mrs. Harvey C. Taylor, Chloe Donahue, who became Mrs. G. Don Miller, Carlton Krontz, Charley Reitz and numerous others, including, I think, Dr. C. E. Hedrick. To get back to John McClane, his uncle, C. W. Kerr, graduated a few years before Erskine McClane. Miss Marguerite Kerr, now Mrs. Erskine McClane, and his sister, Miss Isabel Kerr, were subsequent graduates. Both Marguerite and Isabel Kerr taught in the Central City schools.

THEY were daughters of Alexander Kerr, a railroad contractor, who built some of the lines which went in hereabouts around, or subsequent to, 1890. Walter Kerr started as messenger boy in the offices of the old Huntington Tumbler Co., operated by the Zihlmann family, and rose to a vice-presidency before the business was liquidated. Erskine McClane was not born in Central City, but on Third Avenue, near the corner of Thirteenth Street, opposite the Thomas A. Garland residence. His older brothers played with Erskine Garland, for whom Erskine McClane was named.

In 1892, John C. McClane, a carpenter and car builder employed by the Ensign Mfg. Co. (now ACF) moved his family to a home at 1142 Madison Avenue, in the then new town of Central City. Erskine McClane grew up there and built on the same property the home he now occupies at 1146 Madison Avenue. He has lived on that site 55 years, a record which few in Huntington can equal. Among his early neighbors were the A. J. Crawfords. Mr. Crawford was associated with Hunter Evans in the Huntington Brick Co., manufacturing building brick at what is now West Ninth Street and the Chesapeake & Ohio right-of-way. Mr. Crawford's daughter, Miss Lillian Crawford, whom I seem to recall as a fellow student at Marshall College, is now Mrs. Michael Moran of Pasadena, Calif. Other neighbors, living on Jefferson Avenue, were the Ellis family. There were two boys, Hubert S. and Robert O. The former is now member of the House of Representatives for the Fourth West Virginia District. The latter, better known as Doc, is a Huntington business man of long standing.

NATURALLY, I expect everybody to know where and what Central City was. Probably there are many who don't. Prior to 1908 when Central City became a part of the greater municipality, Huntington was a big town between two smaller ones. Guyandotte was the oldest and least populous. Central City was the youngest. And between Huntington and Central City, extending as I remember, from First Street to West Third Street, was the Neutral Strip.

*Your friends by
And Mine Wyatt Smith*

WHEN he elected to go to the Mayo Clinic for special work in plastic surgery Commander James S. Klumpp, USNRC, thought he had forfeited his prospects of immediate promotion. This was the impression given him by superiors after his return to the



WYATT SMITH

United States from Africa where he had gone on convoy duty. He chose the special surgical course rather than staff duty with the fleet and was told that if he were just going to be a medical student he "wouldn't need another stripe." Nevertheless, he got the stripe and is now Captain Klumpp of the Naval Reserve Corps. His daughter, Mary Alice (Mrs. Roy) Cunningham telephoned to tell me that "daddy got his promotion." Dr. Klumpp was active in enlisting his fellow medics in the Naval Reserve Corps here, and was among the first to go from Huntington to duty with the Navy. In the seagoing arm of our war forces the rank of captain is equivalent to that of colonel in the Army. The next higher rank is rear admiral. However, I'm confident that even if and when he becomes Admiral Klumpp, Dr. Jim will still be hollering for ham.

IN THE home of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Wilkinson at Bridgeport in Harrison County there was a parlor. As in every well regulated household in that era this parlor was little used, being kept closed and darkened save on special occasions, these usually involving the presence of company. Like those in other homes the Wilkinson parlor had a square table and low down thereunder was a shelf on which the family Bible was reposed. The Wilkinson Bible was an oversized volume bound in red leather and kept shut by a metal clasp. There were other Bibles for reading, but this was opened only when some addition to the family records was indicated. The last entry placed in the Wilkinson Bible was recorded in 1896 and relates to the death of William Mortimer Wilkinson as the result of a rail accident in Parkersburg. It was placed there by A. J. Wilkinson, one of the sons of the household who has since become widely known as a Huntington resident. After the death of his mother, A. J. Wilkinson sought the family Bible and learned that it had disappeared from the home. All efforts to trace it failed and it remained, as has been said, missing for more than 30 years. Recently a man approached Mr. Wilkinson, president of the McGuffey Club, with the offer to sell certain McGuffey readers which he explained, he had found in the attic of a midtown dwelling, which he had been engaged to renovate. The owner of the property had given him these and other discarded volumes. Mr. Wilkinson was not in the market for McGuffey readers. Incidentally, the caller told him, the collection contains an old Bible which included some records of a Wilkinson family, the last of which, he said, told of the death of a man in a railroad accident in 1896. Recognizing at once that this was the Bible from his early home, Mr. Wilkinson asked that it be brought to him, which was done. The heavy leather covers and the metal clasp were gone as are some of the back leaves of the book but the family record was intact. Mr. Wilkinson, who will have the Bible rebound and arrange for its preservation, is now scratching his head over the mystery. He is wondering how the volume found its way 200 miles or more to Huntington where it has been all these years and through what chance it came to light within easy walking distance of his Huntington home. When the Bible disappeared Mr. Wilkinson lived in Grafton.

Your friends And Mine by Wiatt Smith

THERE comes to this column from Italy a book entitled "Mud, Mules and Mountains," featuring cartoons of the AEF in Italy by Bill Mauldin, with an introduction by Ernie Pyle. On the flyleaf is the following note: "Dear Mr. Smith



WIATT SMITH

It gives me pleasure to send this book to you—and I hope you will like it. It has not been published in the states, as yet, so is one of the originals. I predict that this book will take the states by storm. Kindest regards to you, John F. Reynolds, Captain, QMC, U. S. Army." The book is all that it is represented to be, and I'm grateful to Captain Reynolds. However, I don't seem to place the captain. Perhaps when I learn who he is I'll have a red face.

MIAMI, Fla., branch of the National Association of Penwomen has elected Mrs. John E. Norman as president. Mrs. Charles R. Wilson, who is at the Hotel Frederick, after a Winter in Florida, brought me newspaper clippings, one of which says: "Mrs. Norman has been an officer of the national board of the National League of American Penwomen four years, serving as fourth vice-president from 1940 through 1942 and as second vice-president since that time. She is also an active worker in the Women's Field Army for the Control of Cancer. And is a member of the National Council of Women of the United States Inc. Mrs. Norman has held every office in the Huntington, W. Va., Woman's Club, of which she is a life member." Mrs. Norman and her husband, a successful Miami business man, are from Kenova. He used to teach chemistry at Marshall College where I think Lela taught, too.

LONG before the hospital was established there, the building originally occupied by St. Mary's was erected for and used by St. Edward's preparatory school for boys. The school existed only a few years and I sometime forget it. However, it lives in the memories of West Virginia men who studied there. It was recalled to me yesterday when Martin F. Sweeney, Martin Moran and Bill McLaughlin came in from Weston for the Knights of Columbus convention. Messrs. Moran and McLaughlin were boys of St. Edward's and their memories of Huntington largely are based on the months spent there. Martin Moran was a prefect of discipline. Among his vivid recollections are those of the 1913 flood. Martin Sweeney never went to St. Edward's, but as a Marshall College student he won track honors, especially by beating Morris Harvey on a certain notable occasion.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

LAYING LATE yesterday morning, I missed the farewell of Mrs. Robert Gunning, who telephoned that she and her son, Floyd A. Brammer were leaving forthwith for Denver, Colo., where they will stay through the Winter and, perhaps, live permanently. They are being taken by automobile by their daughter and sister, Mrs. Preston Washington and Mr. Washington of Madison, W. Va. In Denver they will join



WIATT SMITH

Mrs. Floyd Brammer and her daughter, Mrs. A. P. Byrd, and Mr. Byrd, who live in the Colorado capital. Mrs. Gunning, the daughter of Captain Floyd Butcher of Logan, has lived in Huntington most of her life. Her mother was Polly Lawson Butcher, who lived with her husband on what is now the Aracoma Country Club. Polly Lawson Butcher is buried under the trees near the country club house. Mrs. Gunning is also the mother of E. C. Brammer of the United Fuel Gas Co.

EASY ACCESS to Logan by automobile, bus or train makes one tend to forget the inaccessibility of earlier times. My father came from Logan on horse back, and later, I think, on a raft. There was no other means of travel before the railroads entered the coal fields. After the Norfolk & Western was built, travelers went by train to and from Dingess, in Mingo County, and made the trip between the two towns on horseback. Even after that, goods were taken from Guyandotte to Logan by pushboat men operating on the Guyandotte. These things were recalled last week by Mrs. Mary R. Hayslip, a native of Logan who now lives at Pawtucket R. I., but formerly lived in Guyandotte. She recalled making the trip from Logan, via Dingess, with her elder son, Ed. Also the smell of roasting coffee in the Logan store of her father, Major J. E. Robertson. She didn't like to smell the roasting coffee.

IT IS IMPROBABLE that anyone remains to buy coffee green and roast the berries in the kitchen oven, but I remember when packaged roasted coffee was a novelty and there were green coffee buyers still. The green coffee beans were delivered to merchants in burlap bags, and we always called them coffee sacks—knew no other name for them. Major Robertson must have roasted and packaged his coffee himself. Another process which Mrs. Hayslip remembers with disfavor was that of drying ginseng. Ginseng was, and perhaps still is, abundant crop in the West Virginia mountains. Mountain men dug it and sold it to merchants who, in turn, exported it to China. It brought fancy prices. Because of it, West Virginians were known as seng diggers. They were known also as snake hunters and there are still those who shorten the term and call West Virginians "snakes."

JOHN HITE, chief of park police, telephoned to suggest that the Sallie P. Hite, whose 100-year-old bound copy of Peterson's magazine was shown me by Mrs. Russell Becker of South Point, O. was Sallie Scales Hite, who was the daughter of Nathaniel Scales and married Jacob Hite. I do not think so, as Sally Scales Hite lived too long ago.

Dec. 8, 1949 Your Friends by And Mine 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 horse-
back up Third Avenue to Guyandotte, each
a huge sack of wool slung across her
in front of her sidesaddle! That pic-
is difficult to comprehend today, but
was when such a sight would have
no comment. Thomas Luther,
years old, remembers when wool
veyed thus to Guyandotte from
Wayne County, where he grew up,
the wool were made of blankets,
to Mr. Luther, who remembers
expedition in which his sister,
Luther and Mrs. Wylie Hale,
Lyda Brumfield, took part. Miss
prod Mrs. Hale are living, both be-
eighties. The wool represent-
y chops, was traded for yarn
at Guyandotte.

LUTHER also recalls now he
came from Shoals to Hunt-
wagon hauled by two yokes
because the mud, both in
was too deep for horses.

12-4-48 Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith 12-4-48

IT MAY WELL have been that W. H. Barnum, an officer of the Ensign Manufacturing Co., here, and Phineas Taylor Barnum, the famous showman, were related. Both were Connecticut men. At any rate, the publication here that Huntington's Barnum Club was named for W. H. Barnum led Charles W. Gibbs to leave for my



perusal P. T. Barnum's biography. This volume, entitled "Troubles and Triumphs of Forty Years" was completed in 1867 and must have been published soon thereafter. Mr. Gibbs says it is out of print. It is a good tale, ghosted, perhaps, though P. T. Barnum seems to have had a ready pen of his own as well as a ready tongue. I haven't read it all, yet, but am finding it an interesting rainy day companion. Before getting to the end I may find the answer as to my own questions as to whether the circus founder and the W. H. Barnum, whose name was given to Huntington's Democratic club, were kin.

FORERUNNER of 1949 is the copy of Blum's Farmer's and Planter's Almanac, sent me by Frank M. Archer, with his compliments and those of the Superior Sterling Co. of Bluefield, W. Va. The 1949 edition is described as the 121st and 1949 as being "first after bissextile, or Leap Year, containing 365 days and, until July 4, the 173rd year of our independence." Mr. Archer sent me one of the almanacs last year and I had a good bit of fun about it. Not that it's a funny book, though it does contain some jokes, ancient and otherwise. It has hints about the weather, about farming and other traditional almanac features. And to Frank Archer, a Huntington boy who made good in the Blue Stone country, I acknowledge my appreciation.

HUNTINGTON once was the home of "The West Virginia Correspondence School of Law," which advertised that it had "pupils in almost every state and territory in the Union." T. E. Stout, Ll. B., was president. He was a member of the firm of Stout & King, lawyers representing Bradstreet's. Where their offices or the school was, I do not know. It would be interesting to learn of students or graduates of that school, which, according to an old directory, was here in 1892.

THIS DIRECTORY, a West Virginia Gazeteermx, published by R. L. Polk & Co., also contains an advertisement of the Huntington and Kenova Land Development Co., J. L. Caldwell, general manager. It was just then ready for business and offered to give a lot free with two shares of stock. Anyone who got these two lots and held on to them, got his money's worth—and more.

QUITE ATTRACTIVE and becoming, operatives tell me, is the new hat now being sported by Miss Anne McConahay, and is especially interesting because Miss McConahay made it herself—out of Community Chest feathers.

Your Friends ! *And Mine* *W. Smith*

SOME time in the early history of Huntington, although probably not in the city's first decade, Ivor E. Titus and J. Alden Emmons built a brick residential row on Ninth Street. It extended from what is now

the Hotel Prichard corner out towards Seventh Avenue to the alley, or at least that is how I remember. It was known as the Titus row or the Titus and Emmons row and many of the city's leading families lived there. It was all one building, a row of two - storied apartments, much like the C. P. Dusenberry row which still stands on Thirteenth Street. J. Alden Emmons,

W. SMITH

who has been dead many years, lived with his family in an apartment near on the Prichard corner. The tenants included the late Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Emmons and it was there that Delos C. Emmons, now Lieutenant General Emmons of the U. S. Army, was born. Subsequently C. D. Emmons purchased the northeast corner of Sixth Avenue and Eleventh Street and built a frame house facing Eleventh Street on the rear of the lot across the alley from the Trinity Church house. There the Emmons family including the present general lived from the time he must have been a very small boy until he went away to West Point. This house is still standing at 524 Eleventh Street. It was the original intention of C. D. Emmons to build a residence on the corner of Sixth Avenue but instead he sold that corner to Dr. T. J. Prichard who built thereon the brick residence where Mrs. Carl C. Prichard and Miss Lucy E. Prichard live today. To the south of the former Emmons home is another frame building where Dr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Moore and their family lived for many years. Needless to say the Titus and Emmons row was razed to make way for the Hotel Prichard.

BEFORE the Titus and Emmons row was built there had been a pond on this corner lot and there in winter young people skated. I do not recall but it has had a large place in the memories of many early Huntingtonians—a place which I have no doubt, is still held in the minds of many now living. It was the Titus and Emmons row social center. The late Mrs. J. Alden (Georgia Hooe) Emmons liked to recall those days and one of her recollections was that it was here she had her first upright piano, an instrument which gave her great delight and excited the interest if not the envy of her neighbors. Mrs. John Bisco, who was Miss Aldine Emmons, told me yesterday of her mother's memories of the historic brick row but neither she nor any other member of the Emmons family was able to reveal anything about the history of the Christian name Delos. I knew, of course, that it was first brought to Huntington by Colonel Delos W. Emmons, the general's grandfather. Mrs. Charles M. Cohen of Fifth Avenue, the general's sister, has the impression that it goes far back into the Emmons family history but does not know where it originated. Incidentally, radiocasters and others have been mispronouncing General Emmons' first name. The family pronunciation slurs the first syllable and puts the accent on the second—as if it were written Dloss. General Emmons, who prior to Pearl Harbor was commander of the combat division of the Army Air Forces and thereafter until quite recently military governor of Hawaii, was in London last week. It seems a good guess that this week finds him at or near the point of Sicilian invasion.

WHILE in search of early information regarding Huntington's distinguished son, I learned that John L. Hawkins of the Emmons-Hawkins Hardware Co. was at his Roland Park home recovering from bruises sustained in a stair well fall a few days ago. Mr. Hawkins, now 82 years old, is manifesting his customary resiliency and told me over the telephone that he expected to be at work again within a day or two.

Your friends • by • • • And Mine • Wiatt Smith

THERE'S an old story about a lawyer who sputtered when a decision was rendered against him. His sputtering caused the judge to say, "Well, there are two things you can do, one is to take an appeal and the other is cuss the court." The lawyer's face brightened as he exclaimed, "Please, your honor, I'd like to do both." But no appeal will lie for Joe L. Shifflette, attorney and commissioner of accounts, John W. Lea, the realtor, and Warren C. Smith and Robert Noe of the First Huntington National Bank. They can cuss to their heart's content, but they are not quite sure to whose address the cussing should be directed.



WIATT SMITH The four were witnesses Thursday afternoon in a case in the circuit court. Rather, it should be said, they were summoned to testify. At 1:30 o'clock they were interned in the witness room. Mr. Lea was called, testified, and returned to the room. The four sat there and talked. I think they must have had a fairly good afternoon at that, but none of the other three was called as a witness. At 5 o'clock the door opened and a janitor entered. He demanded to know what was going on and was told that was what they wanted to know. Arising, as by one impulse, they looked into the court room. The bench was empty. The bar had flown. The case had been decided and even the spectators had gone home, an hour or two before. Somebody, whoever should have done it, had forgotten to excuse the witnesses.

A LETTER from "A Friend of Your Friends and Mine" says: . . . "You have never written about the mock orange hedge on Seventh street where the Park Tower hotel now stands. The country folks, principally from Beech Fork hitched their horses to this hedge and with their hickory split baskets filled with eggs and butter they went to town to do their tradin', not shopping, as we say today." . . . Trading was the correct word, for when the farmers and their wives and families came into town with produce they took much of it "out in trade." They exchanged their butter and eggs, buttermilk, fresh vegetables, sorghum in season or whatever they had to offer for staple groceries, for clothing, hats, shoes, for calico and gingham or Clark's O.N.T. thread. Sometimes they would have to have part of their values in cash, often they received no money at all.

THE letter about the mock orange hedge continues: . . . "While they (the Beech Forkers) were gone the children of the neighborhood would have nice rides on the farm horses, then hitch them to the hedge again and no one was the wiser. This hedge produced large balls, each about the size of an orange. It stood on Seventh street many years. Ask Ed Thornburg and Fred Ware. They perhaps remember more than I have told you as they are several years older."

