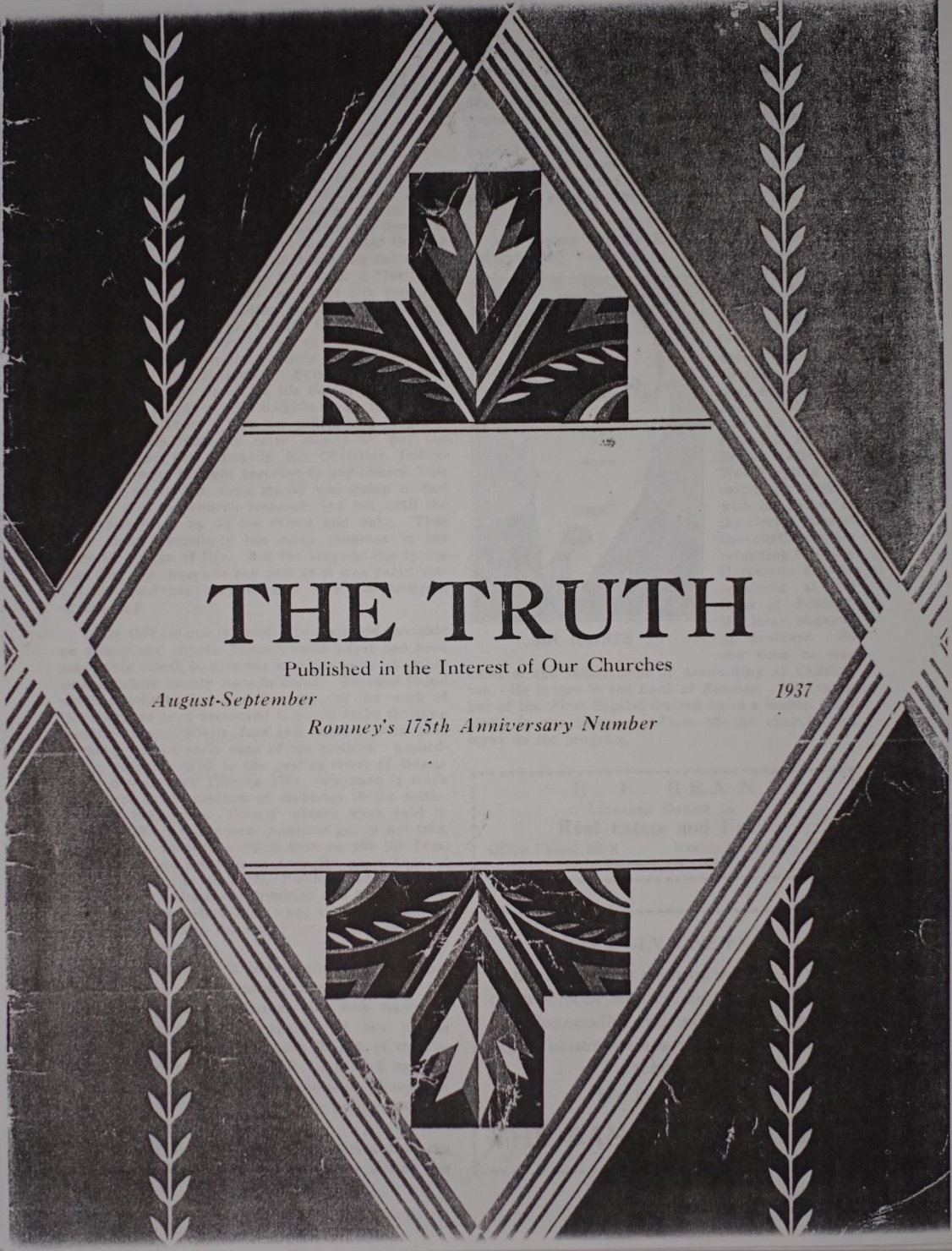




THE TRUTH

Published in the Interest of Our Churches

August-September

1937

Romney's 175th Anniversary Number

The Collection Plate

The writer recently visited his old home community and saw again the little white United Brethren Church as he passed up the valley to the farm. It was impossible to go inside because the door was locked. Like most churches, it is not used through the week. Around 8 o'clock that evening the neighbors gathered at one of the homes for a "festival." On a beautiful lawn with the finest lily pool I've ever seen and with lighting supplied from a new rural electrification project, many friends and neighbors had come together to sell and buy ice cream, pies and cakes to pay the pastor's salary. The fellowship was most delightful. Some who had seen the writer accept Christ as his Savior were there. The young people of the neighborhood in its yesterdays were there. How we talked and laughed! But we were there to raise money to pay the preacher and not primarily for Christian fellowship. We were brought together to pay church bills the easy way. Yes, some money was going to find its way into the church treasury, but not until the folks had filled up on ice cream and cake. That little rural community has made progress in the material things of life. But the tragedy lies in the fact that the church is run just as it was years ago. Let the churches keep abreast with the progress of our day.

Since this column is devoted to scattered thoughts on money and church finance, some effort has been made this month to discover how the early churches in Hampshire county were financed. We have found nothing definite, but had that part of the work of the churches been preserved it would make thrilling reading today. Shells, furs and tobacco were used as money in the early days of the settlers. According to an order book in the justice court of Hampshire in the years 1788 to 1791, reference is made to tobacco as the medium of exchange in the settlement of judgments. County officers were paid in tobacco. What the pioneer minister got is not told, but one can venture a guess that he got his furs, his tobacco and many hams from the prize hogs of the county. The Quakers, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and the Baptists, Primitive and Mission Baptists were here before 1792 when tobacco as money was abandoned and the dollar introduced as a medium of exchange.

In this connection it is interesting to know that the first bank in the county was located on the ground where the old Literary Hall now stands in Romney. (See picture on page 9). It went by the name of "The Bank of the South Branch of the Potomac." It closed around 1819. A branch bank of the Bank of the Valley of Virginia at Winchester was opened in 1825 and served the people until the opening of the Civil war.

Only God knows what the ministers and the people suffered for cash in the county during the

awful war. There was no bank. A bit of all kinds of money was in circulation, but confederate money was more in evidence. Believing that the cause of the confederacy would triumph, most people accepted the money that was soon to become worthless. Transactions following the war had to be carried on largely by barter. This went on for more than 20 years following the war. Finally, in 1889, the Bank of Romney opened its doors and today is one of the strongest in the state.

Mr. Haines became Romney's mayor in June, 1937, having won out in the election over other prominent citizens.



MR. HAINES

He has acted as chairman of the planning committees for the Sesquicentennial celebration in Romney, September 3 and 4, 1937. He was born and reared in Romney. Before attending West Virginia University he worked with his father in the clerk's office at the courthouse. On returning from the University he was employed at the Bank of Romney. He later engaged in business. At one time he was chief of the Department of Accounting at Charleston. He is now in the Bank of Romney. As a member of the First Baptist Church he is a leader, especially in the business affairs of the church, and loyal to its program.

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THE BANK OF ROMNEY

THE TRUTH

VOLUME 1

ROMNEY, WEST VIRGINIA, AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1937

NUMBER 9

The Truth

Published monthly by the Romney Ministerial Society in the interests of the Church and the Kingdom of God in the several communities.

Ward W. Hibbs Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Morgan Cilley C. K. Poole
J. F. Owens Wilbur A. Reid

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Advertising rates submitted upon request.



*You
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Find
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or Community*

Church Services

BAPTIST

Ward W. Hibbs, Pastor
Romney

Sunday School 9:45 a. m.
Worship Service 8:00 p. m.
Mid-week Service, Wednesday 8:00 p. m.

Mechanicsburg Mission

Sunday School 11:00 a. m.
Worship Service, Thursdays after 1st
and 3rd Sundays 8:00 p. m.

Mineral

Sunday School 10:00 a. m.
Worship Service, 1st and 3rd Sundays 11:00 a. m.
B. Y. P. U. 8:00 p. m.

Zoar

Sunday School 10:00 a. m.
Worship Service, 2nd and 4th Sundays 11:00 a. m.

Kirby

Sunday School 11:00 a. m.
Worship Service, 2nd Sunday 3:00 p. m.

Rio

Sunday School 11:00 a. m.
Worship Service, 4th Sunday 3:00 p. m.

* * *

PRESBYTERIAN

C. K. Poole, Pastor
Harry Price, Assistant to the Pastor

Romney

Sunday School 9:45 a. m.
Worship Service 11:00 a. m.
Christian Endeavor 7:00 p. m.
Mid-week Service 8:00 p. m.

St. Luke's

Sunday School 10:00 a. m.
Christian Endeavor 7:00 p. m.
Worship Service 8:00 p. m.

Pancake School House

Sunday School 3:30 p. m.

Trough School House

Sunday School 3:30 p. m.

* * *

EPISCOPAL

Rev. Morgan Cilley, Rector

Romney

Sept. 5—Holy Communion and Sermon 11:00 a. m.
Sept. 19—Morning Prayer and Sermon 11:00 a. m.

