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MS 76
BX 7
NBK 7

The Meehlings.

MS 76
BX 7
NBK 7

1851 Trenton Road, Oxford, Ohio.
Jan 23, 1956.

Mrs. Fred Lambert;

Dear Sir:

In answer to your letter of the 17th, will begin by informing you that I never did finish the fifth grade, there, at the Hall School and that is all the schooling I ever had, so as concerning the request you are making of me, I shore am not at all able to do. My daughter, who took a Business College course, did the typing, on some of the copies, and my brother Tom's daughter, part of the same, each doing so just as a favor for (me), since then, my wife died, so here I am near Oxford, the daughter, in Elyria, and the niece, in Columbus, but, if I keep my health, as well as, at present, and the Lord wills, I hope to be up there, in your part of W. Va., some time next spring, or summer. If you could make your own copy, at that time, it may be that my brother, William could assist you, in getting some dates, that I havin't got, little of, at your home, or his, would be alright with me.

(A. J. M. 1956) Jan 23, 1956 (Ox. 10)

HISTORY OF THE MEEHLING FAMILY
By: A. F. Meehling, R. D. #2, Oberlin, Ohio

January 22, 1954

Well, here goes as many true and faithful statements concerning the Meehling family as this finite and uneducated mind is capable of giving:

My grandfather, Karl Fredrick Meehling, born 1819 near Baden on the Rhine river in south central Germany, herded sheep for his father who was a farmer and gardener. Although he owned no acreage of land, he did own several cartloads of rich soil which he moved from one tract of farmland to another. By saving the sheep droppings, he could rent poor land cheaper, enrich it with the same and thereby raise better crops.

Karl Frederick also helped his father take care of the grape vineyards. He was only about 16 years of age when he began being trained as a soldier under the rulership of old Marx; after some three or four years at that, he had to take to the sea as a German sailer where he served as the ship's carpenter. And deceased 1892.

As long as I, A. F. Meehling, remained on the old homestead, there were planes there that were his with which you could smooth the lumber; you could tongue a grove, make molding, yes, you could take the tree, cut it with the cross-cut saw, hew it with the broad axe, rive it with the frow, bore all size holes, mortice the square holes and do almost anything that is accomplished in the planing mills of today.

Karl F. Meehling left the ship when he and his brother pulled into New York harbor and never returned. It seems that his love affairs had hit in a family with more of this world's goods who considered their daughter above him in a social, financial

or educational manner, but as soon as he sent her the money to make the trip, Kathryn Lutz came over and they were married in New York. I thought her first name as Mary Magdaline, but my youngest brother says no; they were married about 1843, then went over to Pittsburgh where he worked in the steel mills for a while; from there down the river to Ironton, Ohio to the steel mills. I think my youngest brother is mistaken in the date as to when they came over because I remember hearing them talk of grandmother seeing it rain stars while on the ship coming over and according to the encyclopedia, that happened on March 13, 1833. Another thing, he seems to think they moved directly from Ironton to the tract of land granddad bought in West Virginia, but at one time or another they lived at Rome, Ohio, where the Roman Beauty apple originated. I was there last September for the first time in my life. There is a monument where the first tree stood, a cemetery, a church, a store or two -- a place about like Townsend, Ohio -- there I think is where father went to school long enough to learn to read and speak the American or English language, the which our grandmother never did learn, but if I remember correctly, grandfather could speak German, English and some French.

They must have lived there at the time of the Civil War. Though grandad never left home as a soldier, he did serve as home guard, and was in one skermish when some Rebels tried to cross the Ohio River from Guyandotte, West Virginia to Proctorville, Ohio. I feel heir to the old musket he used at that time. My only living son, Richard, has it now with the names of five generations on a sheet of aluminum tacked on the stock and the boyonet on the opposite end.

Now for the old homestead, my younger brother, William, says it was erected in 1868 or 69, but it still seems to me that it would have been around 10 years earlier, but let that be as it may, I know it was a mansion when comparing it with any other of the log cabins in the neighborhood for several years after being built, originally it

was built with a large sitting room an extra large fireplace and hearth, the chimney being built of dressed sandstone; one bedroom on the ground floor.

The second floor was never sealed or papered, but there is where we five boys always slept wherein was one corded bedstead, others with mere slats, a straw tick and then a fat feathertick underneath, another featherbed for cover in severe cold weather. Many a time have I woke up and there would be frost on the bed where my breath had frozen. We raised or grew the geese from which these feathers came. Sometimes I wish that "time", oh time, would turn backwards in her flight and let me be a child again just for tonight".

Oh yes, there was the old Seth Thomas clock that sat on the mantle over the fireplace which ran by weights; my younger brother has it yet today; we could go down to the creek, up the other side working in the field and hear it chime off those twelve strokes; then drop the hoe or unhitch the horse and go in for that one hour lunch period.

On the west side of this hewn log house was what was called a leanto full length thereof coming out of the house into a hall, turn right and you were in the kitchen, turn left and that put you in the dining room; but around 1894 or 95 that was all removed and rebuilt just one-half that size on the east side which served as kitchen and dining both and that is the shape it is still in yet today.

My oldest sister's oldest son, Auburn Clark, owns the homestead today, has erected an uptodate four room cottage just a few feet south of the old one, has all the modern conveniences such as electric stove, television, washing machine, refrigerator, and so on, such as just didn't exist when we lived there.

Just for example when William McKinley was shot and lived near a week he was dead and buried before we ever got the news of his even being shot. To get the mail I have walked this three miles many a time to Cox's Landing where was the closest store of any sort and post office; two miles of that distance at that time there was nothing worthy of being called a road, you simply followed the creek bed till you hit the Ohio River Valley, then another mile on dirt road; but today you drive on brick pavement to within one mile of the old homestead from the west or within $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles on asphalt from the east. The record at Charleston, so I was informed, gives the expense for building this asphalt road right through the old homestead farm, but it still looked like the same old dirt road to me this last September; safe driving in dry weather, but very dangerous when wet and slippery.

Now we go back to Ironton. While my grandparents lived there they bore three children, the oldest whose name was Charley, I never saw. About all I ever heard about him is that he married a woman who was untrue to him yet they had 3 sons and 1 daughter, but one night after Uncle Charley had gone to bed his wife persuaded this friend of hers to take an ax and go upstairs and kill her husband the which he tried by hitting him once with the ax. That didn't do the job, but he wose last name was Williams, refused to go again so she, my Uncle's wife, took a butcher knife, went up and cut his throat. They two then took the horse out of the stable, dug a hole and covered the corpse.

Of course, in just a few days the whole neighborhood was alarmed as to what had become of this Uncle of mine. Another Uncle, Taylor Clark, who had married my father's only sister, goes over and one of the things he noticed that was unusual or out of the ordinary was that the dog was tied. They claimed he had become dangerous and

they were afraid he would bite someone, but Uncle thought different and turned the dog loose; the dog went directly to the stable and began to dig.

The murderers were taken to Barboursville which was the county seat at that time and put in prison. But shortly after the funeral was over, at night a mob of masked men rode up to the prison and at the point of a gun demanded the keys, took the two of them out to hang; she lied and told them she was pregnant and they would be killing an innocent child, so they put her back in prison and she got the life sentence, but Williams sat his last horse with a rope around his neck and limb of a tree. None of the men who made up this mob were ever prosecuted.

Now the next in the lineage of the family was Aunt Catherine. About all I can think of concerning her is that she married this Taylor Clark. I have already spoken of him, who owned a farm about two miles northwest of the old home place. They were members of and active workers in the Baptist Church located about one mile from where they lived; they raised a family of seven children if I mistake not.

And now for the youngest of the family, my father, John Carl Meehling, who was very small in stature taking after his mother. When I got my growth I was 5 feet 9½ inches; when I put my arm straight out he could walk under it, but he was well muscled, capable of a lot of hard work which is about the only thing he ever did to earn a living. Born February 2, 1854, married around 1875 to Natilda Jane France whose parents lived one mile west of the old homestead, owning a large tract of land and a family of some eight or ten children.

Father raised another log cabin within a stone's throw of the one his parents lived in and helped to clear up this virgin timberland and put it under

cultivation. There is where all of us eight children were born. It was about the year 1868 or 69 that grandfather bought this 200 acres at one dollar per acre; about the year 1890 or 91 grandfather died. We had moved off the place a year or two prior to this time. That left grandmother alone, so the land was divided between Charley's three children, Catherine Clark, and father, who received 50 some acres on the west end where the house was located.

Father and mother had a brood of seven, themselves, and grandmother, also grandfather France part time to feed three times per day and believe me that took a lot of chuck even without counting clothing sufficient to keep us youngsters in school. Therefore, dad worked for some of the neighbors whenever or wherever needed until my two older brothers were able to operate the farm, then he began working at public works of different kinds in Huntington, coming home each weekend. I operated the farm for a year or two under those conditions after my two older brothers had gone out to do for themselves.

Then Dad rented the farm to one Ira Jackson and we moved to 944 Adams Avenue, Central City, the which is part of Huntington, West Virginia today; then during the winter of 1904 and 05 moved back to the farm. Within the next five years four of us were married, leaving no one except William at home with father and mother at the time of mother's death on January 14, 1909.

After this dad and Willie stayed on the farm for a while, then it was rented out again until father could find sale for it, he living with first one and then another of his offspring. During the year of 1927 he was with me while we were living on the George Miller farm here in Lorain County, Ohio when he took sick and wanted to go back to West Virginia. From there they placed him in the hospital at Mount Vernon

where I visited him once. He died September 22, 1927 and was buried beside mother in the Davis Cemetery in sight of the old homestead.

So that brings us down to their offspring first of which was named Andrew T. Meehling, born August 13, 1876, died August 28, 1878 with membrane croup. Next was Charles H. Meehling, born March 7, 1877, who after leaving the farm, spent several years at different kinds of public works, then around 1905 or 06 married one Nettie Nance. They remained in Huntington a few years later, then started renting other people's farms and I think they have lived in as many different houses as all the other six of us put together. Then sometime in the 20's, I say about 23 or 24, he lost one eye, and the other injured in an accident. So for a number of years someone has to lead him as soon as he is out of the house or yard. He, his wife and two sons, live at Salt Rock, West Virginia at present. They reared eight children if I mistake not.

The next in rotation, Adaline born March 1, 1879; her older brother could not speak that name but called her Lina, therefore, throughout her entire life she used Lina as her given name; by the time she was capable of doing general housework, our younger sister was able to help mother so Lina went to Huntington and did general housework for a judge and his wife. About the year 1900 she was married to one William Clark from the same neighborhood in which we were born; they remained in town until their third child was born and then bought the old homestead where he himself had been born. There some four or five more children were born. He turned the place into a fruit farm which became a very successful affair; later in life he served as deputy sheriff. Sister Lina died December 23, 1944. He spent most all the remainder of his life with their oldest daughter, Elsie Carson, until about two years ago and was buried beside Lina in the Davis Cemetery.

Then Thomas G. Meehling born December 5, 1880; When he left the farm I remember two jobs he worked at before being married, the one was for our Uncle Tom France who was a contractor that was cutting timber in Webster County and teaming the same out to the railroad. After that he helped build a branch of the C & O Railroad up the Guyandotte River. Then he went to Huntington where he spent most all the rest of his life working for the C & O as carman, repairing and rebuilding freight cars of all types and kinds. Soon after going there he married one Ada Bias who turned out to be similar to the one our Uncle Charley had married, so in 1918 he gets a divorce. He also gets their only child and home he had built on Fifth Avenue and 31st Street/^{the}which he later sold to a gas company to become a filling station on what was then U°S° Route 60. In less than one year he married again, has another daughter by his last wife, who is still single staying with her mother and doing office work with an insurance company. Tom died April 3, 1949; buried in Spring Hill Cemetery, Huntington, West Virginia.

