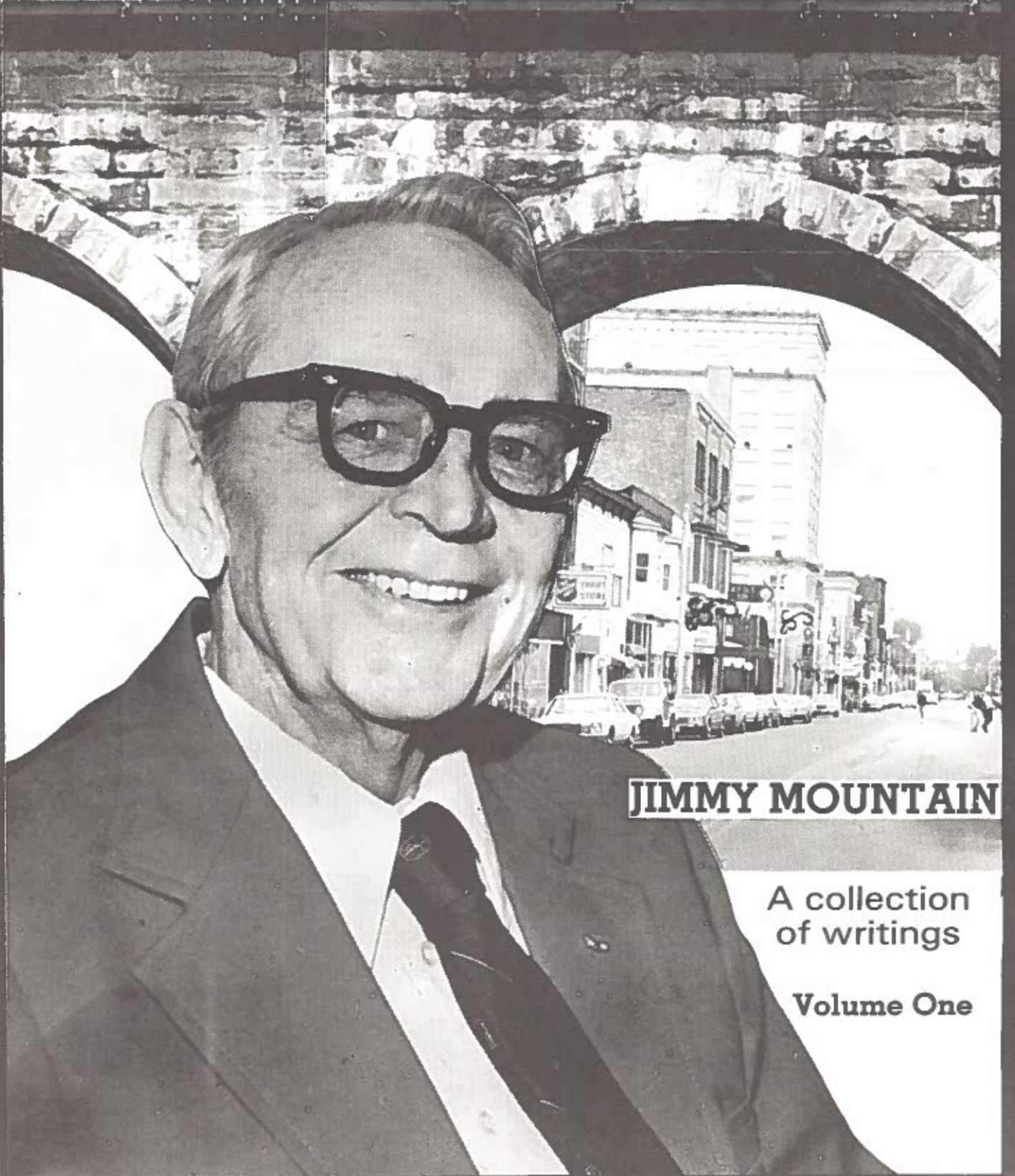


# ALONG THE WAY



**JIMMY MOUNTAIN**

A collection  
of writings

**Volume One**

One way a writer can measure his success is by the number of people his work affects. By that measure, and many others, the late Jimmy Mountain was a very successful writer, indeed.

Jimmy was hired by the *Martins Ferry Daily Times* shortly after his graduation from St. John Central High School in 1931, continuing his work when the *Daily Times* later merged with the *Bellaire Leader* to form what is now *The Times Leader*. During a career that spanned nearly 50 years, Jimmy covered routine city council meetings and school board sessions, high school sports teams and local business concerns, murders and muggings, bar fights and carnivals, and the effects that some extraordinary political activities had on Bellaire.

He produced hundreds of straight news stories but he is best remembered for his editorial columns - those wonderfully emotional and personal tributes to the people and events in his hometown. Jimmy was a student of history, particularly the Civil War era; as all good historians do, he realized that while the larger episodes of life receive the most publicity, it is the smaller incidents that lend color and meaning to the whole.

His news articles chronicled the events of his time as a reporter but his columns traced the pattern of Jimmy Mountain's own life - his boyhood on 26th Street in Bellaire, his military service during World War II, his marriage and the growth of his family; his pain and joy, regret and pleasure, anger and amusement were all shared with his readers.

"Along the Way" is a collection of just a few of Jimmy's columns. Those involved in its publication hope this will be the first volume in a series, with all profits going to benefit the Jimmy Mountain Memorial Scholarship Fund for the next generation of aspiring journalists.

But while we train for the future, it is enjoyable to visit the past and to stop "Along the Way" with Jimmy Mountain.

Sandy Wallace  
Bellaire Bureau Chief  
*The Times Leader*

# Bellaire Official Got Out in Time

**BELLAIRE'S NEW** safety director Bob Ney got out of Iran just before the roof fell in, and had he not changed his mind about staying there when his parents - his dad is a cameraman for Channel 7 - were about to leave after visiting him in August of 1978, Bob conceivably could be cooped up now in the American Embassy in Tehran, where one of his supervisors, a Mrs. Kirk, is numbered among the hostages. Bob finished in 1976 at Ohio State University, and had come in contact with Iranian students studying in the U.S., students who impressed him with their eagerness to learn all things American and with their politeness. So he went to Iran in January of 1978, and he got a job teaching English to Iranians with the Iran-American Society, a quasi-government program aimed at acquainting the Irans with American customs and history, in addition teaching them English. Kids from nine years of age up to adults over 60 crowded the school, 4,000 at a time for each two-months segment, and for a while life for Bob, who speaks Persian, was comfortable. The signals of discontent began to appear in March of that year, sporadic at first, interspersed with periods of relative calm. The school in which Bob taught was in Shiraz, a city of some 600, 000 located 547 miles south of Teheran, and he traveled frequently to the latter city where the Society's main headquarters was located.

**AMERICANS AT** the time were very welcome - people stopped him on the street to ask from where he came, and to invite him to their homes, because to have an American visit in an Iranian home was something of a status symbol. Probably because he speaks Persian, Bob found welcome also among the peasant group, not only the middle and upper strata. Students in his classes were polite, well-mannered and interested, until one day a student asked what intelligence was, and when Bob answered, the student responded, "The CIA maybe?" There were protests and

riots in Teheran, then in Shiraz, then in the holy city of Qom, and eventually the whole country caught fire, the Shah bailed out, and the Ayatollah came in, and since then things have gone from bad to worse for the Iranians, with nobody running the country in what most nations understand as government to a greater or lesser degree, and the economy is in a shambles, with a lot of Iranians not getting enough to eat and some who were eating before aren't able to now because they're dead. A couple of Iranian families with whom Bob was acquainted were executed after the Shah's fall.

**BOB SEES LITTLE** or no hope for an immediate release of the hostages. In the first place, no American official or unofficial who has gone to Iran has been able to talk to the man who holds the key, the Ayatollah, and in the second place, Bob thinks that the Ayatollah is not exactly certain that if he told the revolutionaries to "let them go," the revolutionaries would turn them loose. The Ayatollah, Bob believes, didn't order the attack, but it fell into his plans when he needed a diversion to take the people's minds off problems of a governmental vacuum, economic chaos, unemployment and a collapsing society. The occupation of the embassy by the revolutionaries and their capture of the hostages served as a convenient target toward which to funnel hatred and frustration, blaming the country's escalating problems on the Americans, so the Ayatollah went along with the revolutionaries, but whether he actually controls them is another thing altogether, Bob thinks, and he doesn't believe the Ayatollah wants to put it to the test. There are five separate and divided factions in the country, including the Ayatollah's people, Moslems who are not Khomeini followers, the fanatical Moslems, a terrorist group which leans to national communism, and the Tudea communists who are Moscow-controlled.

**NONE OF THE** five groups trusts the others, and how many of each is involved in the embassy takeover is a moot question, which, Bob says, could mean that the Ayatollah's exercise of authority, should he decide to call for the release of the hostages, might not unlock the embassy gate. What Bob does see in Iran is eventually a civil war between the five groups and a complete shattering of the country. The Tudea communists were the first to take to the streets - the Shah's soldiers killed 35 of them in a Shiraz bazaar, although at that point the Tudea was non-violent - and as the troubles escalated and the religious mullahs became more active, the Tudea withdrew into the background and let the mullahs take over, on the assumption that the religious overtone would have more appeal than naked Moscow communism. But the Tudeas got the guns they needed by sacking the arsenals, and they are the best organized of any of the five groups, and when it comes time to pick up what's left of the country's pieces, the Tudea will be ready, Bob believes.

**THE SHAH** was no angel, Bob readily admits, and he got to the point eventually where he thought he was divine, but he did bring Iran into the 20th Century, with some degree of social freedom, including a degree of liberation for women, and he dropped the country's illiteracy rate from 98 to 55 percent in about ten years. His SAVAK police were brutal, merciless and vindictive in repressing all political dissent. The Iranians, in effect, have traded one dictatorial and repressive government for another, and the secret police of the new regime are no less brutal and merciless, and the Iranians themselves have lost something in the process, Bob believes.

January 6, 1980

*For God and Country*  
**AMERICAN LEGION POST 52**  
Bellaire, Ohio

# Hometown Boy Nothing But Professional

**AROUND THE** pro football leagues they say Andy Dorris found a home in Houston, where he plays a defensive end for the Oilers, but Greg Harris and Rich Gross, who played high school ball with Andy at Bellaire, will dispute that; Andy's home, they are convinced after Saturday a week ago, is in Bellaire, and will be there always, along with his heart. Andy and the Oilers came into Pittsburgh to play the Steelers for the AFC championship and the right to go into next Sunday's Super Bowl in Pasadena. Greg, who is a part-time Bellaire policeman, and Rich, who is a full-time policeman in Shadyside, went up to Pittsburgh, Greg armed with a photo taken at the Class of 1969 reunion last year, which Andy couldn't make, and for three hours the three of them sat in the lobby at the Marriott while Andy jabbed at the photo and wanted to know where this one was, what that one is doing, and what happened to that one. He went through the whole gang of them in the picture - here was a guy who the next day was going to play football in front of a packed house in Three Rivers Stadium and before uncounted millions on television, with upwards of \$36,000 waiting for each of the Super Bowl winners, but his main concern at the moment was where his classmates were back in Bellaire, and what they were doing.

**EARLIER THIS** past season, Greg took Andy a souvenir mug and a booklet from the reunion. The mug, on which Andy immediately inscribed his initials, has a prominent place in his home north of Houston, and the booklet has been thumbed through time and again. So, maybe it's true that nobody ever really leaves home. Andy went out of Bellaire to New Mexico State University, where he got bigger - those colleges have programs which stretch these high school kids upwards and outwards, all tough muscle, no fat - and he did well enough in the southwest to get a look at by pro scouts. He was drafted by Cleveland when Bellaire's Nick Skorich was coaching the Browns, and they let him go. That was at a time when the Browns

were hurting for a punter, and we have always thought the Browns could have looked at him for that job. Andy punted in high school, and between his junior and senior years, his uncle Bobo, who also punted at Bellaire High School in the mid-1930s, came down and spent the summer sharpening up Andy's kicking; the improvement was noticeable in Andy's senior season in 1968. Middle-aged Red fans will remember Bobo at Bellaire High and Ohio State University in his playing days.

**ANDY PUT IN** a couple of seasons with the New Orleans Saints, then hooked on with the Seattle Seahawks. An outdoor type, Andy was out hunting one day in the off season, and when he came home, his wife - he married a New Mexico State cheerleader and they have three children, two boys and a girl - told him Oiler Coach Bum Philips had called. Andy thought somebody was putting him on, but a couple of days later, coming home again from hunting, his wife said Bum - he's the guy under that big cowboy hat you see wandering up and down the sidelines - had called again, and this time had left a number. Andy phoned and Bum asked him, "How'd you like to come down here and play a little football?" That's an understatement, for Andy has played a lot of football for the Oilers, and in Houston they say he was one of the guys who got the Oilers into the playoff, which, judging from the way the Los Angeles Rams looked in winning the NFC part of the playoff, really was the Super Bowl game in Pittsburgh; unfortunately, the Oilers won't get the money that goes to the Super Bowl contenders. Andy had his own cheering section in Three Rivers; in addition to Greg and Rich, Ron Freeman who grew up with Andy on West 23rd Street was there, and a whole bunch of other Bellaire people.

**UNLESS YOU** sat on the Houston side of the stadium, it was dangerous to be for the Oilers; Bellaire Fire Chief Bill Johnson walked into a stadium rest room wearing a cowboy hat, and five Steeler fans knocked the hat into the trough.

Bill's reaction: "What could I do? There were five of them and only one of me." Andy looked good against the Steeler run, but a No. 79 in black and gold gave him a fit on pass protection, although once Andy did get a sack on Terry Bradshaw. It wasn't enough; the Steelers won, and the city of Pittsburgh has been wacky ever since, convinced that the Rams will be a piece of cake next Sunday, and on paper, that's the way it looks; the Steelers are tough, good and mean, and they will kill you when you least expect it. Probably each of the Steelers will come back to Pittsburgh next Monday waving checks for \$36,000. Pretty good money for playing a kid's game, but maybe not enough for the knocks and bumps and bruises that come back to haunt pro footballers when they get around 45 to 50 years old and not playing anymore. That's why a lot of them look for something else - Andy has a piece of a construction company and shares ownership of a funeral home with a St. Louis Cardinal.

**OILER TIGHT** end Mike Barber has a copyright on that big feather surrounding the Oiler trademark, the large cowboy hat, and down the list of every pro roster, guys who play have a piece of something else to comfort them in their old age. Andy will be back in the valley for the Dapper Dan banquet, where he will be among those honored, and he plans to spend a week in Bellaire - his dad by the same name hasn't been too well lately - so Greg and Rich are looking forward to that week, and getting set to make sure Andy gets to see as much of his home town and its people as he wants before he goes back to his ranch, about 70 miles from Houston, where he has no telephone and not much of a road, but lots of timber with which to build a big barn which will be connected by an airborne walkway to a big old oak tree, and a lion cub which can grow to 500 pounds; Andy is used to handling 500 pounds of opposing linemen, so he's not worried about the lion cub.

January 17, 1980

# Presenting the Sounds of the Big Bands

**THEY SAY** that around the country the big band music is coming back, that the young adults who have outgrown rock groups are buying the Miller and Dorsey and Goodman records, and those of other big bands in that era, in increasing numbers, because they like the full orchestra sound that has melody instead of beat. Being young at the time of the big bands, that decade between 1935 and 1945 principally, we like that new trend; the only records of the rock years that we have at home are those our children left behind when they grew up, but we have a bunch of music of Miller, Dorsey, Goodman, Hal Kemp, Duke Ellington, Erskine Hawkins, Russ Morgan, Glen Gray, Artie Shaw, Harry James, Charlie Barnett and all those people. The bands are coming back too, with new leaders and some of the old sidemen and all of the original arrangements, and in the bigger cities these bands are drawing people. They cost a lot more than they did back in their heyday - everything costs more - and the overnight jumps in a bus between stops aren't part of the travel plan, but the big bands are coming around as they used to when they played the Market Auditorium and Wheeling Park in the old days, and maybe some of them will return to Wheeling more often, if the trend continued.

**ONE OF THE** people doing his bit for the resurgence is Eric Halverson, who runs Eric's on Waddle Run just outside of Oglebay Park, and who is presenting on Friday and Saturday nights the big band sounds at his place in a Criswell Productions package, "Big Band Spectacular," featuring original recordings. Dan Criswell heads up that outfit, and our daughter Lisa, who is an associate producer, is running the Eric's presentation. Lisa grew up on big band music while she was at home, and probably knows as much as any other young person of her age about that era. Dan comes by his love of good music honestly; his dad, Elmer Criswell, played drums in the bands around here before he entered the service in the Second War, and his mother is such a fan of

Frank Sinatra that she has almost every recording he ever made. Elmer studies under Stefano Ceo, whose musical preferences at that time were classical, and Elmer recalls that when Ceo would leave the room at rehearsals, he and his buddies would forsake the classical to play the big band music, and invariably they took some criticism when Ceo came rushing back on hearing their impromptu departures from the classics. Not that Ceo was opposed to popular music, but he felt the classics were primary.

**ERIC HALVERSON** came by a love for big band music at a young age. He was born and raised in a little town outside Oslo, Norway, during the German occupation, and immediately after the war, got a job as a cook on a Norwegian ship which had New York as a regular destination. The big bands were on their way out just about that time, but there was enough of the music still being played in the little clubs around New York, and he heard that music when he and his Norwegian shipmates went out on the town after docking. So he acquired the big band musical taste, and has nurtured it since he became an American citizen years ago. He has operated Eric's - in the old days it used to be the Cricket, and we went there with Jeanne in our younger days to listen to Eddie Johnson's Trio - for some years now, and when Criswell Productions hit him with this big band program, he was ready and willing to accept. So the show, which started a couple of weeks ago, is now on at Eric's, and picking up more listeners each week. Criswell Productions uses a highly advanced stereo system which produces the big band sound as faithfully as a live performance, with all of the instrumental phrasings in perfect balance, so you get the next best thing to being back there when the bands like Miller and Ellington and Mel Hallett and Henry Bussey and Clyde McCoy and Ted Fiorioto and Glen Gray and Ina Ray Hutton and Shep Fields stopped in Wheeling.

**THOSE WERE** great days, in retrospect, and a whole bunch of

legends surrounds them. Not always great days for the bands; Benny Goodman was about to throw in the towel when he took his band from New York to California, playing ballrooms where the management wanted only the waltzes and none of that new-fangled swing music, so when he got to the Palomar in Los Angeles, he decided that if he was going to pack it in, he would do it his way, and he hit the crowd with those powerful swing arrangements, and the crowd went so nuts that Benny Goodman's reputation was made. Glenn Miller was playing his sound to empty tables at Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook on the Pompton Turnpike in New Jersey, and he too was about ready to break up the band, but though the tables were empty, he was being broadcast on radio throughout the area, and when he went from the Meadowbrook to a date at the Glen Island Casino in New York, they started coming in droves, and from there on the Miller sound came to be the one most prominently identified with the era of the big bands.

**SINATRA WAS** just another band singer with Harry James when Tommy Dorsey liked what he heard, picked him up, built some ballads around his style, and Sinatra took off like a big-tailed bird on "I'll Never Smile Again," then followed that up with his own song, "This Love of Mine." Bunny Berigan spent a year working on "I Can't Get Started," recorded it once with little success, went back to the practicing, and his second recording is regarded as one of the finest trumpet performances in the history of music. He didn't live long to enjoy his success; like the fabled Bix Beiderbecke of the 1920s, he was dead of alcohol before he was 32. If you gather from this that we are a devotee of the big bands, you are so right, and if you're interested, maybe we'll be back here soon with some more of what little we know of the big band history. Meanwhile, maybe we'll run into you some Friday or Saturday night at Eric's.

January 30, 1980

**FIRST WARD TAVERN**  
1901 Belmont Street  
Bellaire, Ohio Phone: 676-8675

# Remembering Those Bellaire Boys of '14

**THEY ARE** going down in the valley one by one, those men who as boys played with the Bellaire High football team of 1914, for many years regarded as the best the high school ever produced, but today remembered only by a steadily-declining few and hardly ever mentioned except when the oldtimers more and more infrequently get together. The latest to fade was Clyde Duffy, who died recently at 85 years of age, and who was involved with one of the major heroic moments of that team. Joe Estabrook was the coach and his assistant was C. R. Welbaum, and the team over a ten-game schedule won them all, with the exception of one, and thereby hangs Clyde Duffy's part of the legend. The one they didn't win was a 6-6 tie with Columbus East at the old 16th Street Field in Bellaire, down where the Little Leaguers play now - the Reds moved a couple of years later to the other end of town, the old Riverview Park where the North Guernsey St. industrial area is, and where they stayed until Nelson Field was built under WPA in 1933-34. Clyde Duffy that long-ago day provided the difference between a tie and a loss, and for years Big Reds fans talked about that game. Columbus East came to town on the B. and O. train, and they brought with them a back by the name of Chic Harley, and if you know anything at all about Ohio State, somewhere you have come across that name.

**CHIC HARLEY**, they thought in Columbus, was the greatest running back in the whole world, in a day when the only way to get the ball across the goal line was to run for it, for the forward pass was just being invented on the beach at Cedar Point by a couple of guys named Knute Rockne and Gus Dorais. It was a hard-nosed ball game at 16th St., and both teams managed to score once, and were tied at 6-6, when Harley broke loose and was away with what looked like a sure touchdown and the game winner, but Clyde ran him down and dropped him at the ten-yard line. That had been too close for comfort, and the Red defense wasn't going to let it happen again, so they jammed Harley and the

East attack and took the ball away from them. Up to that day, the Reds had whopped in order Moundsville, Cambridge, Steubenville, East Liverpool, Martins Ferry, Zanesville and Marietta by scores ranging from 32 to 54 points, the latter against Ferry which had scored the only touchdown against them in those seven games. After the East game, they closed out the season with the going getting tougher, beating New Philly 14-13 and Wheeling 16-6.

**CHIC HARLEY** went on to Ohio State and became one of the Buckeye's greatest, and for years in the OSU athletic office there was a life-size picture of him in color and wearing the Scarlet and Gray. Maybe since those years other heroes have crowded him out of the athletic office, for there have been a whole passel of great people in Buckeye uniforms, but up until the days of the Second War, there stood Harley's life-size image in the office. And for years State kept bringing him back for show at its big home games, until his mind began to fade, and he finally died. The Big Reds that year had names like Duffy, Ernie Beck, Bud Neal, Spotswood Green, Sleep Cochran, John Tschappat, Joe Anderson, John McClain, Art Lawrence, John Tobin, Mike Foley, Lawrence Houston, Wilbur Knox, Morrie Zweig, Ike Price, Wilbur Deafenbaugh, Wilbur Knox, Bill Crow, Heinie Wagner, Lou Herzberg, names that mostly live today only on tombstones or in the memories of their children and grandchildren, and the only one we know today who is still alive is Sleep Cochran, who for years in his electric store proudly displayed a souvenir banquet program, shaped like a football, with a photo of the first team, seven linemen in front in down position, and four backs standing upright behind them. The Romans had the words for it, "Sic transit gloria mundi", but before they "transit-ed", there was much "gloria" in the "mundi" of Bellaire for them.

**HOUSTON OILER** Andy Dorris, back in Bellaire recently for the funeral of his father, Andrew, who died following a lengthy illness, says he now

has a telephone at his ranch house some 70 miles north of Houston, courtesy of his neighbors. When they learned that Andy had no phone connections, the neighbors got together and laid him a line, the wire right on top of the ground, from the nearest connection, a considerable distance from Andy's house. A permanent line will be installed later, but in the meantime, Andy has a connection to the outside world. The neighbors must think a lot of Andy - when he came back from road trips with the Oilers, he found that his neighbors had cleared more and more parts of his ranch, even using bulldozers, and they still do that. Upcoming, they're going to have a dinner honoring Andy at a little restaurant near his home. The kids in the local high school shop class are going to build him a barn. Andy, who shuddered and replied "no way" when someone suggested he still has seven or eight good years ahead of him in pro football, plans to raise horses and some cattle, and do a little timbering. When he gets out of pro ball, Andy says, he doesn't intend to ranch for a living, but plans to get himself a "little nuts and bolts business" in that area of Texas for his livelihood.

**AND, IF YOU'RE** interested, the lion cub hasn't bit him yet. If you could see how big that lanky high school kid from West 23rd St. has gotten since he's been in the pros, the lion's reluctance to nip him would be understandable.

February 6, 1988

**THE ROOSEVELT**  
Bellaire, Ohio

# Contributions for the Area's Future

**WE HAVE LOST** by death within a few days of each other, two men that no community can afford to lose, Atty. Joe McGraw and Charles "Bud" Keyser, both of whom contributed in their respective fields a great deal to life around them and both of whom had much more to contribute, had they been permitted to stay a little longer. Joe McGraw's fields were those of the law and politics, the latter more in the context of public government than in affairs of the party. From observation over many years, we came to the opinion that Joe possessed one of the finest minds in our area, and he was more than willing to use that intellect for the benefit of his community. Joe was one of the originators, while in Bellaire City Council, of the city income tax, and later its chief defender, and the city income tax, despite the constant criticisms of its use, has been the savior of the city. Joe lost his council seat at the next election because of his support of the income tax ordinance, and when the tax was threatened by a referendum which placed it before the electorate, he chaired a committee which successfully enlisted sufficient voter support to enable its continuance. The income tax spread over all of the citizens the financial support of their municipal government.

**TO HAVE RAISED** an equal amount of money, the city would have had to submit to the voters something like 15 mills of property taxation, coming down on only one segment, the property owner, and there is no way the city could have gotten voter approval of that high a rate of taxation. Whether the city income tax revenues are being used properly may be debatable, but that the tax has been the financial salvation of municipal government is a proven fact. So, Joe had the foresight to be part of the solution for the city's recurrent money problems, and he had the courage to bite the bullet in supporting the initial ordinance, knowing that his support would shatter, at least temporarily, his political future. For that, if for no other reason, Bellaire and its people owe him; but there are a great many other areas of contribution to

the public good for which all of us are indebted to Joe McGraw. In a more personal sense, we owe Joe McGraw for the privilege of having known him, for coming into our life, for his friendship, for having benefitted from his high standards of character, concern and courtesy, for just being around where we could see him and know that if we needed him, whether professionally or personally, he was there.

**BUD KEYSER** went in a different direction than Joe McGraw; Bud's field was that of education, in particular the specialized area of vocational education which for too long had been ignored in the structure of general education to prepare high school students for the increasingly complex world into which they were to be graduated. Vocational education in philosophy admits that not all students are able to make good use of a general education, and that somewhere out there, beyond high school, is a place waiting for those who can work with their hands, especially for those students whose family finances don't permit the opportunity to go on to college. Bud entered into this specialized phase of education with an enthusiastic confidence that transmitted into the program at Martins Ferry High School so well that when Belmont County's Joint Vocational School was created, he was chosen as its first director. The groundwork which he laid out there has enabled the JVS to continue turning out students who are fitting exceptionally well into many areas of employment not only in the county but in the entire area.

**WHEN THE** Switzerland of Ohio School District decided to go in the same direction, Bud was the man they wanted to get the program underway, and he built their program literally from the ground up, even before the district had a building in which to put the program. When he retired from Switzerland of Ohio, the Ohio University Belmont Campus was in the wings waiting to pick up him, officially as part-time registration coordinator, but Bud's work for the branch went into a great many other directions, including

counseling and advising students and helping an old friend, Dean E. R. Bovenizer, operate the place. The branch knew that Bud still had a capability, beyond his retirement, to help students, and so instead of packing it on retirement, he kept right on doing his bit. Before he got into vocational education, Bud was a track coach, and at Bellaire High School he originated the Bellaire Relays, laying so sound a foundation that the event keeps getting bigger by the year, expanding on his original ideas. So there are three things that will live on as viable tributes to Bud's theories that helping kids helps the future, the Belmont County JVS, the Switzerland of Ohio JVS, and the Bellaire Relays, and as long as any of them survives, which from this point appears to be the limited forever, so will the work of Bud Keyser in making his contribution to the future.

February 17, 1980

# Ohio 7 No Afterthought to Area Folk

**THE STATE** of Ohio intends to come on the June primary ballot with a bond issue for roads, and evidently the pressure from West Virginia to complete the Ohio side of the I-470 project had much to do with that top-level state decision. In something of an aside the state added, almost as an afterthought, that some of the money might be available to do the Ohio 7 relocation through Bellaire and Shadyside. To the residents of both of those communities, Ohio 7 is not an afterthought, but a millstone around their necks for much too long a time. The relocation project was born long before I-470 was started. It would well behoove those people in Bellaire and Shadyside take a solemn vow not to support the proposed bond issue unless the completion of Ohio 7 before I-470 is pledged, in writing, by those at the state level who control these things. The fact that the state of West Virginia pushed ahead and built its now-embarrassing "bridge to nowhere" is of little or no concern to residents of Bellaire and Shadyside who have been fighting the battle of Ohio 7 without too much success for all these years. There is no justice if the state of Ohio takes the state of West Virginia off the hook and leaves the Ohio 7 project still hanging, still twisting slowly in the wind.

**COMING OUT** of West Virginia are those doleful predictions that unless Ohio builds its end of I-470, all that interstate traffic traveling I-470 out of West Virginia will be dumped onto Ohio 7 in a monumental traffic jam. Dumped where? Off the end of the bridge? If Ohio's part of the job is not done, I-470 traffic westbound will come to the end of that bridge only if the road is improperly marked and traffic is not given proper warning as its junction with I-70 on the West Virginia side of the river. A few directional signs at that junction would be much more justifiable than finishing Ohio's part of I-470 at the expense of the long-suffering Ohio 7 job. State Rep. Wayne L. Hays is opposed adamantly to both the bond issue itself and to placing it on the June ballot, and State Sen. Sam Speck also is opposed to the bond issue

until he is convinced that it will do the job, but is not opposed to putting it before the electorate. There are a great many questions about that bond issue, questions which must be answered more clearly than they have been up to now. Sen. Speck sees nothing more in the present plan than mortgaging the future; Rep. Hays sees nothing at all.

**WE HAD A VERY** welcome call from Bob Warnock concerning that story about the Bellaire-Columbus East game in 1914, and we thank Bob for correcting an omission - we left out two of the Big Reds stars, Frank Nelson, who played an interior lineman, and St. Clair Brady, who was an end. Bob was a junior at Bellaire High that year, and he saw the game. He still has the old Beljuan, the school yearbook, with the 1914 team's picture in it. And we had a call also from Sleep Cochran, now 86, who played the game; in fact, Sleep missed the first game in his freshman year, and then played all the rest, four years, until he was graduated. Sleep is the oldest living past commander of the Bellaire American Legion Post, and may be one of the oldest living Legionnaires in the state of Ohio. There was a large photo of the 1914 team that the Moore brothers, who ran a cigar store in Bellaire, got possession of, and they put it up as a prize on a punchboard. Sleep won the photo, appropriately, turned down an offer of \$25 for it - big money in those days - and still has it among his most prized possessions. Another note on that team: the late Francis Wallace, who was a writer of national reputation,

and the late John Tobin, who carried mail in Bellaire, were very close friends, and until the day he died, Francis always called John "the plucky little halfback", a quote from a news account of one of the team's games.

**THE COACH** of that team, Joe Estabrook, is still living, at 87 years of age, but has a severe case of arthritis which has him using a walker and a wheelchair. He has a farm in Switzerland to which he goes every summer. Coach Estabrook still remembers his 1914 team - he wasn't much older than some of the boys who played for him, for he turned 21 years of age the October of his first coaching year at Bellaire High. In 1973, when he learned that the late Clyde Duffy was ill, he wrote to Clyde. In that respect, remembering his first coaching job at Bellaire, he has something in common with Al Sears, who followed him into Bellaire much later and who still has a fond place in his heart for Bellaire High. We had a letter, after we had done that piece on the 1914 team, from Betty McClain, whose husband, the late John McClain, played with the team. Betty is living in Euclid, Ohio, and we thank her not only for her letter but for her thought that the article is "something for posterity". Posterity needs to be reminded every once in a while that there really was a past.

February 20, 1980

**BAUKNECHT FUNERAL HOME**  
Bellaire - Shadyside - Powhatan Point  
676-1611



# Former Slave was 'Freedom Fighter'

"WHEN I WAS very young," said Mrs. Lois Reed Pickett, "my aunt, Pressie L. Reed, who was a nurse at the old Carnegie Mill, used to take me for walks along North Guernsey St., and there was a little cottage that we passed and Aunt Press said that the man who lived there used to be a slave. His name was Jacob Capito, but everybody called him Uncle Jake, and he knew all the kids and he called them by their names. Uncle Jake built a bench on the bank, across Guernsey St. from his cottage, and I always so wanted to sit on that bench, but my mother said I should not go onto anybody else's property unless I was asked, so I never did get to sit on the bench. Uncle Jake was in the Civil War, and people used to come from all over the country to sit with him on that bench when the weather was good and talk to him about the war, because he was something of an authority on it. When Uncle Jake died, my Aunt Press said, he had one of the biggest funerals ever in Bellaire, because people came from all over the state to pay him their last respects. My Aunt Press told me, too, that in his will, he bequeathed the property to his relatives with the stipulation that it was never to be sold outside the family, and I wonder now what will happen with Ohio 7 supposed to go down that street."

**THE MAN WHO** owns the property now is a great-grandnephew of Uncle Jake, Charles Busby, and he bought it from his great-granddaughter Mrs. Kate Jackson, to whom Uncle Jake left it, when she moved from Bellaire to Lorain. The original cottage is gone, replaced years ago with another house, and it was in this house last August that Charley was burned severely. So nobody really lives in the house now, which must be repaired, and Charley said there is nothing in Uncle Jake's will that says the property must stay in the family. It has remained so, though, but Charley says that if the state wants it for Ohio 7, he doesn't see how he can stop the state from taking it, even though it has been home to him and his family since he bought it from Aunt Kate years ago, because the state has a great many

more lawyers than Charley could ever hope to employ. Most of the Capito family history is in an old Bible handed down through the generations, and Charley, who spent a great many weeks in the hospital recuperating from his burns, was fearful at first that maybe the Bible had been destroyed in the flames, but fortunately the Bible did survive and Charley still has it.

**JACOB CAPITO** was born into slavery on Sept. 15, 1837, in Hardy County, which was then in Virginia but which is now in West Virginia, having been incorporated into the latter state when the western part of Virginia left the Old Dominion in 1863 - Hardy County is one of the easternmost in West Virginia, abutting Shenandoah County in Virginia. Whether the split in 1863 made him a free man is unknown, but in 1864 Jacob Capito enlisted in the Union Army, and spent the year from then, until the Confederate Army under Gen. Robert E. Lee surrendered to Union Gen. U.S. Grant at Appomattox in April of 1865, with Co. G of the 30th U.S. Colored Regiment. There was a division of opinion in the North about using Negro troops and whether they could fight, but fight they did, Co. G in particular. It was not too long after Uncle Jake joined the 30th that the regiment was with Grant's Army of the Potomac in the Wilderness, where Grant launched in May of 1864 his bloody campaign that took 60,000 Union casualties, more than Lee had in his whole Army of Virginia, in a two-months period before the Confederates were driven into Petersburg and besieged, although the Civil War was to limp along for nine more months until Lee surrendered.

**JACOB CAPITO** and the 30th were with the Ninth Corps at Spotsylvania, where the Union Army took, in about four days, over 18,000 casualties when Grant tried to slip around Lee's right coming out of the Wilderness, and in July, Co. G was in front of Petersburg, still with the Ninth Corps under Gen. Ambrose Burnside, when the mine dug by the 48th Pennsylvania was exploded under the Confederate position, laying

open a crater 30 feet deep, 60 feet wide and 170 feet long. A last-minute change of orders took from the all-black Fourth Division the honor of leading the charge, and the division went into the confused attack behind the white troops, and was caught in a deadly enfilade fire which inflicted 40 percent casualties on the division's two brigades. From in front of Petersburg the 30th went into the Shenandoah Valley with Gen. Phil Sheridan who had orders to clean out the valley, and he did, with emphasis, and in January of 1865 the 30th was with Gen. Alfred Terry at the capture of Fort Fisher, N.C., closing the last Confederate gateway, from Wilmington, to the outside world. Honorably discharged in the summer of 1865, Jacob Capito came to Bellaire in 1871 to live out the rest of his life, until he died in 1932 at 95 years of age, honored, respected and loved.

**IN THE** 60 some years that Uncle Jake lived in his adopted community, he worked in the coal mines, then at the old Bellaire Nail Works and the Carnegie Mill, and finally as a member of the Bellaire police department. He joined the Spangler Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, membership in which was limited to veterans of the Civil War, and when he died, only Dr. H. C. Kemple remained on its rolls. In a short time, Dr. Kemple was dead, and so was the GAR, because there was nobody left to qualify for membership. The bench that he built on the railroad embankment across from his house has been gone for many years, although there are people still around, like Mrs. Pickett, who can remember it, and if and when Ohio 7 comes to pass, the property too will be gone. Whatever memory there may be left of Jacob Capito will be confined in the family Bible that Charles Busby has, and it would seem that maybe there ought to be something more of public memory of a man born into slavery who found freedom so precious that he volunteered, when he didn't have to, to take up the gun and fight to preserve it.

February 24, 1980

**ST. JOHNS BOOSTER CLUB**  
Bellaire, Ohio

# City Tax: We Can't Live Without It

**IF YOU LIVE** in Bellaire, you may be asked, or may have already been asked, to sign a petition to place the city income tax on the ballot this year. Such petitions are reported in circulation, although we have not seen any, so we haven't been asked to sign one; if we were asked, we would refuse, for reasons which will become evident later on in this column. Should the city income tax get on the ballot, there is a good chance that it would be defeated, for in these days of taxpayer overburden, the taxpayer gets only one clear, unobstructed shot at the tax issues, and that one shot, unfortunately, is at the tax issues which directly affect him or her, the local issues of municipal, school or county. These are the governmental agencies directly affecting the people; the city which provides police and fire protection, street improvements and repairs; the school district which educates our children; and the county which provides services beyond the municipal lines but directly bearing on citizen welfare. The citizen has no opportunity to vote directly on taxation at the federal level, nor at the state level; in the later context, witness HB 920 which recently increased Belmont County residential property taxation by as high as 40 percent, and the message from the Ohio Legislature which passed the bill was "take your lumps and shut up".

**BUT WHEN A** municipality or a school district needs more money, it must go on the ballot with a levy, and here the people finally get their shot, only what they are deciding are the services which directly benefit them. Neither Washington nor Columbus paves your streets, builds your sewers, buys your fire equipment, pays your police and your firemen and your city employees, builds your schools and educates your children, although in the latter endeavor money to help does come from Columbus and Washington, with strings attached, of course. Years ago, when Gordon Dix was helping his brother A. V. to publish THE TIMES LEADER and before Gordon took over the DEFIANCE CRESCENT NEWS, he had what is

probably the best, but never-happen solution, to taxation and the direct benefits of it; his contention was that all taxes should be collected at the local level, then funneled upward to the state and federal governments. That, Gordon believed, would provide local government with sufficient funds to underwrite public services directly affecting the people who pay the taxes, and the upward funneling of what was left would end higher-echelon money wastage.

**IN THE FOREGOING** are the reasons why we would not sign a petition to place the city income tax on the ballot; its defeat would come very close to wrecking the city of Bellaire. The half-million dollars which the income tax is bringing represents about one-third of the city's operating budget, and in the ratio of things, the loss of that money would force the city to cut back in equal part its street, water, sewer, police and fire services. Close to 70 percent of the income tax revenues goes for salaries and wages of city employees, and every ordinance passed since 1968 granting increases to city employees carries a bottom line that the increases are in effect only so long as the city income tax system is in effect. In 1967, the city's annual payroll was \$228,628; in this year of 1980, that payroll will be \$780,640. The defeat of the city income tax would return pay scales for city employees to the 1967 level. How many of these employees then could afford to work for the city, at today's cost of living? It would not be necessary for the city to reduce the number of employees in order to fit a decent wage for them into the 1967 pay standards, because those city employees would be forced to seek higher-paying jobs somewhere else in order to keep them and their families alive.

**THAT THERE HAS** been discontent with the city income tax is an indisputable fact. There is a sizable segment of the citizenry firmly believing that city services are not what they should be, that residents are not getting the standard of municipal service for which they are paying, and that the city income

tax revenues are misused. It ever was, is now, and ever will be a difficult job to explain to residents, be they city, township, county, state or national, where their tax money goes and for what it is used. No governmental unit was ever so well managed and well operated that every single dollar could be accounted for to an exact exactness; the best that any governmental unit can hope for is to do the best it can with what it has, and not too many political subdivisions, by the very nature of government structure, ever reach that desirable plateau. The government sprawl is just too complex for highest-standard performances; what you can do in your home with what you earn is not measured by the same yardstick as governmental operations, and it comes down, then, to a matter of trust in the people you elect. If you live in Bellaire and you think things are bad, think again what would they be with the loss of one-third of city income.

**AND THE MAN** who did much to increase the city income tax yield is dead. Steve Krajnyak was the second administrator to head the department; Fred White was the first, when the system was instituted a dozen or so years ago, and Fred did a magnificent job of getting the system started right, before he retired. Steve came in when Fred left, and built on the sound structure that Fred had created, expanding the collection of the income tax into previously untouched areas, with the result that for the past two years, the annual revenues went beyond a half-million and are now heading for the \$600,000 mark. It was fortunate for the city that it was blessed with two such dedicated men, Fred and Steve, to administer the city's most critical department. Steve turned out to be a more-than-adequate replacement for Fred, and he gave to the city all of his energy, his talents and his willingness to work, in greater measure than the city returned to him. Steve was one of the finest public servants in Bellaire's history; and he was an equally fine person in all modes of living, as a husband, a father, a friend, and Steve Krajnyak will be missed by a great many people in a lot of places.

March 2, 1980

# Long-Time Fireman Recalls Bell Memories

**CHARLEY JEWELL**, who will be 87 years of age in April and who lives now in Shadyside, joined the Bellaire fire department on June 1, 1918, when Jim Fitton was fire chief, and on the third day of his employment he was sent by Chief Fitton to the First Ward Fire Station to replace a fireman who had become ill, and there Charley stayed for about five years, before he moved back to the Central Station. In all, Charley was to spend 40 years with the fire department, the last 19 as fire chief and the 16 years before that as assistant fire chief, until Chief Charles Gratz retired in 1938. Last week, when they were talking about taking the bell out of the tower at the First Ward station as a safety measure; Charley called to report that the bell is cracked. Two years before Charley was assigned to the First Ward station by Chief Fitton, the department had gotten rid of the horse-drawn equipment and had become motorized, but at the First Ward station there was still the smell of the horses, and in the back of the building were two jail cells; whether placed there while the city building was being built or whether used as holding cells by beat police until the Black Maria could come down from uptown to pick up the miscreants, nobody seems to remember now.

**THE BELL GOT** cracked during the Armistice Day celebration on Nov. 11, 1918, Charley recalls. The armistice was signed at the 11th hour on the 11th day of the 11th month, and everybody knew it was going to happen at that particular moment, and that soon the men would be returning from the armed forces - the ones who didn't come back are listed on the brass plate of the World War I monument in the City Park - so all over the country people were poised to start celebrating. "They rang that bell so long and so hard that day that the bell cracked; not only did the bell crack, but the clapper was broken", Charley recalls. The clapper was shaped like an anchor, with two iron balls at the end of each arm, and so vigorous had been the pulling on the bell cable and the banging against the inside of the bell that one of the iron balls was broken off, and

may have been a contributing factor to its cracking. There was joy and jubilation that day all over town - down at the corner of 26th and Belmont Sts., outside the saloon, one of the impromptu band members staggered and his foot went through the bass drum, and there was an early wreck truck driving around with an effigy of the Kaiser hanging from its crane.

**AFTER THE BELL** was cracked, Charley removed the broken clapper and rigged up one of his own making, but the resonance was gone and no longer could the call men in the First Ward hear the bell, so in 1920 it was replaced by a siren. For whatever reason they had been placed in the fire station, Charley made good use of the two cells; when the kids who hung around the fire station, as kids have done from time immemorial, began to give him too much trouble, Charley clapped them into the cells until they promised to behave, and it worked. At one time, Charley says, on the northeast corner of the building, diagonally across the roof from the bell tower on the southwest corner, was a hose tower, of equal height above the roof line as the bell tower, and after a fire, the hose which had been used was pulled to the top of that tower on cables and allowed to hang until it had dried out. The hose tower didn't last as long as the bell tower; it was taken down to the roof line years ago because it too had gotten into bad condition and represented then a similar danger as the bell tower does now. Across the front of the station still stands the legend, "Independent Hose Co. No. 3", which was erected when the building was constructed, some people think around 1905.

**THE FIRST NEW** motorized equipment the department got was of Seagrave make, an old, old name in fire trucks, and for the Gravel Hill station, the city bought a used Peerless truck, of about 1910 vintage, but it gave as good a service as the new Seagrave, until sometime in the 1920s it crashed into a street car near 33rd and Belmont St. and had to be done away with. Fortunately,

the old truck was the only casualty; nobody was injured, including Harry Manley, who was the driver. Charley Jewell and his sons were to contribute a total of over 100 years on the Bellaire Fire Department. His sons Charles, who succeeded him as fire chief in 1958 and who retired in 1973, and Frank were regular members of the department, a third son Billy, who died some years ago, was a call man with the department, and Billy's son, Ralph William, took the examination, passed it, and spent six weeks as a regular driver out of the First Ward station until he moved to Wolfhurst, and had to give up the job. Frank is still in the fire business, as a deputy fire marshal with the state of Ohio, and his earlier experience as a fireman has been of much value in his present work.

**FIRST SGT.** Henry Peyton of Co. A, 463rd Engineer Battalion, the Army Reserve unit which took down the bell, said he was glad to learn of Charley's story that the bell is cracked. "We'll handle the cleaning a little more carefully", said Henry. The bell was so dirty that the crack was not apparent, nor was any inscription visible. Charley said he doesn't think there is any lettering on the bell, at least he doesn't recall any. Henry said he had wondered about the clapper on the bell, as it didn't appear to be part of the original equipment. Charley thinks that up in the tower, under the decades of dirt and dust, the broken clapper he removed may still be laying on the tower floor, where he left it over 40 years ago when he was making the replacement. When Charley was giving us some answers about the bell, he also had a question: Who was Bellaire's police chief before the legendary Cooney Mahone? So we'll pass that on to any of you out there who may know; call us at THE TIMES LEADER. And right about here, it should be noted that the Army Reserve, in the matter of helping out area communities, is the best friend we've got when it comes to knotty problems and the solutions thereof. Thanks, Co. A!

March 5, 1980

# 'The 26th Streeters'

**THE FIRST** family that we can remember living next door to us, on what we called the upper side of the double house, was Mrs. Stidd's - later, there were a succession of other families moving in and out, including one man who sold bootleg moonshine in the kitchen either by the drink or by the bottle, an ordinary pop bottle with a cork stuck in the top, and while he lived there, at all hours of the day and night there were odd assortments of people coming through the alley gate and up the brick walk to his back porch, because he didn't want too many people coming in the front door off Belmont St. and arousing suspicions of somebody who might tell John Iddings, the county "dry" agent who enforced the prohibitions of the Volstead Act. When Mrs. Stidd lived there, before the bootlegger, her grandson Bus Cross stayed with her, and he was one of the "older" boys in the neighborhood.

**ONE TIME** when the older boys were playing down around the frog pond by the Imperial Glass plant, Bus took a short cut home by the pond and he stepped on a tin can and cut a big gash in the bottom of his foot, so they put him in a coaster wagon we had gotten the previous Christmas, one of our most prized possessions, and we carted him home, dripping blood up the alley and through the gate into the yard, where Mrs. Stidd bound up the wound with a piece of bandage torn from an old clean sheet, knotting the ends, for that was in the days before now when most everybody has in the medicine cabinet rolls of gauze of varying widths and adhesive tape and bandaids. Another time, when Bus and his buddies were playing cowboys, a game of "goodsiders" and bad-siders" inspired by the weekly serials in the silent movies at the Olympic Theater, they tied him to a cross so tightly that they couldn't get him loose, even around his neck, and a man on his way to work at the Imperial finally managed to unloose the knots before Bus choked to death, and then he blistered Art and Ralph Peck and Ernie Byles and the rest of the boys who had tied up Bus.

**THE FROG** pond was inside the round brick foundation of what had been a gas producer which Imperial had built to get the gas to fire its furnaces before the gas lines were laid in that area. The building itself already had disappeared some years before, leaving only the round foundation walls standing, and in the cavity of the foundation had collected a pond of water, encircling the center brick foundation column, and the pond was inhabited by frogs and tadpoles and usually was covered with green slime, and our parents used to warn us, in trying to keep us away from there, that the bottom of the pond was covered with thick tar, and if we fell in we'd get stuck in the tar and never come up and drown. Someone, one time, built a small raft of old lumber on the pond, and George Kubler fell off, although he claimed someone pushed him, into the water. He didn't drown, but when they pulled him out, he was covered from head to foot with that green stuff, and when he got home and had to face the inevitable parental wrath, he probably regretted that he didn't drown then they'd be sorry he was dead, instead of standing there yelling at him for disobeying, and paddling him to boot while he was so wet and miserable.

**THERE WAS** a break in the foundation wall, maybe about a foot wide, to let the water flow out, and the water trickled from the pond into a little run that slid past the sand bank, then down under the Imperial water tank tower, past the glass dump where Imperial discarded its broken glass, to empty finally into a swampy area out beyond the left field part of the playground ball diamond. There were frogs there, too, and cattails, and at night you could hear the frogs croaking - that's how you located them when you went frog hunting, and you held them in your hand so you could see how their throats puffed up like a balloon when they started to croak - and you could take the cattails and dip them in oil, if you could sneak oil out of the house, and then light them and they made the best flares you could get for nothing, even though they cast only a dull yellow

light not too far into the darkness, and they gave off a heavy oily smell that hung in your clothing, so that when you went home your parents could smell what you had been doing, and you got it again for that.

**THE GALLAGHERS** lived on 26th St. by the ballfield, about where the Nelson Field dressing room is now, and they had five kids, Rose, who went to school with us, and the older ones, Loretta and Sis, who still live in Bellaire, and Jerry and Paul, whose nickname was Needles. Jerry worked at Imperial Glass and was for years the president of an AFGWU local, and his biggest and only complaint about unionism was the difficulty in getting members to show up for a union meeting, even when they were fined a dollar for missing - "The only guys who come to the meeting are the guys with a beef; when things are going good, nobody shows up to help out, but when things are going bad, everybody's there, screaming and yelling and arguing about things they'd have known about if they'd been coming to the meetings like they should", Jerry used to say, spitting tobacco juice to emphasize his displeasure.

**NEXT TO** the Gallaghers, in a house with downstairs and upstairs porches fronting on 26th St., lived Bill Oliver and Wilson Venham, both of whom played with the "big" team, the 26th St. Panthers. Bill was something of a loner, and he liked to fly kites, and on windy days, he would sit on the ballfield, his back against the backstop, and fly his kites from an immense ball of string, and it would seem to us younger kids that he had that kite so far up and away that it was flying over Benwood. That was impossible; Benwood was over on the other side of the river and some miles away, but to us, it sure looked like that was where Bill's kite was. The ballfield was down in a low area, between the embankment dropping off 26th St. on the south, and the smaller embankment of the road running beside Imperial on the north. It has been filled in now, these many years, and today the people going to the games at Nelson Field park their cars on top of where we 26th Streeters spent some of the happiest days of our lives.

March 22, 1976

**MR. & MRS. JOHN "TARZAN" VELT**  
and sons, Michael, Daniel, and Bruce

### TRAVEL COORDINATOR

Paul J. Sherlock of the Ohio Development Department has listed Bellaire's now razed House That Jack Built in a national news release concerning Ohio's monuments. He notes in the release that the only thing remaining of the Jacob Heatherington mansion that once stood in South Bellaire as a wonder of the countryside is the keystone in which was carved the head of the mule Jack. The keystone centered the arch above the front door in the mansion, and when the building was razed to make way for the Shady Bell Motel, the motel owner, Tony Iannarelli, former Bellaire city councilman, gave the keystone to the Mellott Memorial Building, where it now reposes in the lobby of the assembly room beneath a painting of the mansion done by Albert Long, of the Gift and Art Shop.

ONE OF the more interesting monuments in Ohio is one at the entrance to the City Park in Gallipolis, that residents of that old river town have called the "Yellow Jack" monument, commemorating a yellow fever epidemic which claimed 66 lives in 1878. The monument contains the broken rocker shaft of the steamer John Porter which brought the epidemic to the city from New Orleans. The boat, its crew dead or dying from yellow fever, broke down outside Gallipolis' river levee, and amid protests from the citizens, two heroic townspeople went out to help the stricken vessel. Within a short time both were dead, and the dread plague spread through the city.

THE LATE Charles Rodewig, a former mayor of Bellaire and a long time member of the city's health board, even though he did live in Wellsburg, W. Va., many of those years while maintaining a legal mailing address in Bellaire, at board meetings recalled frequently an influenza epidemic in Bellaire. Charley was of considerable age when he was telling those stories, and we were never able to pinpoint the time of the epidemic, but Charley said he was a young boy at the time, and helped to drive a horse and wagon which was used to literally haul people stricken with the disease to the

old Pest House, which was located on the hillside above the bend in the road leading to West Bellaire. The people were taken there either to die or to recover according to their own fortunes, and Charley said the wagon driver always had a gallon jug of whiskey under the seat of the wagon to ward off the germs. It was not callousness which forced the city then to use the Pest House, but necessity. The disease had spread so fast that there weren't enough doctors to combat it, and the Pest House actually was an isolation ward.

WEEKEND WRAPUP; A nice letter came in the mail from the Big Reds Touchdown Club, for which we are thankful, but can't take the credit, which should go to the Bellaire boys who played that game, as their performance was such that they made the story easy to write...Also, we received another nice note from Gracie Baldwin Powers, of 2608 Union St., for which we are properly appreciative for being placed in the company of two fine writers, but were they alive, they themselves might object at our inclusion in their company . . .

BY THE time you read this, you will have known how the Notre Dame and Navy game turned out, but last week, the current issue of *Time* Magazine carried a cover picture on the high powered Irish combination of Quarterback Terry Hanratty and End Jim Seymour, and the well known jinx of being pictured on a *Time* cover might cause a superstitious guy to lean toward Navy. . . E. C. Jeffries, executive director of the United Fund, had a nice plug for the Bellaire Public Library in a recent Kiwanis Club talk when he said that he has made frequent requests of the library and its staff for help on various matters, and has never failed to receive the information he requested, no matter how difficult the request seemed to be. . . Alex Kosky, the popular eighth grade teacher at St. John's School who has had all the students asking daily bulletins on his health, came through a rough operation with flying colors earlier this week at the Wheeling Hospital, and is on the road to recovery, we are happy to learn.

October 31, 1966

# House That Jack Built Being Listed

**FLORENCE & LOUIS MENDELSON**  
**Bellaire, Ohio**

# Kids: Trial, Tribulation, Joy Forever

**KIDS, ESPECIALLY** teenagers, can be a trial and a tribulation and a joy forever all at the same time, and when you get on the other side of 40, you believe more and more in the premise advanced by George Bernard Shaw to the effect that youth is so wonderful it's a shame to waste it on kids. Under 40, you'd get a pretty stiff argument on the truth and-or accuracy of Shaw's contention. The dividing line in years, of course, is delineated by the fact that on the other side of 40 you're beginning to slow up, and it becomes more and more difficult to keep up with the kids and their quick flitting from whim to whim and fancy to fancy, and you're beginning to forget in the grimness of payday to payday living what it was like to be eight or 16 and the world was just as young.

**ALSO, ON** the other side of 40 you're too inclined to apply, in judging the kids, the set of values which you have come by this late in life, without really realizing that it has taken you all the years in between to learn these values, which really are nothing more than the accumulations of the experiences of the knock down and drag out which living has become. Admittedly, right is right and wrong is wrong, whether you're 16 or 66, but whether you're 16 or 66, there are degrees of right and wrong, depending upon the number of your years, and when you're over 40 or nearing 66, you have had over 24 or nearly 50 years of additional time to establish whatever degrees of right and wrong on which you're scaling your moral thermometer.

