FOURTEEN CHILDREN
The Family of John Amick of West Virginia

Geneva Amick Dyer

GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST
OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

WITHDRAWN
From the Family History Library
Fourteen Children

Geneva Amick Dyer
Further information concerning the descendants of Maude Mabel (White) Pierce (shown herein on page 28) is available on pages 50 through 58-a of the book Two Pierce Families by Margaret Pierce Parsons and N. Vincent Parsons, 1976.

Written for Brother Byron and dedicated to our grandparents and their fourteen children, with the hope their lives of fortitude and the cheerful spirit with which they met the hardships of pioneer life, be an inspiration to those who may read it.

—The Author
The Amick family are of German descent. There are several traditions about the coming of the "Amick" family to America, but I am not able to give an authentic account. My father's cousin, David Amick, whom we always called "Uncle Dave," because he was near the same age of our uncles, told me there were three brothers, Henry, Jacob, and John, who came to America, and settled in Pennsylvania. He told me also that a sister started with them, but died, and was buried at sea. I believe it was Henry, who is our great-grandfather.

A teacher of the German language in one of our western colleges, said the name Amick was originally spelled, Emig. Uncle Dave said when our people first came to America, they spelled it Emick, then changed it to Amick.

Some of our family in Kansas and California, now spell their name Emick. When I was in Oregon, and Washington, many of my friends pronounced my name as if it did begin with "E," instead of "A," and often spelled it that way.

The first authentic history I have is of our grandfather, John Amick, born Sept. 6th, 1790, presumably in Pendleton county, W. Va. He married Catherine Bowers, Feb. 1813. This marriage was in Pendleton county and grandmother was at that time a little past twenty years of age, having been born Dec. 9th, 1792. It is to her I owe much of this information. They owned, and operated a gunpowder mill. One morning, after having started the mill in operation, and had gone home for their breakfast, there was an explosion, which destroyed the mill. Neighbors who lived many miles away heard the explosion, and hurried to grandfather's home confident the parents had been killed, each one deciding as they came, which one of the six or seven children, they would take to rear. Soon afterward they moved to Nicholas county, W. Va., carrying their possessions on horseback. They selected for their home, a spot in the virgin forest, on the clear waters of Angling Creek, in a little bottom, some three hundreds yards long, and fifty or sixty yards wide, surrounded by high hills, which were named: "Claypool Ridge," "Long Ridge," "Bearhole Ridge," and "Elk Ridge."

They lived under a rock, since known as the "Camp Rock," for some time until they could build a log cabin, and this rock is quite some distance, one fourth mile, or more, from where they built their cabin.

Then they built a grist mill, a saw mill, and later a good substantial house. Some of the grandchildren think he also built a powder mill. This perhaps is correct, as they had owned one when they lived in Pendleton county. At that time they had but few tools with which to work, and had to resort to many original devices. To cut a channel through a stone at the entrance of his mill-race, they would heat the rock by burning logs of wood at the place he wanted the opening, then remove the fire, and pour on cold water to cause the rock to spall off to the desired depth.

Here they cleared a farm, and reared their family of fourteen children, named as follows: Lucy, Ell, Polly, Jesse, Asa, Gideon, John, Barbara, Arnold, Ann, Catherine, Joseph, James and Perry. Here these fourteen children grew to manhood, and womanhood, close to nature, an environment reflected and reproduced in their characters, high hills, firm cliffs of rock, forests of large and strong trees, and clear streams of water.

These forests were the home of panther, bear, wolves, deer, squirrel, and fox, and many other animals; also there were wild turkey, pheasant, or grouse, and partridge, and many song birds too, as well as eagles, hawks, raven, buzzard, and crows.

The streams were full of speckled brook trout. Mountain-tea berries, wild grapes, strawberries, black berries and many other berries were plentiful in their season. Black haws hung in profusion along the banks of the creeks. They were delicious after a frost.
The rhododendron and laurel grew so thickly matted in this bottom along the creek, the boys would run over the top and play, but it was very difficult to get through near the ground.

The hillsides were covered with many varieties of oak, also maples, poplar, chestnut, birch, beech, fringed with the hemlock near their bases along the creek.