* * *

CHRISTIAN

Wilbur A. Reid, Pastor

Romney

Sunday School 9:45 a. m.
Worship Service and Communion, every
Sunday except 2nd, 11:00 a. m.
Worship Service, every Sunday except 2nd 8:00 p. m.

* * *

METHODIST

John F. Owens, Pastor

Romney

Sunday School 9:45 a. m.
Worship Service—1st, 3rd, 5th Sundays 11:00 a. m.
Worship Service—Every Sunday night 8:00 p. m.
Prayer Service, Wednesday 8:00 p. m.

Fairview

Sunday School 10:45 a. m.
Worship Service, 2nd and 4th Sundays 9:45 a. m.

Ebenezer

Sunday School 10:00 a. m.
Worship Service, 2nd and 4th Sundays 11:00 a. m.



EDITORIAL COMMENT



OUR TOWN'S CHARACTER

We live in a day when it is easy to overlook those invisible forces that are so fundamental in the building of a community. The physical growth of a town is apt to appear the sole reason for pride. If one could return to the days of 1762, the year of Romney's birth, and look upon the scenes of those days, as they had to do with the making of the town, and follow through the history until this day, there would stand out in remarkable fashion the character of the people who made their homes in the community.

Her citizens of yesterday were possessed with an indomitable courage. But for this characteristic they could not have pioneered in a mountainous country and braved the hostility of the Indians. Their problems incident to making a living in the mountain required a fearlessness and a boldness of action we of today must respect. Of course there were some no-accounts; that is always the case in society. But into the early history of Romney came the man and the woman with a strong heart and a high chin.

These people knew the joy of honest labor. They could swing an axe and sweat and sing all the while. They had no electric refrigerators or lights or stoves; they kept their butter in the old spring, burned the home-made candle and cooked often in the out-of-doors. By the skill of their own hands they produced their own clothing and the necessities of life. They built their roads and

bridged the streams where fording them was too dangerous. Out of this kind of employment came a toughness of spirit that has had so much to do with the history of the community.

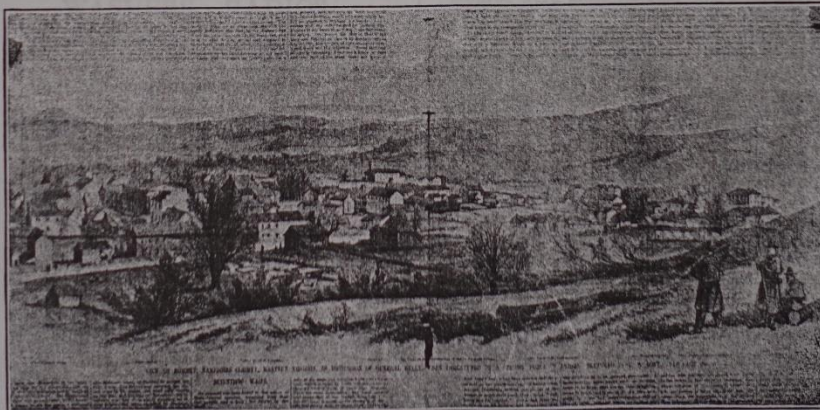
Hospitality was a cardinal virtue among the settlers. In those days the community was a real neighborhood. People knew each other intimately. They knew the glory of fellowship as they went in and out of each other's home. Individualistic in their manner of making a living, they knew what collective action meant in their social activities.

Romney today, celebrating her 175th birthday, should be very conscious of this heritage. Underneath our business life, our physical growth in the last few years, our cultural activities, our achievements in farming and fruit-growing, and our increased social life are the vital forces that make

(Concluded on page 15)



Main Street Today



Romney in 1862

Bits of Yesterday

Romney had a public whipping post. It stood in the rear of the old court house. "It was a large post, octagon in shape, and had a roof over it. The culprit was tied by his wrists and drawn close against it, and the whip was applied." In 1788 a man was committed to jail charged with stealing a "black mare" from John Thompson. There was not sufficient evidence to convict him before the general court but enough to send him up to the whipping post for "ten lashes on his bare back, well laid on. . ." It was the sheriff who took care of this nasty job.

The Northwestern pike, now U. S. 50, was built from Winchester, Va., to Romney, in 1837. It was later built to Parkersburg. The surveying was done by an engineer who served under Napoleon in the Russian campaign. The emperor's final defeat made it necessary for the engineer to leave France. He came to Virginia and engaged in road surveying. During the Civil War all the bridges on this road were destroyed. John Blue, sr., and Ike Parsons, under orders from General Loring, set fire to the bridge across the South Branch west of town. It was built of pine timber and weatherboarded with shingles. In 1845 stage lines began between Romney and Parkersburg, owned by Nathaniel Kuykendall and Jesse Hildebrand. It took one whole day to go to Clarksburg and two to reach Parkers-

burg. On the hard-surfaced pike, in spite of the curves, one can jump in the car and land in Clarksburg in about three hours and in Parkersburg in six.

* * *

The first county superintendent of schools in Hampshire was elected in 1865. His name was William Head. The first public school in Hampshire was taught by a minister, the Rev. O. P. Wirgman. The law office of Andrew Kercheval in Romney was used for the school room.

* * *

The Virginia Argus was a democratic newspaper, established in Romney in 1850. It was founded by A. S. Trowbridge who, in 1857, sold it to Samuel R. Smith and John G. Combs. William Parsons purchased it, found that he did not need it and sold it to Colonel Alexander Monroe and Job. N. Cookus. These gentlemen went to war in 1861 and that ended the Virginia Argus.

* * *

The oldest court house in Hampshire stood some miles above the present site of Romney on the river. The first court was held under British rule, June 11, 1755.

* * *

Romney was made the county seat of Hampshire in 1762.

* * *

Land was cheap in the yesterdays. Four hundred acres sold for \$125 in 1753. This was near Moorefield.

* * *

Some of the laws passed by the Virginia legislature during the days of such men as John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry and James Monroe were most vicious. We remember that these gentlemen were Virginians and that the people of Hampshire and Romney felt their influence. A law in 1792 directed to suppress drunkenness and swearing and vice stated that the fine should be eighty-three cents for each offense, and if it was not paid, the prisoner should be given ten lashes on the bare back.

What about gossiping and tattling? A law in 1792 made "divulging false rumors and reports" subject to a fine of \$40. The legislators had some trouble with hog stealing. By a law in 1792 "any person, not a slave, who shall steal a hog, shoat or pig," should receive 35 lashes on his bare back. The prisoner might go free by paying \$30. In either case he had to pay the owner \$8 for the stolen hog. For second offense he had to stand two hours in a pillory (boards erected on a post and having holes through which the head and hands were thrust), "and have both ears nailed to the pillory, and at the end of two hours, should have his ears cut loose from the nails." No exception in the case of women either. If he took another hankering after hogs he was cured by being put to death.

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DOCTOR DAVID H. SCANLON

Romney knows the Rev. David H. Scanlon and loves him. He was born at Staunton, Va. Very early in his life his parents moved to Three Churches, a community near Romney. As a lad he attended the Potomac Academy in Romney, a Presbyterian school, and later taught school in the county. Then away he went for higher training. He received his Master of Arts degree and his Doctor of Philosophy at Illinois Wesleyan University. His seminary work was taken at Union Theological Seminary. He received his honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity some years ago from Davidson College.

In the thirty-seven years of his ministry he has held five pastorates. His last pastorate started seventeen years ago at the First Presbyterian Church, Durham, N. C. This is one of the greatest churches in the southland, carrying on an efficient ministry to the entire community through a staff of trained workers. Mary Elizabeth Zimmerman of this town went to this church recently to become secretary-hostess.

Dr. Scanlon has shown a deep interest in the Hampshire County Public Library. When, some months ago, Dr. Scanlon shipped over one hundred volumes to the library and cause his church to send several new volumes, the local women in charge rejoiced and became more courageous in their work. Here is a man who did not get too big for his home community. Thank God for such!

Briefly Told

Jacque Yost and his sister, Alice Racheal, stopped at the editor's home Tuesday, August 3. They were on their way to Fairview, W. Va., from Washington. Jacque was taken into the Fairview Baptist Church by the editor several years ago. He is now teaching at Syracuse University and working on his Master's degree.

Mr. G. W. S. Grove, former resident and member of the Baptist Church, is now chief clerk of the Land Department in the state auditor's office at Charleston. Until recently he was assistant in that office. He takes the place of Charles E. Barnell of Gilmer County, who went to the Federal Coal Commission at Wheeling. This promotion comes to a man who deserved it. His friends in Hampshire County and Romney are happy to find him going up on account of his efficiency.

Miss Ida Bean has moved from Kirby to Romney.

The Ministers' and Laymen's Retreat held at Broadus College, Philippi, W. Va., July 26, 27 and 28 was attended by Blair M. Haines and the editor. The Woman's House Party was held at the college the same week and was attended by Mrs. Blair Haines, Mrs. Albert Umstot, Mrs. John Spencer, Mrs. Gibson Lease, and Mrs. Ward W. Hibbs.