**WE HAVE** drifted a little off the path from where we started this particular column, so if you'll pardon the detour, we'll get back now to the original line of thought about kids being a trial and a tribulation and a joy forever all at the same time. The things that the overwhelming majority of youngsters, particularly the teenagers, do are not really wrong, only irritating to a parent, and they can make you flash dark clouds and lightning or brilliant sunshine all in the split of a second by the things that they do. They are witless, bright, exaspera-

ting, fulfilling, maddening, enjoyable, thoughtless, loving, and they can be all of these things in the passing of a single minute. Every parent, even those whose kids are considered the best behaved in the whole wide world, will admit in honest to the preceding description, especially Mr. and Mrs. Steve Pogany, who live on Rock Hill east of Bellaire.

**AMONG THEIR** children the Pogany's have twin daughters, Brenda and Linda, who recently turned 16, and as parents are want to do, Mr. and Mrs. Pogany gave them birthday gifts of clothing. At 16 for a girl, clothes are the most wonderful things in the world, better than diamonds and rubies and pearls, better than anything except the telephone. Unfortunately, on that particular day Steve was working the afternoon turn, and was gone from home before Brenda and Linda came from school, thus missing the presentation of the gifts. Also unfortunately, he would be home after the twins had gone to bed. He had missed them the morning of their birthday, too, because he was still sacked in when they left for school.

**WHEN STEVE** came home from work after midnight, he found a note hanging on the door of the kitchen cupboard, and suddenly there in the dark of the early morning, the sun was shining brilliantly, because the note, addressed to Mom and Dad, read "We both want to thank you for our new outfits. Boy, all the money you two wonderful parents spend on us! We love you both dearly, and wouldn't want to trade you for anyone else. You mean so very much to both of us. If it weren't for us two, you'd both could and would be millionaires. But that's the way life goes. So thank you all for all you've done for us through our 'golden 16 years'. We couldn't express how very much we love and appreciate you both, Mom and Dad. We couldn't have been blessed with so grand people as you both are, and for bringing us up properly. We also love our brother for being so wonderful to us. He has his studying and all, but he would, we know, say what we've already said. Without you three, we'd be lost, so thanks, and

we love you." The note was signed, "Us."

**THE BROTHER**, incidentally, is Dennis, a former Bellaire High School football star who is now a cadet at the United States Military Academy at West Point. It may come as a surprise to Brenda and Linda that the note they left tacked onto the cupboard door made their Dad and Mom millionaires right there on the spot. Which brings us to our original point - Brenda and Linda and Dennis and millions of kids now and before them have done the same thing for their parents, made them millionaires on the spot, not once but many times in these flashes of sunshine, even though they bounce their parents around like ping pong balls by the things they do. In the midst of all the love and turmoil of being a parent, the moms and dads are certain of eventual revenge, if that is the word, by knowing that the kids who give them so much trouble, again if that is the word, someday will have kids of their own.

February 3, 1967

**MRS. EMMA LESNIAK**  
Niles, Illinois

# Wharfboat and Train Rides

**THERE ARE** other things we remember from our childhood on 26th St.: On the river, at the foot of the dirt road leading down along the bank from 26th St., was the wharfboat, from where, one Sunday dressed in his church-going suit, Mac Cara fell into the water and was carried by the current back under the hull. When he didn't come back up right away, Harold Duffy, in his street clothes, jumped in, searching for Mac, and pulled him from under the boat, and it must have been just before Mac would have drowned, but he survived, because of Harold, and he grew up to captain the North Carolina State football team, to play pro ball with the Redskins and the early Steelers, and to get into high school and college coaching, and now he's working with the Jefferson County Juvenile Court. Up a little way from the wharfboat are the Stone Bridge piers, out in the river with foundation "steps" of huge sandstone blocks climbing up from the river bed out of the water, and the bravest of the kids were those who dove from the highest step into the current swirling around the base of the pier.

**THERE WERE** a couple of swimming holes in McMahon's Creek, one out beyond the Italians' gardens and the Columbia baseball field, and the kids had cut into the claylike dirt of the creek bank a chute on which you could slide down, on the watered clay, into the creek like a sliding board, plopping splash into the water. The other swimming hole was to the east, where the creek made a 90-degree turn to flow south past the slaughterhouse, and there was a tree on the bank, branching out over the water, from which you could drop straight down into the creek, and that swimming hole was just down over the bank from where the wooden restroom buildings are today on the western edge of Nelson Field. West of Belmont St., leading off 26th St. to the south, was a block-long strip of public real estate which on the city map was McCauley St., but which everybody called Ramcat Alley, and it was the toughest place in town. There, in Ramcat Alley, lived a woman known as Hot Lips, and when her husband killed her in a fit of anger, there rolled through the town like

an earthquake tremor the truth, after she was dead, that Hot Lips really was a man who had been fooling everybody, even her husband, all those years with her woman's clothes and her makeup.

**OUR DAD** worked for the Pennsylvania Railroad, and sometimes he got passes and took us to Cincinnati to visit relatives. The coaches on the passenger train were gritty in the cracks with tiny cinders, and the seats, covered with brown cloth, could be reversed like those on the street cars, and you could open the coach windows, because there wasn't yet such a thing as air-conditioning, but every once in a while the conductor came through calling out that the train was approaching a tunnel, and you had to close the windows so the smoke pouring back from the engine and boiling gray outside didn't come through the window and fill the car, but sometimes the window stuck and you couldn't get it closed in time, and then you choked and gasped when the smoke rolled out of the darkness into the car, and the conductor let you know by the way he looked at you that he wasn't very happy about the whole affair.

**WHEN THE TRAIN** pulled into the cavernous Union Station in Columbus - the biggest place in all the world, it seemed to us kids - the vendors came through the cars, big trays hanging from straps around their necks, selling sandwiches wrapped in wax paper, coffee and milk in paper cups, and bars of candy and all kinds of magazines; they were the "poor man's diner", because the prices in the dining car were beyond the reach of ordinary people. It is impossible, now, to describe to today's young people who have never ridden a passenger train, the thrill of it all, especially in the days of the steam locomotive. You waited on the wooden platform on top of the Stone Bridge above Union St., and you watched, large-eyed, the big monstrous engine, its stack puffing smoke like a dragon, come across the river, between the spiderweb super-structure of the river span, and it roared by you, its wheels taller than you were, steam hissing in white damp clouds from its underparts,

and the brakeshoe screeching at the iron rims of the wheels.

**WHEN IT FINALLY** slowed to a stop, the conductor, leaning out from the step, jumped down onto the platform and put a little iron footstool below the steps so that you could climb onto the first of the steps going up into the vestibule, and then you went through the coach door into another world; a world of sunlight bars slanting through the windows, of landscapes with trees and telegraph poles and field and farms and cows and hills and towns and cities and buildings blurring by outside, and the clckety-clack of the wheels rolling off the miles beneath, tiny restrooms at the end of each coach, and the platforms swaying when you went from one coach to another. The vestibule door had a window, and you could stand there, rocking with the motion, and gaze and wonder at the wideness of the world, until your Dad came looking for you, or the conductor told you to go back to your seat before you fell off the train. But at night, there was nothing to see outside the window but the dark, broken by an occasional spattering of town and city lights, and your own face mirrored on the inside of the window in the dim glow of the yellowish lights on the ceiling. There was the up-ahead sound of the whistle signalling for a crossing, the quick rise and fall of the crossing bell as the train rushed to and then beyond the crossing, and the sudden roar of sound trapped in between when your train passed another going in the opposite direction so close it seemed you could touch it, then it was gone, and now, all of it is gone.

April 12, 1976

**CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN  
& GREAT GRANDCHILDREN**

# Bellaire Streets Live Now Only in Memory

**THEY ARE ALL** gone now, those old Italian people from down around 26th St., all except Demenico and Louisa Cerasoli, who still live in the same house next to the foundry across from where the old Union Street School stood. There was a time, so many years ago, when you could walk up and down 26th St. and hear more Italian than English spoken from front stoops and porches and across backyard fences and from open windows, and it had a ring and a flair and a volatile rise and fall that was pleasant to the ear, even if you did take a chance, talking to them or walking by when they were conversing with someone else, of getting cuffed by a gesticulating arm or a wildly waving hand.

**IN THE SPRING** or the summer when the doors and the windows were open in the original air conditioning system, you knew what everybody on the street would be having for supper, and the smells were like nothing ever since, spaghetti sauce simmering, bread baking, veal and beef and Italian sausage frying in the skillets, cabbage boiling on the stove. And when the box cars had come in from California and had been spotted on the siding up on 29th St., and the baskets of grapes had been divided up among the families according to their orders, you could smell the wine they were making in almost every home, pure, clean purple and red that sparkled in the glass when you held it up to the light, but that burned your stomach and sent your senses flying when you drank it.

**BATTISTA MARINACCI** kept a grocery store across the street, and when your parents were about to pay the grocery bill, the kids fought for the privilege because Battista or his wife Caroline always took a brown paper sack and filled it from the candy case, all different kinds of candy, and gave the bulging bag to the lucky youngster. A couple of doors down on the same side lived Mr. Paolino, white handlebar mustache sweeping above his mouth, the kids who came there with Muxie and Sandy and Bessie and Dolly. Further down the street, Silvio Marinelli, Larry's dad, had a shoe shop

and the leather had a smell all its own, and he let you sit in the shop and watch him deftly and quickly cut the leather, tack new soles onto old shoes on the last, and brush and buff the old shoes on the whirling brushes when he was finished, and he had copies of *Il Progresso* on the chairs, and if you were studying Latin in school you could even read some of it.

**DANTE COZZALLI** had a combination grocery store and confectionary down on the corner, across from Keller's Store which has been where it is now for almost forever. On your side of the street, the LaRuffos lived next door, and their stepfather, Sam DeMare, on Sunday afternoon had his friends on the front porch drinking wine and playing mandolins and singing Italian songs from the old country. Next to them live the Borrells, Lanie's family, and the house was the back lot, facing the alley, and on the front lot was their grocery store, where Mr. Borrell also sold carbide from tall blue and white cans to the coal miners for their lamps, and when the cans were emptied he put them out back, so if you found a can with a few little lumps of carbide left in it, you could take it down to the ballfield, punch a hole near the bottom with a nail, put in a little water, push the lid on tight, and when you put a match near the hole, the explosion sent the lid whirling skyward. But if you were caught doing that by your parents, you got a pretty good whack, because it wasn't the safest thing for a kid to be doing.

**THE COCCO** family lived next to the Borrells, and one time when Rejah had an eye operation and had to stay in bed in a darkened room, and Mrs. Cocco was forever chasing kids out of his bedroom because the doctor said he should be kept quiet, but what bunch of kids ever kept quiet anywhere? Frankie Busacca's family lived down on the corner of the alley, and his dad let you watch the winemaking, stomping on the grapes in the big trough with brand-new and vigorously scrubbed boots made of rubber. Down in the next block were the Battistellis, who had a bocci court in the backyard where the old Italian men played

their evening games, and across the street in that block were the Lanciones, from whom came a state representative, a National Young Democrats president, and a doctor, and just north of them the Zenos operated a shoe store, and they had a big St. Bernard dog and a pretty little daughter.

**UP ON THE** corner, Frankie and Tony Vannelle had a barber shop where you could hear conversations concerning everything in the world and how to get them straightened out, and they let the kids use the back room for games and younger conversation, and to get warm by the stove on the cold days. Over on Union St., two DeMarco families, from one of which came a future mayor and a dentist, the Varnese family and the Tamborelli family had grocery stores, and the Pacificos had a bakery. Union St., from the wooden bridge at 29th St. to the creek bridge at 25th St. falls away in a fairly good slope, and it was a fine place to roller skate in the summer and sledride in the winter. And on 26th St., between Belmont and Union Sts., were two more Marinacci families, the DiFabios and the Corrells, all of whom had kids who were part of the neighborhood gang.

**WE WERE** thinking of those days last week when we went to the funeral home to pay our respects to Mrs. Mary Vannelle, the mother of Frankie and Tony and Pat and Josephine Alexander, and the kids who we remembered back then were coming to the funeral home, but they are graying now, and suddenly we remembered something that Ellen Voellinger had told us some years back: She had gone to the funeral home to see an elderly Irish lady who had passed away, and after looking around, she asked a friend, "Where are the old Irish ladies?", to which the friend replied, "Ellen, we're the old Irish ladies now." And so it is, and what was the 26th St. of our childhood days is long gone, regretably, and lives now only in memory.

February 23, 1976



# It Was Not Peaceful Back in Those Days

**ALL WAS NOT** peaceful back in those days of our childhood, down around 26th St. in Bellaire where most of the Italians who had come over from the old country were colonizing. One morning when we came out of the house onto Belmont St., on the front door of the house across the street was a large square white piece of paper with a black hand drawn on it, and by nightfall that family was gone. Even the kids around the neighborhood were aware of the "Blackhanders", and though the playground and McMahon's Creek and the wharboat on the Ohio River at the foot of 26th St. were much more important, we did have fringe knowledge that the Blackhand was something to be dreaded, and the older people talked dark and foreboding when they discussed it. The Blackhand may have been the forerunner of the Mafia, and extended far back into Sicilian history, a sort of "protection racket" preying on Sicilian families, and even following those families to the United States when they emigrated.

**BUT BACK THEN**, that was grown-up stuff; the kids had their own problems, and for the most part, our parents left us alone to work them out, knowing full well, as all parents should, that with kids, today's friends are tomorrow's enemies and the day after that, friends again, in the mercurial world of the child. In our age group, Rejay was acknowledged as the toughest fighter, and nobody disputed his title, although we don't remember how he came by it, for we saw him in a fight only once. It was a fight that had to come sometime, between Rejay and Ludgie, the toughest of the black kids, a barrel-chested, muscular boy who never picked a fight, but who never backed away from one. He had a younger brother Jimmy, bigger than Ludgie but not as strong, and one day at the playground, for some unremembered reason, Rejay whipped Jimmy, who ran up the bank onto 26th St. and headed for his home, and all of us knew what would happen next, and we waited around for the inevitable.

**SURE ENOUGH**, back down the bank came Jimmy, with Ludgie.

Neither Ludgie nor Rejay wanted to cross fists with each other, but for Ludgie, it was a duty of honor; he had to defend his brother. And so they fought, the two of them, there in the field off the playground, where now you cross from the Imperial Glass parking lot to reach the Nelson Field parking lot, but back then it was weeds and rocks, and they battled for an hour inside the circle the rest of the kids had formed, the circle surging back when the two combatants came near, and surging forward again when the tide of battle moved away. They called it quits at the end of the hour, both panting and gasping, chests heaving, Rejay bleeding from the nose and Ludgie from the mouth, and everybody decided it was a draw, but a darn good fight, and the next day Rejay and Ludgie were coolly friends again. Jimmy stayed away from Rejay, and Rejay and Ludgie kept at arm's length, figuratively, and there were no more battles between them; both had defended their honor and their reputation sufficiently, and were content to let it lay there.

**OVER IN THE** alley, between Belmont and Union Sts., Pete and Sam Mangiapane, the latter the father of Ben, who is now an AFGWU international representative, baked Italian bread every night in the ovens of their small bakery, and in the morning they loaded the fresh bread into baskets and delivered it throughout the neighborhood. Oddly, the name Mangiapane translates literally into "eat bread", so they had come by their professions honestly. Up the alley from the bakery lived the Pilosenos, the father a strong robust Roman-faced man with a ruddy complexion and a son named Danny with whom we went to school, and now Danny, who played football at the old St. John's High School well enough to get a scholarship to North Carolina State, is assistant superintendent of the Franklin County Schools in the Columbus area. One summer after they were graduated, Danny and Mike Basrak went hitchhiking through the south trying to find a school which would give them a football scholarship, and for years afterwards, they laughed about the things that happened to them, although the things weren't funny at the time.

**THEY WERE** riding a boxcar going north into Chattanooga when the railroad "dicks" spotted them. Mike got away, but Danny, running between the cars, ran right into the arms of one of them, and ended up in the Chattanooga city jail, where because of his dark complexion, the jailer put him in the cell reserved for the blacks, and the next morning, the police lined up Danny and the black prisoners and marched them out on a labor gang. Mike went to the police station and told the jailer that Danny's mother was "real sick" back in Ohio, and Danny had to get home quickly, and when Mike asked what the fine was, the jailer said, "How much money you got?" Mike and Danny had \$25 in their one suitcase, and when he told the jailer the amount, the jailer said, "That's the fine." And though they laughed in later years, that day Danny was almost crying when he yelled through the barred window to Mike, on the street outside, "Get me out of here."

**DANNY'S YOUNGER** brother Frankie, who lives now in Toledo, was the victim of the only shooting incident we can recall from our childhood. He had gotten into a fight at the playground with another boy whom he whipped roundly, and the boy went running home crying. A little while later, Frankie was on his way home, walking along 26th St. beside Keller's Store, when the boy cut loose at him with a shotgun, from across the street. Fortunately for Frankie, the aim was bad and he got only a few pellets in him, but for years the paint on the wall of the store bore the little pepper scars of the pellets. Across the Piloseno's back yard and a little to the north lived the DeGenovas, their house fronting on Union St., just next to Pacifico's bakery that was operated by the father of the late Adolph Pacifico, who became president of UMWA District 6.

March 1, 1976

# Irish Families Were in the Minority

**WHILE WE WERE** looking back over our shoulder these past three weeks and recalling the families who populated the neighborhood in which we grew up, it came as a minor shock to realize that the Irish families, one clan of which we were, were definitely in the minority. In fact, the Irish and all the other ethnic families put together still constituted a considerable minority down in the three-square block area that ran east and west from the Ohio River to the Imperial Glass plant, and north and south from the railroad tracks just above 27th St. down to 25th St. Our family roots were the Gearys, who came to Bellaire during the Civil War from Ireland, a 24-year-old husband who left his father's farm in the aftermath of the 1848 potato famine, and his 14-year-old bride who brought with her on the sailing ship a trunk and a rocking chair, all that the two of them possessed in the whole world. Most of the Irish in Bellaire at that time lived in what was called Irish Alley, up above the railroad tracks and what is now the 3000 block on Guernsey St. and the alley immediately to its west.

**BUT A FEW** of the Irish edged southward to 26th St., and when we were growing up, there were Dan Hennessey's family at the corner of 27th and Cherry Alley, the Dunfees who lived at 27th and Belmont Sts., the Mulvihills and the Joneses in the house between the Dunfees and the Hennesseys - Tommy Mulvihill, who couldn't have been more than five feet tall, smoked a smelly pipe and talked with a heavy brogue until the day he died - our Aunt El Manion, our mother's sister, lived to the north of the Dunfees on Belmont St., and up on 27th St. lived our Aunt Bridge, whose husband Mickey Davis was the "toughest" policeman on the force, according to a family legend. Next to our house lived Feemie and Mary Burns, spinsters and the finest ladies you'd ever want to meet, and their father, Jim, who had a long gray beard and a shed at the back of his lot, against the alley, where he hid his whiskey because Feemie and Mary wouldn't allow him to drink, if they could help it.

**THOSE WERE** about the limits of the Irish families, as we remember them, but there were a few other families

who weren't Italian or Jewish. Down at the corner of 26th and Belmont St., and it's still there, a tribute to an enduring spirit in the face of changing times, was Keller's store, which had a penny candy counter up front and a coal stove in the back, and was run by George Powell and his wife, who was a Keller, and her sister Carrie, and you could buy licorice strips and the red, white and brown coconut strips and maples and chocolate drops which had marbles inside and those round little varicolored circles of hard sweet sugar candy that you bit off the strip one at a time, sucking on them instead of chewing them so they would last longer, and the little tin scalloped edged dishes of candy with a little tin spoon and jawbreakers and other things that seemed like a big bargain for a penny.

**FOR A TIME** the Evans family lived next door to us, and they had the first player piano we ever saw, and Pearl and Jimmy, who were older than us, would have their friends in for an evening to play the piano and to sing the songs, the words of which were printed on the side of the roll, and we liked those evenings, because we could sit in the wing on our half of the front porch and listen to the music. And once in a while the Evanses would let us play the piano, but it was hard work pumping, and there was a switch which you could use to make the roll play faster or slower. At our house we had an upright piano - Mom took piano lessons when she was young and in the cabinet beside the piano were stacks of sheet music with pictures on the front, songs such as "Out Where the Billows Roll High", with a picture of a sailor clad in oilskins and standing at the bow of a ship while waves broke high above the rail, and "Shine On Harvest Moon" with Nora Bayes' pictures on the front, and "Just Before the Battle Mother" with the picture of a Union soldier sitting against a tree writing a letter, and "Over There" with a picture of a War I soldier, and of course "My Wild Irish Rose" and "A Little Bit of Heaven" and "Mother Machree" and "The Rosary", because we were both Irish and Catholic.

**THE AULTS** lived upstairs over

the Hennesseys on the corner of the alley at 27th St., and a porch ran along the side of the house facing the alley, and one day Billy, whose older brother Paul played with our kid teams, fell from the porch into the yard below, and he was something of a neighborhood hero for a while because he survived the fall. Our Aunt El had a Victor phonograph, and we spent much time in her front room winding it up and listening to "Halleluja I'm a Bum" and "The Railroad Song" and "Big Rock Candy Mountain" and the Moran and Mack records "Two Black Crows" and a record which had only people laughing. Once in a while Aunt El took us uptown with her when she went to buy records at Jim Sellars' music store, and it would be treat time for we would stop at Gulla's for a hot dog on the way.

**OUR HOUSE** for a while was a special favorite with the kids because our cousin Tommy Geary used his ingenuity to make homemade ice cream a quick and easy way. We had an ice cream freezer that you worked by turning a handle, and on the occasions when we made ice cream, we fought for the first turn at the handle, because in the beginning it was easy to turn but as the mix hardened in the metal can, turning the handle got tougher and tougher. We had a Maytag washer, the kind with the motor exposed on the bottom and the washing machine tub part at the top, and after giving it a little thought, Tommy figured out a way to hook a belt from the washing machine motor to the freezer, and from then on ice cream was quickly made, with little effort, and just as quickly consumed by the kids. The ice cream you made at home sometimes was sort of grainy, and not nearly as good as you could buy up at Agostini's confectionery near the Stone Bridge on Union St., where you could also get the creamiest vanilla and chocolate taffy that the Agostinis kept in large trays and broke off in pieces with a hammer.

March 15, 1976

**MR. & MRS. JACK DuBOISE**  
Bellaire, Ohio

# Butch Niemiec Remembered

**THE OLD BELL** Cow, Rockne called him, back in the old days at Notre Dame, a rock-steady guy who could be depended upon to lead the Irish home out of the tight spots, and later Rockne called him Old Tape and Guts, because he played hurt, and played good, in his last year in 1928, taking the bumps and the bruises and never able to really get well because there wasn't enough time from Saturday to Saturday, and the opposition zeroed in on him with shot after physical shot, but he climbed painfully back on his feet after each succeeding scrimmage, and the next week he was out there again, taped up and ready. They were able, those big guys across the line, to hit him and hurt him physically, but they were never able to damage his guts, where his fortitude and his desire and his courage crouched. And Rockne knew that, and Rockne knew also that when he needed him, he would come through, and because of that, Knute Rockne loved John "Butch" Niemiec possibly more than he loved any other man who played football for him at Notre Dame.

**BUTCH NIEMIEC** played before the two biggest crowds ever to watch a college football game, both at Chicago's Soldiers Field; in 1927, when the Irish beat Southern Cal 7-6 before 120,000 people, and again in 1928 when they beat Navy 7-0 before a same-sized crowd. And he played in two of Rockne's greatest games, and he helped to win them, and maybe that's why Rockne called him his Old Bell Cow. Rockne had All-Americans in those years from 1926 through 1928, Boeringer and Smith and Flanagan and Miller, but that came after the seasons were over; when the seasons were going on, it wasn't those people to whom Rockne looked for help and leadership, it was to Butch Niemiec, and he never found him wanting, and until he was killed in the Kansas plane crash in March of 1931, there was a secret place in Rock's heart for Butch.

**THE BEST OF** the Rockne stories has to do with that "Win one for the Gipper" game in 1928 when woe-fully-underdog Notre Dame beat powerful Army, 12-6, before 78,000 people

jam-packed into Yankee Stadium. George Gipp had played four years, less one game, for the Irish from 1917-1920, a guy who could do everything better than anybody else, up to and including shooting pool, and he went into the next-to-last game of the 1920 season with a bad cold bordering on pneumonia, went into the hospital after the game with strept throat, and was dead before Christmas at the age of 25. Rockne was with him when he died. In that Army game of 1928, in the dressing room at halftime talking to an Irish team that had played valiantly against a powerful foe but was starting to crumble, Rockne told them the story of George Gipp, and how Gipp whispered, just before he died, that "sometime when the going is rough, ask them to win one for the Gipper."

**THE SILENCE** that followed was more emphatic than an explosion, and the Irish, coming out of the dressing room with tears in their eyes, went after Army with stuff they never had before, and with the score tied at 6-all, Butch threw a pass to a kid named Johnny O'Brien, in for that one play only, for the touchdown they needed to win. O'Brien, after that, was remembered as Johnny One-Play, but most people forgot who threw the pass. The second great game was against Southern Cal on the coast in 1926, with the Irish down 7-12 in front of 74,000 people. Rockne brought on a little left-handed quarterback who is rarely remembered even by the most rabid Notre Damer, a kid named Art Parisigen, 5-7 and 148 pounds, with a pass play on which Butch went out as a receiver. Downfield in his pattern, Butch recalled looking back at that great pile of pushing indistinguishable bodies, and up from the pile came a skinny little arm propelling the ball right to Butch, and from there it was a cakewalk to a touchdown and a 13-12 win. Butch always believed that Parisigen could see no more of him than he could see of the skinny quarterback, but the luck of the Irish was there.

**THERE WAS** another game, in 1927, that the Irish didn't win, but it too was a great one, a 7-7 tie with Minnesota in the snow at Notre Dame. John "Bull" Poliskey had gone from Bellaire to Notre

Dame with Butch, and he played a tackle, at 5-7 and 192 pounds, a little guy as tackles go, and at one point that afternoon, after Minnesota had driven for a first down at the Irish one, the great Herb Joesting, one of the best fullbacks ever to play the college game, rammed four times at Bull's position, and four times Bull threw him back, and when it was over, the Irish had the ball at their yard and a half line. The late Cy Welsh, a Bellaire man who bled when the Irish lost, was in the stands that day, and for the first and only time in his life, he rooted against the Irish, but for only one play. Down 0-7 late in the game, Minnesota scored on a pass, and just as the teams lined up for the extra point, the snow turned into a blizzard and you could hardly see the players. Cy so sympathized with the plight of the Minnesota kid kicking for the extra point that he prayed the kid would make it, and he did, but nobody in the stands could see that the kick was good until the referee signalled.

**BUTCH BROUGHT** some of his heroics back home when he came to coach at Bellaire High, and in 1939, from a hospital bed, he coached the Reds to one of their greatest wins, 18-13, over arch-enemy Martins Ferry at Nelson Field. Felled by appendicitis the week before the game, Butch was in the Bellaire City Hospital that Saturday afternoon, recuperating. A direct telephone line was installed from his room to the press box, and Mac Cara, who had captained North Carolina State a few years before and who was to go on to his own illustrious coaching career, relayed the progress of the game, got Butch's instructions, wrote them on sheets of paper, which he threw from the roof down the Red bench to the late Steve Polinsky, who was handling the team, and the Reds came from 0-13 at halftime to whip Ferry with an unbelievable performance by Brickey Malley, who was to be killed a few years later in the Marine assault on Iwo Jima.

June 21, 1976

# Bellaire's 'House That Jack Built' Rebuilt

**BELLAIRE'S** "House That Jack Built", the house very few people mourned until it was gone, has been rebuilt, this time in miniature, by the very talented Nancy Duggan, John Guzek's secretary at the UMWA District 6 president's office and a resident of Broadview Acres, Shadyside, and the reproduction was unveiled last week in the Bellaire Glass and Artifacts Museum, appropriately in the Museum's Bellaire Room, and you've got to see that reproduction to believe it; it's that fantastic, so near to the original that it wouldn't be surprising if the ghost of old Jacob Heatherington were found wandering around in it sometime. Jacob Heatherington built the house, down around what is now 16th and Belmont Sts., in 1870, and the legend of the house is well known, how the first one through the house on its completion, with neighbors waiting their turn, was a mule named Jack, who had helped Jacob build what was the first coal-baron empire in this whole area.

**THE ORIGINAL** house, by then in a bad state from years of neglect by succeeding owners, was torn down in 1958 to make way for the construction of the Shady Bell Motel, the owner of which, Tony Iannarelli, who regretted the necessity for the razing, felt that something of the historic old house should be saved, so he gave to the Mellott Memorial Building, then about to be constructed, the keystone of the front door arch, on which the likeness of Jack's head had been carved. In the years before 1958, almost everybody completely ignored the historic implication of the house, and nobody did anything to preserve it - In the summer of 1935, the old Bellaire Daily Leader carried a story that a group of businessmen were considering a plan to restore the house as a tourist attraction, but like too many good ideas, that's all it remained, an idea, and the lonesome old house continued to sit down there on the hillside, getting kicked around by a succession of non-historic-minded owners and unimpressed tenants and disinterested citizens, including the one who is now sitting at this typewriter and decrying its loss, until the house expired of neglect.

**IN THE INTERVENING** years, especially the past dozen or so when people have become aware of what they are losing of the past, the regret that The House That Jack Built is gone "volunteers" Nancy to build the reproduction, to which Nancy agreed, in a weak moment, and the result was six months of tedious work, exhaustive research and the expenditure of about \$1,000 of her own money, so, because of Nancy, her mother and her father, "Big Jim" Futhey, who played with W. & J. in the 1922 Rose Bowl game against California which ended in 0-0, The House That Jack Built lives again, if only in miniature, and furnished as nearly to the original as Nancy could make it, with pre-1900 furnishings, some of which she bought, many of which she made, and everything on a scale of one inch to one foot.

**SIX YEARS** ago, Nancy, who admits to a fascination with miniatures, built a standard doll house, and furnished it, but hadn't done anything in that line since, certainly nothing as mammoth as reproducing an historic house in the size of about four feet by four feet. She started in January, working four to five hours each night after finishing her day at the UMWA, working weekends when she and her parents weren't traveling to Cleveland and New Philadelphia and other places searching for doll furniture of the right size and right time period. There were knotty problems in the building which took considerable thought and much ingenuity to solve from materials of cardboard and plastic and illustrator board and sandpaper and balsa, but in the end, she whipped each one of those problems, and wired the house, all ten rooms plus three rooms in the front tower with 150 feet of tiny six-strand electric wire which lights up ceiling chandeliers, table lamps and even a candle, all throwing a glow resembling more a kerosene lamp than an electric light.

**AS AN EXAMPLE** of cost, one of the tiny chandeliers, not measuring much more than an inch and placed in the ceiling of the master bedroom, cost \$27; the furniture that Nancy wanted for that particular bedroom cost \$100 a set, so she worked from a catalogue picture

of that set and made her own, working with razor blades and tiny tools and sandpaper and magnifying glass until she got it so close to the \$100 set that you'd have difficulty telling them apart. In the rooms there are chamber pots and wash basins and water pitchers and drapes and rugs, at least one crocheted by her mother, and at the rear of the house, opposite that front tower, is a winding staircase going from floor to roof, all in one piece.

**IN THE KITCHEN** are an ice box, with the block of ice and the ice tongs, an iron woodburning cookstove, a water pump on the sink sideboard and a stream of water running into the sink; in other rooms there are hats on the beds, shoes on the floor, magazines and newspapers in the racks, a lady sewing in a tower room, and in the top room of that tower, Nancy eventually will place tiny band instruments and music racks with sheets of "Shine On Harvest Moon", for in that room, in the original house, the Heatherington Band, the most famous of the city's musical organizations, used to practice. People who have visited the reproduction at the Museum pronounce it magnificent; a descendant of the Heatherington family said it is perfect.

**WHEN SHE RECOVERS** from this work, Nancy intends to begin on a reproduction of the Futhey homestead on South Central Ave. in Shadyside, built by her great grandfather, Robert Futhey, and now occupied by Earl J. Heil, and from her work on The House That Jack Built, that Futhey production can't be anything but equally fabulous. Nancy already has been contacted by two magazines devoted to the doll furniture industry to do articles on The House That Jack Built, and this she welcomes, because she firmly believes that this is one way in which to preserve physically the historic buildings that are being torn down all over the country in the name of progress.

June 28, 1976

# We Went Dancing!

**JEANNE THOUGHT** we ought to go to the Bellaire Bicentennial Dance because it was for the Glass and Artifacts Museum, with which she is involved, and although it would disrupt the sedentary lifestyle to which we have been accustomed, or - Jeanne's description - addicted, we yielded to her undeniably better judgment, and we went to the dance, with the full intention of making an appearance, staying a bit, and then coming home, but we enjoyed the evening so much we were among the last to leave. Dancing has never been one of the social arts that we have been able to master, and as much as we like music, the transference of that music to the rhythm of the body always has been beyond our capability. We can make out passably well, with only a few stepping-on-toes, on the slow numbers, but when the band gets into what we used to call "jump music", we are forced to abandon the floor to the better dancers.

**IN THESE LATTER** years of our life - again Jeanne has another description, most of our life - our favorite after-dinner and Saturday afternoon activity has been to turn on the television set, assume the prone position on the couch directly opposite, and immediately fall asleep, which prompts Jeanne to describe our evening conversation as consisting completely of snores, snorts, grunts, lip-smacking, and the sounds of flopping around on the couch. We have seen more half-tv programs, more half-old movies, more half-ball games than most anybody else in these United States, and try as we might in the early evening, we never quite make it to the weather report when the news comes on. We have developed a Pavlov-dog reaction, however, and a lot of wives say the same about their husbands; when we turn on the news and then fall asleep, the rattle of the gunfire in the pictures of the troubles around the world, the shoutings of the photographed crowds, the rise in decibels when the commercials come on, never rouse us, but should Jeanne try to switch channels, we're awake right now, wanting to know what she thinks she is doing.

**WE DID** manage to stay awake at the dance, even though it was long past our bedtime, which is a tribute of sorts to the enjoyment we were having. In addition, the George Idahl band, which was playing, is an excellent group. George has been around for a long time - we think he plays the best piano we've ever heard - and his band played the music we know best, the songs of the Big Band era before the Second War, when we were young, and it suddenly occurred almost simultaneously to us and to John "Tarzan" Velt and to Pete Gatto that this was the first time since before that war that the three of us were at a dance in the same hall.

**ALL OF US** were single in those times of the 1930s, and Pete was the only one who had his own car. He had an affinity for Packards, big cars with the distinctive radiators which could carry a bunch of people, so he took us around to the dances, to Wheeling Park and the Air Castle and the Pythian Building and places like that, where the bands were real bands, up to ten and twelve and sometimes even more pieces, and they were led by people like Earl Sommers and Niles Carp and Carl Stritzel and Gene Dolzall, and they had band singers like Bob Morris, who used to work in advertising for the old Daily Times and now works at Weirton Steel, and Gloria Jolley, a good-looking brunette who still lives in Wheeling but whose name has been changed by marriage. There was ample opportunity and occasion, back then, for us to have learned to dance, had we had been that adept, and to cover our ineptitude, we used a couple of excuses; one, that we never learned to dance because we spent too much time learning to intermission, and, two, that when you got that close to a beautiful girl, you were wasting time dancing.

**IT WASN'T** until we met Jeanne in Richmond during the war that we realized we had been telling the truth, unaware of it, all that time; you really were wasting time dancing when you got that close to a beautiful girl. In those summers before the war, the times of white flannel trousers and dark coats

and white buck shoes, the dances were upstairs in the White Palace at Wheeling Park. It didn't cost anything to go upstairs, but there was a railing around the dance floor and you had to buy tickets at a nickel a dance to get through the gate onto the dance floor, where the bandstand was in the middle and you danced around it. On that dance floor, one evening, we suffered the ultimate embarrassment; we were dancing with Marge Helms, now Mrs. John Deloretta, and the song was the slow and easy "East of the Sun, and West of the Moon", and we fell, just us, not Marge, right on our fanny in the middle of the dance floor. The way the kids jump around today when they dance, nobody would have noticed, but back then, everybody did, which goes to prove that we never mastered the art.

**IF YOU DIDN'T** want to dance, or didn't have much money to buy a lot of tickets, more likely the case, you could just stand around and listen to the music or talk or try to meet the girls you didn't know, and we didn't have any more luck there than we did at dancing. Not too many guys brought dates; it was more groups of guys and groups of girls from the same neighborhoods in towns all over the valley, but many a true romance did blossom; Tarzan's and Mary's was one of them, and they've been married now for 35 years. Even without money, those were good days; at least, we remember them fondly as good days, probably because of humanity's built-in defensive mechanism which seems to winnow from the memory most everything we don't like to remember, and gives back to us now recollections wrapped in soft shimmering fragile gauze with all of the hard edges taken away.

August 2, 1976

**BELLAIRE KIWANIS CLUB**  
**"Achieve By Believing"**

# Rains Try to Dampen Start of Trip

**WE HAD PLANNED**, on that first day of our nine-day camping vacation with the two grandchildren, Tammy, nearly five, and Adreinne, halfway to four, to have a picnic lunch at a nice little roadside park outside of Romney, W. Va., to break the nine-hour drive to Richmond, Va., but it didn't turn out that way; we had to eat finally at the Happy Hills Farm Restaurant near Grantsville, Md., because of the rain. In fact, going south out of Romney through the mountains, the ground couldn't take all the heavy rain, and the water was washing out the driveways which rose up to the hillside homes on the right, swirling across the road, and gathering in fair-sized ponds in the valleys to the left, and there were some houses down in those valleys that might have gotten water not only in the yards but on the ground floors as well, from the looks of things.

**IT WAS STILL** raining that night when we got to Richmond, so instead of camping, we were taken in by Jeanne's brother, Dick Burton, and his family, and there we learned that Hurricane Belle, churning up the coast, was sending bad weather inland as far as Richmond. We had promised the two kids a day at King's Dominion, King's Island's sister park near Richmond, but we had to wait until Tuesday, when the rain finally ended, to keep that promise. It was well worth the wait. Dick is head of the creative arts department at King's Dominion, and he briefed us during the wait in what we ought to see and what we shouldn't miss. His son, Scott, works at the park's Victoria Gardens restaurant, and his wife, Sylvia, and his two daughters, teenagers Suzanne and Amy, are quite familiar with the layout. We were especially thankful for Amy and Suzanne, who rode herd on the two grandkids during the dozen hours we spent, from mid-morning to dark, in the park; without that kind of help, we grandparents never would have made it past noon lunch period.

**IT WASN'T THAT** the two grandchildren are all that overly-active or difficult to handle; it was just that we aren't as young as we used to be, not as old as we might be, so Amy and Suzanne

helped us to find the happy medium in between there somewhere. If you've been to King's Island out around Cincinnati, then you've been to King's Dominion, because the physical setup is pretty much the same. They are of the new breed of theme parks initially started by Walt Disney at his west coast Disneyland, and which now are springing up all across the country. It's the original amusement park all dressed up in new finery, the old rides camouflaged in new settings, entertainment shows spotted around the 1,300 acres, fountains and green spaces and extra things like the one-third scale reproduction of the Eiffel Tower, and excellent gift shops catering to adults.

**WHAT CAUGHT** our particular fancy was the carousel, one of those in the grand tradition, built in 1917 by the Philadelphia Toboggan Co., which is still making merry-go-rounds, its 68 horses four deep across, the circling parade of the horses broken in a few placed by the swooping chariots for those who'd rather sit than ride. There were horses of all different colors, some equipped for knights in armor, others for the U. S. Cavalry, for the cowboys, the Indian ponies, magnificent wooden animals with arching necks and prancing hooves able to carry young riders off into flights of other-world fantasy where they could hear the clash of arms, the thunder of stampeding cattle, the rumbling of a thousand hooves above the shrill yip-yip of the braves charging in line of battle across the dusty plain, the feel of the rushing wind tousling young hair and causing young eyes to squint against its pressure.

**MAYBE YOUNG** minds didn't really visualize all those things; it may have been only us, standing there and watching the horses sweeping by and remembering back over all those years to when we were as young as kids are today. But it is a beautiful thing, that carousel, its band organ pumping out the music from those years, and when the carousel stopped and the kids were lifted down from the horses, we were reluctant to move on to the next ride, although the grandchildren had no such nostalgic

compunction. There was another pleasant moment of two waiting for us over by the Eiffel Tower, where the Kings of Swing, a big-band group, played the songs from the 1930s and the 1940s, and the Swing Sisters, a trio who sang those songs from the era that gave American dance music the people like Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey and Artie Shaw and Harry James and Glen Gray and Duke Ellington and Jimmy Dorsey and Charlie Barnett and Cab Calloway and Benny Goodman, and we loved every minute of it, remembering places around here like the White Palace and the Air Castle, and in Richmond, where we spent a part of War II in an Army camp, the Tantilla and the English Tavern and the USO dances at Camp Lee, and later, the AFN radio overseas. Those Kings of Swing are as good a band as you will hear anywhere in the United States, and that's how we left King's Dominion, after they finished their last show, in the dark, along International Street and its beautiful lighted fountains, two tired grandkids and two more-tired grandparents, all of us glad we had been there.

August 23, 1976

# Dom Boffo. . .Steve Valloric. . .

**WE HAVE LOST** through death these past few weeks two more people we had been privileged to number among our friends, and the fact that we are now in that age group where death calls more and more frequently doesn't help us to become resigned to that inevitability. Nor does it ease the sense of loss by knowing that both of these men, Dom Boffo and Steve Valloric, did as much good with their lives in their different endeavors as it is humanly possible to do, and while we feel regret at their passing, we are fortunate that they came by our way in their going through this life. Dom Boffo was not a native Eastern Ohioan, but there are few people who did more for our area and its people than most of us who are born here and live here all our lives. One of the greatest things that Dom had going for him was that he loved people, all kinds of people, and that the best way to demonstrate that human love was to help as much as he could to make things better.

**HE HAD AN** affinity for Eastern Ohio, almost as soon as he was transferred here by Ohio Power, a sort of mystical connection that reached down inside and grabbed him and never let go until the day he died, and in the years he spent in Eastern Ohio, he did more than his part for everything good that was happening, the Ohio University Branch, the Belmont County Community Improvement Corporation, Bellaire New Industries, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the Kiwanis Club and the Chamber of Commerce. Dom never questioned why he developed such an intense empathy for his adopted home; it was sufficient for him to know that there was that empathy, and that he had to fulfill it by working beyond the normal degree of duty for the public good, and in that he succeeded, very admirably. Among the prayers that have been said for Dom should be one to the Lord to send us somebody to take his place, for we need all those kind of people we can get.

**THE FOOTBALL** program at St. John's Central High School will be observing its Golden Anniversary this fall, depending upon what early year you

pick, and on the eve of it, the Irish have lost in Steve Valloric the man who was most responsible for leading them out of the wilderness and into the promised land where they have been able, now for the past quarter century, to play with the Big Boys. Steve retired two years ago as Irish athletic director, a position which he had held so long and administered so capably, and although he was not the first man to serve the Irish in that capacity, he was far and away the best, and what those kids at SJC now have they can thank him for it. Not that everything is all that plush now, but at least they have separate uniforms for practice and for game, and more than one pair of socks each, and it was not always thus up there on Guernsey St.

**WHEN STEVE** came on the scene those many years ago, the Irish athletic program was in debt up to its proverbial ears. In fact, back in the beginning, the late Dan Archibald, who ran the Archibald Hardware store in Bellaire and who was not a Catholic, "financed" the whole athletic program by providing uniforms which were to be paid for whenever the school had any money, and one time he fired an employee for sending the school a bill, because the school wasn't making any money and was in hock at that particular moment to Dan for about \$4,000, a large chunk back then. Eventually, the Irish managed to pay off that debt, but they weren't much better off when Steve took over about the time War II broke out. With equal amounts of tough dedication and much time, he gradually raised the stature of the athletic program so that by the time the school, which was then just a local institution in Bellaire, achieved the stature of a central school serving all of Belmont County, he had the Irish teams ready to move up.

**IT WASN'T** only the athletic program in which Steve became involved; it was the whole extracurricular program, and there wasn't a dance, a play, a concert, a Science Fair, or anything else that went on beyond the strict classroom sessions at which Steve wasn't helping out. And with all the consuming time, the

difficulties and the problems, Steve maintained an equilibrium which won the Irish many friends, at a time when they needed friends.

**SO, BETWEEN** the two of them, Dom Boffo and Steve Valloric served their callings well, and in the doing created their own accolades. And each will be missed, in his own fashion.

August 30, 1976

# Christmas Will Return

**FOR SOME YEARS** now, Santa Claus has not been stopping at our house. There was a time, when our five children were growing up, that he and his reindeer and his sleigh would drift down out of the Christmas Eve night sky onto our roof, and he would come down the chimney with his pack on his back, and parcel out under the tree the dolls and the dishes and the little-girl things for the four of those, and the trucks and the planes and the little-boy things for the one of those that we were fortunate enough to be the parents of, and he would place their gifts in the exact places under the tree, beneath the particular ornaments that bore the names of Jimmy and Christy and Pam and Debbie and Lisa, and then he would wink at us, and up the chimney he would go, and we would hear him exclaim as he drove out of sight what he has been exclaiming all down through the years since Clement Moore wrote the poem, and we would have to wait again a full year more before he came back.

**WHEN LISA GOT** to the non-believing age, he stopped coming, and we haven't seen him since. The children have grown up and have moved into their own lives and out of the house, except Lisa, so there really hasn't been any need for him to stop at our house anymore. There are millions of other kids who are of the age to believe, so many of them that Santa needs all the time he can get, and he hasn't the moment or two, anymore, to come down our chimney, and when he stopped coming, back those some years ago, something went out of that kind of Christmas at our house. There still are the candle-lighted tree and the old ornaments, and the greenery and the wreaths and the mistletoe and the red bows, and on Christmas Day the presents are exchanged in the properly sedate grown-up way, and we appreciate them, and we love each other a little more than we did last year, and everything seems Christmasy and bright, but inside there is the little nagging feeling of a lost time reaching back into childhood.

**IN THE AFTERNOON**, a faint trace of the Santa Claus spirit enters

when their parents bring the grandchildren Tammy and Adrienne to see what has been left for them at our house, and when Lulu and Pammy, whom we look upon as grandchildren, come in from Barton for the same purpose, but Tammy and Adrienne and Lulu and Pammy have gone to bed that Christmas Eve in their own homes, and they have awakened up Christmas morning and hurried downstairs to their own trees, and we have missed their racing down the stairs and the bright and shining eyes and the laughing eyes, and the gleeful shouts at each newly-discovered toy, and the quick trip to the kitchen table to see if Santa has eaten the cookies left out the night before, and has taken the extra cookies up the chimney to his reindeer waiting on the roof.

**BUT THIS YEAR**, it will be like old times, and we are eagerly and impatiently looking forward to it, for on this Christmas Eve there will be once again a child in our seven-year-old-house; the seven-year-old granddaughter we share with Jack and Ella Mae Beveridge is coming in from San Diego, and she still believes, so we are sure that Santa will put us back on his route this year, because he always knows where all children are. In that golden part of Southern California where Dawn lives and where the sun shines warm most of the time, there is no winter to speak of and no snow at all, and Christmas Day, for all the difference the weather makes, is kind of like the Fourth of July, so she is eager and impatient, too, expecting snow and mistletoe and certainly presents by the tree. So, this Christmas, we will wait up again on Christmas Eve, Jeanne and us, to listen for the soft gentle sounds on the roof and the descending rustling down the chimney, and we will watch him reach into his pack and bring out the toys, and we will tell him, while he goes about his work, "Welcome back, oh, surely, welcome back; it has been too, too long a time!"

**AND WE WILL** delight, on Christmas Day, when Dawn comes running down the stairs, and when Tammy and Adrienne and Lulu and Pammy come to see what Santa has left for them at Grandmas's and Grandpa's house, and

in the confusion and the noise and the welter of gift wrapping scattered about and the running and the jumping and the temporarily-discarded toys jumbled on the floor and the mess under the tree which defies all attempts to keep straightened up in an orderly manner, and we will love every moment of it, Jeanne and us, for time will have turned backward, and we will see not only this Christmas and Dawn and Tammy and Adrienne and Lulu and Pammy, but we will see also the Christmases past when their own mothers were little kids and Santa would stop at our house every year.

**OUR OWN FIVE** children will be together with us, too, this Christmas, the first time in some years, and it will be a glorious time, a time for loving and sharing and remembering, and we will have, most certainly, the happiest Christmas since the kids grew up, for Christmas is for families, and it began with a family, Mary and Joseph and the Baby, in a stable in Bethlehem on a starry night centuries and centuries ago, and the love that flowed from that tiny stable on that first night is never more strongly felt than on Christmas, although it is a tragedy that humanity never has practiced, and unfortunately probably never will, that love every day of the year.

**WE HOPE, JEANNE** and us, that your Christmas is as happy and as merry and as good as we expect ours to be, and that by some miracle, humanity will hold that first-night love every day, and we personally thank you for the kindnesses you have shown us in this corner each Monday night for the past year. We will be missing from this space for the next two weeks, for we have saved part of our vacation until now so that we can spend as much time as possible with our grandchildren, so God love you and keep you, and we will be back here again next year, the Lord willing.

December 20, 1976

**THE INTERSTATE BRIDGE COMPANY**  
801 Bank One Building Bellaire, Ohio  
676-6144



# Easter in the 20's: A Minor Miracle

**EASTER IS** a day of joy; the solemnity of the Passion and the Death of Christ now has passed, the miracle of His Resurrection has come, emphasizing that there is a triumph over death, that there is a time for the renewal of life, and the very season of the year, the coming of spring and the greening of the face of the world and the bursting into blossoms of the flowers and the softening breezes after the harsh winter, all bear witness to the ultimacy of renewal. And at every coming of Easter for well over a half century we have remembered one Easter when we were a small boy, sometime in the early 1920s and we were in the lower grades at St. John's School. We had been chosen to be "on the altar" - those were the ancient days when they had been called altar boys, before they acquired the more imposing title of acolytes. Those also were the days before the Second Vatican Council, and there was more of a rigidity about the way people practiced their Catholicism. Sister Mary Leo was the eighth grade teacher where the "big boys" were, and she also was in charge of us altar boys, and of the two assignments, if she did practice more of an emphasis in her teaching, that emphasis was on the side of the altar boys, to whom she was a stern taskmaster, and woe to him who didn't know the Latin responses for serving Mass.

**ONCE, LATER ON** when we forgot to show up to serve a funeral Mass to which we had been assigned, the penalty was writing a hundred pages of Latin as used in the Mass. That was when we learned what "mea culpa" really meant. But in those earlier years, in one of them we were among those selected to read from the pulpit during Holy Week the Gospel of the Passion, and every day for weeks Sister Leo took all of us, maybe five or six boys, over to the church, and she stood back by the vestibule while we practiced in the pulpit, the whole length of the church away, and like a recording, as we read, from the dimness near the vestibule came her voice, "Louder!...Slower!...Louder!...Slower!...". while we wrestled with the small print in the Gospel part of the missal. Neck cords straining, little boys shouted, "Before a cock crows, thou wilt deny me

thrice." but before the cock crowed, the shouting had lessened and the reading had speeded up, and from the back of the church again came the demanding voice, "Louder!...Slower!" Not only was that before the Second Vatican Council, but it was before the days of the public address systems.

**WHEN THE DAY** finally came, and we stood in the pulpit, head just visible above the marble top, looking out over a veritable sea of congregational faces, the voice was small and the reading was rapid, all they got out of hearing the reading of the Passion according to Matthew was a small mumble of machine-gun rapidity, and possibly the only thing that those in the back of the church may have heard with any clear understanding was the loud sigh of relief from the little head in the pulpit when it came to the end where Joseph of Arimathea "rolled a great stone to the entrance of the tomb, and departed." In about the same time zone, all of the altar boys, maybe 20 or more, attended the Easter Sunday solemn high Mass at 7 a.m., and stayed for the high Mass at 9 a.m., and in between Father Wittman, who was the pastor, had breakfast for them in the church basement, and after breakfast Father Wittman passed out Easter eggs - the rest of the year he was always good any time for those foil-wrapped Hershey chocolate kisses, which he carried in handfuls in his coat pocket to give out to little kids. The reason for the Easter Sunday breakfast was that the altar boys received Communion at the earlier Mass.

**BACK IN THOSE** days, Catholics who were to receive Communion had to fast from midnight on, complete fast, no water, no nothing, and if you broke the fast, you couldn't receive Communion. This particular Easter Sunday morning Mom woke us up to get us dressed and off to church, to which we walked ten blocks away. She and Dad had set out the Easter candy the night before, and unthinkingly and still not completely awake, we grabbed a little chocolate candy egg and popped it into our mouth, and it wasn't until after we had gulped it down did we realize that we had broken our fast, and wouldn't be able to receive Communion. That was a mat-

ter of grave concern - every Catholic was expected to go to Communion on Easter Sunday, the day of the Risen Lord, and especially altar boys, who would be up on the altar in full view of God and everybody, and they would receive Communion first before Father Wittman went down to the railing to serve the parishioners. And the parishioners, especially Sister Mary Leo who sat in the front seat along with the rest of the nuns, would have nothing to do while they waited but watch the altar boys receiving Communion, mounting the steps to the altar one by one.

**ALL BUT ONE;** this Easter Sunday one little boy in his red cassock with the white surplus wouldn't be mounting those steps, and we were sure that everybody in the church would see that one little kid, especially Sister Mary Leo, to whom we would be accountable at the between-Masses breakfast. There wasn't anything to do but try to get lost in the confusion when the altar boys left their benches near the railing and gathered in a kneeling group around the main altar. As each altar boy mounted to the steps, we shifted from one place to another, moving on our knees, trying to look as if we had already received Communion and were only making room for somebody else to go up. Finally, the last of the altar boys had received, and Father Wittman had gone to the railing for the parishioners, and the Mass was ended and we trooped down the stairs to the basement for the breakfast, where we would have to face Sister Mary Leo. But the Risen Lord that morning had worked a minor miracle - we had gotten away with our subterfuge, for Sister Mary Leo had a kind word with no mention of our problem, and Father Wittman gave us an Easter egg just like the rest of the altar boys, and to all intents and purposes, nobody knew we had not gone to Communion. Except that the bacon and eggs didn't taste at as delicious as usual, and we had a difficult time swallowing our breakfast.

April 6, 1980

# Dear Pop: 'I Still Remember You Well'

**DEAR POP:** You haven't been around for quite a number of years, but every once in a while, more so as I get older, I think about you. There are times when you're concerned in some of my dreams at night, and in the brief few seconds after I wake up, you seem to be still around, but it comes soon that you aren't here, and there is the emptiness for awhile until I become fully awake and have to get involved in the daily treadmill of living reality. When I was a boy, at infrequent times when death came close enough to our family to impress itself briefly on the awareness of a child, I used to think what a horrible thing it would be if you and mom were to die. I guess every kid has that kind of fleeting dark thought, but at a young age the attention span isn't very long and that thought goes away quickly, yet for the quick moment, there is an ache of what must come someday. Now, when you intrude into my mind, there still is the ache, dulled much by the years that have passed, but still an ache and a sense of loss, and maybe a sense of loneliness. Those are the times that I wish I had talked to you more, to have found out what kind of person you really were, beyond being a very good father, but I'm not sure that I ever did learn what was deep inside you, as an individual person.