Ramps, a species of wild onions, were plentiful; in early spring they are best and when properly cooked make a delicious food and are much sought after by many folks. They do not grow under cultivation, being of a wild nature, and are fast disappearing. They are found mostly in mountainous country as far north as Pennsylvania, and as far south as North Carolina.

Ginseng was plentiful. It grows well when cultivated, but the wild-grown brings higher prices in market. These pioneers depended largely on the proceeds from the sale of ginseng roots, which they dug and dried, to buy the things they could not make, or raise on their farms.

Probably dry ginseng roots did not bring more than a “shilling” per pound, at that time; one hundred years later, their great grandchildren bought it for $25.00 and $30.00 per pound.

Another source of income was the fur taken from wild animals and venison hams, which they had to take many miles to market. Their nearest neighbor, James Korren, lived some three or four miles away, and was much farther to any other settlers.

LUCY AMICK

Aunt Lucy was the first of the “Fourteen Children.” She had blue-grey eyes, dark hair, and a rather plain face. She never married, and for several years lived in a small house on her father’s farm. Later she came to live in the home with us. It was one of my childhood joys to visit her while she was living in her own home, and many a special treat was given me to spend the night with her or a day or two. She was unselfish and industrious. One bright morning she told us goodbye, and passed on to her reward. She was laid in the cemetery at Old Liberty, by the side of her father who had passed on many years before. In a few years her mother, too, went to her reward, and was laid by her husband’s side.

Eli Amick

Uncle Eli Amick was a veteran of the Mexican War, a steamboat worker, a saw mill worker, and eventually was killed in a cavalry charge at Gettysburg. His wife was Mary Nance, the daughter of John Nance, of Tennessee.

The following is a letter written to me by John C. Emick, of Lawrence, Kansas, grandson of Eli Amick:

“The daughter of the original John Nance married a man named John Garner, and their first son was named John Nance Garner. Each succeeding generation produced a John Nance, and a John Nance Garner, our former Vice President being John Nance Garner VIII. This Nance-Garner history was given me by the former Vice President’s secretary.

The children of Eli Amick were: Penguins, John, Malilda, Mahulda, Lorenzo, Andy, and Jane. Jane died at a very early age, and Andy died in his latter teens, I believe.

Aunt Penguins married Bill Thomas, and became the mother of Alfred and Sally.

Aunt Malilda married Hiram Hiser, and became the mother of Arthur, Lee, Mary, Martha, John, Milhay and Pearl. Pearl died early in life, and I knew nothing of the others.

Aunt Mahulda married Alfred Brown. I believe she was the mother of two sons, and one daughter, the daughter called Della or Dillie, or a name similar to that. I have forgotten the names of the boys.

Uncle Lorenzo was married late in life. He married Fannie Jones, but I can’t remember the names of any of his children.

John Amick, my father, was born at Zanesville, Ohio, in 1844. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1863 or 1864 at Lewisburg, West Virginia; was captured and held a prisoner of war; at Camp Chase, near Cincinnati, Ohio; was exchanged at Baltimore, Md., shortly before Lee’s surrender and eventually got back to his home community.

His marriage took place in 1868, at the home of my mother’s grandfather, whose name was Dorsey, and whose people had been in the Union Army. The marriage took place in the late autumn, with a cold rain falling. The minister who performed the ceremony was an ex-Confederate soldier, and “Grand Daddy Dorsey,” (as mother
called him) wouldn't let the preacher come inside of his house, so the ceremony was performed outdoors in the rain.

In 1872 or 1873, my father and mother and mother's brother, Cornelius Eyn, (whose wife was Annie McCutcheon before she married), moved with their children to Cloud county, Kansas, and settled about four or five miles from where the town Miltonvale, now stands.

Two other families accompanied them to Kansas, one of which returned to West Virginia at once, the other of which later moved to Oklahoma.

Father and Uncle Cornelius each took a "claim" of 160 acres, under the Homestead act, complied with the provisions of the act and received government patents to their homesteads five years later. Uncle Cornelius lived on his "claim" for "forty-five years," to use his exact words, then moved to California to spend his later years. My father lived on his homestead property for probably 35 years, then moved to Miltonvale, where he died in 1916.