TIMES have changed indeed since those farmers, from Beech Fork and elsewhere, came in and hitched their horses in long rows near the court house and elsewhere. Then a farmer could be identified, as such as far as he could be seen, and their wives and children were easily spotted also. Now the agriculturists come in automobiles as slick and shiny as town cars and are dressed just like their city cousins. Hay Rube is virtually extinct, at least in this section.

DEATH of George Shelton (Shelly) Wash marks the end of an interesting Huntington family. His father was George W. Wash, one of the earlier Chesapeake & Ohio enginemmen, and was killed in an accident at Ona cut. The late Lee A. D. Tate came here as a boy to live with his aunt, Mrs. Wash, and Mr. Wash. He got a job "on the road" and before he quit for the mercantile field he was firing beside his uncle.

LONG AGO, when the original First Presbyterian Church sat far back on its Fifth avenue lot and there was no Trinity Episcopal Church, the two congregations alternated in the use of the Presbyterian edifice. So, at least, George Reed remembers. His recollection is that on one Sunday the services would be conducted by the Rev. John W. Lea, the Episcopal rector, and on the next by the Rev. J. M. Sloan, pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

Your friends And Mine by Wiatt Smith

CHAIRMAN WALTER E. VEST of the spelling committee yesterday issued the first report in many weeks. Perhaps I had been doing better, maybe Dr. Vest was too busy to bother. Anyway, I spelled prof-



WIATT SMITH would make up the last. The letter will form the ensuing paragraph.

"YOU mentioned the Mud River bridge near Milton as being 118 years old," writes Dr. F. F. Farnsworth of Milton. "Just to correct your data I am going to give you the facts. The Mud River covered bridge was built by Charles Conner of Hurricane in 1834. The Federals took possession of the bridge during the Civil war and guarded it lest it be destroyed by the people in the community who were southern sympathizers. They used it for transporting troops from east to west. The Federal soldiers camped on a small hill east of the bridge in an old, unused log church, the Union Baptist, and the pathway worn by their feet as they climbed up and down the hill in changing guards was plainly visible until a few years ago. . . . It can't speak, this old bridge, and only those who know the story can stand in the shadow of the friendly cover and visualize the pageant of men and events that are a part of its memories. . . . This bridge was a part of the James River and Kanawha turnpike and, so far as is known is the oldest covered bridge now in use in the state of West Virginia. It is being repaired and will be a section of the new paved road leading from Milton to Ball's Gap. It is said that Andrew Jackson, General LaFayette, Henry Clay and other notables traveled this road and crossed this bridge which is one of the landmarks of yesterday."

HENRY WRIGHT who believes he is, with one exception, the oldest man now living who was here when Huntington was formed left me a note saying . . . "I saw a storm that came up the Ohio River and blew the hurricane roof off the steamer Boston as she lay at the Chesapeake & Ohio wharf . . . I saw the towboat that blew up just below Sixth street . . . I saw the steamboat that came up from New Orleans with yellow fever aboard and one dead person that they buried under the river bank just about First street . . . I saw the Ohio River when it was frozen over so that cord wood was hauled across it on a two horse sled . . . I saw the Ohio River when the ice broke up and threw the steamer Fleetwood up on the bank . . . I saw Guyandotte when the Union soldiers were stationed there . . . I cast my first vote in Guyandotte when I was 17 years old . . . It was Democratic." Mr. Wright grants Huntington seniority only to H. C. Everett, who, like him, is in his ninetieth year.

CHAMBER of Commerce workers were asked yesterday to examine the minutes of that organization to find whether or not a committee "appointed 40 years ago to go to New York and ask C. P. Huntington to provide a park for the city he founded, ever reported." The task would be most difficult, but perhaps some of the back yonder authorities has the answer. I seem to remember hearing of such an incident, but am inclined to think that if the committee went to see Collis P. Huntington, it acted more than 50 years ago. Mr. Huntington, who was 50 years old when he founded this city, died in 1900.

8-6-37
Your Friends • by •
And Mine *Wiatt Smith*

JIM BRACKMAN, the hamburger king, was buried yesterday. Great numbers attended his funeral services and followed to the side of his grave. Among those was George Dimick whose friendship with Mr. Brackman began when the Dimicks came to Huntington in 1893 and continued unbroken thereafter until death laid its hand on Jim. Returning from cemetery, George Dimick called and asked me to stop to see him at his hotel. I did so, and from his wallet he extracted a yellowed card-board on which was prose poetry which he said he and Jim Brackman often enjoyed together. It seems appropriate to reproduce it here with apologies to the author, be he living or dead:



WIATT SMITH

"**A**ROUND the corner I have a friend in this great city that has no end. Yet days go by and weeks rush on, and before I know it, a year has gone. And I never see my old friend's face, for life is a swift and exacting race. He knows I like him just as well as in the days when I rang his bell, and he rang mine. We were younger then. And now we are busy, tired men—tired with playing a foolish game; tired with trying to make a name.

"Tomorrow I will call on Jim, just to show that I'm thinking of him. But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes—and the distance between us grows and grows. Around the corner—yet miles away—Here's a message, sir—Jim died today. That's what we get and deserve in the end—around the corner a vanished friend."

BUT friends do drop in. Retired and enjoying his leisure after forty-three years in the ministry, Dr. J. W. Engle of Buckhannon, and Mrs. Engle are visiting their son, J. Paul Engle of the Mossman apartments. Yesterday Dr. Engle, who nineteen years ago was transferred to Clarksburg from the pastorate of the First M. E. Church here, came down street to call on some of those he knew in the old days. I was among the favored, "because," Dr. Engle said, "I remember how you used to write our church stories." After leaving here Dr. Engle served three charges, that at Clarksburg, the college church at Buckhannon and the Wheeling district, as superintendent. He has been a delegate to four general conferences and served on many church boards. Retirement for him was not mandatory. He continues vigorous and the Bishop said he could use him, but at seventy-one he decided to step aside that the younger men might have a better chance.

FRIENDS write sometimes, too, as for instance Dr. M. P. Shawkey drops a line from Charleston to say: "Habit is powerful. You see I still read Your Friends and Mine. Was it Emerson who said a friend is Nature's masterpiece?" Keep on finding and making friends. . . . There was a clipping enclosed with red pencil lines under the phrase "should of known" and red penciled marginal note: "Thanks old man. I have been trying for years to convince Uncle Benny Franklin 'should of' is good English. . . . But Uncle Benny knows that I 'should of' said 'should have,' and he charges that error up to me when he estimates the grades. It was my slipshod fault, of course, but I feel like slaying the copyreader."

Oct. 26, 1944
Your Friends • by •
And Mine *Wiatt Smith*

WEST VIRGINIA, mother of soldiers, has a strong claim on Lieutenant General George S. Patton, famous in the annals of World War II and known far and wide as "Old Blood and Guts." All this may be well known in some circles, but it remained for



WIATT SMITH

Forrest Hull, in an article entitled "Kid Glove Soldier," appearing in the November issue of Tracks, to acquaint me with the story. The title, "Kid Glove Soldier," does not apply to General Patton. Instead, the subject of the article is Captain George S. Patton, grandfather of the current war hero. As Mr. Hull points out, there is a monument on Charleston's Kanawha boulevard to the Kanawha Rifleman, George S. Patton, captain, 1861-65. The Tracks story relates that the first George S. Patton was born in Richmond, Va., graduated from VMI and admitted to the practice of law. In 1856 he moved with his wife to Charleston where he practiced, for a time in association with an attorney named Brown, doubtless the father or grandfather of Beverly Brown. George S. Patton II was born in Charleston and lived to become the father of the boy who was to be Lieutenant General George S. Patton III. Lawyer George S. Patton I was an organizer and first captain of the company of dandies known as the Kanawha Rifleman. He rose to be a colonel in the Confederate Army and was killed in action at Winchester.

THERE'S an empty chair on the front porch of the Elks' Club. Perhaps, these cool days, that empty porch chair is figurative, but, in a most real sense, there is an empty spot of the Elks' Club. Harry T. (Deacon) Hill has gone to join the absent brethren. His name hereafter will be called only at the annual Lodge of Sorrow. He will not answer. His bluff and hearty voice is stilled forever. Just the other day, I held an impromptu street reunion with Ben M. Robinson of Chesapeake. We recalled that our acquaintance began when Ben was chief of police of Huntington under the first commission government, 1909-12. We did not mention, but I am sure it is true that Deacon Hill was one of the lieutenants under that Switzer, Chapman, Coon, Pollock bi-partisan administration. At least, my acquaintance with the Deacon began then. Harry was a real Huntingtonian. He spent his boyhood on Fourth avenue, living, for a time, at least, on the north side of the Nine Hundred block. His father, A. B. Hill, was a carpenter who became a policeman. Harry took several whirls at police work but always returned to the Chesapeake & Ohio shops where he remained until retirement. Thereafter, when his health permitted, and it usually did, he was at the Elks Club daily. A recognized authority on the back yonder days, he rarely agreed with me and our occasional meetings were unfailingly the signal for argument about some point which you might not consider important, but which was most important to us.

NOW that Deacon Hill is dead (he will be buried today) he cannot testify about the Guyandotte stogie, which, according to an unknown correspondent, made Guyandotte almost as famous as Wheeling "50 or 60 years ago." I remember when Harry Weider made stogies in Guyandotte.

7-29-43

THE HERALD-Dispatch, HUNTINGTON

Your friends • by • • • And Mine • Wiatt Smith

BEFORE point rationing there was Herbert Hoover. As food administrator during World War One the man who was to be later president of the United States issued no coupon books but in the matter of cutting down the American diet he got there just the same. A reminder of Mr. Hoover's regime as food dictator of these United States was found the other day by Mrs. Charles V. Lallance of Seventh Avenue. It was written in pencil on a bit of yellow paper which fell out of an old cook book in which Mrs. Lallance was looking for a recipe. It follows:



WIATT SMITH

*"The darned old Hoover pledge has come
to our house to stay
To frown our breakfast bacon down and
take our steak away
It cans our morning waffles and sausage,
too, it seems
And dilates on the succulents of corn
and spuds and beans.
So skimp the sugar in your cake and
leave the butter out
Or Hoover goin' to get you if you don't
watch out . . ."*

*"O, gone the good old days of hot cakes
thickly spread
And meatless, wheatless, hopeless days
prevailing in their stead.
Gone the days of fat rib roast and two-
inch T-bone steaks
And doughnuts plump and golden brown,
the kind that mother makes.
And when it comes to pies and cakes
must learn to cut them out
For Hoover will get you if you don't watch
out . . ."*

*"So spread your buckwheat sparingly and
pare your taters thin.
And tighten up your belt a notch and
don't forget to grin.
And if sometimes your whole soul yearns
for shortcake high and wide
And biscuits drenched in honey, and
chicken butter fried . . .
Remember then that Kaiser Bill is short
on sauerkraut
And Hoover's goin' to get him if we help
him out . . ."*

DURING the early years of his pastorate at Central Christian Church here, Dr. W. H. Sheffer was visited in his study one day by Dr. Matthew L. Wood, then pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. Dr. Wood explained that he wanted to be out of town for two weeks and proposed that during his absence Dr. Sheffer combine the congregations of the two churches. Dr. Sheffer agreed and on the following Sunday he preached from Dr. Wood's pulpit, having asked his own people to join him at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. On the Sunday succeeding the two congregations heard Dr. Sheffer preach from his own Central Christian pulpit. Later in the year Dr. Sheffer desiring to be out of town for a couple of weeks asked Dr. Wood to return the favor. Dr. Wood agreed and the process was repeated. Dr. Sheffer now in retirement at Knoxville, Tenn., who came back to Central Christian Church for a mortgage burning last Sunday came Tuesday with Mrs. Sheffer to call on me. He recalled those four long ago Sundays when he and Dr. Wood preached to packed houses, those large attendances having been brought back to mind by the standing room only crowd which greeted him on this visit. He also recalled how he and Colonel Z. T. Vinson, J. Bron and W. O. Wiatt played golf together on the Guyan Country Club course, as well as numerous other incidents of his long career in Huntington.

SAM JOHNSON, a Georgia boy who was in the furniture business in Huntington before he entered the U. S. Army, graduated last Saturday from the air force Officers Candidate School at Miami Beach, Fla., and became a second lieutenant. This news was among the items brought to Huntington by Miss Phyllis Eutsler who is a civilian employe of the Army Air Force at Miami Beach. Now spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Eutsler of Thirteenth Avenue, Phyllis will return to Miami Beach within a few days. Recently she tells me, she hasn't seen many Huntington servicemen though there were many there during the early months of her employment. One day she did come upon Aviation Cadet Bob Femoyer. He was on yard duty and looked up with some dismay in response to Phyllis' "Hello, Bob." He pretended he was looking for something but Phyllis knew better and he joined her in laughter. Bob has now been designated as a pilot and gone on to some new field for further training.

Your Friends • by • • And Mine Wiatt Smith.

WHILE Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was President the earliest newsreels used to show Huntington's Colonel Frank Tyree dashing about here and there seeing that the chief executive was safe. The handsome



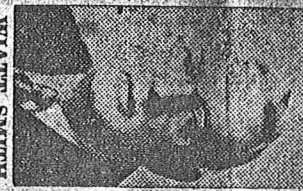
WIATT SMITH

Colonel Tyree, to whom and of whom President Roosevelt was wonted to address and speak as Frank, was the first Huntington man to be a presidential bodyguard. I presume Colonel Tyree was a member of the Secret Service as it is to this branch that the government entrusts the safeguarding of its Presidents. Subsequently two other Huntington men have been among the bodyguards of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. The first of these two was Raymond King. For a number of years Mr. King, attached to the Secret Service, was stationed in Huntington. The second is Emory Quinlan, former city jailer of Huntington, veteran of World War I and for several years a Secret Service agent. Operatives tell me that Emory is attached to the Presidential detail and that in this capacity he flew with Mr. Roosevelt to Mexico and to the historic Churchill conference at Casablanca. He is the son of the late John Quinlan and Mrs. Quinlan of Thirteenth Street and the elder brother of Prosecuting Attorney J. J. N. Quinlan, now an officer in the U. S. Navy.

IN A V-MAIL letter to his mother, Mrs. C. D. McWilliams of 2010 Military Road, Lieutenant R. W. McWilliams, USN, says: "Dear Mother, give this to Wiatt Smith. There isn't one soldier or sailor I know of who would trade places with a striker. To those who strike behind us—it is better to die at the hands of the enemy than to live in infamy. My advice to them on this Sunday, July 4, 1943, is to kneel and thank God that the spirit of '76' is still alive. I'm well and you need not worry for my safety. I wish I could say the same for all but others are not so fortunate. Love, son."

... Lieutenant McWilliams' letter was brought to me by his sister, Mrs. William Scrimgeour, the former Miss Adelaide McWilliams. Mr. and Mrs. Scrimgeour have recently returned to Huntington after two years in Philadelphia. He is with the Zenith Optical Co., and they are living with Mrs. McWilliams whose household also includes the wife of Lieutenant McWilliams and their four-months-old son, Robert White McWilliams III whom the father has never seen.

TODAY between the hours of 1 and 4 P. M. at Red Cross headquarters in the Emmons apartments building Mrs. McVea Buckner and the committee of which she is chairman will offer the final opportunity for women to register for membership in the Nurses Aide class which is to start work July 26. Huntington and Cabell County, I am told, have lagged in their contribution to the ranks of the nurses aides. The service of the nurses aide is probably the most unselfish which non-combatants are called upon to render. It's all work and no pay and real work at that. The theory is to have non-professional civilian women ready for duty when the professional ranks are exhausted by war needs. Actually, conditions are far ahead of the theory as the ranks of professional nurses available for civilian duty are depleted most seriously. Nurses aides wear frilly uniforms not so attractive as the white garb of the registered nurse but they have the respect of the profession. I have learned by inquiry that their presence and assistance are hailed by those on duty at hospitals with an enthusiastic appreciation. I don't remember exactly the age requirements but the maximum is 50 years. In order to enroll one must have a high school education or its equivalent.



WIATT SMITH
through your column we hope he may know of the interest that has been shown here. The article has been clipped and made its rounds from the top men to the orderlies, and all are proud to have known William Serey Powell."

A TELEPHONE message which came after I had gone to bed, was an inquiry concerning the rule of three. It seems that an old law in Virginia prescribed that the free schools teach, among other things, arithmetic and the rule of three. Why the express direction I cannot say, but I'm sure I learned the rule of three from Ray's Practical Arithmetic. Incidentally, I'm hazy about it now; Wright S. Ransom, to whom the question had been addressed, was sure he knew all about it, but it developed that his knowledge was of a verse on the subject. I remember the verse much more clearly than I remember the rule of three. My memorized version is:

"Multiplication is veration,
Division is as bad;
The rule of three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad."

A learned friend sought the verse in Menckens' book of quotations. Mr. Mencken ascribed it to an unknown origin and used "fractious" where I used "practice." The learned friend pointed out that the Menckian choice was logical. This I concede, but I don't think it was with that way in the beginning.

NATURALLY I sought Dr. Vest's opinion, but found he was in Chicago attending a meeting of the house of delegates of the American Medical Association. Then I turned to Dr. Anne DeNoon, who didn't know the answer about the verse and who was, moreover, in the act of starting to the train with her aunt, Mrs. Clara Hart Smith of Ravenswood. Mrs. Smith told me she had come two weeks ago to visit her elder sister, Mrs. Laura DeNoon, and had been pressed to stay until Sunday, which was her birthday. Asked about her age, she replied, "I'm not going to tell you and have it put in the paper!"

WIATTING from University Hospital, of Virginia, Mrs. Vivian Friel says: "Several years ago I felt highly honored and complimented by seeing my name and also my daughter's name, Jacquine, in your column. Our mutual friend Bill Powell had written to you telling of our visit to him when he was a patient here. Jacquine has graduated from this marvelous hospital and is now back, nursing her father. We of course, being from Logan, subscribed for The Herald-Dispatch, and to our delight saw the picture and the write-up concerning our friend Bill and the book he has written and published. We have lost contact with Bill, but through your column we hope he may know of the interest that has been shown here. The article has been clipped and made its rounds from the top men to the orderlies, and all are proud to have known William Serey Powell."