**THERE IS** a time I remember, when I was in the lower grades at school, that you were doing some home repairs on the table you built in the dirt cellar of our house on 26th St., and you cut out for me a little tin star to take to school, and on the way, near the City Park, I tripped on a loose sidewalk brick and fell and cut my hand with that star, and I wrapped the hand in my handkerchief and the nuns at St. John's took off the bloody handkerchief and patched up the cut when I got to school. That's the only thing I remember about the star, except that I was proud of it and that I loved you more that day because you troubled to make it for me. Tommy Geary had a model A Ford the time you ran for state senator on the Democrat ticket and he and Tommy Manion took me with them when they went out through the brick roads and dirt paths of the country to tack your signs onto the posts and the trees and the out-

buildings, and even though you didn't win, it sure was something to see a kid's father's picture all over the place. I should have asked you then about running for such a high office, because it must have been important to you to do it, and maybe I would have found out then about the inside of you.

**WHENEVER THERE** is a smell of oil there are the remembrances of the old Pennsylvania roundhouse up at the foot of 37th and Belmont Sts. and I remember taking your lunch pail to you while you worked on the locomotives, and it seems as though the smell of the oil and the smoke trapped in the building and the hissing of the steam are still real. When I got into high school and started to learn how to type, you bought a portable typewriter and on it I typed your lessons on air brakes when you were taking that International Correspondence School course; I never learned very much about air brakes but it helped me with my typing, and in the end it turned out that I would make my living by the typewriter, so for that I owe you something, too. There was something else I owe you from high school - if it hadn't been for you and Tom Curran and Joe Flaherty and Tommy Joyce, there wouldn't have been any athletic program at the old St. John's when I was there. I remember that you guys got it all started back in 1925 and put in some of your own money and dunned other people until, with the forbearance of Dan Archibald who didn't press you for the uniform and equipment debit, the program did get off the ground, but it still took years of work by the four of you until it got onto solid footing.

**JEANNE REMEMBERS** with fondness the spring of 1954 when you would come daily across Noble St. from your house to our house to watch the McCarthy hearings on television, and you were well satisfied when he was censured by his own U. S. Senate, and your favorite on that national stage was Atty. Joseph Welch who handled the case against McCarthy. Somewhere in your being, I think there was an unfulfilled wish to have been a lawyer - you did buy that set of lawbooks and that Globe-Wernecke cabinet with the glass doors to hold them - and I think too that maybe

you would have liked to have been a lawyer like Joe Welch. All of us have an unfulfilled wish - mine would have been to have been as good a father as you, but I never quite made it. Everything did turn out pretty well, though, after you left, except that brother Albert died; maybe it was better that you should have gone first. Maury retired from that post office job you helped to get him when he was young, and his family has all grown up, and Johnny - you'd be awfully proud of what he has done with his life - still has some of his kids around because he was the youngest of all us four brothers. All of us have grandchildren that you never saw, but you'd like them, I'm sure.

**YOU HAVE** great grandchildren now, and you'd be proud of them, too - three of them may be somewhere around where you are, Keturah, Jennifer, and this past week, Jacob, each of whom didn't stay in this world very long - as we are proud of them because they have in them some of you and Mom. Pop, I should have written to Mom last month, but I didn't, and I feel badly about it, because between the two of you, you wrestled with a lot of hardships and disappointments and discouragements bringing us up and giving us the best shot you had to get us ready for what was ahead of us, and we owe Mom a great deal more than any of us can pay back, as we owe you. But, I would think that where you are, Mom is close by, and maybe you can tell her I'm sorry about last month, although I'm sure she understands; one of the best things about parents is their understanding of their children's faults, just as they are proud of their children's accomplishments. All of us, your children, your grandchildren, and eventually your great grandchildren and those who may come after them, have learned by now or will learn down through all the turning years of the future what you learned before us and then tried to instill in us, that life is not a gift which has no strings, that there is the obligation to give back the best in you in return for the miracle of having been brought into this world, and that everybody is entitled to dignity and respect. I don't know if I have done those things as well as they should have been done - I have tried, because you taught me that, and I'm grateful. Sleep well, Pop and say hello to Mom. June 15, 1980

# Concerts, Federal Funding, Route 7

**THERE ARE** a couple of shows this week at the Bellaire High auditorium that deserve your attendance, the jazz concert Monday night at 7:30 by the Bethany College Lab Band and the Bellaire High Stage band, then the Buck 'N Wing concert Thursday night which will pour all the money into the coffers of the Bellaire High radio station, WBHR. Each concert offers a type of music appealing to different music aficionados, so there's no conflict in scheduling the two shows in the same week. The Monday night concert will be mostly jazz, with the college and the high school bands taking their shots separately in the beginning, and then getting together for combined presentation at the end. BHS Band Director Dave Morgan is looking forward to the interchange, and he sure could use your admission fee. The Thursday concert by the Buck 'N Wing is country music, and again WBHR Chief Engineer Norm Russell can use for the station every dollar that comes through the box office. The guys who make up the band are all Bellaire High grads, and they are not taking a nickel for their performance, considering the show part-payment of the educational debt they owe the high school, and it's nice they feel that way. They're a good musical outfit, and even if you're not sold on country music, you'll enjoy them anyway while you're helping BHS radio.

**THE FEDERALS** don't give you any free money; Bellaire City Hospital's Larry England said he has learned that with a recent pronouncement from Washington telling him how the hospital will have to refund some of Hill-Burton and Appalachia money by doing ten percent medical charity work. Not that the hospital hasn't been picking up the charity tabs - Larry said that the hospital does an average of about \$30,000 per year in this direction, and doesn't tarry too long about wiping off the bill when it learns a patient can't pay. The new regulation applies the ten percent per year to the combined total of federal grants over a certain period of years. At the Bellaire City Hospital, that combined total is \$800,000, which means that the hospital must do \$80,000 per year in charity work through 1996, and if \$80,000 is not used in a year, what is left carries over to next year, which would be then

\$80,000 plus. How hospitals are to accomplish this and still stay reasonably solvent is of no concern to the federal government; suffice to say, according to the federals, is that it must be done. So, when you deal with the federals, you don't ever get nuthin' for nuthin'.

**MAYBE VIRGINIA** Gray, who used to live in Bellaire but now resides in Cambridge, has the right idea about how to get the Ohio 7 relocations through Bellaire and Shadyside off dead center; she keeps pushing for those jobs in letters to state and federal people, and whenever she chances to meet any of them personally. Certainly, the public government sectors of those two communities haven't been able to dynamite the log-jams, so it may be that a private-individual type bombardment such as Virginia's will accomplish the result. Writes Virginia: "I don't know just exactly when I started, but I had a habit of saving all the newspaper clippings about my family and others. I have a large scrapbook filled mostly with Ohio 7 news stories. After reading your article in the April 13 Times Leader, I got out my scrapbook, and I have an item dated Dec. 13, 1954, which has map designs of Ohio 7 in Martins Ferry and Bellaire. When I started to put this scrapbook together, I failed to date some of the items. I went to meetings on Route 7, and was real impressed with the visit of Gov. Gilligan to Bellaire (I got his autograph at the Bellaire High auditorium), also when Gov. Rhodes visited Bellaire, and I have pictures of his stops at Indian Run School and the High School.

**I'VE CORRESPONDED** with lots of officials about the Ohio 7 delay, and I have quite a few letters received, as they do reply. I have letters from President Carter and others too numerous to mention. On the Shadyside route, I mailed a letter to Gov. Rhodes and he in turn referred it to the Ohio Department of Transportation. I told him of the deaths that occurred in the Narrows, and the condition of Powhatan and how those coal miners and others have to travel that road to get to their employment. So you can see I've been quite busy with correspondence. Everyone says you won't hear back, but don't let anyone tell you that; I did hear, and I'm no one. I talk

to other people about Route 7, and you know what their reply is, 'Oh, we'll all be dead and gone and won't get to use it'. I say, 'Well, I'm hoping, anyway'. I send congratulations to officials who are elected, and I always write them about Ohio 7. I couldn't help but think when I read the 'Letter to the Editor' from Ruth Harrington, of Powhatan, why Gov. Rhodes didn't travel Route 7; we can't afford airplanes and gasoline". Virginia may be right about individual contact; city officials making no headway, private people might, the nothing ventured, nothing gained principle.

**WHEN WE WRITE** something like this on the Ohio 7 relocation through Bellaire, we always jeopardize the domestic tranquility of our home, for our Jeanne is adamantly opposed to the relocation, because the Ohio Valley Glass Museum at 49th and Jefferson St. which is her abiding love will go under the bulldozer treads. It's right in the path of the new road. Those women are at the Museum these days getting it cleaned of the winter dust accumulation, washing the glass exhibits, and in general getting the place ready for its opening next month. The women are right in one respect; the Glass Museum is one of Bellaire's very, very few nice things for visitors, and it is perpetuating the history of both the city and the glass industry, the latter a history with which the city and the Ohio Valley are intertwined, and there are a great many exhibits of beautifully designed and finely crafted glass amounting nearly to object d'art, as the French would say. It is possible that Jeanne and the women are right, that the relocation will do more harm than good, and that we are wrong, but unless the pace of the project departs from its previous record of delay and delay, neither of us will live long enough to find out which of us is right.

April 20, 1980

**MR. & MRS. CHARLES DANKWORTH**  
and Family

# Retiring Editor One of the Best We Had

**PAT BARTH** has beaten us out the front door of *The Times Leader* - Pat has cleaned out her desk and covered up her typewriter and has retired as head of the editorial department's family section; to show how old fashioned we are, we still thought the family department was the society section until we read Pat's retirement story in Sunday's edition. When we first came to the old *Daily Times* Julie Sedgwick was running the society page, and since then we have outlasted Laura Rodewig and Grace Coleman and Mary Fitton and some others we've forgotten, and now Pat, and it sort of makes us feel a little more lonely here; all the people we knew when we started in this business are gone except A.V. Dix and Joe Muskovich, and sometimes we get the feeling that maybe we're a museum piece, because we almost have to have a program to follow who's playing the newspaper game any more. Anyway, back to the story on Pat's retirement; from the list of people who are taking over, such as Sue Holub and Becky Roszkowski and Elsie Lutz and Lori Trolley - we have grandnieces older than Lori - you can rest assured that *The Times Leader's* family department is in good hands, and will continue to be as excellent in the future as it has been in the past.

**PAT AND HER** husband Chuck intend to do some roving about the country in their travel trailer, which is what makes us most envious of them, not that Pat got out of here before we did, but that they will be able to pack up and go wherever they want whenever they please. Providing, that is, the price of gasoline doesn't go completely out of sight, which from this point appears more likely than not. This is what Jeanne had planned for us when we were approaching retirement age a couple of years back. We had big plans - we'd sell our house which has gotten too big for two people since the kids all grew up and left, and we'd get a couple of rooms somewhere, just a little place to touch base with in the winter months, and we'd spend the rest of the year just roaming, tent in the back of the station wagon, wherever our fancy took us, and we'd see all the things that before we only read about, and they could just mail that

Social Security check to the next town ahead and we'd catch up with it. Then, it all seemed so perfect, so idyllic, a couple of overage gypsies nosing about the country, following the two-lane roads off through the mountains and the valleys and across the rivers and the deserts, letting tomorrow take care of itself.

**BUT UNFORTUNATELY** tomorrow is now, with several years of rising inflation shrinking considerably what we might get from Social Security and the soaring gasoline prices taking what little might be left if we decided to travel. We could still retire, if we would be content to sit at home and watch the world go by outside our window, but neither of us wants to settle for that, and some of our friends have told us "If you feel well, don't do it", so here we are, still at this video terminal typing into it what you're reading now, and Pat Barth and Mary Fitton and Bill Leightner and Charley Bischoff and Mike Mochary and Clyde Mackey have all gone out the door ahead of us. We are glad that we did take the chance last summer, touring the west with the four grandchildren and spending a lot more money than we should have, a bunch of it borrowed on which we are still making payments; we are glad because, unless there is some sort of economic miracle, it could have been our last shot at the highways and byways. We hope for Pat and Chuck Barth that they get to do all the things they want to do now that they have the time; both deserve no less. Pat has been among the best people we've had at *The Times Leader*, and her supervision of the family department of this newspaper has been one of the best things our newspaper had going for it.

**HARRY SOMERVILLE** was one heck of a ball player, and his recent death recalled the time a group of us softballers went down to play a Marietta team in the mid-1930s. If memory serves, Frank LoCoco, who went to Marietta frequently in connection with his dad's produce business, arranged the game, and Andy Lambros, in the family operation of the Belmont Restaurant, sponsored our team, called naturally the Belmont Waiters. It was a night game,

first any of us had ever played, and when we got down there, we learned that we were to play with an inseam ball, also a first for us, because around our area we used the outseam, a ball with raised seams. You couldn't do as much with the inseam ball as you could with the outseam, and those Marietta players were all old hardball guys who liked the fast ball, so they spent the night at the plate swinging from the heel and hitting everything we threw, because we couldn't do as many pitching tricks with the inseam ball, and our infielders took their lives in their hands trying to handle the shots off those Marietta bats. They must have beaten us by a couple of dozen runs, what with night lights and the inseam ball, and one other thing.

**THE OTHER THING** was a pitcher with a windmill windup who had been imported from West Virginia especially for that game. We had never seen a windup pitcher - that delivery was illegal in softball in our area of the valley, so at the plate we spent the night swinging at air; all except Harry who was an old hardball player himself and who also liked the fastball, one of which he caught on the fat end of his bat and drove clear out beyond the light standard in left field. The ball seemed still to be going up when it passed the standard. We only got a couple of hits off that winduppper and only one run, and all of them belonged to Harry. A couple of days later Frank came back from one of his Marietta trips steaming; he had picked up a copy of the Marietta newspaper, and in the report of the game, Harry's homerun was called a "freak hit." We never went back to Marietta again to play - once had been enough humiliation, because we thought before we went down there that we were pretty good at the game of softball.

March 12, 1980

# Another 26th Street Gains Honors

**AMONG THOSE** who were inducted into the Ohio Wrestling Hall of Fame recently at OSU's St. John Arena was an old friend, Danny Pilosena, who grew up down on 26th St., and it grabs us to see another one of those 26th Streeters honored. Danny, now curriculum consultant in the Franklin County Department of Education, coached the wrestlers from Toledo Central Catholic High from 1957 to 1965, with a record of 23 wins, 19 losses, and at one time a string of 28 consecutive victories. His teams were Toledo city champs in 1958-1965, sectional champs the same years, district champs for four years and district runner-up two years. In 1962-63 his kids were Catholic Invitational Tournament champs, and he qualified anywhere from three to six wrestlers a year for three state tournaments, where their accomplishments included a third place in 1965. Since then he has officiated at high school and college tournaments, including Big Ten meets, and he is currently secretary-treasurer of the Central District Wrestling Officials Association, of which he is also a past president. In addition to his wrestling post at Toledo Central, he also coached football and basketball and was a guidance counselor. Later, in the military, he served with Army Intelligence. Danny and his wife, Rose, have two grown children, Beverly and Dan Jr.

**DANNY PLAYED** his high school football at the old St. John's in the early 1930s, and got a football scholarship to North Carolina State when the late Hunk Anderson coached the Wolfpack. Mac Cara and Roger Mass, who were out of Bellaire High, also played with the Wolfpack at that time, and Mac was team captain in his senior year. But Danny didn't walk right out of St. John's into State - there was an interim period when he and the late Mike Basrak, later an All-American center at Duquesne, rode freight trains around the south trying to get a tryout with some college team. There was sort of a Bellaire football colony at Chattanooga University, where some ex-Big Reds had been good varsity ball players. One of the places Mike and Danny aimed for was there. Neither had much money - between them they had stashed in their one battered suit-

case \$25 in cash for which they had done odd jobs back home - and they headed for Chattanooga riding the rods along with assorted older Americans who were hunting for any job any where in that tag-end time of the Great Depression. The automobile wasn't yet the nation's main travel mode, so only the freights were left for a guy without money to get to any place.

**THEY WERE** in a boxcar coming into Chattanooga when one of the hobos in the car with them told them that they better hop off before the train pulled into the railyard because the railroad detectives, variously referred to as "bulls", were pretty tough in that area. Mike went out one door in that car and Danny went out the other, but unfortunately for Danny, that was the side the detectives were working, and they collared Danny and hauled him off to jail. From the other side of the car, Mike watched them march Danny away. There wasn't anything Mike could do right then. That night he slept in a farmer's field, and the next day he went into town, carrying the battered suitcase, to find the jail. Breakfast was a stale roll and a half-pint of milk eaten in the doorway of a store across the street from the jail while he waited. Danny, from the barred window, yelled to Mike, "Get me out of here - they're going to take me out on a road gang!". Sure enough, a short time later out came Danny marching in a string of prisoners. Because of his dark Italian complexion, the Chattanooga police had placed Danny in the black section of the segregated jail, and because it was the pre-War II South, Danny wasn't sure what was going to happen to him.

**MIKE WALKED** into the police station and was told by the desk sergeant that Danny had been charged with vagrancy, and he would have to serve his time in jail and on the road gang unless he could come up with money for the fine. Mike's story to the police court judge was that they were on their way back to Ohio because they had gotten word that one of their mothers was dying, and they didn't have any money for train fare, so the only way for them was hopping freight trains. Of course, the police

court judge wasn't about to buy that story, and he told Mike that Danny still had to come up with the fine. "How much is that?", asked Mike. "How much you got?", asked the judge. "About \$25", replied Mike. "That's the fine", ruled the judge. So Mike, regretting that he hadn't said \$10, opened the banged-about suitcase, got the \$25 from its hiding place, paid the fine, got a receipt, and took the receipt back to the desk sergeant, who sent out word to the road-gang guard to turn Danny loose, and so Mike and Danny walked their way out of the city of Chattanooga and much farther beyond before they hopped another freight. They never did get a tryout with any college on that trip through the south, and when they got back home, Mike's dad Proko got him a job in the coal mine.

**DANNY WITHIN** a short period of time followed Mac Cara down to North Carolina State, where he made the football team, and one of the things he and Mac and Roger talked about when they came home was that when Hunk Anderson got them in a huddle to talk, his breath smelled so much of booze that "it almost knocked us over", but they were firm in their conviction that Hunk was a great football coach. Another thing they did when they came home on those occasions was to drill each other on the sidewalk in front of the Belmont Restaurant, where most of us gathered on an evening then; all three of them had to join ROTC at State and they liked to show off their military knowledge back home, not realizing that within a half-dozen years it wasn't going to be a fun thing, but something deadly serious. The late Andy Vusky, a red-hot Notre Dame subway alumnus, knew Elmer Layden, one of ND's Four Horsemen who was coaching football at Duquesne, so he got Layden to give Mike a shot, and that's all Mike needed. Layden left Duquesne after Mike's freshman year to return to Notre Dame, but in that one year Mike so impressed him that when Layden wrote his autobiography, Mike was one of his former players that he recalled. Mike knew about it before the book was published - at a College All-Star party in Chicago, Layden and Sleepy Crowley, another of the Four Horsemen, were talking to Mike and Crowley told him.

March 30, 1980

# A Hero: From Every Nerve and Tissue

**IF YOU'RE** a Bellaire High sports fan from 'way back, you may remember vaguely a guy named Bob Kilgore, who played with the Reds in 1917-19. You may not recall a school named Oglethorpe, and you certainly never heard of Ed Miles, who wrote sports for the *Atlanta Journal*. You probably would know about Hamills, Carl and Don, who were more closely connected with Weirton than Wheeling, where Don, in addition to officiating high school games, wrote for the old *Wheeling News*, forerunner of the present *News-Register*. What brings this up is an old clipping Bellaire's Johnny Myers brought us, one of Don's columns quoting a Miles piece on a ball game Bob Kilgore played for Oglethorpe against Chattanooga in the early 1920s, won by Oglethorpe 20-2, and you aren't likely to read this kind of sportswriting anywhere today.

**WROTE MILES:** "Just one man, brave Bob Kilgore, torn, bleeding, bruised and battered almost beyond human aspect, conscious of but one impulse amid the throbbing of his frayed nerves, an impulse to fight on through the weakness of his tiring legs and the daze in his brain from a terrific blow on the forehead that caused the blood to clot in a huge lump just above his eye - this one man was the difference between an astonishing defeat and the comfortable margin by which the Oglethorpe Petrels emerged victorious in their annual game with the University of Chattanooga. And the story of the game this man played should go down in the annals of Oglethorpe as the greatest exhibition of individual playing ever given by a football star.

**'BOB ENTERED** the game with both elbows bandaged, having come out from under the doctor's treatment for two bruised elbows that looked like swollen and polluted hunks of beefsteak, and he doubted seriously whether he would be able to survive the pain of even one clout on either of the sore members, but soon after the game had started, Oglethorpe waked from the slumber with which they had begun the game to find themselves trailing 2-0, he forgot that his elbows ever had been sore, and began a single-

handed offense that ultimately turned the tide in favor of the Petrels.

**'IT WAS THE** most smashing, tearing, fearless and feelingless offense ever launched by a single man, and though the Moccasin forwards fought back with heart and soul, conscious as they were that this one lonehearted full-back was to tear down any hopes they might have held for victory, they were powerless to stop Bob's bull-like rushes, and slowly, surely and steadily he crunched his way down the field, spending body and spirit in an effort to save his school from disastrous defeat.

**'THE FIRST THING** Bob did was to fall on the ball for a safety after UC had blocked Campbell's punt and knocked it across the line. The next outstanding thing he did was to take the ball from the 30-yard line across the goal in a series of rushes. But a penalty for offside brought the ball back to the five-yard line and rendered the score invalid. It was an awful setback but it could not be helped and Bob promptly set to work again. In three more bucks he went across for the second time.

**'I SHALL** now skip over an innumeral list of gains ranging between three and ten yards, and over all the wonderful defensive work done by this superman, to the one last, triumphant grand finale, when he intercepted a forward pass on his own 15-yard line, side-stepped one man, stiff-armed another, wrung loose from a third, and started down through the open field towards the one lone man who had managed somehow to work his way around in front of him and waited with open arms to bring him to the ground. To the spectators it appeared that Bob had looked out towards this man and had given up because his spent body refused to make the one supreme effort necessary to carry him by, for he slowed his stride and swayed uncertainly. But instead of giving up, Bob had merely been waiting for his interference who rallied around him in a perfect wall of safety, and escorted him the rest of the way with ease and dignity.

**'AFTER THIS** play, Bob returned dutifully to his place to await the kickoff, but he was helpless to do more. Blindly and weakly, he followed each play more by instinct than reason, and a few minutes later when the whistle blew he had to be carried from the field.

**'MIND AND BODY** exhausted, it was only after a doctor had worked upon him for an hour in the hotel room that he finally regained his senses and locomotion, God bless you, Bob; you're a hero, every nerve and tissue."

**YOU MAY** have noticed some little things about that story - Bob got that knock on the forehead because some guys didn't wear headgears back then and the ones they did wear weren't all that substantial; he played both ways, no platooning and the guys who started stayed in there till they dropped; and after the game, the doctor worked on him in a hotel room, because even at the college level, not too many schools had dressing rooms and treatment facilities in them under the stands, in fact, most stands were wooden belachers. But for Bob Kilgore, 'way down in Georgia and far from home in the days before the motor car and the airplane, Ed Miles' story made great reading that Sunday afternoon, even if it did hurt every time he moved even a little muscle.

April 2, 1980

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# Balmy Days of Spring, and Baseball

**THESE WERE** the days of impatience, the time of the transition from winter to spring, when the weather alternated between balmy and chilly and the April rains blew in without warning, turning the softball field in the hollow between dirt-road 26th St. and the Imperial Glass plant into a mix of mud and water, and we could only wait in frustration until the field dried and we could play again. The home plate and the bases were flat pieces of rock, and the pitcher's mound was only a hole scraped in the ground, deepening by successive use until it had to be filled partially periodically. The Bellaire American Legion Post that summer would sponsor a softball league, and each of the members, who were not too many years out of the service in World War I, was to organize a team. Paul Ault lived in the upstairs of a house at the corner of 27th St., and Cherry Alley, across the alley from Bill Weizer's junkyard and catty-corner from Bill Schluter's machine shop in the stone building we called the barn, because in the basement were stalls for the cows which every once in a while were brought into town for an auction. In those days, the employment at the Imperial Glass was a casual sort of a system where stronger kids could get a turn at carrying-in when the glass-making shops were short-handed.

**PAUL WAS** not only a strong kid, but he was industrious and willing, and he was a dependable substitute for the undermanned shops, so he got much more time at Imperial than any of the other kids, even though he was only growing into his teens. There was a man by the name of Paul Bergen who bossed the decorating shop at Imperial, and he was a member of the Legion, so Paul prevailed upon him to back our softball team. Paul Bergen in our young minds was something of a wheeler-dealer, and he was an aviator - that's what they called those pilots in the very early days of the airplane - in the first war, so he said we should name our team the Skyhawks. We decided that we ought to have uniforms, and Paul Bergen came up with the idea to have a raffle and sell tickets, which was an entirely new thing to a bunch of kids and probably one of the reasons we thought he was a wheeler-dealer, but in truth, Paul Bergen peddled a lot of those

tickets to the people who worked at Imperial, and we did make enough money to become the first and only kid team to have uniforms, white long pants and yellow polo shirts, and our mothers cut out propellers of black cloth to sew on the shirt front.

**THE ONLY OTHER** team we remember in that league was the 308th Engineers, on which all the black kids played, Tut and Tinker Jackson and Lugie and Jimmy Stone and Sam Jenkins, and the Legionnaire in charge of that team was William Johnson, a very dignified man who always wore a suit and a dark hat which sat squarely on his head, and always spoke softly and kindly. The 308th, recalls Ernie Giffin, who is a charter member of the post, was the outfit in which several Bellaire men served during War I. The American Legion League that year was quite a success, maybe we thought so because we won the championship. Paul Ault was the shortstop on that team - a softball team then had ten players, an extra shortstop between first and second base - and Tarzan Velt was the catcher. Chicken Severine played third base, and Johnny Lancione was the second basemen. Danny Marinacci was the extra shortstop, playing next to his cousin, Cooney Marinacci on first base, and in the outfield we had Quinto Marinacci, another cousin, Paul Billello and Mike Basrak. Paul Bergen's success with the raffle gave us big ideas for a team party at the end of the season. The party was held in the Legion Post which was located then upstairs over the Hoge-Davis drug store; that building was torn down some years ago when the present Union Bank building was constructed.

**THE PARTY** was a success - we had spent the afternoon putting up orange and white crepe paper streamers, there was a cake and ice cream, and the centerpiece of the decorations was the softball we had used in the last game, painted with gold and the team name on it. For years at our house that softball was on the dresser in our bedroom, until the cover began to come apart with age, and Mom threw it out with the trash one day while she was cleaning the room. She was always having to throw out old things - our old football jersey which was given to us when we played our last season at St.

John's, the heavy green sweater with the varsity letter SJ on it, the sweater we got from the old Wolfhurst softball team, a dark blue pullover with a red W on the front. That football jersey would be a revelation to high school football players today. It had white canvas stripes down the front, sheepskin pads inside the elbows, and the white number 12 only on the back. There were canvas squares on both sleeves, one above and one below the elbow, and that jersey must have weighed about five pounds, it seems. We kept it in our dresser drawer for years, but eventually it went the way of the trash.

**THE HOUSE** where Paul lived had a balcony-like porch running all along the side of the second floor, and there was a wooden fence separating the yard from the alley. One day Paul's little brother Billy fell over the balcony railing and onto the fence below, and we all thought Billy had been hurt badly, but it wasn't too long until Billy was out playing again, which happens so often among the young. Paul eventually went to work full time at Imperial, and he spent his whole working life there until he retired as a foreman. Paul was not only the first of us to go to work, but he also was the first to get married, and he invited all of us to the reception at his in-laws' house at Wegee, and we remember vaguely that all of us had a good time but it seemed strange to be going to the wedding reception of a friend who had been a boyhood playmate not too many years before. Paul died several days ago, and we went to the funeral home, and lying there, he didn't seem to have changed much over the years, which suddenly rolled back like when you run a movie film backward, and all of us were at the softball field again, wearing the white pants and the yellow shirts with the black propellers on the front, and we were winning the game. Unfortunately and sadly, life isn't a movie film, and Paul has gone where Mike Basrak and Chicken Severine and Quinto Marinacci had gone before him, and there they wait for the rest of us.

April 27, 1980

# Progress: Keeping Peace in the Family

**WE HAD MENTIONED** to you in our April 20 effort here that when we write of the state of Ohio's years-and-years-old lack of action on the relocation of Ohio 7 through Bellaire, we invariably disturb the domestic peace and tranquility of our home, because our Jeanne holds to an opposite view. A few mornings later when we came downstairs to the kitchen before leaving for work, we found on the table this note: "In reply to my husband's column in Sunday's paper, yes, I am against the relocation of Ohio 7 through Bellaire, but just not because of the Ohio Valley Glass Museum which will be torn down. I hate to see all the old homes on riverfront Guernsey St. destroyed, the big old homes on Jefferson St., and in the end perhaps the town itself. I would like to see Bellaire become a riverfront 'Roscoe Village', a place people want to come to, not bypass. With our glass history, we could be something. If and when Ohio 7 comes through, we'll be nothing but an exit sign on a ramp, and we'll slowly but surely wither and die. I don't want my grandchildren and their children to live in a world covered by concrete. I want them to see and appreciate the lovely old homes, and tress, and grass, and flowers. If we aren't watchful, before we know it Mt. Vernon will be leveled for a parking lot or a high-rise apartment, and generations to come will have nothing but miles and miles of concrete highways. If that is progress, heaven help us!"

**THAT'S OUR** Jeanne, thank the Lord! We wouldn't have it any other way. After almost 38 years of married life, we have come to realize that in a great many areas of knowledge, Jeanne is much smarter than we are; however, in this particular instance we happen to think that the relocation of Ohio 7 would be a good thing for the town, the project having been hanging like a sword over the city's head for so many years, placing the condition "if and when" over so many plans, both public and private. But we don't put much hope in the bond issue which will be on the June 3 ballot to speed up the project; it would appear at this point that if there is any money earmarked for Eastern Ohio work, that money will go for the I-470 completion, and our other more local jobs will get what's left, if anything. Ten percent more in federal funds, and

with I-470 part of the interstate road network, you don't have to have a crystal ball to see where most of the money will go.

**LIFE ON THE** Interstate, or **Havin' Fun Listenin' In:** West-bound on I-70 last Sunday at Milepost 204, a lady and a trucker were conversing via CB. Asked the lady, "You ever get up to Columbus?" "Pretty often", replied the trucker. "Give me a ring the next time", the lady said. "What's the number?" asked the driver. The lady gave the number, the last four digits of which were "5921". "Got it; 5521", the trucker said. Broke in another trucker, "She said 5921". On came another trucker, "I got it too", and another, "Me too", and from still another, the same. "Don't all call at once", said the lady, raising visions of all those big tractor rigs parked one after another on the lady's street while the neighbors roared in anger. Said still another trucker, "I called you last week and you weren't home". Replied the lady, "I was busy". Without a doubt, and after Sunday she may be even busier. "Smokey in the grass takin' pictures at Milepost 140", came the warning. "He oughta be takin' pictures of them blankety-blank potholes", commented a trucker. From what must have been a passenger car driver came this: "He's too busy taking pictures of those big trucks that are making the potholes".

**AS LONG AS** we're quoting people, try these: The American Record, on the need for a stronger national defense posture, "Linebackers and prize fighters never get mugged"...The undecided voter trying to pick his Presidential candidate, "I'm going to toss a coin in the air, and if I'm lucky, it won't come down"...Iranian Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbazadeh on the reason he won't negotiate with the terrorists who took over the Iranian embassy in London: "They are in violation of international law", meaning that law only applied when it's convenient to Iranian purposes...The Belmont County Police Chiefs Association on its endorsement of George Neff's candidacy for sheriff: "He can unite all the law enforcement agencies in the county"; what happens to those police chiefs if Neff doesn't win? - that was the point Bellaire's Chief Red Giannetta was stressing when he disagreed with any political endorse-

ment group because "we have to work with whoever is elected"... Chief Giannetta, on failing to receive a questionnaire in the recent 1980 census mailing: "Does that mean I won't have to pay any taxes?"

**CHUG HORNE** played Bellaire High football for Coach Al Sears three years in the mid-1920s, and last summer when we talked to Coach Sears in Norman, Okla., where he lives, one of the first persons he asked about was Chug Horne. Later, when we returned from that vacation and told Chug, he began a correspondence with Coach Sears that continued regularly until Chug died a couple of weeks back. Chug was a very nice guy who was extremely considerate of the world around him; Tarzan Velt recalls that when he was a little kid, the Bellaire High football players traveled from the high school to old Riverview Park in an open-bed truck, long before the days of school buses, and as the truck left the high school for the ball park, Chug would pick him up and stash him among the players in the truck so that Tarzan was hidden from the gatekeeper's sight when the truck drove into the park, which was of some importance to Tarzan because very few kids then had the price of a ticket. As does Tarzan, we appreciated Chug's friendship and consideration, and his family has our sympathy.

May 4, 1980



# No Man Is An Island-Little or Great

**BENNY CORRELL** was another of those kids who grew up on 26th St. Benny wasn't born on 26th St., as so many of us were; he was born in Italy and brought to Bellaire by his parents when he was a very little kid, but it was quite a long time before Benny lost most of his Italian accent - before he got out of high school he became the only Bellaire High quarterback ever who called signals with an Italian accent, and his teammates used to rib him by asking, "Benny, what's those numbers again?" He lived in a house on the corner of 26th St. and Plum Alley, between Belmont and Union Sts., and every night, as regularly as the dark descended, Benny's mother came to the front door and called, "Benny, veni qua, veni qua", and in response Benny went straight home. In those times none of us roamed very far away that we couldn't hear our parents calling; out of sight, maybe, but not out of sound. In 1922 Benito Mussolini took over Italy and not too long after that, Benny got a letter from Il Duce telling him he had to come back and join the army; Benny's mother never answered the letter and Benny didn't go back, and after that first letter, no more came, but in the end Benny did go into the army - the American army in the Second War when one of the enemy was Italy. Benny was probably very fortunate that he didn't get captured by the Italians; imagine what Mussolini would have said about that.

**BENNY PLAYED** at Bellaire High for Coach Chuck Wright, and one of his teammates was Tod Goodwin, who was one of the best all-around athletes the Big Reds ever had. Athletically, Tod could do anything he wanted to do, and he didn't mind telling about how good he was, but he had the ability to back up everything he said. Tod went on to WVU, and in his freshmen year, the upperclassmen made him wear a sign bearing the legend, "I'm cocky". He was to wear it for a week, and he did, and on the next week he wore his own sign, "I'm still cocky", and he went on to become one of the best ends in WVU history before he finished school. He joined the New York Giants in the National Football League when Steve Owens was coaching, and even though they didn't throw the ball that much back then, his pass

receptions stood as a Giant record for well into the years after the pros found out you could throw and gain more than by running it, and you didn't take as much chance of getting hurt. Another on Benny's team was Mike Basrak, also a kid from the neighborhood.

**WHEN TOD WENT** to WVU, Mike went to Duquesne, and one time when both of them were back in Bellaire on vacation, Tod gave Mike a tip on how to get himself more attention from the pressbox where the writers and the radio announcers worked: "When the pile starts to untangle, make sure you turn your back to the pressbox so they can see your number better". Benny didn't go to college; Harold Hockinbury, also from 26th St., was working in the photo darkroom at Dankworth Drugs, and he was about to quit for another job, so he taught Benny the art of developing and printing, and there Benny stayed for the rest of his life, eventually taking over the whole photo operation from the Dankworths and building it into a very good business under the name of Correll Photo Service. From his love for Bellaire High and for sports came something that ought to be preserved; every year, come football season, Benny went down to Nelson Field and took team and individual photos of the Big Reds, shot their games, and in his negative file should be a pictorial history of Bellaire High football from the early 1920s. Some years ago, when Bellaire's Nick Skorich was named coach of the Cleveland Browns, a TV sportscaster from a Cleveland station came to Bellaire to put together a story on Nick.

**BENNY HAD** everything the sportscaster needed, team photos, individual pictures and action shots of the 1937 and 1938 seasons when Nick played. And in searching his files, Benny did us a personal favor - he came across a negative of a short he had taken on the roof of the covered grandstand at Nelson Field in 1938 when we were covering high school football for the old Martins Ferry *Daily Times*, a picture of Tarzan Velt, Pope Reilly, Fuller Sherlock who owned the Bellaire *Daily Leader*, Fuller's son Bob, and us; we have that print in our scrapbook and every once in a while we

take it out just to renew our faith that we weren't always as old as we are today. The only thing on the photo that's still the same is the roof itself and the Imperial Glass plant in the background. We had a letter the other day from Mike Basrak's widow Emma in which she wrote that Mike, who died in 1973 while in his 13th year of coaching the Niles, Ill., High football teams, was inducted recently into the Illinois High School Football Coaches Football Hall of Fame, and Emma went to the ceremony at the University of Illinois Alumni Hall to receive a plaque and a certificate for Niles High School, where Mike's coaching record was 71-34-1 and three championships.

**WE ARE AT** the age when we find ourself going more often to funeral homes - in the past several days there were Paul Ault and Chug Horne and Charley Good and Vera Marling and Benny Correll - and we see less and less humor in the joke about the guy who says "I read the obituaries just to see if one of them is me". Anyway, we are losing a lot of very good friends, but there is the consolation, as we have written before, that we had the good fortune to have known them. That's part of the sum and total of life, the people you get to know along the way, like Benny, people who have been a part of your life, who contributed a little bit or a whole much to making that life more pleasant and more enjoyable, especially in the mental reliving of it. Everybody who ever lived meant something to somebody - that's what John Donne meant partly when he wrote that "no man is an island", and we are beginning to know also what he meant when he wrote "Send not to know for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee", because a little bit of us goes along on that last ride with people like Benny.

May 7, 1980

**MR. MAURICE MOUNTAIN  
& Family**

# Mother's Day Should Last All Year

**HAPPY MOTHER'S** Day to all of you are-mothers, were-mothers, will-be-mothers and mother's-mothers out there, and enjoy the day; it won't happen again, unfortunately, for another 364 days or so, which is a commentary of sorts on the commonplace mentality which makes of us men and boys ungrateful wretches the rest of the year. Mother's Days, like Christmases, ought to be every day of the year, because you're not only a mother on this Sunday of May 11, but on May 12 and 13 and 14 and June, July, December, and all the rest of those days and months until next May 10 when Mother's Day comes around again in 1980 and we ungrateful males will give you another card or flowers or box of candy not because we are really moved to it but because the calendar reminds us so. If a husband could run his business like he runs his house, he'd be making money hand over fist; imagine how much loot you could stash away if you could get out of your help for almost nothing the kind of work you get out of your wife and mother for really nothing. She's the 24-hour duty cook, the dishwasher, the janitor, the bookkeeper, the laundress, the gardener, the carpenter, the plumber, the governess, the doctor, the psychologist, the psychiatrist, and in our family the chauffeur, and she doesn't come under the federal minimum wage law, nor does she have a union business agent to represent her financial interests.

**IF MOTHERS** were paid what they ought to be paid, they would have more money than the Gettys, the Rockefellers, the Hunts, the Kennedys, the Arab sheikhs and the oil companies all put together. In fact, nobody would have any money at all except mothers. You'd almost have to think that in the accepted standards of today's materialistic world, they are pretty stupid; nobody works that hard for somebody else for nothing. But it isn't stupidity that is the root of their undemanding; it's love, the real, true, deep kind of love that has held this world together from the time it began, the love that all of us ought to have but only mothers really possess, the love that overcomes heartache, ingratitude, and a hundred other human frailties, the love that responds immediately and without reservation to a little child's crying, to

a husband's discouragements, to a family crisis, to a neighbor's problems, to a friend's need; in essence, a LOVE in such capital letters that if the world didn't have it, somebody would have to have invented it, or we mere mortals never would have made it as far as we have.

**THEY ARE** the workers of miracles, the accomplishers of the impossibles; there is nothing that they cannot do, especially in the expectations of the young - early Thursday evening it rained and the sun came out low in the west almost immediately and painted against the gray clouds above the eastern hills a rainbow arch, and at our house the phone rang. When we answered, granddaughter Tammy asked breathlessly, "Grandpa, let me speak to grandma, please." "Grandma isn't here, Tammy, she's babysitting Erin while her mommy is at the laundromat." "Aw, gee, I got to talk to grandma", and there was a pause of disappointment. "Can't I help?", we asked. "No, you can't drive, and I got to talk to grandma, 'cause there's a rainbow up over White's store and I want her to take me to the end of it so I can find the pot of gold before anyone else gets there." With the help of mommies and grandmommies, to the young everything is possible. But maybe Tammy was right, though; there would have been a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow for any youngster who follows the descending arch with mommy or grandma, not gold really, but something much, much more precious, a mother's love. So, all you mothers, have a happy day, and please remember, even if we forget to tell you, which we probably will, that we truly do love you not only today but tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow.

**IN THE DAYS** of the old Eastern Ohio Soap Box Derby which was sponsored by *The Times Leader*, Henry Mayeres was one of the men who made it work, even though it took much more of his time than he could afford to spend and to which he gave his full dedication. The Soap Box Derby was brought to Eastern Ohio in 1940 by A. V. Dix when he came to run the Martins Ferry *Daily Times* after the newspaper was purchased by the Dix family, but Henry didn't get involved until later when his own sons, Dick and Charles, built and

raced their cars, and from that time on, well after his sons had grown beyond the age limits, until the Derby was discontinued, Henry Mayeres was one of the people upon whom the Derby revolved. All of the young competitors in those succeeding years found Henry ready and willing to listen to their construction problems and to help them find solutions, and Henry was never too busy to visit their homes in his after-work time; all it took for Henry to be there was to know a kid had a problem. On Derby Day he was at the track early and he stayed late, and if it hadn't been for Henry, the Derby would not have been so successful. He was a very fine man.

**SHORT STUFF:** We owe thanks to Shadyside's Ida and Stanley Haines for their card and very generous comments; both are much appreciated... Equally much appreciated was a phone call this past week from an old schoolmate, Jim Conroy, who now lives in Wheeling; Jim gets *The Times Leader* at the 12th St. News in Wheeling, where he pays for it by the month, and either he or his wife picks it up each evening, because, says Jim, it not only keeps him up on what's happening in his old home town but is a really fine newspaper... There is a young man by the name of Dan Dickey from Louisville, Ky., who is working his way through Wheeling College by waiting on tables at Shakey's on the Ohio Valley Mall perimeter; he is very good at his job and a nice and pleasant person who has impressed us on our frequent visits to Shakey's, where Jeanne takes us because the salad is superb, and the people at Shakey's describe Dan as "one of our best", with which we are in agreement.

May 11, 1980

# Pleasurable Looking Back

**MRS. GRACIE Powers'** dad was Harry Mahaffee, who ran a tin shop in Bellaire years ago and who became known, naturally by his trade, as Tinner Mahaffee to most of us aging people who still inhabit that city. Among Gracie's memories of her growing-up years are things that are now passe, but still pleasurable to look back on. "Things weren't very modern at that time", writes Gracie. "Instead of electricity, we had gas mantles for illumination, and there were very few bathrooms, just the old familiar little building in the backyard. We had coffee grinders, those square contraptions with a handle on top to grind the coffee, and a drawer in the bottom to catch it. To get a cake of ice for refrigeration, it was necessary to hang an ice card in the front window, showing whether we wanted 15, 50, 75 or 100 pounds, and the iceman would stop his horse-drawn wagon to deliver.

**"THERE WERE** no electric washers. We had a water-power washer connected to the faucet, and for music we had one of those roller organs that used rolls studded with small wires which depressed the keys as we hand-operated it. Before the Interstate Bridge, a ferryboat operated between Bellaire and Benwood, and many times my parents took me for a ride on it. Once, when the Ohio River was frozen over, I think in 1918, Helen Dvoracek and I attempted to walk part way on the ice, but lost our nerve after going a third of the way across; needless to say, we were punished for this. Then there was the terrible epidemic about that time, called the Spanish Influenza. Three in our family came down with it, and I nursed them, although only ten years old at the time. The epidemic was so severe that I had to wear a mask when nursing my family. The doctor instructed me to wear a fresh mask each time I entered the sick room, and on leaving, to drop the mask in boiling soapy water. The Red Cross furnished the masks. All my family, other than the sick patients, were panic-stricken and afraid to come and help me, so I nursed them all alone, and got along just fine.

**"ANOTHER MEMORY** I have is the ice balls that were sold under the Stone Bridge. Someone would set up a temporary little stand, get a cake of ice, shave it with an ice shaver, put the ice into a glass and pour in whatever flavor you wanted, chocolate, vanilla, strawberry or whatever, all home-made from candy. When we visited in Cleveland and in Muncie, Ind., we couldn't find iceballs in either place. Before my father had his tin shop, he was a brakeman on the B. & O. Railroad, and due to our railroad pass, we traveled a lot. As kids, we'd go up to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station at 34th and Union Sts. and meet the evening trains; today's kids might find this dull, but many times when we met the trains relatives would be on them.

**"WHEN I WENT** to the Union St. School, at 26th and Union, and was in Ethel Bright's class, after school we kids would stop at the nearby Belmont Tumbler factory for a refreshing drink of water, and then go home. For a time we lived in that three-story building at 3136 Belmont St. across from the Elks Lodge, which then housed the Elks Grand Theater. Once they had a picture show and let all the kids with red hair in for free. Boy, was I glad I had red hair! In those years, there wasn't a lot to entertain one, so my father, mother and I would go on a picnic. Father rented a boat, and he rowed to Belle Isle, where we had the picnic, took pictures, and rowed back home. Another pleasant memory was watching 'The Perils of Pauline' starring Pearl White at the Olympic and Majestic Theaters. There also was a Roma Theater.

**"OUR PRESENT** Temple Theater was just gorgeous then, and new. Many times I watched Joe Baldi entertain in that theater, and in later years, when I visited Cleveland, I'd always stop at WTAM radio station and say hello to Joe. He was always very friendly. In 1925 and 1926, my mother, father, uncle and aunt, Dan and Pearl Fulmer, operated the Kozy Korner in Shadyside. I was the one who named the place, and worked in it after school. When the G. C. Murphy Co. first opened

its store in Bellaire, I was one of its first floor-walkers. The rage at that time was a waxed marcel. I am wondering if anyone remembers the Mahaffee Tinner's basketball team which my father sponsored. There were many fine players on it".

**THE FERRYBOAT** was named the Charon, and was operated by the Bonar family, and the Roma Theater was located in the building now occupied by the Bellaire IAC Lodge. The pipe organ in the Temple Theater building remained there for a long time after the theater was closed, and a couple of years ago was bought by a Cleveland man who built a \$10,000 addition to his home to accommodate the organ, after he had done considerable restoration work and had gotten the organ back in operating condition. If you look at the top of the Temple Theater building, just below the roof line, you can see, in concrete circles, the identifying numbers of the UMWA Local Unions which were in operation when the building, originally known as the Miner's Temple, was constructed. So, our thanks go to Gracie Powers for stirring our memories also.

December 13, 1976

# Education in Practical Economics

**SHADYSIDE INSURANCE** man D. I. Griffiths got an education in practical economics of running a household the other day, and it's an education with which most housewives are very familiar but most husbands know too little because their wives do most of the shopping. Caught in a weak moment, D. I. agreed to accompany his wife, Becky, to the grocery store, and they got five bags of groceries. When they began checking out, the total on the register kept going up and up and up until it reached over \$80 before the clerk was finished. When they got home, D. I. went over the register tape item by item, and that's what he got too - over \$80 worth, even though it didn't look like that much. "Now," D. I. says, "I don't see how people on Social Security and pensions can afford to eat."

**A LOT** of them don't, D. I.; at least, they don't eat like they should. People on Social Security say, and they are exactly right, that the increases they get every once in a while only serve to help them catch up a little on rising prices, and by the time they begin to receive the increases, prices have gone up again, so actually they keep getting farther behind little by little. We experienced D. I.'s amazement a couple of years ago. We were complaining to Jeanne about how much she was spending at the grocery store, so she flatly refused to go one day and made us to the shopping. We haven't complained about her grocery spending since; the shopping experience was much too traumatic.

**SOMETIMES ODD** things happen around grocery stores. The other day we had left Kroger's and were walking to our car when a man behind us began whistling a tune, and suddenly it was years back and my father was singing the words: "I saw the boat go 'round the bend, Goodbye my lover goodbye; All loaded down with Democrat men, Goodbye my lover goodbye." There was more but that's all I can remember. My father was a solid, never-swerving Democrat - my mother used to claim that if the Lord ran on the Republican ticket, my father wouldn't vote for Him, and my father said she was right - so I assume

the song he sang was a Democratic campaign parody from some long-forgotten political contest. The next day after hearing the man whistling the tune in the parking lot, I was singing what I knew of the song here in the T-L office, and society ed Rose Marling said her dad in Boston used to sing the same parody. Had he been a politician, the Lord would have lost two votes.

**MY FATHER**, like your father I'm sure, used to sing other songs to us kids, some of which we haven't heard since those times. He sang one about "A passing policeman saw a little bum, standing on the corner chewing Pepsin gum", and years later in a Hoople cartoon the Major was singing it, the only occasion we ever did encounter that song outside our home. Another one was "Where did you get that hat? Mabley and Carew." Mabley and Carew was a big store in Cincinnati where he had lived for a time, and the song probably was a store promotion.

**THERE WERE** other parodies he sang, one to tune of "The Band Played On," and the substituted words were "Pearl Brown is dead and they can't find her head, and the band played on," a reference apparently to a sensational decapitation murder in Cincinnati's history. It was somewhat reminiscent of the poem about Lizzie Border who "took an axe and gave her mother forty whacks, and when she saw what she had done, she gave her father forty-one." So violence, then, is not all that new, and today's sociologists who rail against violence on TV and in the movies probably are only echoing the sociologists of that day who surely railed against songs about Pearl Brown and poems about Lizzie Borden.

**SEVERAL AREA** stores are selling framed reproductions of old *Saturday Evening Post* covers with Norman Rockwell paintings, and one cover of Oct. 3, 1936, depicting a lady and a butcher trying to outmaneuver each other in the weighing of a chicken on a hanging scale, also lists among the issue's contests "The Double Ride," a story of Bellaire's Francis Wallace.

*The Saturday Evening Post* printed much of Wallace's writings, including annually his Pigskin Preview, a pre-season look at college football teams, players and stars, the equal of which has never been reached by any other football writer.

January 7, 1974

**AMERICAN LEGION POST 521**  
**Shadyside, Ohio**

# Opportunities Are Present Right Here at Home

**CORA VOGT** has observed the passing scene in Bellaire for a goodly number of years, and is convinced that there have been, still are and will continue to be opportunities here at home for those of the city's succeeding generations who have the will and the determination and the capacity to work for what they want. To say that Bellaire has nothing to offer its young people is to say that we are ignorant of the opportunities present, if one cares to look for them, for Bellaire, like any other community in any other place, is elementally people, and people are in continual need of services of one sort or another, so it follows naturally that some one must provide those services.

**AS AN EXAMPLE** to prove her point, Cora recalls an old and dear friend, the late Harry F. Pinsky, who died in mid-December at the age of 95 years after a full and successful life during which he raised a fine family, and in the conduct of his business, contributed equally to his community. The late Mr. Pinsky is another of those excellent Jewish people whose passing has taken from the community the type of people we can ill afford to lose. He came to Bellaire from Lithuania with his young bride Rina in 1895, a stranger in a strange country but possessed of universally-sound values and principles.

**HARRY PINSKY** didn't have much money, but he did have a fine education, gained at Grodna Seminary in his native land, and he did have the belief that education is paramount and honesty and hard work have their own rewards. He went to work in the enamel plant and later at the old Carnegie Mill, and he lived in an apartment on 25th St. which was owned by the parents of the late St. Clair Archer, who rose to a position of prominence with the Rail and River Coal Co., predecessor of North American, and who was quite a person in his own right, particularly in helping Bellaire youngsters get college educations both through their athletic ability and their native intelligence and determination.

**MR. PINSKY** struck out on his own as a peddler, then in 1900 opened a store selling enamel, glass and household goods at 21st and Belmont Sts., moving across the intersection later to another location and expanding his business to include drygoods, shoes and groceries. In 1914, in partnership with the late Mr. Archer, he opened the Fair Supply Co. with stores in Bellaire, Dilles, Neffs, Stewartsville and Ault's Crossing, and in 1922 became affiliated with the F. and C. Dairy in Wheeling, a business which was to become his life's career. By the time he was ready to retire in 1965, he had built the firm into what is now the Ziegenfelder Ice Cream Co., with a strong position in the industry and outlets in several cities.

**SO BY THE** time of his death, Harry Pinsky had achieved from an almost-penniless beginning what is materialistically regarded as success, but in reality his success was measured more by what he had accomplished in his own life. The hurrying world did not disturb his rigid adherence to the ancient religion into which he was born and which influenced his whole being, and he came to be regarded as an outstanding Hebrew scholar. He helped to found the Synagogue of Israel in Wheeling and the Agudas Achim Synagogue in Bellaire. Because he felt, too, that education was paramount, he educated all four of his children, among them the late Dr. Ben Pinsky at New York University, Atty. Abraham Pinsky at West Virginia University, Mrs. Goldie Pinsky Eisenburg at Ohio State and Margaret Morrison College, and Atty. Esther Pinsky at OSU, who is a very great lady and who exemplifies all of the virtues for which her father stood.

**BEYOND HIS** own family circle Harry Pinsky accomplished much that was good for humanity in general around him, and maybe because he did care about people enough to help whether he was asked or not, his God gave him more years to live than most people get. Anyway, Cora's point, of which the late

Mr. Pinsky is proof positive, is as valid today as it was when he came to the United States, for opportunity is limited not by a particular time or place but by the individual's desire, determination and drive, and the road that the late Mr. Pinsky started to travel in Bellaire in 1895 is still open in 1974 to anybody with the courage to travel it.

January 14, 1974

**BELLAIRE'S LANCIONE** family has been involved these many years in the arts of medicine, law and politics, and now Phillip Lancione, son of Dr. and Mrs. Peter Lancione, is taking the family name in another direction, with considerable success. Rapidly gaining prominence on the west coast as a photographer, Phillip recently had three photos with credit lines in *TV Guide*. All three shots were of actress Barbara Feldon in the *Guide's* fashion section. Anyway, when you make *TV Guide*, you get before an awful lot of people.

**THAT LARRY** Csonka of the Miami Dolphins is something else. He's the fullback who got the MVP award in Miami's Super Bowl win over the Vikings, but they could have given him another award just as well - Mack Truck of the Year. Watching him rip into the Viking line reminded of old Coach Johnny Blood's advice to the pre-War II Pittsburgh Pirates - now- Steelers when Bronco Nagurski was about to bring his Chicago Bears into Forbes Field: "Don't anybody try to take him head-on", Blood cautioned. "Let him go by, then jump on his back, and try to get three or four other guys to help you!"

**BELLAIRE'S DON BARATIE** never knew that a fall on the ice could end so pleasantly. In Pittsburgh's Squirrel Hill section recently for a dinner date with famed violinist Rubinoff's daughter Ruby, Don slipped and fell on the icy street, and he was assisted to his feet by none other than actress Claudette Colbert, who happened to be passing by. Miss Colbert was in Pittsburgh for a performance in "A Community of Two." She went to dinner with Baratie and Miss Rubinoff, and in the course of the conversation, told Baratie that her most memorable acting experience was playing with Fred McMurray in "The Egg and I."

**PHOTOGRAPHER BOYD** Nelson let us read his copy of Lt. Col. Anthony Herbert's "Soldier," written with James T. Wooten on Col. Herbert's problems with the military superstructure which finally forced him against his will and desire to leave the service.

If half of what the colonel says is true, it's a miracle that the Army was able to keep from completely losing the Vietnam War. Shortly after we finished the book, the story broke out of Washington about the Pentagon's spying on Kissinger and the National Security Council, and it was Col. Herbert's experience all over again. What a nutty way to run a country!