It appears that my father's uncle, Old Amick, moved to Iowa at an early date and his favorable reports of the "West" aroused the interest of my father and his friends. Later, Natus Nutter, the son of Granderson Nutter, of Nicholas county, West Virginia, moved to Cloud county, Kansas, and reported that the prospects were good, so my father and Uncle Cornelius, decided to see for themselves what the west was like, without taking too long a journey.

They spent a summer near Paris, Ill., where they found a level, fertile land with abundant rainfall and producing excellent crops, which extended west as far as they could see, so assuming that the locality they saw in Illinois was a sample of all parts of Iowa, Kansas, etc., they returned to West Virginia, made the necessary arrangements and moved to Cloud county, Kansas, where Uncle Natus Nutter assisted them in locating their claims.

I understand that Uncle Felix O'Dell took the party, consisting of four men, four women and ten or twelve children to the nearest railroad, from there they went to the nearest point on the Ohio River where they went by steamboat to Cincinnati, Ohio, then by rail to Waterville, Kansas, then by wagon to Concordia, Kansas, where

the families lived, while arrangements were made for moving on to their new homes.

Concordia, was then, and is now, the county seat of Cloud county and seems to have been a prosperous little village, even in the early days. My father's land was 21 miles southeast of Concordia, and the North line of the land selected by my uncle, was a half mile south of the south line of my father's land. Concordia was the nearest post-office, while Waterville, about 70 miles away, was the nearest railroad town. Wash. Nutter, brother-in-law of my mother, the man who later moved to Oklahoma, took a claim adjoining my father's on the west, and these three families made up the entire settlement.

The nearest school was 3 1/2 miles away, and there were no churches at that time. The land was a rolling plain, without trees or running water. There was a dry water course, which was a tributary of Pipe Creek, several miles away, across my father's land. Down the channel of the water course there were a number of large ponds which had been buffalo wallows, which were refilled or replenished with each rain, and which for years were used by father as watering places for his cattle.

"More families arrived, and soon there were an average of four families to each square mile, a school was organized and the school house was built a quarter of a mile from my father's house, but prior to the building of the school house, the school was held in my father's home. Churches were organized in the vicinity and two railroads were built into the community, one within two miles, and the other within five miles of my father's land. With the coming of the railroads, there came a period of prosperity, followed by a period of depression, known as "hard times," in the 90's. During the hard times, many settlers moved away and their holdings were acquired by the farmers who stayed on, and these additional holdings made it possible for the farmers to operate on quite a large scale. My father's largest holding was 800 acres, and 120 acres of the original 160, is still owned jointly by three of his children. The community is now provided with free mail delivery, telephone service and hard surfaced roads.

"Many nations were represented in the early population of Cloud (5)
counties, including England, Ireland, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, France, Scotland, Germany, and Holland.

"Most of these were emigrants who had landed in some other part of the U.S.A. before coming to Kansas. My father raised cattle in addition to his farming, while Uncle Cornelius raised hogs. Although his home was a mile from us, I can remember as a child of hearing him calling his hogs—"SHOA! SHOA! SHOA!"

"The first year or two the West Virginia families were in Kansas, they were confronted with the problems of both fuel and food, although fuel was the greatest problem.

"The buffalo had been gone several years, but their droppings, called "buffalo chips," were gathered and made excellent fuel as long as they lasted. A few antelope were left, but they were sighted only at great distances and soon disappeared altogether. Prairie chickens were plentiful, easily trapped and furnished the meat supply for the first year.

"About the time the buffalo chips were exhausted, a thin vein of coal was located nearby and the owner of the coal field let the farmers mine coal for him on shares. This project lasted only a year or two, as the proceeds from the coal would not justify the proper bracing of the shaft, and the producing of the coal became too dangerous.

"For one or more seasons it was found more practical to burn corn, than to sell corn and buy coal, but by the time I was old enough to remember, trees which father had planted upon coming to Kansas, furnished an adequate supply of fuel.