And now comes what I have always thought of as the black sheep of the flock, myself, Alonzo F. Meehling, born August 6, 1884; with two brothers and a sister older and two brothers and a sister younger, it always seemed that I had to play the part of a lackey boy for the older two and yet held responsible for some of the actions of the younger trio. When the older three went places, I was considered too small or young; when Lonnie wanted to go placed or do things the three younger had to tag along. Yes, I know some of these last statements sound very childish, but that is what I have been talking about. Then just a few years later when I began going places it still seems that I had to play the part of the lone wolf and it may be because of this that I went places and did things that I still give the rest of the family credit for never having done to the best of my knowledge. All the rest had made a start in the Christian way of life before I did at the age of 25.

As I have already stated when around 18 we moved to town. I went to work

first at a veneer factory for the large sum of five cents per hour or 50¢ per day; the next being at a frame factory at the same rate. After that I was with a building contractor at 15¢ per hour; then the following spring went out in Braxton County and worked for this same Uncle Tom France for a few months; next job being at the C & O shops in Huntington at common labor, was suspended along with hundreds of others from there to Portsmouth, Ohio at freight car repair work for the N & W Railroad. While there I answered an advertisement of a large firm in Chicago who wanted someone to appoint others for the purpose of selling their goods the which I accepted and just nicely started when I was referred to one Anna Maud Beatrice Richardson in Milton, West Virginia as a prospect, but she seemed to be interested more in myself than the job, just let that be as it may, we were married anyway within a few weeks on August 28, 1904.

After that move was over I worked a short while driving a team of horses for a transfer company. Then I got in at the American Car and Foundry Co., helping build new railroad cars. When that job was over about the first of the year I had the experience that I never had before or since of being out of work and none to be found, but in the spring of 1905 I went to work in a sawmill operating an edger and setting head-blocks; while working there we started housekeeping. Prior to this time Beatrice had been working in a dry goods store. In 1907 I started doing car work again with the C & O where I spent 10 years and living at 1610 Twelfth Avenue, Huntington, West Virginia.

In 1917 we moved to Wellsville, Ohio where I worked two years for the Pennsylvania Railroad. From there we moved to Hartland Center in Huron County, Ohio; where I spent the most sorrowful miserable 10 months of all my 69 years of life trying to please and satisfy the most unreasonable employer of all my experience whose name was A.K. Bascre. After some 8 or 9 months we moved to Collins where I spent seven years working for F. W. Liles. Then one G. A. Miller visited us several times

insisting that I tend his 200 acre dairy farm on the shares, so we moved into Lorain County and spent 4 years there until his son decided he was ready to take over. So on March 1, 1931 we moved to the A. S. Davidson farm and have lived here longer than any other place in either of our lives, tending his farm on shares for 11 years, then Richard took my place for almost one year, so I worked a few weeks for the Bender Body Co., in Elyria until they went bankrupt and the place was closed up; then a few weeks helping Richard harvest oats and wheat, after which I started working for Colson Corporation in July 1942. Then the last of February, 1943, I sold at public auction all my stock, tools and feed, continuing to work for Colson until May 1952. Since then I have not been able to do an honest day's work for anyone because of what the doctors call an enlarged heart.

The next in line being Mary M. Meehling, who never worked out for anyone that I know of, was married in about one year after moving from the city back to the farm or about 1906 to one Lee Meadows who also worked most of his life on railroad cars. I think they reared seven children. She was born February 2, 1887 and died in July 1946. Her husband has retired and is living with one of their children.

And now for a younger brother, Ezra Meehling: Born July 16, 1888, married into the same family as I did. If he ever worked at anything other than a furniture factory, I do not remember it. Married about 1907 or 1908, he was foreman of the painting and polishing department just a few years later, then later in life they moved to Hagerstown, Maryland. After being there a number of years, they then went to Kankakee, Illinois. From there to St. Marys, Ohio, all of these years serving as foreman until just a few years back. Ezra's health failed him so he worked as night watchman for a milk company and later got in at the Lima, Ohio Sanitorium where he still works as guard or watchman. They are the only ones of our parents' family who have never had a death in the family. They have two sons and three daughters.

Well, here goes for the last and least in stature, William Mc Meehling, born January 5, 1890, he is some taller than dad was, but small in comparison to the other six but still is in as good or better condition physically than I was 25 or 30 years ago. One reason for that no doubt is that he got more education than most any of the rest of us and has never had to put in much time at heavy hard labor. By my leaving the state when he was 17 I don't remember ^{of} but three different jobs at which we was ever employed; one was on a sheep ranch out west; the other was driving a laundry truck for our cousin, Oscar France in Huntington; then he started selling life insurance and is still at it. I spent one pleasant day with him last September driving part time in the city, part time out in the hills visiting his customers and drumming up new ones.

He married Mollie Langdon about 1917, raised seven children all of who m are still living except the eldest son who fell in the field of battle in Italy during the last World War.

And now for a few lines or pages or preamble. This old home place is located on the head waters of Little Cabell Creek in Barboursville District, Cabell County, West Virginia. The post office was originally Cox's Landing, until the days of RFD, then changing to Lesage, later to Ona. During the younger days of my life there was a picket fence enclosing about one acre garden spot of rolling land within which were two pear trees, one Milan apple tree, a three-row grape arbor, artichokes, and hops from which grandmother made her one yeast and backing light bread the which it seems I can almost smell and taste yet. Several plants and herbs of which I cannot recall, from which she made about all the medicines she ever used.

Grandfather and grandmother were of Roman Catholic faith, but I know of no one of their descendants who followed them in the same; grandmother was very

superstitious, believing in ghosts, witches, haunts, tokens; she is the only person I ever saw have candles burning at time of death to light her way through.

Father and mother were members of the United Brethern Church all of their lives as far back as I can remember and they were very much stricter with us seven children than I ever see anyone doing today. According to Proverbs 12:24 and Proverbs 19:18, they were only doing their Christian duty. They never sent us to Sunday School and Church, no they took us there and saw that we conducted ourselves about right or else we were punished for the which I am thankful until this day.

Until I was 10 or 12 years of age, services were conducted in the schoolhouse where I attended school; then I saw the church building erected nearby where some of the teachers would take the entire school to the afternoon services, some of these teachers would open each school day with song, scripture and prayer, but I saw just the other day where one of the northeastern states has even prohibited a Bible being brought into the school building at all.

The same old one-room schoolhouse where we attended is being used today; the only difference I notice is a vestibule. I was seven before being started to school and five months per year, staying at the home to help with work at times; no truant officer, no grade card, no promotion, until you of your own accord, felt capable of a grade higher and had the proper books; then you were advanced. Anyway, I only finished the fourth grade and quit while in the fifth; because of this I have worked right up to where I could see promotion in sight a number of times, but had to watch someone else take it because of my lack in mathematics. And yet when studying ancient or modern history, either I can think of no time, place or family, in which I would rather have been born, but why? Well, I have seen the rail and brush fence come on through to the electric;

the ox and horse power give way to more convenient, capable ways of accomplishment. The first street cars I ever saw were drawn by two horses, yet they have served their purpose and gone.

On the old homeplace I have seen the sun darkened by wild geese and ducks flying over, while now it is the airplanes sailing through the same blue sky. Yes, one of my age can go on and on from the ice house to the refrigerator, from the cylinder talking machine to the radio and television, from the flintrock, then the cap buster to modern guns of today. Yes, even from the hoop skirt to the bustle to the puff or lamb quarter sleeve, to the rat or roll of rags in their hair. Also from the grist mill to the ready mix of which even an old clod-hopper like myself can do good baking.

So you see there is just no end to the improvements of the last 70 years. But these are only temporal affairs; where has America gone in her spiritual line of life? How many of us are seeking first His kingdom as He tells us, Matt. 6:33? Again, how many are acting according to the third chapter of second Timothy? Practically anyone can quote John 3:16, but who can quote I John 3:16 and why?

Another reason I have for being so content of being born at the exact date is because of the McGuffey Readers. The school books compiled by William Holmes McGuffey had a greater influence on the youth of ^a half century ago than any books ever published except the Holy Bible. The greatest influences on my young life were a Godly mother, the Holy Bible, and McGuffey Readers. Why were they ever taken out of the schools and replaced by wishy-washy fairy tales that have no morals in them. Yes, those McGuffey's were wonderful and quite often yet something reminds me of a good lesson

I learned such as the Wolf; "the truth itself is not believed by one who often has deceived"; of Meddlesome Matty, getting snuff in her eyes; or if you would have your learning stay be patient, don't learn too fast for the man who travels one mile each day will get around the world at last.

Alonzo Franklin Meehling

Here I thought I was through writing as concerning the Meehlings, but instead I am being requested to write more of myself and my immediate family. While it is fresh on my mind, I would like to mention an incident of just last Sunday. Thelma, our oldest daughter, for the third time has made the statement that their son, Stafford, can and does talk sometimes so far above them that they cannot even follow him, although they each have had a high school education, then other schooling sufficient so as to be employed at present doing office work. (Therefore, if I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh a barbarian, and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto me - I Cor. 14:11) . So who shall be profited thereby?

This reminds me of another incident in my own life. I, being a member of a cooperative milk association which went bankrupt, asked the attorney why they could not compete with others, since the government had loaned them \$1,000,000 and we, the producers, were receiving 2¢ less per gallon as stock in the company. He took near an hour to pretend to answer my question. At the end I asked others if they thought he had even touched on the subject as to answering my question - they all shook their heads or said no. I have seen lawsuits where the lawyers would pull just such stunts with the exact purpose of confusing someone into making a false statement, and thereby enable him to win the case, right or wrong.

When the milk company went bankrupt I lost around five or six hundred dollars in stock, some others as much as \$3,000 in comparison to the length of time and amount of milk being shipped. The president of this company lived some 12 or 14 miles southwest of here, and just a few years later a cyclone came directly across his farm, killing him and turning a good portion of his buildings into kindling wood. Now think not that I am insinuating that this befell him just because he helped to wrong us farmers, but sometimes such is the case, while at other times such is deliberately not the case.

Yes, I wouldn't doubt if some of my own kin and relatives who read what I hope to put in this tablet, don't begin to wonder if the old cad hasn't got a screw loose or a wheel out of line in the belfry; but by the grace of God, I hope to give you nothing but the truth.

Now back to this wonderful education. I have tried to picture to you the experience I have had with those who had the same, and what their aim in life seemed to be. Therefore, I pray God the Father, in the name of His son, Jesus Christ, and by the power of the Holy Ghost, that He delivers you, Stafford, from any such life. Don't I beseech you, never forget the fact that covetousness is idolatry; and here I wish to testify to the fact that that is one sin the which has never been so hard for me to overcome; well I do remember of picking the first few wild strawberries to be found and saving the larger, better ones for mother; many be the time in life that I have been harassed, vexed, and wearied almost to the breaking point over paying my tithe, over which I have given very little. How has that attitude paid? I have never been in want for any if the necessary things in life, and have had quite a few that were unnecessary, and on top of that, twice in life have I had to ask Him to stay His hand for fear that I might die. (Mal.3:10).

Now, for the absent minded professor, many be the time I have read jokes about them in the comics, but little did I ever expect to have to delay some of the things you are requesting for six weeks because you write me and then forget to mail me the same - if that had been me it would of been just as per usual. Now, Junior, I have written some things that I probably would have left out had I received your reply sooner. I have known since you were a mere child that you had an intellect as far above anything I ever possessed as Pike's Peak is above an Indian mound; yet it is still necessary for each of us either to bow to the finality of the sovereignty of God as revealed in His Word, or to fall into any of a thousand follies.

Here is one of those follies as I see it: How can your own parents including my own beloved daughter, fall for Christian Science? Why is it referred to as "Christian" at all, when they definitely contradict His Word and put that of Mary Baker Eddy's as against His? Doesn't it stand to reason that He is just exactly what He pretended Himself to be or else is the greatest fake and farce that this world has ever known? But, thanks be unto God, I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have bestowed unto Him against that day. And along with the apostle Paul, it is not hard at all for me to believe as he says that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. (I. Tim. 3:16).