Ray and Fleet Sine attended the annual Hamfest (Radio Amateurs) in Pittsburgh, Sunday, August 1. This was a convention of amateurs and a social occasion.

Mr. George D. Steward of Tarentum, Pa., editor of the Valley Daily News of that city, called on the editor of The Truth for a few minutes Wednesday morning, August 11.

Ray Sine is on the air. He got his Federal license early in August and is on the air in code each day. He is the first lad in the South Branch Valley to become an amateur broadcaster. Later he will go on the air in English.

The Rev. William Fritzmier and wife of the First Congregational Church, Tarentum, Pa., visited with the editor in August.

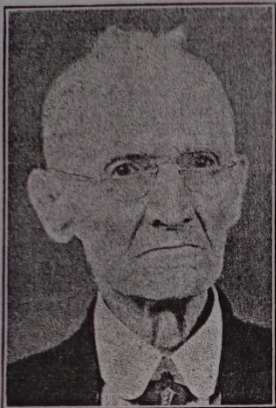
A mistake was made in the ad for M. L. Arnold and Son last month. It read: WE GIVE 5 lbs. Golden Grain Flour . . . in exchange for 1 bushel Good Wheat. It should have read: We give 35 lbs. Golden Grain Flour . . . for 1 bushel Good Wheat.

It is regretted that The Truth does not have space for the anniversary program. However, we do call attention to a few outstanding events. Friday, September 3, is designated as Governor's Day. It will be appropriately observed with a musical concert early in the evening and followed by an address by Governor Homer Holt. All of the former Governors of West Virginia have been invited to be present and several will occupy seats on the platform Friday evening.

The pageant, depicting local and county history, will be given Saturday evening on the grounds of the School of the Deaf. A picturesque parade will move along the streets sometime Saturday, September 4.

A. W. Pownall, Romney's only Civil War Veteran

On a hot August afternoon the editor sat down with Mr. Pownall, now 94 years of age, for a chat about the yesterdays. It was an interesting conversation and profitable for a man who can't go back to those critical days of 1861 and following. About the first thing he told the editor was that he was "the oldest Pownall on earth."



A. W. Pownall

His parents, Isaiah W. and Mary Pownall, were residents of Hampshire and members of the Presbyterian Church at Three Churches. The Rev. Moses Raymond, a Presbyterian minister, visited the Pownalls with reg-

ularity when he came to the community to preach and left a profound impression on young A. W. Pownall's life.

He was one of eleven children. Four were boys. All four became confederate soldiers and only one, Newton, lost his life in the war.

At eighteen Mr. Pownall enlisted and found himself in Stonewall Jackson's brigade. This was in 1861. Jackson was greatly loved and admired by his men. Pownall's tent was always next to Jackson's and he had ample opportunity to observe the man who later lost his life at Chancellorsville. Whenever cheering was heard it meant that Jackson was coming. He had a loyal colored servant who called him "Marsa" Jackson. At times he would come to the boys with words something like this: "Goin' to be a big battle tomorrow 'cause 'Massa' Jackson been prayin'."

Mr. Pownall did not take part in the battle at Gettysburg. There is a reason. On returning to his outfit with one of his brothers after a furlough with his people at Romney he was captured in the Bean settlement by the federals and sent to Camp Chase near Columbus, Ohio. There he remained for the duration of the war. Following his release he went to friends in Ohio. In 1898 he moved on to Denver where he engaged in business until fifteen years ago when he came back to Romney to live.

Two experiences never came to this fine Christian man. He never married and he was never wounded in battle.

Two years after the war and at the age of 27 he became a Christian and united with the Methodist Church. His faith in Christ and Christian enthusiasm is still very evident. He has something that does not ebb with age. Looking back over his long life he expressed a thought in the words of the Presbyterian minister, Moses Raymond, "He that will observe remarkable providences shall have plenty to observe." He attributed the blessings of his life to the providence of God.

His tribute to his mother was a beautiful thing. "Mary Pownall," said he, "was a great woman. She went among the neighbors and visited the sick. I never saw her angry in my life." And the editor came away wishing that men like that could live on and on in the flesh.



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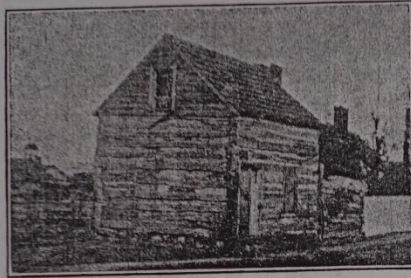
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Romney

When Washington Came

It has been said that George Washington surveyed the town of Romney and laid out the streets, but this is far from the truth. However, he did visit this section and Romney several times. George William Fairfax, who owned, or at least claimed large tracts of land west of the Blue Ridge, met George when he was but a lad of sixteen. He was employed to survey the land and, in company with Lord Fairfax, came into this section to work. On Paterson's Creek and the South Branch and below



The house in which Washington was entertained over night when in Romney, 1770.

the Trough some surveying was done. This was around 1748. The surveying in the neighborhood of Romney was done by James Genn, under the direction of Lord Fairfax, prior to 1749.

In the fall of 1753 he came again on his way toward the Ohio with a message for the French from the governor of Virginia. The following year he passed this way with troops to build a fort at Pittsburgh. And the very next year found him coming again in company with Braddock marching toward the Monongahela. Then, in 1770, October 9, Washington came to Romney and remained over night, and the next day moved on west to examine the land on the Monongahela and the Kanawha rivers.

In connection with Washington's visits to this section it is interesting to know that the residents of the county suffered greatly from the hostile Indians. In a letter of April 22, 1756, Washington wrote, according to Maxwell and Swisher, "The inhabitants are removing daily, and in a short time will leave this county as desolate as Hampshire, where scarcely a family lives." This letter was written from Winchester. The French and Indian war was on. There were only a few families living between Winchester and Cumberland and all these were gathered at the two forts, one of which was located on Capon and the other at Romney. There are no court records from June 11, 1755, until 1757 in Hampshire county and the reason for this is due perhaps to the absence of citizens during the dark hours of the French and Indian war.

The Churches of Romney



Episcopal Church

ST. STEPHEN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH Parish Originally Had Two Chapels

Three men were ordained in England for Hampshire county, a Mr. Ogilvie in 1771, and the Revs. Manning and Kenner in 1772. But Mr. Manning was the only one who reached his parish. The Rev. Reynolds ministered in Hampshire in 1812 or 1813, but was succeeded soon by the Rev. Norman Nash, who was ordained by Bishop Moore of Virginia. He built the first brick church in Romney, and it is believed that he also built a log church near North River Mills, called Zion. He was succeeded by his nephew, the Rev. Sylvester Nash in 1824, who in turn was succeeded by the Revs. Hedges and Irish, successively. The brick church in Romney was practically destroyed by fire before the Civil War, and the lot was transferred to the Board of Education for school purposes. The restored building still stands at the head of Grafton street.

From the time of the fire until the new church was built, services were held in the other churches of Romney, and in the chapel of the Schools for the Deaf and the Blind. The Rev. J. Dudley Ferguson came from the Diocese of Missouri about 1878 and lived in Moorefield. He was succeeded in Romney by the Rev. J. T. Loftus, January, 1881, but Mr. Loftus died in England only two and one-half years later from the effects of a railroad accident. There were no regular services then until May, 1884, when the Rev. Samuel H. Griffith took charge. However, he was transferred to Maryland the next year. Then came the beloved Mr. George A. Gibbons. He was one of the original clergy of the Diocese of West Virginia, and first lived in Moorefield, but moved to Romney in 1886 and served the church continuously from that time until his death in January, 1917.

The present rector is the Rev. Morgan Cilley.

(Continued on page 13)

With John Blue, Sr. In His Escape From the Enemy

A story of capture and escape that reads like fiction and is of interest to local people follows. Early in 1861 Mr. John Blue, Sr., became the First Lieutenant in the local company of mounted rangers, known as the Huckleberry Rangers. Later Blue fought with the Southern armies and was on his way to Gettysburg when captured and held as prisoner for the remainder of the war. He was used as a spy in this section of country because he knew it so well. It was during one of his returns to Romney that he was captured. Let him tell what happened.



The Wordman Building from Which Blue
Escaped

Colonel E. H. McDonald had accompanied me a short distance and cautioned me time and again not to run any unnecessary risk, nor should I close my eyes within the Yankee lines for he said, "They will hang you for a spy without a trial." I said catching came before hanging but promised to be very careful. I promised to be at Mr. McDonald's house the next morning by 10 o'clock.

The Colonel bade me goodbye and he seemed to be a good deal excited about something; said he felt that something was going to happen before I got back.

I had been asleep perhaps two hours when I was aroused by the bark of the house dog and after listening a moment I heard an unusual sound. I sprang from the bed and looked from the window. The moon was shining as bright as day. The ground was frozen and covered by a heavy frost. To my horror I discovered a column of Yankees just entering the yard. I grabbed my clothes and revolver and rushed down the stairs hoping to make my escape by a back way, but when I opened the door I was met by a Yankee bayonet. I was trapped. I went back upstairs, stuck my Minnie rifle behind a bureau and put my revolver in bed with my brother, who was about 12 years old, then went to the garrett loft and hid myself the best I could under some old clothes and sacks.