"My father's first home or cabin was a "dug-out," replaced by a frame, four-room dwelling, some five or six years later. This house with a subsequent addition of three rooms thereto, still stands and is occupied by a tenant.

"Since the water in the buffalo wallows was not fit for home use, father dug a well, and found an adequate supply of water at 40 feet. He did so well with his own well, that a neighbor with an extra cow gave him a cow for digging a well for him.

With a cow for milk, and prairie chickens for meat for the family, father walked fifty miles to Junction City, to obtain work and get a supply of cash. The cow, however, died, the family got word of the loss to father, and he arranged with his employer for another cow, and walked the fifty miles home leading the cow, and walked back to work again.

Father acquired a yoke of oxen, a wagon and a breaking yoke soon after moving onto his claim. For a short time before the building of the dug-out, the family lived in the wagon. The oxen proved to be more practical for breaking sod, than horses. While the oxen were slower than the neighbor's horses, they had more endurance than the horses, and proved that between dawn and daylight, the oxen would turn over more sod and be far less weary than the horses.

"Barter" of some sort appeared to be principal; medium of exchange. Father obtained the ridge-poles for his dug-out by helping one of his neighbors in the harvest field for a day, but the neighbor lived seven miles away and father walked there before daylight, and walked home after dark. When he built his new home, he paid the carpenter (who was a widower) by boarding him and his 17-year-old son, furnishing them food and lodging for a year.

The first sermon my people heard, was preached by a man who, for some reason, could not face the audience, and turned his back to the congregation while he preached.

Another minister in the early days proved to be an infidel. He later admitted that he had always been an infidel, but that the collections taken after each sermon, helped out with his finances.

My people had many experiences, some of which were amusing, and some others serious which would not be of much interest to anyone else, but I trust you can select from what I have written, some material which you can use.

Pernecia had three children, Mary, who married Franklin Query; Sally who married Wade McClung and had three children, and Alfred, who never married.

Lorenzo had four children, Roosevelt, who is in the service, Charles, unmarried; Arabella who married Charles Nutter, and Esta who married Joe Craft.

JESSE AMICK

Jesse Amick married Lucy Bays. They were the parents of two sons, George and Robert. I am of the opinion Uncle Jesse was a serious, quiet man of dignity. After grandfather's death he assumed
much of the responsibilities of the home, and helping grandmother rear the younger children. His home was in Nicholas county, near where Nallen now is. He built a grain mill on Meadow River. While operating this mill he fell and received injuries from which he never recovered. He was buried in the cemetery at Sugar Grove.

George, his oldest son, married Kate Zerkile, lived near Belva, and have two children, Fred and Ada. George was mechanically inclined, having made the saw with which he made several pieces of furniture; also, he was a millwright and a farmer.

Fred married Miss Lizzie Martin. They had six children: Clinton, Anna, Beulah, Bertha, Evelyn and one child who died in infancy. I do not know whom they married. Fred, like his father, was also a millwright. Ada married James Nuckols, lived in Charleston, W. Va., and operated a hotel. They had one son.

Robert Amick married a Miss Crew. They lived at Beaver Mills, W. Va. They had two children. Cordia, the daughter, died in infancy and the son, Ernest, is now living in Fayetteville, W. Va.

Robert Amick was a millwright and a farmer. He is now living at Dempsey, W. Va., being married the second time to Emma Carter, who was reared at Dempsey. Once while Robert was hunting in the "spruce forests," known to early settlers as the Yew Pine mountains, near the mouth of Dogway creek on Cranberry river, he saw a large panther head and two smaller ones, one on each side. They seemed to be moving. When he hastily fired his gun they disappeared. Upon investigation he found they were only mushrooms. At another time, while hunting, he was sitting on a log with his mountain rifle lying across his knees (I presume he was watching, a deer stand) when he saw a red fox coming toward him. Afraid lest he frighten the animal he did not change his position but fired, hitting the fox. It didn't stop running and as his gun was not of the modern repeating type he could not again shoot without reloading, he picked up a rock and threw it after the animal but failed to hit it. A short distance away he found the fox, all four of its legs broken, one from a former encounter and three from the one shot from Bob's gun.