Now back to my childhood days, and, concerning the spiritual and religious experiences thereof, the first I remember was before I became of school age, how I wondered if I myself hadn't at one time been a mere insect and when I died I was again born or hatched of a larger and better type if I had been good, or of a lower and smaller type if I had been mean until now I am a human and wondering if I may be an angel next - much was I surprised later in life to find, according to the missionaries, that there were people who believed and thought just such things. Then later still did I come in contact with evolution of the which I made quite a study and believe I have found some things that have been of use to me in understanding the Scripture better, but I would advise those who have not studied the Bible earnestly and become confirmed in the truth thereof to leave evolution alone because, as a whole, it is misleading.

Next I would judge it to of been some thre or four years later, after Mother had read the Scripture and Father was leading in prayer before retiring, I wondered why I should not pray also. So I did the best I knew how, on my knees, my arms folded, eyes closed, forehead resting on my arms, arms on the seat of the chair. I thought there was a host, or circle, of angels all around me; it was so assuring that I opened my eyes of

the flesh, hoping to see them in that sense of the word also, but that did not seem to be His will at this time, and why? As I see it, it was because He had something better for me in the near future.

In those days the wheat was thrashed by horse power, and instead of a blowpipe to handle the straw, there was a conveyer, the which just piled it in one spot, so Dad had them arrange the machine so the straw would fly down a steep bluff or bank. A short while later, I, as I have mentioned heretofore of myself being the odd fellow or lone wolf, was using this straw as children of today do the slickey slide. When tired of the sport, and laying there facing the east, I began to study, or meditate, and wonder how God ever held the loose rocks, houses, or even ourselves from falling off the earth at night when, as I thought of it, it would be upside down; also looking at the horizon in the east, there was a dark bank of clouds just above the treetops, and I wondered how far one would have to go to see where the sky came down to the earth. Next I began to wonder why, as I had heard Mother read in the Bible and was being taught in Sunday School how people in other days had seen miracles, angels, and Jesus, that we never saw anything of that kind. I again looked at that cloud, and of a truth, if I ever have seen my father, mother, sister, brother, son, or daughter, I saw the Lord Jesus standing on that cloud and, as per usual, and when I looked back for Him, He had disappeared; so let's never forget how He told us to suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Then a few years later while alone, well do I remember the place, and the effect it had on me, when, through a fit of anger, I for the first time took His name in vain; if someone had of slapped me open-handed in the face it would have had no more effect physically than that act did on me spiritually. I felt condemned, ashamed, afraid, as I believe it was with Adam at that first sin in his life. I wanted to sneak

away and hide. A short while after this occurred, I noticed myself saying, I wish, I wish, yes for sixteen long years thousands of times did I repeat those two words with no idea of what it was I was longing for, so to try and satisfy that longing I rejected not anything this world had to offer to the full extent of breaking each of His Ten Commandments again and again. But that desire for something I had not, still caused me to repeat, I wish, I wish, I wish.

Then when nearing the age of twenty-five, our first-born son was allowed to stay with us less than twenty-four hours, it being the first death in any of my parents' families since before the day of my birth. That, I think of as stroke number one. Just a few months later Mother left us, which meant stroke number two to my heart. I was so overthrown, or overcast, that I knew not which way to turn or where to look for relief, until a few weeks later, just for some place to go, I walked into a church service on Sunday afternoon. I had not reached a seat yet when I realized, by the expression of joy and satisfaction expressed on those peoples' faces, that they had in their hearts that for which I had been wishing all these years. So before leaving that church, I was, as I understand it, reformed, or converted; but thanks be unto God, within thirty some hours later, while at home, I was regenerated, or born of the Spirit, and well do I remember that as being the first time in my life when I knew what it meant to shed tears of joy while rejoicing in the Lord.

Then just five or six weeks later, while walking in the light to the very best of my ability, and praying much that He would lead me in all of His ways, I became deeply impressed that He would have me go into the slums and red-light districts of the town where I had served Satan and testify for Him. That became, as it were, a mountain in my path. I feared I might yield again; I also feared what people would say if I were seen in that locality, but God kept on insisting until I was almost ready to throw up my hands in despair. One evening after coming home from a cottage prayer service, and trying to lead in prayer at the family altar. I could find no words to utter.

Yet, I remained there until after midnight, and (likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. Rom.8:26) when I arose God baptised me with the Holy Ghost and fire, even as He did his followers on the day of Pentecost. As I passed out of the front room into the dining room rejoicing with all my heart in the Lord, my vocal cords (not I) said, "Mother". I, of course, thought that strange; within just a few seconds the same thing occurred again, although I had forgotten the first instance. Then I felt impressed that Mother, wherever she may be, realized what had happened to Lonnie's life, so I sang part of that old song: "Tell Mother I'll be there, Heaven's joy to her to share; Yes, tell my darling Mother I'll be there". Never before, and never since has my gift of speech been used to speak something the which I directed it not to speak.

The, still rejoicing in the Lord and the power of His might, I stepped out on the back porch and saw Luke 19:40 fulfilled: as I saw it, the very houses, the fence posts, the moon and stars, crying out their praises unto Him - everything seemed to be happy in the Lord. Then as I turned back inside I sang "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, plain or sea; I'll sing what you want me to sing, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be" - and I can of the truth, with all honesty of heart, say that I, to the best of my ability, for the last 12 or 14 years, kept that promise.

The next day, instead of going to work at the shops, I with his Spirit in my heart, and His Word in my hand, went where He had called me to go. The first soul I spoke to told me it had been 18 years since anyone had approached him as concentering his spiritual welfare, so while dealing with him a cop came around the corner, took charge of the two of us, called the wagon, and took us to jail. When there, he unlocked the door, shoved the other fellow in, and told me to go on. This instance, as I have often thought, seemed to be Satan's first warning of what he would do if I didn't stay out of his backyard, but it wasn't long 'till others who were much better leaders than I, became

interested, therefore, we conducted services in the county jail, in huts, cabins, shanty boats - yes, I remember one open-air meeting where people kneeled in an unpaved street and prayed through to victory in the Lord.

Now from here on I hope to touch just a few of the high lights as concerning my Christian life and experiences, and if anyone thinks I am becoming boastful, let him turn to Psalms 34:18 for there is a key that still unlocks the windows of Heaven - or Isa. 57-15.

Within the next few years I saw three of my offspring planted beneath the sod after going to their full time. The fourth one, being about three and a half months premature, the doctor, of course, said she would not live. Then well do I remember of going into another bedroom there on my knees accusing God of being unfair with me. Here again, in order to put me in my place, did He shock me as severe as if someone had of slapped me in the face, after the which I humbled myself and still pled for the child's life, as best I remember, for five or ten minutes, after the which I came out and told Mother the child would live. Today she is mother of a son 18, and a daughter five, her skull still has an open space about the same as normal child at time of birth.

Time, time, time again have I seen people healed of minor diseases through prayer, anointing with oil, and the laying on of hands. One at the church alter was healed of what the doctors had called T.B. Another young man, Tom Dundas, a very active worker in the church, quit because other young men made sport of him and his religion; shortly afterward he became insane to such extent that he shot himself, but recovered. One John Ash suggested that we fast one 24 hours and pray before approaching this case. When we came to the house he was in a darkened room of his own choice because, as he put it, there were devils all around - even in the food and water that was offered him.

He for weeks wouldn't allow anything of a religious nature in the house; when he saw that was what we had come for, he tried to escape, but we guarded the doors, and windows also, for fear he might hurt himself. Then, as I remember, he acted like a wild animal trying to escape, running against furniture and the rest of us, 'till exhausted, he sat down covering his face with his hands. Then Brother Ash anointed him with oil, we layed our hands on him and prayed, and he was healed. He sat there and talked and acted as intelligent as anyone else for 30 minutes or maybe an hour, when Brother Ash quoted, "Go thy way and sin no more". Well do I remember that awful expression on Tom's face, again his head and shoulders drooped, he began mumbling unintelligently, and some two or three years later died in an insane asylum. Had he accepted the offer given, I am confident to this day his condition would have been different.

Around near this same time in life, I saw Acts 2:17 fulfilled. The ceiling and roof of the church disappearing, I saw things the which it were unlawful for me to mention - also read II Cor.12:1-10. Why unlawful? Because the human mind or intellect is not equal to expound or define what has been seen. Am I boasting? God forbid! I am only a sinner saved by Grace.

Since I accepted the Scriptures as the true Word of God, it became necessary that I meet with opposition; if you wish to know why, read the third chapter of Second Timothy, or, especially, John 17:14. There are those among us who believe in the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of Man, but no such thing has ever been manifested, and never will be as long as time shall last. No, He said of His followers, "They are not of this world, even as I am not of this world", yes, there were others He told that they were of their father the Devil.

So in June 1917, I found myself, along with some 16 or 18 others, transferred from skilled to common labour with less than half the pay, but just a few weeks later I was located in Wellsville, Ohio earning double the money I had ever earned before.

After about six months there was a siege of typhoid fever in the town and I was so sick that I knew not at times where I was or what I was saying, the doctor calling twice per day. When the doctor and one Brother Chapman dropped in, anointed my head, layed on their hands, and prayed, the feeling that went through my entire body was very much like that you get when you touch an electric wire, but I realized not what had happened until they were gone. Then I called the wife and told her that the fever was gone. The doctor called a few hours later and said also that my temperature was normal. Oh, the many, many blessings we miss for lack of faith. The next day by streetcar I went to East Liverpool; the following Monday I was at work again.

I was in Wellsville when this country entered the first World War. For eight years I had tried the best I knew how to practice the Golden Rule; therefore (I) met with opposition on all sides as has always the case and will be to the end of time. Signs were posted all over the country saying "To Hell with the Kaiser", and "swat the brutes with Liberty Bonds"; men on every side of me, cursing the Germans to the most low degraded things they could think of, finally asked me, seeing I took no part in the matter, if I wouldn't like to kill the Kaiser or some of the "Huns", as they called them. I said no, I had no desire to kill anyone here or over there because I believed there were some righteous as well as wicked in Germany the same as here in America. I was warned there that that didn't sound very patriotic. A little later on I heard some of our preachers make the statement that every mother's son of our boys lost in that war went straight to heaven; at the same time the Germans were wearing a badge that said "Gott mit us".

The men among whom I worked very often wanted Meehling's idea on such matters as to which was right - and why/^{were} they asking me? Just for the same reason that the scribes and the Pharisees questioned Christ, hoping to trip me up to the point where they could prefer charges that would condemn me. But thanks be unto God, He led me in the way

of righteousness and delivered me out of their hand even though they formed a mob and laid hands on me and while leading me to the office I was cursed by white, blacks, Italians, Slavs, Greeks, and Hungarians, some of them insisting that they take me over to the bank and drown me, others wishing for a rope with which to hang me; but with one man holding each of my arms, I was led to the office steps. There I tried to speak to them, but they acted so like a herd of stampeded cattle that I could not get their attention. By this time a railroad detective had pushed through the mob and got to my side making the statement that he had a bluesteel in each hip pocket, and if they started anything rough, he would give me one of them. Until that instant I had felt like rejoicing in the Lord just to think that He would consider me worthy of actually being persecuted ^{for} ~~in~~ His name's sake. The officer finally persuaded them to send their witnesses and he would take me before the mayor, which he did, but they had no charges against me of which they were able to make a case, so that proved to be His way of escape for me. Before the day was over I was in Youngstown, some 30 miles away, had a job and a place to board with an old Christian Friend, Charles Cox, and his wife, from Huntington. When Christ was being put to death, He prayed forgiveness for those fellows who did the job; when Stephen was stoned to death he prayed the Lord to lay not that sin to their charge. I am thankful that by His grace that was, and is yet today, my attitude toward those mislead men and women.