Your friends • by • • • And Mine Wiatt Smith

"WHERE," inquired H. C. (Jack) Stewart, "did Alf Thompson have this St. Nicholas Hotel that you've been writing about?" I was able to enlighten Mr. Stewart by explaining that the St. Nicholas occupied



WIATT SMITH now occupies the Third Avenue building, on the ground floor of which the late W. H. (Uncle Billy) Scherer later had his tavern-saloon. For the benefit of those who came to Huntington since July 1, 1914, when the tavern went the way of all saloons, the St. Nicholas was on the north side of Third Avenue several doors west of the corner of Tenth Street. I do not know the street number nor the name of the business which now occupies the building. Unless I am mistaken, and I do not think that I am, the St. Nicholas was a stag hotel. Women were never numbered among its guests. Just here seems a good time to explain that in an article about early hotels I made an erroneous statement about the relationship of some of the Davises. Although Morris B. Davis and Sam Davis both served as chief of police of Huntington and both were Republicans they were unrelated. Morris and Charlie Davis were brothers and the late Harry M. Davis, the attorney, was, I'm informed, their half-brother. Sam's brothers were the late Robert L. Davis, the printer-teacher, and John H. Davis, former Huntington police sergeant and justice of the peace, who now lives on a farm in Logan County and who was in to see me not a great while back.

MRS. EDITH B. WILKINSON, former dietician at Marshall College and subsequently of the Governor Capell will spend the next month at the Mountaineer Hotel in Williamson. . . First Lieutenant George I. Neal Jr. arrived Sunday by plane to spend a 10-day furlough with his parents on Sixth Avenue. . . Monsignor James F. Newcomb is a cross word puzzle fan. . . Hosford Plough has returned to Chicago after spending several weeks with his sister, Mrs. Russell M. Hutchinson and Mr. Hutchinson on Sixth Avenue. . . Midget, 14-year-old terrier pet of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gillen of Chesapeake, was found after a disappearance of two weeks. She was well fed and well cared for and seemingly in better health than when she went away. . . Louisa-born Dr. Frederick Shannon of Chicago will preach at Johnson Memorial Church Sunday morning. . . Without knowing, I suspect he is in Louisa, on one of his semi-annual visits to his native town. . . Mrs. James A. Hughes of Fifth Avenue is better, after an illness.

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WHEN I was young every kid knew that it was unsafe to use a brass pin for surgical purposes, lest there be verdigris on the pin point. Casual inquiry now reveals that modern kids and a good many grown-ups know nothing of verdigris. The Readers Digest currently lists certain medical and surgical questions to be checked yes or no in an information quiz. One of these asks if a pin is less safe than a needle for use in removing splinters and opening pimples. The Digest answer is that they are equally safe or unsafe—safe if sterilized—unsafe if unsterilized. I think pins as well as needles are now made of steel but old-fashioned pins turned brassy after a bit of use and somewhat later still the brassy area took on a greenish hue. This green was verdigris, defined by the dictionary as the green rust of brass. Incidentally, the same Readers Digest number contains an article which might be entitled "The Joys of Insanity." Its statements do not check with the quoted stories of those who have come out of the mental blackness.

ARCH M. HEWITT came bringing sweet corn and ripe tomatoes which he grew himself in his hill top victory garden. Arch had promised me the corn after first exacting from me the acknowledgment that my feet are bigger than his. . . A. J. Wilkinson brought garden sass and such from his Putnam County farm and delivered them without condition. . . Miss Janet Green, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Green, comes occasionally with fresh vegetables which she offers for sale. . . Also, Sixth Avenue honey produced from stands in the Green garden. . . And Janet herself is a Sixth Avenue honey.

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

THERE'S a certain dog that lives on Sixth avenue that for almost a year now has been making threatening gestures at me. Unless I happen to be looking his way he comes at me with a rush. Always I turn and when I shake my



WIATT SMITH

and when I shake my cane at him and scold, he wags his tail and smiles. Sometimes his young mistress, whose name I don't know either, comes out, scolds and makes Fido go in the house, which he does, still wagging his tail. I really don't believe the pooch means a bit of it and that he acts that way because it's his idea of good clean fun. But I ask you, seriously, wouldn't it be lese majesty or something if some day he should get past my guard and nip the calf of the chairman for National Dog Week in Huntington? And think how indignant Sammy-the-Dog would be. . . There's Harold (Chatter Box) Faller, too, trying to nib into the campaign by nominating D. Prino, as vice-chairman. A good suggestion, too, but the nominations were already closed. She doesn't know it yet, but Marie Shepard Yost is vice-chairman. She's 100 per cent sold on the slogan, "Every dog ought to have a good home."

IT WOULD happen that I was hurrying home with ice cream for the Sunday evening supper when I had a long desired opportunity to meet and talk with Mrs. Emanuel (Emma) Davidson. Mrs. Davidson, mother of Mrs. H. A. Lawrence and Walter D. Davidson, was on her porch with her son as I passed. Walter hailed me and I went in but because of the ice cream could talk only briefly with Mrs. Davidson who is soon to be 94 years old and who in childhood migrated from her native Kentucky to Indiana in a covered wagon. She married one of the Lawrence county Davidsons and lived "over the river" until she joined her daughter in Huntington 10 years ago.

MRS. DAVIDSON reads this column regularly and faithfully. So, I discovered yesterday, do Mrs. Joe Brown and her daughter Miss Josephine (Jo) Brown and perhaps Naif Tamey of Charleston will be recruited as a reader through the Brown incident. Anyway, the trio carried me downtown and Mrs. Brown and her beautiful daughter recalled that I had written some time ago about her husband and father, a colorful character who operated a confectionery on Third avenue and was one of Huntington's best known and best-liked men.

JOHN W. WRIGHT JR. is out of an Athens, Ga., hospital after having been treated for extensive bruises sustained when his automobile turned over some weeks ago. Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Carder, Miss Gertrude Carder and Charles R. Carder Jr. left for Center, Ala., because of the death of Dr. William Yancey White, brother-in-law to Mr. Carder and Miss Carder. The Clarence E. Whites will celebrate their thirtieth wedding anniversary August 23. Roy L. Pixler is a movie camera enthusiast and goes in for tricky gadgets. I understand he still likes bees, too. In case you didn't know, Editor Raymond E. Brewster is spending his vacation New York World's Fairing. My, but I'll bet his feet hurt right now. . . but could stand it if I were there, too, aching dogs and all. . . and don't forget I was there. . . And the Sol Birkes, including Associate Publisher William D. Birke, have gone to the seashore. . . And Chairman (Dr. W. E.) Vest continues to plug for the revival of the infare custom.

Your Friends And Mine by Watt Smith

CLEARING from a filing cabinet some of the accumulated relics of years of column writing, I have come upon some curious things. One is a receipt from Dr. D. W. Dabney to Mrs. Josie G. Smith, both of Guyandotte. It is, in truth,



a receipted bill, showing that Mrs. Smith paid Dr. Dabney \$6 for seven visits. And on the bottom of the sheet is the printed explanation that "statements are sent promptly in order that any errors may be corrected while fresh." There is also a letter telling me of the time when the Guyandotte

Woolen Mill Co., operated by the Stewart Bros., was struggling for existence in 1894. But Barlow, Henderson & Co., predecessors of Watts, Ritter & Co., investigated the Stewart products and contracted for the entire output. The result was a boom for the woolen mill, which had to run day and night to fill orders. "In a few months," wrote my informant, "every school girl in the back counties, Logan, Lincoln, Putnam, Wayne, Wyoming, McDowell and the rest of them had a dress made of Guyandotte flannel, and petticoats made of the fancy stripes. Men wore shirts made from this flannel, and women far and near knitted the yarn into stockings, socks, scarfs and shawls. Their jeans never gained much favor but they also made some blankets which were good and hard to duplicate" . . . I wonder if there is one of those blankets in existence today.

THERE is much other material in that old file. Here's "The Ballad of Joe Bowers" in the search for which readers assisted; likewise "Put My Little Shoes Away," which was rendered as a duet by Lieutenant and Mrs. Charles M. Watts at a reunion at a Lynn Creek, (Wayne County) Church, several Summers ago . . . And correspondence with my brother Tom P. Smith of New York, relating to the Logan County residence of Dr. Thomas D. English. According to Tom P. and, I believe, accepted tradition, Dr. English wrote Ben Bolt while living in Logan.

RECENTLY I met a Mr. Keinzman, a coal man, who recalled that in his younger days he played baseball at Cincinnati with or against Dr. E. B. Jansman of Huntington. This led to inquiries which revealed that "Doc" as his friends here know him, was a highly successful college and sandlot pitcher. In fact, he was so good he had been signed by the Boston Americans and might have become one of the game's immortals if he had contented himself with one branch of athletics. Instead, he broke an arm while playing basketball at Ohio State University and ended his pitching days forever. I wondered too why he, the head of Farmers' dry cleaning establishment, should be called Doctor. It is because he spent seven years earning and finally received the degree of Doctor of Comparative Medicine.

JUST to keep the record straight, the Conservation Committee of the Woman's Club, Mrs. Eph Broh chairman, appeared before the city council in 1938 and urged that Huntington's streets be marked. Councilman (Uncle Tom) Bishop sponsored successfully a resolution committing council to the proposal in principle, but there was no money that year. Next year the committee renewed the request and council voted the initial appropriation. This, the cleaning up of the building and the erection of gateways at the entrances to the city were the three points of the committee's program. The markers and the clean-up were achieved. Apparently, any contribution to the marker campaign which this column may have made was incidental to the efforts of the Woman's Club, an organization to which my hat always has been off.

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

BEFORE point rationing there was Herbert Hoover. As food administrator during World War One the man who was



to be later president of the United States issued no coupon books but in the matter of cutting down the American diet he got there just the same. A reminder of Mr. Hoover's regime as food dictator of these United States was found the other day by Mrs. Charles V. Lallance of Seventh Avenue. It was written in pencil on a bit of yellow paper which fell out of an old cook book in which Mrs. Lallance was looking for a recipe. It follows:

*"The darned old Hoover pledge has come to our house to stay
To frown our breakfast bacon down and take our steak away
It cans our morning waffles and sausage, too, it seems
And dilates on the succulents of corn and spuds and beans.
So skimp the sugar in your cake and leave the butter out
Or Hoover goin' to get you if you don't watch out . . .
"O, gone the good old days of hot cakes thickly spread
And meatless, wheatless, hopeless days prevailing in their stead,
Gone the days of fat rib roast and two-inch T-bone steaks
And doughnuts plump and golden brown, the kind that mother makes.
And when it comes to pies and cakes must learn to cut them out
For Hoover will get you if you don't watch out . . .
"So spread your buckwheat sparingly and pare your taters thin
And tighten up your belt a notch and don't forget to grin."
And if sometimes your whole soul yearns for shortcake high and wide
And biscuits drenched in honey, and chicken butter fried
Remember then that Kaiser Bill is short on sauerkraut
And Hoover's goin' to get him if we help him out . . ."*

DURING the early years of his pastorate at Central Christian Church here, Dr. W. H. Sheffer was visited in his study one day by Dr. Matthew L. Wood, then pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. Dr. Wood explained that he wanted to be out of town for two weeks and proposed that during his absence Dr. Sheffer combine the congregations of the two churches. Dr. Sheffer agreed and on the following Sunday he preached from Dr. Wood's pulpit, having asked his own people to join him at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. On the Sunday succeeding the two congregations heard Dr. Sheffer preach from his own Central Christian pulpit. Later in the year, Dr. Sheffer desiring to be out of town for a couple of weeks asked Dr. Wood to return the favor. Dr. Wood agreed and the process was repeated. Dr. Sheffer, now in retirement at Knoxville, Tenn., who came back to Central Christian Church for a mortgage burning last Sunday came, Tuesday with Mrs. Sheffer to call on me. He recalled those four long ago Sundays when he and Dr. Wood preached to packed houses, those large attendances having been brought back to mind by the standing-room only crowd which greeted him on this visit. He also recalled how he and Colonel Z. T. Vinson, J. Broh and W. O. Wiatt played golf together on the Guyan Country Club course, as well as numerous other incidents of his long career in Huntington.

SAM JOHNSON, a Georgia boy who was in the furniture business in Huntington before he entered the U. S. Army, graduated last Saturday from the air force Officers Candidate School at Miami Beach, Fla., and became a second lieutenant. This news was among the items brought to Huntington by Miss Phyllis Eutsler who is a civilian employe of the Army Air Force at Miami Beach. Now spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Eutsler of Thirteenth Avenue, Phyllis will return to Miami Beach within a few days. Recently she tells me, she hasn't seen many Huntington servicemen though there were many there during the early months of her employment. One day she did come upon Aviation Cadet Bob Femoyer. He was on yardbird duty and looked up with some dismay in response to Phyllis' "Hello, Bob." He pretended he was looking for something but Phyllis knew better and he joined her in laughter. Bob has now been designated as a pilot and gone on to some new field for further training.

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

THEODORE B. LAIDLEY of 743 Berkeley avenue, San Bernardino, Calif., writes:

"I have just received, in a roundabout way, a copy of the paper in which you display the pictures of my uncles, Albert and George Laidley—and their whiskers. As I was a Huntington boy who lived in the home of George Laidley at 1304 Third avenue, I was greatly interested in your sketch. In defense of my uncle, allow me to say that the photograph must have been taken prior to 1878, the year I came to Huntington. Whiskers of the style you illustrate were



glowingly displayed in Huntington by F. B. Enslow and Dr. V. W. Mather at a later period. This leads to the point of my letter. Do you know anything of Harry Mather, son of V. W. Dr. Mather moved to Kansas City about 1887. From your name, Wiatt Smith, I am led to wonder if you are related to Owen Wiatt or Irving Smith. The latter was a very close friend of

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George Laidley. In fact, his only child was named Irving in honor of his friend. Trusting you will pardon my intrusion and find time and inclination to reply to my echoes of Auld Lang Syne, I am most cordially yours." Certainly I shall reply to Mr. Laidley, but before doing so will see if any of the friends know the answer to his question about Harry Mather. I am hazy on the subject but feel sure someone will supply the information. Replying to the implied question about myself, Owen Wiatt was my uncle. D. I. Smith was not a kinsman, but a friend.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL THOMAS WEST PEYTON, US Army Reserve, started the discussion of Huntington beards which was to spread from Your Friends and Mine to the Pacific Coast. Colonel Peyton, a veteran of the AEF thinks perhaps he may be called to the colors one of these days. In such an event, although he is the eldest brother, he will be the military junior of Colonel Albert Peyton and Lieutenant Colonel Robert Peyton, both of whom are regular army men. Bob, a Medical Corps officer, recently got his lieutenant colonel's insignia. Colonel Albert Peyton of the Infantry has enjoyed his rank for some time. When I talked of these things with Colonel Ted the other day, he was accompanied by his brother Thornburg, the civilian Peyton.

SHE'S just a little gray and white kitten.

But she's cute and playful and affectionate and until recently has been one of the bright spots in the life of Mrs. W. A. Karnes of 214 Eighth avenue. Mrs. Hildredth McCombs called yesterday to say her mother, Mrs. Karnes, was grieving greatly because of the absence of the kitten which strayed away from home and hasn't been seen since. The household will greatly appreciate the little cat's return.

IN THE late afternoon, colored folks by the score were walking slowly away from a railway station, out of which a train had just rolled. I knew they had been bidding goodby and Godspeed to their husbands, sons, brothers and sweethearts who were going away to war. There was no gaiety, no flashing of white teeth in smiling faces, but I know in my heart that smiles were there when the boys boarded the train.

DUKE RIDGLEY, abed with the flu, was better yesterday, but Mrs. Ridgley thought it would be several days before he could get back to the job and Diamond Dust. I know there's anxiety at Milton-on-the-Mud. Another Milton man, George I. Neal, is preparing to go at the week-end with Mrs. Neal to a mid-Western army barracks where George I. Jr. is buck privating. . . and Dr. George M. Lyon expects to have a physician to take charge of his office and practice before he goes so soon to the Navy.

Your friends And Mine by Wiatt Smith

IN WASHINGTON the other day, I emerged from the AFL temple, where I had called on a kinsperson, and sought a taxicab. Some visiting gentlemen—they mistook me for a Senator—kindly invited me to share their conveyance. We compared notes as to home cities and such matters and when I said Huntington the taxi-



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man looked around and exclaimed "That's my home town." He was William Perry, who left Huntington some eight years ago to live and work at the National Capital. He and his wife, the former Lilymae Byrd of Huntington and their three children, two sons and a daughter, are completely at home in the District. He is the son of Stonewall Perry who came to Huntington from Lincoln County. Mrs. Stonewall Perry still lives here and her son visited her last Christmastide.

WHILE riding homeward from Washington on the FFV Thursday morning, I was greeted by an energetic, well set-up young fellow who called me by name. He was the Rev. Alex McNabb who several years ago served as assistant pastor of Central Christian Church under the Rev. Dr. W. H. Sheffer. Mr. McNabb told me he had recently heard from Dr. and Mrs. Sheffer and that he probably will see them soon at their home in Knoxville, Tenn., where they have lived since his retirement. Enroute to the West, Mr. McNabb stopped in Huntington for several hours, taking the airliner out in the late afternoon. Now pastor of a large church in St. Petersburg, Fla., he is making preparations to give up his charge and conduct preaching missions among the armed forces.

ON THE Washington bound flier Monday night, I noted a snappy looking first lieutenant and looked closer to see a former fellow-worker in the person of Romeo H. F. Parsley. Doc usually lights on his feet but this time he's done better—he has wings. Currently he is attached to the Air Force headquarters in Washington, expects early transfer to duty elsewhere.

Attorney John B. Meek went to Washington on the same train. I didn't see him after leaving the train until we met again on the return journey. Unperturbed by the crowds in the Mayflower lobby, Clem Shaver of West Virginia goes to and fro there with traditional placidity.

Former Governor E. F. Morgan also continues to be a familiar figure about the Mayflower where both the Morgans and the Shavers live.

Mrs. Joseph Rosier sat in the outer office of her husband's suite waiting for Senator (Uncle Joe) Rosier to quit work and go home. Mrs. Nelle Starcher of Huntington, described by her employer as "one of the better secretaries," let me in to see the senator. During our conversation Mrs. Starcher returned with word that a man without wanted to see both of us and would rather not be announced.

We took a chance—and in walked U. S. Judge Harry E. Watkins of Fairmont. Judge Watkins is holding court in Washington, using the police court room though he is sitting on the District Court of Appeals. Senator Kilgore was in Beckley attending the funeral services of a relative.