Pretty soon I heard someone ascend the steps and saw the glow of a lighted candle. I heard him order Smith Dike and my brother to get up and dress themselves. He then came to the garret. After searching for some time he went down stairs again, and I began to think that perhaps they would not find me. I could hear them talking in the yard below. I heard one of them say, "We have found his horse and cavalry saddle and are sure that he is hid somewhere in the house." In a short time I heard someone again ascending the stairs, he spent a while searching the second floor and then came to the garrett.

There was a quantity of old plunder stored on the upper floor. After searching around for some time he spied one foot exposed, gave it a kick and said: "Hello, James, wake up you will take cold, some of your friends heard you were at home and have called to see you."

I crawled out and followed him down stairs. My captor was a Lieutenant Cole. The command

belonged to the 3rd Maryland regiment then stationed at Romney and was commanded by Col. Downey.

The company making the capture consisted of about 40 men and was commanded by a Captain Shearer, who with three or four of his men were in the room. The family had all risen, also Smith and Dike.

We were soon on the march for Romney. The prisoners were four in number, father, John Smith, Wesley Dike and myself.

We reached Romney shortly after daylight. After being searched I was escorted by a corporal and two privates to a room immediately over that now occupied by Mr. Harris, druggist, and there I was locked in. The room was completely vacant, not even a chair. The only movable object in the room that I could see was a two-pound weight lying on the mantle. This I slipped into the pocket of my sack coat, though without any definite object in view. The fact is, I was too much rattled to think. After walking about the room for some time I seated myself in one corner of the room on the floor to try and arrive at some conclusion with regard to my future prospects. I bitterly regretted not having taken the Colonel's advice to not close my eyes in sleep inside the Yankee lines. Had I followed his advice I would not be locked up now, but regrets would never set me free.

I soon came to the conclusion that it looked rather doubtful about my meeting the Colonel at the place or at the time appointed.

To make my escape from an upper room of a strongly built brick building well guarded in a small town full of Yankees with no other aid than a two-pound weight, was a problem not easily solved; at least it looked that way to me. The door opened and old man Smith entered the room and the door was closed and bolted again.

I learned from Smith that father and Dike had been set at liberty by the Provost Martial, but had held him until the arrival of Col. Downey, who was away at that time.

This was early in April, 1862. The day was bright and warm and we were allowed to raise the windows and talk with lady friends on the street. When they learned that we had nothing but the floor to sit on, Mrs. John C. Heiskell sent up two chairs and a table for our accommodation, which

kindness we appreciated very much and were grateful, but this was not all. The same lady sent us a nice warm dinner, which we enjoyed doubly, not having had any breakfast. This was Tuesday. Our meals were sent us morning, noon and night by the ladies of the town and were so tempting that even though prisoners we never failed to enjoy them.

The ladies also furnished us with blankets and quilts to make us comfortable at night, the evenings being very cool. The Yankees would make a fire at night and stay inside, a corporal and three men.

We were doing well for prisoners, being kindly treated and well supplied with newspapers such as the Baltimore American and Philadelphia Press. If the copies of these papers published during the war be in evidence against them at the final judgment day I fear the verdict for living will be perfect.

One day the corporal assigned to duty came in with a basket of provisions quite enough for half a dozen men. When he placed it on the table, the corporal said, "I almost wish that I was a Confederate prisoner so I could be fed as well as you fellows are."

He was a real nice young man. We invited him to take dinner with us which invitation he accepted. But our feasting was short lived.

On Friday morning, Col. Downey reached town and did himself the honor of calling on us at once and introduced himself as Capt.

Downey, who was in command of the post.

The Colonel was small in stature and young in years. I would not have taken him to be over 20 years of age. He wore the regulation uniform of a colonel in the regular army. He was a rather good looking youth, very pompous and conceited. At least this was the way I sized him up.

He looked at me a moment and then said, "Been spying around again and got picked up this time?"

I said no, that I had not been spying.

"How is it that we find you in our lines dressed in citizens clothes?"

I said that I had never worn any clothes except those of a citizen. I was in the neighborhood and thought to visit my home, if I could do so unmolested.

He said, "I know you by reputation to be a spy and have had a hand in burning the bridge near town."

I said, "Colonel, those are serious charges but there is nothing in them."

He said, "I know what I am talking about. Now listen to me, you are charged with being a spy and a bridge burner and your life is not worth the name. Now if you will answer truly such ques-

tions as I ask you I will see that you are liberated provided that you take the oath of allegiance to the United States and if necessary take up arms in defense thereof."

I said, "Colonel, any question that I can answer conscientiously, I am willing to answer."

"Well," says he, "to what command do you belong?"

I said, "I don't belong to any."

"When were you last in the valley near Harrisonburg, and what is the amount of the Rebel forces in the valley to the best of your knowledge?"

I said, "Colonel, I cannot purchase freedom at such a price. I may be a spy or a bridge burner but never a traitor to a cause I believe right."

The Colonel said, "Then your fate is sealed, your days are numbered. On Monday you will be sent to Wheeling, hobbled and handcuffed. The evidence I can produce would convince any court of your guilt in fifteen minutes' time and inside of ten days instead of life and liberty which I offer you on easy terms, your worthless carcass will fill a disgraced and dishonored grave."

The Colonel had become a good deal excited and I lost my head. For a few moments the language used was far more emphatic than eloquent and ended in the Colonel drawing his sword and said he would run me through were it not for robbing the gallows of its rightful victim.

I said, "Colonel, you seem to be a very brave man, especially when faced

by an unarmed prisoner."

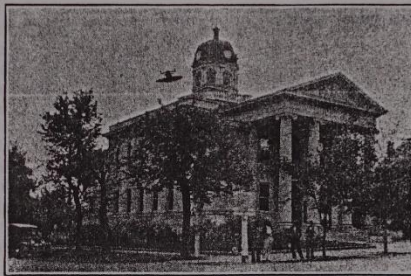
He made no answer, but, pointing with his naked sword to the windows, said to his orderly, "Close those shutters and see that they are not opened until so ordered," and without another word left the room.

Reader, some among you may think I have a wonderful memory to remember what passed over thirty-five years ago. But those of my comrades who had similar experiences will remember almost as yesterday things that passed in the sixties and will not forget while memory lasts the many times when liberty and life were in danger.

After the Colonel had left the room I sat down and tried to determine on some line of action by which I might escape what seemed to be my certain doom. Old man Smith was so deaf that I could not hold conversation with him without being overheard by the guard at the door. Our rations from that time were cold bacon, dry bread and water, which were scarcely touched.

The guards noticed and spoke of our treatment as being cruel and unnecessary.

Our guard was doubled at night, instead of a corporal and three men, we had a corporal and six privates in our room each night. I could not



Seat of County Government

eat nor sleep, in fact, I was not enjoying myself at all.

I looked my situation over perhaps a thousand times and always reached the same conclusion that I was in a right bad fix, and I could see no way out of it. No scheme that I could devise seemed to give any hope of success. I might make an excuse for hoisting the window after night and then jump out, only to cripple myself, or I might make a rush for the door as the guard entered with little or no chance of escape. To hope to escape on the road to Green Spring hobbled and handcuffed was not to be thought of.

On Sunday morning father came up to town, having heard that I would be sent away the next day. He brought me a satchel containing a change of underwear. He had seen the Colonel, who had promised that if I would take the oath of allegiance and give him all the information I could, that no charges would be brought against me. Father advised me to do this and take no further risk of losing my life.

The corporal opened the door and said, "Time is up." Father arose to go, bade me good-bye, and said to do as the Colonel desired. I said I would consider it, as if the matter had not been settled already in my mind. I then asked him to take the satchel over and leave it with Mrs. Heiskell, in order that I might get it from her. This he did.

It commenced sleeting on Saturday evening and now began snowing and by night three or four inches had fallen. It was so dark that a person could not see to read. Soon after father left I lay down and tried to sleep but no sleep for me. I could only think. I had no confidence in Col. Downey's word and could not trust him. When our supper came I arose and remarked that I had no idea that it was so late and then tried to eat a little.

The guards, a corporal, and six men, were now in the room. I tried to be as cheerful and lively as possible. I remarked that I supposed that the best thing I could do would be to take the oath of allegiance and go home. About nine o'clock we all lay down except the corporal and two guards, who were on duty two hours and off four. The corporal's duty was to relieve them every two hours. He sat by the little table which stood near the center of the room on which a candle was burning. His revolver and watch lay by his side.

On the right hand in entering the room near the fireplace, with their heads to the wall lay four soldiers, their muskets standing in the corner by the door. One of the guards sat on the floor with his back against the door and the other sat on a chair near the fire.

Smith and I lay on the opposite side of the fireplace with our feet toward the door. The doorway was opposite the fire place.

This was the situation in the room on Easter Monday about 6 o'clock a. m., 1862.