Because of sickness at home, I returned to Wellsville on the first Armistice Day and worked in a rolling mill 'till the next spring, when I made, as it would seem to me, the biggest mistake, or sorriest move, of all my life by moving into a neighborhood that was spiritually dead, working on a job that required all my time from before daylight until after dark. I starved to death, spiritually speaking; within less than six months I could only think of myself as the prodigal son. But everyone He loveth, them does He

chasten, so I finally found myself in the hospital and passing very near death's door. Then, while recuperating from a serious operation, I, as did the prodigal, returned to my Father's house and was received by Him.

Now for 23 months I have spent near one half of the time alone because of ill health. Have I ever been lonesome? No. I would deliberately lie if I said otherwise, because He is ever near my side. But I find that religious life requires nourishment and constant care (Prov. 29:18) through prayer, studying the Word, and obedience to the same.

And now, for conclusion, Stafford, I would like to make this statement as to how: It is good to be great, but greater to be good; and you will not find the road too crowded with those who seek to reach the top by kneeling.

A. F. Meehling

Oberlin, Ohio

April 8, 1954

25

The Matilda Meekling Murder Case

p. 1. March 6, 1876, in the Circuit Court. Hon. Evermont Ward of the 9th Judicial Circuit of West Va.

of A grand jury composed
W. Lewis Peters, Foreman,
Wm. E. Ray
Lewis Diehl
J. F. Stewart
Julius W. McCullough
Paul H. Davis
Joseph N. Blackwood
S. S. Simmons
Moses Hatfield
Thompson Morrison
H. J. Samuels
Geo. E. Thornburg
F. M. Ferrell
William L. Childers
Charles H. Summerson

after some time returned
into court with three in-
dictments, one of which was
a true bill against Matilda

p. 16 -

Mahda Meekling indicted for the murder of Charles P. Meekling was brought into court by the jailor, and she having informed the court that she had no counsel and was too poor to afford counsel, the court appointed William J. Thompson and C. E. Smith to defend her. The attorneys moved the Court to quash the indictment, and demurred generally to the indictment. Both motions were overruled. The prisoner plead not guilty, and was remanded to jail. (March 8, 1876)

p. 17. March 9, 1876 -

This case came to trial before the following as a jury:

James H. Vandiver	Reason Wheeler
Noah Bowen	Calvary Keaton
Henry Spangenburg	Mathew Brown
John Ferguson	Winchester Adk.
H. S. Clark	
Benjamin Ray	
John Swinn	
A. H. Melrose	

27
After the jury was chosen and sworn. Geo. F. Miller, deputy for D. I. Smith, Sheriff, was given charge of the jury, and given the usual oath not to speak to or allow any one to speak to them concerning the case, after which court adjourned till next day, at 8½ o'clock. The prisoner was remanded to jail

p. 19 - March 10, 1876 -

The sheriff, D. I. Smith and his deputy, brought the prisoner into court.

The verdict was "guilty of murder in the first degree, as charged in the within indictment," and that she be "confined in the penitentiary."

She was remanded to jail and court adjourned till next day.

The judge signed all these records in a beautiful and very bold hand.

28
p. 17 - Monday March 13, 1876

The jailor brought the prisoner into court. The judge inquired whether she had any thing to say before sentence should be passed upon her, and the answer being no, sentenced to the "public jail and penitentiary house of this state and be therein confined for and during her natural life, in accordance with law and the verdict of the jury"

She was then remanded to jail.

The Meehling Family.

Karl Frederick Meehling and his wife, Katherine M. (Lutz) Meehling, came to America, about 1840, ~~to~~ or 1841, by way of New York, from Baden-Baden, Germany, on the Rhine, where they had lived. They first settled, at Branton, Ohio, where ~~they lived~~. where he was naturalized.

He was born about 1820, and died, in 1892, near Cox's Landing, Cabell County. When in Germany, he had been a ship's carpenter, for the German government. Here, he was a farmer, and vinyardist.

Their children:

I. Charles Meehling,

m. Matilda Mays, daughter of Hamilton Mays and Mays, who lived, on the waters of Mud River, above Milton.

~~They had four children:~~

She was born about , and died, in the West Virginia penitentiary, on October 28, 1882, where she was sent, for the murder of her husband, in 1882, 1895.

2,

It was one of the vilest murders
ever committed. The story will follow.

They had four children:

31

Warden's Office

March 24, 19 52

F. B. Lambert
Barboursville, W. Va.

Dear Sir:

Relative to your request concerning a Matilda Meehling.

Our records indicate that Matilda Meehling died on October 28, 1882. We have no record of the cause of her death.

We hope this information is satisfactory.

W. VA. PENITENTIARY

blp

John Charles Meehling

b. Feb. 2, 1854

d. Sept. 22, 1927

Matilda Jane Meehling

b. March 26, 1855

d. Jan. 14, 1909.

m.

Andrew J. Meehling.

b. Aug. 13, 1876

d. Aug. 28, 1878

Charles Meehling

b. Nov. 7, 1877

m. Netty Nance

Adaline Meehling

b. Nov. 1, 1879

d. Dec. 24, 1944 1944

m. Wm. Clark

b.

d.

Thos. G. Meehling,

b. Dec. 5, 1880

d.

m. Pluma Halley.

Living on 4th Ave. 2nd
house above 3rd

m a brick
right going east.

Mary N. Meehling deed
b. Feb. 2, 1887

d.

m. Lee Meadows. He
lives with his dau. Clara
Clarace wife of Frank
Dial on Toul's Creek,
below Nigger Hill.

Alongo Franklin Meehling

b. Aug. 6, 1884

Lives at Oberlin, O.

m. Beatrice Richardson
of Millon, sister of
Robert of Millon.

Ezra Meehling

b. July 16, 1888

d. St. Marys, O.

m. Mary Richardson sister
of Beatrice —

William Mc Person Meehling

b. Jan. 5, 1890.

m. Mollie Langdon
dau. of Thomas. b. Oct. 20, 1887

Children - 7 - 6 living

Harold Valentine Meehling.

b. Feb. 14, 1917

d. June 24, 1944.

Killed in action in France.
A bomb exploded when he
landed, in the water, an
S. Mine. Several others killed
and wounded. He was a
Junior Deacon, sang in
the gus choir. Taught the
Young People's Church.

m. Joan (Mary Joan) Buckham
A dau. Barbara Ann

Rev. Guy Langdon Meehling

b. Sept. 28, 1918

b. 7-3-44

~~Masters degree~~
in Columbia Bible
College Columbia,
S.C.

Graduate ^{masters} Wheaton College, Wheaton
m. Cecile West, dau. of

Live near Morgantown,
College Ave.

Two ch.

Brenda Gwinn Meehling

b. 3-11-

6

Ordean Paul Meehling

b.

3.

3. Wilma May Meehling
 b. June 22, 1920
 not married. In
 State Hosp.

4. Alonzo Carlton Meehling
 b. Feb. 5, 1923
 m. Bernadine Courad,
 of Morgantown,
 Dayton, Ohio.
 545 Willshire Blvd.
 Dayton 9, O.
 He is in the Reserve
 at Wright Air Field.
 A machinist, blue
 prints, etc. An engineer.
 Graduate masters—
 W. U. U.

No ch.

5. ²Geno~~el~~ Elmer Meehling
 b. Aug. 8, 1924.
 Single. Was in
 2nd world war.
 He is in Hospital
 at Chillicothe, O.
 Was in Invasion at
 Normandy. F.

36
He was also wounded
in another battle.

6. Mary Eloise, at home
b. April 11, 1927
m. Her Lewis Maynard,
Divorced. One
daughter.
Carol May Maynard
b. 3-23-1946.

7. Thomas Earl
b. Nov. 20, 1934
Single. In High
School - East High
in Trade School.

Iros. Griffith Meehlings children:

Madeline Meehling

b. June 30, 1906

m. Francis Chapman

Live on 8th Ave., about
22nd St.

Catherine Jane Meehling

b. Sept. 21, 1924

not m. Lives with
her mother, Pluma M.,
above 20th St. St., on
4th Ave.

By Wm. McPherson³³
meehling
The Meehlings. 3450 Riverside
Drive Nov. 15, 1935.

The first Meehling who came to
Cobell Co. was Karl Frederick Meeh-
ling, and Katherine M. Meehling.
They settled at Ironton, O. They
came to New York from Baden-
Baden, on the Rhine, ^{Her maiden} she was
^{name was Katherine Lutz}
~~born Katherine Lutz~~, She was also
from Baden-Baden. They were
married in New York City. He
was naturalized here at Ironton
Ohio. They came over about

I was born Jan. 5, 1890,
the youngest of 8 children.

Karl F. Meehling

b.

d.

See naturalization papers
at Ironton, Ohio.

He d. in 1892, at near
Cox's Landing, at 22, hence,
b. in 1820, and came
to America about 1840
or 1841. He was a
ships carpenter, for the
H. ...

His father was a farmer
and raised sheep and vineyards

Children:

I Charles ^P Meehling

m. Matilda Mays.
b. Children d. Jan. 16, 1895
4

1. John Meehling?

m. ^{Julia?} Amanda Bishop
daug. of Lem. & Rebecca
Bishop of Mill Br.
of 7 mile, She lives
on Short St. Guyan
dote with her oldest
son, Homer, 2nd
child. Lives at
300 or about in
Guyandotte, Short St.

2. Elizabeth Meehling

m. Charles Woodward
oldest son of Amos
and — Woodyard
(See Jack Woodyard
on Emmons or
(1st) Ave. about
or below Division
St. (27 1/2) See
Irene Evans, just
below Highlawn

40

about 4 or 5th.
house — wife of
Bill Evans, Prin. at
Guyandotte.

3. Fred Meehling

m. Chapman,
Lived on Fudge Cr
Both dead.

Children:

1. Sylvia m. Geo. Butts.
Lives back of
the Flood Wall
near the C. & O.
Tracks, below Nickel
Plant in Guyandotte

2. Henry Meehling

m. Lewis,
aunt of Rev. Lewis,
pastor of Highland
Baptist Ch. &
they are now
in New York
City. Live there

~~3.~~
4. Joseph Meehling d.
about 30-35 yrs
old, about 1906.
m. Kate Morrison
3 daus.

1. Mammie M. Bias
 a policeman. Lives
 at about 240-250
 S. Walnut St.
 2 sons.

2. Joe Meehling
 killed accident-
 ally, on Merritts
 Cr. near the
 girl scouts camp
 Single, about
 19.

3. Charles Meehling
 a bachelor,
 gr. son of
 Charles M. who
 was murdered
 lives on ^{Upper} Loms,
 Cr. near Wirt
 Keenan's farm.
 His mother
 lives with him

2. Kathrine Magdalena Blechling
 m. Andrew Taylor Clark,
 of Seven Mile,
 Children:

Sophrona Clark (Widow)

m. Wall Floyd

She lives back of
 Howells Mill, bet
 Little Cabell & Big
 Cabell, on the
 ridge, in Howells
 Mill. (Earl Denison
 gets mail, at Qua
 W. Va.) Sophrona is
 still living near
 Henry Ray. Several
 children by Floyd.
 Grace ~~Mechling~~ ^{Clark}, young
 est dau

m. Oat Blake,
 Son of Pres Blake
 who m. Eliza How-
 ard, sister of
 Little Hugh

Mary Clark

m. Henry Knight,
of Lesage

Children: In part,
Marie Knight deed

m. Neely
of Buckhannon.

A bro. Earl

Neely lives about
8th or 9th Ave.,
below 20th St.

Naomi Knight

m. Bishop

Call Mrs. Meschling
Ph. 8843.

She works in base-
ment Huntington Dry Goods

Gilbert Clark lives

in Huntington,
near Rotary Park,
on Overlook Drive
off 28th St. To
left of top of hill
in row 9 of.