ANOTHER West Virginian seen among the Washington crowds was Edward Grandison Smith of Clarksburg, now an attorney for NLRB.

Though not as young as he used to be, Judge Smith does a spry job of getting over the nation. A pleasant chance acquaintance was Charles F. Swan of RFC, who not many years ago played basketball in Huntington as a member of the Marietta, O. high school team.

Your friends And Mine

by Wyatt Smith

YAPPING today in the hills back of Huntington—somewhere between Fifth street and Harvettown—is a young black and tan dog, sometimes since described by its custodian Slim Arthur as "the best hound bitch pup to be found anywhere around."



Mr. Arthur had justification for boasting of his charge for the pup is a Clem Shaver hound and dog men everywhere know that a Clem Shaver hound is the last cry in American fox hunters. Clem L. Shaver of Fairmont is the breeder of this famed strain. Note is taken of this in an article in "The Senator" for August 26 entitled "A Glimpse of Clem Shaver." Seamus Clancy who wrote the article discovered things about Clem Shaver I had never known. One was that as a youth in his late teens he went about the hills of his

CLEM SHAVER Marion home knocking on cabin doors and teaching blind persons to read the then little known Braille. Fairmont and Washington, where Clem Shaver spends his working days, are a bit out of my circulation area—but Clem is one of the friends and I'm sure many will read this who know him much in the same way that I do.

WHEN I first saw him or knew him I have no idea. It's been a long time ago. Meanwhile I have come upon him many times, at conventions, at legislative sessions and more recently in the lobby of the Hotel Mayflower, his Washington domicile. There's no swank about him, neither is there any effervescence. As I know him he says little and doesn't say that very loud. Quietly he accomplishes important things. Seamus Clancy quotes this paragraph which was published last year by the West Virginia Fox Hunters' Association across the dedicatory page of its program about Clem Shaver:—"You may think of him as farmer, historian, bank expert, nature lover, nationally known conservationist or any one of a dozen accomplishments that are his—but to us, the 20,000 fox hunters of West Virginia, his name stands for all that is clean and high class in our sport as it does in all else." Mr. Shaver doesn't make the headlines much, like he did when he was chairman of the Democratic national committee, and at other times, but he is one of West Virginia's best known figures at Washington, a vital factor in the operation of the powerful and widely useful Reconstruction Finance Corp.

SOME of the most pleasant of boyhood memories concern days spent at the Davis creek home of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. (Uncle Bob and Aunt Kate) Dillon. Yesterday I received from Frank Dillon of the fire department an invitation to return to Davis creek on Sunday, September 17, for a reunion of the descendants of Marlin Dillon who came from Virginia in 1833 to settle in Cabell county. He had 13 children all of whom grew up and married. Uncle Bob Dillon was the youngest of the family and he, then an old man, died many years ago. His children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren will be at the reunion, together with the Blankenships, the Hensleys, the Bryans and others. Uncle Sam Blankenship came across the mountains with Marlin Dillon and married one of Marlin's daughters. I can't go into all of that, but must express appreciation of the honor of being invited, as an outsider, into that great and warmhearted circle. What with war and one thing and another, I may not be able to go, but I like to think about it anyway. This will be the second of these reunions. B. F. (Frank) Dillon is president of the association. Carl Blankenship is vice-president and Walter Bradbury secretary.

VIRGINIA (MRS. WAYNE) HUGHES of the Chamber of Commerce staff began her vacation yesterday. She will visit her sister in Cincinnati. Rufus Switzer returned to Huntington from Denver Thursday night and was downtown bright and early yesterday. Birthday congratulations to Andrew Northcott and best wishes for bumper crops.

Your Friends • by • • • And Mine • Wiatt Smith

THERE'S a Charleston dog named Wimpy, a Boston terrier with a grievance. Well, maybe it isn't Wimpy that has the grievance, but Wimpy's master, Major John P. Chenoweth. The latter is vocal about it, too.



The trouble was the Chenoweth family came to Huntington for the recent high school band festival and brought Wimpy along. Wimpy lived in a hotel room like folks and barked at the parade as it passed under his window. His master told me about this at the time, and for some reason I failed to report it here. Saturday, Major Chenoweth came down again, this time for Colonel

Long's birthday dinner and while here took me to task for my oversight. He pointed out that Wimpy took the first prize at the Huntington Kennel Club show in September, 1937, and is an all round good terrier. "And I think just as much of him as you do of that mutt of yours," he said. The idea calling Sammy-the-dog a mutt!

GETTING out early yesterday morning, I went direct to the newspaper plant. The first man I saw was Colonel Joseph Harvey Long, starting his seventy-sixth year in his regulation fashion. This recalled a story John H. Meek told in presenting the birthday token Saturday night. It was about a World war soldier who happened to be in California, homeward bound. A driver, who was showing him around, told him of a big party held in celebration of the one hundredth birthday of one Colonel Spate. The party lasted three days and the celebrant had "a wonderful time." Presently they came to a point where a tall, spare white haired man was directing a force of men at work on an estate. "There's Colonel Spate now," exclaimed the driver. "What, that man?" said the other, "he doesn't look like he's a hundred years old." "Oh, he's not," was the astonishing reply. "He's not more than ninety-five, but was anxious to celebrate his one hundredth birthday and was afraid to put it off any longer."

ABOUT the first thing Colonel Long said to me was: "Why did you say Walter Thurmond was collector of internal revenue?" I denied it, laying it on to the copy readers, but, on reflection admitted the probability that I wrote it that way. Mr. Thurmond, as is well known, was collector of internal revenue during the first Roosevelt administration. Now he is a member of the state board of control. Another discrepancy seemed to have escaped the attention of Colonel Long. This was the reference to Rush D. Holt as the senior senator from West Virginia. Presently, however, I came upon a breakfast-bound Buford C. Tynes and he fell upon me with a heavy hand. I acknowledged the error. M. M. Neely is the senior senator, having been elected in 1930 and again in 1936. Senator Holt was elected in 1934.

HERE'S the answer to those interested in the age reached before death by O. Russell Christian, the Mountain Bard. A. P. Christian writes from Uno: "He was my brother and was born January 2, 1860; died June 3, 1889."

COUNTY CLERK FRED A. WARE remembers well the mock orange hedge at Fourth avenue and Seventh street. His boyhood home was on that corner. Table companions at the dinner Saturday night, Dr. W. W. Trent, state superintendent of schools, and I talked of the far back yonder days when we were students together at Marshall. He asked particularly of Walter Kerr and I saw them in reunion after the dinner program ended. Razing of the original Ohev Shalom temple may disclose the contents of the corner stone which could not be found when sought for replacement at the new temple.

Your friends • by • • • And Mine Wiatt Smith

BEFORE he died Edgar C. Reckard put aside a book which he thought I should see. Recently Mrs. Reckard came bringing the volume. It is "Seventy Beautiful Years, a Tribute to the Memory of Carmi Alderman," by Nettie M. Alderman. The book came in 1900 from the press of the Register Publishing Co. at Ironton, O. Miss Alderman wrote the life history



of her father, an Ironton merchant who was also a local preacher of the Methodist Church. Although he never had a pastorate Mr. Alderman was given elder's orders and regular conference membership before he departed this world and in doing so discontinued his work in behalf of Ironton's Spencer Methodist Church. The author was his daughter. Carmi Alderman and his wife, Mrs. Lydia Sayre Alderman, began their married life at Letart in what is now West Virginia. Sometime after the opening of the Civil War President Lincoln appointed Mr. Alderman postmaster of the village of Letart. As postmaster he refused to allow Confederate letters to pass through the office. This led to his enforced flight for his life from the village of Letart. He went with his family to Steubenville, O., where he quickly became a prosperous merchant, but, being already a licensed preacher and a pronounced hater of the liquor business he decided to leave Steubenville because of the presence of saloons there.

"Ironton," wrote Miss Alderman, "was chosen this time because of its provision against saloons. Do the young people of Ironton today know that in 1865 there were no saloons in Ironton, and that each deed for its property forbade the damnable nuisance? Probably not; yet it is true. Later, when this provision was declared unconstitutional, there was no place to which one might flee from such Satanic shops; and Mr. Alderman remained in Ironton to the close of his life."

CARMI ALDERMAN spent 33 successful business years in Ironton. Very soon after his arrival there he united with Spencer Chapel, later Spencer Church, and devoted much of his energy and activity, as has been said, to the affairs of that organization. In a chapter devoted to Spencer Chapel which was organized in 1850, one year after the sale of the first Ironton lots in 1849, Miss Alderman includes a story of Mrs. Sarah Gilen who at the time of the book's publication lived on South Second Street in Ironton. Mrs. Gilen and her husband Martin Gilen moved to Ironton from Burlington in the Fall of '49. Then there were about a dozen houses in Ironton, most of them along the line which was to become Third Street. "The word," said Mrs. Gilen, "had gone out that furnaces and mills were going to be built, and we came, like everybody else, to get rich. . . . The first Methodist sermon in Ironton was preached by John C. Maddy in a little house just in back of Mrs. McQuaide's. This was in February, 1850. We kept the preacher. Mr. Gilen promised to do that if Burdine Blake would feed the preacher's horse. . . . Nine people are the smallest number that can make a Methodist Church. We found our nine people and Spencer Chapel was organized as a regular church on Hanging Rock circuit. The members were John Kelly and Julia Kelly, Mrs. Murray, Burdine Blake, and his wife, Shepherd Duke, and his wife, besides Martin and me. Our pastor was J. T. Holliday; but he lived down at The Rock, of course."

SUBSEQUENTLY, Spencer Chapel became Spencer Church and was made a station with W. T. Hand as its pastor. John Wesley Young, pastor at Burlington had helped build the church on a lot which the Ohio Iron and Coal Co. had given on condition that liquor could never be sold on it. "In those days, the men sat on one side of the church and the women on the other. After a while some of the people saw how heathenish this was, and some didn't see, and we nearly had a Church quarrel; but finally decided to let everybody sit where they pleased. When the organ was brought in, about '66, we did have trouble sure enough and the O'Neils and S. W. Dempsey left us and went to Wesley. They didn't have any organ down there."

Your Friends • by • • • And Miss Wiatt Smith

AN OUT-OF-TOWN correspondent who signs the name "Fair Play" writes me as follows: "I read with great interest your recent column on the subject—first battle of the Civil War. You do that kind of writing superbly and I hope you will find time and the strength to do more of it. I note your rather sad closing 'if there was anyone left to do it.' Truly this was a job



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for Judge Ira McGinnis, Judge Harvey or 'Squire' Taylor, later judge of the circuit court, if my memory is not at fault. I believe you should review the second volume of Lee's Lieutenants by Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman. In my opinion he does not give the border counties of Virginia their big share of credit in upholding states rights. (I have written the state historian, Miss Bess Harrison, Charleston, to that effect.) His research covering the Battle of Gettysburg leaves the impression that the border counties furnished military contingents of the nature of 'guerilla' warfare. I believe it is impossible for a Virginian to write of the Civil War and give full credit where it is due. Down in their hearts they feel that the border counties were slackers. A due regard for accuracy does not bear out such a belief. All of these writers forget the 'raiders' and the 'guerillas' who died on Virginia battlefields defending, not their native counties, but Richmond. In all of their writings there is found an aloofness and detachment regarding the border counties' contribution to the Confederacy that has the indelible imprint of 'the least said, the better.' Dr. Freeman in his analysis of 'Lieutenant' personnel, has done an injustice, I fear to the rank and file. Of my own near relatives four males died on battle fields 'east of the mountains.'"

PERSONALLY, I think this border country has been the land historians forgot. Perhaps there wasn't enough history developed here to justify more attention. I have been reading histories of river transportation and books thus far have shown only the sketchiest interest if any interest at all in this particular area. I have not had opportunity to read the second volume of Dr. Freeman's "Lee's Lieutenants," but I recall that Dr. Freeman himself told me some things about the importance of Cabell-born leaders in the Confederate Army that I never would have known otherwise. I'm inclined to believe that "Fair Play" has a legitimate criticism of the historical treatment of the soldiers who went from this area. I've often heard that Wayne county sent more than its quota of men both to the Union and Confederate Armies. It is true and I have records to prove that there were enlisted at Guyandotte one Confederate and two Union companies. By no means all of the men who made up these companies were Guyandotte men. They came from all directions including the Ohio side of the river to join the Union companies. What was then Cabell county provided one brigadier general to the Federal Army and one to the Confederate Army. The former was General Witcher, the latter General Albert Gallatin Jenkins. It has been almost 80 years since Appomattox and today it seems incredible that there should have been a time when here in the Ohio Valley neighbor was arrayed against neighbor and sometimes brother against brother in the bitterest of warfare. In 1898, in 1917-18, and since Pearl Harbor the descendants of those who fought each other in the Sixties are fighting side by side under the Stars and Stripes. Perhaps it would be better to forget that the War of Secession ever took place but that struggle had such a vital part in shaping the history and destiny of this nation that it seems to me its records and its significances ought to be preserved.

Dec. 28 1942 Your Friends And Mine by Wiatt Smith

ON SATURDAY evening, February 22, 1902, Cabell County formally dedicated its new court house. The Huntington Herald of Monday, February 24, 1902, avers that "B. W. Foster, Judge D. E. Matthews, and E. E. Williams, committee having charge of the matter, are entitled to universal gratitude of their friends and fellow citizens for the splendid success which they achieved in the formal dedication of the magnificent new court house." This bit of history is quoted from one of a number of back yonder newspapers brought me recently by Patrolman Al Jessup. The court house as then completed was one of the most superior bits of architecture in Huntington or Cabell County. As it now stands, having been twice enlarged, it still deserves this distinction but it has not been possible to preserve entirely the charming lines of the original building.



WIATT SMITH

RETURN to The Herald's account of the dedication and let me quote once more. "From Sam Gideon, president of the county court, to whose energy and skill as a financier more than to any other one was probably due the carrying out of the work, down to the man or woman who pays even a mere pittance of tax, yet who felt that they had a corresponding interest in the fine structure, all were proud that they could at last realize that Cabell County, one of the greatest in the state, and Huntington had a county building worthy the second city in the commonwealth."

GENERAL JAMES L. CALDWELL presided. The first speaker was the Rev. Dr. W. P. Walker, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, "who spoke briefly on the subject, 'Washington,' the celebration of whose birthday anniversary had been blended with the occasion. Circuit Judge Matthews made an address on the history of Cabell County." As president of the County Court Sam Gideon thanked citizens and taxpayers of county and city "who had so loyally extended their moral support of his efforts to push the new court house to completion." Special thanks were extended to the Chamber of Commerce, to Prosecuting Attorney E. E. Williams, and to Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Harvey T. Lovett. George F. Miller, vice-president of the First National Bank, accepted the court house in the name of the taxpayers. Peter E. Love and John H. Holt were unable to appear as scheduled but Colonel William R. Thompson accepted the building in the name of the Cabell County Bar. The Herald continues, "LeRoy's Orchestra, consisting of six pieces, furnished choice music at the afternoon and evening exercises adding much to the pleasure of the occasion and the affair was all that could have been desired by the committee having it in charge."

JUDGE MATTHEWS is the sole survivor of the dedication committee. Colonel Thompson, now in retirement at Mitchell, Va., the only one of the speakers who is now living, and unless I'm mistaken, Frank LeRoy, whose orchestra furnished the dedication music, still dwells among us. The Herald also carried Mr. Gideon's address which included a statement of the county's finances and of the cost of the new court house which totaled \$146,440.86. The ground included all the present court house and jail campus and cost \$22,975. The clock, since supplied with electrical fixtures, cost \$625.

Your Friends And Mine by Wiatt Smith

HAVING found by direct questioning that I had been long in Huntington a taximan then asked the approximate age of the stone building on the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Eleventh Street recently vacated by the Shelton Funeral Home. He was surprised to learn that of the four buildings on the corners at this intersection, the home of the late B. W. Foster is by a number of years the newest. Trinity Episcopal Church, directly across Eleventh street, is much the oldest of the four. The residence of Dr. I. C. Hicks, on the northeast corner, was built by J. B. Harris in the early nineties, if I am not mistaken. The structure which for many years has been the seat of the Moore-Beckner eye, ear, nose and throat clinic, on the northwest corner, originally was the home of W. H. H. Holtsade, who built it. This, I think, was erected later than the Harris residence, which, before the Hicks occupancy, was the home of Judge C. W. Campbell.



WIATT SMITH

I COULD not tell the inquiring driver the exact age of the Foster residence. I seem to recall that there was a log cabin on the site before it was cleared to make way for what was to be the dwelling of the hardware merchant, land company magnate, banker and philanthropist and his wife. They were quite deliberate in its erection. Long after the exterior was completed, the windows were curtained with old newspapers, and I'm not sure that the interior ever was fully completed and furnished, though the Fosters did live there. This delay was not due to any lack of means. Mrs. Foster died first and before his own death her husband created the Foster Foundation, to whom he bequeathed the bulk of his estate. Under the terms of the will and trust, the Foundation built, opened and has continued to operate the Foster Memorial Home for Aged Women. The Fifth Avenue structure is one of the assets of the Foster Foundation.

LAWYER W. W. SMITH reports that his friends pronounce his twin sons "right peart." The twin boys, William Ray and Robert Jay, and known in the household as Billy and Bobby, were seven weeks old Saturday. Their two-year-old sister, Willa Winifred, was named for the father, which is one reason why neither of the twins is a junior. The W. W. Smiths live at 826 1/2 Fifth Avenue.

IT has been 20 years today since Colonel Reuben Smith, USA, retired, of 227 Tenth Avenue, smoked a cigarette or anything else. It was the approach of the anniversary which led Colonel Smith to tell some friends Sunday evening how a Maine blizzard helped him keep his resolution. On December 7, 1923, the present day Huntingtonian was a lieutenant colonel in command at Fort McKinley on Great Diamond Island in Portland Harbor. It was Saturday when he went home and cleaned out and destroyed all cigarettes, cigarette tobacco and cigarette papers. The next day a blizzard struck and Colonel Smith stayed in the house. He could have sent for cigarettes but didn't, and he felt that if he went outdoors where soldiers were working and smoking, his determination might fail. He stayed indoors until Tuesday—and never smoked again.

FROM W. A. Lanier, at last report postmaster at Crown City, O., there came recently a box of ripe and tasty persimmons—a man who left a jar of sorghum at the door, when asked who sent it, shook his head and replied, "She said not to say."