I awoke and arose at once. The fire had burned out and only a few coals remained I complained of being cold, put on my coat and began walking the floor. I had very little hope of getting away. My plan was to get near enough to the guard who was sitting with his back to the door to strike him a stunning blow with my weight which I held in my hand, then grab his musket and use it as a club and brain as many as I could before they downed me. I thought I could dispose of the corporal and other guards before they could use their arms.

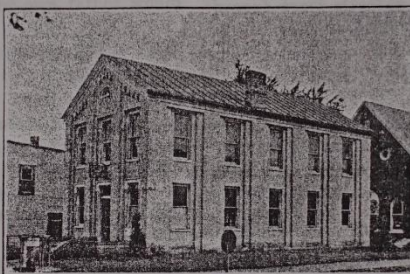
The corporal was resting his head on his arm which lay on the table. The guard sitting on the chair was asleep. I could not tell certainly if the corporal was asleep or not. All seemed to be sleeping except the one against the door, who was fingering with the lock of his musket; the breech sat on the floor. I had walked several times across the floor, each time getting a little nearer my intended victim. When in reach I struck him on the side of the head and at the same time grabbed his musket by the muzzle, wheeled around, clubbed it; ready to brain the first man that moved. All hope of escape had been abandoned.

I stood ready to die, ready but not willing, although I felt that the time appointed had come and there was no use of trying to dodge the question. A moment of lively work and all would be quiet again. One of the guards turned on his side. I thought he

was about to rise. I grasped the barrel a little tighter and raised the musket a little higher, had he attempted to rise an instant later he would have been on his last march. The guards all seemed to be sleeping. The guard whom I had struck had drawn himself up in a heap when struck, but now he straightened out and rolled away from the door. His overcoat which had been thrown over his shoulder had dropped to the floor. His cap lay by his side. All was now still as death in the room, except for the breathing of the sleeping guards.

It now occurred to me that if I could get out before there was an alarm given, disguised in the blue overcoat and cap and carrying a musket, I might escape. I stepped quietly and lightly to the door, picked up the coat and hat, opened the door and with it shoved the insensible guard aside until I could get through, then closed and locked the door and put the key in my pocket, the key being in the lock on the outside. I leaned the musket against the door, slipped the coat and cap on and was ready to run or fight. I was surprised to find that it was daylight when I stepped into the hall.

The shutters being closed and a candle burning in the room which I had just quitted, left me



Old Literary Hall—Home of the County Library

under the impression that it was yet dark outside. But I had no time to consider. The guards might awake at any moment. I took up my musket and at "shoulder arms" descended the steps. To outward appearance a thoroughbred Yankee, but if anyone had attempted to investigate they would have found beneath that cap and overcoat a fair-sized animal, vulgarly called, "a Reb," who was not inclined to be very sociable. I thought on reaching the hall to try and make my escape by the rear of the house.

Col. Downey had his headquarters to the left of the hall on entering from the street and immediately under the room which I had just left. For the past hour or two persons had been passing in and out. On turning down the main stairway, I discovered a guard marching back and forth in the hall below. This discovery caused me to abandon my plan to retreat from the rear. The guard passed to the rear of the hall as I reached the last step. He only glanced up and passed on. I had turned up the wide collar of my overcoat and was so well disguised that I doubt if my own father would have known me.

Without halting I marched straight to the front door. When within a step or two of the door two Yankee officers passed me so close I could have touched them with the bayonet. I stepped out behind them in fear that at any moment the shutters might be thrown open, a window hoisted and the alarm given. I walked across the street at an ordinary gait, hopping from one stone to another to keep out of the mud and water as much as possible. The snow had melted and the cavalry had tramped the streets to a thin batter. On reaching the opposite side of the street I halted a second and pretended to be stamping the mud from my feet but the object was to look the situation over a little. I glanced at the window of my late prison. All seemed quiet. A glance at the court house showed me perhaps fifty soldiers washing and combing their hair and a lot more at the Keller Hotel.

I came to trail arms and turned into the alley leading to the rear of D. H. Heiskell's store and was lost to view from persons on Main Street. There was no fencing around as all had been burned by the soldiers for fuel. From the window of our prison before they were closed, I had noticed that Capt. Firey kept a very fine black horse in John C. Heiskell's stable. It occurred to me that

if I could get mounted on that horse, I would not care a fig for all the Yankees in town. I was soon on the opposite side of the stable from the hotel, but to my disappointment found someone in the stable grooming the animal I was after. So I had to abandon the idea of escaping on horseback. In full view of at least a score of Yankees at the Keller Hotel I crossed the street, shaping my course toward the Gilkeson corner, and as I thought in regular military style, fearful that something in my movements or actions might cause suspicion and lead to an investigation.

Too much haste or a dodging nervous gait might attract attention and betray me, but then who would have thought for a moment that a full-grown Rebel would have cheek enough to march through the streets of Romney in broad daylight, the town being occupied by at least a thousand Yankee soldiers. These thoughts passed through my brain while crossing the street and I felt comparatively safe until that dreaded alarm should be sounded from my late prison and be echoed and reechoed through every street in town. This unwelcome sound my ear was strained to catch and only wondered why it did not come. On reaching the opposite side of the street I was soon hid from view by the Gilkeson store house. I turned to the right, passed in the rear of the house now owned by Mr. Seeders and reached the back street with the intention of making my escape up the hollow, then called Whip-poor-will hollow, near where Robert Fisher, colored, now resides.

I had only taken a few steps in that direction when it occurred to me that there were fortifications in that direction and maybe a guard in them.

I took a hasty survey of the ridge in rear of the church. No living thing seemed to be in sight, and this was the shortest route to liberty, though in good musket range if discovered.

I determined to risk it. I now moved at a little quicker gait and soon had the old church between the town and me and under cover from it I was making the best time I could for the top of the ridge. I had covered half the distance when that much dreaded sound fell on my ears. The rattle of the drum and the bugle call was not to be mistaken. They told too plainly that my escape had been discovered and the alarm given, although I had been making the best time possible, I now felt as though I had hardly touched the ground.

Just as I reached the top of the ridge I heard a musket ball whistle past. A moment later and perhaps twenty went singing over and around me. I had now passed over the top of the ridge from sight and fell on the ground completely exhausted, scarcely able to breathe. However, it was not long

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Romney, W. Va.

until I was creeping through the brush, trying to reach a point directly opposite the public square, then crawled through the bushes to the top of the hill and took a peep into town. I wanted to see what the next move would be. There seemed to be quite a bit of excitement and loud talking mixed with a streak of profanity. It appeared to me they were making a great ado over so small a matter.

I supposed or rather hoped that after talking the matter over they would go back to their quarters and finish their breakfast. But no, soon a company of cavalry started at a brisk trot toward Winchester, another down toward the bridge. At the same time I noticed a squad of fifteen or twenty infantry coming up the street toward me.

Their object now seemed plain. They thought to track me up with their infantry and cut off my retreat with their cavalry. I felt very much like scattering that crowd by emptying my musket among them and then giving one long Rebel yell, but I didn't. I thought perhaps I might have use for my ammunition before the day was over. These thoughts passed through my mind like a flash.

I had seen enough and though I understood their plans and believed that my safety depended on getting outside of the line of cavalry intended to be thrown across my line of retreat, before the way was closed. I was soon on my feet and dropping my overcoat, was sailing south at a rate that if kept up on an air line and no collisions would have landed me in the Confederate capitol before sundown. The morning was dark and cloudy and the ground was covered to a depth of three or four inches with snow so my trail could be easily followed. I had not gone far until I found that my progress would be slow and difficult on account of the undergrowth being loaded and lapped together by the weight of the snow. I feared that the cavalry might form a skirmish line along the line leading up from the Gibson house. I pushed forward as fast as possible, shaping my course to cross the hollow a good distance from the river road. I was not long in reaching the hollow named, up which there was an old road that I expected the Yankees to follow. I approached it with great caution after having examined my musket to see whether it would go off if called upon. Although the cap proved to be a waterproof, I felt doubtful about it although I had done the best I could to keep the lock dry.

It so happened that at the point where I reached the road there stood several large, white or spruce pine trees which had kept the snow from reaching the ground leaving it bare, beneath which I could cross without making any tracks which I was careful to do. I had not gone more than forty yards

when I heard the rapid approach of cavalry coming up the hollow. Dropping among the laurel and low brush I was completely concealed and was thankful that I had crossed the road without leaving a trail behind.

There was not over half a dozen in the party. One of them said, "Keep a sharp lookout for his tracks, he will likely cross near here. If we can find his trail we will soon pick him up." Another said something about the Rebs having wind like greyhounds. They had now passed from hearing. I imagined there would be another squad along shortly and would keep riding up and down until the infantry came up, when they would be sure to find my trail and put a fresh pack in the chase who would soon run me down. Again pushing forward, I soon reached the top of the next ridge where I halted for a few moments to get my wind and consider what best to do.