He m. Davis

son of Frank Davis
of Big Cabell

George Clark, d
m. Oddie Hollo

She lives just
below Taylor Clark

D. 51 ... D ...

Cabell Cr., near
Hall School, Earl
Harrison lives
below the Sandridge
farm)

3. John Charles Meehling,
youngest son of Karl
F. & Kathrine M. Meehling
b. Feb. 2, 1854
d. Sept. 21, 1927

³⁻²⁵⁻¹⁸⁵⁵
b. ~~June 30, 1906~~
d. Jan 14, 1909
member U.B. Ch.,
at Hall.

m. Matilda J. France,
da. of Wm. Henry France
first of (weg from Pa)
of France Cr., Seven
Mile, They m. at 21
& 20, (Call my home)

Wm Henry France
m. Patience Sowards
da. of Tom Sowards
and wife. They were
parents of Dave Sowards
and Isaac, Henry,
Griff, Tom, etc

David Sowards decd
m. Lanthia Burns
decd, parents of
Henry, Ike, David
etc

John Chas. Meehling
 m. Matilda Jane France
 Children

1 Andrew Taylor Meehling
 d. of membranous
 Croup, at 2 yrs.

2 Charles Henry Meehling
 lives on Rte 10, at Salt Rock
 m. Nettie France,
 dau. of Albert France.
 Children: 4 or more

~~Howard Meehling~~
 Chas Henry lives
 below Salt Rock,
 about a mi. on
 right going toward
 West Hamlin

3 Lina M. Meehling
 m. Wm. A. Clark,
 Both dead.
 Children:

Elsie m. Max Carson
 Son of Herbert C.
 He runs a
 Store at head
 of 7 mile

2. Irene Clark

m. Wm. Evans

Prin. at Guyan
dolls. 1 son,
James.

3. Wm. Auburn Clark

Lives at the old
Meehling farm on
head of Little
Cabell Cr. Qua.
W. Va. No ch.

4. Carl Clark.

Lives at Lafayette,
Indiana

5. Levita Clark

m. 1

m. 2

Lafayette, Ind

6. ———, dau

m. James
Lives at Lafayette
Ind.

7. Homer Clark

Lives ———
in U. S. Navy?

— 5.3

4. Thomas Griffin Meekling
b. d.

m. 1. Ada Bias, dau.
of Andy Bias of Roby
Hollow, City. She d

A dau. Madeline
m. Francis Chapman
S.W. Cor. of 8th Ave & 2nd St
Son of Isaac Ch Dr.

m. 2. Pluma Halley
sister of Waldo
Halley.

One dau
Katherine Jane
Meekling. Single.

They live at 2065,
4th Ave, City,
in a large brick.

5. Mary Magdalene Meekling

m. Roy Lee Meadows
son of Mrs. Hiram Vaughn
possibly by a Gooch

Children:
Leona Meadows
m. "Bud" Nance,
son of Albert

Bernie Golden Meadows
 m. Carter,
 of Lesage, W. Va
 Live at Akron or
 Detroit. Owns a
 fleet of Taxis

Bessie Meadows,
 m. Carter,
 a widow, niece?
 of above.
 Live near Glen-
 wood?

Clarie Meadows
 m. Frank Hial,
 bro. of Bill Hial
 of Nigger Hill
 R. L. Meadows's
 father lives with
 them.
 Several ch.

Earl Meadows,
 m.
 Lives on 3rd
 Ave., on left
 above Short St.
 in Gay and St.

~~57. Ezra O. Meehling~~
~~m. May Richardson,~~
~~Sister of Robt. Richard~~
~~son of Milton~~

6. ~~Alongo Frederick Meehling~~
~~m. Anna Maud Peabree~~
~~Richardson~~
~~Sister of Robert R. of~~
~~Milton. They live~~
~~at St. Mary's Ohio~~
~~Children~~

7 ~~Ex~~ Ezra. see
above

{ Oscar Meehling -
Hagerstown Md
Owen Carl Meehling
Southern Cal. ?
Evelyn Meehling,
m.
live at Hager-
stown, Md.
Gladys Meehling
m 3 times,
1st time

50

Ezra { Dorathy Meehling
m. recently.
St. Mary's O.

~~Ezra~~

6. Alouzo Frederick Meehling
m. Anna Mand Beatrice
Richardson, sister of
Robert Richardson of
Millon. Lives at Overlin
Camp.
Children

1. Thelma Meehling.
m.

2. Margaret Meehling
m.

3. Richard Meekling
m.

an air pilot
for U.S. Gov't

8. Wm. Mc Pherson Meekling
b. Jan. 5 - 1890

m. Mollie May Langdon,
dan. of Thomas Otho
Langdon of Lesage,
who m. Rosella Jones,
dan. of Jacob Jones,
and
of Mc Dowell Co.

Children: - 7 one dead

1. Harold Valentine Meekling
b. Feb. 14, 1917,
d. June 24, 1944,
at San Lowe, France,
Killed in action.
He was a Junior
Deacon of Elmwood
Baptist Church

m. Joan Buckhaman

A dau.

Barbara Ann
Meehling, Clay W. Va

She m. 2 Harold Vass,

A son Homer

Harold Vass b.

Oct. 28, 1952.

2. Guy Langdon Meehling

Deeds

Katherine M. Meehling was the first of the family to buy land in Cabell County. She bought 160 acres of Henry Carter, on Cabell Creek, in 1872 - (Deed Bk 17 p 306)

Charles J. Meehling, her son, bought the Wm Kuchman farm, on Mill Branch - 114 a., in 1874. He bought it of the Greenberys.

Another son: John C. Meehling, bought 5.5 a., on Mill Branch of Seven Miles from Mr. James E. Erwin, in 1886.

Deed Bk. 42 p. 354 (1895) dated May 10, 1893. Catherine M.

Meehling deed 53 $\frac{1}{3}$ a., on Little Cabell Cr. to John Meehling,

Elizabeth Woodyard, Charles F. Meehling, and James M. Meehling. She also mentioned Catherine M.

Clark (her dau.) - A dau. Grace

Blake, wife of Oat Blake.

dau. of
Chas Meehling
who was
murdered

John C. Meehling — Made a
will — Oct. 21, 1897 (S-467)

Will Bk S p. 467 d. Aug. 1927.
She d. 1909.

Lesage June 3, 1916, all
property, of every kind, to be
equally divided, among his
seven children:

John C. Meehling m. Matilda Frances	{	Charles H. Meehling	{ Below S. R. R.
		m. Nettie Nance	
	{	Thos. H. Meehling	{
		m. 1. Ada Bias	
	{	Edaline Clark	{
		m. 2. Emma Halley	
	{	m. Wm. Clark of 7 mile	{
		Alongo F. Meehling	
	{	m. Beatrice	{
		Mary M. Meadows decd	
Sister of Beatrice	{	m. Lee Meadows decd	{
		Ezra O. Meehling	
		m. May	Franklin is a son-in- law.
		William M. Meehling	
		m. Molly Landon	

except that Alongo F. and
Ezra O. Meehling are each
to have \$25 more than
the others.

Probated Oct. 21, 1927

Witnesses:

R. F. Branner.

Hannie "

Nathan Coberly, (Lived on
the Branner
place at
Nine mi. N.)

No other Meehling wills.

Other deeds were made to

{ Fred Meehling by Nicholas Mays, 1897
Son of Chas & Malinda

{ John Meehling by Joseph M.

{ Meehling et al 1893-

~~m. John M.~~ Julia Meehling by Azel Mc
Curdy Jr., et al 5-3 a. on
Little Calvell Cr

Others

Thos. G. Meehling 1904. City

C. F. " 1907 Mellon

Sylvia

Numer A. } 15-8-94-1919,
John } Guyandotte.

^{m. Mary}
W. H. & Sylvia Butts, bro
& sisters, ch. of Joe M.
Verna

Thos. G. & Ada B

Chas F. & Ellen E.

Joseph M & Catherine

John, Julia et als

Charles Meehling who was
murdered had 17 children - 3 sons
and 1 dau.

John Meehling

m. Amanda Bishop.

~~John~~ Joseph Meehling.

m.

Morrison

Living with Charley
Meehling her son, on
Tom's Creek

Elizabeth Meehling

m. Chas. Woodyard.

Lives with Cleve Shep-
herd (Clara) of 7 mi.
Son of Bal. He is
dead. She living.
Where?

Fred Meehling

m.

Chapman

A dau. lives in
Guyandotte. Mrs. Geo
1 son 1 dau

Fred Meehlung had two
Children;

Sylvia m. Geo Butts

Henry m. Lewis

They live in New
York.

Call Mrs. King
The Meehlugs Ph. 29501

The Murder occurred Sunday
night Jan. 16, 1875.

Some one sent to old man Meehling
that Charley Meehling (Geo. F. Miller,
son of ~~F~~ Fred Miller, was sheriff

I went to my grandfathers on
the 15th. I was b. Nov. 5, 1867
da. of Charles Philip Meehling and
Matilda Mays Meehling, Harrison
and — Mays were my gr.
parents. I visited with them in
the summer of 1874, and Aunt
Julia Mays, sister of my mother
was staying in Barboursville &
I went with her to my gr. par-
ents, and staid 3-4 days

Julia afterward m. Sam Legg,
lived at 4 Pole, and she got
drowned in the 4 Pole pulling rails
from the creek, for wood, & she
drowned and was carried down
Guyan R. Her body was never found
drowned. John and Alex were
her sons. Howard Martin of Blue
Sulphur is or was a gr. son

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Aunt Julia's dau. m. — Martin.
Lives in that section.

Geo F. Miller was sheriff in
1875. He sent word by Geo. Grimes
that Charles P. Meeking was missing.
He then came to B'ville with
uncle John Meehling, and Uncle
Taylor Clark (m. Catherine M.)
and when they got to B'ville,
Geo. F. Miller stopped them and
wanted to know where they
were going. & they told him,
he was missing and that
they must get warrants for
them. Miller & they with others
went out there, and found
both at the house. They told
them they were under arrest,
and Ed wanted to get his
tobacco, in a safe drawer.
They told him they would get
it and found a revolver.

The hanging occurred on
Friday ~~night~~ ^{evening} following, that is
on the 21st. They were
arrested Tues. the 18th of
Jan. 18. I was 16 yrs. old when
she died in 1872.

Wyke Bowen brought him the news.

Jim Shellon was jailor or turnkey. The mob made him open the jail. They said if he didn't go, they'd hang him beside Williams. A Brumfield of Ions Cr. kicked the barrel from under him.

Brumfield told my brother John and said he was 33, at the time. The rope was too long. at first and his feet rested on the ground & they raised him up and set him on the barrel & some one kicked the barrel from under him.

There were only 4 of us. I am a yr. and 9 mos older than John.

Jim Shellon went in and talked to him, and asked him what made him do it. He said told him she would give him a 3 yr. old mare coll to kill him. He had been working for them.

Mr. Beardsley was the family doctor
My father watched down from the
up stairs and saw Williams pull
her onto his lap. She was rendering
aid, on the fireplace hearth,
with a slow form. Meehling came
down the stairs ^{& got his shot} with his gun.
from the rack - probably a muzzle
loader. Williams ran out and called
back "Matilda, Darling, throw me
my gun." He went on home.
He shot from a bank.

Matilda ^{fed} Mr. Meehling
arsenic and Dr. Beardsley told him
to leave home. He said he
would stay with his children.

My bro. ^{John} saw the murder
My father saw Meehling Williams
with an axe and Meehling said
"Oh Lord he's going to kill me.
Get the prayer book, and pray
for me". My bro. said so. They
threatened to kill him, if he
didn't stop crying. He was 6
yrs. old.

They sent me to grand
fathers, to keep me from telling.

62

They said if Leggie had been there they'd have killed her too.

Jim Shelton ^{told him} to confess and pray quick as the mob was already out there. She called him a liar. They made her stand beside ~~her~~ him

The Rest Home phone is
No. 29501, Mrs. Eva Kenyon.
No. 323, 22nd St.

Mrs. Kenyon says: ^{minnie}

My father was James Perry and
Ella Catherine, sister of Bob Sanders. His
father was James Edward Perry, who
lived below Billy Mc Kendrees. Who
was my gr. mother. She m. 2 Anderson
Bias. See any of the Mc Kendrees.