Once when Bob was a small lad, his mother then a widow, was hunting the cows which had strayed a long distance from home. Her brother, Tom Bays, was also looking for the cows and came upon her tracks where she had found the cows and driven them home. He also saw tracks of some animal which was following her. Thinking the tracks those of a large bear he went to her home and on to his father, John Bays, to get him to come with him the next morning to hunt down and kill the bear. As Aunt Lucy was driving the cows home her little dog kept barking and apparently was frightened. All through the night the dog kept barking. When her father and brother got back next morning they started on the hunt and had gone but a short distance from Aunt Lucy's home when they found where the animal had sat on a cliff of rock, the snow being melted from the heat of its body. At once the older man said "This is a panther's track." Soon the dogs came upon it, chasing it up a tree; from there it jumped twelve or fifteen feet to another cliff. Again the dogs chased it up a tree from which it was shot and killed. This panther measured nine feet in length—a rather dangerous animal to have been watching the home of a widow and two small lads.

Ernest, son of Robert Amick, after his mother's death, lived with his grandmother until his marriage. He married Allie Thacker, of Covington, Va., and as stated above are living in Fayetteville. They are the parents of four children: Ralph, the eldest, lives in Beckley, W. Va. He travels for the Abbot Drug Co. He married Lucille Williams. No children. Curtis, the second son, married Ruth Huffman. He is an employee of the Goodyear Rubber Co. at Akron, Ohio, since returning from service in the Pacific. Robert, the third son, lives in Huntington. He married Bertha Scheafer of Cincinnati, O. He travels for Parke Davis Drug Co. and is also a registered pharmacist. Frances, the fourth child, and only daughter, married Frank Spangler of Fayetteville, where they live. They have two children, Barbara and Frank, Jr.

GIDEON AMICK

Uncle "Gid." Amick was born in 1819, in Pendleton County. When a small boy he came with his parents and six or seven other brothers and sisters, to start their home in Nicholas County. He had a most active and interesting boyhood and young manhood. After his marriage to Emily Stewart he lived several years at what was known as the "Patterson" place, which is located on the Amick
Branch of Hominy Creek. I have not been able to learn the origin of the name of this branch, but it is my opinion it was named because of Uncle Gid living there. Their children were: Rebecca, Minerva, William, Protsman, Ira Stewart, James, Sarah, Mary, Perry, and Emily. The last three named, died in early life.

William, Rebecca, Minerva, and Ira were born in W. Va. Sometimes in 1860 they moved to Goshen, Ind., then later to western Iowa. After several moves, he settled on Shellrock river, where most of his family remained, marrying and rearing families. Minerva was the mother of twins, but I do not know whom she married. Really I do not know whom any of the family married, or much of their history, but being descendants of Uncle "Gid," I know they must be very interesting.

I am indebted to Damron, son of Ira, for the most of the above information, having gotten it from a letter written to my brother, Byron, several years ago. Damron at that time was in the motor-truck business. Most of his family were farmers. While Uncle Gid lived in a town in Iowa named Western, he helped build a college by the same name. Both the college and the town "faded out" because the railroad failed to come their way, and Cedar Rapids instead, became the city the westerners had hoped for.

William, the oldest son of Gideon Amick, went from Iowa to California, and was living there at the time of the San Francisco earthquake and fire. He was thrifty and accumulated quite a good sized fortune. In later years he toured the States, spending quite some time in West Virginia, visiting relatives and his birthplace. After he returned to California, he often sent mother boxes of delicious fruit from his home. I did not have the pleasure of knowing him, and do not have any history of his family. He had learned the stone-mason's trade, at which he worked for a while, did some farming, also gold prospecting in Alaska, but he liked the hotel business, and devoted most of his time to it, both in Iowa, and after he went to California. It was in the hotel business in San Francisco that he accumulated his wealth.

After Aunt Emily's death, he (Uncle Gid,) came back to W. Va. and married Martha Sudreath. Two daughters were born to them, Lee Anna, and Nancy. After Uncle Gid's death, Aunt Martha re-

turned to her native state and lived at Sewell, Fayette County, W. Va. Lee Anna married a Mr. Saunders. I do not know about her family, though I understand she was a christian woman and a leader in church activities.