**OUR WEST COAST** correspondent Jay Carlos Bell, the transplanted Bellairean sent us before the Rose Bowl the Parade committee's advance brochure on the parade lineup, and as a result we enjoyed the parade telecast even more; Jay's boss, who builds floats under the company name of Festival Artist, had ten floats in the parade...Albert Salvaterra, now living in Dunedin, Fla., where he is working for Davenport Kitchens, sent us a copy of the *St. Petersburg Times* which noted the recent death of the late Mike Basrak, who was a freshman at Bellaire High when Albert was a senior on the Big Red grid squad; Albert's wife, the former Frances Phillips, is teaching there in Florida, and her dad, the well-known Bill Phillips, is residing with the Salvateras...

**BELLAIRE NATIVE** James DeBlasis, rising steadily in the serious music field and now director of the Cincinnati Opera, has lined up for the coming summer Donizetti's "Roberto Devereaux," Offenbach's "La Perichole", Puccini's "La Boheme" and "Manon Lescaut", Mussogorsky's "Boris Godunov", and Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera"; we may not have spelled all of those correctly but our errors can't detract from the program's excellence, and if anybody out there is interested, DeBlasis can be contacted at 1241 Elm St., Cincinnati 45210.

**AND BEFORE** locking up shop for this week, we'd like to thank all those people who have taken the time and the trouble to write or to say those very kind things: we're much grateful.

January 21, 1974

# Lancione Family Member Takes Name in New Direction

**HEWETSON H. Ault**, retired Bellaire High School teacher who has been conducting a course in Ohio and Belmont County history for the past several years at the Ohio University Belmont Campus, has provided us with a good, long list of places and stories of historical interest for the travel magazine writer due here later this month, and we have heard also from Wilbur Orrison at Belmont and Lolis Long, Bellaire, whose great-grandfather wrote a small book on the Leatherstocking God. All of this information, and whatever else we get in the interim, will be turned over to the travel writer, you may be assured.

**THERE IS** one figure in Belmont County's history about whom we have been able to learn not enough. He was Bushrod Johnson, one of the few West Pointers from the North who cast his lot with the South in the Civil War. Gen. Johnson was born around the South in the Civil War. Gen. Johnson was born around Morristown, and that's about all we've been able to learn of his local origin. He commanded Confederate battle forces both in the west and in the east, and was with Gen. Robert L. Lee when the South surrendered to Gen. U. S. Grant at Appomattox. He did not rise to the stature in battle of Lee, Jackson, Early, Stuart, Ewell, Longstreet and the other top echelon Confederate generals, but he did his job adequately in several of the great battles.

**THE FIRST WARD PTA** and the school faculty are planning to erect a plaque or some type of memorial at the school for the late John Pollock, teacher and coach who died just before school began last September. Johnny was not only a great teacher and coach. He was one of the best buys God put on earth, and everybody who knew him will tell you that same thing, so the PTA and the faculty could not have chosen a more worthy undertaking. One of the events to help in getting the memorial is a parents-faculty basketball game Feb. 28 in the school gym. If you can help them, please do, for John Pollock deserves the honor.

**AND OUT** in Niles, Ill., they are talking about naming the Niles West football field after Bellaire's Mike Basrak, the only coach Niles West ever had. West was formed from the Niles Township setup about nine years ago when expanding enrollment demanded another high school, and Mike, then coaching at Niles Township, was given the new school's team. The people and the faculty at Niles West have put together a committee to set up a memorial to Mike, and among the committee members are Mike's friend, Angie Zera, and the school's baseball coach, Jim Phipps, both of whom came to Bellaire for Mike's funeral in December. Mike may never get into pro football's Hall of Fame, but from all indications in the four states where he coached, he has his own Hall of Fame going for him.

**GULF OIL**, which feels unable to pay more than two per cent in U. S. income tax, must not be too bad off when the company can afford to buy Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey Circus, a business which at first glance would seem a far cry from the oil business. Relative to the income tax, which at this time of the year is a sore point with everybody, most working people took a three per cent pay cut last year due to the rising cost of living, but Congress evidently doesn't think that the people need any relief, as witness the "back to committee" deal with the proposal to up the personal exemption from \$750 to \$850. We think it would be taxpayer-justice if the income tax could be tied to the cost of living, so that when the cost of living goes up, income taxes go down. But don't hold your breath until that happens, for it appears that "there ain't no such animal as taxpayer-justice."

February 11, 1974

# Area's History Continues to Come to Light

**MR. & MRS. ROBERT JOHNSTON**  
Bellaire, Ohio

# Foolproof Plan for Gasoline?

**WHEN PRESIDENT** Nixon at his recent press conference echoed his FEO Chief William Simon that the long lines at gas stations will begin to disappear, believe him - they got a foolproof plan, apparently, to get rid of the lines. They are going to get the price of gasoline up so high that nobody will be able to afford to buy it, so there won't be any cars lining up at the stations. In the past few weeks, the price of a gallon of gas at the station pump has gone up over 13 cents, and only two cents of that went to the guy who operates the station. The rest went to the oil companies, five cents at one time, 5.1 cents at another, and the day after the news conference, another cent at the refinery level.

**NOW THEY** are lifting the ceiling price on oil imports, and that will be showing up on the gas pumps in the not-too-distant future. The President, Simon's FEO people, the Oil Congressmen and the rest of the oil company lobbyists and apologists in Washington who are opposed to the price rollback passed by Congress recently claim that the oil companies need that extra money to finance exploration and development of new oil to meet the current shortage. If you happen to believe that word shortage. That 11.1 cents increase the companies got in the past several weeks should net them a goodly number of billions of dollars so it will be most interesting to watch this, to see if the price of a gallon of gasoline drops back to the level of a happier bygone day after all this research and development is carried out. Wanna bet?

**TWO WEEKS** ago we had mentioned in this space that we think frustration, not the credibility gap, is causing people to lose faith in the government. Since that time, in Pennsylvania and Michigan, Democrats have defeated Republicans for unexpired Congressional terms. There is a sizeable segment in both parties who read this as a Watergate backlash. We feel differently. Because of the feeling of frustration on the part of the average person who sees very little going right for him personally in government, and unable to get any answers or any help from his

government, we have a feeling that in coming elections, anyone who is in office, Democrat or Republican, may be in for big trouble, and it is highly possible that the battlecry of the next elections all over the country could be "Throw the rascals out!" based on the assumption that nobody is giving the people any help now, so they can't be any worse off by putting somebody else in office.

**QUITE POSSIBLY,** Bellaire's city administration, which seems to be operating out of the same manual of problems that Washington is using, might call in an exorcist to expel whatever devils might be keeping the city in a continual state of uproar from the steady cascade of troubles and crises which seem to occur almost weekly. A person would suppose that eventually the city, by the law of averages, should run out of troubles with which to be plagued, but may not so; somehow, somewhere, somebody seems to be able to come up with another one when the string of tribulations appears to be about exhausted. One of the latest troubles, as impossible as it might sound, has the city with too many legal advisors and not enough police.

**IF AND** when they get this straightened out, Bellaire has another battle brewing, this one concerning whose names should or shouldn't be on the plaque to be attached to the new water treatment plant, which proves again that among Bellaire officialdom, you can get a fight going over almost anything, smallish or largish. In truth and justice, nobody's name should go on the plaque, either at the plant or the new city building, because both are being financed not solely by any present or past city official, but by the hard-working, money-paying, oft-forgotten ordinary guy who comes up every three months with his water bill and who shells out federal income tax from which the revenue sharing funds came for the city building. The only honest plaques on both should read "Dedicated to the People of Bellaire."

**OF ALL** the ordinances and laws on the city's books, the one under which the city seems to operate is not among them. It is Murphy's Law, and the copy clipped to our desk reads that "anything that can go wrong will go wrong."

March 4, 1974



# Memories of Bellaire in the 20's. . .

**THE RECENT** death in Los Angeles of Father Joseph Johnson, who was "Buddy" Johnson when he was a kid living on 26th and Belmont Sts., has brought back a memory we are certain we share with a great many people who were growing up in Bellaire in those years, the 1920s, because there occurred then one Christmas when Buddy was the envy of every other kid in town. Harry Taylor ran an "everything" store, in the literal sense of that description, where the Save-Rite Drug Store is now; well into the automobile age when horses and their wagons and buggies had long since disappeared from city streets, you could still buy horse collars which Harry hung from the store ceiling, and it was almost possible to find anything you might want in Harry Taylor's untidily cluttered but wonderful store world, although it might take some time for Harry to decide to look for it, or, for that matter, to even wait on you.

**TAYLOR'S ALWAYS** had the biggest toyland in town come Christmas time, but he never set it up before Thanksgiving like they do today. You had to wait until around the first of December before Harry decided to arrange his toyland, and when the toyland was ready, it was the eighth wonder of the world to young eyes, and Harry didn't mind a bit little girls on their way home from school stopping in and wandering around picking up dolls and looking at the play dishes, and pushing doll carriages through the aisles made narrow by the piled-up wonders, nor did he mind little boys banging on drums and fondling toy trucks and trying out bicycles and fitting their hands into brand-new baseball gloves smelling of raw leather.

**THERE WERE** two entrances to Harry's store, one on the north side next to the old Presbyterian Church which was torn down to make way for the Capitol Theater, and one on the south side next to where the Berman's Family Shoe Store is, and in between those two doors was a great big wide show window into which Harry stacked his kid-treasures in glorious unorganized profusion at Christmas time. Around the perimeter of the display, right next to the window, ran

the biggest electric train that any kid had ever seen, all red, the locomotive over a foot long and the passenger cars, with lights inside, equally as long, and the three-rail track was much wider than the span of a little boy's hand.

**COUNTLESS HUNDREDS** of little boys pressed their faces against the window glass, making cold-breath fog marks and leaving dirty noseprints while they watched the train go around and around the window, and Harry stood in the little door leading from the display window to the inside of the store while he ran the train, watching the little boys and sometimes the little girls too as they stared fascinated, eyes twinkling and excited glee-grins slicing their faces, and Harry smiling in response.

**BUT NOBODY** ever bought the train. Looking forward over some 50 years, it seems as though that train ran its fixed and annual path around the window like a moving sentinel guarding the toy-treasures for a dozen or more Christmases, but in reality it could only have been a couple of years. Why nobody bought it, nobody knew - maybe the price was too high, maybe the train and its track was too big for any kid's living room. But every boy who ever looked at that train hoped beyond hope that he would find it under his very own tree on Christmas morning, and the next Christmas every boy looked first to see if the train was still in Harry's window.

**ONE CHRISTMAS**, finally, evidently despairing of ever selling it, Harry raffled off the train. You stopped in at this store and left your name and address, and after an interminable period of impatient waiting as Christmas came nearer and nearer, Harry finally pulled out the winner's name, and that name was Buddy Johnson. How much envy Buddy's name, written on a slip of paper and pasted on the store window as an announcement to the waiting young world, must have generated on that long-ago day!

**OVER THE** years we have often wondered what happened to the train. We surely hope that among Buddy's stuff or stowed away in the homes of one of his brothers or sisters, the train is still there, waiting only for the touch of a little boy's hand to come alive again.

March 11, 1974

# Fame and Tragedies of Baseball

**LANSING'S JOE** Wolfe, who retired from the Ohio Highway Patrol and became the state's first director of highway safety a few years back, was in Belmont County recently with Russ Compton, setting up an instruction course at Belmont Tech in the new Occupational Health and Safety Act, and his visit recalled a story which we may have told before, but it bears repeating, especially at this time of the year when organized baseball is in the spring training camp stage. In the days before War II, Joe came out of Bridgeport High School as a very good baseball catcher, and Mike "Lefty" Mistovich had finished Powhatan High as a pitcher of equal effectiveness and talent.

**JOE AND Lefty** signed with Gainesville in the Florida-Georgia League and spent that summer successfully in the citrus belt. One of the teams in the league, Daytona Beach, had a young pitcher who was so good with the bat that they played him in the outfield when he wasn't throwing. One afternoon Lefty and Joe were the Gainesville battery against Daytona Beach, and the other youngster was in Daytona outfield. Joe came to bat and hit a sinking liner over the infield. The youngster, who always played all-out, dove after the ball, came down on his shoulder, and that was the end of his pitching. From then on he was an outfielder. His name is Stan Musial, and he went on to become the greatest St. Louis Cardinal of them all, a Hall of Famer, and what happened to him in that long-ago game against Joe and Lefty is one of the legends that gives the game of baseball its great attraction.

**LIFE DOES** funny things. The next spring Joe was going back to Gainesville, and the night before he was to leave Lansing, he was in the Melody Manor talking to the bartender, an old friend. They were the only two people in the place. The bartender was showing Joe a gun he had, and when he put the gun back beneath the counter, it was discharged accidentally, the bullet ripping through the wooden front of the bar and hitting Joe in the right leg. His baseball career ended that night. But Joe went in the direction of the Highway

Patrol, climbed right up through the ranks, and maybe he is better off now than he would have been had he stayed in baseball, where careers end before 40.

**LEFTY TOO** experienced temporary tragedy. He had had a bone chip in his left elbow, his throwing arm, which became so bad and so painful that he had to quit playing. He tried once more, some years later when he was stationed in Denver with the Air Force during the war and his arm had been rested for a couple of years. In the thin air of Denver he could throw a little faster, but the arm still hurt. And if he could throw faster in the thin air, the ball also traveled faster when somebody tagged him. Eventually, Lefty drifted into the ranks of the baseball managers, and took over the Bryan team in the Texas League.

**MONTE STRATTON** had been a great Chicago pitcher when he lost his leg in a hunting accident at the height of his career - Jimmy Stewart played him in the film "The Stratton Story" - and one of the Texas League clubs picked him up to pitch only on Sunday at home games after he became fairly adept at using his artificial leg. Stratton still had a lot of his stuff, but he couldn't field very well off the mound, especially on bunts, so he had his troubles. The Bryan team was the only club which didn't bunt to Stratton, because Lefty, who admired courage above all else, wouldn't permit it. In appreciation, Stratton made his only away-game appearance at Bryan to help the Bryan gate.

**LEFTY GOT** out of baseball into radio at KORA in Bryan, and ended up owning the station. Bryan is the location of Texas A. & M. University, and it was natural that Lefty's sports association would lead him into broadcasting Aggie games. He also did an extra stint with the McLendon radio network on football broadcasts throughout the southwest and neighboring California, and a couple of times he came north to Columbus to handle broadcast assignments for southwestern college football teams clashing with Ohio State. He has left radio now, but left in radio his son, who is about to become as good as his dad.

**SO, OUT** of that faraway incident in the baseball game in Florida years ago, Stan Musial emerged as one of the nation's greatest baseball heroes, but Lefty and Joe didn't do so bad either in their second careers, and we would think that now, in looking back over the years and their successes and their family-life happiness, neither would want to trade places with Musial.

March 25, 1974

**MR. & MRS. JAMES DIXON**  
Bellaire, Ohio

# Economics Bottom Line of Annexation

**THE CITY OF** Bellaire should take a hard, long look at the proposal to annex a section west of the city in order to locate there, near the Bel Capre complex, some of the 75 units of low income housing which have been approved for Bellaire by HUD. The site is a mile or more west along the Bellaire-Neffs Road, with not too much in between except vacant land, and that stretch also will have to be included in the annexation. The bottom line is whether it will cost the city much more to extend municipal services that far a distance than can accrue to the general fund whatever additional income may be gained. As part of the municipality, whatever is annexed will be entitled to police and fire protection, sanitation services, street maintenance and lighting, and the rest of the things that the city is required to do for the people who reside within its boundaries. A considerable number of years ago, there was a discussion on annexing the Belleview Heights section, an area of very good homes and much closer to the city, and a survey conducted by the then-Bellaire Board of Trade, forerunner of the present Chamber of Commerce, revealed that the city would gain in taxes, even with the higher value of Heights homes, only \$1,200 annually, so the idea was scrapped as not worth the cost.

**THE SAME** may hold true concerning the considered extension of the city limits that far west along the Bellaire-Neffs Road in order to accommodate part of the low-income housing project. Certainly, the extension would add distance to police patrolling and to garbage and sanitation pickups, with the possibility that city manpower might have to be increased to provide for these expanded services; fire protection and emergency squad service are of no problem, for both the fire department and the emergency squad have responded when needed for that area, along with the Neffs VFD, except, again, for the additional travel time and distance. The city might benefit from whatever other building development occurs in the area in the future, but as of right

now, that prospect isn't particularly bright, and could be a very long time in coming. There also is the question whether those property owners between the present Bellaire city limits and the proposed housing site would be willing to agree to the annexation - a certain and high percentage of property owners in the affected areas must petition to become a part of the city, a point of law aimed at preventing land-grabbing.

**THE CITY MAY** find, on checking thoroughly, that the extension of city services would cost much more than the general fund would gain from the annexation, either in city income or property taxes, and it might turn out to cost the city money it can't afford to extend the city limits just in order to pick up that part of the housing project. Annexation, for the sake of annexation, isn't all that desirable for a town the size of Bellaire, which must balance off costs against revenues. Faced with another drop in population when the 1980 census figures are published, the city may have a tendency to panic some and rush into annexation without proper study. Being bigger isn't necessarily being better, and the best approach that Bellaire, or any other city for that matter, can take is to make public government and the administration of it as good as possible so that people residing in contiguous areas really want to become part of the city because it is a well-governed and well-operated community with city services that really work, and work well. Most of the residents lost by Bellaire in the last couple of censuses can be found within the radius of five miles, and they moved outside the city for one valid reason or another; if the city can show them that it has something to offer, they'll want back in.

**JACK REES** lost his fight to stay alive last weekend, but he gave it one heck of a battle, the same kind of an effort that he gave to everything all his living days. He found out almost three years ago that he was terminally ill, but he never stopped living, and for the past two years and eight months, Jack fought

the good fight, he ran the good race, and in the doing he exhibited the courage that, along with the honesty, the fairness, the sincerity and the willingness to pay his dues for being on earth, went to make up the man who was Jack Rees. We have known Jack both as a friend and as a businessman ever since both of us came back from War II, and in all those years, we have come to realize that we received from Jack more than we gave in return, which was indicative of Jack's being, in that he always gave more of himself than he got back; it was not his nature to measure what he gave; the fact that he could give, in whatever way he was able, was sufficient reason to Jack for the giving. In the midst of his adversity, Jack managed to get downtown to his insurance office as often as he could, because he believed he owed that to his clients.

**TO JACK REES,** a business contract was more than just that - it was an article of faith in which he obligated himself wholly and completely to the client without reservation, and he carried out that obligation beyond the call of duty. That fact we know first-hand, for Jack handled all our house and car insurance, and as with the rest of his customers, the relationship was more friend-to-friend than agent-to-client. In the times of his illness, on the occasions when he made the extra effort to get downtown, Jack was the same Jack Rees as before he became ill, the smile, the wave, the conversation, the genuine interest in people and what was happening to them, and never intruding his own problems, unless he was asked directly, and then never a word of complaint because fate had dealt him unfairly. Jack Rees was an influence for good on everyone with whom he came in contact in any endeavor. We will miss Jack Rees, as will a great, great many others, but we will treasure the good fortune that gave us the chance to know him, for Jack Rees was the kind of man who makes anyone's journey through this world a more worthwhile experience. Unfortunately, this world has too few people such as he was; were there more like him, our town and our world would be much better places for us all.

June 4, 1980

# Altered Administration May 'Cost' City

**THE CURRENT** effort to change the personnel setup in Bellaire's city income tax department could be an ill-advised move on the part of the City Council and the city administration in attempting to alter the structure of the one municipal department that has operated efficiently under that structure and is the city's biggest single money machine. The proposal is to do away with the administrator's position as established in the original ordinance which created the department in 1968. The income tax department was regarded then as so critical that it is the only operating section of city government that has a mandatory jail sentence, applying to employees who are found in violation of the confidentiality of its records. The original ordinance was patterned after those in effect in other cities throughout the state, all of which called for an administrator as essential to the proper conduct of the department. Under previous administrators Fred White, who got the department off to an excellent start, and the late Steve Krajnyak, who continued White's procedures while adding a few new ones of his own, the income tax department's annual yield has risen from \$259,575 in its first full year of 1969 to \$557,513 in 1979, more than double over the ten-year span.

**ONE OF** the new wrinkles that Steve added was a contact with the Ohio state income tax department to check on who might be filing state taxes while ignoring the city tax, and Steve picked up quite a few new customers in this manner. It would seem a rather dubious move to alter a proven, workable system, but that's exactly what the current proposal would do. The reason proponents advance for the change is economics, the saving of the administrator's \$15,000 salary, but it could turn out to be a savings which would be regrettable should it affect the operation of the department, which needs all the trust and confidence it can get, given the citizen's growing reluctance to pay taxes, any kind of taxes. Another reason advanced is that the department may face loss of revenues due to the current recession. In 1975, the last recession

we had, the income tax yield that year was \$439,664 up some \$38,000 from the 1974 return, so in that instance, the recession didn't affect the department's income, thus establishing a performance record in such a time. For the first four months of this year, with the recession already in motion, the department's income of \$274,522 is running \$35,000 above the same period last year.

**THE CITY'S** civil service commission is more than a little nettled over the proposal, if the remarks of Commission Secretary Eddie Bannon are any criteria. Eddie attended that May 15 City Council meeting at which the proposal was brought to the floor, and he made it a point to inform council that the civil service commission had been asked by the city administration nine weeks before to hold the examination for both the vacant administrator's and clerk's positions. The commission's irritation, Eddie says, stems from the fact the the commission, in good faith, complied with the request for the test, gave the exam to some 14 applicants, certified the top three, in accord with the law, and sent that certification to the administration for appointments, only to be told now, after the whole procedure has been carried out, that a change in the game rules is being given study. By this time of the year, the income tax department should have completed the survey of annual returns and have readied for serving warrants of arrest for those persons who failed to pay their income taxes for the past year. None of that has been done, and as long as the department remains in the state of confusion occasioned by the proposed change, it won't be done, and there are more than a few, according to reports, who haven't paid their city income tax.

**FROM JOHN** Ullom, an old 26th Streeter who lives just north of the Sarasota-Brandenton Airport in Florida, comes this letter: "Having lived on the corner of 27th St., I enjoy every article I read about things that happened in those great days from 1914 to 1925 when Bellaire was the best. Remember when we could hardly wait for Saturday so we

could all go to Joe Heatherington's Nickelodeon where his daughter Virginia sold tickets and Ray Heatherington played the piano? We really enjoyed those serials - I remember one, "The Iron Claw", starring Pearl White and Creighton Hale; usually had a western too, William S. Hart or something on that order. Later we had the old Elks Grand on Belmont St. - St. John's had all their St. Patrick's Day shows there - and most of the traveling stage shows. I remember one, "Uncle Tom's Cabin", and they had a parade and we got free tickets for leading the bloodhounds in the parade. Later, there was the Temple Theater, the Olympic and the Majestic, and the old Roma Theater. Remember when Stewart and Ward used two horses to deliver their groceries? If memory serves me right, they were two old fire horses named Dick and Dock.

**WE HAD** the old Bellaire Enamel Works down in the First Ward, Carnegie Illinois Steel was at 41st St., and a lot of us worked on the "kid labor gang". The older boys worked across the river in Benwood, and to get there you had to take the ferryboat - Bud Bonar's dad, Sam, operated the ferry. Bud later was one of Bellaire High's star football players. These were the happy days that I remember of Bellaire. Adeline says to tell Jeanne that she agrees with all her ideas about the relocation of Route 7; Adeline has a scrapbook and keeps your articles in it, plus other things she finds interesting in *The Times Leader*. For me, I read all the obits, and feel a little sad once in a while when I see a name there that for years I had promised myself I would come back to Bellaire and talk over old times with that person". John, there's an old saying that home is where the heart is, and from your letter, there's no question about where your home is. Thanks a whole bunch for the memories you're going to stir up among a lot of people back here.

May 25, 1980

**THE LATE** Earl Fry, who died Easter Sunday, was a fixture in Bellaire's First Ward for a great many years, both as a grocery store operator and a friend in need to everybody who happened by, and his death has affected many people, including Mrs. Margaret Nolan, who has lived a great part of her life in the First Ward and who has been a keen observer of the passing scene. We have a note from Mrs. Nolan, which we appreciate, and we agree with her that Earl Fry's passing deserves more than a mention in the obituary columns.

**"A VERY GOOD** man went to meet his Maker early Easter morning," Mrs. Nolan writes. "Earl Fry, who for years had a grocery in First Ward, was an institution in this end of town. He has put more shoes on bare feet, provided many food orders out of his store, bought more medicine, paid doctor bills and utilities than any person I know. He could tell a young bride what to buy for a Sunday meal and have a way to prepare it.

**"HE WAS** treasurer of the South Bellaire United Methodist Church for many years. Sometimes the coffers were low, and somehow we were able to meet our conference claimants, and Earl was just as concerned as the rest of the congregation. He was extremely civic-minded, and has served on the Draft Board. According to him, there were no bad children. He was always good for a cookie and a sandwich if you forgot your lunch. He knew where the empty houses were. He would give a reference if one needed it.

**"HE KNEW** who was related to whom. He always had a hand up for anyone who had erred or gone astray. He found clothes and furnishings any time for those who needed them. He seemed to have, and used, an uncanny intuition. He knew what he knew. Earl was never married, and was the last member of a family who knew their groceries like no one else ever did. I am sure that God looked over the rim of Heaven and said to Earl, who had been in the hospital several times this year, "Well

done, thou good and faithful, come up a little higher.'

**"I AM** privileged to be one of the lucky ones who knew and loved this man. We all in this end of town say, 'Go with God, Earl.'" No one has ever had a better epitaph than Mrs. Nolan has accorded to the late Earl Fry, deservedly so, and we're sure that Earl Fry knows that he had his own flight of angels when he finally left the First Ward.

**BELMONT COUNTY** Election Board Director John Roy, after considerable research, has determined that the county's vote potential is around 54,000. If true, this doesn't make Belmont County residents look very good in the matter of exercising their right of franchise. With the primary election upcoming May 7, Roy reports that in the last comparable primary four years ago only 17,000 voters cast their ballots, a little better than 31 percent, less than one person out of three.

**ROY'S VOTE** prediction for the May 7 balloting is 21,000 which is still a pretty bad turnout percentage-wise. As an election official Roy is understandably concerned, and is as much at a loss to explain the situation as anyone else, and he says he will do what he can by offering to explain anything about the election processes and-or procedures to anyone contacting his office in Bellaire.  
April 22, 1974

**'Go  
With  
God,  
Earl'**

**NELSON LANCIONE**  
42 East Gay Street Suite 1200  
Columbus, Ohio

# Dedication Makes Volunteer Firemen Go

**IT WAS "Men's Night Out"** at the Barton Fire Department hall last Friday, and a goodly crowd was there; maybe because the women didn't want that big slob of husband-child around the house again, slumped in the overstuffed chair in front of the television station, either sound asleep and snoring, or smoking and eating and spreading ashes and crumbs around the living room. More probably, the reason for the good crowd was that the Barton VFD puts out a good feed and much diversion to take a guy's mind off his troubles, and last Friday the usual crowd was swelled some by the people who are running for office in Belmont County - just about all of them were there, plighting their political troths; there were no speeches and the candidates had to go one-on-one selling themselves, and that's the most effective way to campaign, face-to-face encounter where a candidate can make his pitch and answer the questions that bother the guy who has to vote for one or the other of them. One thing is certain; the county candidates are going to draw more votes than the Presidential candidates, of whom many voters don't care for any; in Pennsylvania, 90,000 voted no preference, in Texas, 20 percent didn't mark that office.

**SOME NON-POLITICAL** things we did learn from some of the candidates; Rep. Wayne Hays bought a house in Upper Arlington so he and his wife won't be apart now during those Mondays-through-Thursdays sessions of the Legislature; Assistant County Prosecutor Jim Nicholson would like at some future day to teach law, instead of practicing it; County Commissioner Mel Sargus recently became a grandfather for the seventh time; Ted McCort's father, the late C.T. McCort who lived an exemplary life until he died three days short of his 103rd birthday anniversary, and our dad were close friends in the old days of the Democrat Party in Belmont County; Ken Perigloisi, then a deputy, and Barton's Bill Barath cooperated in trying to solve a breaking and entering some years back at the county water treatment plant where Bill worked, and Bill still shudders at what might have happened when he barged into the plant in the dark early

morning hours, searching the nooks and crannies by his lonesome to see if the intruders were still there, and fortunately for him, unarmed and alone, they were gone; Clerk of Courts Tony Vavra credits Dom Mass, his old high school football coach at St. John's, with teaching how to hit so hard from a linebacker spot; and Commissioner Charley Linch likes OSU's Earle Bruce.

**BUT THE MOST** important thing we learned, re-learned actually, is that dedication is at the root of success for any volunteer fire department; our son-in-law Frank Romel, whose guest we were, pointed out the excellent features of the interior of the fire hall, the orderly display of personal equipment hanging on the numbered hooks for easy access when the alarm rings, the interior paneling, the modern kitchen equipment, the well-maintained structure - "any time you come into this building", Frank said, "there are always some of the firemen on their off-time from their regular jobs working in here, doing something, even if it's only a little thing, to keep this building and their equipment in shape." The string of trophies running along the wall on the ledge above the equipment-laden hooks is silent proof of how well the Barton VFD and its E-squad perform their duties and maintain their equipment, and if the trophies could talk, they would spell "PRIDE" in caps. That and dedication are the hallmarks of every volunteer fire department and emergency squad in Eastern Ohio, not only Barton, and the work is never easy; they have to dig to get the money from non-tax sources, they have to work to make that money spread as far as possible; they must labor without stint to maintain efficiency.

**BARTON FIRE** Chief John Burdock said of the fire station "In 17 days we had this building up and all of us worked like dogs, and we checked and double-checked everthing we did while we were building it." Department President Mike Smolenak added with pride, "No one guy is responsible; everybody did a part, and all of us are still doing a part to keep us up with the times; the way

fire-fighting and E-squad techniques are advancing, we can't afford to let up, or else we'll fall behind, and our guys are not about to let that happen." Being a member of a VFD or an E-squad isn't just a prestige thing; the guy who joins just to wear the badge better be prepared to pull his weight, and pull it hard, or that badge goes back in the box for the next person who applies. All of these people have families, and maybe that's why they work harder as volunteer firemen and E-squadders than sometimes they do at their regular jobs, because they are protecting their own families as much as they protect everybody else in the area. Add another word to their pride and dedication - add sacrifice, and you've put together a description of every guy, and in some places, every gal who wears the fireman's helmet or the E-squad emblem.

**ALL THOSE** volunteer fire and emergency squad personnel not only spend the long, long hours in training to increase their professional skills, they have to go out and get the money for the buildings, the equipment, and the other things they need to make sure when you call them they're bringing you the best they can; unlike other public service organizations who have the general fund and the tax levies to build for them their buildings and buy for them their equipment. When they volunteer to save your house or save your life, they also are volunteering for the hard, onerous work of getting the money to be equipped to accomplish the one or the other, and they extend their pride, their dedication and their sacrifice as willingly to holding festivals and bingos and dances and raffles and Men's Night Outs as they do in performing their professional duties. So the next time you pass a Firemen's Festival or see an E-squad fund raiser, stop and help them out by contributing; they need you as much as some day you may need them, God forbid.

May 21, 1980

# Tomorrow's Government Begins Tuesday

**THE ANNUAL** primary election, that one of two yearly events at which the people are supposed to practice but usually don't the democratic right of franchise, will be with us again on Tuesday, and with it comes the thought again that the responsibility for good government and the blame for bad government in Belmont County, up to and including now, rests solely with the Democrats, who outnumber the Republicans about five to three and thus are accustomed to deciding at the primary election who will serve the following terms. The Republican Party has been gathering strength, but too slowly yet to make an issue of any general election at the county level, so it is incumbent on the Democrats to shoulder either the praise or the blame, whichever is due, for the manner in which county government is conducted. That should be a point for Democrats to remember when they walk into the polls Tuesday, and because their primary vote is so important to the county's immediate future in the next four years, they should take the responsibility to know for whom they are voting and why; the way the majority of them mark their ballots is the way all of us in the county may have to live for the next quadrennial. Personally, we have our own ideas about who are the most qualified of the candidates, but those ideas necessarily should not be yours; you've got to make up your own mind.

**ODOT DIRECTOR** David Weir came into the area late last week to make a pitch for Issue 3, which would allow the state to sell bonds for highway improvements, with the accompanying interest which could be as much and probably more than the \$300 million the state will get from the bonds. His pitch in essence was that if we want roads down here, we'd better vote for Issue 3. But that ain't necessarily so. The defeat of Issue 3 would not mean the end of it all, but would force state legislators and Gov. Rhodes to do what they should have done in the first place, put another cent or two on the gasoline tax, earmarked for roads only. We are as irritated as you are about the manipulation

which has taken gasoline to well over a dollar a gallon, with no stopping point in sight, and it will pain us much every time that price goes up, but in this instance, an additional cent or two for Ohio's roads is the only justifiable way to go. Weir touched briefly on that problem - he wasn't here to sell a gas tax increase but to promote Issue 3 - when he mentioned that the state has gotten only one cent of the gas tax for the last 21 years.

**CONSIDER WHAT** has happened to your own economic balance sheet since 1959; you couldn't live at today's prices on your 1959 income, and the same yardstick applies to Ohio's roads. The only reason we have a decision to make on Issue 3 is that nobody in state government had the intestinal fortitude to do what ought to have been done in the first place. Most of the legislators were looking toward reelection, and Gov. Rhodes was looking at his "no new taxes" platform, so none wanted to shoulder whatever flak might come from an increase in the gasoline tax. Issue 3 thus became a matter of political expediency, an expediency which could cost Ohioans much more than a gasoline tax in the long run. Its defeat won't kill road work in Ohio - in fact, its defeat may not even delay work, for the state still can put on the gasoline tax and begin getting the money as quickly as it might from the bond issue. Issue 3 is nothing more than an example of poor legislation brought on by elected representatives shirking their duty to do what has to be done for the public good, politics notwithstanding, and the sooner the legislature gets around to passing a gasoline tax increase and the governor gets around to signing it, all of us will be much better off than obligating the present one-cent gas tax farther into the future.

**GEORGE GOLDSTEIN** is leaving sometime this summer the Belaire Medical Foundation to pursue new careers in writing, teaching and consulting in the field he knows best, health care delivery, and the Foundation has been fortunate these past 28 years because

his knowledge in that field has been the main reason that the Foundation and its three clinics have expanded so much and have been so successful. George is guided by the right kind of a work ethic, the kind that will make him successful in any endeavor he chooses to follow, so it will not be surprising that his writing, teaching and consulting will be as productive as has been his administration of the Medical Foundation. The first project will be the writing of a history of the UMWA welfare system since its beginning in 1946. George says that the UMWA's innovative program of health care delivery, a system now copied extensively, changed the health care delivery concept completely and has meant to the east what the Kaiser Foundation's similar program meant to the west after its founding. That latter system was the brainchild of a man named Henry J. Kaiser, who came on the national scene during War II to solve the nation's maritime problem.

**ONLY THE** people over 50 today, and not too many of them, remember Henry J. Kaiser, but he was the guy who came up with a shipbuilding program that contributed much to the national defense. And because he worried about the health of all those people building away in his shipyards, he put together the Kaiser Foundation to provide them with proper health care in a time when most doctors were in the service. The only failure in Henry J.'s life was the Kaiser auto, which had a short and ill-starred career, and the few Kaiser cars around today are worth more as antiques than a couple of dozen were when they were in operating condition. Still, the Kaiser benefitted us; the company built at Shadyside the plant now occupied by International Harvester, and thus indirectly still contributes solidly to our economy. The Kaiser Foundation and the UMWA welfare systems led in bringing adequate health care to the small towns and the rural areas, and many millions of people who might have gone on lacking adequate medical care have been are are being properly attended medically. Those systems and group practice and prepaid health care are the waves of the medical future, George believes, and that's the story he thinks needs telling, from the beginning.

June 1, 1980

**AT OUR HOUSE** there are three votes for the Bellaire City School District's 5.5 mill levy which will be on the May 7 primary election ballot. Our son and his wife, our daughter and her husband, who live in other places in Bellaire, will provide four more votes for the levy. In these three families within our own circle, there are no school age children; our daughter and her husband have two small tots who are yet some years away from school. We tell you this in the way of explaining that none of our family will reap any direct benefits from the passage of the school levy.

**THE LEVY** approval will cost us some money, \$5.50 per thousand on the assessed valuation of our property. It will cost you the same. However, there are few houses in Bellaire City School District which are on the tax duplicate for more than \$5,000, probably including yours. If you know what your assessed valuation is, you can figure out how much the levy will cost you by multiplying \$5.50 by the number of thousands of dollars of your assessed value. If you are among the great majority whose homes are valued for tax purposes at \$5,000 or less, the levy will cost you \$27.50 a year or less.

**THE DEFEAT** of the levy could cost you more, not in money, but in the present or future education of your children or your grandchildren or your nieces or nephews or any other little kid growing up now or in the future in your neighborhood. That \$27.50 represents less than six cartons of cigarettes that you really shouldn't have smoked, that 55 gallons of gasoline you could have saved over the period of a year by walking instead of driving the short distances you sometimes drive, the dress or pair of pants or shoes that you really could have done without in your clothes closet. It's even less than six fifths or six cases of beer over a year's time.

**THE FINANCIAL** bind which has forced the Bellaire Board of Education into asking for the levy is not of the board's making, really. After all that hulabaloo about the state income tax

helping education, it didn't work out that way in actual basic education. Three-fourths of Bellaire's \$400,000 share of the income tax went into salaries and wages. That is not to be argued with, probably; good teachers should get good pay to keep them at the job of educating our children. But there are other expenses in running a school system, the upkeep on buildings and physical plants, the textbooks, the supplies, the bus transportation, the adoption of better educational theories and systems, such as the new reading program installed in the Bellaire system which has been such a singularly great success, and the proposed new math program which could be equally as successful if the money is available to follow through.

**AND ALWAYS** there are the rising costs, just like in your own home, on just about everything you have to buy or the services which you must have performed for you by somebody else. Sure, the school district is taking money out of your pocket, reducing your pay check, if the levy passes; but you should realize that you are where you are today by virtue of the education you received when you were a youngster, and you should also realize that back in those distant days when you were going to school, your parents and your neighbors were paying for that education, and you should feel an obligation and a responsibility to redeem that past debt by being willing to pay for today's and tomorrow's education of the youngsters who are coming after you.

**IF YOU** don't help today's kids, who will?

April 29, 1974

# If You Don't Help Today's Kids, Who Will?

**MR. & MRS. T. GURLY**  
Wheeling, West Virginia



# One of "Our Boys" Gains Prominence

**IT HAPPENS** quite often in every community; a person moves away and gains fame to a greater or lesser degree without that achievement becoming public knowledge back in his home community. Such a person was George Humphrey, who was graduated from Bellaire High School in 1922 and eventually, before he died last April 23, became so prominent as a violist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra that his obituary rated a two-column story in the *Boston Globe*, a rarity in one of the nation's largest dailies. His 43-year career with the Boston Symphony was detailed in the *Globe* obituary, and had it not been for a letter from his son, G. Lee Humphrey, to an old family friend, retired Bellaire schoolteacher Eloise Lopeman, his passing would have gone unknown in his old home town. George Humphrey was the son of the late George Latham and Mabel Long Humphrey, and after he graduated from high school, he worked for two years as a clerk for the Pennsylvania Railroad, where his dad was an engineer. George had never studied music, but when he was 19, he heard famed violinist Fritz Kreisler play a concert in Pittsburgh, and that decided him to pursue a career in music. He studied for two years in Bellaire under the late Godfrey Berneider, who taught music to a great many area people, some of whom turned out to be very, very good, in the days when taking music lessons was the fashionable thing to do.

**FROM THERE**, George entered the New England Conservatory of Music, one of the best in the country, and when he was graduated in 1929, he went with the Minneapolis Symphony, then with the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, from where he was chosen, in 1934, by conductor Serge Koussevitzky for the Boston Symphony. A particular devotee of chamber music, he was for years a member of the Tanglewood String Quartet. He also belonged to the Harvard Musical Association for more than 40 years, and spent about the same length of time playing with the Boston Pops under the baton of the late Arthur Fiedler. Under an exchange program in the mid 1960s, he spent a year as a viola player with the Tokyo Symphony, and despite

his busy career also found time to write two books on his experiences as a professional musician, become an accomplished photographer, and amass a collection of stringed instruments and rare books about music and instrument makers. One of the violas which he constructed won a prize in international competition. So George Humphrey was another of "our boys" who made it big in the world outside.

**NOT ALWAYS** were students transported in school buses; Hewetson Ault, a retired Bellaire High teacher, recalls that from 1910 to 1930, about ten percent of Bellaire High's pupil population rode trains both ways, on the old B. & O. and O.R.&W. Hewetson has generously supplied us with this recollection: "The greater number came by B. & O. from the coal prosperous area of McMahon's Creek Valley where at least eleven mines from Bellaire to Lamira were shipping coal by rail. Neffs, Stewartsville, Glencoe and Warnock provided most of these students, although the Palmer sisters came in from Belmont to get a commercial education during the earlier years. Later, Leva Palmer was one of Bellaire's commercial teachers while her sister married the late Alex DuBois, who was clerk of the Belmont County Board of Elections for many years. At that time, the B. & O. ran local trains morning and evening between Wheeling and Newark. The morning train arrived in Bellaire at the mid-morning, so most students had only one study period, and missed all the early-morning activities. When a train was late, some teachers were quite irritated because all students didn't make it to class at the same time. The B. & O. train was made up of the steam locomotive, baggage car and three coaches.

**STUDENTS RODE** the last car, taking up most of the seats. On Friday evenings and the day before holidays, the passenger traffic was so heavy many students didn't get seated until the train reached Neffs. During the First World War, this last car was often of very ancient vintage, having open instead of closed platforms. Students were well behaved and had cordial relations with

the brakeman who was responsible for the car. One night, the engineer was leaving him stranded at a switch near Glencoe when some of the students stopped the train by using the signal system. In turn, the brakeman would do any friendly service for them. The B. & O. Station in Bellaire was a three-story building at 31st and Union Sts. A stairway led up from the third floor to the loading platform on top of the Stone Bridge. During the First World War, a guard who was called "Greenie" because of his green cap kept the stairway door locked until the train had pulled in, and then he scrutinized each person as he ascended to the platform. The railroad issued monthly tickets to the students at less than half fare. Many of those students will remember Mr. Sherry, who was the ticket agent during this period.

**STUDENTS USING** the O.R. & W. caught their train just south of the Stone Bridge. Many B. & O. students would visit with them until their train left ten minutes later. If there was a delay they would hear the whistle at Benwood calling in the brakemen, and they would rush up the back stairs to the train platform. There is no record of any students having missed the evening train; morning yes. School was out at 4 p.m. and the train left at 4:25 p.m. Our highway building program of the 1920s ended this mode of transportation, although the change was foreshadowed years before when Robert Reed, son of the Neffs Presbyterian Church minister, began to haul a carload of students to school so they could take advantage of the whole school day. For many years, the LaRoche brothers operated the school buses, as well as public buses. When Warnock was isolated because the state had old Highway 9 torn up, the Public Utilities Commission of Ohio required the railroad to stop the Chicago-to-Pittsburgh through train to pick up some ten or twelve students each morning. We thank Hewetson for sharing this memory; he knows whereof he writes, for he was one of those train-borne students. Most kids today would trade that school bus in a minute for a steam train ride, but it's a most pleasant experience that will never come again.

June 11, 1980

# He Launched Tee Shots Over Two Miles

**'YOU CAN LOOK** it up in the book; it's right there, under Long Drives, in the *Guinness Book of Records*", said Art Lynskey. "I hit about six golf balls and they all carried over two miles. If you don't believe me, go get the book". Art Lynskey grew up in Bellaire but spent a great part of his adult life in Martins Ferry, where he ran the Dutch Oven on Hanover St., so between those two connections in his life, a lot of people - the older ones - in Bellaire and Martins Ferry know Art. They knew him also at Belmont Hills Country Club, where he golfed regularly and used to run some of the club tournaments. Art is retired now, and lives in Dayton, and he was back here late last week when he told us the story of his listing in Guinness. In one of his travels through the west, Art was on top of Pike's Peak, surveying the surrounding but much lower countryside, and he had the sudden thought that this would be a heck of a place from which to drive a golf ball. He also thought that such a feat should be recorded for posterity, so he went into town, to the television station, and told a reporter what he had in mind, and the reporter said that ought to be a nice story, and he corralled a cameraman and the three of them went back to the top of Pike's Peak.

**ART IN THOSE** days never got too far away from his golf clubs; when he traveled, they were in the trunk of his car, along with several golf balls. "So I lined up six balls and I took my driver and I smoked off the six shots and all of them went off in a nice arch and they carried about two miles, and all the time this guy with the camera is grinning away. And that night, I was on television, and later, I was in the *Guinness Book of Records*, and I'm still in there." Pike's Peak is over 14,000 feet high, among the nation's highest, and the two-mile carry was all straight down, with the exception of the 200 yards or so that Art whacked the balls the way he used to do at Belmont Hills. But it was sufficient for Guinness purposes, and Art gets a kick out of telling the story. We took Art's word and we looked it up, and it's right there, in the newest edition of the *Guinness Book of Records*, at the top of page 584, right

under a picture of Jack Nicklaus, and the date was June 28, 1968. Back in Bellaire with Art last week was Bill Blazek, with whom we played football at old St. John's, and who also is retired and also lives in Dayton. The way Bill and Art met is one of those stories which prove you never leave home, as Bob Hope wrote.

**IN A RECENT** year, Bill signed up for a senior citizens bus trip, and on the bus he sat down next to a guy and they engaged in the usual small conversation, and Bill asked him where he was from, to which the guy gave the usual standard reply of smalltown natives, "A little place over east that you've probably never heard of". The little place was Bellaire and the guy was Art Lynskey, and since then they've spent considerable time together, a lot of it talking about back home, so last week they decided to come back for a couple of days. Art had a sister whose name has always intrigued us, Praxadese, a name we never heard before or since. "It's a saint's name", Art explained, "and if you remember when kids were baptized, they had to have a saint's name; nowadays it doesn't seem to make any difference what name they take". Art is right; even the saints themselves never heard of some of the names that are being given to kids now. After we all were graduated in 1931, Bill got a football scholarship at Dayton University, and he went out there and never did come back to Bellaire, except for brief visits. "Remember these?", Bill asked, showing a little gold basketball which he has carried on his key chain for about 50 years. The basketball was engraved "Blazek, 1930, Slovaks", and Bill got it when he played with the St. Michael's Church team which won a tournament that year.

**IN THOSE YEARS**, St. Michael's was what was called a national church within the Columbus Catholic Diocese, and it was built and attended by the Slovak families who had colonized the area around the church at 43rd and Franklin St.; Slovak Hill, they called it. There was a small frame building beside the church, along the alley side, which the people of the church, mostly the boys

and young men turned into a gymnasium. The playing floor was small, even by the standards of those days, but it sufficed, because Hank Lusietta hadn't yet come east with the Stanford University teams to prove that you could shoot a basketball without having both feet on the floor, and nobody ever heard, until later in the 1930's, of a thing called fast break until Cam Henderson taught his Marshall College teams that you not only didn't need both feet on the floor to shoot, but you could accomplish more by running like a fire engine than you could by bringing the round ball down on short-passing set plays. In fact, when Floyd Baker brought his brand of basketball to Bridgeport High in the early 1930s, that's what they called it; "fire engine basketball".

**THE YOUNG** men of St. Michael's not only had this very good basketball team, but they also took part in the Catholic Sokol gymnastic meetings in Pittsburgh with exceptional success; the sport of gymnastics back then was not the large thing it is today, especially in the smaller communities, so it may have been regarded as unusual that a gymnastics team from a little town would be so good, except for the fact that the young men at St. Mike's were all exceptional athletes, Steve and Lefty Valloric, Yonko Petronek, Bill Duchoslav, John Pilus, the Klempas, Paulie Vavra, Bill Blazek, Steve and Simon Vavra, who was the head honcho for the group, and some others whose names escape us from this far away in time. And they also had the dedication and the element of sacrifice so necessary to be good gymnasts; it's one of the sports in which you have to compete mostly against yourself, and those are the toughest sports of all, the sports in which discipline is nearly equal in importance to ability, because the end result of the whole performance comes right down on the guy who is performing. All of that about which we write occurred in another time frame, but it was important enough for Bill Blazek to have kept the little basketball award, some of its gold plate now rubbed off, for a half a century, as a link to his own back home.

June 18, 1980

# Married Life: the Best is Yet to Come

**THIRTY-EIGHT** years ago this past Friday we married Jeanne in Richmond, Va., and it is a minor shock now to realize that we have been married half of our life-span plus ten years, and also a delightful awareness that the best may be yet to come. It wasn't a very large affair, that wedding; it happened in the middle of War II on a three-day pass and \$98 dollars all borrowed from the guys in the barracks back at Camp Lee, and after we had gotten a word of fatherly warning from the company commander, Capt. Andy Anderson, who was from downstate West Virginia and talked like it and who said that "some of these girls are only marrying you guys for your insurance," which was \$10,000 worth, a princely sum at that time. It also was Capt. Anderson who practically forced everybody in the company, in the spring of 1941, to take out the full \$10,000; he assembled the company in front of the headquarters building about the first week after we had reported for basic training and told us that "if you don't believe we're going to get into a shooting war before this is over, you're all out of your skulls, and some of you are going to get killed, so you better get as much money out of being dead as you can", which was a jolt to us one-year draftees. It wasn't until later that we found out that Capt. Anderson in civilian life was an insurance agent, but he was right about the shooting war.

**JEANNE SAYS** she would like to run into Capt. Anderson someday; she has waited, she says, a long time for that \$10,000, and the heck of it is now, should she collect it, the way things have been going for the last several years, the value of that \$10,000 has shrunken to the point where it's worth only about 98 cents today. Be that as it may, and despite Capt. Anderson's dim view of wartime marriages, we got along well, the captain and us. After we left Camp Lee, we sort of lost touch. But one day in Charleroi, Belgium, a couple of weeks after the Germans had surrendered on May 8, 1945, he showed up at our headquarters, only this time he was a full chicken colonel in command of his own unit. We had a very nice hour-long visit during which he offered to make us a second lieutenant - we were a tech

sergeant - if we would transfer into his unit, an offer which had a nice sound and which he made sound even better when he promised "in no time at all I'll promote you to first lieutenant and you'll have all those privileges of rank". We didn't doubt for a minute that he could and would do what he said he would do.

**IT HAD A** nice sound; that is, until he said the unit was being transferred, now that the war in the ETO was over, to the Pacific, where the Japs were still fighting, and eventually would be assigned to the Army of Occupation when the Japs surrendered. We might have been tempted, event at that, if the latest edition of the *Stars and Stripes*, the Army newspaper, hadn't arrived a couple of days before with the point spread for going home; five points for a battle star of which we had three, five points for a Purple Heart of which fortunately we had none, five points for decorations of which we had one, two points per month for overseas service of which we had 18, and one point per month for stateside service of which we had 36. There also were points for the number of children - we had young Jimmy, then not much out of infancy - and we don't remember how many points children were worth, but they were worth more than a battle star, which brought from one of our company's young married but childless-yet guys a profane remark about how the Army regarded children and combat. We had added up all our points, as had all the 19 million people in the service, as soon as the *Stars and Stripes* came out with the ratings, and altogether, we had something like 162, and the article said that immediate discharges would begin at 200 points and work down.

**SO FROM** that formula we figured our number would be up in a couple of months and we could get back to Jeanne and Jimmy and Bellaire maybe before fall, while the Army of Occupation in Japan wouldn't make it until much, much later, and given that time differential, Col. Anderson's offer didn't have a chance. Like almost every other guy in uniform, all we wanted to do was to get back to civilian life as soon as possible and start living normally again, so we

thanked the colonel and turned down the offer. We were back home in September of 1945, and the Army of Occupation was still in Japan in September of 1946, and maybe even longer. So, Jeanne is even with Col. Anderson, wherever he is, probably dead now because he was over 50 in 1941 when we first met him; he may have questioned her marital motives back there in 1941, but he didn't add on to our separation another year or more in 1945. Yet, she still is waiting for that \$10,000 insurance, and if it doesn't happen soon, with the way the value of money is steadily going down, she may owe the government when the time comes to collect it. Or, the way the government spends money, there may not be any left in the insurance fund.

**THE 38 YEARS** seemed to have disappeared in a flash; it's difficult to try to remember where they all have gone, or everything that happened during that interim, the next four kids coming one after another, their childhood trials and tribulations and bumps and scratches and broken bones, their growing up and moving out, the grandchildren moving in to fill the little-people vacuum their growing up had left, the recurring financial crises which never seem to end, not even now, but when we place all of those on one tray of the scale, and on the other tray the good times, the flush times, the little triumphs over hard times, the pleasure the kids, and now the grandkids, have given us, the vacation trips, the knowledge that each of us had been around when we're needed, the gratefulness of growing older together, Jeanne's kindnesses and considerations that constantly go beyond the call of duty, the scale tips on the side of a happy life despite everything else. In fact, when we add up the more pluses against the fewer minuses, we think we'll sign another 38-year contract with Jeanne; like to the song says, "she's so nice to come home to".

June 22, 1980

**A.G. LANCIONE**  
2773 North Star Road Columbus, Ohio

# 'Special' Taken Out of the July 4th

**SHAKESPEARE**, IT may have been, who wrote "the old order changeth," but the Bard had no idea that, far into the future, his gem of written wisdom would apply to, along with almost everything else, a peculiar institution known to countless Americans since 1776 as the Fourth of July. Time was, when America was young, the Fourth of July was really something special, like Christmas in the summertime, and little kids and big people alike looked eagerly toward the day when they were to celebrate the birthday of the United States with band concerts and parades and picnics on the front lawn and, most of all, fireworks. The morning sun would not yet have climbed over the rim of the eastern hill until the firecrackers began to pop and crackle in the front yards and the backyards, and when the firecracker supply had been exhausted long before night, little boys searched the ground in the hope of finding some, with shortened fuses, which hadn't gone off for one reason or another, and those with the fuses gone but still unexploded would be broken in half to expose powder, and when the powder was lit with the old wooden kitchen matches, it fizzed like two tiny fountains. The firecrackers came in all sizes, from the little "ladyfingers" to the giant five inchers, which only the older kids or the dads were supposed to light.

**THERE WERE** "sonofaguns", little round disks of compressed sulphur and whatever else they put in them, and they would glow evilly when you scratched them on the concrete, and they would crackle and spit when you ground them beneath the leather heel of your high-top shoe. There were torpedoes, an inch or so long and less than a half inch around, which exploded when you threw them hard against the street bricks, and inside, with the powder, were tiny stones that flew, and stung smartly, if you got hit with one. The street car tracks ran down the middle of the street, and on the Fourth of July the iron wheels of the passing cars were excellent triggers for a succession of sonofaguns and torpedos placed on the rails almost from one end of town to the other. Uptown, the big guys, those in their early twenties who hung out at the Belmont Restaurant

and another place directly across the street, fired skyrockets and roman candles at each other, the skyrockets banging into the buildings with a shower of sparks, and they lit and tossed the five-inchers, and it was really a battleground until the police showed up.

**THAT WAS** uptown and big guys; down at our end of town the one inchers were about as big as we were allowed to have, but the more brave used something else: Mr. Borrell had a grocery store where he also sold carbide to the coal miners for their lamps, and when the big blue cans with ridges down the side were empty, he would toss them out on the dump behind the store, and there were always some little pieces of carbide in them. The lid on the can clamped down tight, but with a knife or a screwdriver, you could get it off. It was simple enough to punch a nail hole near the bottom of the can, then pour in some water to get the carbide working, then clamp the lid back on, and when a match was touched to the hole, the gases inside the can exploded with a boom and the tin lid went sailing high in the air, how high depended on how much carbide Mr. Borrell had left in the bottom of the can. Those cans were exploded down at the end of the playground ballfield, as far away as possible from any parental prying eye, because for those who were doing the exploding, the Fourth of July would have ended completely and finally the immediate moment that a parent showed up. When the lid was too tight to blow off, the can split along the seams, and that was a tense time, but we can't recall anyone being injured from these improvised cannons.