Children of Chas. P. and Matilda
Meehling.

1. Elizabeth Meehling b. Nov. 5, 1867
m. Charles Abraham Woodard
b. Aug. 8, 1863, Son of
Amos and Rebecca Kile Woodard
11 children.

2. John Meehling,
b. Aug. 5, ~~1865~~ 1869
d. Feb. 2? 19 about 1640

3. Charles F. ^{Frederick} Meehling de'd

See Sylvia Meehling b. July 13, 1871
in Chas. Bull, de'd d. Feb. 14, 1916 (?) or 17?
Lives on Buffington m. Elan Chapman, dau.
SV. 4. Joseph ^{Nicholas} Meehling of "Gid" Chapman

b. April 23, 1873

d. Sept. ?, —, 1906

m. Catherine Morrison,
sister of Mrs. Angus White
Children:

Mamie m. Levi Bias,
a policeman. Killed
himself. She lives
about Walnut Hills
Lizzie m. Perry.
Fudge Cr. ?

Here I thought I was through writing as concerning the Meehlings, but instead I am being requested to write more of myself and my immediate family. While it is fresh on my mind, I would like to mention an incident of just last Sunday. Thelma, our oldest daughter for the third time has made the statement that their son, Stafford, can and does talk sometimes so far above them that they cannot even follow him, although they each have had a high school education, then other schooling sufficient so as to be employed at present doing office work. (Therefore if I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh a barbarian, and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto me. I Cor. 14:11) So who shall be profited thereby?

This reminds me of another incident in my own life. I, being a member of a cooperative milk association which went bankrupt, asked the attorney why they could not compete with others, since the government had loaned them \$1,000,000 and we, the producers, were receiving 2¢ less per gallon as stock in the company. He took near an hour to pretend to answer my question. At the end I asked others if they thought he had even touched on the subject as to answering my question - they all shook their heads or said no. I have seen lawsuits where the lawyer would pull just such stunts with the exact purpose of confusing someone into making a false statement, and thereby enable him to win the case, right or wrong.

When this milk company went bankrupt I lost around five or six hundred dollars in stock, some others as much as \$3,000 in comparison to the length of time and amount of milk being shipped. The president of this company lived some 12 or 14 miles southwest of here, and just a few years later a cyclone came directly across his farm, killing him and turning a good portion of his buildings into kindling wood. Now think not that I am insinuating that this befell him just because he helped to wrong us farmers, but sometimes such is the case, while at other times such is deliberately not the case.

Yes, I wouldn't doubt if some of my own kin and relatives who read what I hope to put in this tablet don't begin to wonder if the old cad hasn't got a screw loose or a

wheel out of line in the belfry; but by the grace of God, I hope to give you nothing but the truth.

Now back to this wonderful education. I have tried to picture to you the experience I have had with those who had the same, and what their aim in life seemed to be. Therefore, I pray God the Father, in the name of His son, Jesus Christ, and by the power of the Holy Ghost, that He delivers you, Stafford, from any such life. Don't, I beseech you, never forget the fact that covetousness is idolatry; and here I wish to testify to the fact that that is one sin the which has never been so hard for me to overcome: well do I remember of picking the first few wild strawberries to be found and saving the larger, better ones for mother; many be the time in life that I have been harassed, vexed, and wearied almost to the breaking point over paying my tithe, over which I have given very little. How has that attitude paid? I have never been in want for any of the necessary things in life, and have had quite a few that were unnecessary, and on top of that, twice in life have I had to ask Him to stay His hand for fear that I might die. (Mal.3:10)

Now, for the absent-minded professor, many be the time I have read jokes about them in the comics, but little did I ever expect to have to delay some of the things you are requesting for six weeks because you write me and then forget to mail me the same - if that had been me it would of been just as per usual. Now Junior, I have written some things that I probably would have left out had I received your reply sooner. I have known since you were a mere child that you had an intellect as far above anything I ever possessed as Pike's Peak is above an indian mound; yet it is still necessary for each of us either to bow to the finality of the sovereignty of God as revealed in His Word, or to fall into any of a thousand follies.

Here is one of those follies as I see it: How can your own parents including my own beloved daughter, fall for Christian Science? Why is it referred to as "Christian" at all, when they definitely contradict His Word and put that of Mary Baker Eddy's as against His? Doesn't it stand to reason that He is just exactly what He pretended Himself to be or

else is the greatest fake and farce that this world has ever known? But, thanks be unto God, I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have bestowed unto Him against that day. And along with the apostle Paul, it is not hard at all for me to believe as he says that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. (I Tim. 3:16)

Now back to my childhood days, and, concerning the spiritual and religious experiences thereof, the first I remember was before I became of school age, how I wondered if I myself hadn't at one time been a mere insect and when I died I was again born or hatched of a larger and better type if I had been good, or of a lower and smaller type if I had been mean until now I am a human and wondering if I may be an angel next - much was I surprised later in life to find, according to the missionaries, that there were people who believed and thought just such things. Then later still did I come in contact with evolution of the which I made quite a study and believe I found some things that have been of use to me in understanding the Scripture better, but I would advise those who have not studied the Bible earnestly and become confirmed in the truth thereof to leave evolution alone because, as a whole, it is misleading.

Next I would judge it to of been some three or four years later, after Mother had read the Scripture and Father was leading in prayer before retiring, I wondered why I should not pray also. So I did the best I knew how, on my knees, my arms folded, eyes closed, forehead resting on my arms, arms on the seat of the chair. I thought there was a host, or circle, of angels all around me; it was so assuring that I opened my eyes of the flesh, hoping to see them in that sense of the word also, but that did not seem to be His will at this time, and why? As I see it, it was because He had something better for me in the near future.

In those days the wheat was thrashed by horse power, and instead of a blowpipe to handle the straw, there was a conveyer, the which just piled it in the one spot, so Dad had them arrange the machine so the straw would fly down a steep bluff or bank. A short

while later, I, as I have mentioned heretofore of myself being the odd fellow, or lone wolf, was using this straw as children of today do the slickey slide. When tired of the sport, and laying there facing the east, I began to study, or meditate, and wonder how God ever held the loose rocks, houses, or even ourselves from falling off the earth at night when, as I thought of it, it would be upside down; also, looking at the horizon in the east, there was a dark bank of clouds just above the treetops, and I wondered how far one would have to go to see where the sky came down to the earth. Next I began to wonder why, as I had heard Mother read in the Bible and was being taught in Sunday School how people in other days had seen miracles, angels, and Jesus, that we never saw anything of that kind. I again looked at that cloud, and of a truth, if I ever have seen my father, mother, sister, brother, son, or daughter, I saw the Lord Jesus standin' on that cloud and, as per usual, I wanted to share with Mother. I looked over to the house, she was not in sight, and when I looked back for Him, He had disappeared; so let's never forget how He told us to suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Then a few years later while alone, well do I remember the place, and the effect it had on me, when, through a fit of anger, I for the first time took His name in vain; if someone had of slapped me open-handed in the face it would have had no more effect physically than that act did on me spiritually. I felt condemned, ashamed, afraid, as I believe it was with Adam at that first sin in his life. I wanted to sneak away and hide. A short while after this occurred I noticed myself saying, I wish, I wish; yes, for sixteen long years thousands of times did I repeat those two words with no idea of what it was I was longing for, so to try and satisfy that longing I rejected not anything this world had to offer to the full extent of breaking each of His Ten Commandments again and again. But that desire for something I had not, still caused me to repeat, I wish, I wish, I wish.

Then when nearing the age of twenty-five, ~~our~~ first-born son was allowed to stay with

us less than twenty-four hours, it being the first death in any of my parents' families since before the day of my birth. That, I think of as stroke number one. Just a few months later Mother left us, which meant stroke number two to my heart. I was so overthrown, or overcast, that I knew not which way to turn or where to look for relief, until a few weeks later, just for some place to go, I walked into a church service on Sunday afternoon. I had not reached a seat yet when I realized, by the expression of joy and satisfaction expressed on those peoples' faces, that they had in their hearts that for which I had been wishing all these years. So before leaving that church, I was, as I understand it, reformed, or converted; but thanks be unto God, within thirty some hours later, while at home, I was regenerated, or born of the Spirit, and well do I remember that as being the first time in my life when I knew what it meant to shed tears of joy while rejoicing in the Lord.

Then just some five or six weeks later, while walking in the light to the very best of my ability, and praying much that He would lead me in all of His ways, I became deeply impressed that He would have me go into the slums and red-light districts of the town where I had served Satan and testify for Him. That became, as it were, a mountain in my path. I feared I might yield again; I also feared what people would say if I were seen in that locality, but God kept on insisting until I was almost ready to throw up my hands in despair. One evening after coming home from a cottage prayer service, and trying to lead in prayer at the family altar, I could find no words to utter. Yet, I remained there until after midnight, and (likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. Rom. 8:26) when I arose God baptised me with the Holy Ghost and fire, even as He did his followers on the day of Pentecost. As I passed out of the front room into the dining room rejoicing with all my heart in the Lord, my vocal cords (not I) said, "Mother." I, of course, thought that strange; within just a few seconds the same thing occurred again, although I had forgotten the first instance.

Then, I felt impressed that mother, wherever she may be, realized what had happened to Lonnie's life, so I sang part of that old song: "Tell mother I'll be there, Heaven's joy with her to share; Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there." Never before, and never since has my gift of speech been used to speak something the which I directed it not to speak.

Then, still rejoicing in the Lord and the power of His might, I stepped out on the back porch and saw Luke 19:40 fulfilled: as I saw it, the very houses, the fence posts, the moon and stars, crying out their praises unto Him - everything seemed to be happy in the Lord. Then as I turned back inside I sang, "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, plain, or sea; I'll sing what you want me to sing, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be" - and I can of the truth, with all honesty of heart, say that I, to the best of my ability, for the next 12 or 14 years, kept that promise.

The next day, instead of going to work at the shops, I, with His Spirit in my heart, and His Word in my hand, went where He had called me to go. The first soul I spoke to told me it had been 18 years since anyone had approached him as concerning his spiritual welfare, so while dealing with him a cop came around the corner, took charge of the two of us, called the wagon, and took us to jail. When there, he unlocked the door, shoved the other fellow in, and told me to go on. This instance, as I have often thought, seemed to be Satan's first warning of what he would do if I didn't stay out of his backyard, but it wasn't long 'til others who were much better leaders than I, became interested, therefore we conducted services in the county jail, in huts, cabins, shanty boats - yes, I remember one open air meeting where people kneeled on an unpaved street and prayed through to victory in the Lord.

Now from here on I hope to touch just a few of the high lights as concerning my Christian life and experiences, and if anyone thinks I am becoming boastful, let him turn to Psalms 34:18, for there is a key that will unlock the windows of heaven - or Isa. 57:15.

Within the next few years I saw three of my offspring planted beneath the sod after going to their full time. The fourth one, being about three and a half months premature, the doctor, of course, said she would not live. Then well do I remember of going into another bedroom there on my knees accusing God of being unfair with me. Here again, in order to put me in my place, did He shock me as severe as if someone had of slapped me in the face, after the which I humbled myself and still pled for the child's life, as best I remember, for five or ten minutes, after the which I came out and told mother the child would live. Today she is mother of a son 18, and a daughter five; her skull still has an open space about the same as normal child at time of birth - time, time, time again have I seen people healed of minor diseases through prayer, anointing with oil, and the laying on of hands. One at the church altar was healed of what the doctors had called T. B. Another young man, Tom Dundas, a very active worker in the church, quit because other young men made sport of him and his religion; shortly afterward he became insane to such extent that he shot himself, but recovered. One John Ash suggested that we fast one 24 hours and pray before approaching this case. When we came to the house he was in a darkened room of his own choice because, as he put it, there were devils all around - even in the food and water that was offered him. He for weeks wouldn't allow anything of a religious nature in the house; when he saw that was what we had come for, he tried to escape, but we guarded the doors, and windows also, for fear he might hurt himself. Then, as I remember, he acted like a wild animal trying to escape, running against furniture and the rest of us, 'til exhausted, he sit down, covering his face with his hands. Then Brother Ash anointed him with oil, we layed our hands on him, and prayed, and he was healed. He sat there and talked, and acted, as intelligent as anyone else for 30 minutes or maybe an hour, when Brother Ash quoted, "Go thy way and sin no more;" Well do I remember that awful expression on Tom's face, again his head and shoulders drooped, he began mumbling unintelligently, and some two or three years later died in an insane asylum. Had he accepted the offer given, I am confident to this day his

condition would of been different.