Nancy married a Mr. Herbert, and lived in or near Wheeling. They had a daughter, Ruby, who was a graduate nurse, and practiced her profession in Huntington. I have lost trace of her.

Once Uncle Gid had been to Lewisburg, and on coming home decided that to impress his brothers and other members of his family, of the importance of his trip, he would tell of the wonderful sights he had seen. He told them he had seen a horse so tall it took seventeen stirrups to get on his back, and when he "nickered," he could be heard for five miles, and that his coat was green as grass. At one time Uncle Gid was working for Mathew McClung, a wealthy farmer who had built and owned the "White House." This year Mr. McClung had raised a considerable crop of buckwheat and having had a part of it ground into flour, took it to Kanawha Falls for sale. Having received a higher price than he expected, he decided to speculate a little, whereupon he asked Uncle Gid if he knew of any one who had raised buckwheat that season. Uncle Gid replied: "Arnold has a hundred bushel of the finest I have ever seen."

McClung ground and sold the remainder of his crop, then went to father; to buy his. Father told him he had not raised more that year than he wanted for his own use. When McClung returned he said: "Gid, I thought you said Arnold had raised a hundred bushel of buckwheat." Uncle Gid replied: "He did, straw and all."

Another time Uncle Gid and Jake ODell, (Later known as crippled Jake) were building a chimney for a Mr. Copenhaver. Mr. Copenhaver had killed a deer and was serving venison three times a day. The meat was not very palatable at that time of the year, as it was a mother. When the workmen went home for the week-end, Uncle Gid told Jake if he would help him, they would not have to eat venison the next week, and Jake said "I'll do anything you suggest." Gid said: "When we get back, Mr. Copenhaver will ask what is the news, you tell him there was a two-day meeting in progress at Gilgal and "Gid" was converted, and I'll do the rest." Sure enough when they got back Sunday evening Mr. Copenhaver asked
what was the news and Jake told him of the meeting, and of Gid's conversion. At supper he said: "Gid, will you return thanks?" Whereupon Uncle Gid promptly responded by saying: "Dear God of Love, look down from above, on us poor mortals here below, give us meat, sweet to eat, and take away this tough old doe." Uncle Gid was not again asked to return thanks, neither did they have any more "old doe" served.

Once he and father were "rounding up" some of their wild cattle from the woods. He told father he would like to ride one of the steers. Father advised against it, but to no avail. He jumped on the back of one of them, holding its tail. Thus frightened and angered, the steer ran wildly for a mile or more down a steep hillside. Father said he expected at every turn to find Uncle Gid dashed against a rock or tree. He followed as quickly as he could, and when he reached the foot of the mountain, there stood Uncle Gid, after thoroughly enjoying the thrill. He would stand on his head on the top of a two story house and did many other daring stunts.

Uncle Gid was the personification of daring, energy, and fun. When boys at home, if there was any mischief done, it was always said, "Gid did it," whether he was the guilty one or not. Once when his parents were away from home, he told the family he was going to fly. He began his preparation by cutting some strips of leather from dressed deer hides. These strips were called "whangs." He then took two deer hides and fastened very firmly, one on each side to his arms and legs, with these "whangs." To add to his unique outfit, he fastened a wild-turkey tail to the seat of his pants. He told the boys where he would "take-off" from, a high rock wall several hundred yards from where he had selected to make a landing. He must have been trying to imitate the flying squirrel. When he had explained his plans to his unbelieving brothers, he climbed to his place to start, and I imagine he felt a great thrill as he "took-off" on his first flight.

Much to the amusement of his brothers, and a feeling of hurt pride, and a few bruises, he picked himself up, only a few feet from his starting point. The boys asked him why he didn't fly, and he said: "Oh the sign wasn't right yet."

POLLY AMICK

Aunt Polly (as we always called her) married William Stewart (13) and had five sons: John William, Edward, Howard, Frank and Jerome. The first two were born in W. Va., then they moved to Illinois and there the others were born. When Aunt Polly was married they lived a few years on the farm that my father purchased later.