**AS IT HAD** been difficult to wait for the dawn, it was just as difficult waiting for the night, when the sparklers and the fountains and the skyrockets and the roman candles and the pinwheels and the rest of what was called the "night works" were shot off. Up and down the street, on both sides, the curbs were afire with the fountains, and the colored balls from the roman candles, trailing their tails of sparks, arched over the trolley wire, and once in a while, if a kid was lucky, he would see a balloon riding

the night sky. The balloons were of alternating strips of colored paper, and were sent aloft by the imprisoned heat from small candles attached to the bottom, the same principle of the real hot-air balloons, and they glided across the night sky, the colors turning in the wind, and once in a while they tilted too far and disappeared in a big sudden blaze. There was a reason for the change in that kind of a Fourth of July, a good reason; careless people, big and little, got hurt, and hurt seriously, sometimes to the extent of losing fingers and eyesight. So, that kind of a Fourth of July has gone where the steam engines and the street cars have gone, and some of the joy is gone, too.

**THEY STILL** shoot fireworks on the Fourth of July, but not from one end of town to the other like in the old days; if you want fireworks today, you have to "bootleg" them and you take your chances with John Law, yet a lot of fireworks are still shot on the Fourth of July, and the several days before, because John Law can't be everywhere at the same time. It's more sensible now, the laws that prohibit fireworks, but it surely isn't as much fun. And on top of that, the miners don't use carbide lamps any more and there aren't any grocery stores like Mr. Borrell's selling carbide and throwing away the cans, and doctors don't make house calls if a guy happens to get burned. So the "old order hath changed", to paraphrase the Bard. The sensible people who changed the Fourth of July try to make it up by having controlled fireworks displays, and they are very pretty, the aerial bombs thundering when they reach their apex and tossing their blossoming colors into the night, and maybe to kids of the present generation that's a real Fourth of July because they never experienced any other kind, but to an old guy who remembers what the Fourth used to be like, it's sort of unfilling.

July 2, 1980

**THE LENGTHENING** days and the warming weather of this season always takes us back over four decades to one of the happier times of our youth, the middle 1930s when we were playing softball at Wolfhurst, and life was much more simple and much less complex than it is today. It was at that time of our lives that we met one of the finest men we have ever known, Bob Latimer, and frequently we hear indirectly about Bob, who lives in Martins Ferry, from Wheeling-Pittsburgh Steel's Pete Spustack and Bellaire Meter Custodian Charlie Ricer.

**THE COUNTRY** and the Ohio Valley were beginning together to pull out of the Depression in the middle 1930s, but there still weren't that many jobs around, and we had a job of a sort, keeping books and inventory for Everett Tharpe, who was selling Newark beer and Old Towne Ale, out of a former railroad storage shed just south of the B. and O. tracks which cross Belmont St., between Crescent and 29th Sts. in Bellaire. If you remember Newark and old Towne, you remember a beer that wasn't too good, but it was cheap, and in those early years after President Roosevelt got Prohibition repealed in 1932, anything that remotely resembled beer tasted pretty good, for those who had been able to drink the good beer before the Volstead Act in 1919 had forgotten the real taste by 1932, although they had kept their appetites whetted in the interim with home brew.

**SOMETIMES YOU** could tell, between 1919 and 1932, who was making the home brew by hearing the caps blowing and the bottles exploding in the basements. Home brew was a ticklish sort of a thing to make, because if you didn't do it exactly right, you could end up with a basement full of wet, smelly foam and busted glass. Our dad made his share of home brew, and he stored it in the cellar of our home on 26th St., a cellar which had a dirt floor and walls of big sandstone blocks which formed the foundation, and for us kids he made root beer, which you bottled pretty much in the same manner as the beer, but which wasn't as treacherous in the bottles. We

had our share of foam and busted glass in the basement.

**WE HAD** a cousin who made home brew also, but he never did learn if it was any good, for by the time it was ready to bottle, he had drunk up most of it. In the house down at the corner of Cherry Alley, which ran behind our house, Frankie Busacca's father was one of the many Italians who made wine. They would all go together and order a carload of grapes from California, and when the car arrived, it was spotted on the B. and O. tracks at 29th St., and the man who had acted as broker doled out the grapes in baskets to each in the amount he had ordered. All of us kids would help to carry the grapes from the railroad car to the homes nearby, and we got to eat some of them on the way. They tasted like something from another world; of course, in those days of limited travel opportunity, California really was another world.

**AT FRANKIE'S** house, well in advance of the arrival of the grapes, his father would collect miner's boots, the kind made out of rubber, and heavy. For days on end he washed and washed the boots, and he kept them in a special place after each washing to make sure they would not get dirty. On the day the grapes arrived, they would be dumped into a deep wide trough, the boots were donned and then began the tramping and the stomping and the mashing until the smashed grapes yielded as much of their juice as possible.

**AND FROM** that was made the wine, the clear, bright wine that graced the tables of the Italian families, wine of a quality that would have made their relatives back in Italy, where they had learned the art, proud of the product that was being produced in faroff Bellaire, the other side of the world. There were other ways to make wine, but that was the way it was made at Frankie Busacca's, and it was a wonderful, wonderful time indeed for a kid growing up in those years. Wine is still being made in homes today, but the process is much more scientific, much more sterile, and far less interesting.

May 6, 1974

# Life Was Much More Simple and Less Complex Then. . .

# Pitchers, the Polka and 'Pickhandle'

**THERE WAS** one year, in 1934, when the Wolfhurst softball team that Bob Latimer ran played 104 games and won 103 of them, tying that one game, with the Tidbit team, in the Martins Ferry City Park. Pete Spustack, who was one of the most natural athletes we have ever seen and who is still in pretty good physical shape - not too many years ago he still pitched every once in a while - was pitching against us that night and had us whipped by a run when it began to get dusk. By mutual consent we went one more inning, and, good for us but bad for Pete, Socks Smerkar got hold of one of Pete's pitches and drove it over the fence onto Zane Highway to tie the game.

**PETE, WHO** will be retiring at the end of this month as a boss at Wheeling - Pittsburgh's Martins Ferry plant, always has been a fearless sort of a guy. One night he was pitching against us at Wolfhurst, where the crowd was more of a "home" crowd than anywhere else, and Hook Thomas swung on and missed one of Pete's pitches. The bat flew out of Hook's hands, straight for the mound, which Pete took as a personal affront, and he went right to the plate after Hook. For a couple of minutes it was touch and go, but Bob was pretty much of a diplomat and managed to sooth ruffled feelings without any damage being done.

**PETE CAME** on to pitch for Wolfhurst later - when Bob Latimer saw a guy who could give him trouble, he solved the problem by getting the guy on his side, and in this manner he picked up not only Pete but Martins Ferry's Dick Letzelter, the best shortstop around; Bill Holliday, also from Ferry, who could cover an outfield faster than most; Bang Caruth, who came out from West Wheeling along with Chat Hoover; and Bellaire's Shuman Mendelson, without a doubt the greatest softball pitcher ever around here, and probably one of the best in the country. A Zanesville team picked up Shuman once to throw against the then-national champs St. Louis Hottentots. Shuman lost, 1-0, but St. Louis didn't get a hit and scored its one run on an error.

**LOU LAGON** was the batboy at Wolfhurst, and came to be one of the best-known of the team, with his "hex-signs" on the opposition and the traditional rubbing of the bats when one of the Wolfhurst players was up. Bob and Lou, between whom there was great affection, had a couple of standard humorous routines which they went into to take off the tension, and these had much to do with keeping the team what they call "loose" today.

**THERE WAS** a place called Taylor's Grove, down along Wheeling Creek, and you got to it by turning off the National Road where St. Joseph's School now stands, and going over the railroad tracks. Taylor's Grove was where the Wolfhurst team was mostly financed - periodically Bob set up a "beer party" there, and a one dollar ticket entitled you to all the home brew you could drink, plus a lunch, and there used to be some mighty "wet" nights down there by the creek. But fortunately, everybody always made it home across the railroad tracks, in the days when there was much more rail traffic than now, and the trains really whipped along the Wheeling Creek valley.

**WE ALWAYS** had trouble beating the teams from Martins Ferry, the Tidbits and the team from Aetnaville with which the Cecil brothers played, and we had trouble too with an all-black team from Mt. Pleasant which had a little one-armed pitcher, and with a Moundsville boy by the name of West who had a fantastic slow ball and a lot of arm motion that had our hardball-conditioned players swinging ahead of the pitch. The Wolfhurst team played every evening except Saturdays, and there were doubleheaders on Sundays, but it wasn't permitted to play in most of the tournaments around here then.

**WE BECAME** acquainted at Wolfhurst with the real polka, the way it should be danced, with all the circling and the foot-stomping and the shouting, the arms pumping up and down and the bowing sideways from the hips.

The polka dances were held in then - Polish Hall, now Winky's Tavern, and downstairs in the basement they sold home brew and "pickhandle", and if you don't know what "pickhandle" is, don't ever try to learn, because back then it would set your insides to burning with an unholy fire. When you went down into the basement, the "pickhandle" wasn't the only thing you were taking a chance on - that dance hall upstairs usually was jammed right to the door so that you wondered how they found room to dance, and downstairs in the basement under it the ceiling shook and shuddered and groaned and bent under a hundred stomping feet.

**BUT THE** ceiling never fell in, the polka dancing died out, they built some houses and a lodge hall in the ballfield, the Wolfhurst team broke up in a couple of years after it became the Silver and Green and operated out of Martins Ferry, and oftimes, more now than ever before, we think of those days and those times and those people with a growing regret that they have passed, but with a greater conviction that we were young at the right time.

May 20, 1974

**RICHARD L. LANCIONE      D. WILLIAM DAVIS**  
**THOMAS MYERS**

# Bellaire Had Important Role in Central Ohio Railroad

**THE MEN** who built the Central Ohio Railroad in the period 1848 and 1854 could not have known that within the next decade, the road would play a vital part in one critical phase of the Civil War, a phase that would underline for all time the portance of railroads in the military strategy of conducting a war, and a phase in which the infant city of Bellaire, by accident of location as the road's eastern terminus, would have an important role. The Central Ohio, constructed with the financial help of the Baltimore and Ohio which eventually would acquire complete ownership, was designed as a connecting link between Columbus and the Ohio River for the then burgeoning westward movement.

**A. T. McKELVEY**, in his Centennial History of Belmont County 1801-1901, credits Col. J. H. Sullivan, one of Bellaire's early civic leaders, with a major part in the completion of the road, mainly through his dogged, persistent efforts, including a stint as accompany president.

According to McKelvey, Col. Sullivan was connected with "every scheme to build, every new enterprise" in Bellaire's early history, "yet today (1903) Bellaire does not associate his name with that of an avenue of a part." McKelvey's barb at that time may have pricked an official skin or two, for today there is a Sullivan St., albeit not much of a street, more like an alley, running north-south for less than half a block, connecting Vine with Spruce St. in a little loop on Brewery Hill, big enough to accommodate only a couple of houses.

**SO WHEN** the city fathers in the early part of the 20th Century finally got around to honoring Col. Sullivan in this manner, it was not much of an honor after all. However, their intention to honor him may have been limited by another legend concerning Col. Sullivan.

That legend has it that the colonel was one of the developers of the area round the City Park, then called Union Square.

The lots on the four sides of the park were sold on the premise that when

the houses were constructed, the owners would have a fine view looking out into the park.

After all the lots had been sold, the colonel and his associates then tried to sell the park itself for housing, but were prevented by court action.

**BE THAT** as it may, the colonel did have a great deal to do with the construction of the Central Ohio, from its early organization, through the difficult task of raising money, to the final building of the road, and at one time, when the whole plan was about to go down the drain, Col. Sullivan moved in again and by sheer force pushed it back to the planning board.

The road was completed from Zanesville to Newark in 1849, from Newark to Columbus in 1850, from Zanesville to Cambridge in 1853, and from Cambridge to Bellaire, the final link, in 1854.

**THE NORTHERN VIRGINIA** Railroad, owned by the Baltimore and Ohio, came west to Benwood before the completion of the Central Ohio, and the history of this road and its parent company is well delineated in the book, "The Baltimore and Ohio in the Civil War", authored by Festus P. Summers and published in 1939 when its author was associate professor of history at West Virginia University.

It is interesting to note that the city of Wheeling's current opinion that it should be the hub of the entire Ohio Valley has not been come by lately, for in his book, Summers writes of a court action instituted in Marshall County by Wheeling, which at that time held bonds of the B. and O., seeking to force the Northern Virginia to lay its tracks into Wheeling instead of into Benwood.

**SUMMERS ALSO** relates that later in the same era, Wheeling tried to halt construction of a railroad bridge across the Ohio from Weirton to Steubenville, again under the assumption that Wheeling should be the center of the local universe. Neither in this nor in the Benwood case was Wheeling successful in its attempts to control events of that time.

So, the Northern Virginia stopped at the banks of the Ohio in Benwood, and the Central Ohio arrived at the same conclusion in Bellaire, and between the two railroads, freight and passengers were carried by steamboat across the river to continue their journeys. That was the procedure up until the completion of the present Stone Bridge in 1872.

May 28, 1974

# We May Never Take Another June Vacation

**WE MAY** never take another June vacation. Usually, we plan our vacation for July or August, but this year, our five-year-old granddaughter Dawn had flown in from Long Beach, Calif., in mid-May, and her dad and mom, Gary and Pam Beveridge, had let her come only on condition that she wouldn't be away too long. So, this year, we vacationed in June, planning to tent-camp our way to the West Coast, but the weather was unbelievable - heavy rains, hail, tornadoes, 115-degree heat on the Mohave Desert, and when we got to Long Beach, we were on the fringe of a kidnapping.

**JEANNE DOES** all the driving in our family; among the many things that we can't do, there are two, driving and swimming, that have eluded us all these years. Out to the coast and back, Jeanne drove close to 6,200 miles, which is not too disturbing to her, for she has driven coast to coast a half dozen times in the past ten years. Up until now, on all those trips in July and August, the weather has been good, the car performed well, but it seemed as if all those pitfalls were out there waiting for us to go on a June vacation in 1974.

**JEANNE DOESN'T** "beat" a car. She drove at speeds between 55 and 60 mph, with the exception of the 150 miles of desert beginning east of Kingman, Ariz., and crossing the Mohave through Needles and Barstow, Calif., to San Bernadino, where you have to up the speed to protect yourself by getting through the oven as fast as possible. With our 1972 Plymouth Duster, Jeanne got 24 miles per gallon at those speeds of 55 to 60, and this we can guarantee you, at those speeds you're going to get to California last. Everything on the road passed us, trucks, campers, even motorcycles, and the only things we passed were stalled cars and off ramps.

**WE WENT** first to Virginia to show off Dawn to Jeanne's parents and her brothers and their families, and when we left Virginia in a couple of days, the rains really began to pour, following us

through North Carolina's Maggi Valley and the Smokies, through Tennessee, across the Chickamauga and Shiloh battlefields, and when we hit West Memphis, over the Mississippi River in Arkansas, the weather really unloaded on us. It was raining so hard, driving straight into the windshield, that the wipers couldn't keep the glass clear, and on top of that, the big tractor-trailers whizzing by threw up rain spray that completely obscured vision for the time it took the trucks to get a couple of hundred feet beyond.

**WE GOT TO** West Memphis around 8 p.m., and decided to find a motel, but we had picked the wrong night, the opening of the dog track, and every motel in the town was filled. We were told that we might find something to the west, and we saw signs advertising a motel in Forrest City, Tenn., so we decided to try for there. Meantime, we had been seeing all these cars and campers parked under the overpasses, but gave it not too much thought. As we drove west, there was less and less traffic, the rains came harder, the hour was getting later, so when we got to Heth, Ark., the off-ramp before Forrest City, we saw a motel and decided to get off the road.

**WHEN WE** finally got into our motel room - Dawn had dropped the motel key down among all her pillows and blankets and toys and books and assorted debris in the back seat where she "lived" on the trip, and it took us 30 minutes and much searching to find it - we found out why the cars and campers were parked under the overpasses. The area was being hit by tornadoes, and one had leveled a section of Forrest City, where we had intended to go. Ordinarily, we drive with the radio off, but that was the night we learned to keep checking the radio weather reports.

**THE NEXT AFTERNOON**, in Oklahoma City, we had to pull off the road and run into a service station when the tornado sirens began sounding and everybody was advised to take shelter, and we made it to the service station through hail. The rest of that afternoon

and early evening we listened at the motel, which had a tornado shelter, to reports of tornadoes hitting around the city, and we saw some of them forming on the horizon, but none came close to the motel. One did hit the small town of Drumright, northeast of Oklahoma City, inflicting heavy damage, and Tulsa, over 100 miles away, got belted too.

**WE HAD** to replace all four shocks on the car before we left Oklahoma City, got to camp for the first time at Amarillo, Texas, almost got blown into Utah by the wind the next night at Albuquerque, N.M., where we spent much of the night restaking down the tent, had to replace all four tires in Gallup, N.M., had the radiator boil almost dry in Kingman, ran into 115-degree heat which forced us into an air-conditioned motel in Needles, and finally staggered into Long Beach, where on the second day of our visit, a little four-year-old playmate of Dawn's was kidnapped from the playground by a convicted child molester who had just finished serving a 60-day sentence in Los Angeles County jail. The child was found five days later in San Diego, and fortunately, for some reason, the man had not molested her.

**SO THAT'S** why we may never take another June vacation.

July 15, 1974



# Establishment of Camp Jefferson at Bellaire

**WHEN THE** Civil War began, Confederate Gen. Robert E. Lee, in command of the Virginia forces, ordered Major W. W. Loring, then at Parkersburg, to seize the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and to move to Moundsville and Wheeling, then part of the state of Virginia, to organize militia units to control the road. Major Loring found little sympathy in that part of the state west of the mountains for the Confederate cause, and eventually that whole western part of Virginia broke away from the Old Dominion and formed the new state of West Virginia in 1863. This was done with the blessing and the active help of the federal government in Washington, which was strange in a way, because the North had claimed the South had no constitutional right to secede, yet in the creation of the state of West Virginia, the North had helped the new state to do just that.

**HAD MAJOR** Loring been successful in holding the valley for the Confederate States of America, the dividing line between the North and the South would have been the Ohio River, on our front doorstep. Despite a minority sympathy for the South which turned the state into something of a haven for the Copperheads, notherners who favored the south, Ohio from the start of the war was committed strongly to the Union, and by the end of the four years of blood-letting, Ohio was among the top group of states which furnished the men and the materials for the Union. Copperheads got that name from their identifying insignia, a copper penny with the inside cut out, leaving only the figure of Liberty. Their own name for themselves was Sons of Liberty.

**EARLY IN** the war, Camp Jefferson was established on the riverbank in Bellaire, on the approximate site of today's city water plant, to serve as a staging area for Union troops crossing the river to join the Army of the Potomac in the east, or being transported by steamboat downriver to join the Army of the Tennessee in the West. When Gen. George McClellan was readying the Union thrust which resulted in the first

battle of the war at Philippi, a brigade of Ohio volunteers under command of Col. James Irvine was ordered to Camp Jefferson.

**THE 16TH** Ohio was funneled through there to Fairmont, and the Third and Fourth Ohio Regiments crossed from the camp to Benwood on the way to join McClellan at Parkersburg, from where they were thrown into the Union line at Philippi. With the completion of the Central Ohio to Bellaire in 1854, Col. J. H. Sullivan had been appointed by B. and O. President John W. Garrett as that road's western agent, with headquarters in Bellaire, and in October, 1861, with the lesson rudely learned by the North in July 1861 at First Bull Run that this would not be a "90-day war", Sullivan was ordered to Washington to meet with Garrett, Gen. McClellan and Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton to facilitate movement of troops by rail.

**THE FEDERAL** Government was beginning to get an understanding of the importance of railroads in the war effort. The Confederacy already had that understanding, and Rebel forces in the northern part of Virginia spent considerable time and effort hitting the Baltimore and Ohio and the Northern Virginia to cut the flow of men and materials to the Army of the Potomac. Cavalry units under the commands of Gens. John Imboden and William E. Jones knifed frequently at the two roads all along their western stretches from Baltimore and Washington, and the Union countered with troops from Gen. Ambrose Burnside's Department of Ohio, moving them by rail into Bellaire for forwarding to Gen. Benjamin Kelley, who was charged with the responsibility for protecting both roads.

**MILITIAMEN CALLED** up by the North also rendezvoused at Camp Jefferson for dispatching to Fairmont, Grafton and Clarksburg, where they were to guard the railroads and their bridges and tunnels from the Confederate raiders.

Up to that time, Bellaire had played a minor part in the war effort, but its greater role lay two years into the future.

June 3, 1974



## TOP AUTO SALES, INC.

34th & Hamilton Streets  
Bellaire, Ohio 43906

# The 'Glass Lady' Comes Home

**WE ARE** much proud of Jeanne, the most important member of our family, for the part she had in bringing Bellaire's excellent Glass and Artifacts Museum to life, and we're quite sure that the husbands of the other women who labored and toiled at the museum are just as proud of their wives. We were asked why the newspaper accounts read "Mrs. Jeanne Mountain" instead of "Mrs. Jimmy Mountain," and the obvious answer is that she was Jeanne, not Mrs. Jimmy, when she and those dedicated women were nailing and hammering and sawing and scrubbing and painting and weeding and all those other things that had to be done.

**WE HAVEN'T** seen too much of Jeanne these past six weeks or so, except when in the rush of passing us on her way to the museum, she paused long enough to tell us in what part of the refrigerator we would find the frozen dinner or the sandwich meat, and to remind us to wash the dishes when we finished, because she had very little time for household chores. And we know that Nell often told Jim Dixon to grab a sandwich downtown because she had no time to prepare the evening meal, so all those other husbands were in the same boat with us.

**THE DIRTY** clothes piled up in the hamper, the lint and the other debris from everyday living gathered on the carpets and the rugs, the dust collected layer by layer on the furniture, the lawn mower and the hedge clipper and the stepladder and the hammer and other assorted tools, and even the prehistoric typewriter which we used the first time we went to work for the old *Daily Times* in 1938, all were down at the museum. Then other things began to disappear, glassware, an old tiptop table, a Cy Wright lamp, old china, silverware, a couple of chairs, another modern lamp that looks like an antique, a little lamp table. We saw them all down there the night the museum opened, and they looked just as good as they had looked at home.

**OUR HOUSE** began to assume that lived-in look a house gets when the head lady is missing, and we share equally, or maybe more, in the fault, if there is one, because the extent of our housework ability begins and ends with washing the dishes, a task which requires neither dexterity or intelligence because all you do is turn on the hot water in the sink, pour in some dishwashing liquid, scrub the dishes and the glasses and the pots and pans, rinse them off and put them on the sideboard to dry. But even at this, we have had trouble - too much dishwashing liquid and the soap bubbles climbing up over the sink edge and dribbling down the front of the cabinet onto the floor.

**WHAT YOU** did then is easier - just take the mop and make a couple of swipes at the linoleum, and take the dish towel and wipe down the front of the cabinet. If the cabinet and floor end up streaky, just hope nobody notices it. With the example before us of what can happen when you use a little too much liquid soap, we weren't about to tackle the job of washing clothes, because all we could envision was a laundromat full of soap-suds wall to wall and up to the ceiling, and us with our face peeking through the bubbles in the laundromat window waving for help.

**WE CAN'T** comprehend the inner workings of household appliances such as the sweeper. So we were afraid of that job because we might not have plugged it in right and instead of whoosing up the dirt it would be blowing it back out onto the floor. As for ironing, forget it - we'd have set the house on fire. And cooking is something we tried once and never since; at one point in our past life while Jeanne was pregnant with one of our five children, we thought we might do a good turn by frying some pork chops and making some gravy. Jeanne couldn't eat it, neither could we, the kids we had at that particular time wouldn't touch it, and when we put the pork chops out for the dog, he took one sniff, turned up his nose and headed for the garbage can.

**THE TIME** of the past six weeks really wasn't all that bad - it only seemed like it at the time. And through all her weariness as she hit the bed dog-tired every night, there was a thread of satisfaction in her being with what she was going, and because we're her husband, we get to bask in her reflected glory when those museum visitors ooh and aah at the place. She's back home now, when she isn't at the museum, so God's in His Heaven and all's right with the world again.

August 5, 1974

**LAST MONDAY** we took one of our three grandchildren to Sea World, and to make that possible, Bob Turbanic covered that night's Bellaire Board of Education meeting for us. Tuesday morning we were walking back to the T-L office from the post office when Bob Wehe, passing back in the federal housing maintenance truck, stopped the truck, got out, and said, "We missed you last night." This Tuesday we are missing Bob, who died unexpectedly last Wednesday night, and his passing has left a hole in our town's tapestry.

**WE HAD** the privilege and the honor of being called a friend by Bob for many years, and we enjoyed completely our association with him, and our life will be a little less full because of his death. We enjoyed Bob's friendship because he was an honest and a sincere man, because he could talk about a great many things for the simple reason that he was interested in most of life and what it had to offer, and on the old fashioned Christmas tree that our Jeanne puts up each year there is left of Bob and his wife Lucille a couple of antique ornaments from his own childhood. He gave them to Jeanne because he thought somebody ought to see them and get as much Christmas morning pleasure as he had, and they will hang on our Christmas tree as long as we have one.

**BOB SPENT** a great deal of time, during his 16 years on the school board, in the interests of and efforts for the education of the school district's children, an issue so important to him that he accepted appointment as one of Bellaire's representatives on the Belmont County Joint Vocational School Board when it was formed, and he was the only president that board has had since that formation. So Bob Wehe was not only a friend of ours but more truly a friend to the school district's kids, and what that friendship led to those kids will have going for them the rest of their lives - their education.

**SHADYSIDE'S** Nell Magyar has written *The Times Leader* a very nice note concerning those people who labored so long and hard and successfully on Bellaire's Glass Museum, noting that in these times of trouble and tribulation it is refreshing that those people would dedicate themselves without any thought of material gain to doing something constructive for the community. Mrs. Magyar's point is one that a great many private and public citizens of Bellaire should note, and then maybe our town could get headed in the direction that it should be going.

**WE ALSO** had a letter some time ago, and we regret this very late acknowledgement, from St. Clairsville's G. J. Chandler concerning Co. J. H. Sullivan, about whom we wrote in May during that Civil War series. Chandler writes that Col. Sullivan was born on the property at 124 West Main St. on which Chandler now resides after inheriting from his grandfather. He writes also that A. T. McKelvey in his 1903 *Centennial History of Belmont County* apparently erred in designating the property as the birthplace of Union Gen. Thomas T. Eckert. We thank Mr. Chandler for that bit of information also, as we have been working on a column concerning Gen. Eckert and his work with the Union military telegraph during the Civil War, and we had accepted the McKelvey version of the general's birthplace.

**AND FINALLY**, there is another letter which came Aug. 6 signed "Interested Reader." We really appreciate the sentiments and hope sometime to learn the identity of the writer so we can thank him or her personally.

August 15, 1974

# Hole Left in Town's Tapestry

# Bellaire Native Turns Adversity Into Advantage

**BELLAIRE NATIVE** Tom Keys, who is executive sports editor of the *Columbus Citizen - Journal*, one of the Midwest's best, has turned adversity into advantage and has come up with a whole new "second" career of a creative nature. Some time ago Tom, who still has people back here, among them his mother, Mrs. Ann Keys, now confined to the Bellaire City Hospital, and brother Jim, head man at Shadyside's International Harvester, was hospitalized with an illness that required a considerable period of recuperation. Tom has been an active guy all his life, and his oldest son Skip, an engineer for Bell Lab, figured his dad needed something to occupy his time, so he gave him a kit to make three-dimension shadow boxes by the numbers.

**TOM FINISHED** the kit, but something was missing. He had done, in his words, "only what the instructions dictated, and the satisfaction of creativity was missing." If you knew Tom, you'd understand - he's a do-it-yourself man; one time when he was writing sports for the *Intell* before the Second War and was doing pre-season stories on valley high school teams, he suited up and scrimmaged against them to find out whether the coaches were leveling with him or trying to con him. He took a lot of bumps and bruises from the high school kids but he also came up with a lot of good stories.

**LOOKING FOR** creativity in the shadow boxes, Tom came up with the idea of doing his own 3-D, "no more cakes out of the box," as he describes it, and in the months that have followed, he's developed the art to a point where he is exhibiting his stuff in shows, had his own one-man sidewalk show in Columbus, and is selling his works as fast as he makes them; three Sears stores in Columbus are among his sales outlets, and this fall he may be teaching art at the Downtown YW in his adopted city.

**OSU COACH** Woody Hayes has one of Tom's creations, an infant in diapers wearing a big scarlet helmet sprinkled with stars, and carrying a football. For the Reds' Sparky Anderson,

Larry Shepard and Bob Howsam, Tom built tiny baseball players inspecting lineup cards, and Jack Nicklaus has a Keys plaque showing Jack in gold pants and scarlet shirt, addressing a golf ball, decorated with 14 gold stars, one for each Nicklaus major championships, and with the legendary knicker-clad Bobby Jones in black and white, holding a bag full of clubs. Tom Weiskopf got a similar plaque from Tom after winning the British Open.

**FOR AN** old Bellaire friend, Ed Smith, who played football at St. John's with Tom's brother Donald, Tom put together a 15 by 4 panel board showing all nine of Ed's grandchildren, a little boy with a basketball, a little girl with a bouquet of straw flowers, and the seven others flying kites from three different benches, the scene done in a wide array of colors. And for his nephew, one of Jim's boys, Tom whipped up a basketball scene.

**PEOPLE WHO** have seen Tom's work say it's original, attractive, well-done in a professional manner. He uses almost any type of material - metal, wood, cork, aluminum, plastic, anything he can find to fit. And he shares his new-found knowledge and techniques; his brother Don's wife, the former Martha Lee Sherlock, whose people owned the old *Bellaire Daily Leader*, came under Tom's tutelage and now is much involved in three-dimensional work out in Corona, Calif. Tom gets valuable help from his wife Ruth with fine detailed stuff and with color hints.

**WHAT STARTED** out for Tom as therapy has become a profitable avocation, but he says that "although I've had great satisfaction from nearly everything I've made, none of the rewards has been more important to me than the therapy." Ultimately, he hopes to get into art therapy, which should be of equal satisfaction for him in which he undoubtedly will do well, having been over the route himself.

**TOM WAS** 20 years old when he started on the *Intell* as sports editor in 1937, moved after five and a half years to the *Zanesville Times-Recorder*, and in 1944 joined the *Citizen-Journal* sports staff, becoming its boss in 1948. He doesn't get back to Bellaire as often as he would like, but anytime he hears of anybody from Bellaire being anywhere close in Columbus, he's looking them up. In the 1950s, after he had become the top man on the *Citizen-Journal* sports desk and was handling Ohio State coverage and the pro baseball teams, he bumped into him one night at the Columbus Central High field where St. John's was playing Columbus Aquinas - he came out to cover the game just because he might meet somebody from his old home town. And to have been able to cover that, we think he had somebody else take the Ohio State game earlier that day.

August 26, 1974

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# Women Not Ruled Out

**NOTE TO** Ruth Westlake, whose well-reasoned comments on the ability of women occupied this space on Aug. 16: The Bellaire Board of Education in its current deliberations to appoint a successor to the late Robert E. Wehe does not rule out women per se from consideration; if a woman possesses the qualifications of ability, intelligence, time and fortitude which the position required, she will not be ignored. Intelligence and ability both are of neuter gender, board members feel, and neither falls within the sole province of either males or females. There are a great many women of varying ages with whom we have no desire to compete in the application of common sense and intelligence, and who have impressed us with their capability to hold any public office or do most any job that a man can do, and one of these women is Ruth Westlake who edits the *Times Leader* as well as anybody we've ever had and better than most.

**FROM MILLARD** Gress of RD 2, Bellaire, comes another welcome letter to note that a Backward Glance photo we carried on Aug. 20, showing Engine No. 8005, the last steam engine on the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railroad carrying coal out of the Neffs area, was taken by him, and he notes also that Mary Piatt, shown standing on the front of the locomotive, and who is now 86 years of age, is the daughter of a Confederate soldier who fought in the Civil War. Millard, who says he is 76 years of age and "not too well any more", has the memory of a young man, can recall happenings of days gone by, including a store his grandfather told him about meeting Jesse James after the outlaw had robbed a bank in Huntington, W. Va. Stay well and stay happy, Millard; we enjoy hearing from you.

**OUR BROTHER** Johnny, who is with the Ohio Department of Community and Economic Development, called recently to report that Charles Dankworth, whose job with the entertainment at the Ohio State Fair was the topic of a T-L story recently written by Bob Turbanic, has impressed all members of the state fair board with his ability and capability.

Charles got back in Columbus from studying at the University of Exeter in England this summer just in time to begin his third year at the fair. Among the more unusual problems he has encountered has been a bomb threat on the midway this year, and Charles persuaded the famed Johnny Cash to extend his show a half hour or so to keep people off the midway while the threat was checked out.

**THE PASSING** of George Scherrer, retired *Times-Leader* engraver who died last week at the age of 74, removes one more link with the Ohio Valley's musical past. It may not be an item of general public knowledge that George was an accomplished violinist, and in his younger days he performed with orchestras in several Wheeling theaters, when the pit band was an integral part of the entertainment in any theater which regarded itself as worthy of its salt. After he had ended his active performing days, he maintained his love of and interest in music with an extensive record collection of the best music ever written.

**MOST PEOPLE** associate the piano with the music for the silent moving pictures, but in the better theaters, the music was performed by a full orchestra, George recalled for us one time. The score came in with the delivery of the particular film, and was distributed to each member of the orchestra, which then conducted a quick run-through to become familiar with the cues. The musicians were so professional and so capable that on the nights of the showings, the music followed the action almost flawlessly. Minus the dimension of sound, which did not come to the movies until 1927, actors and actresses in the silents had to over-emote to get the message across, a method which people today, who didn't live in those times, find hilarious as they watch an old silent. The orchestra helped greatly to set the mood or the atmosphere of a particular scene, stirring emotions of tears or laughter or deep concentration, emotions as honest in their day as modern sound-color movies evoke today.

**WHEN HE CAME** to the *Times-Leader* as an engraver, George brought to his job the same professionalism he gave to his music, and helped to set the present high standard of news photo reproduction that marks the newspaper today. To us, personally, he brought friendship, and in the final analysis, maybe that's the best epitaph a man can leave behind, to have people remember him as a good and true friend.

September 9, 1974

# They Call Him 'Dr. Homer'

**HIS PEOPLE**, and they are legion, call him Dr. Homer, and they hardly ever use his last name of Ring, because when they say Dr. Homer, everybody knows who they're talking about. Dr. Homer, his wife, Fern, and his little black satchel came back to Bellaire in 1924, after he had finished his medical education, and he set up a practice that lasted for a half a century before he decided that it was time to close up the satchel, lock the door of his familiar office in the First National Bank building, and begin enjoying some of the things that he had been missing during all those years of a busy practice. No more spanking the bottoms of newborn babies, no more cutting into people's innards, no more sewing up accident victims, no more pulling some people back from the edge of death or watching some others slip over the brink no matter how hard he tried, no more long nights at somebody's bedside in a home or in a hospital.

**NO MORE** phone calls in the darkness and the hurried change from pajamas to street clothing, no more rushing through streets silent and deserted in the nights, no more wondering on the way whether it might be a close friend, but using all the accumulated skill from all those years no matter who it might be. No more responding to frightened mothers whose child had only a stomach ache, or to adults whose illnesses were more in the state of mind than in the body. Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, 365 days a year, for 50 years, whether the sun shone, the rain fell, the winds blew or the snow turned into ice. They were all the same, people needing help and Dr. Homer responding, laughter and tears, humor and tragedy, the fabric of what's happening. He is one of a disappearing breed, is Dr. Homer, the country doctor, the family doctor who was still coming to the house and who snatched a quick cup of coffee at the kitchen table before he rushed off to somebody else's house.

**WE HAD** really not known what kind of a man he was until a few years back when Leroy Nelson, a close friend, got fatally mashed up in an auto accident, and Jeannie was trying to help

Leroy's wife through those difficult days. One early morning Jeanne and Myrtle went into Leroy's hospital room, and there was Dr. Homer, sitting on the floor at the foot of the bed, in the half-world of being dog-tired when sleep and wakefulness slides in and out between each other. He had been there all night, and during those several days when Leroy, unknowing, hung between life and death, there was not a time that we went to the hospital that Dr. Homer was not somewhere around. When we commented on this to a nurse, she replied simply, "He's like that with all his patients; he's a hell of a man." The nurse was so right; Dr. Homer is all of that, and something more, and a lot of people who owe their lives and their well-beings to his knowledge regard his retirement with mixed emotions.

**THEY ARE** happy for him that he is getting finally the chance to do what he wants with his time, but they are regretting that he won't be answering their next professional call. Doctors are unusual and important people who spend their working time with other people's problems, and they necessarily must be possessed in great amounts of compassion, patience, knowledge, fortitude, tactfulness, physical endurance, a whole string of attributes seemingly beyond the reach or need of common men or women. All doctors must have all of these, but Dr. Homer seems to have more of each of these virtues than most. Dr. Homer may not be the greatest doctor in the world, but if there's anybody ahead of him, they had to break a record to get there. So, enjoy yourself, Dr. Homer, have a ball and do everything you wanted to do since 1924 but never had a chance to get around to it.

**SOME TIME** ago we had written here concerning the old days when Bellaire boasted a number of bands, one of which we listened to rehearsing in a house near the humpback railroad bridge at Crescent and Union Sts. when we were kids. Shadyside's Joe Manley, who grew up in Bellaire and who is an authority of sorts on the city's history, supplied the name of the man who lived in the house. He was Bill Dunn, who

played the bass horn. We had wondered how those men and those instruments could fit in that little house, and as big as a bass horn is, Bill was several times bigger, and he and the horn could fill that house by themselves. There was another band in town that you wouldn't believe, and if we can get to the right people, someday we'll write about that band. It was organized and led by Stokes Minnehand to provide musical support for the Bellaire High football team in the days before the Big Reds had organized a student band, and there was never a more motley crew, nor a more earnest, bunch of dyed-in-the-wool Bellaire fans than were those guys in Stokes' band. Even today, even being on the fringe of those days, we have a hard time believing that band.

**THE WAY** things are going, in the Ohio Valley's race for progress, the Ohio 7 relocation through Bellaire and the Civic Center in Wheeling are running neck-and-neck for last place.

September 16, 1974

# Remembering...

**RUSS WHITLATCH** spent the greater part of his adult life, and some of his teen years, in the coal mines, and he was involved deeply in affairs of the UMWA, mainly as president of Local 2262, and it may have been apropos that he was to die, in retirement, on the eve of what UMWA officials claim is the best contract the miners ever got from the industry. Russ was the fairest and most honest union official that we have ever encountered in our almost 40 years of newspaper work, and we came to admire and respect him not only as a union official but as a man whose strength of character overrode whatever personal likes or dislikes he was inclined to form in any particular given situation. When his union men were right, Russ would go to the gates of personal hell for them, and when they were wrong, he didn't hesitate to let them know it. Russ went to the mat in labor combat with district and national UMW leadership just as quickly as he collided with management, because he operated on the single standard that right was right and wrong was wrong, and he let no grays come in between.

**IF HE HAD** to compromise, you could bank on it that he would compromise on the side of right, and he never backed off from a battle. That was the way he lived his life, as a miner, as a union man, as a Mead Township trustee, as an unpaid member and willing worker in such worthwhile volunteer endeavors as the Salvation Army, the Red Cross, the Belmont County Child Welfare and Health Boards, and in dozens of other ways in which he gave of himself to make life around him a little better. There were union people before Russ Whitlatch, and there are and will be union people after him, but there won't be too many coming along like him. We are grateful that we had the opportunity to know Russ Whitlatch, and we are sorry that he couldn't have stayed around much longer.

**THERE WAS** another obituary last week that disturbed us also. Sarah Pulito, the wife of Dom Pulito, a Bellaire native who is with the Ohio Department of Liquor Control, died in Columbus, where she and Dom lived most of the

time but always managed to get back frequently to nurture their Bellaire roots. We remember Sarah when she was a little blond-haired girl around 26th St. when we were teens, and we came to know her later after her marriage to Dom. They suited each other perfectly, Sarah and Dom, and they had a happy life together, sharing the good times and the bad times. Their home in Columbus was always open to anybody from Bellaire who happened to be in the neighborhood, and their welcome was both warm and sincere. Nobody lives forever, but there are some people we'd like to see have a shot at it, and Sarah Pulito was one of them.

**BELLAIRE'S** Tom Keys, who is the sports editor of the *Columbus Citizen-Journal*, did a special article in one of Ohio State's football programs this fall on his most exciting memories of the Buckeyes in action during his 30 years of covering OSU. Dick Danford gave us a copy of the article, and one of the games which Tom recalled was the 1944 win over Michigan which gave OSU its first unbeaten and untied season since 1916, and one of the players that Tom mentions in his recollection of that game was Tom Keane, another Bellaire product who is presently on the Miami Dolphin pro coaching staff and who coached the Wheeling Ironmen. It may interest some of Bellaire's old-timers to note that in addition to Tom Keane with the Dolphins and Nick Skorich with the Browns, Bellaire has another contribution to pro football coaching, John McVay, whose Memphis Southmen will be in the WFL playoffs. He is the son of Atty. John McVay, who practiced law in Bellaire before his death years ago in an auto accident.

**IF YOUR** name is Johnson, you may be getting a letter from the Nationwide Abandoned Property Recovery Agency, Inc. that for a \$15 process fee the company will research whether you're entitled to any part of an unclaimed bank account of the same generic surname which has been turned over to the state. Shirley Johnson of the Neighborhood Services office in the

Bellaire city building got such a letter, and not remembering offhand any rich relative, contacted the Ohio Consumer Protection Agency concerning the legitimacy. The agency advised her to proceed with caution, especially about sending \$15, and informed Shirley that 500 such letters were distributed in Xenia alone. Periodically, unclaimed bank accounts are required to be reported to the state. Shirley thinks it would be very nice to come into some unexpected money, but she also doesn't want to lose \$15 in an unsuccessful venture.

**NOT THAT** you need any more object lessons in what's happening to money, but we do offer this one: A couple of weeks ago, cigarette manufacturers announced that they'd be increasing the price of a carton of cigarettes by five cents, and now at some retail outlets, the hike has ballooned from five cents to 18 cents and more, and it's even steeper in the vending machines; that may do more to stop smoking than the Surgeon General and the Cancer Society combined... We had a very nice note from Mary Fitton's very nice brother Clark, who lives in Weirton; we always enjoy hearing from Clark... We're happy also to know that when Kroger's decided to move Kenny Green from the Bellaire store, he wasn't moved very far, only to Martins Ferry, which pleased us because Kenny is a nice guy, and it's good to have him around.

November 18, 1974

**MUXIE DISTRIBUTING**  
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# 'Over the River and Through the Woods. . .'

"OVER THE river and through the woods, to grandmama's house we go, the horse knows the way to carry the sleigh, through the white and drifting snow...". In those other years, before education became so formal and so IBM-ized that was the song that children in school sang for the weeks before Thanksgiving, and on the blackboards in colored chalks the teachers and the kids drew pictures of the horse and the sleigh and grandmama's house and the turkeys, and they dotted with white chalk the falling snow, and when they sang the song, they could really feel the chill of the late November wind, the snowflakes turning from white to wet on their tingling faces, and they could really hear the soft clip-clop of the horse's hooves on the loose snow, the quiet steady swish of the iron runners against the whitened road, the jingle of the bells on the harness. They could feel these things and read these things even though few if any of them had ever ridden in a sleigh, so stirred were their imaginations when they sang the song.

WE NEVER rode in a sleigh to grandmama's house, because grandmama lived with us, but we felt the snow and the wind and we heard the horses and the bells, and it was a warm, wonderful feeling that lasted almost through the whole of November. Our family ate meals at the table in the kitchen, but on Thanksgiving we had dinner at the table in the living room, which for most of the year served only as a place to do homework, and there was a white table cloth, with lace, and the good dishes, and we had chicken and duck, the duck being a concession to our dad who thought Thanksgiving dinner ought to include a duck, but he ate some of the chicken also. The kitchen stove was right beside the kitchen sink and next to the cupboard where mom kept the things she needed to cook with, and the icebox was directly across the kitchen from the stove. That icebox was a particular and everlasting problem that got us more flap from our parents than most anything else.

THERE WAS a compartment at the top where you put the block of ice, and there was a drain pipe leading from

the compartment down the inside of the back of the icebox, and you had to put a pan under the icebox at the end of the drain pipe to catch the melting water. The bottom of the icebox was about four or five inches from the floor to accommodate the pan, and on the front was a wooden board on hinges which lifted up to let the pan in, and then dropped down to hide the pan from view. It also kept you from seeing how full the pan was getting unless you knelt down and opened the flap, and this was the cause of our trouble. We kids had the job of emptying the pan, and we never got around to that chore until the pan got full to the point of spilling over, and the rivulet of water ran out from under the hinged flap and across the kitchen floor, and then when you tried to pull the overflowing pan from under the icebox, it slopped over in big waves and the whole kitchen was inundated, and that's when the parental flap began.

THERE WERE times when we hated that icebox with a passion, those times when we forgot to empty the pan before the crisis, and the times when we had to go to Koehnline's ice plant over on the river bank and lug back the block of ice with an ice tong, about two and a half city blocks. We might not have nurtured that hate so much if we had the foresight then to know that now antique dealers are paying in the hundreds of dollars for those kinds of iceboxes in good condition. But it belittles us some to realize that those old iceboxes are now worth more to some people than we are. Anyway, on Thanksgiving morning, no matter what the temperature outside, the kitchen was warm with all the cooking and the baking, and it smelled wonderful.

IN THE living room, the coal fire in the grate was burning, and if you sat on the side of the table next to the grate, your back was pretty well toasted by the time the meal was over. That grate fire was another of our problems. We kids had to bring in the coal in a bucket from the coal pile at the end of the yard by the alley, and we had to take out the ashes in that same bucket. It seemed then like such a burdensome chore that we never

got around to shoveling up the ashes into the bucket until they were spilling way out onto the hearth and endangering the living room rug. Then every once in a while the updraft shot sparks showering out the top of the chimney like a Fourth of July fountain, and one of the more successful ways to put out the burning soot was to throw salt up the chimney above the flames. At night, before you went to bed, you loaded the fire with new coal, then shoveled the ashes onto the top of the new coal so that throughout the night the coal didn't burn, just smoldered somewhat, and in the morning you stirred up the red embers and dumped more coal into the grate. By then the room was cold - there wasn't much heat coming from the banked fire during the night - and if you had forgotten the night before to cover the fire with ashes, you almost froze while you got the new fire started, putting in first a bed of old newspapers, then the coal on top, maybe some wood if you had been that providential, then you lit the papers at the bottom and hoped that the fire would catch.

THAT WAS Thanksgiving and winter at our house, and probably at your house if you are as ancient as us, and if you are, you have pretty much the same memories. It was nice and it was tough, it was good and it was bad sometimes, it was happy and it was sad, and probably we get more pleasure in remembering than we did in the actual living of those times.

FRANCIS WALLACE told us some years ago that everybody is young in their right time, and your children and your grandchildren are storing away right now memories that they will recall with much pleasantness in years to come. So, have a real happy Thanksgiving - we intend to - and may your turkey be excellent, your football team win, and your cup runneth over.

November 18, 1974

**BELLAIRE KIWANIS CLUB**  
"Achieve By Believing"



# For the Edification of Some of the Younger Generation. . .

**FOR THE** edification of some of the younger generation who have asked what Shadyside's John Murray meant about "backhouses", and at the same time begging your pardon for broaching what might be considered an indelicate subject, what used to be a backhouse is referred to today as an outdoor "john." The call of nature being what it is, from time immemorial the human race had to improvise conveniences in the days before flush toilets housed in porcelain commodes, and when we were kids these conveniences were called backhouses. Ours sat at the end of the yard bordering on Cherry Alley between 26th and 27th Sts., and it had two holes on the seat inside the shed-like structure. Toilet paper had not yet come into common usage, and torn-up newspapers or sheets ripped out of the Sears and Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues, or any other piece of paper which would lend itself comfortably to the task usually hung on nails beside the seat.

**FROM THE** back porch to backhouse the yard ran for about 50 feet or so, and in the three seasons of the year, spring, summer and fall, the trip to the backhouse was not all that bad. But in the winter, when the snow piled up in the yard or the brickwalk was iced up and the bitter wind searched for and found the cracks in between the boards of the shed, necessity had to be almost overwhelming to force the trip from the warm house to the end of the yard. On those occasions it was a very quick trip indeed, and nobody remained any longer than he had to, leafing through the catalogues while waiting for nature's call to be accomplished. If you tarried too long to leave the house in responding to that call, and you had to make it to the backhouse in a hurry, the trip along the bricks of the walk could add another dimension of peril to the experience when the ice was on the ground. Periodically, the backhouses had to be cleaned out, and the men who performed this job for a stipulated fee were called "honey-dippers", which also is an indelicate, if facetious, term.

**THESE MEN** worked at night, and we can recall in the wee small hours of the morning hearing their wagons creaking along the streets, red lanterns hanging from the rear, and in our memory they seem to be shadowy figures without sum or substance moving through the darkness. Where they eventually disposed of what they were hauling away we never did know. But they fulfilled an essential public service, just as the backhouses of those days also were essential, and in their form were the best that could be devised, until somebody came along to invent the flush toilet. There was another what probably would be considered an indelicacy attached to the theory of the backhouse, and that was the chamber pot that was used inside the house when nature came calling during the night. Depending upon the financial status of a particular family, the style of the chamber pot ran the range from plain to ornate, and all had lids to meet the demands of sanitation.

About the only place that you will find the chamber pot today is in antique stores, and the price is a lot more than was paid originally for this indispensable piece of household furnishing.

**ALTHOUGH THE** chamber pot, which was known also by a more earthy name, was a nighttime convenience of greatly desirable proportion, it could become a critical daytime problem if a person waited too long to carry it out through the house and down through the yard to the backhouse for emptying, and at times the chamber pot created more tension than any other bit of household furnishing, holding as it did the inherent possibilities of disaster on those occasions when ice and snow made the trip to the backhouse a treacherous undertaking. In looking back on what responding to the call of nature entailed in those days in the ordinary household, the invention of the flush toilet for inside the home might be considered a most forward step for civilization.

**THE BACK YARD** that stretched from the back porch to the alley was a very adaptable area that lent itself variously to being a flower garden,

a vegetable garden, a football field, a baseball diamond, a boxing ring, a place for piling wood and coal, or for any other purpose that human ingenuity and imagination could devise. One time, on the door of the backhouse, we drew in chalk a boy with a baseball bat in his hand standing beside home plate, and we marked in the strike zone and for hours on end we practiced our pitching techniques, using a tennis ball, but when we went to the mound in a regular kid game using a real baseball, usually one wrapped in black friction tape because the seams had been ripped, the real ball didn't perform like the tennis ball and we had to get off the mound to save our life from the line drives being rifled by the batters through the pitcher's box.

**WE LINED** the yard like a football field with flour we had sneaked out from the flour mill in the kitchen cupboard, and we ran for uncounted three-yard touchdowns through the opposition of our brothers who were younger and smaller. One time after we got a set of boxing gloves for Christmas we built a boxing ring of poorly anchored pieces of wood and used Mom's clothes line for ring ropes, and we invited down to fight a boy named Johnny Velt, from Brewery Hill, who promptly whipped the tar out of us, and only the fact that our dog Pepper took after him saved our lives, but the good thing that came out of that particular battle was that Johnny Velt, who is now a production supervisor for Wheeling-Pittsburgh Steel, became a close part of the rest of our life and whose friendship we have treasured all the years. We couldn't foresee that, back then at the age of nine or ten with blood running out of our nose and tears running out of our eyes, but it did happen that way, and we're eternally grateful for it.

December 16, 1974

# Bathing in a Washtub. . .

**SOME OF THE** younger generation who have grown up with inside bathrooms and hot and cold running water were properly edified to learn about the importance and the problems of backhouses in the days before the inside flush toilet, but others of the younger generation had another reaction - if there were no inside toilets and no hot and cold water bathtubs, how did people take baths in those days? It was really simple - you took a bath in a washtub, usually in the kitchen. A plain ordinary washtub that your mother washed clothes in, a round metal tub about a yard in diameter and about two feet deep, with handles on each side so that you could carry it, unfilled of course, to wherever it was to be used for whatever purpose. In our house, we bathed in the kitchen, putting the tub on the floor in the space between the kitchen sink, which had only cold water in the tap, and the stove, on which was a kettle of hot water.

**BOTH THE** sink and the stove were within arm's reach of the washtub on the floor. You heated a couple of kettles of water and poured them into the tub, then you took the empty kettle, filled it with cold water from the kitchen sink, and poured that into the tub, as many kettles full as it took to bring the bath water to the desired temperature. Then you took your bath, usually with Ivory Soap, the big bar that could be broken in half. But first you pulled the blinds down on the kitchen windows, locked the back door leading outside to the porch, and shut the door, which had no lock, leading from the kitchen into the living room. While you were taking your bath, the water slopped over the edge of the tub onto the kitchen floor, and you knew you had to clean that up, too, after you finished. You also kept a towel handy, not only to dry off but for hiding behind during the frequent emergencies. The kitchen was an integral part of any home, and attracted a very large volume of traffic. There was always somebody needing to get into the kitchen when you were taking a bath. There would be a knock on the door of the living room, the shouted warning, "Coming through", so you jumped up in the tub and grabbed the

towel and hid behind it, dripping soapy water, until whoever it was had accomplished whatever mission had brought him or her into the kitchen, while you urged them to "hurry up."

**THESE TRIPS** to the kitchen by sundry people seemed to occur with more frequency than usual when you were taking a bath, and every time you jumped up to grab the towel, more water sloshed over the side of the tub onto the floor, and it made the floor so slippery that you had to be very careful when you finished your bath and stepped out of the tub. If it were in winter, the stove didn't throw all that much heat to keep you warm and the hot water cooled more quickly, so you shivered a lot while you bathed. And in summer, with the doors and windows closed of a necessity during the bath time, it was hot, and you sweated, and when you were finished, all that perspiration made you feel like you hadn't bathed at all. But the real crisis came when you had finished bathing, and you had to empty the water into the kitchen sink. There were two ways to do this; you either took a cooking pan and dipped the water out of the tub and poured it into the sink, or you lifted the tub entire and dumped all in the sink at once. Covering the sink drain was a round piece of metal about three inches in diameter, with holes in it, but there weren't enough holes nor was the drain pipe big enough to carry off all the water when you emptied the tub entire, and the agitation of the water caused more soapy bubbles, so that all too often the sink spilled over, adding to the mess on the floor.

**SO THEN** you had to get the mop and mop it up, wringing out the mop by hand in the sink a couple of times before you got the floor respectably dry, and then your hands and arms were dirty and you had to wash them off under the spigot, and there was water splashing and you were wet again. Until you got the kitchen floor cleared of that soapy water with the application of the mop, you were in mortal peril of slipping on the mess and busting your head against the sink or the stove of the kitchen table,

which sat at the tip of the triangle formed by these three pieces of kitchen furniture, each about equi-distant from the other and none allowing very much space in between in which to maneuver. Any every once in a while, while you sat cramped up in that washtub trying to bathe and contemplating the problems you were going to have when you emptied the tub, you would see a trickle of wear begin rolling along the floor from under the icebox across the kitchen and opposite the tub, and you knew that you had to empty not only the washtub but that overflowing pan catching the melting water from the ice, and there were times when you got the feeling that life wasn't really all that worth putting up with.