Around near this same time in life, I saw Acts 2:17 fulfilled. The ceiling and roof of the church disappearing, I saw things the which it were unlawful for me to mention - also read II Cor. 12:1-10. Why unlawful? Because the human mind or intellect is not equal to expound or define what has been seen. Am I boasting? God forbid! I am only a sinner saved by Grace.

Since I accepted the Scriptures as the true Word of God, it became necessary that I meet with opposition; if you wish to know why, read the third chapter of second Timothy, or, especially, John 17:14. There are those among us who believe in the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of Man, but no such thing has ever been manifested, and never will be as long as time shall last. No, He said of His followers, "They are not of this world, even as I am not of the world," yes, there were others He told that they were of their father the Devil.

So in June 1917, I found myself, along with some 16 or 18 others, transferred from skilled to common labour with less than half the pay, but just a few weeks later I was located in Wellsville, Ohio, earning double the money I had ever earned before. After about six months there was a siege of typhoid fever in the town and I was so sick that I knew not at times where I was or what I was saying, the doctor calling twice per day. When the pastor and one Brother Campman dropped in, anointed my head layed on their hands, and prayed, the feeling that went through my entire body was very much like that you get when you touch an electric wire, but I realized not what had happened until they were gone. Then I called the wife and told her that the fever was gone. The doctor called a few hours later and said also that my temperature was normal. Oh, the many, many blessings we miss for lack of faith. The next day by streetcar I went to East Liverpool; the following Monday I was at work again.

I was in Wellsville when this country entered the first World War. For eight years I had tired the best I knew how to practice the Golden Rule; therefore (I) met with

opposition on all sides as has always the case and will be to the end of time. Signs were posted all over the country saying "to Hell with the Kaiser," and "swat the brutes with Liberty bonds"; men on every side of me, cursing the Germans to the most low degraded things they could think of, finally asked me, seeing I took no part in the matter, if I wouldn't like to kill the Kaiser or some of the "Huns," as they called them. I said no, I had no desire to kill anyone here or over there because I believed there were some righteous as well as wicked in Germany the same as here in America. I was warned there that that didn't sound very patriotic. A little later on I heard some of our preachers make the statement that every mother's son of our boys lost in that war went straight to heaven; at the same time the Germans were wearing a badge that said "Gott mit us."

The men among whom I worked very often wanted Meehling's idea on such matters as to which was right - and why were they asking me? Just for the same reason that the scribes and the pharisees questioned Christ, hoping to trip me up to the point where they could prefer charges that would condemn me. But thanks be unto God, He led me in the ways of righteousness and delivered me out of their hand even though they formed a mob and laid hands on me and while leading me to the office I was cursed by whites, blacks, Italians, Slavs, Greeks, and Hungarians, some of them insisting that they take me over to the river bank and drown me, others wishing for a rope with which to hang me; but with one man holding each of my arms, I was led to the office steps. There I tried to speak to them, but they acted so like a herd of stampeded cattle that I could not get their attention. By this time a railroad detective had pushed through the mob and got to my side making the statement that he had a bluesteel in each hip pocket, and if they started anything rough, he would give me one of them. Until that instant I had felt like rejoicing in the Lord just to think that He would consider me worthy of actually being persecuted for His name's sake. The officer finally persuaded them to send their witnesses and he would take me before the mayor, which he did, but they had

no charges against me of which they were able to make a case, so that proved to be His way of escape for me. Before the day was over I was in Youngstown, some 30 miles away, had a job and a place to board with an old Christian friend, Charles Cox, and his wife, from Huntington. When Christ was being put to death, He prayed forgiveness for those fellows who did the job; when Stephen was stoned to death he prayed the Lord to lay not that sin to their charge. I am thankful that by His grace that was, and is yet today, my attitude toward those mislead men and women.

Because of sickness at home, I returned to Wellsville on the first Armistice Day and worked in a rolling mill 'til the next spring, when I made, as it would seem to me, the biggest mistake, or sorriest move, of all my life by moving into a neighborhood that was spiritually dead, working on a job that required all my time from before daylight until after dark. I starved to death, spiritually speaking; within less than six months time I could only think of myself as the prodigal son. But everyone He loveth, them does He also chasten, so I finally found myself in the hospital and passing very near death's door. Then, while recuperating from a serious operation, I, as did the prodigal, returned to my Father's house and was received of Him.

Now for 23 months I have spent near one half of the time alone because of ill health. Have I ever been lonesome? No. I would deliberately lie if I said otherwise, because He is ever near my side. But I find that religious life requires nourishment and constant care (Prov. 29:18) through prayer, studying the Word, and obedience to the same.

And now, for conclusion, Stafford, I would like to make this statement as to how: It is good to be great, but greater to be good; and you will not find the road too crowded with those who seek to reach the top by kneeling.

A. F. Meehling

Ob. in, Ohio

April 8, 1954

January 22, 1954
History of the Meehling family
by A. F. Meehling, R. D. 2, Oberlin, Ohio

Well, here goes as many true and faithful statements concerning the Meehling family as this finite and uneducated mind is capable of giving:

My grandfather, Karl Fredrick Meehling, born 1819 near ^{Baden} Baden on the Rhine river in south central Germany, herded sheep for his father who was a farmer and gardener. Although he owned no acreage of land, he did own several cartloads of rich soil which he moved from one tract of farmland to another. By saving the sheep droppings, he could rent poor land cheaper, enrich it with the same and thereby raise better crops.

Karl Frederick also helped his father take care of the grape vineyards. He was only about 16 years of age when he began being trained as a soldier under the rulership of old Marx; after some three or four years at that, he had to take to the sea as a German sailor where he served as the ship's carpenter. *and deceased 1892*

As long as I, A. F. Meehling, remained on the old homestead, there were planes there that were his with which you could smooth the lumber; you could tongue a grove, make molding, yes, you could take the tree, cut it with the cross-cut saw, hew it with the broad axe, rive it with the frow, bore all size holes, mortice the square holes and do almost anything that is accomplished in the planing mills of today.

Karl F. Meehling left the ship when he and his brother pulled into New York harbor and never returned. It seems that his love affairs had hit in a family with more of this world's goods who considered their daughter above him in a social, financial or educational manner, but as soon as he

about her the money to make the trip, Kathryn Lutz came over and they were married in New York. I thought her first name was Mary Magdalene, but my youngest brother says no; they were married about 1843, then went over to Pittsburgh where he worked in the steel mills for a while; from there down the river to Ironton, Ohio to the steel mills. I think my younger brother is mistaken in the date as to when they came over because I remember hearing them talk of grandmother seeing it rain stars while on the ship coming over and according to the encyclopedia, that happened on March 13, 1833. Another thing, he seems to think they moved directly from Ironton to the tract of land granddad bought in West Virginia, but at one time or another, they lived at Rome, Ohio, where the Roman Beauty apple originated. I was there last September for the first time in my life. There is a monument where the first tree of that type stood, a cemetery, a church, a store or two--a place about like Townsend, Ohio--there I think is where father went to school long enough to learn to read and speak the American or English language, the which our grandmother never did learn, but if I remember correctly, grandfather could speak German, English and some French.

They must have lived there at the time of the Civil War. Though grandad never left home as a soldier, he did serve as home guard, and was in one skirmish when some Rebels tried to cross the Ohio River from Guyandotte, West Virginia, to Proctorville, Ohio. I fell heir to the old musket he used at that time. My only living son, Richard, has it now with the names of five generations on a sheet of aluminum tacked on the stock and the bayonet on the opposite end.

Now for the old homestead, My younger brother, William, says it was erected in 1868 or 69, but it still seems to me that it would have been around 10 years earlier, but let that be as it may, I know it was a mansion when comparing it with any other of the log cabins in that neighborhood for several

years after being built, originally it was built with a large sitting room an extra large fireplace and hearth, the chimney being built of dressed sandstone; one bedroom on the ground floor.

The second floor was never sealed or papered, but there is where we five boys always slept wherein was one corded bedstead, others with mere slats, a straw tick and then a fat feathertick underneath, another featherbed for cover in severe cold weather. Many a time have I woken up and there would be frost on the bed where my breath had frozen. We raised or grew the geese from which these feathers came. Sometimes I wish that "time, oh time, would turn backwards in her flight and let me be a child again just for tonight."

Oh yes, there was the old Seth Thomas clock that sat on the mantle over the fireplace which ran by weights; my younger brother has it yet today; we could go down to the creek, up the other side working in the field and hear it chime off those twelve strokes; then drop the hoe or unhitch the horse and go in for that one hour lunch period.

On the west side of this hewn log house was what was called a lean-to full length thereof coming out of the house into a hall, turn right and you were in the kitchen, turn left and that put you in the dining room; but around 1894 or 95 that was all removed and rebuilt just one-half that size on the east side which served as kitchen and dining both and that is the shape it is still in yet today.

My oldest sister's oldest son, Auburn Clark, owns the old homestead today, has erected an up-to-date four room cottage just a few feet south of the old one, has all the modern conveniences such as electric stove, television, washing machine, refrigerator and so^{on}, such as just didn't exist when we lived there.

Just for example when William McKinley was shot and lived near a week he was dead and buried before we ever got the news of his even being shot. To get the mail I have walked this three miles many a time to Cox's Landing where

was the closest store of any sort and post office; two miles of that distance at that time there was nothing worthy of being called a road, you simply followed the creek bed till you hit the Ohio River Valley, then another mile on dirt road; but today you drive on brick pavement to within one mile of the old homestead from the west or within $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles on asphalt from the east. The record at Charleston, so I was informed, gives the expense for building this asphalt road right through the old homestead farm, but it still looked like the same old dirt road to me this last September; safe driving in dry weather, but very dangerous when wet and slippery.

Now we go back to Ironton. While my grandparents lived there they bore three children, the oldest whose name was Charley, I never saw. About all I ever heard about him is that he married a woman who was untrue to him yet they had 9 sons and one daughter, but one night after uncle Charley had gone to bed his wife persuaded this friend of hers to take an ax and go upstairs and kill her husband the which he tried by hitting him once with the ax. That didn't do the job, but he whose last name was Williams, refused to go again so she, my uncle's wife, took a butcher knife, went up and cut his throat. They two then took the horse out of the stable, dug a hole and covered the corpse.

Of course in just a few days the whole neighborhood was alarmed as to what had become of this uncle of mine. Another uncle, Taylor Clark, who had married my father's only sister, goes over and one of the things he noticed that was unusual or out of the ordinary was that the dog was tied. They claimed he had become dangerous and they were afraid he would bite someone, but uncle thought different and turned the dog loose; the dog went directly to the stable and began to dig.

The murderers were taken to Barboursville which was the county seat at that time and put in prison. But shortly after the funeral was over, at night a mob of masked men rode up to the prison and at the point of a gun demanded the keys,

the two of them out to hang; she lied and told them she was pregnant and they would be killing an innocent child so they put her back in prison and she got the life sentence, but Williams sat his last horse with a rope around his neck and limb of a tree. None of the men who made up this mob were ever prosecuted.

Now the next in the lineage of the family was aunt Catherine. About all I can think of concerning her is that she married this Taylor Clark. I have already spoken of him, who owned a farm about two miles northwest of the old home place. They were members of and active workers in the Baptist Church located about one mile from where they lived; they raised a family of seven children if I mistake not.