When John William and Edward had reached their early twenties, they decided to visit the East, their relatives, and the place of their birth. They traveled part of the way by rail, but walked much of the way. They carried, and sold notions to help pay expenses, steel and "gold-washed" pen points, and "perchy" combs are some of the articles that I now recall. When their funds ran low, they would stop and work for a few weeks.

They had visited the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Father was much interested in the description they gave of it. I was thrilled and somewhat awe-stricken when they were telling of the "Fat Man's Misery"—a very narrow entrance to one of the larger rooms. I was eight years old at that time, and was quite fond of my pleasant cousins, but distinctly disliked the perfume they used. After they had spent some time with relatives in Nicholas and Fayette counties, they went to Washington, D. C., and I believe to New York. I have no contact with any of the family, and have not had, for years.

ASA AMICK

Uncle Asa married Mildred Boley. Their children were: Charles, Felicita, Catharine, and Huston. They lived near Sweet Springs, Monroe county. When the Civil War broke out, he joined the cause of the South. I do not have any information as to the place or circumstances which led to his capture, but he was a prisoner of war at Camp Chase. While there he did some simple wood carving. I have a small box he made and sent back to Aunt Lucy, and which she later gave to me.

While he was away, Aunt Mildred moved to Nicholas county where some of her people were living. He was ill when he got to Sweet Springs, and died there without meeting with his family. He was buried in the cemetery at the Methodist church, at Sweet Springs, Monroe county.

Felicita, their oldest daughter, married Cavendish McClung and lived in the Hominy Falls community. They had no children of their own, but cared for and reared some of their nephews and nieces. Af-
ter her husband's death, one of these nephews, Bill Amick, built a
nice cottage near his home where she lived, and he and his good
wife gave her the most tender care.

Sometime after Uncle Asa's death, Charley came to live with us.
I remember him more as a brother than cousin. He married Martha
Trout and lived on Brushy Meadow Creek, in the Leivasy neighbor-
hood. Their children are: Henry, Don, Elizabeth, Asa, Sadie, Birdie,
Oat, and Ivy. Henry married Lola O'Dell, is a farmer and lives at
Carl. They are the parents of one son, Gilford, who is in the ser-
vice, and has won many distinctions. Below I quote from a clip-
ping: "With the Fifth Army, Italy—Staff Sergeant Gilford Amick
of Carl, W. Va., recently was awarded the Bronze Star for heroic
achievement in action. He is serving on the Fifth Army front in
Italy, with the 135th Infantry Regiment, 34th 'Red Bull' Division."

The citation with the award read: "Unable to see clearly two
machine gun positions he had been ordered to adjust fire upon,
Amick, motor platoon observer, immediately sought a better position.
He crawled across a flat field in plain view of the enemy 200 yards
away, to establish a new observation post. From this position he
succeeded in adjusting accurately upon his target causing the enemy
to abandon their emplacements."

After Henry's first wife died he married Biddie McClung. They
have one son, Charles, who is also in the service.

Elizabeth, daughter of Charley and Martha (Trout) Amick,
moved Oat O'Dell and lives at Snow Hill.

Asa, not married, has served in the war, European and African
territory, now lives on the Charley Amick farm on Brushy Meadow
Creek. Sadie married Bill O'Dell and lives in the Leivasy commu-
nity. I do not have their children's names. Birdie married Mr. Stull
and lives at Leivasy. I have no record of their family. Don married
Luvie O'Dell; Ivy married Sandy Lilly, and lives in the Tetteleville
community.

Huston Amick, Uncle Asa's third child, married Martha Arbaugh,
and lived for a while on a farm in the Leivasy community. Later
he cut timber in the states of Idaho and Washington. They were
the parents of the following children: Bill, Robert, Andy, John, Mary
Bell, Maggie, and Lockie.

Bill and Martha's children are: Joe, Tockes, Taltmage, Connie,
Lethie, Dana, Jessie, Billie, Ralph, Fred and Granville. Granville
married a Miss Budkins, and lives near Leivasy.

Tockes married Ethel Pittsenbarger and lives near Carl; have one
son, Billie Joe.

Taltmage married Ruth McCutchen.