January 13, 1975

**WTRF CHANNEL 7**  
**Wheeling, West Virginia**

# 'Brickyard' in Big Leagues, 'Perk' in Bellaire

ON A RECENT NBC Game of the Week telecast, Joe Garigiola made a reference to "Brickyard" Kennedy, which brought from broadcasting mate Tony Kubek a blank, "Who's he?" to which Garigiola replied, "An old-time Brooklyn pitcher; he's in the record book." And so he is in the record book, this William Kennedy who was called "Brickyard" in the big leagues, and "Perk" back home in Bellaire. Wheeling's Ted English, a former baseball player and a baseball historian, claims that Kennedy should have been in the Baseball Hall of Fame years ago, and Ted has put together enough statistical information on Kennedy's dozen years in the old National League between 1892 and 1903. Kennedy, who was born in Bellaire on Oct. 7, 1868, and who came back to Bellaire to die on Sept. 27, 1915, joined the Brooklyn Nationals, later the Dodgers, in 1892, stayed with Brooklyn for 10 years, pitched for the New York Nationals in 1902, and ended his career with Pittsburgh in 1903.

DURING THOSE dozen years, Kennedy pitched in 376 games, winning 184 and losing 162, and with a little bit of luck could have had eight consecutive 20-game seasons between 1893 and 1900, and this was in competition with a passel of old-timers who are in the Hall of Fame. As it was, he won 25 in 1893, and for the next seven years won 24, 19, 15, 19, 16, 18 and 22. He pitched against, and won as often as he lost, legendary pitchers and Hall of Famers such as Mordecai Brown, Jack Chesbro, Christy Mathewson, Joe McGinty, Rube Waddell and Cy Young, and he threw against such hitters as Hall of Famers Roger Bresnahan, Buck Ewing, Wilbert Robinson, Cap Anson, Nap Lajoie, Jess Burkett, Willie Keeler, John McGraw, Connie Mack, and a host of others. With Pittsburgh in 1903, Kennedy lost the fifth game of the World Series to Boston, although he shut them out for five innings, and it wasn't all that bad a performance, for he was throwing against the man regarded as the greatest pitcher of all time, Cy Young.

THAT WAS Kennedy's last recorded game in the big league. He was beginning to develop a sore

shoulder that wouldn't heal, and at the end of the 1903 season, he came back to Bellaire to stay. Behind him in the big league he left quite a record; he pitched 3,201 innings, compiled a 3.96 earned run average, had 797 strikeouts and 1,201 walks, gave up 3,276 hits. He had been the top Brooklyn pitcher for seven straight years, and like Garigiola said, he's in the book; you can look him up. But what he needed, in addition to a strong arm, was a press agent to get him into the Hall of Fame; he was just as good as most and better than some of the old-timers whose plaques are in the hall at Cooperstown, and maybe somebody in the National League front office will check his record.

PERK KENNEDY was a baseball player in the classic mold. His statistical record is in the big league book; but there were a number of things he did which didn't get in the book, but which are part of the legend of baseball when the game was played for fun instead of big salaries, and people regarded baseball players as oddities. There was the time in 1894, when Kennedy left the Brooklyn team for a peculiar but sincere reason. Back in his home state of Ohio, big business became inordinately involved in Ohio politics, creating discontent among the less well-off, and labor troubles began to develop. Jacob S. Coxey decided something had to be done, so he organized a march on Washington, D. C., to demand the federal government to do something about conditions in Ohio. The march was a mob affair, undisciplined but determined, and Kennedy believed so firmly that something ought to be done that he left the Brooklyns and joined Coxey on the march.

FOR THREE days he trudged along with the marchers; legends grew from the affair, and when we were raw recruits in the Army in 1941, a drill sergeant who was trying to teach us left foot from right foot finally yelled in exasperation, "You-all look like Coxey's Army", because Coxey's Army had come to mean a mob trying to get somewhere. Anyway, after three days Kennedy showed up at the Brooklyn ball park with

the explanation, "My feet got tired and blistered; playing baseball's easier." One time the Brooklyns came to Pittsburgh, and again Kennedy left the team to come home to Bellaire for a visit, and when the Brooklyns finally located him, he was tending bar in one of the Union St. saloons. There also is a story of a big league ball game he lost 1-0 that had to be one of the most unusual incidents in big league history. With a runner on base, one of Kennedy's pitches got by the catcher and rolled into a rat hole in the backstop behind home plate, and by the time the catcher dug out the ball, the runner had scored.

OUR OWN FAMILY had a story about Kennedy that we remember mother telling us when we were kids. Before Kennedy went to the big leagues, and was playing sandlot baseball around Bellaire, the catcher, who had no glove, stood well back behind home plate and caught the ball on a bounce. An uncle of ours, Maurice Geary, who died before we were born, tried to catch Kennedy close up and got a split hand for his efforts. When Perk Kennedy came back to Bellaire to stay after the 1903 season, he didn't leave baseball. He became the manager of the Bellaire Athletic Club, which played its games at the old 16th St. Field, and Bellaire's Joe Mack, now retired and a pretty good baseball player in his young days, remembers Kennedy as a kind, gentle man of considerable intelligence. Joe was a kid working the concession stand at the field when Kennedy gave him a chance to play the outfield for the team, which included players who had been minor leaguers. The shortstop didn't show up for one game, and Mack, then 15, persuaded Kennedy to let him try. Joe did pretty well, but on one grounder, with a man on first and a shot at a double play, he fielded the ball cleanly, then threw low to second. The second baseman, who didn't want any 15-year-old kids playing beside him took the one-hop throw and it got away from him. When the side was retired, Joe headed for the bench, expecting to get criticism for the throw, but instead Kennedy looked straight at the second baseman, and said, "If you ever do that again, I'm going to take you out of this ball park by myself." Later, Kennedy told Joe he had seen the second baseman deliberately position his hands so that the throw would get by him. 6/2/75

# Special Wedding Anniversary

**IN THE NORMAL** routine of things, a 35th wedding anniversary is not all that unusual, for a considerable number of couples manage to survive the daily and sometimes abrasive personal contact of marriage and eventually reach not only 35 but 40 and 45 and 50 and sometimes even 60 years of comparative wedded bliss, but there was a 35th wedding anniversary Saturday night which concerned us directly, and which to our regret neither Jeanne nor I was in attendance. We were that night camping on the south rim of the Grand Canyon, along with Bellaire's Kenny Perigloisi, the Belmont County deputy sheriff who is making his first trip west of Evansville, Ind. We had driven that afternoon through the Painted Desert and Petrified Forest before we left Route 66 to turn right on the road that threads straight north through the tall trees of the Kaibab National Forest to reach the Canyon rim, and all day both Jeanne and I were thinking of John and Mary Capabiano Velt and their 35th wedding anniversary that night in the W. E. Stone Clubhouse at the Wheeling Park pool, an anniversary party arranged by their three boys, Mike, Danny and Bruce.

**WHEN JOHN** Velt, whose nickname was Tarzan when we were growing up, and Mary Capabiano were married in 1940, I was their best man, a debatable appellation which has only form to sustain or justify it, and as we knelt at the altar, Tarzan and Mary and a girl named Janie who was the maid of honor, there was a wondering surprise in the back of my mind that this was happening, and a nagging sense, too, that something somehow was ending in our lives, Tarzan's and mine. The two of us had been more or less free spirits together for a large number of years; we had met when we were eight or nine years-of-age, the day I challenged him to a boxing match and he gave me a stern and hurtful lesson, and from then on we were close friends, founded on mutual interests of playing kid softball and football and basketball, and trading back and forth the Burt L. Standish paperbacks portraying the never-say-die and virtue-triumphant deeds of Frank and Dick Merriwell. We could hardly wait until the 1

latest Merriwell book - Standish must have written a million of them - got on the shelves at the old City Newsstand, and we saved our pennies and nickles to have the 15 cents per copy clutched in our little sweaty, grimy hands.

**IN THE DAYS** of the Great Depression, both of us, just out of high school, were too old to go junking as we were able to do a few years before, and we spent a lot of time loafing at the Belmont and the City Restaurants because even grown men with families had trouble finding jobs, and we played softball with teams around Belliare, which led us to our first real jobs, at the old Laughlin tin mill in Martins Ferry. Bob Latimer was the timekeeper, and he also managed the Wolfhurst softball team, and when we went to play with Wolfhurst, Bob got us jobs pulling stickers on the opening floor at 24 cents an hour. We rode daily to the mill on the street car; I got on at 26th St., promptly fell asleep, Tarzan got on at 32nd St., sat down beside me and also promptly went to sleep, and in Bridgeport, where we had to change to the Martins Ferry car, the conductor woke us up. When we got on the car to Ferry, we went back to sleep, and woke up when the streetcar reached the mill gate, the end of its run. There was one irascible old conductor who kept threatening not to wake us up in Bridgeport, but we didn't take that personal because he was always mad at everything and everybody. The road between Bellaire and Bridgeport along which the car tracks ran and sometimes crossed was narrow, and he kept stomping on the foot-operated bell, clanging at autos or whatever else was in his way, muttering and mumbling his displeasure at the world in general and the people in it.

**WHEN WE** attained the appropriate age, much more in years than now, we began to notice there was a difference between boys and girls, a very pleasant difference, and that's when we began going to the dances at the White Palace in Wheeling Park and the Air Castle above the Capitol Theater, where the bands of Niles Carp and Earl Summers were playing, and it was at one

of the White Palace dances that Tarzan met Mary. Very few people took dates to the dances; the guys came with their bunch and the girls came with their group, Mary with her friends from her home neighborhood down around the Bloch Brothers tobacco factory in Wheeling. By that time both of us had left Laughlin because the mill closed down, and Tarzan was working at the Benwood mill and I was with the old *Daily Times* in Martins Ferry. The thing between Tarzan and Mary sort of sneaked up on me; he was missing infrequently at first and more frequently as time goes on, from those nights at the Belmont and the City, nights that sometimes stretched into the daylight hours because the late Godfrey Schramm, who was playing trumpet in the bands around here, kept wanting us to stay and hear "one more time" Bunny Berigan or Sonny Dunham on the juke box.

**SO ALL AT** once the four of us were kneeling at the altar, and nothing would ever be the same again. Not too long after that I went into the Army, and before all of that was over, I wasn't a free spirit anymore either. I met Jeanne in Richmond, Va., we got married during the war, and when I went overseas, Jeanne and our first-born Jimmy came to Bellaire to live, a strange and unnerving experience for her, coming to a place about which she knew nothing, but Tarzan and Mary picked up the thread of our long friendship, took Jeanne under their wing, and smoothed out the transition period for her. That they did that for Jeanne is probably the greatest debt that I owe them, and for that and for all their kindnesses and their true friendship over the long years, our regret at missing their anniversary party in the grand style, and I'm ready to admit that he, not I, was the best man at the wedding.

September 2, 1975

# 'Mellerdrama'

**BELLAIRE'S** Wes Morgan, now retired from Wheeling-Pittsburgh Steel, grew up in and around Ravenswood, W. Va., where the *Cincinnati Post* was the leading newspaper, and from those boyhood days, Wes recalls the *Post* doing a number of stories on Pearl Bryant, whose unfortunate demise was the basis of a parody on the song, "The Band Played On." When we mentioned here a couple of weeks back that doomed lady, it nudged a memory of those *Post* stories for Wes, and he has filled us in on what we didn't know about Pearl Bryant. We don't want to seem unduly taken with the macabre of these columns, but the letter we received from Wes might intrigue you as it did us, in that Pearl Bryant's tragic story evidently was pure old-fashioned "mellerdrammer" in the classic city slicker-country girl tradition of those bygone days.

**IT WAS THE** custom then for songwriters to put true-life stories to ballads, which was done with such old standards as Casey Jones, Wreck of the Old 97, Wreck of the Shenandoah, and the one about Floyd Collins trapped in a cave in Kentucky and the heroic but fruitless days-long effort to reach him before he died. Pearl Bryant got the same musical treatment, and her story was immortalized, at least for a while, on the old phonograph records of the time. So, we give you Wes Morgan's letter:

"**THIS IS** in no way complete, but just what I can recall of the story and song written about Pearl Bryant. The story, I believe, appeared in the *Cincinnati Post* many years ago, and the part of the song that I know, which is not to the tune of 'The Band Played On,' but was a ballad that I must have learned from an old recording. As I recall, Pearl Bryant was a country girl living in the hills of Kentucky. Her parents sent her away to school in Cincinnati, where she met and fell in love with a medical student whose father was the owner of a large shoe manufacturing concern. The boy evidently promised marriage, and as a result she responded to his advances and became pregnant. The boy, it appeared, had no intentions of marrying the girl in

the first place, and in the second place, such a marriage would be degrading to his family's social standing.

**'HE TOLD HIS** story to two other medical students, and together they decided to perform an abortion on Pearl. This plan was carried out, and of course, resulted in her death. How the body was disposed of I don't recall, and apparently what words I know of the song are not complete either, but it appears the operation was performed in Kentucky, and the body, or part of it, was taken to Cincinnati. Maybe some of your other readers will be able to fill in the missing parts. The name of the man in the song is, I seem to remember, the combined names of all three of the medical students involved. The part of the song I know goes as follows:

"**THE MOON WAS** shining brightly, the stars were shining too, and in Pearl Bryant's dwelling, was Lynscott Jackson Drew; Said he, 'Pearl, let us wander into the woods away, There let us watch and wander until the wedding day;' Deep, deep into the forest he led poor Pearl astray, Poor Pearl, she then grew weary, said, 'Let's retrace our way'; Retrace your way, no, never, no more this world your own, So bid farewell to loved ones, and the dear old cottage home; I know you'll wait my coming, at the dear old cottage door; We know not how she suffered, or pleaded for her life, but in her snow white bosom, he sank the fatal knife."

**A LADY FROM** Shadyside stopped in at the office last week, and was disturbed by the fact that we had no story involving an act of help which two juveniles had rendered to Bellaire police, and her complaint was that when juveniles are involved in criminal acts, they are publicized, but too often the good that they do passes unheralded. In a way, she was right. In this particular instance, the police had no case, so the investigation was dropped and the boys didn't get any sort of commendation. The two boys told police that they had witnessed one man knock another man down and take his wallet at 33rd and

Belmont Sts. Later, a man did call at police headquarters and complained that his wallet, with \$500, had been stolen by a man whom he named. As police worked on the case, the alleged assailant called police headquarters and claimed that he had been all that evening in a tavern, in the company of, of all people, the victim's wife.

**SHE NOT ONLY** backed up his story, but also told police that she had her husband's money. As so often happens, police had spent a couple of hours on an investigation which came to a deadend and left them without basis on which to file any charge. So that's why the two boys didn't get any recognition for their alertness, but not only Bellaire police but police everywhere wish there were more people like these two youngsters who would come forward with information they may have on any crime, for all law enforcement agencies need the help of citizens many times in the constant fight against crime.

January 19, 1976

**MELLOTT AUTO PARTS**  
Francis E. Mellott, Owner  
Bellaire, Shadyside, and Powhatan

# Frank Not Completely Out of the Picture

**BELLAIRE'S FRANK** Vannelle is bowing out of the Belmont County Board of Elections after a quarter-century as a board member, and much of that as board chairman, and we personally regret his going, because over the years he has helped us immeasurably during those long nights of covering the twice-a-year elections. The board office in the First National Bank building in Bellaire is a hectic place on election nights, but Frank always found the time for us media people to answer questions, explain developments, and analyze trends, and he was rarely in error, which made him so valuable to us. Through association, we have learned much about politics and about elections and about people from Frank, and for that we won't ever be able to repay him.

**BUT FRANK** won't be completely out of the picture, for he is continuing in his post as chairman of the Belmont County Democrat Committee, a position which he also has held for a great many years, and he still will be around the board office on election nights, and the only difference will be that on those nights he'll be dishing it out instead of taking it the way he had to when he was a board member. Frank's fondest memory of his satisfying years in politics has to be the 1948 Presidential campaign when Democrat Harry S. Truman, running for reelection, grasped "victory from the jaws of defeat," as the cliché goes, in the early morning hours of the next day.

**PEOPLE UNDER** the age of 50 who know the story of Truman's victory over Republican Tom Dewey that year are few and far between, and are either history majors or political science majors who had to study it in school, but most people over 50 know it well, for they lived it. One of the top news pictures of that year showed Truman holding a copy of the *Chicago Tribune* with a big bold headline that Dewey had won, and a big blowup of that picture hangs prominently in the Truman Memorial Library in Independence, Mo. *The Tribune* had gone to press with that headline about midnight, when Dewey held a commanding lead.

A lot of people who had gone to bed throughout the nation about that same time after listening all evening to the election returns on radio had that same impression, and it was a shocked and surprised nation that woke up the next morning to learn that Truman miraculously had pulled it out.

**A FILM AT** the Truman Library - and if you ever get anywhere near Independence you ought to visit it, no matter what your political preferences are - tells the story of how Truman did it. In the early morning hours there were four states yet to report in, and Ohio was one of them. Three of the four states reported, and Dewey still led slightly, but then Ohio came in about four in the morning, and from the Buckeye State Truman got just enough votes to put him back in the White House for another four years.

**THE NATION** didn't know it at that time, nor did the Truman campaign headquarters, but it was Belmont County, in the final analysis, which tipped the scales for HST. The voting count was long and tedious that night, and as Ohio's counties reported their totals, Dewey held onto a slight lead. According to Frank, he had been listening at the election board to the reports coming out of Columbus, to where the counties were phoning in their results, and he had been checking, also by phone, around the state with other county Democratic chairmen and with party politicians he knew, and he had a fairly accurate idea of how the state count was shaping up. There was no doubt from the beginning of the count how Belmont County would go; since around 1920 the county has been Democratic, and Frank knew the Belmont vote was in Truman's pocket.

**FRANK'S FLAIR** for the dramatic took over. He purposely stalled the county's report to Columbus until all of the other 87 counties had reported in, with Dewey still leading slightly, and then he let the county report go, showing a 10,000-vote margin for Truman, and that swung Ohio into the Democratic column, and thus swung the nation.

**IT DIDN'T** take Truman very long to find out what had happened, and when Frank and his wife Nat went to Washington for Truman's inauguration and were introduced as being from Belmont County, the President remarked, "That's the county that elected me." There also is a story behind how Belmont County turned Democratic over a half-century ago. The state never always used the Massachusetts ballot which it uses today, and the ballot then in use was divided into sections by party, with the Democrat column topped by the figure of a rooster in a circle, and the Republican column topped by an eagle, and a voter could vote for all candidates of one party simply by marking an X in the respective circle. Up until about 1920, Belmont County was Republican, but around that time the county also was beginning to get a large segment of naturalized immigrants who couldn't read English as yet.

**DEMOCRAT LEADERS** began working on this group of residents, with considerable success in painting the Democrats as the "party of the people," and although the residents couldn't read the names of the Democrat candidates, they could easily recognize the rooster, and there they placed their X, with the result that Belmont County changed in a few years from Republican to Democrat, and there it has stayed mostly down through the years, even though the rooster has disappeared and hardly anybody can't read.

February 9, 1976

# Maybe, Another Long, Hot Summer

**THE PEOPLE** who don't care much about the new law requiring those young men in the 19-20 year age grouping to register have promised a "long, hot summer," and oddly enough, most of those who are out front shouting are familiar names and figures from the 1960s when they were demonstrating against almost everything, but mostly the Vietnam War, and are too old for the registration anyway. It is not sufficient for them that the federal administration explains registration doesn't mean a peacetime draft, which would have to be authorized by more Congressional legislation; what is sufficient for them is a cause, any cause, it seems. For the most part, the 19 and 20 year olds we know aren't much exercised about having to register, and aren't planning to march up and down in front of our post offices come July 21, the beginning date, and most of them will sign on the dotted line sometime between then and Aug. 2. So it's debatable that we will see this summer a rerun of the 1960s. We don't remember any rioting in the streets in 1940 when the nation conducted its largest-ever peacetime draft; most of the guys went quietly to their signup points, and when they got the draft card, they put it in their wallets and waited for what eventually did happen.

**WHAT HAPPENED** actually was a reaffirmation of the American's natural instinct to defend his country when the time comes. What is happening now, and happened in Korea and Vietnam, is that the United States will never be able to fight successfully an aggressive war, and the history of the country bears that out. Not every American-to-be in 1776 was convinced that the soon-to-be nation had to fight the English, and a lot of them didn't, and a lot of those who did went back home as soon as their enlistment periods were up, some right in the middle of a battle of a campaign. They fought the War of 1812 because the British invaded America and burned the White House. There wasn't that kind of a response, however, to the Mexican War in the late 1840s because a lot of them believed the United States had no business going to war with Mexico. Abraham Lincoln was one of those who so believed, and on the floor of the national House of Representa-

tives he flat out said so. He remembered that when he became President, so he conned the South into firing the first shot at Fort Sumter because that would have to be what it took for the men of the North to flood the enlistment centers. Thirty years later the Spanish had to sink the battleship *Maine* to start a war.

**TWENTY YEARS** later, there was no unanimity of spirit until the *Luisitania* was torpedoed by the Germans, and it was another almost-similar period of time before the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor to get us into War II. We took into Korea no burning anger over an affront to the flag, and that was repeated to a greater degree in Vietnam, probably the two most unpopular wars in which the nation has ever engaged. The moral is that unless we get punched first, we aren't about to embrace mortal combat with any degree of enthusiasm; when the United States goes to war, it has to be a defensive reaction, given the kind of people who inhabit this country. The fact that there will be registration protests this summer shouldn't bring bewailings about the low degree of national will and breast-beatings about how our young people have lost their sense of duty to country; for when the time really comes that we need Americans to defend America, the young people will be there, the way they were in 1861 and in 1918 and in 1941. Some of them went off to Canada as far back as the Civil War, but the most of them have been there when we needed them, and they will be there if we need them again, when the gauntlet drops. Deep down, we aren't a bully nation, despite what the rest of the world may believe and despite the way our leaders act sometimes, but we don't like to be pushed around.

**LAST WEEK** we had a visit from an old friend, Dewey Corbett, who was one of the best, if not the best, mayors the city of Bellaire ever had. Dewey lives down in Monroe County now, and at 82 years of age, he doesn't move around as much as he used to; in fact, this year he had to miss for the first time ever the Ionic Lodge's annual fish fry which he helped to start in the 1930s. During his welcome visit, Dewey said that Bob Kilgore, about whom we wrote some weeks ago, was the greatest

athlete Bellaire High ever produced. Dewey himself was a sub on that legendary 1914 team at Bellaire High, and made the ball club as a regular the next year, so he knows whereof he speaks when he calls Bob Kilgore the best. Dewey ran the mayor's office in the late 1940s, and when his term was up, he ran again, but didn't campaign, on the belief that the voters knew what he had done and shouldn't have to be reminded. It didn't work; Dewey lost the job. But it may have been fate at work; after that, he bought a piece of land in Monroe County, and when the Olin Mathison development started down there, he sold some of it to the Pennsylvania Railroad for a pretty good chunk.

**RALPH LONG** was a quiet man who accomplished much good in a quiet way; one of those men whose effectiveness comes to be taken for granted because they move through their endeavors with an almost silent efficiency. In Ralph Long's case, that was especially so in relation to his church, and his pastor, the Rev. Boyd Keys at the Bellaire Christian Church, feels that one of the foundation stones is missing now that Ralph has died. Our personal relationships with Ralph always left us with the impression that we had dealt with quite a man in his own right, and his wife, Ruth, and his son, the Rev. Stephen, who is one of the many good things Ralph has left behind, have our sincere sympathy.

**BELLAIRE'S GRACIE** Powers has our deep appreciation for her recent thoughtfulness; Gracie has been for many years much too kind to us, and we are grateful.

July 6, 1980

# Wolfhurst Softball Record Unequaled

**MIKE LUCAS** was born and raised in Martins Ferry, but he lives now in Dravosburg, Pa., where he was forced to move years ago by the necessity that makes people go where the job is, and like most expatriates he still carries his hometown in his heart, for there never is another place quite like the one in which you grew up. In the 1930s Mike was working at the old Laughlin Tin Mill down in Clark's Addition in Martins Ferry, and there came a time in that decade when Carnegie-Illinois, which owned the plant, decided to build a new one at Irwin, Pa., and to close Laughlin, and anyone who was working at Laughlin had a shot at a job in the new plant, so that's how Mike ended up in Dravosburg, where he is now living in retirement. Mike keeps in touch with Martins Ferry, mainly through his brother, Paul, who in his day was a very good athlete and whose picture you may have seen in Cal Pokas' very popular Sports Flashbacks page in the July 13 edition of *The Times Leader*. At the time the photo was taken, Paul was managing the Martins Ferry Civics baseball team, and doing a mighty fine job of it. The other day Paul, back from a visit with Mike, called us to relay a message from Mike, that "we beat Jimmy Mountain out there at Wolfhurst" in a softball game.

**MIKE WAS** playing then in the early 1930s with the Martins Ferry Tidbit softball team - some people called the game mushball, but later the name of softball became accepted to distinguish it from baseball, or hardball. The Wolfhurst team was managed by Bob Latimer, who played Triple A baseball with Birmingham and had come back to the valley after his playing days were over and was the timekeeper at the Laughlin Mill; he still lives in Martins Ferry, on Ferryview Road, and we don't see Bob as often as we'd like to, especially when we remember those many pleasant times with him at Wolfhurst. Bob got us a job at Laughlin, our first real honest-to-goodness job after we got out of high school, so that we could play with his Wolfhurst team. The game was all fast-pitch; the slo-pitch game came on within the recent past as a version of softball that the older guys could play, and it has caught on with the young, too, and with the girls. Most of the Wolfhurst

team were hardball players who turned to softball partly because the depression was cutting into baseball team financing and partly because Bob Latimer was a persuasive conversationalist who was looking for good people for his Wolfhurst team.

**BOB NEEDED** a lot of people; his team played every weekday evening except Saturday, and had doubleheaders on Sunday - there was one year that the team played 104 games and won 103 of them. That one Wolfhurst didn't win was against Mike's Tidbit team in the City Park field in Martins Ferry, about where Fodor Field is now, except that home plate was in the southeast corner of the field. That wasn't the game that Mike meant, but it is the one that we remember most. Pete Spustack, one of the best then, was pitching for the Tidbits, and was holding a one-run lead when dusk began settling in, so by mutual consent the teams agreed to play one more inning. That was a most fortunate agreement for Wolfhurst; in the top half of that last inning, Socks Smerkar caught one of Pete's pitches on the fat part of the bat and drove it over the left field fence out onto Zane Highway. It was a little darker when the Tidbits came to bat, and Wolfhurst managed to get them out in that last half-inning without a score, so the game ended in a 3-all tie. Pete still contends that Wolfhurst was mighty lucky that night, to which we would readily admit if it weren't for the fact that Socks at any plate with a bat in his hand was big trouble anytime - he was that good - and if there were an element of luck, it wasn't that Socks put the ball out onto the street but that he happened to have a turn at bat in that inning.

**PETE LATER** came out to pitch for Wolfhurst; as we have mentioned, Bob Latimer was not only a persuasive conversationalist but he was also a softball realist who operated on the theory that if you can't beat them, join them; that's how he managed to get all those good people to wear the blue shirt with the little red "W" on it, and he had had enough of Pete giving him trouble not only at the City Park but on that field at the north end of Ferry, on the fringe of the Wheeling Steel property, and on Wolf-

hurst's home field. When Mike remembers beating Wolfhurst out there, he is remembering rightly. Wolfhurst and the Tidbits were two of the best teams around, and over the few-year span of those early 1930s when both were in their heyday, the won-lost records were pretty close to being even. The Tidbits had another pitcher who gave Wolfhurst difficulty, but from a different problem than they were having with Pete. He was Stan Garber, who was the Ferry High band director. Stan didn't have much smoke, which kept off balance the Wolfhursts, who teed off on speed but had trouble digging in on the slow stuff.

**MATT CHESONIS** was a relative of the Shedwells, Frank and Skinny, who played with Wolfhurst, and he spent considerable time around that old field at Stop 19 1/2, just before you make the bend on Old 40 leading to Hart's Family Center - the field is now populated with houses, and home plate probably is in one of the basements. Matt is in Florida now, but not too long ago he and Paul were talking about the old Wolfhurst, and Matt remembered that when he passed the hat at the games the take was mostly pennies, which in those depression times had a substantial value, and those pennies, plus a booze party or two with home-brewed beer and moonshine that Bob set up each summer a couple of stops on the street car line farther out on 40 at Taylor's Grove and sold tickets to, mostly to the guys at the Laughlin Mill as they came through his office to punch in or out on the time clock, financed the softball team. The people who lived in Wolfhurst were immigrant Poles and Slovaks and their families who colonized that little area, and the parents came to the ball games along with their kids.

They didn't know much about softball, but they could add up the figures on the scoreboard back of home plate, and they got upset when the figures didn't add up to Wolfhurst being ahead. About the only thing of that ball team left now out there is Lou Lagon, the bat boy, we feel a little twinge now when we drive that road.

July 20, 1980

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# Glass, Firemen's Festivals Highlighted

**YOU HAVE AN** open invitation to come to Bellaire this week for the city's seventh annual All-American Glass Festival; it begins today with an afternoon parade and a bunch of contests between area fire departments, contests guaranteed to give you a chuckle, like water fights over a keg suspended from a cable and tugs-of-war over a mud hole - there's been a special contest added to the last event which will pit the Bellaire police against the firemen with both trying to pull the other into that mud hole. All week through Saturday there will be carnival rides and entertainment and concession booths at the City Park area, and the Chamber of Commerce is trying to get public officials and would-be officials to come to its area in the northwest corner of the park to talk over your problems; the Chamber will have some chairs and tables where you can sit awhile and rest when you get tired of chasing the kids or the grandkids around the midway. One of our favorites in the entertainment field is the band concert which area pros who belong to the American Federation of Musicians will present Wednesday evening; Director Stanek and the band always seems to pick the music we like best for that show, especially those tunes from the big Band Era when life was a little more casual than now.

**NOT ALL** the attraction will be at the City Park; downtown in some dozen and a half store windows you'll find for viewing pleasure some very nice and beautiful displays of glassware, of clothing the men, women and children wore back to a century ago, some women's shoes that will make you wonder how in the heck they got into them in the first place and how in the heck they managed to walk in them in the second place - people back then who might suddenly materialize today also might wonder how in the heck women get around in those styles they wear now - some old furniture, in the Hughes Office Supply window a setup of how offices looked in old times, and there's even an ancient buggy from the days when doctors used to make house calls. And if you're really interested in how beautiful glassware is produced, you're welcome to visit the Imperial Glass Plant, where they still make the kind of stuff that de-

lights the eye and where the Imperial people will take you on a tour, right up to the shops, to see some of the best glassworkers in the industry turn out the kind of ware that people come from hundreds of miles around to buy at the plant's Gift Shop and Hayshed.

**THE FOCAL** point of the annual festivals is the Ohio Valley Glass Museum at 49th and Jefferson Sts., which has in its seven rooms probably the most outstanding collection of glassware produced by area plants back to the mid-1800s, in addition to Nancy Duggan's magnificent replica of a lost glory, The House That Jack Built, and an 1890 kitchen that instructs 1980 homemakers how they used to get the meals on the table nearly a century ago. To the upkeep and maintenance of the Museum go the profits of the annual festivals, and if it weren't for the festival money and for the generosity of the Bellaire Medical Foundation in providing rent free the grand old home in which the Museum is located there wouldn't be any Glass Museum to remind visitors of that phase of the area's heritage. The Museum gets no public money - in fact, in the years since its creation, the Museum has been largely ignored by city, county, state and federal governments, despite what you may hear of how the great movement in the nation today is the preservation of its past. Sadly, the Museum along with the Bellaire Public Library, are the only two cultural things that the city has going for it, and you would think that succeeding city administrations would have exerted a great deal of effort in keeping the Museum going, but that has not been so.

**OUTSIDE OF** carting away what little trash the Museum has every once in a while, succeeding municipal administrations have paid no attention whatsoever to either the Museum or its problems; not one tiny fraction of the attention that Mayor John Laslo and his administration give to the Sedgwick Museum in Ferry. Over the years, there has been only one quasi-governmental group, the Buckeye Tourist Council, which has offered to help, except that when Dick Boccabella was the Belmont County engineer, he and his people made the sign that stands in the front yard of the Museum.

Sometimes the people who created and continue the struggle to keep the Museum doors open get considerably discouraged, especially when they hear visitors from other places and other states expound on the virtues of the Museum and then look at the guest book and note how very few Bellaire area residents are in it. And what is even more discouraging is the failure of area residents to help in staffing the Museum on a volunteer basis; it wasn't so in the first few years when people with time on their hands showed up in sufficient numbers to help guide visitors through the place, but in the last couple of years that help has dwindled.

**AND DOWN IN** Shadyside, the last part of this week, from Wednesday through Saturday, the Shadyside Fire Department will stage its annual Firemen's Festival - it's unfortunate that the Glass Festival and the Firemen's Festival collide in the same week, and it would seem that somehow, with the two communities nestled so closely together and the need for money by each group so acute, that something ought to be able to be worked out to avoid their bumping into each other frequently and hurting one or the other, or both, financially. Anyway, the firemen will have carnival rides and concession booths on the lot near the city building where the old Shadyside High School used to stand, and they've also arranged entertainment and special events, including a distance run Thursday evening and parade Friday evening. The department will use the money to help meet its operating expenses, and if you ever needed the services of firemen or E-squad members, you know how important that is. If you've never needed those services, you stand a pretty good chance of needing them sometime in the future, so what money you spend at the Firemen's Festival is like an insurance policy - it's better, in relation to both groups, to have them and not need them than to need them and not have them.

July 27, 1980

# Heartbreak Hotel Restoration Ahead

**HEARTBREAK HOTEL** was what police called it, a deteriorating three-story brick on the east side of Belmont St. catty-corner across from the police station, but maybe they won't be able to call it that anymore, if new owner John Stimmel gets it restored the way he wants. The building goes back at least to the turn of the century, and in its day must have been a striking structure, with its white brick and its green bays and its figured molding and those two beautiful stained glass windows in the upper two floors facing Belmont St., two of the most beautiful windows in the whole city. The years were not kind to the building decaying from neglect, and eventually the two storerooms on the first floor, with their tin figured ceilings which marked turn-of-the-century storerooms all over town, were vacated permanently, and the rooms in the upper two floors became sparsely furnished flophouse living quarters for winos and pensioners down on their luck and unanchored people floating around from place to place. So that's how it came to be called Heartbreak Hotel by police who were called frequently by defenseless old and wine-stupored middle-aged men who were easy prey to be "rolled" and robbed of what little money they had left after pub-crawling around the beer joints.

**THERE WERE** the calls for the fire department when mattresses smoldered from dropped cigarettes, but fortunately none turned into major tragedies although police and firemen lived with that premonition. John Stimmel, who has restored admirably eight old houses in Wheeling, bought the building some time ago and now he hopes to bring it back to something of its former glory. The two stained glass windows have been removed for safe-keeping - with the price that stained glass is bringing on the markets around the big cities, it's a wonder that they had not disappeared long before this, for the sort of people who supply those markets have no aversion to picking up stained glass where they find it, even if it is in use in church buildings. The tin ceilings in the two storerooms will be rescued and restored as much as possible, and the upper floors are being remodeled into liveable living quarters. John not only supervises

but works along with his crews on his restorations to make sure that the work is done the way he envisions it should turn out, and even if he doesn't accomplish what he wants to do, there will be a great improvement inside and out, and there will be no more Heartbreak Hotel.

**JOHN'S RESTORATION** may not turn out in the manner that Townscape's Kim Zarney's drawings appeared in that \$10,000 downtown revitalization plan accomplished earlier this year - John did look at the Zarney pattern and its following it to a certain extent. But John's effort is the first upgrading of a Belmont St. building, even though the project is not connected directly to the revitalization plan, a plan which evidently is now gathering early dust. Nothing has moved on it since Zarney brought back the drawings and collected the \$10,000 for Townscape; fortunately, it wasn't the city's money but came from the state of Ohio's Department of Economic and Community Development. Whether or not anything will ever come of the plan is a moot point; the expense of upgrading and restoring the buildings according to the pattern comes down on the owner, and not too many are in a position to finance such work. It was a nice dream while it lasted, to take the city in appearance back to time when things were newer and to wash the business district's face and buy it some new clothes. To have carried out the plan, even in part, would have taken a great deal of dogged pressure which nobody seems to have either the time or the inclination to do; maybe later, but not now. Still, if and when conditions fall into appropriate place, the plan is there to be followed out.

**BUT WITH THE** possibility that the city's income tax may be repealed in November - and there are more than a few who see that possibility should the repeal get on the ballot - any current thought to improve anything is purely academic. Should the tax be repealed, there will be no way for the city to go except further down - it would be impossible to run anything like a viable municipality on the loss of around \$600,000 in revenues, about half of the general fund income, and the general fund pays for

almost everything that the city does. The circulators of the repeal petition and the people who signed it may have cause to be disturbed about municipal government, but turning the city back to 1968 income isn't the way to do it. There are better ways, the best of which is for those who are disturbed to get into city government through the elective process, and to change it from the inside, from positions of governmental authority. A municipal primary election is coming up next June, which represents to people who are upset an opportunity for constructive action, not destructive, as the income tax repeal would be.

**FROM MRS. DOROTHY** Sheriff of Cadiz comes a kind letter, and back to her goes our thanks: Mrs. Sheriff writes she has been feeding her backyard birds for the last two years. "It started when a groundhog appeared in our backyard and I started feeding him. Then birds began coming too. The groundhog finally disappeared, but the birds keep on coming. I feed them whole wheat toast with peanut butter, and they love it." We were quite surprised by the many comments on that column we had written about the birds, and we have come to the conclusion that the birds around Eastern Ohio are living a pretty good life - their biggest problem doesn't seem to be the availability of food, but the decision in whose backyard they will eat today.

July 30, 1980

# Commendations for a Job Well Done

**FIRE CHIEF** Bill Johnson and Mike Busack, who were co-chairmen for the recent Firemen's Day which kicked off Bellaire's All-American Glass Festival, have been emboldened by its success to envision a day of competition for all area fire departments in the skills they bring to their valuable work, and it will be in this direction that Bill and Mike will work for next year's festival. Some 15 area departments on both sides of the river accepted Bellaire's invitation, which rather surprised the hosts because Bellaire's department hasn't been known for its cooperation and its regularity in showing up at the parades and the doings of other area departments, although Mike and Bill think that maybe it's time for a change, what with that many departments coming to Bellaire for its affair despite Bellaire's lack of reciprocation in the past. The two of them, Bill and Mike, along with the rest of the department, are frank to admit that they couldn't have done that Sunday program alone, and that they owe a lot of thanks for the success to a great many other people and groups, for money, for trophies, for equipment, for physical help, and for the other things that go into putting it all together.

**THE ARMY** Reserve was a major help in using its equipment and personnel for the water fight, the keg for which was loaned by the Neffs VFD, and of course, the city administration of Mayor Mary Fitch, Service Director Harold Knowlton and Safety Director Bob Ney was very cooperative, Bob even going to the extreme of sweetening the pot for the ladder climb by adding another \$25 to the original cash for first and second places. The All-American Glass Festival committee put up the original prize money, and the four trophies for parade units were donated by Shadyside Pennzoil, Ohio Fireworks, Mellott Distributing and the Bauknecht Funeral Home. Tri-State Asphalt lent a hand, the Bellaire E-squad not only stood by for emergency service but also its members did a goodly amount of work, Recreation Director Ken Myers helped out, and the DAV opened its place for the social part of the day. The Chamber of Commerce's Secretary Norma Cavicchia did the vital secretarial work on the invitations and

the follow-ups. Without the help of all of those people, the program wouldn't have gotten off the ground, the host firemen realize, and they are properly grateful. There were some hitches because it was a first-time thing, but the day carried off well and the firemen have reason to be enthusiastic.

**THERE WERE** only three areas of competition for the visiting firemen, and one of them, the tug-of-war, isn't part of their everyday official duties; the other two were, the ladder climb and the water fight, and those are the areas, the things they have to do in actual fire-fighting, which Mike thinks could be put together in a competitive program which would let all area fire departments show how good they are at their jobs. That ladder climb was a sonofagun, up one side and down the other of a 35-foot ladder, wearing firemen's boots yet, while four mates held the ladder upright with guy ropes. The tough part was getting over the top in those big boots, and that's where the firemen lost vital time; another problem was that each succeeding fireman left a little bit more mud and sand on the rungs for the guy up next, making the ascent a little more difficult. Some of the competitors had a foot slip on the rungs, but none of them came tumbling down, and Mark Davison from Ferry and Scott Blacker of Neffs, who won the top money in that order, really deserved it. All of the visiting firemen who came to town enjoyed the day, which is another reason why Mike and Bill think they can work this thing into an annual competition for all firemen up and down the river on both sides, and that's where they are headed now for 1981.

**THEY INTEND** to check out other such competition to find out what events are being used - one that Mike thought of immediately after that Sunday was the bucket brigade, which was the absolute beginning of organized fire-fighting - and then package a program that would emphasize the skills the firemen must bring to their jobs. In the pressures and the confusions of a real fire fight, most people who gather at the scene don't get a good opportunity to see just how expertise the firemen are, to get water on the fire as quickly as possible,

to attack the hot spots, to get the ladders up, to seal off the blaze from potential spreading, and the hundred and one things that firemen do automatically, because they are trained to do them with instinct. Our area of the country is blessed fortunately with more than the average share of mighty good firemen and mighty good departments, and Mike and Bill are right when they say public recognition is long overdue, so we hope that they can make reality of their plans. There was one other thank-you the firemen wanted to extend; to the Bellaire police for losing the tug-of-war to the firemen, but we told Mike we wouldn't print that.

**JIM FERNIHOUGH** years ago was one of the kids who competed in *The Times Leader's* Soap Box Derby; now he's a grown-up man who teaches school down in Marietta, and he is back now from Australia where he was a teacher-exchange guy in the Australian education system. Jim has written us about the late Joe Mack, who died while Jim was "down under"; Jim had written Joe from Australia that "I'll see you as soon as I get home and it'll be my 'shout'" - that's Australian for "my turn to buy." In his letter to us, Jim writes, "Your piece on Joe Mack was special to me as I always tried to look him up when I visited, and as you say, he was quite a man. I always placed Joe in the category of Chal Hollingsworth, my grandfather, Joe and Pappy Morris, John Stanek and Shel Martin and many others that I respect and look upon as friends and mentors. I remember one time in a cemetery seeing a stone which read 'Here Was A Man.' I guess that's the highest tribute that can be paid to any man. When I found out about Joe's passing, I knew that I had lost a friend."

August 6, 1980

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# Perseverance, Enthusiasm and Heart

**THAT WE HERE** in Eastern Ohio are justly proud of Lansing's Niekro brothers, Phil with the Atlanta Braves and Joe with the Houston Astros, is to be understood, that Atlanta should be proud of Phil and Houston of Joe also is to be understood, but Atty. Charles Linch, the county commissioner, was greatly and pleasantly surprised while in Charlotte N.C., to find that the *Charlotte Observer* had nice things to say about Phil, on the editorial page yet, not the sports page. Charley picked up the *Observer*, and being the public affairs-oriented person that he is, turned first from the front page to the editorial page, and there Phil's picture implanted in the middle of an editorial jumped out at him. The editorial was headed "Hailing the Braves' New World," and dealt in the lead paragraph with all of the problems in all the countries girdling the world. The second paragraph led off, "We're all losers. Or are we? About 300 miles away, in the heart of Dixie, almost a million baseball fans know better. They've poured into Fulton County Stadium because the Atlanta Braves, the laughing stock of baseball, are on the hottest winning streak in the major leagues," then went on to detail the standing at that moment of the Braves, only six games out of first place.

"**UNDERDOGS OF** all ages," the editorial continued, "can delight in Atlanta's success. The older among us can revel in the fact that the Braves' most successful pitcher is 41-year-old Phil Niekro. Youngsters can appreciate that about a half-dozen of the team are in their early 20s. People who get tired of hearing how wonderful California is can thumb their noses at San Francisco and San Diego, both way behind Atlanta in the Western Division." The concluding paragraph stated that even if the Braves don't win the pennant, they "already are teaching us something about perseverance, enthusiasm and just plain heart." Three of those last four words could be the title of a book about the Niekro brothers, "Perseverance, Enthusiasm, Heart." Those three things they didn't learn in the Big Leagues - they got them from their parents, Phil Sr. and Ivy who still live in Lansing - and they are more important, really, to Phil Jr. and Joe than the knuckleball, because there will come a day

when both of them are done with baseball and knuckleballs, and the rest of their lives, when they will need much more perseverance, enthusiasm and heart, will still be ahead of them. But have no fear for the Niekro brothers; their parents taught them well.

**FROM DARRELL** Jackson in Sardis comes this unique opinion of President Carter's relationship with Ohio: "I'm no historian and don't claim to be one, but I think I know why Jim Carter has his hatchet out for Ohio. It's been 55 years since I graduated from high school, so if my recollection of history is vague, it's due to the lapse of time. First, Grant took Richmond, Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House to Grant. Second, Sherman's March to the Sea across Georgia really played hell with that state, really devastated it. Third, Phil Sheridan didn't do the Confederacy any good either. Fourth, George Armstrong Custer was another thorn in the Confederacy's side. Fifth, James A. Garfield was only a colonel, but he took his troops up the Big Sandy River by steamboat to Virginia and Tennessee. Sixth, Rutherford B. Hayes was a colonel. On top of that, the city of Bellaire sent troops, munitions, etc. by steamboat to the Cumberland, Tennessee and Mississippi Rivers. I suppose by now you will have noticed that all six men were from Ohio, and three of them became Republican Presidents. No doubt Sherman could have been, but he said, "If nominated I will not run, if elected I will not serve"; a smart man, way ahead of his time. Some of the South still resent the Civil War. No further back than War II I fought the Civil War three times with a man from Fairmont, WV. The South is still proud of the Stars and Bars."

**YOUR RECOLLECTION** of history hasn't diminished one whit in the 55 years, Mr. Jackson; we thank you very much for sharing it with us, and also for the kind personal words. We have other mail we've been dilatory in answering; a letter from Red Schafer's widow Anne, who shared Red's triumphs and burdens admirably; a card from Bellaire's Tom Nero from Palm Springs, Calif., when he was on a visit to his son's place in Torrance; another card from our old

high school football coach Johnny Myers, with whom we share a mutual birthday date and who remembers each year, more faithfully than we do; and while on vacation, we missed a visit from Dean Giacometti who left Bellaire to play football at the University of Cincinnati with high school teammate Nick Skorich, and who stayed in that city to make an excellent reputation as an educator. Dean is another of our native sons who have shown the outside world that we grow fine people here in Eastern Ohio. At one point in his teaching career - he eventually became a principal in the Cincinnati school system - Dean coached future world tennis champ Tony Trabert.

**OUR VACATION** caused us also to miss two events involving two very fine people who honor us with their friendship. Rudy Schiller's kids got together and planned him and Ann a wingding of a 40th wedding anniversary, and they managed to keep it from Rudy and Ann right up to the moment they took them into the CSA Hall. Rudy makes it his business to surprise people at the CSA press dinners, so it's poetic justice that his kids did the same to him, and although we missed the party, we'd like to add our heartfelt best wishes for 40 more anniversaries for Rudy and Ann. The other event we missed was the Triple A's retirement party for Paul Noel, who spent 21 years managing the Steubenville AAA. Actually, that was a second retirement for Paul, who joined Triple A after retiring from the FBI. It was when he and Rocky Rockwell were the FBI agents in the Steubenville area that we first got to know him, and in all the years we have been dealing with the FBI, Paul and Rocky were among the best we have ever met, not only top-flight agents, but real nice guys. So, Paul, have a bunch of fun in your second retirement, and thanks for letting us know you.

October 1, 1980

# As We Wander Through the Battlefields

**WHILE YOU'RE** reading this on what we hope is a pleasant, quiet Sunday morning, we will be hopefully wandering around one of the Civil War battlefields in Virginia, where over 200 battles were fought in those tragic, bitter and fateful years between 1861 and 1865 when the nation was trying to find its final identity as a Union. This is our vacation, just the two of us - last year we took the four of the grandchildren who are old enough to do it on a two-months camping trip through the West, and now this summer we feel that we have paid one of our debts to those kids and are entitled to a nice, quiet, untrammelled and unconfused meander through a state which both of us have a feeling for; it was in that state that we met, were wedded, spent the first months of our married life, had our first-born child, and treasure a whole bunch of very good memories. We have a special interest in the Civil War period, and Jeanne goes along uncomplainingly with our avocation; of course, she extracts from us an equal reciprocation when she goes prowling through antique stores and old houses and little towns and places which draw her attention as she drives along the two-lanes. Jeanne has an empathy for such things; there is a prescience in her that makes her immediately aware, when we're traveling, of anything like that within a dozen miles of where we happen to be at that particular time.

**WE HAVE COME** to appreciate that quality in her, for it has gotten us into some very interesting tiny towns and ancient places that we otherwise would have driven blithely and unknowingly by - there was the time when we were south on New Mexico 85 headed for El Paso, and in the little town of Mesilla, she decided on impulse to take a right turn, and there we were in an old Spanish town square, the sides of the adobe buildings showing ancient murals, and on the corner was a saloon in which Billy the Kid had been tried for one of his 20 or so murders, according to western legend, or the time she decided to take a little two-laner south in the western part of Arizona and there, by the side of the road in the middle of the cactus without another thing for miles around was a stone pedestal with a foot-high sculpture of Tom Mix, marking the place where he

had made a lot of his cowboy movies in the days of the silent films. Or the time we were southbound on Virginia 17 and her impulse led her into an antique shop off the main road in Saluda where we found, at six for five dollars, some Kurz and Allison Civil War prints.

**THERE WAS** another impulse place that she got us into a few years back, a little town called Leesburg in the northern part of Virginia just before you cross the Potomac into Maryland. The houses all predate by years the Civil War and all are of stone, fronting on tree-shaded sidewalks, and you can feel very close to the time when part of General Robert E. Lee's ragged Confederate Army of Northern Virginia crossed those waters into Maryland on the way to Antietam, where 100,000 Americans North and South were to fight in September of 1862 the bloodiest one-day battle in the nation's history and when the last shot was fired as night closed in and the two armies lay spent and exhausted within shouting distance of each other, 25,000 Americans North and South would be lying at Dunkard Church or Bloody Lane or the corn field or the East Woods or Burnside's bridge wounded or dead. We will go back to Leesburg this time, and we will walk its shaded streets and try to guess from which comes came the people to offer water and food to the thirsty and hungry soldiers some of whom were not ever to come this way again, after Antietam. We also will travel the Valley Turnpike running through the state of Virginia on a line southwesterly to northeasterly between the Blue Ridge and the Shenandoah Mountains - if you're going south, you are going "up the valley," and if you're going north, you are going "down the valley" for some unknown reason that goes back to the time Virginia was being settled.

**THE VALLEY** in the early part of the Civil War belonged militarily to CSA General Thomas Jonathan "Stonewall" Jackson, whose corps was built around his own Second Virginia and had a nucleus of men who had lived in the Shenandoah Valley and knew it like the backs of their hands. The Valley Turnpike now is Virginia 11, and it travels between Winchester and Lexington

bisecting a wide valley or rich growing land and it passes through Middletown and Strasburg and Woodstock and New Market and Harrisonburg and Staunton before it gets to Lexington, where Stonewall Jackson taught at Virginia Military Institute before the war and Robert E. Lee became president of Washington College after the war, and that college now is Washington and Lee University. Most people who go through that part of Virginia travel the Skyline Drive, which has its share of attraction and beauty, but the Valley Turnpike below and west is just as beautiful and more rich in history, which appeals to us more than the Skyline Drive.

**THERE IS** another place in Virginia which we intend to visit and where we have not been before, Appomattox Court House, where the war ended after the remnants of the once-great Army of Northern Virginia stacked their arms and folded their tattered battleflags for the last time after Grant pried them out of Petersburg and cut and slashed them along the road of retreat, until finally at Appomattox there were Union troops in front of them, behind them and on both sides, and Lee had no other place to take his battered skeletons. Wilmer McLean was a man who farmed in northern Virginia when McDowell with his Union Army and Beauregard and Johnston with the Confederate Army clashed in the first big battle at First Manassas, part of the fighting spilling over onto his farm, and wanting no part of any more of that, he moved his family south and west to Appomattox, only to have the war come again to his home in 1865 when Lee and Grant used his house to negotiate the surrender, and after the papers were signed, Union officers stripped his home for souvenirs, part of which they paid for and part of which they didn't. So in those places we will be for the next couple of weeks, and we hope that you won't have forgotten us when *The Times Leader* brings us back into your homes the first part of September. Until then, be good, be happy, and God bless.

August 10, 1980

# Festival of lights: best yet to come

**THE END** of January also will be the end of this year's Festival of Lights, and when the switch is pushed to the off position sometime after the next several days, the city streets by comparison will become rather dull and drab, pretty much like your own house after you've taken down the yuletide decorations, and it will require some time to become accustomed to the change. Not so Oglebay Park; the park is always beautiful in its own way whether spring, summer, winter, fall, as the succeeding seasons bring their particular patchwork of colors, although the nights will not be so bright after dusk falls when the Christmas lights and the set peices have been put away for another year. A few years back the only unusual Christmas decoration in the park in addition to the traditional seasonal dressing-up of the Mansion Museum was the outlining of the Good Zoo building and its surrounding trees in brightly colored lights, a pleasant sight which *The Times Leader's* Boyd Nelson captured in color at the time for an outstanding front page photo, and from that beginning has grown the Festival of Lights under the expert help of park boss Randy Worls, who happens to be the best thing that ever happened to the park and one of the best things that ever happened to the city of Wheeling.

**THE FESTIVAL** has been going on for several weeks now, and there is very little of deserving praise which has not been written or spoken of the light-system by the hundreds of thousands of people who have come from near and far to view its electric winter beauty - we could not hope in these paragraphs to add even a word or a phrase which has not been applied already by those whose aesthetic senses have been delighted by the sight of the pole-mounted snowflakes which lead the visitor from downtown Wheeling and its public and privately created set-pieces to Oglebay Park and its lighted Christmas scenes. And if we have not misjudged the mental creativity of Randy Worls and the many so like-minded people who have joined his Festival planning, the Festival's best is yet to come in the years ahead. Which brings us to a very talented young man by the name of Chris Rewalt, who is an

"outlander" in the elementary term of that word, having been born and raised in Cleveland, but who has a Wheeling connection through his mother, a native Wheelingite, and a physical connection by his attendance at and graduation from West Liberty State College.

**CHRIS' CONTRIBUTION** and a mighty impressive one it is, has been the theme song, "City of Lights," which is available on a 45 record at a number of places in Wheeling, with a portion of the purchase price going to the Festival. An unusual feature of the composition is that Chris created the lyrics and the music back in September, when the Festival of Lights was an idea still in the embryo stage and the emotion of Christmas was still weeks away. At that time the Festival and Wheeling's adoption of the motto "City of Lights" were not very far into the talking stage. Chris had married into the Wickham family of Wheeling, had taken up residence in the city some years before, and was well on his way to fleshing out the rapport with the city that he had gained in his earlier years through his mother's associations and his college attendance. While visiting in Columbus over the Labor Day weekend, Chris was struck by the inspiration for the song, and unable to sleep, he began composing the lyrics at 3 a.m. in the lobby of his motel while the porter who was on night duty and who also had a bent for musical composition offered irrelevant suggestions. In three weeks the song was finished, words and music, and despite the fact that it had been composed about three months in advance, when winter did descend on Wheeling and the Festival lights were turned on, the song reflects distinctly the beauty and the emotions of the season.

**THIS IS NOT** Chris' first venture into composing; he has written and recorded a number of songs, some children-oriented, which he performed before the Christmas recess for the students at the Wheeling Country Day School in a program arranged by Criswell Productions, with which he is under contract. On stage also at that program was 15-year-old Brad Paisley, a Moundsville lad who attends Linsly

Institute and who also is overloaded with musical talent. Between the two of them, Chris and Brad held the youngsters in thrall with songs each had composed; so strong was the rapport which the two performers established with their young listeners you could almost feel it. Chris and Brad say they feel a special satisfaction and effect working with young people, and Criswell Productions now is considering for them a "Just Say No" presentation involving a soft-sell musical approach to the anti-drug message. Given their immediate acceptance by the kids at Country Day, the anti-drug presentation could be highly effective among young people all across the land.