The cavalry once on my trail, I felt that it would only be a question of time when I would be run down and trotted back to town a prisoner to be hooted and grinned at or shot down like a dog. The thought was not a pleasant one. Far better, it seemed to me now, had I not attempted to escape, but died in my prison, after having dispatched a half dozen Yankees to answer the last roll call over on the other side of the river. It seemed that this would have been satisfaction. Had I possessed the whole world and could have exchanged it for my Minnie rifle and fifty rounds of ammunition I would have made the exchange right then and there and more than one Union soldier's blood would have stained my trail that day. I am now thankful that I was unarmed.

Over thirty-six years have come and gone since thoughts like these passed through my brain, yet they seem as fresh in my mind as the morning when I stood on top of that ridge which I had lately crossed, straining my eyes to see, if possible, if my trail was being followed, hoping all the time that the chase had been given up by those on my track. Only a few moments had passed when I noticed my pursuers creeping over the ridge.

I started at once. Sight of the blue coats seemed to revive me. I felt almost as fresh as when I first started. When I reached the next hollow down which quite a stream of water was running, entering the stream, I followed its upward course until I came to a smaller stream that came down from the ridge on my left, this I followed perhaps a hundred yards when I again came to a thicket of pines where the ground was bare of snow. Here I left the water, being careful to make no sign more than I could possibly help. A heavy mist had been falling for some time.

It now began to rain lively, the snow was melting rapidly, a dense fog had come down so that it was now impossible to see a man fifty yards in the timber. This made it necessary for me to move with great caution.

The snow melting and falling from the timber kept up such a racket that a person could hear but little else. I could not have been more completely soaked if I had swam the river. I continued to go forward, wading in the little drains which were rushing down the hollow. The south side of the ridges were now getting bare; the snow melting rapidly, I had but little fear of my trail being followed and felt pretty sure that there were no Yankees in my front. I had, as I supposed, been traveling about parallel with the river for several hours and concluded that I must be near the Lockender place, twelve or fourteen miles from Romney and I felt that at last I was once more free.

In a short time I came to a road that seemed to be traveled a good deal, in fact, it looked like a company of cavalry had passed over it a short time before. I climbed the steep ridge and when near the top, I stopped. That road bothered me. I couldn't locate it, couldn't think of any road in the direction I had been going. The rain had ceased, the snow was nearly gone, the clouds and fog looked as though the sun might break through any moment. It flashed through my brain that I was lost and had no idea where I was. I sat down at the root of a pine tree tired, wet and hungry. To say that I was discouraged would be putting it mildly. Soon I began to get drowsy and leaning back against the tree I was soon asleep. How long I had slept I could not tell, perhaps an hour. When I awoke, I was shivering with cold. The fog and clouds had disappeared and the sun was shining brightly from a clear sky—and right before me not more than a mile or two away was the town of Romney. I will not attempt to express my feelings; I was in kind of a dazed condition, I thought that I must be dreaming. But no, the discovery was real and it nearly took my breath. I had lost my bearings and now found myself after several hours of hard, wearisome travel almost at the starting point, instead of being, as I believed, at least ten miles away. I tell you, I felt real bad about that time. I was afraid to move for fear of being seen by some bluecoat scouting the ridges. I tried to think how best to get away or what best to do. My first thought was to hide in the top of a fallen tree nearby until dark and then try and make my way to my father's, which was not over five miles distant, get some dry clothes, something to eat, a horse, and my revolver which I knew they had not gotten, then I would be in fair shape again. A second thought convinced me

that to go home would be a risky business as the house would more than likely be watched and again, I was so wet and chilled that if I lay hid until dark I would not be able to move. I knew or rather had heard that on Big Mountain at what was known as "Biggies Shanty" or near there was the camping place of a few men who were trying to keep out of the way of the Yankees. It was my object from the start to try to reach this camp.

He reached "Biggies Shanty" and found it deserted. But he was safe and spent a few days in that neighborhood. His objective was to reach General Jackson at Staunton, but he discovered that Yankees were stationed at Harrisonburg and would likely capture him again. So he went fishing. Thus ends one of the richest experiences of a confederate soldier who came back home after the war to occupy a large place in the hearts of his fellows.

THE COUNTY'S NAME

It is said that Lord Fairfax, owner of all this country before the Revolutionary War, was in Winchester one day when a drove of fine hogs passed down the street to market. He asked where they came from and was told that they had been raised on the South Branch of the Potomac. He replied that when a new county should be formed in that country it should be called Hampshire, after Hampshire, England, where hogs were mighty fine. So Hampshire, the oldest county in West Virginia, got its name on account of the hogs in the neighborhood.

GOOD GIVING

The First Baptist Church of Romney exceeded its giving of the basic year 1934-'35 and therefore falls in the list of Double Forward Fund Churches in the Northern Baptist Convention. Zoar exceeded the giving of 1935-'36 by 20%. Mineral exceeded her combined giving for the two-year period by 20% and is rated a Double Vanguard Church. It simply means that these three churches greatly increased their contributions to missions. They deserve praise.

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Romney and Slanesville

THE CHURCHES OF ROMNEY

(Continued from page 6)

ROMNEY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



The first mention of a Presbyterian congregation is recorded in the minutes of Donegal Presbytery in 1781. Requests came from Romney Court House for supplies and an ordained minister to assist in forming a regular congregation and ordain elders.

The Rev. John Lyle was the minister at Romney, Frankfort and Springfield when the Winchester Presbytery was formed in 1794.

Col. Andrew Woodrow, a Scotch gentleman and clerk of the court in 1816, gave land for a Presbyterian Church in Romney. The deed called for "a church thereon and for a burial ground for 'a dead.'" This church was a plain brick edifice and stood in what is now the remains of the old Presbyterian graveyard on High Street and Gravel Lane.

In 1824, Dr. William H. Foote was called as stated supply. He remained with the church until his death in 1869. It was Dr. Foote who established the Potomac Seminary in Romney.

The present church was built about 1861. The church has been pastored by the following ministers since 1869: The Rev. G. W. Finley, the Rev. Washburn, the Rev. F. J. Brooke, the Rev. Charles R. Bailey. The Rev. C. Knox Poole was ordained and installed as pastor July 29, 1934.

Six ministers have been sent out by this church: The Rev. John Teppa, the Rev. John H. Davis, the Rev. Willis Wilson, the Rev. J. Frank Brooke, jr., the Rev. W. R. Hill and the Rev. Douglas Amich.

The dedicatory services for the new Educational Building, part of which can be seen in the picture, was held Sunday, May 2, 1937. Most of the funds for this modern building were secured by bequests and gifts.



THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

The church was organized in 1920 with thirteen charter members. The Rev. Robert Bragg was leader in the organization and pastor until 1924. The church had for its home the Northern Methodist Church on Route 50, which property, greatly improved, is still used. In 1921 an additional property adjoining the church was purchased and is used today to house several Sunday school classes.

The First Baptist Church has had four pastors, including the present pastor. Following the Rev. Bragg came the Rev. E. M. Whedbee. He was followed by the Rev. A. A. McQueen, whose pastorate closed in 1935. The Rev. Ward W. Hibbs became pastor in August, 1935.

This church has grown from 13 to around 160 local members. Its most rapid growth was under the leadership of Whedbee and McQueen. At present the church carries on a successful mission at Mechanicsburg Gap. It furnishes some leadership for the rural churches in the county.

* * *



MT. PISGAH M. E. CHURCH (Colored)

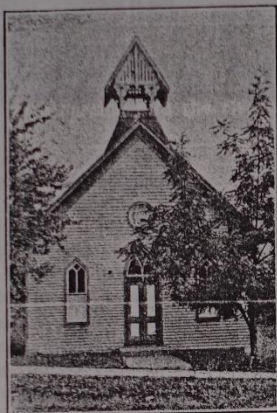
This church was organized about the latter part of the year 1866. The pastor was the Rev. Rosey. Its membership at that time was about 60. Its first twenty years saw great numerical growth. On August 15, 1886, the present building was dedicated. At that time there were about 125

members. Removals by death and for economic reasons have cut the membership to 48.

When this building was dedicated, the Rev. J. A. Reid was the pastor and the Rev. Robert Steele, district superintendent. From 1886 up to the present time the church has been served by 13 district superintendents and twenty pastors.

The Rev. J. H. Peters is the present district superintendent. The pastor is the Rev. E. E. Arter.

* * *



ROMNEY M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH

The first building on the present site was constructed in the year 1869. It was a brick structure. Sometime in the fall of 1903 the interior was destroyed by fire which started when a kerosene lamp chandelier fell from its hangings, just before the evening service. The janitor had just lighted it and was ringing the bell, and so rapidly did the flames spread that he barely escaped being burned.

It was decided to build a new church from the foundation up of different shape and style. The congregation worshipped in the court house while the new building was under construction. It was dedicated in 1904.

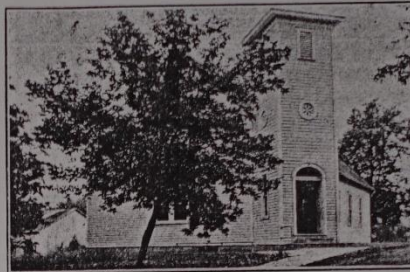
Among those on the board of stewards at the time were Mr. S. H. Williams, father of Marvin and Dan Williams and the other Williams boys, now so prominent in the life of our community. It appears that he was the leader and moving spirit in this new enterprise. Others on the board were J. S. Zimmerman, B. T. Racey, A. E. Bergdoll, J. W. Crawford.