9-21-43
Your Friends • by •
• • And Mine Wyatt Smith

WHEN dressy men wore stiff bosomed shirts there were varied devices for cutting down laundry bills. One of these was the dicky. This was a false front which came down from the collar to a point where it was covered by the vest.



WYATT SMITH Some of us were talking of these the other day and W. O. Dickey remembered that he had once purchased in an arcade in Cincinnati a false shirt front which was different. This was a disk on which there were a number of shirt fronts. Each of these V-shaped sections was just the size to be sheltered by the high-necked vests which were then worn. When the exposed surface became soiled the wearer might merely by placing his hand beneath his vest and giving a slight twist expose a fresh and differently colored section. Mr. Dickey had much amusement out of this novelty. He remembers once he was talking with a casual acquaintance who was drinking. The souse admired the shirt. Presently while the other was talking and looking the other way, Mr. Dickey gave the necessary twist to expose another shirt front. His acquaintance turned, staring. Presently when his companion looked the other way again Mr. Dickey gave the shirt front another twist. After this had been done several times the drinker exclaimed, "Every time I look at that shirt it's different. I must be getting drunk. Let me out of here." And away he went.

THERE is no need to ask me anymore about those false shirt fronts. I never saw one and can't answer the question as to whether or not there were seven sections, one for each day in the week. Neither do I know much about the Jumbo Lewis's fife and drum corps. This was a musical aggregation of Huntington in the 1890's. I had often heard of Jumbo Lewis but never knew he was a musician until a friend the other day told me of Jumbo's fife and drum corps. The bass drum is said to have been the biggest ever seen in the city and the boy who got to carry it—that is to hold up the front end—in the parade counted himself lucky. This tale of the fife and drum corps grew out of a discussion of string bands and orchestras including that headed by Frank LeRoy, the harpist. It has been many a year since LeRoy's Orchestra played for a dance but Frank is still living down on Fourth Avenue, well advanced in years.

MY BROTHER Tom P. Smith whose business has been keeping him in Ithaca, N. Y., recently has been in New York City whence he writes from the Hotel Holley. A late missive from his pen contains some parlor jokes presumably now in favor in New York. I suspect them of being the kind of tales that the late Jobie Scaglion used to say "had whiskers." Nevertheless here is one of them. A Sister of Charity inherited \$500. Asked the Mother Superior told her she must disburse it herself. So the Sister gave \$200 to the Red Cross and \$200 to the USO. For the rest she asked the Mother Superior's indulgence of a whim: to give a crisp new \$100 bill to someone she felt she had never had \$100. Permission granted the Sister walked down the street and presently met a funny raggedy looking little old man. She pressed the \$100 note into his hand, whispered "God speed" and fled back to the convent to enjoy the satisfaction of having scattered sunshine in a dark place. A few days later the funny old man rang the bell, described the Sister and asked if he could see her. The Mother Superior said she would take the message. So he pushed an envelope through the wicket and said: "Tell her 'God Speed' paid 3 to 1."

E. PAUL RAIFORD, the insurance man, who had been quite ill at St. Mary's Hospital, is now much improved and has returned to his South Side home.

Your friends • by • • • And Mine Wiatt Smith

BREAKFAST, as its name implies, is the meal one eats first after a night's sleep. By custom, however, breakfast has certain fixed characteristics. I should say the normal American breakfast includes bacon and eggs, toast and coffee, rarely eaten more than once a day. However, this is a story of an Army air outfit which, traveling westward



with the morning, ate and enjoyed four breakfasts, each in its turn better than its predecessor. It is part of the odyssey of First Lieutenant Joseph E. O'Dwyer of the Air Transport Command of the United States Army, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John M. O'Dwyer of 1022 Eleventh Avenue. Its locale is the north Atlantic and it transpired while Lieutenant O'Dwyer was completing a 26,000 mile air journey which took him to Agra, India, and in the course of which he saw many strange places and encountered numerous thrilling adventures. But to get back to the breakfasts. The outfit with which Lieutenant O'Dwyer, then a malaria convalescent, was traveling, arose at 3 A. M. and had a breakfast of eggs and porridge in Glasgow, Scotland. The eggs were powdered, the milk for the coffee was canned. They flew westward and landed in Iceland—just in time for breakfast—and more and better eggs. Thereafter, they flew onward to Greeland, where they arrived just as breakfast was being served. Naturally, they partook. The third hop took them to a field in the Canadian province of Quebec—too early for lunch—but in time for a late breakfast. They had fresh eggs, fresh butter, fresh cream, Canadian bacon—all the things Lieutenant O'Dwyer had missed most during his long absence from home.

BORN in Ashland, Ky., Joe O'Dwyer came to Huntington with his parents when he was only a few months old. He grew up here, graduated from high school in 1937 and studied at Marshall College two years thereafter. Then he went to Spartansburg, S. C., where he became so proficient in aeronautics that his civilian employers made him an instructor. In this capacity he taught naval cadets until he joined the Army himself, being commissioned a second lieutenant, assigned to the Air Transport Division, on August 10, 1942. He was and is a pilot, and has ferried planes across the seas on several 18,000 and 20,000 mile journeys.

HIS larger adventure came this year, after he had been advanced to first lieutenant in January. Stationed at Wilmington, Del., he was sent south to be pilot commander of a twin-motored bomber and flight leader of a trans-oceanic squadron. He and his fellows, flying high, made a series of hops, visiting the islands of the sea, the mouths of South American rivers, the storied land of Arabia and the great African desert, before the final jump brought the bomber, christened "Dismal Damsel" down at Agra, India, in the shadow of Taj Mahal. They did not linger there, but started back to America with a Flying Fortress. On the return journey, Lieutenant O'Dwyer became ill in Cairo, Egypt, where he spent six weeks in an American hospital battling malaria and dysentery. Discharged as cured, he came home, via Scotland, by this plane and that. Then he came home on leave. Thursday, he left for St. Joseph, Mo., with the object of seeing Miss Helen Damsel for whom the "Dismal Damsel" plane was named. He was to return here at the weekend before rejoining his command at Wilmington.

STARTING on their long journey, he and his companions supplied themselves with magazines, chewing gum and cigarettes which they intended to parcel out as they went along. But on one lonely African island they found a small contingent of American soldiers who lacked and needed all of these comforts—so they left their whole cargo there. . . . Once, from the air, they saw three enemy submarines within 20 miles of an Allied convoy. They didn't stop for code, but radioed the alarm direct. A few minutes later, the submarines dived, one after another, and the convoy was freed from that particular peril.

5-21-42

THE HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTON

Your friends And Mine by Wiatt Smith

HORACE E. MIDKIFF of Salt Rock wanted to be a railway engineer. After completing his studies in the common schools, he caught on with the Chesapeake & Ohio and was working as a fireman when the development of more powerful locomotives caused "a lot of youngsters to be set back." Well, it didn't really matter, because the nation had entered World War I, to make the world safe for democracy and young Mr. Midkiff enlisted in the army less than a month after the United States declared war on Germany on April 6, 1917. This was the beginning of his **WIATT SMITH** career. He was at Camp Shelby, Miss., before going overseas with the Thirty-eighth division. He came back a Sergeant and in 1919, after being honorably discharged from his duration service, he enlisted again. For 20 years before he was retired on January 1, 1942, he was an army sergeant, first staff sergeant, then first sergeant, then technical sergeant. This discharge he carried with him when he came back to Cabell was the eighth he had received and each one bore the character rating "excellent." And another one of the many papers in his possession rates his especial aptitude as "soldiering."



SERGEANT and Mrs. Midkiff (she was an Indianapolis girl) live at 809 West Eleventh Street. He has retirement pay, of course, based on 23 years of service, but he is not idle. Instead, he is devoting his aptitude to a job as guard for the plant of an essential war industry. He enjoys civilian life, with this guard duty to keep his hand in, but he shan't be surprised if there comes most any day a call for him to return to the colors. This is a condition of his retirement that he shall return at call, and besides he is registered for selective service with the 45 to 64 year old group. At 52, he's ready for what may be in store for him. Meanwhile, he's seeking out his relatives and friends whom he knew in the young days before he went away to war and began the long tenure of army life which was to take him to Hawaii, to Panama and to the four corners of the nation.

MY BEST bow to the Board of Realtors and to whomsoever may have conceived the idea which the Board put forward yesterday — that of calling the new first class air terminal which Huntington seeks with some hope of success, Emmons Field, after Lieutenant General Delos C. Emmons. On the other hand I offer my respects to the Common Scold who yesterday left on my desk a marked clipping emphasizing the fact that I had called the General Chuck Emmons when as a matter of fact his boyhood chums in Huntington called him Chick. Some people are always picking flaws — and I'm always letting my guard down so they can get through with jabs to the chin.

FELLOW-WORKER Hugh L. Maxwell who served in France with the British Army during World War I, is like most of the veterans of that great struggle in that he seldom talks about his experiences. But the other night something led him to tell of having seen some British soldiers come into camp with a group of German prisoners, including one Major. The ordinary soldiers filed without demur into a barbed wire compound, but the Major bucked and, in English, demanded, an escort and the courtesy due his rank. The sergeant in charge of the capturing detail was stumped. He looked about for advice and espied an official car approaching. He halted the car and as Hugh looked on, conferred with the staff Colonel. The Colonel whispered in the Sergeant's ear. The Sergeant saluted and fell back and the official car went on its way. After it had disappeared into a dust cloud the Sergeant again approached the German Major. There were no words this time. The Sergeant placed a sudden hand on the Major's shoulder, and whirled the latter around so that he faced the opening of the compound; next there was a sudden impact of the toe of an Army shoe against the gray seat of German army pants — and the haughty Major went hurtling to join his subordinates.

Your Friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

BOYHOOD memories were recalled Saturday night by Charles J. Geyer, Chesapeake & Ohio superintendent of maintenance of way, here from Richmond, Va., for Dr. R. J. Wilkinson's Fitzpatrick-Long-McCullough birthday dinner.



WIATT SMITH

Charley Geyer and Witcher McCullough, now fellow railway employees, used to be fellow members of the Sixth Avenue Gang. Mr. Geyer grew up here in the home of his mother and stepfather, Mrs. J. W. Winget and Mr. Winget and he and Mr. McCullough lived across the avenue from each other. One of Charley's Saturday night stories was of the time when he, Witcher, Don Miller and Kemper Shelton were joint owners of a Billy goat. Billy was at home anywhere in the neighborhood and, if I understood aright, was none too popular with the mothers of the Gang. Another Sixth Avenue boy who came home to Huntington for the Wilkinson party was Charles M. Love Jr., a Charleston attorney, who was too young to be a member of the group who owned the goat. Mr. Love recalled the grandeur of the old time Chesapeake & Ohio engineers, such as Colonel A. F. Southworth and W. S. (Uncle Billy) Richardson, of whom he said, "on Sundays they wore high hats, frock coats and striped trousers, and a kid who managed to speak to one of them was in his glory. I have never been so proud, before or since, as I was the day Uncle Billy Richardson blew his whistle at me from the cab of an FV engine."

WFB BAN on the sale of safety razors has revived the subject of beards, but, as I heard a lady of the old school say the other day, men can still shave with straight razors as their predecessors did before the safety was invented or popularized. As a matter of fact, many men still use the old-fashioned implement and any of these will tell you that the shaving job can't be done right with anything else. I have known men who were as enthusiastic about their razors as others were about their watches. They collected razors. My uncles had enough of the blades to equip a good barber shop. And they honed and whetted and stropped them industriously and often. Juvenile America may look with alarm upon the prospect of the return of the straight razor as it is bound to bring the razor strop back with it. A razor strop can be and often has been used for purposes other than stropping and when wielded by an irate and vigorous elder is not funny to the kid on the receiving end. Ask Dad, he knows.

DICK (ASSOCIATED PRESS) BOYD reports a new—to him and to me—method of forecasting the weather. He learned it at the post office one day recently. He was buying stamps and the lady at the window remarked as she smoothed out the sheets, then inclined to curl, "It's going to rain tomorrow." He expressed interest and was told that when the weather is dry, with no change impending, the stamp sheets lie quite flat, but that when they curl and have to be turned and smoothed, it's time to expect rain. Dick remembered the forecast next day—when the rain poured. I checked the statement back to Mrs. Earsel K. Sterling who reaffirmed her impression that the stamp sheets always curl before a rain, or at least that the curling sheets always presage rain. This knowledge should come in handy in these days of restricted weather information. But I guess some folks will stick to their rheumatism and others to the signs of the moon.

ELLIS P. FROST noted Saturday a robin in Rittter Park holding a short stemmed rosebud in its beak. He watched the red breast as it flew into a tree and deposited the flower in the nest with his mate . . . whether it was for romance or subsistence he could not say. . . . Also I have the suggestion that motorists using the park drive-ways and the adjoining boulevards exercise care not to harm the young birds which are now trying their wings. It is said many feathered friends are destroyed because they are unable to get out of the path of fast moving cars.

Your friends And Mine by Wiatt Smith

WHEN is a medal not a medal? Answer, when it's a badge. This is the inference of H. E. Symons, motor correspondent of The London Times, who in the August 4 issue of "The Autocar," a London magazine writes in his concluding article on the Junior



Car Club's Second Rally to America. . . "The road to Huntington was faster than we had expected, and the reception committee had to drop everything and rush to the outskirts of the city when they heard that we had passed through Hurricane over an hour ahead of schedule. They had, indeed, to signal frantically to stop Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Elias in their Mercedes-Benz who were the

first to appear. Then Commander and Mrs. Ayres turned up in their Humber. Asked about his 'medals' (the 32 badges on the front of his car) Ayres laughingly replied . . . 'They carry no pension, old man,' and went on to explain that he belonged to everyone of those clubs. . . I was the fellow to whom the explanation was made and submit to Mr. Symons, or should if he were not too far away, that whatever the decorations are they come as near to being medals as they do to being badges. But let's get along with the Symons story.

HUNTINGTON gave us a right royal welcome. The mayor, officials of the chamber of commerce, and a big police detachment met us at Russell creek. Behind the wailing sirens of our escort we dashed into the city. The pavements were lined with curious crowds who waved cheerfully as we passed. . . The evening was a memorable one. The Junior League, or what our gossip writers would call the younger smart set, got up a dance in our honor. Never have I seen so many really lovely girls and young women in one room together. For that statement Mr. Symons rates any decoration he may choose and if he says the insignia on the front of a car is a badge—then it's a badge. He continues. . . "We had a Paul Jones, American version. Then I had to go to the crooners microphone to lead an English style Paul Jones, followed by the Lambeth Walk and the Chestnut Tree. Our hosts then showed us the Big Apple and we all joined hands, two or three hundred of us while individual guests performed strange negroid solos in the middle. Suddenly W. G. McMinnies darted into the ring and with the utmost solemnity danced a very good solo hornpipe."

Your friends And Mine by Wiatt Smith

A WAITING the west bound FFV at the Huntington station yesterday morning was Miss Clara Scrivner who told me she expected to greet her nephew, John Scrivner, coming home from Boston Theological Seminary for his Summer vacation. This young man of the First Methodist Church has just



completed his first year of study for the ministry. I did not have the pleasure of greeting him, boarding the train for Ashland, instead. Thereon, I was lucky enough to find a seat in the salon car smoker and at Ashland I got out of the compartment when a young sailor boy yelled "Hi Pop," as he moved out of the aisle. As I moved toward Winchester Avenue afoot, the

WIATT SMITH familiar figure of Harry E. Webb, Huntington division superintendent for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Co., loomed ahead of me. He stopped on call and we went on together until he imperiously hailed a motorist who stopped and took us aboard. Our host was H. M. Irwin, chief dispatcher at Ashland, a Grayson, Ky., boy who was dispatching trains here in Huntington when he left for World War I. After the armistice he went to Ashland where he has been in service since 1919.

MR. WEBB and I left the Irwin car at Winchester Avenue and Sixteenth Street, went together to claim my weekly wholewheat doughnut ration and learned that John Steele would rather grow a beard than use a straight razor. . . but thinks he has enough safeties to avoid being faced with that alternative. We also exchanged greetings with the Rev. S. R. Curry, Lew Davies, who found fault because I didn't see him in St. Petersburg, Fla., last Winter, and Max Lively, Ashland attorney. Max, hurrying to the Rotary Club meeting, paused to greet his old chief, explaining that he "used to be one of Mr. Webb's boys." He worked for the railway company here in his home city of Huntington while he accumulated money to pay his way through law school. Mr. Webb's trip apparently had some relation to the train we had left, for at the first opportunity he boarded a bus for Huntington, first having passed the time of day with LeWright Browning, his company's Ashland division counsel, and M. Mittenhal, Ashland merchant.

DURING the earlier eighteen-eighties Mims & Borders operated a wholesale furniture and queensware house in Catlettsburg. In February 1883, John P. Creighton came from Parkersburg, W. Va., to be a traveling salesman for Mims & Borders. That concern quit business after a year or so and the young West Virginian joined the road force of Patton Bros., wholesale druggists. He remembers that he got into Catlettsburg just in time for the flood of '83, which was quite a freshet, though not in the same class with the big high water of '84. But in '83 he got out of a boat in front of the Price House. And he was with Patton Bros. at the time of their big fire on August 10, 1884. Mr. Creighton recalled selling supplies to my father when the latter as Guyandotte postmaster under the first Cleveland administration, kept the office at the corner of Bridge and Guyan Streets.

5-26-42
QUITTING the road, Mr. Creighton joined his brother-in-law F. M. Wellman in the retail drug firm of Wellman & Creighton. Mr. Wellman died and in 1908 Mr. Creighton disposed of the business and retired. Since that year he has been Catlett's city auditor, as which he compiles biennially a statement of municipal finances. Otherwise he has had no regular occupation save during 1917-18 when he was a member of a local draft board. Mrs. Creighton, the former Miss Ida B. Wellman, died last year and Mr. Creighton, now 79 years old, remains at the home which her sister, Miss Rebecca Wellman, maintains in the Catlettshurg highlands.

See other side for
 Miss Frances C. Burgess,
 Marshall Col. Professor

THE HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTON

5-29-42 Your friends And Mine by Wiatt Smith

TREE lovers take an unfailing interest in a big sassafras which stands on the lawn of Mr. and Mrs. Maynard M. Thomas of 2571 Third Avenue. This tree is recognized as a giant of its species and in previous years I have heard expressed the belief that it might be the largest sassafras anywhere.