And now for the youngest of the family, my father, John Carl Meehling, who was very small in stature taking after his mother. When I got my growth I was 5 feet 9½ inches; when I put my arm straight out he could walk under it, but he was well muscled, capable of a lot of hard work which is about the only thing he ever did to earn a living. Born February 2, 1854, married around 1875 to Matilda Jane France whose parents lived one mile west of the old home-stand, owning a large tract of land and a family of some eight or ten children.

Father raised another log cabin within a stone's throw of the one his parents lived in and helped to clear up this virgin timberland and put it under cultivation. There is where all of us eight children were born. It was about the year 1868 or 69 that grandfather bought this 200 acres at one dollar per acre; about the year 1890 or 91 grandfather died. We had moved off the place a year or two prior to this time. That left grandmother alone, so the land was divided between Charley's three children, Catherine Clark, and father, who received 50 some acres on the west end where the house was located.

Father and mother had a brood of seven, themselves, and grandmother, also grandfather France part time to feed three times per day and believe me that

to a lot of chuck even without counting clothes sufficient to keep us youngsters in school. Therefore, dad worked for some of the neighbors whenever or wherever needed until my two older brothers were able to operate the farm, then he began working at public works of different kinds in Huntington, coming home each weekend. I operated the farm for a year or two under those conditions after my two older brothers had gone out to do for themselves.

Then dad rented the farm to one Ira Jackson and we moved to 944 Adams Avenue, Central City, the which is part of Huntington, West Virginia today; then during the winter of 1904 and 05 moved back to the farm. Within the next five years four of us were married, leaving no one except William at home with father and mother at the time of mother's death on January 14, 1909.

After this dad and Willie stayed on the farm for a while, then it was rented out again until father could find sale for it, he living with first one and then another of his offspring. During the year of 1927 he was with me while we were living on the George Miller farm here in Lorain County, Ohio when he took sick and wanted to go back to West Virginia. From there they placed him in the hospital at Mount Vernon where I visited him once. He died September 22, 1927 and was buried beside mother in the Davis Cemetary insight of the old homestead.

So that brings us down to their offspring first of which was named Andrew T. Meehling, born August 13, 1876; died August 28, 1878 with membrane croup. Next was Charles H. Meehling, born March 7, 1877, who after leaving the farm, spent several years at different kinds of public works, then around 1905 or 06 married one Nettie Nance. They remained in Huntington a few years later, then started renting other people's farms and I think they have lived in as many different houses as all the other six of us put together. Then sometime in the 20's, I say about 23 or 24, he lost one eye and the other injured in an accident. So for a number of years someone has to lead him as soon as he is out of the

house or yard. He his wife and two sons, live at Salt Rock, West Virginia at present. They reared eight children if I mistake not.

The next in rotation, Adaline born March 1, 1879: her older brother could not speak that name but called her Lina, therefore, throughout her entire life she used Lina as her given name; by the time she was capable of doing general housework, our younger sister was able to help mother so Lina went to Huntington and did general housework for a judge and his wife. About the year 1900 she was married to one William Clark from the same neighborhood in which we were born; they remained in town until their third child was born then bought the old homestead where he himself had been born. There some four or five more children were born. He turned the place into a fruit farm which became a very successful affair; later in life he served as deputy sheriff. Sister Lina died December 23, 1944. He spent most all the remainder of his life with their oldest daughter, Elsie Carson, until about two years ago and was buried beside Lina in the Davis Cemetery

Then Thomas G. Meehling born December 5, 1880: When he left the farm I remember two jobs he worked at before being married, the one was for our uncle Tom France who was a contractor that was cutting timber in Webster County and teaming the same out to the railroad. After that he helped build a branch of the C and O Railroad up the Guyandotte River. Then he went to Huntington where he spent most all the rest of his life working for the C and O as carman, repairing and rebuilding freight cars of all types and kinds. Soon after going there he married one Ada Bias who turned out to be similar to the nephew uncle Charley had married, so in 1918 he gets a divorce. He also gets their only child and home he had built on Fifth Avenue and 31st Street the which he later sold to a gas company to become a filling station on what was then U. S. Route 60. In less than one year he married again, has another daughter by his last wife, who is still single staying with her mother and doing office work with an

insurance company. Tom died April 3, 1949; buried in Spring Hill Cemetery, Huntington, West Virginia.

And now comes what I have always thought of as the black sheep of the flock, myself, Alonzo F. Meehling, born August 6, 1884: with two brothers and a sister older and two brothers and a sister younger, it always seemed that I had to play the part of lackey boy for the older two and yet held responsible for some of the actions of the younger trio. When the older three went places, I was considered too small or young; when Lonnie wanted to go places or do things the three younger had to tag along. Yes, I know some of these last statements sound very childish, but that is what I have been talking about. Then just a few years later when I began going places it still seems that I had to play the part of the lone wolf and it may be because of this that I went places and did things that I still give the rest of the family credit for never having done to the best of my knowledge. All the rest had made a start in the Christian way of life before I did at the age of 25.

As I have already stated when around 18 we moved to town. I went to work first at a veneer factory for the large sum of five cents per hour or 50 cents per day; the next being at a frame factory at the same rate. After that I was with a building contractor at 15 cents per hour; then the following spring went out in Braxton County and worked for this same uncle Tom France for a few months; next job being at the C and O shops in Huntington at common labor, was suspended along with hundreds of others from there to Portsmouth, Ohio, at freight car repair work for the N and W Railroad. While there I answered an advertisement of a large firm in Chicago who wanted someone to appoint others for the purpose of selling their goods the which I accepted and it nicely started when I was referred to one Anna Maud Beatrice Richardson in Milton, West Virginia as a prospect, but she seemed to be interested more in myself than the job, just let that be as it may, we were married anyway

in a few weeks on August 28, 1904.

After that move was over I worked a short while driving a team of horses for a transfer company. Then I got in at the American Car and Foundry Co., helping build new railroad cars. When that job was over about the first of the year I had the experience that I never had before or since of being out of work and none to be found, but in the spring of 1905 I went to work in a saw-mill operating an edger and setting headblocks; while working there we started housekeeping. Prior to this time Beatrice had been working in a dry goods store. In 1907 I started doing car work again with the C and O where I spent 10 years and living at 1610 Twelfth Avenue, Huntington, West Virginia.

In 1917 we moved to Wellsville, Ohio, where I worked two years for the Pennsylvania Railroad. From there we moved to Hartland Center in Huron County, Ohio; where I spent the most sorrowful miserable 10 months of all my 69 years of life trying to please and satisfy the most unreasonable employer of all my experience whose name was A. K. Pasore. After some 8 or 9 months we moved to Collins where I spent seven years working for F. W. Liles. Then one G. A. Miller visited us several times insisting that I tend his 200 acre dairy farm on the share, so we moved into Lorain County and spent 4 years there until his son decided he was ready to take over. So on March 1, 1931, we moved to the A. S. Davidson farm and have lived here longer than any other place in either of our lives, tending his farm on shares for 11 years, then Richard took my place for almost an year, so I worked a few weeks for the Bender Body Co., in Elyria until they went bankrupt and the place was closed up; then a few weeks helping Richard harvest oats and wheat, after which I started working for Colson Corporation in July, 1942. Then the last of February, 1943, I sold at public auction all my stock, tools and feed, continuing to work for Colson until May, 1952. Since then I have not been able to do an honest day's work for anyone because of what the doctors call an enlarged heart.

(The next in line being Mary M. Meehling, who never worked out for anyone that I know of, was married in about one year after moving from the city back to the farm or about 1906 to one Lee Meadows who also worked most of his life on railroad cars. I think they reared seven children. She was born February 2, 1887 and died in July, 1946. Her husband has retired and is living with one of their daughters.

And now for a younger brother, Ezra Meehling: born July 16, 1888, married into the same family as I did. If he ever worked at anything other than a furniture factory, I do not remember it. Married about 1907 or 1908, he was foreman of the painting and polishing department just a few year later, then later in life they moved to Hagerstown, Maryland. After being there a number of years they then went to Kankakee, Illinois. From there to St. Marys, Ohio, all of these years serving as foreman until just a few years back. Ezra's health failed him so he worked as night watchman for a milk company and later got in at the Lima, Ohio, Sanitorium where he still works as guard or watchman. They are the only ones of our parents' family who have never had a death in the family. They have two sons and three daughters.

Well here goes for the last and least in stature, William Mc Meehling, born January 5, 1890, he is some taller than dad was, but small in comparison to the other six but still in as good or better condition physically than I was 25 or 30 years ago. One reason for that no doubt is that he got more education than most any of the rest of us and has ~~never~~ had to put in much time at heavy hard labor. By my leaving the state when he was 17 I don't remember of but three different jobs at which he was ever employed; one was on a sheep ranch out west, the other was driving a laundry truck for our cousin, Oscar (once in Huntington; then he started selling life insurance and ^{is} still at it. I spent one pleasant day with him last September driving part time in the city, part time out in the hills visiting his customers and drumming up new ones.

He married one Mollie Langdon about 1917, raised seven children all of whom are still living except the eldest son who fell in the field of battle in Italy during the last World War.

And now for a few lines or pages of preamble. This old home place is located on the head waters of Little Cabell Creek in Barboursville District, Cabell County, West Virginia. The post office was originally Cox's Landing, until the days of RFD, then changing to Lesage, later to Ona. During the younger days of my life there was a picket fence enclosing about one acre garden spot of rolling land within which were two pear trees, one Wilam apple tree, a three-row grape arbor, artichokes and hops from which grandmother made her own yeast and baked light bread the which it seems I can almost smell and taste yet. Several plants and herbs of the which I cannot recall, from which she made about all the medicines she ever used.

Grandfather and grandmother were of the Roman Catholic faith, but I know of no one of their descendants who followed them in the same; grandmother was very superstitious, believing in ghosts, withces, haunts, tokens; she is the only person I ever saw have the candles burning at time of death to light her way through.

Father and mother were members of the United Brethern Church all of their lives as far back as I can remember and they were very much stricter with us seven children than I ever see anyone doing today. According to Proverbs 17:24 and Proverbs 19:18, they were only doing their Christian duty. They never sent us to Sunday School and Church, no they took us there and saw that we conducted ourselves about right or else we were punished for the which I am thankful unto this day.

Until I was 10 or 12 years of age, services were conducted in the schoolhouse where I attended school; then I saw the church building erected nearby where some of the teachers would take the entire school to the afternoon

services, some of these teachers would also open each school day with song, scripture and prayer, but I saw just the other day where one of the northeastern states has even prohibited a Bible being brought into the school building at all.

The same old one-room school house where we attended is being used today; the only difference I notice is a vestibule. I was seven before being started to school and five months per year, staying at the home to help with work at times; no trust officer, no grade card, no promotion, until you of your own accord, felt capable of a grade higher and had the proper books; then you were advanced. Anyway I only finished the fourth grade and quit while in the fifth; because of this I have worked right up to where I could see promotion in sight a number of times, but had to watch someone else take it because of my lack in mathematics. But yet when studying ancient or modern history, either I can think of no time, place or family, in which I would rather have been born, but why? Well, I have seen the rail and brush fence come on through to the electric; the ox and horse power give way to more convenient, capable ways of accomplishment. The first street cars I ever saw were drawn by two horses, yet they have served their purpose and gone.

On the old homestead I have seen the sun darkened by wild geese and ducks flying over, while now it is airplanes sailing through the same blue sky. Yes, one of my age can go on and on from the ice house to the refrigerator, from the cylinder talking machine to the radio and television, from the flintlock, then the cap buster to modern guns of today. Yes, even from the hoop skirt to the bustle to the puff or lamb quarter sleeve, to the rat or roll of rags in their hair. Also from the grist mill to the ready mix of which even an old coddle-popper like myself can do good baking.

So you see there is just no end to the improvements of the last 70 years. But these are only temporal affairs; where has America gone in her spiritual