The Rev. J. W. Bell was the pastor.

On June 22, 1927, under the leadership of the Rev. L. L. Lowance, a building committee composed of Russell Saville, C. G. Gain, J. B. Thompson, B. T. Racey, J. W. Crawford, E. W. Noland, H. E.

Strieby, W. E. Beaty, W. W. Bailey, A. E. Bergdoll, J. S. O'Hara, Mrs. Carrie Harmison, Miss Kate Davis, and G. M. Saville, met, proposed and planned the new Educational Building. They carried the enterprise to a successful conclusion and it was dedicated on June 16, 1928. It is a well-planned, commodious, two-story building with basement, and has been used to splendid advantage in the Christian education of Romney Methodists.

* * *



CHRISTIAN CHURCH

The Romney Church of Christ, now located on West Rosemary Lane, was organized September 6, 1908. George F. Crites of Barnsville, Ohio, evangelist for the American Christian Missionary Society and the West Virginia Missionary Society, assisted by E. A. Johnson and W. E. Bilyeu, began a revival meeting in the Northern M. E. Church building August 24, 1908, and closed September 14, 1908, with seven baptisms.

Sunday morning, September 6, an organization was effected with the following officers: Elders, Robert J. Thompson and Dr. J. W. Shull. Deacons, J. H. Thompson and L. O. Carr. Clerk, Miss M. Ella Thompson.

After a few months Union School with the Northern Methodist group, a separate Bible School was organized, of which Ira V. Cowgill was elected first superintendent with J. H. Thompson as assistant superintendent.

Until the present church building was erected in 1912, the church held Bible School and regular church services in the old Literary Hall, located on the corner of Main and High streets.

J. A. Hopkins was called by the church to serve as its first pastor and served ably in that capacity from January 1, 1910, until April 30, 1913, at which time he left this field for further service with the church at Confluence, Pa.

Through the years which have intervened, the church has pressed steadily on in the Master's service. Its membership has remained small, at times the work has been carried on in spite of grave financial difficulties, but with very few exceptions, each Lord's Day since its first organization at least Bible School and Communion service have been held.

At present, the active membership of the church is approximately 90 and under the capable leadership of its pastor, Wilbur A. Reid, is striving to press on toward higher goals in Christian service in this community.

LOVERS OF GOOD BOOKS



A Corner of the Library

Romney has long possessed a fondness for mental growth and cultural breadth. Back in 1819, under the leadership of the Literary Society of Romney, money was appropriated for books. In 1832 the Virginia assembly passed an act authorizing the society to raise \$20,000 by lottery to be used in buying books. It is not known how much was spent on books, but it must have been a considerable sum. During the disastrous Civil War this very fine library suffered irreparable loss. Of the 3,000 volumes in 1861 only some 200 remained on the shelves when the war was over. When in 1886 the Literary Society last met, the library had been scattered everywhere.

The American Legion Auxiliary in 1935 felt that a new library should be started and in 1936 began gathering books and opened a reading room in the basement of the court house. Through donations of money and books it grew until new quarters had to be found. Finally in March, 1937, it was moved to the first floor of the old Literary Hall. The present number of books is more than 2,000. An effort is now being made to gather the books of the old library and place them on the shelves again for the public. If this can be done while the best books of this day are being provided, a service of inestimable value will have been rendered the community by the American Legion Auxiliary.

WHEN ROMNEY BECAME ROMNEY

Before 1762 our town was not known as Romney. Of course, it was not much of a town in those days, but it must have been a center with several homes and stores. In those days the community went by the name of Pearsalls Flats, in honor of Jobe Pearsalls. There are records to show that Washington knew the place by that name. In 1762 Pearsalls Flats became Romney. A 50-acre plot was laid off into lots of half an acre each, and

EDITORIAL COMMENT

(Concluded from page 2)

for manhood. The integrity of our people, in the main, is above abuse.

We need, however, to be made more conscious of the powers around us that mar the ideals of the community. On account of the material progress and the increased advantages of our people we ought to be nearer the ideal community. But there is something in us these days that makes us want to use our advantages in selfish ways. To make courage serve mere personal gains, to demand that one's labor shall be used for one's own sake, and to make our hospitality serve our pocket-books is downright contemptible. The trends today are toward ease and luxury. Too many people want something for nothing. There are too many in our midst who think that the community owes them a living. Seemingly they have never learned the lessons of our pioneer fathers in these hills.

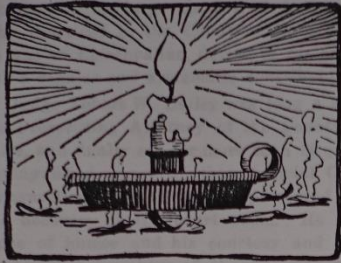
We still have a mental breadth and a spiritual depth sufficient to overcome every disintegrating power in the town. The churches can boast of the finest leadership to be had and as a result of it are wielding a powerful influence, greater than was ever known in the history of the town. Going hand in hand with spiritual strength is a mental alertness that keeps the town ahead of many larger communities.

That inherited spirit of real hospitality still lives to make Romney more than a town in the Alleghenies. No visitor can remain long without feeling her warmth. Like some people, she has a personality that makes others feel at home. You who come for the celebration will be at a disadvantage, unless you have some former associations. However, in some small way you will catch this spirit of friendship and leave feeling that there is something more than houses and lots here. Romney's wealth is not in her buildings or her money, it is in her people—children, youth, fathers and mothers. We propose to build a still greater town by exercising more courage, by sanctifying honest toil and making it a disgrace to be a parasite, by being truly friendly, by using our brains in solving our problems, and by growing a great faith in God.

the town was called Romney after one of the Cinque ports on the English Channel. In 1762 a bill to establish the town was introduced into the house of Burgesses and passed by that body on December 17, and on December 23 the Governor of Virginia signed the bill. Eight years later Washington came to Romney to do some horse trading. At least he was after horses.

The Bar of Hampshire County

By Attorney G. P. Kump



The writer has been asked to prepare this article for the anniversary issue of "The Truth." This duty is a labor of love, because I propose in this article to deal with the memory of the members of the bar of this county who have passed to their reward during the past quarter of a century.

I became a member of the Hampshire Bar, and moved to Romney 28 years ago this fall, to engage in the practice of law. The local bar, at that time, was made up of the following members: Judge R. W. Dailey (who was then the presiding jurist in this judicial circuit), Henry B. Gilkeson, W. B. Cornwell (then engaged in the construction of the Hampshire Southern Railroad), John J. Cornwell, J. S. Zimmerman, Robert White, J. Sloan Kuykendall, Ira V. Cowgill, T. E. Pownall, W. F. Singhass and Captain C. S. White. They were all courteous gentlemen, practitioners of ability, and possessed of a keen sense of the finest tradition and ethics of the profession. It was not necessary to have a written stipulation, or written agreement with any of these attorneys about any case on the docket. Their word was their bond.

The following are the members of the local bar and most of them are engaged in active practice of the law: John J. Cornwell, J. S. Zimmerman, T. E. Pownall, William H. Poling, George H. Williams, W. F. Singhass, L. V. Thompson, John L. Lehman, J. Ashby Mason, George S. Arnold and the writer. A thing of interest and importance is the very cordial relationship that exists among the members of this bar. A sense of fellowship and good feeling has always characterized the conduct of the legal profession here, and the writer testifies to this fact with a real sense of pride.

Maxwell and Swisher's History of Hampshire County says, "The bar of Hampshire is the oldest in West Virginia." This history also says this bar has been composed of "men of ability, as a rule; and while in years of service they surpass all other bars in the state, in ability and learning they suffer in comparison with none."

That distinction and achievement has come to members of this bar, is proven by the fact that

Messrs. Gilkeson, Kuykendall, Zimmerman, White, Cornwell, Arnold, Cowgill and the writer have occupied seats, at different times, in the Legislature of West Virginia. This distinction and achievement is further evidenced by the fact that since the formation of West Virginia, three members of this bar have occupied the exalted position of Governor of the State. Honorable John J. Jacobs and Honorable John J. Cornwell were elected to the high office of Governor from this county, and Honorable H. G. Kump, a native of the county, was elected Governor from Randolph County. So it can well be said that the distinguished ability of this bar has been recognized, and proven, by the honorable service rendered by these gentlemen in the public service of our State.

"Onward creep long twilight shadows;
Fairest suns must seek the West;
Glories die from flower bright meadows,
Then comes night, and with it rest."

The following members of this bar have answered death's summons since I became actively engaged in legal practice; Captain C. S. White, Honorable Henry B. Gilkeson, Honorable W. B. Cornwell, Judge R. W. Dailey, Honorable J. Sloan Kuykendall, Honorable Robert White and Honorable Ira V. Cowgill.