WIATT SMITH

It is 11 feet in circumference at the base. H. P. Dawkins of 2501 Third Avenue, a now retired tree specialist, thinks it's bigger than a sassafras advertised in a national trade magazine as a possible prize winner. And he remembers that when he came to Huntington from Parkersburg 48 years ago, he dug sassafras roots from around that tree. He told about it when he came to show me a group of old photographs which somebody found near Guyandotte and took to him because his brother Luther D. Dawkins was among those pictured. I think they must have been a Luther Dawkins collection and if so they belonged to a household which death has removed entirely. . . . Luther and Grace Tucker Dawkins, their son Will Dawkins, one of Huntington's early radio announcers, and Mrs. Dawkins' brother, Edward B. Tucker. Some of the photographs I could recognize, others I couldn't. One of the most interesting showed Luther Dawkins and W. V. Hennen in front of Luther's Main Street store.

I SEE by the papers where the commission undertaking to eliminate duplication of street names in Huntington has Short Street, Guyandotte, listed for change to Calhoun Street. There is sound argument that since there are three Short Streets and only two of them are to have new names, this Guyandotte thoroughfare should be left alone. Certainly, it's older far than either of the other two. However, I wouldn't contend about that but I would like to know, in the name of all that's intelligent—why Calhoun Street? Is somebody thinking of the fact that Henry Clay, in the days of fame, often stopped in Guyandotte? I never heard that John C. Calhoun did.

M. J. FARLEY, retired Wheeling Steel Co. employe, who with Mrs. Farley lives with their daughter and son-in-law, Mrs. J. L. Bee and Mr. Bee of Roland Park, paused on Fifth Avenue yesterday to tell of his interest in this column's search some weeks ago for the words of the song about the "Love of God Shave." He recited the song as he heard it in Ireland while a boy, proving that it is much older than the New York version which was popular half a century ago. Some day he's going to dictate the Irish ballad to me.

RECENTLY I have heard several talking of rations and rationing—as of gasoline and sugar—and pronouncing ration with a long — as in rate. I charged it to modern smart-alecism and was so bold as to put the accusation into words. For a long time I had been pronouncing the word and hearing it pronounced with a short A, as in rash. Well, the boys pulled the dictionary on me—and I took it on the chin. Even my trusty Worcester let me down completely. I guess what I don't know about words would make a pretty big book.

MRS. EDWARD KING of 1223 Tenth Avenue telephoned yesterday that Tippy, black and white wire-hair terrier has been missing since Wednesday. Tippy is a great favorite in the King household and the folks

Your Friends • by • • • And Mine • Wyatt Smith

IT USED to be said that if in Southern West Virginia you met a man named Mathews, who spelled his name with one "t," he was sure to be a Democrat while all the Republicans of that name, spelled it Mathews with two "t's." H. E. Mathews, while recognizing the general validity of the old tradition, tells me he understands that his forebearers used two "t's" in the name until one of them ran short of ink and as a means of economy wrote the name Mathews. At any rate in March, 1873, R. A. Mathews who previously operated a hotel at Lewistown, Pa., came to Huntington with his family and purchased the Breslen house on the north side of Third avenue be-



WYATT SMITH tween Ninth and Tenth streets. This hotel which had been built late in 1872 by a Mr. Flannagan was named for General Breslen, first passenger agent for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Co. here. Mr. Mathews renamed the Breslen House which he called the Third Avenue Hotel.

THIS seems to have been the third hotel erected and opened in the new city of Huntington. The first was the Merchants Hotel, erected, opened and operated by George Scrangan. It stood at Ninth street and Second avenue. There may be some dispute as to whether or not the Merchants was the first of the hotels. As it is said that about the same time, Felix Ware completed and opened the three-story structure at Eighth street and Second avenue which he called the Ware Hotel. R. A. Mathews continued to operate the Third Avenue Hotel until it was burned, some say in 1879, others in 1881. After the fire Mr. Mathews bought the furniture and fixtures of the Merchants Hotel which he operated until May, 1883. Then he opened for business a new three and one-half story building on the southeast corner of Ninth street and Fifth avenue and called it the Florentine Hotel.

FELIX WARE, father of F. A. Ware, now clerk of the Cabell county court, operated his hotel until he leased it to Sam Hoff and Eugene Campbell. The new operators changed the name to the Continental. Subsequently they sublet the hotel to Alf Thompson. Subsequently Mr. Thompson moved to a business building on the south side of Third avenue between Ninth and Tenth streets and here opened what was to be the famous St. Nicholas Hotel. Mr. Mathews recalls that during the early seventies a Mrs. Stackhouse also conducted a hotel on Second Avenue adjoining the Merchants which she called the St. Charles. He thinks, too, that the father of the late Morris and Sam Davis ran the West Virginia Hotel at the corner of Second avenue and Seventh street. Another early hotel, he recalls, was the Carleton or Carrollton, opened by a Mr. Funk and later conducted by Mrs. Hafner. It had a sign in front bearing the legend "Last Chance," meaning it was the last place to get a drink before boarding the Chesapeake & Ohio trains, the station being a short distance away. Some believe that while the St. Charles was open on Second avenue there was another St. Charles at Sixth avenue and Ninth street. This must have been on the site later occupied by the Hotel Adelphi, now by the Huntington Hotel. The building was burned in 1901.

EARLY hotels were located on Second avenue because that was then the city's principal business thoroughfare. Chesapeake & Ohio passenger trains then used the depot which stood about where the freight house is now located. Huntington was the western terminal of the railroad and it was here that freight and passengers were interchanged with the White Collar Line steamers. Mr. Mathews mentions the Fleetwood and the Bostona, which, he says, would leave here for Cincinnati about 4 P. M. after the arrival of the train from the east. A corresponding boat would dock about 7 A. M. daily. Huntington ladies often commissioned steamboat porters to make purchases in Cincinnati stores, this enabling the ladies to dress in the fashion of the day.

Your Friends • by • • • And Mine *Watt Smith*

FIFTY years ago, more or less, while Judge Thomas H. Harvey presided over the Circuit Court, there was a famous felony case on trial during the Thanksgiving season. B. F. Morris of 1825 Fifth Avenue was on that jury. The experience was recalled to him when he read in this column a few days ago a reference to Alf Thompson and his St. Nicholas Hotel.



Mr. Morris writes me how Judge Harvey had told Sheriff Edward Kyle that if the jury were held over on Thanksgiving Day to give them a turkey dinner. "At the noon hour on Thanksgiving Day," said Mr. Morris, "Sheriff Kyle led us into the lobby of the St. Nicholas to register. He reminded Alf Thompson of his promise to give the jurors turkey according to previous arrangement. Thompson said: 'Mr. Sheriff, I know I made the promise but I have so many guests today that I cannot supply the jury with turkey.' Under pressure he reconsidered and said that if the jurors would go into the bar and take a drink he would keep his promise and give them turkey. Sheriff Kyle agreed and said, 'Come on, boys,' but only about half of the men entered the bar." Mr. Morris was one of the six salesmen who refused the proffered drink. Later they went in to dinner where, said Mr. Morris, "to our regret, we learned what synthetic turkey is. That old rooster, no doubt, had spent several Summers with some farmer's flock but now humiliated he served as a feast for court officials." The day's experience was capped when the jury was returned to the St. Nicholas for supper and lodging and received an invitation to attend a theatre performance that night. "Again," he writes, "this scribe led the belligerents but on the promise of a clean show, of free tickets and immunity from contempt of court, we attended our first and last theatre."

C. R. PERRY, WT-1C-USNR, who was formerly with the Carolina Lumber Co. in Huntington and whose present address is Construction Battalion 29, care Fleet Post Office, New York, N. Y., writes: "I have just been reading a collection of your columns which came in the last mail. Although they usually are three weeks to a month getting to me here in the ETO they sure are news to me. There are a few other men here from Huntington and vicinity who are waiting for seconds on them now. It is quite a bit different here from selling lumber for Carolina as you can see by the snapshot I am enclosing but we get along. I have seen quite a number of Smiths' names on various enterprises here in the British Isles. In fact, I just visited an old distillery which is now out of commission which had Smith on the nameplate. I can't divulge the location of it to you now, but will when we get back to Huntington again. You might let me know if there are any of your folks here and I'll pass them your column." I'm afraid I can't claim kin to those British distillers or any of the English Smiths. My forbearers of that name having been on this side of the Alleghenies about 150 years. Moreover, I never heard of any of them who were in the producing end of the whisky game. I did have a great-grandfather who distilled good brandy but his name wasn't Smith.



THIS business of wearing old clothes and old hats is spreading to the men. The last time I saw Dr. W. D. Hereford he was wearing a seersucker coat which came with a suit purchased 20 years ago. He'd tried to salvage the entire suit but the trousers went to pieces under the cleaning process.

Your friends And Mine by Wiatt Smith

MRS. JOHN A. MOSEBY died in Richmond, Va., Tuesday, August 22, and was buried there on the following day. This seems an obscure item, touching Huntington very little, but the time was when she who



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was to become Mrs. Moseby was a teacher of music in Marshall College and quite well known throughout this area. She was then Mollie Elizabeth Peck. Born at Blacksburg, Va., she was brought to Logan county by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Peck. They were the Pecks of Peck's Mill. It was in 1875 that she came to teach at Marshall, journeying down the Guyandotte to Barboursville, stopping there overnight, and continuing to the college the next day. She held the position one year, after which she went to her parents' home and remained until her marriage to Mr. Moseby, which took place at Peck's Mill in 1882. She was a sister of J. A., R. W. and J. E. Peck, all well known in the Guyandotte valley. W. G. Peck and Charles G. Peck of Huntington and Ceredo are nephews. Bob Peck of Peck's Mill is a nephew. She left three children, Elizabeth, John and Joe Moseby.

RECOUNTING here not long ago of a story of the horse trading propensities of the Rev. H. M. (Bud) Smith of the Southern Methodist Church, aroused similar memories for the Rev. W. L. Reid, Mr. Reid, who first came to Huntington in 1897 and has resided here from time to time since, recalls that when the Rev. Bud Smith was pastor at Grantsville, he was neighbor to Judge Reese Blizzard. Judge Blizzard liked horses, kept them and knew a great deal about them. He took a fancy to a nag owned by Bud Smith and offered him a trade. "Judge," was the reply, "you don't want that mare, she don't look good." Judge Blizzard renewed his request from time to time and always got the same answer. "Judge, she don't look good." One day Mr. Smith gave in and the swap was made. The next morning Judge Blizzard discovered that the mare was practically sightless. Thereupon he went looking for his pastor whom he assailed thus: "Bud, you old rascal, what did you mean by selling me a blind horse?" Mr. Smith's eyes twinkled, but his face was straight when he said, "Easy now, Judge, you know I told you time and again that mare didn't look good."

THERE was another Reid memory of a time when the Rev. Bud Smith got distinctly the better—this was while he was pastor at Spencer.—of his presiding elder, the Rev. J. F. Medley. Parson Medley kept wanting to trade and in the end got much the worst of it. But he, described as a man of most unusual character, was something of a trader himself. Once he went to visit a congregation in Wayne county which was worshipping in a school house. He told the members they would never do any good until they built a church. They brought up the subject of ways and means. Finally Mr. Medley said he would furnish the material if the congregation would build the church. This was accepted gladly and spread on the records. As they left the school house he waved his arm in a sweeping motion toward the rocky hillsides. "Brethren," he said, "there's your material. Just help yourselves." This challenge was accepted and the stone church near Lavalette stands as a monument to Parson Medley's ingenuity.

"LIFE'S LOVELINESS," a book of poems by Charles G. Stater, is just off the Vallant House press. Needless to say this is the same Dr. Charles G. Stater who lived in Huntington and was pastor of the First Methodist Church when his first volume of verse, "Buckwheat Fields and Worm Fences," appeared. Here's a verse from the new volume:

APPROACH OF AUTUMN

Along our lane of lovely days
A scarlet leaf is set to mark
The spot where Summer from us turns,
Antares flickers in the dusk
In embers of his former fires,
On hearth of hills, the Scorpion burns.

Most appropriate for the first day of September, I offer my congratulations to my lyric friend with the hope that his Muse may not be dimmed.

Your friends And Mine
by Wyatt Smith

WHETHER or not he surmised that I was newly come from Ashland is problematical but at any rate, C. W. Kitts drew his automobile up beside a Fifth avenue curb and called to ask, "How's Ben Forgey?" Not only had I visited Ashland, but I had called at the Independent plant to learn from James T. Norris that, during the day, Colonel B. F. Forgey the publisher, had returned to his desk for the first time since



his recent surgical experiences at St. Mary's Hospital here. Therefore, I was able to give good news to the inquirer. Now Colonel Forgey as I know him and about him, is held in high and general esteem, but Mr. Kitts says he doubts that Ben Forgey has ever been as popular since he got to be a big man in Kentucky as he was when he was a leading school man in Lawrence County, Ohio.

WYATT SMITH
I'll leave that for the Colonel to debate with his old Lawrence County school mate, Mr. Kitts, offering as my own opinion that he enjoyed maximum popularity in both pedagogical and editorial roles. I know, too, that he enjoys nothing better than a reunion of the graduates and former students of Proctorville, Ohio, high school.

THAT'S understandable. Young Schoolmaster Ben F. Forgey organized Proctorville High and was its first principal. This was one of his early endeavors away from the Forgey settlement at Windsor. Windsor, which is comprised of a school and a chapel which serve a farming community, is back of Proctorville and beyond Five Mile Creek. As Mr. Kitts explained the lay of the land there are two creeks, each emptying into Indian Guyan Creek and named for its distance from the Ohio. The first is Four Mile, along the waters of which there live, or lived, the Wards, the McCormicks, the Brammers, the Turleys and perhaps others. Beyond, is Five Mile, skirted by the home places of Wakefields, Forgeys, Singers, Wards and, I think Kittses. Many of the young men from that farming community went away to Lebanon and elsewhere to prepare themselves to teach, and Mr. Kitts testifies that Ben Forgey was a leader among them.

LEW DISTEL, veteran of the AEF, registered for selective service yesterday. Pat Vinson, who stopped on Winchester avenue to present me to his charming five-year-old daughter, Patricia Logan Vinson, advanced the idea that if Lew were called to service I wouldn't be mistaken for him anymore. If that had been any consolation it would, as I explained to Mr. Vinson, have been futile anyway, for I registered too and so far as I can see am just as apt to go as Lew. However, it was a pleasant meeting and I was sorry to learn that six-year-old Anne Roland Vinson was ill with the measles and couldn't get down town with her father and sister.

POLICE CHIEF Charley Howard estimates that 2,500 persons have gone from Ashland to the armed services, to war industry and for other reasons incident to the war. Contrariwise, many persons have come into Ashland to engage in industry and other work, but Chief Howard says the general effect is quieting. Trade, of course, is brisker than ever, but though the stores are busy the police force isn't finding much to do. There have been virtually no felony cases recently and misdemeanors, including drunks, have declined. Traffic, the chief says, is lighter than formerly except on Fridays and Saturdays. Then the motorists make up for lost time. There's no gasoline rationing in Kentucky but Chief Howard finds that motorists are using their cars sparingly, travelling by bus for normal purposes and buying War Savings Stamps and Bonds. I agree with him that many Ashlanders are riding buses, so many, indeed, that I thought I wouldn't get back to Huntington before midnight.

Your Friends • by • • • And Miss Wiatt Smith

IN PRE-WAR Nazi Germany there was a relative of Sol J. Hyman and other Huntingtonians of that family who found it necessary to flee with his family from the Reich. His goods confiscated he lacked means of



his own and Sol Hyman helped him to get out of Germany and continued to help him until he became self-supporting in Cambridge, England. Recently this former refugee wrote Mr. Hyman a letter in which he enclosed a note from Lieutenant Don Ritter of Huntington. Lieutenant Ritter had become acquainted with the Cambridge man and told him that his home was in Huntington, W. Va. Naturally, the exiled German remembered that Huntington also was the home of his benefactor and spoke of this to Lieutenant Ritter who, in his note to Mr. Hyman, said among other things "it's a small world."

FROM the West Coast I have a card from Captain James S. Klumpp, USN, who says: "We leave today for a short visit. I haven't had any good ham since leaving home. The strawberries can't touch our homegrown for flavor. Will soon be eating coconuts and pineapple." I'm almost sorry the Captain had to leave without knowing that I must go through the Summer without eating any corn from the cob.

THERNE V. SMITH of the engineering firm of Smith & Barnett was general chairman for the first annual state safety day which was held in Huntington August 21, 1926. Consequently, he was much interested in the recent inquiry of Fred J. Bailey of Price, Utah, concerning what may have been that event. With the assistance of J. H. Edwards, associate editor of Coal Age, Mr. Smith looked up the records of this long ago event and has written Mr. Bailey about it. In his letter, Mr. Bailey said he was captain of a crew which won first prize in a safety meet in Huntington which took place, as he remembered, in 1915. In spite of the 11 year spread between Mr. Bailey's recollection and the actual event, Mr. Smith and Mr. Edwards think it must have been in 1926 that the present-day Utah citizen competed successfully here.

THE Rev. J. G. McNeely (Preacher Green) who was buried yesterday in Logan must have been almost the last of the mountain preachers. I remember that I first saw him when Uncle Dyke (the Rev. W. D.) Garrett brought him to Guyandotte and introduced him as his "son in the gospel." During the years that followed the two did much preaching together. They were not pastors in the ordinary sense of the word but evangelists who were a sort of super shepherds to whole communities and counties. Preacher Green, who baptized, married and buried thousands, usually made his living in some manner other than preaching. When I last saw him he was stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel while taking treatments in Huntington. When I say he was almost if not quite the last of the mountain preachers I do not infer that the old type of horseback riding evangelists were better men or better ministers than the clergymen who head mountain churches today—but they were different—of this there can be no doubt. There was a strong urge within me to accept Homer Peyton's invitation to go to Logan for Preacher Green's funeral—but discretion forbade the undertaking.

AN OPERATIVE relates the following story told by former Judge Thomas R. Shepherd. It seems that the judge made a social call on a highly profane friend. The man's four-year-old daughter was present, busily engaged in soothing her dolly to sleep. As the child smoothed down the covers in her doll bed she was murmuring gently to the doll. Bending to listen, to the childish tone he heard something like this "you blankety-blankety little hussy, you git to sleep right away or I'm goin to knock hell out of you." In shocked amazement the judge inquired, "Where did you hear such language, my child?" "Daddy said it to me last night," was the prompt reply.