**DURING THE** Christmas season Chris and Brad were joined at a Criswell-arranged program in the Ohio Valley Mall by Bellaire's Amy Lancione, who already has established herself as a talented vocalist and who is singing in clubs throughout the tri-state area. Despite Amy's laryngitis which limited her participation, the three of them came across so well that Criswell is considering producing a Christmas album for next year, embracing traditional Christmas music along with original Christmas songs composed by Brad and Chris. You may be seeing the blossoming of a couple of careers; each of them is doing as good if not better than much of the stuff you hear on the national music scene. Chris, incidentally, isn't the first of his lineage to compose, his ancestral family in Wheeling was the Wendelkings, and Chris has learned that a granduncle, Jack Wendelking, moved to Hollywood in the early 1900s, changed his name to Wendel, became a cameraman for 20th Century Fox, and wrote a number of songs, including the hit "Hello, London, Hello", in 1926 after the transatlantic cable had been laid to open the telephone communications across the Atlantic. Chris has an original copy of that sheet music, and has started a research into his granduncle's musical career; with his own considerable talent, Chris has a fine chance to eclipse his granduncle's musical achievements.

January 17, 1988

**Compliments of Friends**

# So Long, Mary. . .

**WE HAD TALKED** about it occasionally, about getting together the old gang of *Times Leader* people who had labored in the Bellaire office, but never with any degree of certainty until Donna Jean Landers finally decided it was now or never, and in the trough of the holiday season between this past Christmas, which had been gone for four days, and New Year's, which was still three days away, she arranged for those of us who are left to spend the Tuesday evening at her new home. In the years gone by there had been more of us, but time had taken its toll; Jim and Sue Fulton had moved to Wisconsin, Doris Banig had died, Joe and Dolly Muskovich had followed Mary Fitton into retirement, eventually the advancing years had forced us into the same decision. There had been a few others who had turned off our mutual paths or who had dropped by the wayside, but Boyd Nelson is still working behind *The Times Leader* camera - we have maintained down the years and we still maintain that Boyd is the best news photographer this valley has ever experienced, and there are thousands of newspaper readers on both sides of the river, going back 40 years, who will agree with that statement.

**SO JOE AND Dolly,** Mary and Donna, Boyd and Esther and ourselves were at Donna's that evening, along with Greg and Gina Fehr - Greg and Gina are much younger than the rest of us both in point of age and in the number of years served in *The Times Leader* vineyard, but Greg had been "accepted" as one of us from the time he first came to work at the Bellaire office - nobody ever questioned the reason why, he just seemed to fit in, so in he came and there he stays. Mary Fitton had come to work as the newspaper's Bellaire society editor about the time we returned from the Second War; in today's newspaper job descriptions, they are not "society" editors, but "women's page" editors, and where and when that change came about we don't know, but it just slipped in sometime during the years and rarely do you hear anybody ask anymore for the society desk. Mary came from one of Bellaire's old-line families; her dad Henry had

worked for the post office and her uncle Jim had been a plumber in addition to a volunteer fireman, and his plumbing firm had done the plumbing for a goodly number of the business district buildings. If there were class distinctions 50, 60, 70, 80 years ago, the Fittons would have been in the upper middle class, and when people spoke of the Fittons, they spoke with respect.

**SO WE WORKED** side by side at our typewriters in the Bellaire office, and we came to know each other beyond first impressions. Mary could be sarcastic when sarcasm was necessary; she could not abide pomposity and hypocrisy and such other like posturings, and she could also be warm and compassionate and kind and generous, to a fault. For no other reason than that her name was Mary she reminded us of a couple of songs from the Broadway stage; the lyrics to one of them was "So long, Mary, don't forget to come back home," and another was "For she was Mary, Mary, long before the fashions came," and when we had mentioned that to her once she replied that her dad had a liking for both those songs, and it may have been the reason for her name. Mary had a strong sense of family; the only girl with three brothers, she remained at home to look after her parents after the brothers had gone their separate ways; Clark, to become an executive with Weirton Steel; Don, to marry and raise his own family; and Kenneth, who went into the Army in the Second War and then decided to make a career of the service. Mary never married, not from necessity, for she was an attractive lady who dressed very well and never lacked for beaux - that's another old-time expression you don't hear any more - but from choice.

**MARY WROTE** the society news - we'll stay with that description despite the changing times - for a quarter of a century, from about 1945 until she retired in 1960, chronicling the births, the marriages, the comings and goings, the deaths, of a couple of generations, compiling in effect a history of sorts of this area, and in a thousand scrapbooks in thousands of homes are the yellowing clippings of the chronologies of the lives

that Mary touched through the pages of *The Times Leader*, the big people, the little people, the in-between people, and across that range of social status Mary never drew a dividing line. To her, they were all human people to whom she accorded respect to an equal degree and dignity in full measure, and never did she make a distinction separating one from another. To Mary, all those with whom she came in contact were people who deserved to be treated equally, without discrimination. Mary realized fully that what she wrote became a printed record of her times and the times of those about whom she wrote, and that years from that time the record would be preserved in the newspaper's files, and she would not let the past be reflected adversely in the future.

**WE TALKED** about things like that on that Tuesday evening, remembering back over the years the good times and the sad times, the incidents and the people who had impressed us across the span of years. And it was good, that reaching backward, that filling in of the gaps which are growing wider in our personal contacts, so good that when the evening came to an end, there was general agreement that we should have gotten together sooner, that we should have stayed closer in touch, that we should do it again, and oftener, for time is tightening the circle of our living. Mary was among the most buoyant of us, among the happier in the remembering of people and things and places, and laughter came easily that night. It couldn't have been better for all of us, that getting together finally and the prospect that we would do it again soon. Not all of us - two days later Mary died peacefully in her sleep, a quiet contented passing, an end to a good life, but there is a part of each of us that died with her. Maybe there was a Hand somewhere that brought us together after so much time, a Hand that knew Mary didn't have many days left and that each of us needed that one more visit.

**SO LONG,** Mary, don't forget...

January 10, 1988

# A wish for real peace on earth

**IN THE WINTER** the house was always cold, except when you could sit in one of the chairs placed semicircle close to the coal fire burning in the grate in the middle room which was used mostly as a family room; in fact, the front room, which in more affluent families would be referred to as the parlor, was closed off all winter by shutting the door leading from the middle room, and it was so cold in that front room that Mom used it for chilling Jello and for storing butter and milk. There was another coal fire in the grate in the front room upstairs, where Mom and Dad slept, and those two fires constituted the entire heating system in the house, which was built sometime in the 1870s before the concept of central heating and in which Mom and her sisters and brother had been born, as were all of us children. There was some additional heat generated at mealtimes by the gas range in the kitchen - for a very short period of time Mom was forced to cook on a coal stove when Dad got mad at the gas company for some reason we never did fully comprehend and took out the gas stove and installed a coal range, but that lasted only as long as it took Mom to be sufficiently disturbed by the inconvenience, then over Dad's loud protestations out went the coal stove and back came the gas range, which tells something about who was the boss in our house.

**ON THE COAL** range issue we boys were on the side of our mother because it was our job to take out the ashes and dump them in the alley behind the shed at the end of the yard where the coal was stored, and to carry in the loaded coal buckets for both the range and for the two grate fires. There was also the duty of "banking" the fires in the coal grate at night before the household settled down to sleep; that involved putting more coal on the fire and then covering the whole it with ashes, so that the fire would smolder during the night and in the morning there would be enough embers remaining to rekindle the fire when the grate was filled again with coal. It didn't always work that way; sometimes the embers would have smoldered down almost to nothing, and then after new coal was placed on the fire, you had

to fold out a newspaper to its full width and hold it against the grate, creating a draft between the bottom of the grate and the chimney so that the coal would catch fire, and more often than not, the reviving flames set fire to the newspaper and you had to jam it all very quickly into the grate to keep from getting burned.

**WE BOYS SLEPT** in the back room upstairs, over the kitchen, under layers of blankets and quilts, and when you would surface from under the covers in the morning, your breath would turn into steam and the two windows in the room would be covered with beautiful frost patterns. Once cousin Tommy cut a hole in the ceiling above the kitchen stove to allow some of the heat from the range to rise into our bedroom, but it helped not much because the range was unlit during the night; after the hole was cut and the grating installed, we still breathed steam in the morning and the windows still carried Jack Frost's brilliant etchings. In the mornings the first one downstairs had to turn on the burners in the kitchen stove and to rekindle the grate fire in the middle room, and it was so chilly that both jobs were done in a hurry by whomever had been so unlucky as to have been the first one up, while goose bumps from the cold corrugated up and down the arms. There was one day of the year when that chore descended on Dad, and that was on Christmas morning when none of us kids was allowed downstairs until he said so.

**HE WOULD GO** down first and light the burners on the kitchen stove and revive the flames in the coal grate in the middle room where our long black stockings hung by little tacks from the mantelpiece and then he would go into the front room and light the candles on the live Christmas tree in the far corner by the big window, the little flames from the pastel-colored candles reflecting in the shiny ornaments, and then he would light the gas heater set under the front room mantel, and then he would call us children to come down and see what wonders that early-day Santa had left for us while we had slept through the night. The candles on the tree remained lighted only for a short time because houses

were burned down back then when the foolhardy failed to exercise caution, but we had gotten for a brief few minutes to see the wonder of it all, and to know that all the anxious days of waiting through the early December had been worth the joy of Christmas mornings - later in what years were left of our childhood and up to now there would be electric lights where the candles had been, and maybe the lights are more beautiful and much safer, but when they are turned off there is not the wondrous smell that the candles leave behind when they are blown out. The transition from candles to electric lights passed unnoticed by us because the toys were the more important on Christmas mornings.

**OVER THE YEARS** that have intervened since then there have been many Christmases, first the Christmases of our young adulthood when we were concerned with only ourselves, then a couple of Christmases in uniform, one of them in Belgium where Hitler had launched a last desperate drive through the snowcovered forests and had trapped American GIs in Bastogne, then the succeeding Christmases since while our own children were growing up and now our grandchildren following their own parents into their own future, and each of all those Christmases have brought with it its own wonder and its own pleasure and its own joy, each of those Christmases so much alike with its spiritual feeling of the awe and the splendor of the Christ Child in the manger, yet each so different in the changing material scenes that each succeeding year creates in a constantly changing world. Whatever the future may hold for all of us and for the coming generations we may leave behind, the constant still remains that there will be Christmas after Christmas after Christmas to the end of time, and someday there may come the real peace on earth and good will toward men - all of that is worth hoping for and waiting for and, most of all, praying for, and our Christmas wish for all of you is that it will happen for you this Christmastide.

December 20, 1987

**MR. CLYDE MACKKEY**  
**St. Petersburg, Florida**



# Search for Texas flag successful

SEVERAL WEEKS ago we began telling you of our vacation trip to East Texas in search of a Texas flag and a Statue of Liberty reproduction for granddaughter Erin, a story which we didn't finish at the time because of having been interrupted by other topics of which we have written in the weeks in between. To get back to the story, we visited a great many stores in the East Texas area without success, including an unique department store in Longview where everything is priced at \$9. The store, Winston's, is one of a new chain headquartered in New York, with eight or nine outlets in various large cities across the country. The merchandise is all name-brand stuff - Jeanne bought two Pierre Cardin traveling bags for \$9 each, and several gifts of clothing for our grandkids back home, also \$9 each. However, the store had no Texas flags and no Statues of Liberty, and with our week-long stay in Texas nearing an end, we were about to give up on the flag. There was a plus on that trip to Longview; we had an excellent luncheon of burritos, tacos and refried beans at Lupe's, one of two fine Mexican restaurants in that city, the other being Casa Ole.

THERE WAS also a minus; the day before near Gilmer, 10 or so miles from Ore City, a hitchhiker shot and killed a man who had given him a ride in his pickup truck on two-lane Texas State Road 300, and had escaped. He was still on the loose the next day when we were returning from Longview on SR 300, and just about at the spot where the killing had occurred, Pam's car overheated and died in the hot southwestern afternoon sun, and there we were, the three of us, out in the boondocks with no houses in sight and very little traffic in either direction in an area where a murderer was on the loose. None of the three of us knows anything about cars, so we sweated it out for over a half hour, keeping anxious eyes on the shoulder-high grasses in the flat fields bordering the road, until one of those hospitable people of which Texans are proud to boast came along in his pickup, saw our dilemma, fooled around a bit with the motor, got the car started again, and sent us on our way. Even though we realized

that a guy who was being hunted by dozens of searchers in several sheriff's posses wouldn't stay anywhere near the scene of his crime, we still had some shivers of trepidation while we waited beside a broken-down car on that lonesome Texas landscape; when the pickup driver stopped to help, he was a Texan with a halo.

PAM HANDLES the office for Irving Felsen who owns the Greggton Steel Co. in Longview, and the day before we were to leave for Florida to visit son Jimmy and his family, she told her boss about our Texas flag dilemma. He simply picked up the Longview phone directory from her desk, turned to the yellow pages, found the "F" section for flags, and listed there was a store selling flags only a couple of addresses away from his office. So that afternoon when she finished work, Pam got a 3x5 Texas flag and brought it home, thus helping to accomplish half of our mission for Erin. It was sort of ironic that we had hunted without success all over that part of East Texas, and all Pam's boss Irving had to do was go to the phone book's yellow pages; that's probably why he is a successful industrialist and we're a hand-to-mouth ex-newspaperman. There is a sequel to the flag story. Erin now has two of them; shortly after we did that column in mid-October on our up-to-that-time non-productive search, Bellaire's Bill Shubat Jr., field rep in this area for Ohio Secretary of State Sherrod Brown, happened to mention the story of the fruitless search to Brown, and the secretary gave him a Texas flag to give to Erin, thus earning, along with Irving Felsen, her childhood gratitude, and her grandparents' thanks.

WESTERN LOUISIANA, next door to Texas, is attempting to develop its tourism industry with the creation of a Western Corridor along Highway 171, running from Shreveport almost straight south to Lake Charles through several historic areas, state parks and hunting, fishing and recreational areas. On our way to Baton Rouge, we decided to take the Corridor, and much to our surprise found that gasoline prices along the highway, from which only small local

roads lead off, were 10 to 20 cents per gallon higher than anywhere else in the state, which didn't seem to us a sensible way to attract tourists. Louisiana as a whole is a state of great beauty but deep economic problems; dependent in a great part on the oil industry, the oil recession has reached adversely into all part of the state's economic life, and the stories they tell about those effects have a faintly familiar ring to us whose area's economic health hangs on the backsliding steel and coal industries, stories of high unemployment and young people leaving the state in bunches for greener employment fields. But despite its problems, Louisiana is still a great state, and we'd go back there tomorrow if we had a chance.

NEXT THURSDAY comes another Thanksgiving, for which we wish you all the best. We'll have three of our five children and their families for the traditional turkey which Jeanne as usual will cook to perfection, and it will be a nice day for us, as we hope it will be for you. Sometimes in the rush and hurry of everyday living and in the trials and tribulations which assail all of humankind from a dozen directions, the giving of thanks might not seem the thing to do, as there is so little to be thankful for for some of us, but on deeper reflection, all of us from the highest to the lowest can discover something for which we need to give thanks; each of us has uncounted and forgotten blessings, if we would only make the effort to remember them, instead of taking the good for granted and dwelling too much on the bad. How many more Thanksgivings each of us has remaining is obscured in the unknown future, so make the best of what you have on Thursday, and the most that we can wish for you on that day is that may God bless you and keep you, as we wish He will do for us and our family.

November 22, 1987

**MR. & MRS. CHARLES DANKWORTH**  
**Bellaire, Ohio**

# East Ohio forgotten in Columbus

**THE RECENT** news item that Ohio's unemployment rate is less than 6 percent is of little comfort here in Eastern Ohio where unemployment rates are more than double that percentage; Belmont County's rate is running around 15 percent, surrounding counties are higher, and if it were possible to count those who have dropped out of the job market by their inability to even get a nibble on a prospect, this area's rate would be even higher. We're told that here in Eastern Ohio we have everything industry needs; sufficient water, fairly good roads, a skilled labor pool with an established reputation for productivity, adequate rail, river and highway transportation, within a radius of 500 miles of nearly half of the nation's markets, all those in addition to substantial vacant buildings suitable for industrial use such as the former Cleveite in Lansing, Picoma in Martins Ferry, Phillips Stamping in Bellaire, and some others with transportation access scattered about the area. Gov. Arch Moore would love to have those vacant buildings on the other side of the river; he'd be up in the Panhandle like a shot peddling those structures to industrial prospects, even to the point of twisting arms when persuasion didn't work.

**THE GOOD GOVERNOR** from Glen Dale has been doing that with notable success, and some previously idle industrial buildings along the river on the West Virginia side are about to be occupied by viable firms producing goods and employing people, even a structure as old as the former Benwood Works of Wheeling-Pitt. Maybe Eastern Ohio should secede and join the state of West Virginia so that we'd have the advantage of Governor Moore's effective assistance in economic development, or possibly what we need is to elect an Ohio governor from our part of the state so we'd have his attention. Certainly, it doesn't appear that we have Governor Celeste's attention, should you ask the people of Powhatan, who are fighting to get back on Ohio 7 instead of the equally dangerous detours, or the people of Bellaire whose Ohio 7 project is meeting the same fate with Celeste as it has with a string of both Democrat and Republican

governors since the relocation issue first was raised nearly 35 years ago. What it will take to get that attention from the governor's office nobody has ever figures out; they say we're so Democratic-oriented that the Democrats feel we're in their pocket so they needn't worry, and GOP says they can't win here no matter what they do, so both ignore us.

**NEXT SATURDAY** Bellaire High will welcome back as many of its alumni who can make it for the annual homecoming, and between them Tom Rataiczak, Mike Dossie and Dave Liberati of the alumni committee have done their best in an effort to spark a revival of civic pride; for last year's homecoming they had done a great job with the foundation, up to and including decorating the town and with a big assist from then-Murphy Store manager James Slaughter who seemed at the time to have been the biggest cheerleader in the Chamber of Commerce but who unfortunately has gone into retirement in downstate West Virginia, but after the homecoming weekend there was nobody ready to pick up the torch, and so that flame went out again. Those people at the high school and in the alumni can't do it all; they can build the beginning but the rest of the town's leaders and the people and the politicians and the civic organizations must take it from there so that the building will keep going the year round, not a one-shot deal on a fall weekend. Anyway the alumni association is giving the town a second chance to get done what it didn't do last year; and as far as the matter of civic pride is concerned, there can't be too many chances left for Bellaire to get its act together.

**ONE OF THE** major features of the homecoming is the reunion of the school's first band. For sure, at least eight of the 17 surviving members plan to be there, and there'll be enough former bandspeople from later years to present a respectable-sounding alumni band. One of the originals who can't make it back is Eddie Johnston who lives now in Lake Worth, Fla., and who just recently hung up his xylophone and drum sticks. Eddie is 75 years of age who joined the Wheeling Musicians Local in

1926 so he could play with the Wheeling Symphony, which he did until he moved to Florida nearly 30 years ago, and he still holds his card with Local 142. Prior to relocating south, Eddie and his Eddie Johnston trio, xylophone, drums and bass fiddle, played the better clubs and restaurants throughout the area, also doing considerable radio. Recently Eddie sent us a Xerox photo of the Bellaire High orchestra of 1924, with which he played when only in the sixth grade. Wrote Eddie: "I think that orchestra must have been the nucleus for the bands of 1927 through 1930. I recall that Charlie Bomer and I were drummers for that orchestra. I was a member of the band which went to Columbus to pay at the Fair and I still recall many details of that trip.

**"I REMEMBER** how I used to be excused from high school classes so I could march with the United Mine Workers Band. This band was always part of any miner's funeral and played dirges to the church, then followed the hearse through town to the foot of Rose Hill. After the funeral procession of cars was well up the hill, we would turn around and start playing lively marches back to the Temple Theater where we disbanded." (That band was directed by Roxie Palmer, and stayed together well into the 1930s, until long after the UMWA had lost the Miners Temple.) Continues Eddie: "We've been happy here in Lake Worth. It's a beautiful part of Florida, and because of our nearness to Palm Beach, I've had some great playing experiences. This past May I reached age 75 and decided that after 60 years of active playing, it was time to retire my drum sticks! I would probably continue playing but my eyesight is too poor for night driving." Eddie has established a fine musical reputation in that part of Florida, playing all kinds of engagements including radio broadcasts, and if you've ever been musically interested and in that part of the Sunshine State you'll certainly have heard of Eddie Johnston.

October 11, 1987

# Battle Hymn was beginning of hope

**WE HAVE OCCASION** to thank Director Ray Ponzo and his Shaydside High School band for a kindness they extended to us at the recent Tiger-St. John Central football game, and to PA announcer Gregg Warren for his generous accompanying remarks. Ray had built the band's halftime show around the 200th anniversary of the Constitution, and during the presentation, the band dedicated to us one of its selections, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic". It is rare that we go out in the evening, and so we unfortunately and to our great regret missed the show; we did not know in advance what Ray was about to do, and although Mayor Anita Wiley called us from the field, it was too late for us to make it in time. The Tiger band always has been one of our favorite musical groups; Ray makes the most effective use of his brass, does a fine job of dramatic musical presentations, and one of our most enjoyable memories for many years was the Tiger band facing the stands and the pressbox atop them and ripping out brassily with the Tiger fight song. And we enjoyed the unreserved friendship which was extended to us in the pressbox by Gregg, Joe Munjas and Bob Dorris of the PA crew, and by Jack Bonar, Wilbur Coates, and George Kocher who ran the clock, and Dr. Jim Antalis, the team physician who sets up temporary headquarters there in order to get onto the field as quickly as he is needed.

**"THE BATTLE HYMN"** has always been one of our favorites, and we would have been just as comfortable with it as our national anthem as we are with the "Star Spangled Banner," in fact, more comfortable because both the words and the music of "The Battle Hymn", born in a more tragically critical time than was the "Star Spangled Banner" created by Francis Scott Key during the War of 1812, seem to express the real and deeper meaning of the nation. The melody is an ancient Sunday School hymn of the early 1800s, its origin lost in antiquity. As the Civil War spread across the land in the 1860s, Union soldiers adapted to it the poem, "John Brown's Body", and turned it into a marching song. In February of 1862, the war was

not going well for the North and President Lincoln spent his days trying to get the army moving and his nights pacing the halls of the White House in his nightgown agonizing over the future of the nation. Julia Ward Howe, a distinguished authoress, had come to Washington to see her friend the President and was devastated by the pain and sorrow in his being.

**WASHINGTON WAS** an armed camp, ringed about by the bivouacs of the thousands and thousands of Union soldiers pouring in from the north, the east and the midwest, piling up one regiment atop the other because the army was stalled in Virginia and there was no place for them to go. From her hotel room window Julia Ward Howe saw the marching units sloping through the muddy streets and heard them singing "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave" to the haunting music, and to her in the night came a vision that there had to be something else to believe in, a rock on which to cling in the raging sea of mad war, and in the midst of that vision there came to her the words which were to become "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"; later she was to say that when she rose from her bed to get paper and pencil, the words seemed almost to write themselves there in the lamplight of her room. If you read the poem carefully, for it really is a poem, you will discover something of the despair by which the nation was gripped in 1862 - "He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored" - and as the words progress, there emerges the beginning of hope - "He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat" - to the ultimate triumph - "His truth goes marching on". We have never heard the music nor sung the words but what a chill tingles along our back; Ray Ponzo understands what we mean, and we thank again he and his kids for their thrilling kindness.

**THE BELLAIRE** Board of Education is to be congratulated on its choice of Regis Woods to succeed Harry Thompson as superintendent of schools. Regis has the trust and the confidence of the parents and the students, and is

familiar by experience with the whole spectrum of administration, from the nuts and bolts of maintenance and construction to the continuing upgrading of curricula and teaching. With the occasion to have observed Regis for many years in teaching, coaching and administration, we have found him to be honest and fair with the students, the public and especially the press - when Regis told us something we could not put it in the bank, and never once did we have occasion to doubt him. He is following a fine man - during his tenure Harry Thompson did a good job for the education of Bellaire's kids despite some trying times and conditions, and he has finished his tenure in Bellaire with considerable honor. Bellaire schools have been, are and will be in very good hands for years to come, thankfully.

**CLOSING NOTES:** Our congratulations to Chuck Reese on his election to treasurer of the Ohio American Legion Department; a member of Bellaire Post 52, Chuck is the second of that post to serve in that state capacity, a staff position held in years past by the late Ernie Giffin, deceased president of the former First National Bank and a founding member of the Bellaire post...Relative to the American Legion, you might be interested as a sports fan to know that one of the heavier-hitters on the Cincinnati team which won this year's state Legion baseball championship was Pete Rose Jr., whose dad bosses the Reds...

October 4, 1987

# Volunteers key Good Zoo success

**AT THE TAIL** end of our vacation trip earlier this summer we brought back from Florida to Shadyside for a several-weeks visit two of our nine grandchildren, five-year-old Sean and ten-year-old Shelly, the children of our son Jimmy and his wife Linda, and there have been occasions in that interim when we have had more than a suspicion that maybe we were too ambitious; in the present life-style to which we have become accustomed in our retirement years there are frequent situations in which we find ourselves more than a little beyond the coping stage. It isn't that the two kids are that troublesome or bothersome; it's just that we're not young enough any more to keep chasing a couple of high powered, high-spirited youngsters around the block. In the years since our own children had grown up, we'd forgotten that you need a lot more than Geritol or its ancestor Hadacol to ride herd on those of the much younger generation. Their dad will arrive this weekend to take them back to Kissimmee, and he will arrive none too soon. It has been an interesting, educational two months, a time which we may recall much later with fondness but a time of which at this moment we're much more tired and beat.

**THERE HAVE BEEN** some finer moments over those several weeks, and one of them was a trip to the Good Zoo at Oglebay Park, especially the visit to the miniature train display. The day we were there Zoo volunteer Jack Hatfield was on duty; he is a retired West Liberty State College person and the grandfather of *Times-Leader* ad rep Jill Miller. The gentle and patient manner in which Jack Hatfield handled not only our grandchildren but the many other youngsters who whooped in and out of the display and argued over those turn it was at the hands-on buttons had very much to do with the children's enjoyment of the visit. And it struck us that among the many reasons for the success of the Good Zoo are the volunteers like Jack Hatfield who give cheerfully of their time, their helpfulness, their friendliness and their expertise, volunteers who give that time because they sincerely like kids and other people and because they believe that the Good Zoo is well worth their time

and their trouble for what it means to the Park in particular and the Ohio Valley in general. We're sure that if you would ask Park boss Randy Worls what is the single most important factor in the success of Oglebay his instant reply would be, "Our people". Come to think of it, the best asset anything has is its people.

**THE TRAIN DISPLAY** at the Zoo is one of the finest we've seen, and that includes the display at the Railway Express building in Akron's Quaker Square complex, which features a traditional circus and its train and a complete amusement park; the one at Cypress Gardens in Florida where the setup starts with a New York City theme and crosses the country to end at the San Francisco theme, meantime going also through the four seasons, spring, summer, winter and fall; and one at a Christmas village off the highway around Ocala, Florida, where the entire layout is set in the mountains and forests of the Pacific Northwest. According to a fact sheet they give you, the Good Zoo display is built on a platform 1,100 square feet large, with over 625 feet of track, and including mountains, tunnels, cities, towns, a steel factory, a coal mine, a baseball game in progress, an outdoor theater, a steamboat gliding on a river filled with 106 gallons of water; there are so many things in the display that no matter how often you see it, you'll always find something you missed the next time you visit. At the bottom of the green fact sheet there is an "Eagle Eye Checklist" to help you find what you may have missed, and it's a little bit of added fun to check that list against what you've found with the naked eye.

**BASED ON**, naturally, the "Wild, Wonderful West Virginia" theme, the Zoo display took over "11,000 hours of blood, sweat and tears" in its construction stage, 140 of those hours spent on the building of the trestle bridge connecting the mountains above the river. (Once upon a time when the narrow gauge O.R. & W. wound its snaky way through the hills from Bellaire to Woodsfield, there was a 300-foot curved wooden trestle like that which helped the old funnel-stack engines to leap one of the wider

valleys; another but smaller wooden trestle near Woodsfield collapsed sometime in 1894, dropping the locomotive and one of its cars into a jumbled heap atop a matchstick pile of splintered wooden beams, and if you want to pursue the history of the O. R. & W. which also was known as the B. Z. & C. you'll find its story in a definitive work written by Arley Byers nearly a dozen years ago, based on old newspaper articles published from the time the railroad was first considered in 1873 until it expired in 1931.) Some day, when the kids, grand or otherwise, are starting to get on your nerves, take them out to see the miniature train display at the Good Zoo, and let the trains take over.

**WE HAVE** a great need to thank those of you who have taken the courteous trouble to comment kindly on our Sunday efforts here. We missed all of you during the past year of silence; the cause of that silence was that we were having much difficulty adjusting to retirement, and couldn't call up enough courage to resume writing. We should have listened months ago to our Dr. Jimmy Antalis' advice that we get off our duff and get back to writing, if only as an exercise in therapy. That blind line to Bob Kovalyk at the end of the initial Lefty Mistovich column a few weeks ago had a relationship to Dr. Jimmy's advice; Bob had been urging us over the months to start writing again; "just write a column for me personally and mail it to me, even if you don't feel like writing in the paper", said Bob, so we felt we owed Bob a bit when we did come back here. One of the regrets that we have over that "lost" year is that we didn't keep in closer touch with Tom Briley, who was appointed by the Ogdens to publish the *Times Leader* after they bought the newspaper from the Dix family. We have had a constant admiration for Tom both as a news reporter and as a person, and he takes with him to Iowa our best wishes for his future and our appreciation for having had the opportunity to have known him in the past.

August 16, 1987



**BUCKEYE**  
Savings And Loan

# 3 men who won't be forgotten

**THE FIRST TIME** we saw Bob Latimer was in 1933 when he got us our first real job; the last time we saw him was Tuesday in the Keller Funeral Home in Martins Ferry, and in the 55 years in between a helluva lot had happened to both of us, some good, some bad, some so-so, just like life is lived by almost everybody. In the summer of 1933 the Great Depression had set in and regular jobs were hard to come by; at the time we were out of high school a couple of years and Prohibition was being repealed, so breweries were starting up all over the place and we got a part-time job keeping books for Everett Tharpe who had the Newark Brewery distributorship in Belmont County, peddling Newark beer and Old Town Ale, neither of which would make you want to stand up and cheer and neither of which survived very long after the better breweries began producing quality beers for a dry population which had thirsted for the good stuff since the Volstead Act had turned off the taps in saloons all over the country in 1920. (Whether the Volstead Act or its subsequent repeal in 1933 were best for the populace depends upon the particular circumstances in which they are viewed; certainly there are a great many people who can't stop at one beer and there are a great many others who can, so you take your choice).

**THE JOB WITH** the Newark distributorship paid only a couple of bucks a week, not enough to meet our share of the family expenses, but it did leave us more than sufficient time to pitch softball, which is how we came to meet Bob when Andy Lambros booked his Belmont Waiters team to play the Wolfhurst outfit which Bob had put together with mostly hardball players from out around Stop 19 on the Bridgeport pike. We beat Bob that time, and a couple of days later he called and wanted to know if we'd like to pitch for Wolfhurst; when we told him we didn't drive a car and didn't have money to ride the streetcars, he said he'd try to get us the daily dime or so for the carfare and meanwhile he'd look around a bit. What we didn't know at the time was that Bob was the timekeeper for the Carnegie-Illinois' Laughlin tin mill in Martins Ferry, and in a couple of days we were

working on the mill's opening floor for 27 cents an hour, the magnificent sum of \$10.80 a week, more when we had to work beyond the 40 hours, and a hell of a lot more than the couple of bucks we'd been getting from Newark. And we played ball with Bob's Wolfhurst club every early evening and doubleheaders on Sundays in the summer.

**THAT HOURLY RATE** may seem ridiculous now, but back in the 1930s not too many jobs paid much more than that for those fortunate enough to be working steady, so we had no quarrel with our paycheck; everything in the stores was scaled accordingly, bread at 12 cents, milk at 10 cents, cigarettes at 10 cents, meat around 20 cents a pound, trousers around \$2, to give you an idea. Most of the people who lived out around Wolfhurst were from Central Europe, and although the immigrant parents didn't understand the game they could count the numbers on the scoreboard and they could, and did, raise a lot of hell when Wolfhurst was behind. Which wasn't often; in 1934 Bob's team played 104 games, won 103 of them and tied the other, in Martins Ferry when Socks Smerker put one of Stan Garber's pitches out on Zane Highway to tie up the Tidbits just as dusk ended the battle. Bob was a good organizer and knew the game; he'd played Double-A ball with Birmingham in the American Association and he collected ball players like the Big Leagues do. Those were good days, but they didn't last long enough, and by 1937 the team had busted up and the guys had gone their separate ways. Bob at 89 had outlived most of them, but wherever he is today he's probably recruiting them from wherever they are, Bungo and Joe and Frankie and Jada and Bill Holliday and Bang Caruth, and by the end of this summer his unearthly club probably will be leading the Heavenly League somewhere up there on Cloud Nine.

**BOB BYERS** was an "outlander" when he came to Bellaire from New Brighton, Pa., in 1964 to become president of the former Union Savings Bank following the death of Carl Koch, but it didn't take him long to become acclimated and to begin making his

contributions, and there were many of them, to his adopted Eastern Ohio community. And he continued to make those contributions, both professionally in his financial career with the Union and through its successive mergers first with the First National and then with the present Bank One, and non-professionally in the various facets of community life until his retirement from Bank One at the beginning of this year. We have enjoyed all of our associations with Bob since his arrival in our area, as have all of his many business associates and friends, and we join with them in wishing him a long and happy retirement, and in thanking him for what he has done for our area. Best of all, he's a Big Band fan with a great record collection, and we like those kind of people a whole bunch.

**ANOTHER PERSON** who has just retired and who has loomed large in our personal and professional life is Heck McMahon, *The Times Leader* do-it-all guy who spent some 44 years in the T-L harness. Heck was working in the Bellaire office when we came back from the Army in 1945, and it didn't take us long to understand that Heck was the guy to see for almost everything you might need. He did a magnificent job in the newspaper's darkroom, developing most of the black-and-white photos you've seen published in earlier days, and he was a very good public relations person with the carriers during the years he drove a route delivering the papers - the carriers in Shadyside affectionately nicknamed him "Spider," and they thought so much of him that at Christmas time he carried home a bundle of little presents from them. There was a period of time when a group of us gathered on Friday nights for a poker game when Rudy Schiller was running the Golden Goose, Heck, Joe Muskovich, Andy Martin, Chick Greenhough and occasionally somebody else, and from those sessions there remains a host of great stories and good memories. Our life, and the lives of a lot of other people in and out of *The Times Leader* family, have been enriched by our associations with Heck - T-L publisher Alex Marshall had it right when he said Heck's the kind of a guy you wish there were ten of - and we thank Heck for the privilege of his friendship.

January 24, 1988

**MRS. JEAN MOUNTAIN**  
Shadyside, Ohio

# More than just a father-in-law

**OUR FATHER-IN-LAW** didn't make it; he died a couple of weeks back in St. Luke's Hospital in Richmond, Va., at the age of 83, and in reflecting on our relationship over nearly four and a half decades, we have come to realize that Clarence Burton was much more than a father-in-law; he was a good and helpful friend in the true context of friendship. We first met Clarence in the summer of 1941 when we went to the family home on West Broad Street for our first date with his daughter Jeanne, who we had met at a place the sign above the door said was the English Tavern but which was called the "Bloody Bucket" by the young people who inhabited it, mostly kids just out of high school a year or two or three who drank Cokes and danced to the jitterbug music on the juke box, the Big Band stuff of Miller and Dorsey and James and Goodman. Jeanne was to become the most important person in our life, but we didn't know that just then; she was an attractive young lady who was a friend of another girl we had met at a USO dance back at Camp Lee and who introduced us. Those were days of change; millions of young people were being pulled out of the ordinary line of their lives and shipped off to faraway places where the army camps and the navy and marine bases were located as the nation geared up for what was to be War II, which was a lot nearer that summer than anybody wanted it to be.

**TO CLARENCE AND** his wife Fran we were among the unknown quantities that made up those millions; what kind of a person we were or what kind of a background from which we came they had no way of knowing, nor did they question either. They accepted us as they accepted Jeanne's other friends, without reservation; they judged us on their own personal observations, and that was a much better shake than a lot of citizen-soldiers were getting around the country. Those years constituted a strange time, in a way; there were a great many people living in the towns around the army camps who regarded a guy in uniform with a degree of reserve and suspicion while their own sons were complaining in letters to home that they were getting the same kind of arms-

length treatment at military bases in other parts of the nation. We were to learn that Clarence and Fran treated everyone the way they treated us, and when the minister who conducted Clarence's funeral service quoted the lines "Let me live in the house by the side of the road and be a friend to man" from Sam Walter Foss' poem, he was describing exactly Clarence Burton.

**THE BURTONS** were transplanted Yankees; they had left the Akron area in the mid-1930s when things got tough in the rubber industry in which he was employed, and had gone to Richmond where the people boasted there never had been a depression because the area's economy was based principally on tobacco and even though they didn't have jobs Americans still managed to buy cigarettes, the major industry of Richmond. And in Richmond Clarence got right back into the rubber industry: recapping tires was getting to be a big thing because everybody could see the war was coming on and conservation and conversion of everything were being promoted by FDR's Washington, and recaps used less rubber than new tires. In his later years Clarence suffered much from emphysema and black lung from the rubber with which he worked all his lifetime and which had much to do with his dying; in our area we're inclined to think that only the coal miner gets black lung, but the problem affects more people than just miners. When the war did happen it stopped the rubber from coming into this country from nations where the shooting was going on, and thus made recapping even more important.

**DURING THE** war years Clarence and Fran helped Jeanne and young Jimmy when we shipped overseas and couldn't be around to care for them, and after the war when we came back to Bellaire and the rest of our kids followed one by one until there were five, Clarence and Fran made summers memorable for all of them. By that time they had built a beautiful home with all the glass fronting on the water in Virginia's Northern Neck, just off the Potomac; Clarence had redone a shrimp boat for a pleasure craft and had built a

boathouse and in the summer when we had any vacation time coming we shot like an arrow down to the river where the kids searched among the pine woods for whatever they could see or could find or scrounged the shore for shells or swam in the backwaters to avoid the "stingy nettles", the acidic tendrils of the jellyfish, or fished off Clarence's boat or if they didn't like to fish just went along for the ride and dipped for crabs which Fran with considerable skill deviled and served on their own half shells. What Fran and Clarence gave our children in those pleasant summers on the river no money could have bought and very few other children their ages ever had the opportunity to enjoy, and if for nothing else we and our children owe them a large debt for that equally large storehouse of beautiful memories.

**WE HAD CARRIED** on a love affair with the city of Richmond for a great part of the middle years of our life when we were going back there almost every year to visit with Clarence and Fran, but in the past dozen or so of those years the Richmond we knew has been changing and now we no longer feel the pang of a lost love. When we were in Richmond to attend Clarence's funeral, Jeanne's brother Dick told us that the log cabin - not the pioneer type but one with polished logs and all the modern conveniences - in which the family lived when we first met Jeanne had been torn down to make way for another of the many housing projects continually mushrooming on the edges of the city, but Dick managed to save from the rubble before everything was carted away some stones from the big fireplace in front of which we had taken a picture of Jeanne when we were dating and another stone from the decorative well in the front yard on which we were photographed on our wedding day. The big old homes on Chamberlayne Avenue in the city have been torn down for apartments and condominiums or turned into homes for the elderly, freeways I-95 and I-64 have ripped out other sections that we knew, the face of downtown Richmond has altered with the razing of old buildings and the replacing of them with new modern antiseptic structures of much less character, and and there have been more subtle changes in the lifestyles of the pre-War II Richmonders.

July 25, 1985

# Man's creative art comes alive again

**TOM MYERS WHO** grew up in Bellaire but relocated to Shadyside a large number of years ago has created and presented to the Bellaire Glass and Artifacts Museum a water color of that building, and the painting will be hung in the Museum, which oddly enough has in its Bellaire Room a years-old photo of a Bellaire Christian Church men's group of which Tom was a member in his much younger days; he still attends that church. Tom retired some years ago from the former International Harvester plant in Shadyside, and when his wife Helen died a while back he was, as most widowers find themselves after years of loving and fulfilling companionship, at loose and lonely ends, with great stretches of vacant time on his hands. A friend in Florida suggested to Tom that he take up painting again as a time-filling therapy - after graduating from Bellaire High Tom had studied commercial design and secured his certification, but back in the turn of that decade the market had collapsed and so had employment, and it was difficult to find around here any sort of a job, let alone in commercial designing, and Tom had done some sketches of places and things that had interested him, but laid all that aside when life became the elemental function of job-hunting. For a half century his creative art had rested in limbo until the Florida friend not only suggested the return to it but gave him a photo of the beautifully traditional Union Church in the Panama Canal Zone's Balboa to recreate.

**SINCE THEN** Tom has done dozens of paintings - there are about 30 alone stacked up in his basement in addition to more hanging on the walls of his home on Shadyside's West 45th Street - and now he plans to paint a picture of his boyhood home on riverside Guernsey Street in Bellaire, which was torn down some time ago in anticipation of the long-awaited and still much questionable relocation of Ohio 7. One of the paintings on his walls is of the Bellaire High School building, where he was a member of the first high school band and to the reunion of which he has been invited; the reunion will be held during the school's homecoming celebration

this fall, and with the planning in the capable hands of present faculty members Tom Rataiczak and Mike Dossie, the homecoming event should be a great affair. Tom and Mike put together a magnificent morale builder at last year's homecoming; it was unfortunate that nobody else in the city picked up on that foundation to make it pay off in remolding the city's absent pride.

**THE STORY** of how Bellaire High got into the band business is rather unique, the result of an embarrassment inflicted on the school by a character-about-town named Stokes Minnehan; school officials were embarrassed but most of the town's residents were amused. We've told you this story a time ago, but since then there have been new generations who may not have heard it, so we ask those of you who know the story to bear with us. In those days of the 1920s Bellaire and Wheeling played an annual Thanksgiving Day football classic so all-important that most everything in the two towns came to a stop on that day; families built their Thanksgiving dinners around the game, and the Island Stadium where the battle was culminated was filled to standing-room-only well before kickoff. Wheeling High paraded with pride its splendid band, magnificently attired in sparkling gold and blue uniforms, and for years Bellaire fans who had no such asset could only glare and grumble and mutter, until Stokes decided that the town ought to have a band, and so from his hangout in Reed Rosser's Smokehouse, one of the town's gambling establishments, he planned his coup.

**NEITHER MUSIC** nor marching was a requirement for membership in Stokes' band; all that was necessary was a desire and a fortification of pick-handle, an especially potent form of just-about drinkable alcohol highly distributed and easily available in those days of Prohibition. Stokes found a pair of knee-high boots and a baton in the classic style of John Phillip Sousa, about five feet high with a ball about the size of a softball on top. Because of the lack of formal organization, Stokes' band had few legitimate musicians, only a scatter

ing of musical instruments, and a lot of kazoo players, but they did learn only two songs "Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here" and "Bellaire Will Shine Tonight" and when they played them what they lacked in musicianship they made up in enthusiasm and noise. Their marching also left a lot to be desired, orderly lines were non-existent but nobody minded the straggling mob effect. On Thanksgiving day of 1928 Stokes "marched," if that's the word, his band onto the turf of the Island Stadium and after Big Reds quarterback Katz Kadlic threw a touchdown pass to give Bellaire a 7-6 victory, the band decided to march all the way back to Bellaire, but not all of them made it; the day and the excitement was taking its toll, but Stokes led most of them back down old Ohio 7 along the street car tracks into town.

**YUNKO PETRONEK** was just a kid in his early teens when he was one of the kazoo players; he remembers the march back and some of its incidents. Non-drummer Alie Jones, another of Stokes' about-town contemporaries, had borrowed a bass drum from Dave Ault who played drums in a dance band. Alie was less than five feet tall and the drum wasn't much shorter, and by the time the band had made it from the Island Stadium to the Bridgeport Bridge, Alie had had enough, so he pitched Dave's drum across the railing in the Ohio River backwater and came the rest of the way home unhindered. It was that kind of a band; you didn't really have to be dedicated, only enthusiastic. There was another time when Stokes took his band out onto the field at old Riverview Park, the homestand of the Reds, and School Superintendent J. V. Nelson, a hard, strait-laced administrator with a strong Puritan streak, demanded of former Fire Chief Charley Jewell who was helping Constable Jim Jeffers with security that Charley put the band off the field. "Not me" firmly replied Charley "you do it yourself; Stokes got more friends in this crowd than you have." It was that kind of a town, too. We haven't finished with the story of the beginning of the Bellaire High band, so if you'll put up with us, we'll get around to the rest of the story later. Thanks for reading, and have a good day.

August 2, 1987

**MR. & MRS. JOHN MOUNTAIN  
& Family**

# First BHS band left quite a mark

**WE PROMISED** last week to continue the story of how Bellaire High School came to field a band after being embarrassed in the late 1920s by character-about-town Stokes Minnehan and his impromptu and uninstructed band, which knew only two songs, "Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here" and "Bellaire Will Shine Tonight" but which they played with unbridled and unmusical enthusiasm, mostly on kazoos. Stokes was one of those adult people who in the fall lived or died depending upon the rise or fall of the Big Reds footballers, and he was so envious of Wheeling which paraded an honest-to-gosh band bedecked brilliantly in the school colors of gold and blue when the two teams met on Thanksgiving Day while Bellaire was bandless that he organized his own rabble-in-arms to represent Bellaire. Bellaire school officials, particularly iron-willed Superintendent J.V. Nelson, came to the conclusion that the only way to get rid of Stokes' band was to organize its own. At that same time Dan Archibald owned a hardware store in the building now occupied by the Medinah Grotto on Belmont Street. Dan was a musician of much talent, self-taught on piccolo and flute and of sufficient expertise to occupy the first chair in the Wheeling and the Pittsburgh Symphonies, to teach music at Rollins College in Florida for a time, and to play in a number of marching bands, including the legendary Heatherington Elks Band which acquired a considerable tri-state-wide reputation well beyond its native Eastern Ohio.

**DAN'S SON ALVIN** was in the upper grades in Bellaire's Gravel Hill Elementary School, and had been playing the piccolo and flute, under his dad's instruction, since the tender age of about ten. When school officials began to agitate under Stokes' prodding, Dan started music classes for boys who might be interested in joining the high school band if and when. The school hired college-trained Francis Bechtolt as its first music instructor and band director, and Bechtolt joined with Dan during the 1927 school year to begin forming the band for its first-ever appearance in the fall of 1928. There were 55 boys in that first band - girls weren't granted

membership until several years later, shades of NOW and Gloria Steinem! - and 90 percent of them didn't know one music note from another. But Dan and Bechtolt pushed, shoved, cussed, threatened, cajoled, literally pounding music into young heads day after day, long hour after hour until a lot of parents and kids thought maybe it was a mistake to start.

**WHEN BELLAIRE** opened the football season of 1928 against St. Clairsville at old Riverview Park north of town, the inaugural Big Reds band paraded onto the field for the national anthem, resplendent in red and black uniforms, including capes which were red on one side and black on the other. Charley Bomer, who drove a city fire truck before he retired to Florida some years back, led the band as its first drum major, wielding a Sousa-like baton, and the crowd stomped and shouted with such appreciative abandon that the wooden bleachers on the home side shook and shuddered, threatening to collapse and drop everybody in a heap. Tom Myers, of whom we wrote last week, was among the 55 Firsters - Tom's mother had been a piano teacher, had taught the art to Tom when he was still a very youngster, and Tom later switched to violin, so it wasn't very difficult for Tom to learn the trumpet for Bechtolt. Eddie Johnson who years later would play the xylophone in his own Eddie Johnson Trio in clubs around here, and still later would have his own orchestra at a resort hotel in the Bahamas, marched with that first band, as did Bob Phillips who would become a high school band director in his later years, and George Heil who went into his dad's furniture business in Bellaire, and Don Miller who became superintendent of schools in Shadyside, and Bill Shunk who as a kid a few years earlier had played the snare drum in Stokes' band - Bill's dad was diver John Shunk who went about the country recovering bodies of drowning victims because he had an unusual knack of knowing just where to dive, whether in familiar or strange waters.

**HOW GOOD WAS** that first

band? In the spring of 1929, its first year of competition at the district contest in East Liverpool, the band took first place in both music and marching, a feat that succeeding Big Red bands have never duplicated, and five of its members, Archibald, Warren Timberlake, Edgar Wise, Phillips and Tom Musgat were selected to play in the Ohio State Fair band. And on that Memorial Day in 1929, the band played a full concert in full woolen uniforms in the City Park, despite a 98-degree heat: "The sweat just poured off me, and I thought I'd melt away and die before it was over", recalls Tom. Although he graduated that spring, Tom came back to play two more years in the band; several others did that also, including Bill Shunk and Alvin Archibald, and Charley Bomer too came back to lead the band again the next year.

**THE BELLAIRE** High Alumni Association has invited all former Big Reds band members to join the present band for the fall homecoming - how many of those original people will be back is problematical. One who would like to return is Alvin Archibald, but he can't. "I'd give my eyeteeth for the chance, but it's impossible," explains Alvin. "A couple years ago in a home accident I lost part of a finger, the finger that's most important in playing the flute, so now I can only dream and remember." He doesn't even have his flute; when he lost that part of his finger and knew he would never play again, he gave his musical instruments to his granddaughter, Kristi Shaver, who is playing in the Rider College band, after having performed with the prize-winning Roxbury, N.J. High band. Kristi is quite an accomplished musician, the fifth-generation flute player in the Archibald family musical lineage; her mother and her aunt played in the Shadyside High band, and the flute which her granddad Alvin gave her is a wooden instrument originally owned by Alvin's granddad, who taught Alvin's dad Dan the artistry. There may be 55 other stories like Alvin's that those original Big Reds band members can tell, if they're still alive; but whatever, wherever he is Stokes Minnehan can well be proud of the unusual part he played in starting the Bellaire High band, despite the headaches he inflicted on J.V. Nelson. Aug. 9, 1987



**DO YOU THINK** it would be possible for someone local to head for Oglebay Park but completely miss the place? It is possible, and it did happen, to Walter Bauknecht the elder, on the evening of the Buckeye Savings and Loan Co. Christmas dinner. Walter blames the new Wheeling Tunnels, those twin tile tubes which constitute probably the single greatest engineering feat in the history of the Ohio Valley. Walter left Bellaire for Oglebay and before he realized it, he was in Elm Grove, beyond the Oglebay turnoff. Actually, the tunnels are such a radical change in the traffic pattern that a person will have to drive eastward through them in the daytime a couple of times to get really oriented.

**RECENTLY BEV** and Ed Knotts from Lakemore were in the area for a couple of days to do some Christmas shopping at Imperial Glass, and we took them for a nighttime drive into the hills around us because Jeanne wanted to show off what our valley looks like after dark. We came into Bellaire over Winding Hill, and into Bridgeport over Kirkwood Heights, and both views were tremendous. We had seen them many times, but were looking at this particular time through the eyes of outlanders, and the effect was impressive, especially the view from Kirkwood Heights road, where you can see the sweep of the area to the north. The night hides the dividing line of the river, and Wheeling, Bridgeport, Warwood and Martins Ferry merge in one big, wide black carpet polka dotted with lights crisscrossing each other in rows.

**THE KNOTTS** have done extensive traveling, particularly in the West, where many of the towns and cities nestle in valleys below the mountains. Most of those western valley communities make a tourist think of the night view from the roads clinging to the sides of the mountains, and the Knotts have seen most of these sights, but said that few of them compare to the view from Kirkwood Heights. So the next time you have visitors from the outlands, drive them up into the hills and let them look down on

our valley below. As familiar as you are yourself with our area, you'll get a new slant on it through the eyes of your visitor. If your visitor happens to be from the flatlands, the only time you'll get him up into the hills is at night when he can't see the climb of the roads, because flatlanders scare easy on our hillside auto paths in the daytime.

**THERE ARE** some mighty fine Christmas decorations appearing in Bellaire as we move further into the season, particularly the Farmers and Merchants National Bank, where the girls who work in the bank wove elves into the decorations; the First National Bank, where every floor in the city's tallest building has its own decorations and where the tabletop Christmas scene in the UMWA office is quite beautiful; the traditional giant Christmas tree at the Belmont Federal; the quiet taste of the decorations at the Buckeye Savings and Loan and the Union Savings Bank; the attractive windows at the Bellaire Tele Cable Co. office; the Ohio Power and the Ohio Valley Gas offices. And in response to a number of inquiries, our windows here at the *Times Leader*, which have attracted considerable comment, were the combination of creativity and work expended by Doris Banig, Mary Fitton, Donna Jean Landers, Andy Martin, Dick Walters and Joe Muskovich.

**OHIO POWER'S** Dom Boffo is out of the hospital now, but must take it easy for a while before he goes back to work . . . Coach Jim Carlen of WVU created a lasting impression on a lot of people with his talk at the Big Reds Touchdown Club dinner for Bellaire High athletes, and the personable young coach is probably the best thing that has happened to WVU since Jerry West... We had meant to mention this before, but belated congratulations to Ferry's Mr. and Mrs. Lou Bevilacqua on their 20th wedding anniversary . . . Earl Heil, who will be 75 on Dec. 23, has pulled a switch on the birthday routine; instead of receiving birthday cards and gifts, Earl has sent to a number of friends his own birthday card, each containing a half dollar and a quarter . . .

December 16, 1966

# Tunnels Blamed for Missing Park

# Bellaire Park at One Time Was Swamp

**ALBERT LONG** of the Gift and Art Shop passes along a bit of information which should be of interest to Bellaire history buffs. Most people know that the sandstone blocks for the Stone Bridge were cut in what is now the City Park, but few know, as Albert does, that the park at that time was a swamp, a breeding ground for mosquitos in the summer, so the stone cuttings were used to fill the swamp and then topsoil was hauled in to cover the area. At about the same time, Albert says, if you were coming up Belmont St. from 31st St., at what is now 32nd St. was a large hump extending from the riverbank to the hill. Incidentally, if you're trying to place this in time, the Stone Bridge was begun in 1869 and finished in 1872.

**AT HAND** is a letter from the Rev. Phil Hinerman, who used to labor in the vineyard at the First Methodist Church in Bellaire but now has the Park Avenue Methodist Church pastorate in Minneapolis, and we thank the Reverend for his kind words that the *Times Leader* "is just a great great newspaper and so very newsworthy." It is music to our collective ears, from the editorial to the press rooms, to hear such nice things about the *Times Leader* from people who have had an opportunity to compare our product with papers in other sections of the country. But the Rev. Phil disturbs us with one remark, to wit, "Fifteen years have passed since I was at First Methodist in Bellaire." Impossible! It was only yesterday or the year before that the Reverend was a regular visitor in our office. We miss him muchly.

**ANOTHER MAN** of the cloth who brightened the world around him years ago at St. John's in Bellaire and St. Casimir's at Adena, the Rev. Fr. Lou Phillips, now at Belpre, stopped by the other evening, and we appreciated his visit considerably. Father Lou manages to get in a goodly amount of material uplifting along with his spiritual uplifting, and is one of the movers and the shakers in the industrial development of that section of Washington County. He also was the recipient of an award recently for his work with the Lions Club, of which he

is of the club bulletin. Father Lou a past president and the editor on occasion bumps into George Meyer, who formerly bossed the Murphy store in Bellaire for eleven years before being transferred to the company's Parkersburg store, but didn't have the heart to break completely with Ohio, and so compromised by buying a home in Belpre, across the river from his work.

**MIKE COOPER**, whose dad, Atty. Dave, is the deputy director of the Belmont County board of elections, found himself among the basketball giants on a recent plane trip home from Swarthmore College, where he is a freshman. Mike, who played basketball with Bellaire's Big Reds last season, was booked out of Philadelphia on the same plane with Wilt Chamberlain and the pro basketball 76ers, and Mike, standing better than six foot, was among the smallest people on the plane. The seven foot Wilt was higher than the plane door and had to stoop to enter, Mike says. Mike is following something of a Cooper tradition by enrolling at Swarthmore, where both his dad and his aunt Nancy were students in those years ago when, as today's kids claim, there wasn't so much to learn.