Each of these gentlemen was a member of the church and most of them stand out as spiritual leaders.

For Captain White, it may be said, that his prayers around his fireside will long be remembered by those who were privileged to hear them. While he did not engage as actively in the practice of law as some of the other members of the bar, however, his service as County Clerk for almost a generation is a service that brought to him great distinction.

Honorable Henry B. Gilkeson practiced his profession over a long period of years. He was a lawyer of great distinction and of singular success, which might be explained by his legal knowledge, hard work and integrity. Perhaps, however, his greatest distinction came from his long and faithful spiritual life. He was, indeed, a Christian leader whose service to his Lord and Master was his first and paramount duty.

Honorable William B. Cornwell practiced law for many years in Hampshire and Marion Counties. While he was practicing in Hampshire County, he was for a number of years the Prosecuting Attorney

of the County. As a prosecutor he won many criminal cases. At the trial table he was astute, able and resourceful. He was perhaps the most eloquent of the large number of distinguished men who practiced in the County. As a church man, he was an Episcopalian, devout in his church duties and a regular and systematic contributor.

Judge Robert W. Dailey was long a practitioner, the Prosecuting Attorney of the County of Hampshire, and finally sat for more than 30 years as the distinguished jurist of this Judicial Circuit. As a chancellor he was fair, and preserved the dignity and decorum of the court room. He had a keen sense of humor and his courtesy and kindness to the younger members of the bar was marked and very helpful. In the church and spiritual world, he was a devout man, faithful in his service to his God, and always found attending public worship.

Honorable J. Sloan Kuykendall was one of those lovable, cheerful and happy men of whom it may be said that you always felt more buoyant after you met and conversed with him. He was a most resourceful trial lawyer, and I might well say that I have never seen any lawyer at the trial table who could meet any occurrence that arose, and turn it more completely to the benefit of his client. He too, was a member of the church, and his heart was always seeking "good."

Honorable Robert White, another Hampshire County lawyer, who has passed to his reward only a couple of years ago, was long a practitioner, and for perhaps four terms Prosecuting Attorney of the County. He possessed that characteristic of

fallen heavily upon the bar of Romney in this generation, but the thing we must learn is, that in great haste our turn comes. Mr. Cowgill's faithfulness to his clients and to his family is well known to all of us. We here pause a moment to do honor to his memory, thankful for his service and assured of his reward. His Christian life and high ideals will long live with us.

A reference to the members of this bar who have passed during the last two decades would be incomplete without some reference to Honorable V. M. Poling and his long service as Clerk of the Circuit Court. For half a century he was closely associated with the members of the bar, and his kindness and helpful suggestions are remembered by every young practitioner who started the practice of law in Romney. He was a courteous, faithful servant of the people, possessed of a gentle spirit, and a Christian man of sound faith.

"Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Here we leave Thy servants sleeping."

I find it difficult to speak of these noble men who have gone before us, but their civic virtues, faithful service and spiritual lives, may be recalled for the purpose of bringing to us a higher sense of honor, duty and devotion, than we now possess. I call attention to the service they rendered, the ethics of the profession which they followed, and the spiritual lives of these leaders who have taken their departure for a better and happier clime. Their faithful example calls us to pursue with assiduity, the duties that fall upon us from day to day, and which duties if diligently performed, will lead us into that happy, spiritual communion with Him "Who gave Himself a ransom for many." This little brochure is written in the hope that the testimony herein, will bring some person to the knowledge of better things and to teach us that every person is created and called to some service, and if we truly answer the call, one will find a richer, happier and sweeter life here. These words of merited praise are written of these men who lived among us and whose virtues so exhibited, make our day brighter, fuller and happier. As we turn again to our daily work, we can not forget Whittier's lines which lead us toward the endless goal and nearer to our eternal hope:

"Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood
To one fixed trust my spirit clings,
I know that God is good!

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."



State School for the Deaf and Blind and
Eastern Section of Romney from the Air

loyal friendship and as a lawyer, he enjoyed a large and diversified practice. He was a good public official and a good man. He, too, was a Christian gentleman, and perhaps his outstanding characteristic was his faithful devotion to his family.

Honorable Ira V. Cowgill departed this life so recently that one writes of his demise from within the very shadow of this loss. The hand of death has

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP

Read What Great Church Men Have To Say

"Man is not yet so transfigured that he has ceased to keep the window of his mind and heart open towards Jerusalem, Galilee, Mecca, Canterbury or Plymouth. The abstract proposal that we worship at any place where God lets down the ladder is not yet an adequate substitute for the deep desire to go up to some central sanctuary where the religious artist vindicates a concrete universal in the realm of the spirit."—Willard L. Sperry.

"The steady discipline of intimate friendship with Jesus results in men becoming like Him."—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick.

"The way to preserve the peace of the church is to preserve its purity."—M. Henry.

"The Church of Christ is the world's only social hope and the sole promise of peace."—Gen. Sir Douglas Haig.

"The Religion of Christ has made a republic like ours possible; and the more we have of this religion, the better the republic."—H. M. Fild.



Its . . . VALUE

I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ. No dignity conferred by membership in any other organization can compare with this. Church membership, rightly valued, is a badge of distinction. I shall endeavor to wear it with honor.

Its . . . STANDARDS

The Church stands before the world for the things of right and righteousness, of truth and purity, of holiness and God. Church membership, truly lived, is an evidence of righteous purpose and of moral courage. The world needs that kind of living. I shall endeavor to offer it.

Its . . . REQUIREMENTS

Again, the Church is a place of prayer, the house of God. Church membership, faithfully practiced in terms of reverence and regularity in attendance upon the services of worship, is a confession of my human need and an appropriation of those resources of pardon, peace and power which are found in Jesus Christ. It is required of a Church member that he be faithful in inward thought and outward deed.

If you are a member of the Church of Jesus Christ and believe in its standards, it is expected that you attend the services regularly. If you are not a member of any Church, we extend a cordial invitation to worship with us next Sunday.

Do We Take Jesus Seriously?

JESUS taught that we should love our enemies and do good to them that hate us. Do we actually receive that teaching and practice it? Or do we just sentimentally adopt it, view it as a beautiful ideal, and proceed to ignore it? What is our real attitude toward those who dislike us, who hate us, who do mean, nasty things against us? Doubtless we find it desperately hard to deal with such persons as Jesus says we should deal with them. Our constitutional tendency is to strike when we are struck, to return evil for evil.

Observe that we are not asked to love the mean, contemptible, injurious things that men may do against us. We are fully justified in despising crookedness, slander, and all that is bad. But we need to draw a distinction between evil things that are done and the people who do them. We may hate the lie that some one may tell concerning us, but we must not hate him who tells it. Jesus requires that we deal with the liar on the principle of love. It must be admitted that it is not easy to make the distinction between the evil that is done and the doer of it. But we can learn to do so if we take Jesus seriously.

It is of the very essence of the gospel of Jesus to say that all men are our brothers. There was not the slightest bit of race prejudice in Him. The intelligentsia of the day, the high-powered priests and scribes and Pharisees, sneered at Him, saying, "He eats with publicans and sinners." It was true. He entered the homes and sat at the tables of men who were social outcasts. He promised divine forgiveness to a penitent harlot and a place with Himself in paradise to a penitent thief. Respectable people were scandalized at His friendliness with the despised, the poor, the hopelessly diseased, the forsaken. Jesus of Nazareth was our brother.

Alas, how far we are from possessing Christ's brotherly spirit. What a terrible thing is race prejudice as it is manifested at the present day in our world. What is



"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me."—Luke 9:23.

our attitude toward Japanese, Philipinos, Mexicans, Negroes and other races whose skin is not as white as ours? Concerning people who are not in our social circles, who have not had our educational advantages, how much of a brotherly spirit do we manifest toward them? How much we have to learn, how far we have to advance in the spirit of brotherhood!

Jesus said, "Follow Me." Do we take Him seriously? Many of us follow Him as far as it is convenient to do so. We follow Him to the extent that it will not cost us very much. We follow Him until sacrifice is demanded, until the cross looms up ahead. We follow Him so long as the way is smooth, and the sun is shining, and things are lovely. But how many of us prove that we have real hero blood in our veins? How many of us follow Him when we have to pay a price like loss of position or loss of friends? How many of us follow Him in genuine self-denial, unselfish, sacrificial service for the sake of others? How many of us follow Him in grinding, hard work, day in and day out, helping to push forward the work of the kingdom of God? A scribe said to Jesus, "Teacher, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest." The scribe had good intentions, but he did not have the nerve to fulfill them.

Do we take Jesus seriously?



LOCAL CONFEDERATE MONUMENT

The first monument ever to be erected to the Confederate dead was dedicated in Romney, September 26, 1867. It stands 12 feet high and is made of Italian marble. It cost \$1,400. In those days feeling against such a monument ran high and it was feared that Federal sympathizers would destroy it. But the monument stands today in memory of the Hampshire County Confederate dead. The Ladies' Memorial Association, organized in 1866, placed the monument and is still doing a splendid work.

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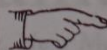
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