And Mine What Smith
B'ER POSSUM continues to appear in
Huntington. Among late reports on the
subject is that of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Taylor
of 109 Ninth Avenue who on a return to
their home on a recent evening found what



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looked like a full grown
possum at their apartment
door. Mr. Taylor kicked at
the animal, expecting it to
roll over and play dead. It
did not fulfill this possum
family tradition. Instead
it scurried away down the
stairs and out of the
house, not to be seen
again. Dr. J. E. Stiles, who
conducts a small animal
clinic on Route 60, said he
had been asked several
times lately about the
presence of possums in
town. Among others he heard it, too, in
Guyandotte and also of two full grown ani-
mals on the public highway near his place.
He did not count the fact that dogs occa-
sionally tree possums back in the hills be-
hind the clinic. Dr. Stiles has no explana-
tion for the unusual visits of the marsupials
which have been seen in recent weeks in
perhaps a dozen different places in and
around Huntington.

UPON the advice of Carl R. Varnum I re-
cently secured from the public library a
book entitled "The Ohio River, a Course of
Empire" by Archer Butler Hulbert, associate
professor of American history at Marietta
College, secretary of the Ohio Valley His-
torical Society and author of "Historic High-
ways of America," and "Washington in the
West." It is, as someone has written on
the flyleaf, "a darn good book." Published
by G. P. Putnam's & Sons of New York and
London it is dated Marietta, O., August 10,
1906. The Ohio educator and historian does
not credit the translation of Ohio as the
river beautiful and thinks the French were
a bit mixed up when they called the Ohio
La Belle Riviere. He says "I like the inter-
pretation of Ohio as given by old mission-
aries—the River of Many Whitecaps." He
discredits the theory of the beauty of the
Ohio as seen by the first explorers and pic-
tures it as a stream overhung by dark for-
ests and because of snags and other obstruc-
tions difficult to navigate even by canoes.
Indeed, he refers to the Ohio Valley as "the
American Black Forest." But he deals at
length and with great enthusiasm on the
river's part in the settlement of the West.
He records that pioneers came down the
stream first in canoes, then on rafts or flat-
boats, then on barges, and finally on steam-
boats and that these settlers came from
many points, notably Virginia, New England
and North Carolina.

MR. VARNUM takes especial interest in
stories of the Ohio River steamboat, an
interest developed during his boyhood on a
farm at Miller, O., and accentuated by the
Ohio Valley background of his forbearers,
all of whom, by the way, came into the
valley from New England. I found the Hul-
bert book disappointing in that it takes no
notice of Guyandotte where Carl R. Var-
num's grandfather, Moses Varnum, built
Ohio River barges on the Guyan flats which
lie between the present Third Avenue bridge
and the Ohio River shore. The book reveals
that as I had read elsewhere, the Ohio and
Kentucky shores of the Ohio were known in
post-revolutionary days as "the Indian side."

DR. W. E. VEST telephoned to report a
discussion of dog days. I wrote a column
on the subject several years ago and as I
recall dog days, the period in which the dog
star Sirius is in the ascendancy, have not yet
begun. However, in order to settle the mat-
ter I suppose I shall have to, as I did on
that earlier occasion, ask Geneva Kent.

Your Friends • by • • • And Mine What Smith

IN 1856, according to the Country Gentle-
man, published on December 18 of that
year at Albany, N. Y., Robert Aitcheson
Alexander, entertained at Woodburn, his
country home in Woodford County, Ky., a
group which included Colonel Sherwood of



New York, General Steen-
bergen of Virginia and Dr.
Watts of Ohio. The Gen-
eral Steenbergen referred
to was the grandfather of
Dr. John H. Steenbergen
of Huntington. The Steen-
bergens lived in Mason
County and the copy of
the Country Gentleman
containing the account is
addressed to W. Steenber-
gen at Point Pleasant,

WIATT SMITH W. Va. I deduce that it
must have come into the possession of Gen-
eral Steenbergen's family long after publica-
tion. Dr. Steenbergen sent it to me.

LIKE many another back yonder publica-
tion, this copy of the Country Gentle-
man reflects the era in which it was issued
better by its advertising content than by its
pure reading matter. Here's an ad which
takes my eye: "A Retired Physician, whose
sands of life have nearly run out, discovered
while living in the East Indies a certain
cure for consumption, bronchitis, coughs,
colds and general debility. Wishing to do as
much good as possible, he will send to such
of his afflicted fellow-beings as request it,
this recipe, with full and explicit directions
for making it up and successfully using it.
He requires each applicant to enclose him one
shilling; three cents to be returned as post-
age on the recipe and the remainder to be
applied to the payment of this advertisement.
Address, Dr. H. James, Jersey City, N. J."

THERE is a more modern touch to an
advertisement headed "A Perfumed
Breath," and continuing: "What lady or
gentleman would remain under the curse of
a disagreeable breath when by using the
'Balm of a Thousand Flowers,' as a dentrifice
would not only render it sweet but leave
the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons
do not know their breath is bad and the
subject is so delicate their friends will never
mention it. Pour a single drop of the Balm
on your tooth-brush and wash the teeth
night and morning. A 50-cent bottle will
last a year." The Balm of a Thousand
Flowers is also recommended for the easy
acquisition of a beautiful complexion—also
for shaving.

MISS EDITH DAVIES called attention to
a spread in Life magazine for January 15
featuring the year-around birds that gather
at our feeding shelves here in the Sixth
Avenue and Fourteenth Street neighborhood.
I have seen many of the pictured birds, but
I see nothing about pigeons which remain
our most dependable customers.

Oct. 18, 1941

HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTON

Your friends • by • • • And Mine • Wyatt Smith

CURRENT scenes, at the city market are remindful of the Harvest Home festival. It seems to me harvest time is not the gala season it used to be, but this may be because I've lost touch with the soil. Perhaps I never



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was close enough to enable me to be accurate now, but the harvest time to which I refer is this October period when apples are ripe, beans are in pod and potatoes and sweet potatoes the like are being gathered in, some for the market, some for storage against winter needs—in other words, when the frost is on the pumpkin and fodder's in the stack.

Reaching the market-house yesterday, I was struck first by the profusion of apples—Rome Beauties, Grimes Golden and other old favorites. There, too, was cider, famous by-product of the orchards, sorghum from the cane fields, crate upon crate of sweet potatoes and all manner of things to tempt the appetite and send a fellow home hungry for dinner. Most of Irish potatoes were in neat sacks, these containers bearing Michigan labels—and I didn't see a single pumpkin.

ALTHOUGH I hadn't gone to the market to shop, I succumbed to the lure of October beans, recommended by Dan Hardwick, and came away with a poke of them—also some fresh eggs. Purpose of the visit was to ask Mac Adkins, who though no longer connected with the market spends much time there, about the history of a dwelling house at 723 Third avenue recently razed by the George Tobacco Co. Mr. Adkins couldn't go back to the beginnings of this two-story frame, amid the remains of which lies a rather handsome old stair case. I know it was one of the early residences of Huntington. The Adkins home, in the same block, was built by John Kennett the liveryman, but Mac doesn't know when. Anyway, the residence which Fred George explained was torn down to clear the site for a private parking lot, once was owned by the Prindles, and later, for many years, was occupied by Mrs. Floyd Younger's boarding house. There, C. C. Mayo of the fire department, said, many Ohio Valley Electric Railway Co. men made their headquarters, somewhat because it was near the car barns on Third avenue below Seventh street.

THERE used to be a slogan which warned "Don't monkey with the bandwagon if you don't play a horn." Every once in a while, I forget the excellent advice contained therein and go ranging beyond my territory. I seem to have done this yesterday by expressing doubt as to the accuracy of a naturalization examiner's finding that Generals Grant and Lee, respectively, were commanders in chief of the Union and Confederate armies. An operative, who has a turn for military history, sent me an ROTC manual. Therein I read that "Grant took command of all the Union armies in March 1864," and that "President Davis appointed General Lee to command the Confederate forces." I'm still not sure about the Lee matter, but I suspect it would be safer for me to stick to the home grounds.

AND here's an item relating both to food and military matters. Post headquarters at Fort Francis E. Warren, in Wyoming, reports that early last week Private Charles A. Metz stopped baking only long enough to receive the coveted stripe which marked him as a private first class. Private Metz told his comrades that he had been baking almost as long as he remembered. He grew up in Huntington and for eight years worked for the Mootz bakery.

SONDRA, 15-months-old Samoyede pet of Mrs. M. C. (Cliff) Blake disappeared late yesterday from the vicinity of 2768 First avenue and Mrs. Blake, after a two-hour hunt, called to implore me to do something about it. The Samoyede looks like a Spitz, but is larger. The Blake home is at 324 Galaher street.

Your friends • • • • • And Mine *Wiatt Smith*

THERE has been much speculation, some of it here, as to how the word Hurricane came to be a Putnam county geographical term. Applied to creek or creeks, to a famous bridge and to the present town of Hurricane.



cane, it is well known, but authorities differ as to its origin. One theory is that it was a corruption of the name of one Harry Cain who lived on the waters of Hurricane Creek. Dana Shank, whose eight great-grandparents lived in the area between Barboursville and the Kanawha River, says the name was given first to the creek and that it was so applied because in flood seasons, it "came out like a hurricane."

WIATT SMITH It gained further geographical significance when a settlement grew up around what was known officially, doubtless a post office, as Hurricane Bridge. Mr. Shank has his mother's school geography, on the flyleaf of which is the inscription, "Mora Poindexter, Hurricane Bridge, Va." Hurricane Bridge lies just back of Hurricane, the town which developed with the Chesapeake & Ohio railway.

THIS summer-like autumn is producing interesting and unusual incidents in the vegetable kingdom. A week ago I had report of a fruit tree in full blossom at Northcliffe, the Andrew Northcott farm. Yesterday, Mrs. Marjorie Naylor told me of a bearing pecan tree on the premises of her father, S. R. Bishop of 218 Sixth avenue. Pecan trees are not too unusual here, but I am sure it is rare for them to bear edible nuts. The Bishop tree has undone the rule and the three Naylor boys are having great times gathering and eating the large and well developed pecans. I presume the maturing of the nuts is due to the absence of frost which thus far does not appear to have touched Huntington. Certainly, there are still many flowers in the city's gardens, including some roses.

ALTHOUGH her husband is a citizen, Mrs. James L. Mullen is going through the processes of naturalization—because she was born in Canada. I think this a rather silly legal requirement, but that is unimportant. Anyway, I happened to be present yesterday when Mrs. Mullen, the former Miss Blanche Lawson, faced a naturalization examiner and answered a barrage of questions on what we used to call "civil government." The examiner was courteous and considerate and Mrs. Mullen, though she was nervous as a school girl at examination time, seemed to me to do very well. There was a point or two I'd like to have argued with the examiner, but I had to keep still as a mouse. I doubt, for instance, that General Grant was commander-in-chief of the Union armies during the Civil War period, though he afterwards became such, or that General Lee was ever commander-in-chief of the armies of the Confederacy. These, however, are technicalities, for at the last Grant and Lee were the outstanding military leaders of the opposing forces of the North and South.

RUFUS SWITZER recalls when Isaac Sweetland, father of Hamlin's Sweetland brothers, was in business in Barboursville in a corner room of what was or afterwards became the Hatfield Hotel. Mr. Sweetland was known as a Union sympathizer, despite which he often befriended the families of Confederate soldiers, as Mr. Switzer has reason to recall.

9/22/43

THE HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTON

Your friends • by •
• • And Mine • • • • •
• • • • •

ON A RECENT excursion to the woods, one man spoke to his companions of certain tulip trees. After returning to the city some of the others laughed at what they had considered the speaker's ignorance, saying that he called poplar trees tulips. Both were correct, according to natural, botanical authorities who tell me the poplar tree is a tulip tree. However, the logs and the lumber made therefrom have always been known as poplar. Long ago, West Virginia's mountainsides must have borne many poplar trees. Poplar lumber was much in use for house building and I remember the poplar rafts which came down the Guyandotte and the loose poplar logs which came in run outs. After the poplar was almost gone most of the drifted and rafted logs were of hemlock. Before the Guyandotte Valley railroad tapped the Logan field and coal became king the timber industry was foremost in Logan and other upper Guyandotte Valley counties. Timber producers liked to bring their logs down in rafts but sometimes the logs came down singly and if they were branded the owners could claim them at the mouth of the river by paying a law-set fee to the man who caught it. River run outs of loose logs meant flush times to the loggers at Guyandotte.



WYATT SMITH

Subsequently the Cincinnati, O., firm of Cole and Crane bought most of the timber produced in Logan County and the Guyandotte Valley and began the systematic drifting of logs to the Ohio. The Guyandotte Boom Co., headed by J. H. Burks, built piers and log booms in the river opposite the present site of the International Nickel Co. Except in extreme tides these booms held the logs which were rafted at leisure and taken into the Ohio and on to Cincinnati by Cole and Crane towboats. One of these towboats, as I recall, was the J. O. Cole, named for the senior partner in the firm, Mr. Cole, whose home I seem to remember was at Peru, Ind., seldom came to Guyandotte but I recall meeting and talking with him in the lobby of the Hotel Frederick. The junior partner, Captain Clinton Crane, was a familiar figure in Guyandotte both on the river and at the Cole and Crane and boom company offices on Guyan Street. The drifting of timber stopped when Cole and Crane began shipping logs to Cincinnati by rail. The old water transportation of timber was a romantic business and as such was immortalized in verse by Dr. Thomas Dunn English who for several years lived in Logan County. This poem by the author of "Ben Bolt" was entitled "Rafting on the Guyan."

AFTER more than a year Sammy the Dog has a successor in the Smith household. The new pet is a black Cocker spaniel from the kennels of Mrs. Samuel W. Perry. Eventually she will have a more formal name for the records but she is known and will be known in the Smith home as Bonnie. Already she is demonstrating some of the qualities of Sammy the Dog who was with us for more than 12 unforgettable years. Bonnie is full of pep and seems to like nothing better than a bout with one of my House slippers. This is amusing but at the same time distressing as I am finding it difficult to discover the all feels new and big enough for me.

HERMAN P. DEAN, president and treasurer of the Standard Printing & Publishing Co., publisher of The Wayne County News, director and former vice-president of the Huntington Chamber of Commerce, church leader and outdoor sportsman, is recovering from a severe illness which has incapacitated him since August 1. He told me yesterday he hoped to return to his duties by October 1.

Your Friends And Mine

by
W. Smith

AFTER several weeks of visiting "around" among relatives and old friends in Cabell and Wayne, Mrs. J. G. (Era McKeand) Hatfield has returned to her Detroit home. While here she had a brief reunion with her brother, J. C. McKeand, between trains at the Chesapeake & Ohio station. Mr. McKeand has been with the railway company for 20 years. Mrs. McKeand writes



WIATT SMITH that she intended to visit me but didn't get around to it because she had "as many relatives as Bob Burns." She went to the farm to visit her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Staley of Dock's Creek. There she found healthful exercise pulling and topping turnips, shoveling yellow corn from the farm wagon to the crib, helping haul corn and pumpkins to the hog lot, feeding corn and wheat to the flock of white leghorns and churning and molding butter. One afternoon she hunted rabbits. She saw only one bunny which hid in a brush pile but which she thinks would have been equally safe out in the open.

A THANKSGIVING her youngest son, Rupert and Miss Tania Gallog came to visit Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Mitchell of Chesapeake, O. She joined them for an old-fashioned holiday dinner with turkey and trimmings. On the following Sunday Rupert Hatfield and Miss Gallog went back to their war work in Detroit. Mrs. Hatfield also had pleasant visits with Mr. and Mrs. James McKeand of Kenova, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. McKeand, also of Kenova, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. McKeand of Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. John Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ruby and Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Nash and daughter, Etha, of Barboursville. Then she went to visit her cousin, Miss Marie Shirley and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Carey and small son, Gail Carey, who live near Milton on a farm. As her visit neared its end she took the Cackley bus, the bus that travels the old Pea Ridge road to Barboursville, and went to the Wilson cemetery where her mother and father and her older brother, Taylor McKeand, are buried. She also stopped at the site of the old home of her uncle, James Wilson Sr. Of this she writes "our family moved there when I was seven. Aunt Mary Ann Wilson, Uncle Jimmy's widow, owned it at that time. The old place has changed hands many times in the last 43 years. . . the house was one of the old colonial 10-room type with a portico flanked on either side by two Norway spruces. Subsequently, a purchaser remodeled the home and landscaped the ground. Recently the house burned. I saw the old basement and cistern and the worn steps that led to the kitchen door."

I PICKED up nuts from the old shell bark hickory tree from which I gathered nuts on the way home from school and walnuts from a tree near it, carrying them home to show to my sons. A lady who lived across the roads saw me walking about the grounds asked me if I were looking for someone. I answered 'no' but didn't say 'just gathering memories of the carefree Pea Ridge country where I spent many happy years.' I visited the grounds on which had stood the tiny building where I first attended school. I understand that at least two of the students of those days still live on Pea Ridge. Mrs. Luther Douthat and Kenna Wilson. Would liked to have stopped to say hello. Maybe there'll be time on my next

Your friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

AS LATE as the eighteen eighties, William Adams lived in the log house at the south west corner of Fifth avenue and Eleventh street, and operated a dairy there. At the rear of the lot was a huge barn in which Mr. Adams sheltered his dairy herd in winter. In good weather the cows ranged the commons, for there was little improvement in that section of



Huntington and no law to compel the impounding of livestock. Ezra (H. E.) Mathews remembers that as a small boy he went one day to the Adams place when sorghum was being made. Then he had his first taste of sugar cane and did not like it. Mr. Adams had a one-horse wagon, from which he delivered milk to Huntington residents. Memories of Mr. Mathews and others were stirred by a paragraph here concerning the relative newness of the B. W. Foster home, more recently the Shelton Funeral Home, which now stands on that corner.

A. A. (ALLIE) SHY, former justice of the peace and now watchman at the city barn, was one of those who telephoned to say I was right in thinking that there used to be a log house on the Foster corner. Allie was born in Huntington—in a log house but not that one. He tells me he and his brother, R. R. Shy, sons of Grant Shy, were born in the log house which stood on the present site of the Ritter Park rose garden. That house has had previous notice here, having also been the birthplace of Mrs. O. M. (Fannie Harrison) Cantrell, daughter of early Huntington policeman Henry Harrison.