**AND ON** the subject of kids, what are you gonna do with them? The other day custodians at Bellaire High School found a desk pretty well battered, and to impress the students with the seriousness of the issue, the desk was placed prominently in the corridor, adorned with a sign bearing the large legend, "WHY???" Before the day was out, there appeared beneath the "WHY???" the additional legend, "Because." Incidents of that sort influenced Sam Levenson to stop teaching kids and start writing and talking about them, and now he's well on his way to his first million.

**WE HAVE** also at hand a letter from Donald D. Cook, director of the Ohio Department of Liquor Control, concerning a recent column on teenage drinking, which was brought to Cook's attention by Dom Pulito, a Bellairean who is chief of the department's beer and

wine division, and doing a fine job in that capacity. Cook also was generous in writing that the *Times Leader* "is a great aid and assistance to this department in bringing this serious situation to the attention of the public and local authorities." We don't know whether the public and the local authorities are sufficiently attentive to do anything about it, but certainly we're happy to know that at least somebody has taken note.

February 8, 1967

**THE TIMES LEADER**  
**Bellaire Martins Ferry St. Clairsville**

# Street Cars. Fourth of July, and 'Pep'

**THE STREET CARS**, big yellow things with windows all along the sides and hard cane-covered seats inside, clattered up and down Belmont St., stopping at each corner, the tracks taking up one-third of the street right in the middle, but that didn't matter too much because they came by only every 15 minutes, and there weren't that many automobiles using what was left of the street back then, anyway. The street cars had trolley poles front and back, and dual controls at each end of the car inside, so that they could go in either direction without being turned around, and the seats could be reversed so they always faced forward just by pushing the seat backs the other way. When the cars stopped at each corner, you could make the motorman mad by running out into the street and jerking down on the cable to pull the trolley pole off the wire, then he would have to get out and put it back on before the car could start again, but that was a feat reserved only for the bravest and the fastest runners among the older boys.

**ON THE FOURTH** of July, the big boys put torpedoes, round paper cartridges filled with powder and little stones, on the track, and they cracked loudly when the wheels ran over them. If the motorman caught you, you got a shaking; if your parents caught you, you got a beating, for they all remembered Jackie Martin and how he got his arm cut off. There were a lot of things for which you could get a strapping, it seems, and most of us did all of them at one time or another, but none of us was ever marked for life because of those occasional crises, and probably none of us got as many whippings as we deserved. Harry Dobson, who was called Mose and who in his later years was Bellaire's long-time city treasurer, and his brother St. Clair - we often wondered where he got a name like that but never got up enough courage to ask - lived in the neighborhood, and they ran with the older boys who pulled the trolley wires and put the torpedoes on the tracks.

**OVER ON** Union St., across from the DeMarcos, lived Luther and Hazel Hockinbury and their kids, Hockey and Paul and Rachel and Delbert.

Luther was one of the best violinists around, and Hazel was something of a neighborhood celebrity among us kids because she played the piano for the silent movies at the Olympic Theater, and that was an art, because the piano music had to follow the mood of the movie; quick, fast, thunderous music for the cowboy chase scenes, tender music for the love scenes, happy music for the comedies, and, down in the pit just below the big screen, Hazel had to keep one eye on the piano and one on the screen so she wouldn't get caught playing "chase" music when the love scene came one. In the bigger theaters, like those in Wheeling, which were doing good business, they hired a full orchestra to play the music, and when the major movies in the big cans were delivered, they were accompanied by an orchestral score of the songs which were to be played at certain times during the movie, Luther played in those theater orchestras. Hazel lives in Florida now, where Rachel plays the piano and sings in a night club, and every once in a while, they meet other Bellaire expatriates like Harry Bell who have followed the sun south.

**OUR UNCLE** Mike and Aunt Brige lived on 29th St., not 27th St. - retired mail carrier Walter Jones, who delivered mail in the First Ward for many years, called us on that, and Walter not only remembers the families and the streets but even the house numbers from back then - and next to Uncle Mike lived a spinster lady and her brother Bites, whose real name was William but nobody called him that. Bites always wore a black hat, and colored elastic sleeve garters to keep the cuffs of his shirts from slipping below his wrists, and he was difficult to understand sometimes when he drank, because he also stuttered and his voice was low, and those times happened most when he came home from lodge meetings. For a short period of time, Mrs. Snell and her son, Jim, now a Bellaire parking meter custodian, lived across the street from us. That was in 1926, when Jim was a halfback, and a good one, with the Bellaire High football team, but that fall he had sustained a broken vertebra and had to wear a cast around his neck and shoulders, and because he was an

injured hero, we used to go to his house and talk with him, and Mrs. Snell was one of the kindest, most pleasant ladies on the block.

**ABOUT THAT** same time we had the only dog we ever owned, and we called him Pep, which certainly was a misnomer, because he was the laziest dog we ever saw. He fitted perfectly into the neighborhood, because he was exactly like it - there was a little bit of every kind in him - but his laziness was his undoing. He would lay in the street, and the autos would have to go around him, but one time one car didn't, and we had to call the police to come down and put him out of his misery. We carried him from the street, through the entryway along the side of the house, and into the backyard, and we placed him gently while he whimpered in pain, underneath a branching tree, and it was there that Jim Koryda and Merrell Kinsey, the policemen who came down from the police station up beyond the Stone Bridge, fired a bullet into his head. When the gun went off, all of us kids jumped, flinching and shuddering through our tears, and after it was all over, we wrapped Pep up in an old piece of blanket and we dug a hole and we buried him, and as much as we loved that scrougy dog, today we don't even remember where we dug that hole, even though, back then, that was among the saddest times of our young lives.

March 29, 1976

# The Blacksmith, Paddlewheel, and Ice Plant

**THERE WAS** a blacksmith shop down on the corner of 26th St. and Cherry Alley, and tall, lean, blond-haired Mr. Henry let us stand in the doorway, watching him, in his long leather apron and his undershirt, hammer away at the red-hot iron, fashioning the horseshoes and whatever other iron product he was engaged to make, and each stroke of the hammer clanged on the anvil like a bell, sparks flying, and the glowing iron on the end of the long pair of tongs in which he held it hissed and bubbled going down into the wooden tub of cooling water when he was finished, the sweat of his muscled arms glistening red in the light of the forge. Andy Petschauer, who lived up the alley from the blacksmith shop, one day watched the man who owned the shop flip over on its side a horse, all by himself there in the shop, which, by the time we were growing up, already was foredoomed by the growing number of automobiles out on Belmont St.

**THE VERNE** Swain, the paddlewheel excursion boat, would come up the river on a Sunday, swinging her gangplank onto the shore where the passengers waited at the foot of the dirt road leading down through the weeds at the top of the bank, all the while the calliope playing, each jet of steam from each squat brass pipe enfolding an escaping note of music, the band on the dance floor of the second deck sounding muted and far away, and when the big white boat with the gingerbread woodwork backed away from the shore to head upstream under the Stone Bridge, the swimmers and the boys in skiffs waited out in the middle to "catch" the waves streaming back in a widening V from the paddles, foam-edged and sun-sparkled, getting smaller and smaller as they raced for the opposite shores, and right behind the wheel, where the waves were highest, the swimmers and the boaters bobbed up and down on the succeeding crests. For a while, the crew hired from the river bank the kids to wash dishes in the galley, but that ended when they found the kids throwing more dishes into the river than they were washing, because it was easier that way.

**THE KOEHLIN** Ice Plant was over there by the river bank, and on the hot summer days, if you stood on the platform, you could feel the welcome edge of the frigid air escaping when the heavy door was opened so the ice wagons backed up against the platform could be loaded for their trips around town. And just across the alley west of the ice plant was the Union St. School, brick with a square tower in the front, and an iron fire escape zigzagging from the ground to the windows on the second floor. The play yard also was of brick, and a high wooden fence ran through the middle of it, from west to east and ending up against the brick outhouse on the alley rim, dividing the play yard into separate areas for boys and girls, and from the boy's side, we took home many a bruised shin from playing shinny with a cut-off broom handle and a battered tin can. Across 26th St., to the north, was the foundry where Paul Rieger went to work when he was 13 years old, and now he owns it.

**ON THE WAY** to and from the river, at the bottom of 27th St. after you crossed Union St., you could snatch a drink of cooling water from the Belmont Tumbler Works fountain, if you climbed the high steps from the alley to the plant on the second floor of the building, drinking the water in the hot glow of the furnaces, red-orange inside with their bellies full of molten glass. It was easy, in those days of Prohibition, to tell the bootlegger's cars, because when they were empty, they were higher in the back than in front, like the cars today's kids customize, so that when the trunks were loaded with the big rectangular tin cans filled with moonshine, they rode level just like any other car, and unless the dry agents had suspicion or foreknowledge, they could run in the moonshine from Youngstown or Steubenville or Pittsburgh without being stopped. One day, one of the bootlegger's cars, empty, came down the alley into 26th St., and ran over Mikie Sabatina when he darted from behind the side of the playground shed, and all of us thought that Mikie was bad hurt, but a couple of days later he was back at the playground.

**JIMMY MCQUADE** lived in a houseboat at the mouth of McMahon's Creek, the only houseboat family we ever knew, although houseboats still were fairly common then, and the houseboat was just like any other house, potted flowers on the railing of the front porch and furniture just like ours inside, except that you didn't have to climb stairs to go to bed, for they only had one floor, and when the riverboats passed by, the houseboat rocked gently in the waves. In the summer evenings, while we played at the playground, the Italian men, eyes still black-ringed, even after the face-scrubbing, from the dust in the coal mines where they worked, walked out 26th St. toward the lowering sun to their gardens, carrying mattock and hoe, and their wives, toting the cans with which they would dip water from McMahon's Creek to saturate the growing vegetables, some with their vines tied with strips of rags to the tall stakes of scrap lumber, for these people's roots were in the farming lands of Italy, from where they had come, and they did not forget easily the old ways of the old country, and their gardens were heavy later in the summer with the peppers and the corn and the lettuce and the potatoes, and, of course, the tomatoes which all of us kids stole at one time or another, coming prepared for the event with a bit of salt sneaked out of the house and wrapped in a piece of newspaper, even though at home few if any of us ever ate tomatoes unless they were cooked into something, but when they were snatched out of somebody's garden, they tasted like the nectar of the gods.

April 5, 1976

# Fashioning an Old- Fashioned Christmas Tree

**JEANNE, THE** lady at our house, is getting ready to put up her old-fashioned Christmas tree, complete with candles. It has been a difficult task to find ornaments used in those long-ago days, but even more difficult has been scrounging up the little, varied-colored rope-twist candles. We have been fortunate to find some in shops around Zanesville. All of the candles we have located were manufactured in Sweden or West Germany. My brother, Johnny, who is deputy director of the Ohio Department of Development, gave us five ornaments and a little house which hung on our tree at home when we were kids, and during the past summer, on our vacation trip through the west, we found a glassblower in a little shop in the La Villeta section of San Antonio who is making blowing glass ornaments of the old type.

**HE HAD** learned the art from an old German who made ornaments in that country before emigrating to America, and when the old man died, he gave the glassblower his molds. The candle-holder clips we found last year in Akron, and have been able to pick up some ornaments being manufactured today which are like the ones from back in our youth. The making of the popcorn strings has been another problem - our daughter Lisa volunteered last Christmas to string the popcorn, and after about three hours she had strung only an eight-foot section. She had popped the corn, but found in trying to string with a darning needle that the kernels, were easily broken. In other years, it was possible to buy large bags of already-popped and sugared corn, of much larger kernels, but we haven't seen that for years.

**THIS YEAR,** Lisa is trying to develop on a table top an old-fashioned skating scene, using a mirror for an iced-over lake and using cotton around the sides for the snow. Those parts have been fairly easy - now she is running into the problem of locating figurines of skaters, children sledding, horse-drawn sleighs, none of which she has been able to find as yet, and her idea may have to be changed. Scenes such as that were familiar years ago, and not too long past

we saw in a novelty catalogue such a scene for sale but the catalogue has since disappeared. Lisa has canvassed almost every store in the surrounding area on both sides of the river, with no luck.

**LAST CHRISTMAS** was the first time Jeanne put up the old-fashioned tree, and we lighted the candles to show it off to visitors, the young who had never seen one, and the old who had forgotten and we took all the proper precautions, with the result we had no emergencies. At my house, we didn't have electric lights on the tree until the early 1920s, and we had forgotten how beautiful is a candle-lit tree and what a delicious smell lingers when the candles are extinguished. On the other side of the scale, however, were the frequent fires caused by the candles - today, one rarely hears of a Christmas tree catching fire.

**IT APPEARS** that people have begun their Christmas decorating quite early this year - in Bellaire and Bridgeport, and probably in other towns around where we haven't been in the past few days, there are more and more homes daily undergoing the pretty transformation of the season. It's a very nice time of the year, really, and it is rather a sad thing that the good feeling of Christmas doesn't hang around the entire year. But maybe that may be the reason we enjoy the Christmas feeling so much - it happens so rarely, only once a year, that we appreciate it more; if it were Christmas every day, it might become too much of a routine thing to be really enjoyable.

December 11, 1972

**THE TIMES LEADER**  
**Bellaire Martins Ferry St. Clairsville**

# A Touch of Class in a Great Rivalry

"WE WROTE them a note," said Pie Sherwood from his bed in the Bellaire City Hospital, "but I sure wish there was some stronger way to let them know how I really and truly feel." The "them" to whom the note was written were the boys on the Martins Ferry High School football team and their coach, Dave Bruney, who voted after losing a couple of weeks ago a football game to Bellaire High to give the game ball to Pie, whose son Mike coached the team that beat them. Pie had gone into the hospital sometime before the game for a continuing health problem which has had him down for the past several years, and he was disappointed that he didn't get to see the game. The Riders stuck it to Bellaire in the first half but the Reds came powering back in the second half to win, which had to have been a difficult pill for the Riders to swallow because for both teams that annual game means as much as the whole season, and it has been that way since their first recorded battle in 1910, when a touchdown only counted five points. But despite their despair, the Riders and Coach Bruney had a meeting after the game and voted to give the game ball to Pie, and Coach Bruney had it mounted nicely and took it to the hospital and made the presentation to Pie, who had to have been the most surprised guy in the whole world that day.

**THAT UNSELFISH** act by the boys who wore the Purple and White is probably one of their greatest achievements of the season, for it marks the ultimate in sportsmanship, which any game really is all about, and to have risen above their own deep disappointment to perform what amounted surely to an act of love of the game and what it stands for speaks extremely well of the boys and of the men who coach and teach them. For Pie and his son Mike, both of whom played in the long Red-Rider series in their own generations, there has been added a new dimension of feeling toward Martins Ferry High School and the boys and men who carry out its fine athletic program, and certainly for the 1980 Rider team, they are carrying away from that season something beyond the clash of competitive battle, an extra star in their football crown. To steal a phrase from Abraham Lincoln,

"the chord of memory" stretches back a long way in the Rider-Red football rivalry - in his varsity years at Bellaire High, Pie played against Dave's uncle, Chuck Bruney, and this year Dave's team battling Pie's coaching son had a grandson of Chuck, Tom Bruney, as one of its stars.

**IN HIS COMBAT** with the Riders, Pie wasn't so fortunate as his son Mike, for in his three years, two as varsity in 1935 and 1936, Bellaire was whipped all three times by the Riders. Pie, who is remembered by former School Supt. and Coach Jim Dixon as a little kid who wouldn't take no for an answer when he first tried out, played some ball in his sophomore year in 1934, then moved into the Red backfield as a regular the next two years. In 1935, Ferry came down to play its first game in the then-new Nelson Field - before that Bellaire used old Riverview Park - and brought with them guys like Chuck Bruney and Lou Groza and Don Sommers and Socko Vetanze, Frankie Swiger and Cliff Hefelfinger who later coached at Ohio U., Jim Elias who played ball at Akron U., Fatty Joseph and Johnny Bennett, and the Orend brothers, Mike and Founcie. Marty Varner was coaching Bellaire, both teams came into the game undefeated, and Varner predicted a 13-0 win for Bellaire, whose guys including Pie, Ed Trolley, Frank Dixon, Charley Munjas, Nick Sadlowski, Nick Skorich who went into pro coaching, Lou Nemiec, Squire Johnson, Londi Battistone, Bob Rosser, Arnold Salvaterra, Demmy Dickerhoof who played at Iowa and went into coaching in the Youngstown area, Tom Hemsley who also was a heck of a softball pitcher, Floyd Witchey and Bob Neff.

**THERE WERE** about 8,700 people at the game, 7,700 of whom paid and the other 1,000 or so some guests of the school but most standing around on the hillside above McMahon's Creek outside. The "Gray Fox," Earl Loucks, was coaching the Riders, whose fans came in great numbers down to Bellaire on the special street cars the old Wheeling Traction Co. was running from Ferry. The Riders clipped Bellaire 20-0 the year before at Ferry and the Reds were pumped up about not letting it happen twice in a row - the old *Bellaire Daily*

*Leader* account said neither team had done that for years - but the Gray Fox had other ideas, and helped by a Red fumble on the Rider three-yard line in the first quarter, his kids held off Bellaire the rest of the game and in the fourth quarter pounded the ball down to where Johnny Bennett pushed it over, the Riders got the points and the 7-0 win, and they went on from there to win all the rest, the first perfect season for the Riders and sweet revenge for the Reds' 6-0 win in 1933 which was the only game they lost that year. Chuck Bruney recalls that Pie and Demmy Dickerhoof gave him a shot in the first quarter that rattled his teeth and shivered his backbone.

**THE NEXT YEAR**, in 1936, Sleepy Glenn was coaching Bellaire and had installed a devastating double wing offense, and the Reds had rolled for seven straight and big scores by the time they went to Ferry, with the odds on their side. The Red fans even chartered a special B. and O. train and the *Daily Leader* said there were between "11,000 and 12,000" people there, the biggest crowd ever to see a valley high school game, but we have come to disbelieve those old crowd estimates. Anyway, the Gray Fox and his Riders lay in ambush, holding the Reds to an 18-yard second-quarter field goal by Arnold Salvaterra - the posts were on the goal line then and teams ran plays without a huddle. Then in the fourth quarter the Riders won it with a play the Reds called "damned lucky" and the Riders said with tongue in cheek was in their playbook. Johnny Bennett, down around the Red 20, threw a pass to Fatty Joseph who tried to lateral to Frank Swiger swinging left, but the ball went beyond Swiger and Founcie Orend, trailing the play, picked it up on first bounce without breaking stride and nobody was anywhere near him when he went over the goal line. It happened so perfectly that it could have been in the playbook had the ball been shaped like a basketball which can be bounce-passed, but anyway it counted, the only game the Reds lost that year, and that made it three in a row for Ferry. So the chords do go back, grandfather, father and son on both sides of the line down the years, and there is always next year's heroics to anticipate.

November 16, 1980

**WILLIAM F. SHUBAT**  
Bellaire, Ohio

# Christmas: the past and present

## GHOSTS OF CHRISTMAS

**Past:** Two little boys belly-down at the top of the landing in the second floor stairwell, faces pressed tightly sideways against the carpet, trying to see under the narrow gap of the door leading to Mom's and Dad's bedroom what was causing the strange hum and tiny clickety-clack noise and the little beam of light sweeping along the floor crisscrossing in regular sequence under the door slit, two little boys crying because the door was locked and in response to their rattling of the knob Dad had said "Go away!"; it was to be Christmas morning before the two little boys finally got to see the cause, one of the first of the little electric trains making its oval rounds on the three-rail track beneath the candles on the tree in the front room downstairs, always falling off only in the far corner behind the tree to which you had to crawl to place the engine and the cars back on the track, pine needles disturbed from their tenuous hold on the branch-moorings falling down the back of your neck and itching until you took off your shirt and pulled down the top of the long-johns, the kind with the flap in the rear, so you could get rid of the pinching needles, and tinsel dropping from the branches onto the middle rail of the little track shorting out the power and you had to clear the track and switch the power back on to get the engine moving again.

**THE COAL FIRE** in the open grate pushing back the morning chill in the middle room, and hanging from the mantelpiece above the first things you saw when you came downstairs from your bedroom on Christmas morning, the long black stockings which you wore to school, encasing child-legs all the way to above the knee where they were held with home-made garters beneath the short-pants britches, now weighted down with candy and oranges and apples and nuts; the waiting in the middle room made almost interminable by eager anticipation until Dad lighted the candles and opened the front room door and you rushed in, brushing him aside in haste to see what Santa Claus had left you in those happy innocent days when you still believed in him; the candles remained lighted only for a short time because the

tree was real live pine and houses burned down when people were uncareful - the strings of little colored electric lights and the artificial tree still waited back then for somebody to invent them.

**NEW SNOW PURE**-white crunching wonderfully beneath hightop buttoned-up shoes in the City Park on your way to Midnight Mass at St. John's where you would wear because you were an altar boy the long red cassock and the white surplice and the red cape with gold fringe reserved only for special occasions, and you would fall asleep during the long Solemn High Mass and the boy next to you on the wooden bench inside the Communion railing would jab you awake with his elbow to keep you from falling off the bench, and you would do the same for him a few moments later. Years later, trying to put together in the war years for infant Jimmy a toy train made of heavy cardboard because all the metal was going for military hardware, and the train didn't run when you pushed it as the instructions had read that it would, but it made no difference to six-months-old Jimmy crawling over it under the tree to get to the little woolly lamb he liked much better. After the war and Jimmy they came in order, the four girls, growing each year until they were young women and a young man and Santa Claus didn't stop any more.

**AFTER THEY HAD** all grown up and the little-kid magic was gone from Christmas they would tell you that when they were little they would take turns sneaking halfway down the stairs to peek between the evenly-spaced railings into the front room of a later house to see what Jeanne and you were putting around the Christmas tree, and admitting that they didn't get to see very much because they were afraid you would turn around and catch them spying on Santa, so for each in turn it was a hurried halfway-down look and back again quickly they went to their rooms to compare notes, and you never suspected they were spying on you until they finally told you in their adult years, but you should have known because as a little kid you had done the same, lying there and crying on the landing at the strange sounds in your

own parents' bedroom. And once in a while, even now, comes the memory of a Christmas in 1944 and a Midnight Mass in the church at Charleroi in Belgium far away from Jeanne and Jimmy while the tanks rumbled eastward in the street outside, headed for the Bulge where the Germans had broken through in a last-gasp effort to recoup their war losses.

## GHOSTS OF CHRISTMAS

**Present:** There are the grandchildren now and they will come sometime on Christmas Day to help you remember the little-kid magic and the Santa Claus feeling that have been missing since your own kids grew up and went their different ways as adults. You will remember a great many things past and present that Christmas digs out from the back closets of memory, things and people you have known down the years and the Christmas memories associated with them, and you will cry a little inside for those who are gone but mostly you will rejoice because of all the days of the year, Christmas is the best, the most rewarding and fulfilling, a time when everybody loves everybody else and hope for the years ahead is a renewable gift, the Ghost of Christmas Future. The bad times recede to the back of your consciousness and the good times fill up the empty place in your mind, because it's Christmas again, one of the few constants in an ever-changing world. Enjoy it, all of you, and we wish for you, all of you, the best Christmas you've ever had until the next one comes.

**WE WERE GOING** through some old papers in our desk and we found this Christmas piece, written for you three years ago in this space, and thought you might like to read it again. This has not been the best of years for us, as for many of you, also, but in rewriting this, our own problems seemed to shrink a bit before the spirit of the season, and although we know that those problems are still out there waiting for us on the other side of Christmas, for now we will forget them while we wait for the coming of The Baby or Santa Claus, whichever is your choice.

December 22, 1985

# Bellaire VFW Post Aids Key Cub Scouts

**THINGS LIKE** this go on quietly and without fanfare every day, which makes our world a nice place in which to live, despite what you might hear: The Bellaire VFW Post got a letter the other day from Jack Palmer, who is cubmaster of the new Cub Pack 112, composed of youngsters in the Key Ridge area, seeking the VFW's help in getting an American flag as soon as possible. The Pack began with four boys, now has 14, and hopes to keep growing, but at this time is "in need of many things. We know you really understand our situation," the letter continued, and the VFW did understand. Adjutant Ollie Campbell, with permission of post members, not only got the Pack a three-by-five-foot flag, but also a check for \$25, both of which were dispatched to the new Cubs with best wishes for a good, successful, active unit. For the VFW members know, along with most people, that if you get the kids aimed in the right direction when they are that young, and give them the reasons for playing by the rules and the means and the opportunity to do that, you can rest assured that when it comes that time in their lives to take over the world, as surely that day must come, nobody will have to worry about the future.

**WHEN WE WERE** putting together that column on Pie Sherwood and the gift of the game ball from the Martins Ferry High football team and coaches, we did a little remembering about the double wing offense the late Sleepy Glenn installed at Bellaire High when he came to the Reds in the season of 1936. Pie played a halfback for Sleepy that year, and when Pie's son Mike got the Bellaire High coaching job this past fall, Pie told him, "If you run out of offense, I got a whole set of double wing stuff I can give you." It would be interesting to see one of today's teams, in this time when the T-formation and its variations are the norm, to come out with Sleepy's double wing and that horde of blockers sweeping outside ahead of the ball-carrier. Maybe it would work as good today as it did for Sleepy. Then again, maybe it wouldn't; some years ago when Bud Bonar was coaching Bellaire he tried an offense going without a huddle, lining up as soon

as the ball was spotted and calling the plays from the line of scrimmage, the way they did in the old days, and making the defense stay alert instead of resting until the other team broke the huddle. It worked for a while, but the offense also was accustomed to the brief respite, and Bud's kids ran out of steam, so he had to scrap it.

**LIFE ISN'T** always kind - it isn't supposed to be, we guess, and maybe 50 percent of living averages out bad times - and one of those happened a couple of weeks ago when Laura Spustack died. Laura was Pete's wife; we have written about Pete and the old softball days, and Laura was part of those days too, for she came with Pete to most of the ball games the old Wolfhurst team played. Pete and Laura lived in Bellaire then, before they moved to Martins Ferry, and many times Pete and Laura picked us up down on 26th St. and rode us to the ball game in Pete's roadster. Later, after the war and our playing days were just memories, we moved to 44th St. a couple of doors away from Laura and Pete, and the two of them established a mutual love affair with our five kids, one of whom, Kris, thought then when she was a pre-teen that Pete was the handsomest man in the world. When Laura was Laura Yost and going to Bellaire High School, she was one of its best girls' basketball players in the days when there were six girls on a team, three on each side of the center line, and none was permitted to cross that line. Three of them were guards on the defensive side of the court, and two were forwards and the other center on the offensive side of the court.

**ONE GIRL** shot all the fouls, and all of them wore bloomers and white middie blouses and neckerchiefs. Laura was as good as the next one and scored a lot of points in a day when there weren't many points scored in girls' basketball. After high school she went on to college and got a teaching degree and spent most of her adult life cramming knowledge into little kids' heads, and she did as good a job at that as she did at basketball playing. It was the adult Laura

that our family knew, respected and loved, and all of us felt a personal loss when she died. Pete and Laura had a good life together because they cared for each other as persons, beyond the husband-wife relationship, and they never let each other's individualism get lost in the shuffle of married partnership. There is an exceptional art which has to be worked at in maintaining individual identity in the partnership of being married, but Pete and Laura managed to maintain that balance all of their married life. There will come times, many of them, when our family will miss Laura Spustack, but not nearly as many as when Pete will miss her, and Pete will have the consolation of knowing that he gave to their marriage the first and best of everything, as did Laura.

November 19, 1980

**MRS. FLO DICKEY**  
Bellaire, Ohio



# Where Spaces are Wide, Air Is Clean

**YOU WOULD HAVE** expected the National Football League's official magazine, "Pro", to do a story on the football ability of Bellaire's Andy Dorris, who plays pretty good defense for the Houston Oilers, so it will come as a surprise that the magazine did do a Dorris article in its Sept. 25 edition, the Browns edition sold at the Browns-Chiefs game in Cleveland that date, but it had little to say about Dorris and football and a lot to say about Dorris, his wife, their three kids and their home in the wilds 56 miles north of Houston. NACCO's Floyd Brunner picked up a copy at the Browns-Chiefs game and brought it back to the No. 6 mine, where Shift Boss Jack Greenwood gave it to Greg Harris, himself a pretty good footballer who played alongside Andy for the Bellaire Big Reds. Greg and Andy have retained a relationship as close as the distance from Ohio to Texas will permit. Andy has been insisting that Greg come visit him, and after reading the "Pro" article, written by Hal Lundgren with some good photos by Peter Read Miller, Greg is more gung-ho than ever to get down there. Andy bought ten and a half acres in pine woods an hour from Houston, and on one side of his property, which is a mile and half from the nearest paved road, is 3,000 acres of forest owned by a paper company, on another side is a national forest, and on another is a 7,500-acre estate.

**IF YOU GO** 50 yards into the forest on either side, you'd have trouble finding your way back out, so Andy and his wife, Mary, who was cheerleading at New Mexico State when Andy was playing college ball there, fenced off their property to keep their two boys and a girl from getting lost. Andy had a whole bunch of trees on his property when he first bought it but he has cut out a lot of them to make space for his house and his barn and his lawn and his garden and later a solar home underground, maybe. The family lived for a time in New Orleans when Andy was playing with the Saints, and Andy says they'll never go back to the city, now that they've had the experience of living out where spaces are wide and the air is clean. Andy grew up in the West 23rd St. area of Bellaire, where there was a hill in front of his

house and McMahon's Creek behind the house, and he and Greg spent a lot of time fishing the creeks around here for hours on end, and wandering the hills and the woods, and somewhere back then Andy got the idea of finding himself a place out in the country, so now he has it, and is enjoying it to the hilt.

**IN FACT,** he likes the isolation so much that he drives daily to and from Houston for Oiler practices, which means a lot of miles in the saddle, but that's okay by Andy. We had told you some time ago that Andy had a lion cub for a pet - well, the lion is gone now because one time Andy and his family had to go somewhere and they left the lion with a vet; when they got back the vet told Andy to get rid of the lion because "that's the meanest animal I ever handled". The lion didn't go too far away, just out to a saloon on the paved road where it's caged, the only place in Texas, says Andy, where you can drink a beer and see a lion at the same time. If Texas beer is like everything else the Texans claim, you'd be safer with the lion than you'd be with the beer. About the solar house he's planning, Andy says everything will be underground with only a dome over the house showing, and they'll keep their present place for a guest house. It doesn't appear that Andy Dorris will ever leave Texas; he has found a home with the Oilers after kicking around the pro football league for a couple of years, and from his present outlook, even if he's traded away by the Oilers, he'll keep that place in Texas to go back to when his playing days are over.

**THE RECENT** tragic drowning of ten-year-old Todd Elliott in McMahon's Creek proved again that in an emergency there are a great many people who can be depended on. "A job well done" was the way Police Desk Sgt. Barry Zalesny made the final entry on the radio log; "fantastic" was the way Juvenile Officer John Calhoun described the response by Martins Ferry firemen, Bellaire firemen and police, and the Bellaire Emergency Squad members. At one time there were five people in the icy water looking for the little boy's body, and the Bellaire department's skiff was in the

water too, while E-squad members waited on shore ready to get into action when the body was finally found, 26 minutes after the boy had fallen in, by Mike Busack. Mike and John, wading around in the water amid the broken bottles and other debris in the creek, both got cut and both had to get tetanus shots, but that danger was farthest from their minds as they searched the bottom. All of them, the firemen, the police, the E-squaders, did everything humanly possible, and every single one of them felt it personally when the boy's life couldn't be saved. Theirs is an unusual calling, the responding to extreme emergencies, and they do it well, all of them, and we the public are fortunate they are available.

**WE'VE HAD** notes from two very nice people, for which we are much thankful; from Florence Mendelson, who has Berman's Discount Wigs in Bellaire, the mother of a former co-worker, Zack Mendelson who did a great job for the *Times-Leader* as a WVU intern reporter in the summer of 1979; and Tom Rataiczak, who has done miracles with aspiring young writers and photographers fortunate enough to have come under his tutelage in the Bellaire High publications department, which maybe is the only such department in any high school around here. Both Florence and Tom were very kind in their letters, and we are reminded again, by their thoughtfulness, that we are privileged to be following a newspaper career in an area where so many fine people live. By now, we hope you know that we have a deep and abiding love affair with all of you out there.

October 22, 1980

**WWVA - WOVK**  
**Wheeling, West Virginia**

# Bellaire's "Little Doctor of the Poor"

**BILL ESPOSITO**, who used to live in Bellaire and now lives in Shadyside, has proposed that the next elderly housing project to go up in Bellaire be named in honor of the late Dr. W. J. Shepard, who died in May of 1969 after a very useful life, and Bill says that so far he has received good response from Mayor Mary Fitch, Safety Director Robert Ney, Police Chief Tony Giannetta and Fire Chief Bill Johnson. There couldn't be a better or more fitting choice of a person to be so honored. Dr. Shepard, who was dubbed by the late Francis Wallace as "The Little Doctor of the Poor", was probably the world's most frequent practitioner of free medicine, and he would drive his nurse-secretary, Millie Jones, who now lives in Cadiz, to her wit's end by treating patients on the street, in their homes and in his office without telling Millie, one of whose major tasks was to collect enough money to keep the office open. Francis Wallace and Dr. Shepard were the "regulars" on the bench in front of the police station in the old city building or inside in the station when the weather was bad - today's young police officers on the Bellaire force are unfortunate in not having known either of them, for both were solidly supportive of the department in word and deed.

**AND THERE** in the police station or on the bench, Dr. Shepard practiced more medicine than many doctors do in their offices - the old, the lame, the halt, the poor found the Little Doctor ready and willing to listen to their physical ills, and to dig down into his black bag and come up with a handful of pills designed to ease their ailings, and then send them off with a wave of his hand and his pocket still empty. Once we asked Dr. Shepard why - "Hell", he replied, "the drug companies send me these pills for nothing and I'm not about to charge people who have nothing for them; I'm just glad I can help". And so he helped, time after time after time ad infinitum, and on occasion there was somebody who could pay and did, but only after insisting strongly that the doctor take the money. When Dr. Shepard was dying - he had a difficult time doing that - in his home, Bill Esposito spent considerable time with him, helping him

through the final weeks, and Bill remembers that the phone rang constantly with calls from ailing persons, and Dr. Shepard, unable to leave his bed, tried anyway, telling Bill "I've got to take care of my patients", even when he was daily moving closer to his time of death. "No greater love...".

**WITH WINTER** coming on, Mrs. Carrie White, who also used to live in Bellaire but who moved to Lansing last July, sends appropriately a record she kept of last winter's snowfalls; there were 32 days from November to April, on which it snowed in Bellaire, and Mrs. White faithfully noted each day. The first snow fell on Nov. 15, the last on April 16, and in between there were three more in November, two in December, ten in January, ten in February, four in March, and the last two in April. Explains Mrs. White, "I would just like to share with others who might be interested in reading this". Her snow diary did not record the depth of the snowfalls, but does show that in January, there were three straight days of snow on three occasions, from the 3rd to the 5th, from the 22nd to the 24th, and from the 29th to the 31st; a snow on Feb. 1 extended the latter one to four days, the longest stretch of the winter. So, to Mrs. Carrie White, our thanks for sharing with us, and we will be watching to see whether it snows earlier or later this winter, shorter or longer, but snow it will, make no mistake about that.

**THE RECENT** flap about the "pyramid" money schemes proves again that in almost every person there is a little bit of unconscious larceny, and the amazing thing about this is how people who are ordinarily common-sensical, doctors, lawyers, businessmen and the like, get involved in such schemes. It stands to reason that if 32 people put \$1,000 each in a pot, and one of them collects \$16,000, then at least 15 of them have seen the last of their money, because simple arithmetic dictates that. Ken Perigloisi, who investigates frauds for Ohio Attorney-General Bill Brown, was sent into Eastern Ohio some weeks ago to check out how much of a patronage the "pyramid" was drawing here,

and what he found out was that not too many people wanted to talk about it, especially those who were embarrassed about their own stupidity in having been swindled in a scheme that any fourth-grade mathematics student could have told them was a loser from the beginning, except for the few on top of the list, who probably started the list anyway to get theirs and get out, leaving the bag comparatively empty for the rest of the "contributors", or "swindlees", whichever is preferred. Something for nothing isn't the way things operate normally, but as long as there are humans with human feelings, some smart operator is going to keep conning them one way or another.

**JOE GOCSIK** is back in Martins Ferry, if only for a visit, recuperating from a recent serious illness with which he was stricken in California, his home away from home for the past many years. Joe is a guy most of you probably don't know, but he is a part of our personal past, and we intend to get up to Gib Brown's home at 820 West Vine to see him. Joe, who has five nephews playing on the Martins Ferry High football team this fall, was a very pleasant part of our past in the days before the Second War, and if any of us could have qualified for the title of gentleman, it was Joe. In 1936, Joe, Dick Letzelter and us piled into Pete Gatto's Packard and went to an Army-Navy game in Philadelphia's Franklin Field - Dick's brother Cy was on the coaching staff at Army and he got us the tickets - then after the game, the next day, Pete drove us up to West Point where Cy conducted us on a personal tour of the Academy. Those are some of the old times we want to recall with Joe while he's in Ferry, and we are happy that Chuck Bruney, who was part of that crowd back then, had the thoughtfulness to let us know that Joe is back home now. So, put the lantern in the window, Gib; we're coming up to see Joe.

October 19, 1980

**GORDON C. DIX**  
Defiance, Ohio

# The Return of One of Bellaire's Finest

**TOD GOODWIN**, who will be the speaker at the Bellaire Lions-Ferry Jaycees' "Sparky" football dinner Thursday night in Ferry's Veterans Memorial Center, doesn't get back to the valley very often from his home in Wilmington, Del., and with the passing of a half-century, his athletic exploits at Bellaire High School are unknown to today's generation of Big Reds, but they should be told that Tod is among the top three, if not the top, football players who ever wore the red and black. Tod's era was the late 1920s, from 1928 to 1930 to be exact, and in those three years he was the most-feared end, both offense and defense, in the Ohio Valley. He wasn't the kind of a guy to hide his talents under a bushel; in fact, he was quite outspoken about how good he was, and he had the athletic ability to back up everything he said he could do. He never played on a team which beat Ferry: the Riders clipped Bellaire 12-0 in 1928, 2-0 in 1929, and a zip-tie in 1930 - that 2-0 game was decided when the late Miller Munjas, who went on to star as Pitt quarterback in the 1930s, stepped backwards out of the end zone on a punt, giving the Riders the safety, and naturally, Big Reds fans disputed the call for years after, until time and succeeding generations of football heroics in the Ferry-Red series obliterated the memory of that particular game.

**TOD WAS** also a track star - there remains a story of an OVAC meet at the Island Stadium when time schedules collided on two of Tod's events, one of which was the high jump, and he solved that problem by going to the high jump pit, telling the officials to put the bar at six inches above what the rest of the competitors were doing, then he cleared the height on his first jump, walked away to compete in the other event, and never came back to the pit, because nobody could do better than what he had jumped on his one and only effort. We forget what the other event was, but Tod probably won that, too. From Bellaire he went down to Morgantown to play three years as a WVU end, and played the position well enough to be named to the all-time Mountaineer football team. Upperclassmen, in his freshman year, made him wear for a week a sign reading, "I'm

Cocky", which he did, and the next week he wore his own sign reading, "I'm Still Cocky", and because he was that good, the upperclassmen backed away from hazing him. Had Tod Goodwin played his college ball at a bigger school more nationally recognized at the time, he would have been a shoo-in All American.

**HE WENT** into pro football with the New York Giants in the early days of the NFL, playing for the legendary Giant Coach Steve Owens in a time when the run and not the pass was the bread-and-butter of the offense, and as an indication of his top-flight ability, his pass-reception record with the Giants, even though nobody threw that often, held up well beyond the time that the pass supplanted the run in the pro offense. They still thought enough of him in the Giant front office, long after his playing days were over, to call him up from Wilmington to be a pallbearer when Owens died. After he had settled permanently in Wilmington, he handled the Clippers, a pro team in that area, and even did some playing with them. One of his teammates was Dick Matesic, whose son later quarterbacked one of Smoky Wion's undefeated teams at Ferry, and to Wilmington and the Clippers he brought three Bellaire products, Danny Pilosena, who now is in the Franklin County, Ohio, school's upper administrative echelon; Roger Mass, who played college ball at North Carolina State and who stayed in Wilmington to go into the bakery business; and the late Quinto Marinacci. In the Second War, Tod rose to the rank of colonel, and since the war has been high up in the Reserve Officers Association, traveling the world for that organization.

**BY THIS TIME**, you all know how the Tuesday election came out, whether we have a new or an old President, but whoever it is, he won't bring any immediate solutions to our national problems. The American system of government doesn't work that way; it works well at times, not so well at other times, but always, it works very slowly, and there has never been in all of our national history a President who has been able to turn the course of the nation around as quickly as the people think it ought to be

turned. So be patient, and pray a lot, for our next President is going to need the prayers. Incidentally, our daughter Lisa, who was too young to remember Adlai Stevenson, chided us about the reference last Sunday that his main claim to fame was a photo of a hole in the sole of his shoe, and she was right to do so; the choice of phrases was completely uncalculated for. Adlai Stevenson had a distinguished career in the service of his home state of Illinois and of his country, most notably as the nation's ambassador to the United Nations. His politics were of the liberal persuasion, which did not endear him to a large segment of the American people, but his positions on national affairs sprung from his convictions that they were best for the country, and he is not to be faulted on his sincerity.

**THE MOVE** launched by Bellaire police, firemen and emergency squad members to do away with Halloween "Trick or Treat" and replace that with a community party for the kids is commendable for another reason than for the protection of the kids who might be physically harmed by the whackos who put stuff in the treats. The other reason is economic coupled with waste. After so many years we have come to the conclusion that nine-tenths of the treats that kids collect on Halloween end up in the garbage can, simply because they are given too much candy and fruit and the like, much more than they can eat either for their own good or before it spoils. Somebody has bought that stuff, sometimes people who can't afford spending from five to ten dollars, only to have most of the treats wind up in the garbage packer, and it doesn't make much sense.

**TO MRS. CARRIE** White, Lansing; when we reported your letter on snows in Bellaire last winter, we said we'd watch to see if the first snow was earlier or later this year, and it was earlier, on Saturday, Oct. 25, not much of it, to be sure, only a small bit that you had to strain your eyes to see, but it did come earlier than last winter's first snow of Nov. 15. Thanks again, Mrs. White.

November 5, 1980

**TIMES-LEADER EMPLOYEES**  
**Bellaire Martins Ferry St. Clairsville**

# Thanksgiving Is a Very Special Day

**GENERATIONS OF** kids have learned it in school, one of those things that stick in the back of your mind and keep edging up to the surface of memory about this time of the year - "Over the river and through the woods, To grandmama's house we go", and it bubbles into the consciousness with mind-pictures of the horse, breath-smoke drifting from flaring nostrils, pulling the sleigh across the crisp white and sparkling snow, and if you listen hard enough, you can almost hear the soft swish of the sleigh runners as they slip over the snow-blanket, leaving behind the sharply defined twin tracks all the way back to where you started from and when the horse enters the copse of trees at the far end of the meadow, the branches are bent with their white burden, and every once in a while a chunk drops off with a gentle plop, and eventually the sleigh slides into the front yard and grandmama with open arms stands in the doorway on the front porch and behind her in the house are all those wonderful smells of turkey roasting and pumpkin and spice and hot light-crust bread just out of the oven and celery and onions when she folds the grandchildren into her arms and hugs them against the apron which carries the stain-marks of her morning in the kitchen.

**EXCEPT, THAT** it isn't like that anymore, mostly - the smells, yes, but it's an automobile with a heater that carries the family snug and warm to grandmama's house over freshly-scraped and cinder-salted roads with dirty-black snow shoved in little piles like a sooty fence at the edges of the road, and the turkey comes hard-frozen from the grocery store and it has to sit out all the day to unfreeze it before it is stuffed with box-packaged dressing and the cranberry sauce comes round out of a can and the pumpkin pies come also from the store and all grandmama has to do is stick them in the oven to heat up, and the bread is already sliced in its plastic cover when it is pinched for freshness and picked off from the shelf in the bakery department of the supermarket, and the vegetables also are pre-packaged and frozen, and very few grandmamas live in farmhouses and some of them live in elderly housing projects without room for

all the family around a Thanksgiving table, and grandmama and grandpapa are hard put to stretch their Social Security check across that same table but they aren't going to tell you that because Thanksgiving is a truly family holiday and they want you to come back home even if only for a little while.

**THERE IS** something special about the day, the warm inside-glow that enwraps the heart and mind and makes life worthwhile, despite the travail that keeps most people living lives of quiet desperation trying to cope with the unending problems that march at us in unbroken ranks daily, in ceaseless monotony from the horizonless future, countered only by a hope that on the next day, the next week, the next month, the next year we will emerge from the problem-morass in which most of us spend most of our daily lives. Thanksgiving, as is Christmas, is a time of remembering the good things, a time of forgetting the troubles that have gone before and that are out there waiting for us tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, but for the time, however brief, we are shielded within the family's circle of love from the harsh reality of the outside world. There is the table-talk of grown-kids dredging up for their own kids their remembrances of their own childhood and of Thanksgivings past, the stories weaving the verbal lifeline from generation to generation to generation, and there is the faith in our own future and in the future of our children and the future of their children on down the time tunnel as long as the bloodline will last, even to the end of the world.

**WE NEVER WENT** to grandmama's house - grandmama lived with us, or more exactly, we lived with grandmama in the house that she and grandpapa, dead since 1912, had bought with his earnings from railroading after they had come to America in 1863 from Ireland in the wake of the potato famine which decreed that all of those being born in that little island couldn't expect to live there. They had left a land torn by hunger for a land torn by civil war, but they had survived both and had risen even to the status of property owners,

and in their house we grew up and stored away memories of Thanksgiving dinners coming one after another, the wonderful smells in the kitchen and the meals served in the living room beside the warmth of the coal fire in the open grate, and those bounteous dinners survived even the depression years of the 1930s, and when we had grown older we would look back on those years and wonder how our parents managed to give us so much out of their money-pinched so little, until we finally arrived at the knowledge that parents are magic people who can conjure up out of almost nothing the good life for their children whom they brought unasked into this world and to whom they feel an obligation to do for them the best they can, and then a little more.

**SO, IT WILL** be Thanksgiving tomorrow, in your house in our house, and it will be a time for giving thanks because all of us have something for which to be thankful no matter how dark the past or how dim the future, and it will be a time for hopes and dreams and faith and love, and our Thanksgiving wish for you is that you have all of these in abundance not only tomorrow but all the rest of your life.

November 21, 1980

# December 7, 1941 Changed the World

**PRESIDENT FRANKLIN** Delano Roosevelt went before a combined session of the House and Senate and called it for all the world to hear by radio "a day of infamy". Some 2,000 American sailors were dead, their bodies pinned at the bottom of Pearl Harbor in the bombed wreckage of the battleship Arizona where they still remain, dead and wounded Americans littered the decks of other warships and the tarmac of Hickam Field and the islands of the Philippines westward in the Pacific, and what had been playing at war for Americans who had been poured into the woefully unready armed forces when the draft was instituted in 1940 suddenly became a deadly serious piece of survival that would take them to places they never even read of in their geography schoolbooks and couldn't even pronounce and a great many of them would be making their first and last visit to those unfamiliar towns and fields in those unfamiliar countries. What was to come after that day would reach into every home and every community across the United States and touch every facet of life all across the circle of the globe, and now, on Dec. 7, 1980, thirty-nine years later, Dec. 7, 1941 has become the day the world changed forever, and nothing would ever be the same as what had gone before Pearl Harbor.

**A GENERAL** and an admiral would face court martial because of Pearl Harbor, and before the fires of war died out in 1945 America would have strung its dead young men from island to island up the Pacific, on North African deserts and in the countries of Europe from the Normandy coast of France across the Rhine and the Elbe into Germany and they would also go down in fiery plans and in sunken ships in many another place. A man by the name of Ervin Somerville who went from Belleaire to West Point and who had risen to the rank of major would be captured in the Philippines and would die in a Japanese prison camp before the war was out, and another man from Belleaire by the name of Ernie Schoen who was in the army in the Philippines when the Japanese swept down through the islands would fade into the jungle and fight the rest of the war, four long years of it, with the guerillas

who constantly harassed the Japanese occupation army, and his family back in Belleaire would never know until the Japs surrendered where Ernie was, except that Joe Giannetta, back from Australia on leave from his fighter squadron, would tell the family as much as he was allowed to tell, only that Ernie was all right.

**DEATH AND** destruction became the norm, the way of life in those years, and the rectangular red, white and blue service flags with gold stars for those already dead and blue stars for those who might be waiting to die hung in the windows of almost every home in the 48 states and in the territories of Alaska and Hawaii where families dreaded the coming of the telegram that started out, "The War Department regrets to inform you..." the final postscript in the letter of four years before which began, "Greetings, you have been selected..." The world turned and twisted in the wrenching tragic bloody labor pains of giving birth to the new era, and finally that era emerged from the womb of war, and brought with it atomic power, jet planes, synthetic rubber, highly sophisticated industrial and manufacturing techniques, giant steps in medicine and in communications, new weapons of destruction the development techniques and the scientific achievements which oddly held the seeds of progress for peaceful times, and finally, the parade of flag-draped caskets down the main street of America when the War Department began repatriation of America's dead from a hundred military cemeteries in those overseas places the names of which the men who were buried there never could pronounce when they were in school the few short years before 1941.

**THE WORLD DID** change, as they say it did, and the world will never be the same again, as they also say - sometimes it seems for the better, other times for the worse - but they said the same things after all the wars of America since 1776, even the Korean and the Vietnam Wars which officially they said were "conflicts" but to the guys who had to fight them that was only an exercise in semantics; they were wars, as desperate as any other because there were the

same bullets flying around and Americans bled the same way and died sometimes just as horribly as any other American soldier in America's history, whether only one or two of them died or whether 100 or 200 of them bled away their lives in those remote places. To make any man's death meaningful you have to believe that it was for a worthwhile purpose, and so it is with wars; you must believe to justify them that they were for the good and common purpose of advancing civilization, for the righting of ancient wrongs, for establishing justice and freedom, for elevating humanity to a higher plane, even though that belief may totter a little bit when you read the names on the headstones in the cemeteries.

**WITH OR WITHOUT** Dec. 7, 1941, the world would have changed - today it would be as unlike 1941 as 1941 was unlike 1917 or 1865 was unlike 1960 - but it would have changed at a slower pace, giving its peoples more time to adapt and to adjust, and maybe it would have been better today because of that slower advancement, and maybe the standard of living would have been better. Nobody knows for sure, because it didn't happen from peaceful pursuits; it happened because the world went violently and destructively crazy, and those who lived back in those times still have not sorted out any sensible reasons for what transpired. Certainly, to the men whose names are chiseled on monuments in a thousand city parks, things would have been different today; they would be, most of them, still alive and would have continued along their appointed courses without the tragic quick-ending of their lives, and they would have been able to make their contribution for whatever that contribution would have been worth. No, nobody will ever know for sure what might have come had Dec. 7, 1941, not happened; it is well, most times, not to be able to look into the future, because what we might see might scare the hell out of us.

December 7, 1980

# The Gift from the Mellott Brothers

**TIME HAS** the inexorable habit of moving on and in the due course of living its movement occurs with little particular attention while the days fall off the calendar one by one like the leaves of autumn, but periodically there is the minor mental shock that comes from being made aware suddenly of something that happened a considerable time ago and the years in between have disappeared much too quickly into the past. What brings this thought is Librarian Lois Walker's announcement of an open house Sunday at the Mellott Memorial Building, which houses the Bellaire Public Library, to mark the 20th anniversary of the building's service to the whole area, not just to Bellaire, because the library has on its lists patrons who reside in a dozen or more communities on both sides of the river. It doesn't seem possible that two decades have slipped by since the late brothers William and James F. Mellott made its construction possible with substantial bequests in their respective wills because they wanted to honor their father, Amos D. Mellott, and the Mellott family whose destiny was intertwined with their home town's development and progress. It was another and earlier generous gift of James F. that brought about the city's swimming pool, a half-forgotten fact today.

**BETWEEN THEM,** the Mellott brothers put together in their wills somewhere around \$400,000 to construct the building, which was erected after both were dead. There was a library in Bellaire for a good many years before, but the Mellott Memorial Building elevated the library to first-class status and Lois and the board of trustees by their dedication and close attention have taken it even further, to the point now where the library is one of the finest, for its size, in the whole state of Ohio. It's a very attractive building, with its mural in the lobby depicting the city's history in industry, religion, education, even a replica of the House That Jack Built, on which the city still prides itself although the Heatherington mansion to which that name was given has long since been erased from visual perspective. But more important than the building is what it has meant to the area in the knowledge and

enjoyment gained in the reading of books, and what it has contributed to the city's cultural aspect, an aspect which has all too little to offer; after you count among those offerings the library and the Bellaire Glass Museum, you have just ran out of things to list.

**YEARS AGO** a nun who taught us in school said that anything you ever want to know is in a book somewhere, and down the years we have come to understand how right she was. Another nun who taught our son much later held to the belief that if a child learns to read and to comprehend what is read, the rest of the accepted book-learning is of lesser importance, because the child who can read and can understand will be able as an adult to learn anything he or she wants to learn simply by reading the right book, and the right book always is somewhere around if a person looks hard enough. And we have found on innumerable occasions that Lois and her staff have had the right book for us, no matter what we were groping for, and some of what you have read here over the years has been the direct result of that staff's assistance. As it is with us, so it is with many another person, especially students, who go frequently to the library for additional knowledge, and it is impossible almost to visit the library without seeing there somebody looking up something and being given help and advice by the staff, who always seem to find the time to accommodate any request, major or minor. And there is something else we have learned; if the library doesn't have what you want, the staff will get it for you from somewhere else.

**THE LIBRARY** offers other things besides books; there are records, microfilms, programs for children, special events for adults, and Special Services Librarian Sue Turner takes programs to the Rose Hill Towers and the Shadyside Manor elderly housing projects so that those elderly residents who may not be able to get out easily can enjoy some of the library's services. So, all in all, the Mellott brothers gave to the area a gift that still keeps on giving, and keeps on getting bigger as time goes by,

and if today, 20 years past, there are people who never even knew and some who never even heard of the Mellott brothers benefitting from their gift, imagine far down the road into the future how many others will reap those benefits. It would be nice if you would stop by the Mellott Memorial Building Sunday from 2 to 5 p.m., see what they have there for you, and say "thanks" to Lois and Sue and the staff, and to the trustees who run the place, Ernie Giffin, the board president who knew and worked with the Mellott brothers and who undoubtedly had a hand in what happened, Dick Danford, Virginia Creamer, Msgr. Paul Metzger, Atty. Emilio Bonfini, Ferne Ring and Jim Griffin, our old work-buddy.

**THEY SAY** you don't shoot Santa Claus, but somebody last week came pretty close, the person who shot down the Christmas tree on top of the First-Union Bank building. To use an old-fashioned phrase, it was a dastardly deed, because a great many people in the short space of time, about a week, that the lights were up there on the roof came to look for it with pleasure when darkness dropped down; among them was our three-year-old granddaughter Shelly who has been visiting with us, and to Shelly, that lighted tree was the closest thing to where Santa Claus comes from, up in the sky. The people at the First-Union were discouraged that what they meant to be a touch of the season's good will turned out to be somebody's pet peeve which was translated into an act of senseless destruction, but those of you "of many an eye that danced to see that banner (Christmas) in the sky" can take glad heart; come this past Monday, First-Union's Ronnie Galloway had the tree back up and lighted. Should the person who did the dastardly deed last week attempt to do so again, we join with all of you in hoping the rifle jams so tightly that it's ruined forever, and that whoever it is gets nothing in the Christmas stockings except ashes.

December 10, 1980

**DIX FOUNDATION**  
**Wooster, Ohio**