MR. SHY remembered that a Mr. Adams lived in the log house and ran the dairy at Fifth avenue and Eleventh street. I found it necessary to turn to Mr. Mathews for more definite information. The latter recalled that William Adams, whose dairy farm was so near to what is now the heart of Huntington, was related to Hamlin M. Adams, Huntington postmaster, political leader and private school teacher. Mr. Mathews went to school to Ham Adams in rooms over what is now a drug store at Seventh avenue and Ninth street. The schoolmate he remembers best was James Piggman, who afterwards went to Cincinnati to live. The Adams home was on Fourth avenue, on a lot adjoining that which the Cook Hardware Company now occupies. Subsequently H. M. Adams must have built on Fifth avenue east of Trinity Church. When I last knew about it that property still belonged to the Adams family. For a time the late R. F. Adams lived there. This was after Mrs. H. M. Adams went to California to spend her closing years with her daughter, Frances Adams, Turner. This is more pertinent now because of the recent death in New Jersey of Ham Adams, the younger. I do not remember H. M. Adams but I recall his son Ham most distinctly. After years of absence he came back to Huntington and clerked for A. E. Kelley at the Huntington Hotel. Then he joined the street car company and began the career which led to his becoming something of a transportation magnate in New Jersey.

ATTORNEY JESSE HAMMOCK, mentioned in the news as a prospective army entrant, is one of several applicants for Army air corps training. He's on call but doesn't know when he will be summoned. Nothing immediate insofar as he knows. Major Earl Mullineaux who left for the wars yesterday, looked familiar in Army togs, but the gold maple leaf insignia of his Majority hit his friends in the eye. Earl will be missed from a lot of places, notably the Horse Show. Marshallites have abandoned plans for a Summer jaunt to Mexico, too much War business.

5-27-42
THE HERALD-DISPATCH, HUNTINGTON

Your friends And Mine

by Wiatt Smith

ONE day last week a three-column headline in the New York Journal-American, a two-column head in the World-Telegram and a two-column head and lead in the Post gave early fame to Walter Rardin



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Brown, 30-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Brown. "Who's Lost? Not Walter Jr.," headlined the World-Telegram; "Can't a Little Boy Take a Walk?" asked the Journal-American's streamer, and the Post reported that "Mommy's on the Choo-Choo." It's pretty funny now but it was no joke when on May 20 Mr. Brown, vice-president and general counsel for Western Electric Co., was called hurriedly from his desk to his home in Dongan Hills, Staten Island, by news that his son and heir was missing. Says the World-Telegram: "Seventy-five patrolmen, detectives and emergency squad members were combing the thick woods near the Richmond Country Club in Dongan Hills when the boy was noticed by Mary Houlihan of 172 Garrison Avenue, who was sitting on her porch. 'Are you lost, little boy?' she asked. 'No, I'm going to meet my Mommy on the choo choo train,' the child said. Mrs. Houlihan took him into a drug store, asked his name and then called the Brown residence to report her find. Apparently the boy walked through the Todt Hill Road entrance to the Brown estate and kept on walking until he hit Garrison Avenue. Police said he seemed the least excited of all concerned." Walter Rardin Brown was born in Huntington where his father practiced law before going to New York. His mother is the former Miss Dorothy Ann Rardin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Rardin of Eighth Street. Mrs. Douglas W. Brown of Fifth Avenue is his maternal grandmother.

CHARLEY (Chesapeake & Ohio Maintenance of Way chief) GEYER'S memories of the Sixth Avenue Gang, published here Monday, led other members of that aggregation to recall that Harvey G. Taylor was one of the owners of the Billy Goat to which Charley referred. Now Sheriff Taylor breeds and keeps goats on his farm, also Irish terriers. Speaking of dogs, Miss Virginia Daniel (Cookery Quirks) trained Duke Daniel, a Cocker spaniel, black, with white feet, to stay in her automobile and guard it from tire thieves. Duke was well educated and efficient—but Monday he disappeared. Miss Daniel's telephone is 8602. Bobby Toole, son of Professor Gresham Toole, has been advised by Senator Joe Rosier of his appointment as a Naval Academy Midshipman. . . . only the exams stand between him and Annapolis. . . . Previously he had been named as an alternate. . . . Yesterday the Broh Memorial Scholarship board met to receive applications for Marshall student benefits provided by the estate of Julius Broh. There was one applicant from each of the following states: . . . Vermont, Connecticut, New Hampshire, New York and West Virginia; also one from the District of Columbia. . . . Choice or choices will be made known later.

5/29/39

THE HERALD DISPATCH, HUNTINGTON

Your Friends . . . And Mine *Watt Smith*

ALMOST all of the men who bore arms in the war between the states are gone. I do not think there will be one left to march or even to ride in the Memorial Day parade, though there are two or perhaps three repre-



senting both armies, still living in Huntington. But though the soldiers themselves have departed, there are other men, a little younger, who remember that they had parts in the struggle. Among these is Rufus Switzer, former mayor of Huntington and otherwise long prominent in the affairs of city and county. "I served in the war," Mr. Switzer told me when I stopped to call on him Saturday morning. Now 84 years old, Mr. Switzer was but 10 when Richmond fell. He was still younger, of course, when he did sentry duty for the Confederacy. His father, John Switzer, lived with his family at Howell's Mill in Cabell county near the Falls of Mud. He was not a soldier, but a Confederate sympathizer, and the gray soldiers sometimes stopped at the house. Meanwhile, Home Guards, federal men, kept close watch and often searched the premises. On a certain day there came to the Switzer home a contingent of Confederates, among whom was Rufus Switzer's uncle, Henry Poteet. There was on the premises a cold storage house, atop of which was a layer of earth, this to assist in refrigeration. The children played on that roof. The presence of a child there not being unusual, it was deemed safe to post young Rufus there to watch for approaching Home Guards who, had they come, would have had to cross foot logs. None appeared and the Confederates rode away in safety.

DR. KARL C. PRICHARD had told me that Mr. Switzer had certain recollections of the steamboat business on the Guyandotte which didn't square exactly with what had been written here. I was going to see Mr. Switzer anyway, but the Prichard communication may have hastened my steps. Mr. Switzer told me the early boats on the Guyandotte did not always stop at Dusenberry's dam, but that one at least, the Major Anderson, went as far as Inez. There it was wrecked by an explosion and Moses Hatfield salvaged the pilot house and used it as a wheat bin. Mr. Switzer was familiar with the Hatfield household during the year that he went to school to a Mr. Algoe at Ousley's creek and was chums with Jim Hatfield, now deceased, the father of Bob and the late Mose Hatfield of Huntington. Mr. Switzer is much improved in health but keeps closely at home because of the acute illness of Mrs. Switzer. She is improving, too, able now to laugh a little with Dr. Prichard when he talks of old days in Catlettsburg where both he and she, who as a Miss Merrill, were brought up.

RESPONSIBILITY, which has been such a big part in his life, was accepted early by Rufus Switzer. He was only a little shaver when he first went with the wagons from Howell's Mill across through the Seven Mile country to the Ohio river to ship wheat on steamboats. So young was he on the initial trip, on which he saw his first steamboat, the Wild Wagoner, that his self-confidence left him at a crucial moment. He stood on the bank as the craft approached Cox Landing and was startled when it turned into the shore. Thinking it was landing because he was there, he withdrew, discreetly, to the shelter of the wagons, missing the thrills he might have had in watching the vessel come and go.

NEVER did it occur to me to think of Edgar Garred Crow as a scholar. I connected him in my thoughts with a fat, good-natured boy I saw about in many places when his father, gentle, courteous Edgar C. Crow was one of the operators of the Florentine. Thereafter, I thought of him as an athlete and an athletic director, not as the Master of Arts that he was. A third generation Huntingtonian, a veteran of the playing fields and the class rooms of the city's educational system, he was probably as well known as any man in Huntington and his untimely death has occasioned correspondingly widespread grief.

Your Friends by And Mine *Watt Smith*

CROPPER'S Business College was a Huntington institution which I do not remember. It was operated in the post office building, so called, by W. M. and J. M. Cropper, according to an advertisement carried by the Daily Times on Wednesday morning, November 23, 1892. Volume VI, Number 269 of the paper which called itself



"the pioneer daily," was lent me by William Carter of 1810 College avenue. It has its points as a newspaper but the advertisements commend themselves to me. Reichbaum's new and second hand clothing house, Second avenue opposite the O&O freight depot, offered "the cheapest clothing in the city."

Big bargains in overcoats." H. J. Homrich, jeweler and optician, announced the opening of an optical department, offering gold and steel spectacles and eyeglasses. The Fair 1004 Third avenue, offered "a good dinner bucket made in sections, only 35 cents." J. W. Burnett had business property on Third avenue for \$7,600.

A NEWS item says: "Leon Sternberger, the genial saloonist, has expended \$50 to jolly over the election of Cleveland. He wants to give the poor coal and has generously extended to the needy of Huntington to call upon him, and if they are in need of fuel, Leon will put up the coal."

There was to be a free lecture at the courthouse, (for men only) "on important points connected with the Keeley cure." Another note says: "Have you seen James W. McCormick's moving car? It is the only car in the city." And another: "W. H. Kratz is a practical undertaker and embalmer and gives his business his own personal attention." Many prices are quoted, but I think I'd better not repeat them. Things were so much cheaper then.

MRS. BERTHA SMITH of Prichard was born a Smith, married a Smith and she and her husband have "four real Smiths." Their "baby" Helen Faye Smith, will be 19 Sunday. An arthritic, Mrs. Bertha Smith has been a shut-in for years. She wants the Morgantown band to honor shut-ins at next year's High School Band Festival with "Onward Christian Soldiers."

RECOMMENDATION to look at the pansies and tulips in Ritter Park came from a woman who declined to give her name. She says the flowers are gorgeous, rivaling any to be seen anywhere. I shall go to see them and have no doubt many others will do likewise.

ONE of the charms of morning newspaper life is that the worker doesn't have to get up until it suits him. I never liked getting up early. Much has been said and written about the joy of greeting the sunrise. That's a satisfying experience if one stays up and waits for it and then goes to bed. There is true delight walking homeward through a Summer dawn. These impressions must be shared by Editor Raymond Brewster who, nevertheless, had to arise at 5:30 A. M. Wednesday because his son, Timmy, was going away on the Boys' Tour Special. I don't know how he managed it, but he was at the train to see Timmy and the rest of the 300 boys off.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL ESTLER has a signed book review in the current Atlantic Monthly. Bill is free lancing in New York City.

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

APPROACH of the national convention of the Sons of the American Revolution, in Huntington May 14-15, has led E. E. Meredith to call attention to the confusion of West Virginia newspaper writers as the result of two patriotic societies with similar names. The Sons of the



WIATT SMITH

Revolution held their West Virginia convention in Parkersburg in April and elected Homer Gebhardt of Huntington president. This organization, represented here by General Andrew Lewis chapter, has chapters in many West Virginia cities and towns. There is also, Mr. Meredith writes, a West Virginia Society, Sons of the Revolution, which holds its annual meetings on February 22. Its headquarters are in Fairmont and there are chapters in Charleston and Wheeling, Mr. Meredith says. It seems that the Sons of the American Revolution and the Sons of the Revolution are different organizations. I belong to the Sons of the American Revolution but am not familiar with the other society. I'm sure the sameness of the names gets headline writers into trouble. Will H. Daniel, recent SAR president, tells of getting a telegram addressed to him as "president, South American Revolution."

E. E. MEREDITH also sent me a clipping of Virginia Linton Stultz's column, "Roundtown," in the Wheeling Intelligencer. The Wheeling columnist comments on the recent agitation about the West Virginia Hills song, saying the version generally accepted is "not the original song written by Dr. D. B. Purinton when he was president of WVU." The original and generally accepted version of the West Virginia Hills was written by Ellen Ruddell King in 1885—long before Dr. Purinton was president of West Virginia University.

WHILE the Hinton High School Band was in front of our home, playing the West Virginia Hills, two of the young neighbors from Oley School came to show me their colored drawings of the tufted titmouse, the state bird. Things were too exciting just then for accurate reporting, but I learned later that the boys were Jack Kincaid and Cecil Samples, pupils of Mrs. Will Woodward. There is to be an open house at Oley Elementary this afternoon. Miss Flora Fischbach came to say Miss Dora Scarff, the principal, thought it might be well for me to attend. I'll be there.

MRS. FLO MILAM GEORGE sends the information that the Ohio River boat on which Andrew H. Fennimore was pilot was a sternwheeler, not a sidewheeler. Mrs. George is certain. Her father, E. P. Milam, was clerk on the Valley Belle when Mr. Fennimore was pilot. The Valley Belle was a Charleston boat. She finally sank at Pittsburgh. . . . W. W. Cornwell writes that the name of the steamboat operated by his father, Captain Josiah Cornwell, was the Nora Belle, even as several others had advised. He adds that the boat owned and operated by Gene Gwinn and Gus Honshell was the Speedwell. . . . He adds: "Mrs. E. W. Grover came from Eureka, or Chambersburg, as I did. She was a pretty girl. I was young then, but I remember that much."

Your Friends by And Mine Wiatt Smith

SOME decades ago it was fashionable, or, at least, customary, for men to wear earrings. Perhaps that is not well stated, as the individual men wore but one earring. That custom antedates my memory, but Mrs. E. K. Staley has an earring which was found in the one-time home of Captain Josiah Cornwell, Mason County riverman. Mrs. Staley



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has the idea that the earring was worn by Captain Cornwell himself. This information came as the result of speculative remarks about Captain Cornwell's boat, one of which may have been the Nora Belle. Mrs. S. H. Nickell, 131 Fifth Avenue, says there was a steamer operating in the Gallipolis area named the Valley Belle. She thinks this was a sidewheeler—knows her father, the late Andrew H. Fenimore, was pilot of the Valley Belle.

MISS LILLIAN BEINKAMPEN, poet and painter, who retired as a teacher in the Cabell schools, postcards from San Antonio, Fla., where she lives, sending a picture of St. Edward's Hall, St. Leo College Preparatory School, St. Leo, Fla., which is less than three miles from her home. She says: "This college with its reflection in the lake makes a most beautiful picture—but I'm such a busy housekeeper I seldom have time to paint."

WARDS OF THE Charles W. Cammack

Children's Center attend the public schools. When holiday time comes some of them will have places to go but there are others who may have no summer vacation unless homes are opened to them. Mrs. Leslie T. Downey, the superintendent, is looking for folks willing to extend such hospitality to a little boy or girl. She bids for invitations and will be glad to mail cards to those who wish them. The address is 645-47 Third Avenue—the telephone 23738.

SUNDAY, MAY 11—Mother's Day—will be the 89th birthday of Mrs. Elizabeth Tanner of Eighth Street Road. Mrs. Tanner has been quite ill but is better and looks forward to a quiet birthday. A native of Virginia, she has lived in Huntington since October, 1875. Her husband, the late J. C. Tanner, worked first at the Chesapeake & Ohio shops and later, for many years, at the ACF plant. Mrs. Tanner has five living children and numerous grandchildren. One of the latter, Mrs. Pauline Lykins Ross, 1530 Washington Boulevard, called the approaching birthday to my attention.

THOUGH Dr. Thomas C. Johnson, pastor of the Baptist Temple at Charleston, did not write The West Virginia Hills, he was the author of at least one well known song—The Great Commission. Mrs. Walter Womack, 2976 Third Avenue, is the daughter of the Rev. G. W. Adams of East Bank. The Rev. Mr. Adams, who retired on his recent 81st birthday, was one of the young clergymen who learned at the feet of Dr. Johnson. Mrs. Womack remembers this verse, written by Dr. Johnson as a supplement to the Great Commission:

*Speed through the homeland and speed
o'er the ocean,*

*Speed with a light through your own na-
tive hills;*

*Give West Virginia your heart's devotion,
Give as the heart of the dear Master wills.*

Your Friends by And Mine *Watt Smith*

ON AUTUMN Sunday afternoons in the long ago, boys and girls often ventured as far across Pat's Branch bridge as the Talton W. Everett place beside the river. There, we gathered beech nuts which fell from the great trees beside the bank. The trees, I think, are still there, but the pas-



toral setting which we knew is gone. The road, dusty in Summer and muddy in Winter, long since gave way to a modern highway. Talton W. Everett died long ago and his son, William C. Everett, who lived hard by, died last year in California. The changed landscape was achieved with approximate suddenness when the International Nickel Co. bought

WATT SMITH what had been the Everett land and built its works there. Guyandotte people—some of them at least—were skeptical about the Nickel plant. One story—told and believed—was that the operations would blight all the vegetation in that area—maybe in the town itself. On May 26, the International Nickel Co. will observe the 25th anniversary of the Huntington works by pouring the 700,000th ingot there.

NO BLIGHT came upon vegetation because of chemical fumes from the plant, or for any other reason. The beech trees are still there—outside the flood wall. Huntington has enveloped the Guyandotte I knew, extending up the Ohio River as well as up the Guyandotte. The old town still is familiar, but there is nothing about the Nickel Co.'s entrance to suggest the old Everett homestead which stood just about there. The new bridges have been built across the Guyandotte since the Nickel Co. came, one at Fifth Avenue and one at the plant itself. The city of Huntington has changed and grown so that all of us who have been here 25 years and longer have moments of astonishment when we contemplate the changes. Not all, of course, were wrought by or because of the Nickel plant, but the manufacture of monel metal and allied products has had profound effect.

ONE of my clearer memories of Nickel plant beginnings was the arrival of Arthur S. Shoffstall, who was to be general manager. I went to his home to interview him, this beginning a long friendship. Mr. Shoffstall, now retired, is, by the way, one of our elder statesmen—though he never held office. He is a thorough Huntingtonian. Asked, when he retired, if he would move away or travel he replied: "No, I've got a good home in a good town and I'm going to stay here."

SEVERAL times I have gone to the Nickel plant and, once or twice, been shown over it. I'll not go with the open house visitors when the 25th anniversary is further celebrated next October. Going through the Nickel plant is like covering the World's Fair at New York—and I don't think they have any of those fancy rolling chairs they had at the fair. My last visit there, as I recall, was when the plant got its first Army-Navy E and Admiral Blandy, lately much in the news, came to present it.