Fred married a Miss Hughes and lives at Leivasy. Their child-
dren are: Glenn, William, and Jennie.

Connie married a Mr. Fields. She died young.

Lethia married Bob McCutchen.

Dana, Jessie, Billie and Ralph are not married.

Robert married Alva McCutchen and lives near Leivasy on a
farm. Their children are: Robert, Jr., Everett, Roy, Homer, Luvie,
Laura, Marie, Boules May and Ruth Ann.

Roy married a Miss Zokes and lives at Quinwood. He is now in
the Navy.

Everette not married. Is in Army. Served in Italy.

Robert, Jr., not at this time married, is a graduate of West Vir-
ginia University, and is now in the service in Europe.

John (son of Huston) was a lumberman in Idaho, and Washing-
ton, and married in that part of the country.

Mary Bell married Emery O'Dell and lives at Hominy Falls. Their
children are: Sylvia, Cloé, Sophia, Dell, Bernice, Tony and Mary Bell.

Maggie married Ollie Campbell. They were parents of one
child. After Mr. Campbell's death, Maggie married Floyd Perkins.
They lived for a while on a farm near Netta, but now live in Sum-
mersville. Their children are: Thekna, Phala and Brady, who is in
the service.

Andy married Lillie Chapman and lives at Crichton.

Lockie (who was reared by her Aunt Felicita (Amick) McClung)
moved George Groves and lives at Quinwood, and are outstanding
citizens. Their son, Paul, is in business in Charleston, W. Va.

Catherine, (daughter of Asa) married Marion Bragg. They live
at Hominy Falls. Their children were: Minnie, Martha, James,
Oliver and Bessie.

Minnie married Floyd O'Dell and reared several children, whose
names I do not know.
Martha married Bill Amick, referred to on another page.
James married and lived near Hinton, W. Va.
Oliver married Jocie Trout and lives on a farm near Carl, W. Va. They are parents of eight children, three in service.
Bessie married Guy O'Dell and lived at Hominy Falls, W. Va.

**ARNOLD AMICK**

Arnold was my father. He married Nancy McCutchen. They were the parents of twelve children, as follows: Charlotte, Sarah Catherine, Ida Frances, Rowan, Ollie, Geneva, Byron and Bettie (twins), Perry, Martha, Melissa, and John Arnold.

Father, growing up in a large family of "fourteen children," close to nature, developed a character as clean and pure as the mountain air he breathed, or the water he drank; firm as the cliffs imbedded in the hill above his home, and as strong as the oak of the surrounding forest.

He loved nature in all its forms and moods. I remember when I was a child sitting by his side while he watched the approach of an electrical storm, and wondering why he was so calm, when I was so frightened and nervous. He loved the wild flowers which grew in profusion in our woods; the mountain honeysuckle with almost every shade of red, pink, yellow and orange; the delicate orchids which we called "Lady Moccason;" the trillium, dog wood, rhododendron and ivy.

I think of all the flowers, he admired the ivy most. I have seen him sit and examine a cluster, flower by flower, for a long time, then say: "All so much alike, and yet each different."

One of my treasured memories of childhood is of he and mother taking us children on Sunday afternoon for a walk, and how he taught us to see the beauties around us—the hills, trees, clouds and sunsets; and in the evening, of the stars, and moon. He strongly believed in the effect the moon has upon the earth, and so do I. He put the wooden roofs on his buildings at certain times in the moon—also his wooden fences, and he plowed and planted "when the signs were right."

Our parents taught us obedience, as well as many other of the basic traits of character in the old fashioned way, and we respect them for it, though we may not agree absolutely with the method.

Charlotte married Wilson McClung. They started their home in a forest, built a one-room log cabin, in what is now known as the Carl community. Later they built a large two story hewn log house. From this forest they cleared a large farm. Later they built a more modern house, having running water, electricity and other conveniences. Here is an article which I clipped from the Nicholas Chronicle two years ago which I think appropriate for this place. The article reads thus:

"I wish to pay tribute to a pioneer couple—Wilson and Charlotte McClung, of Carl, W. Va., aged respectively ninety and eighty-seven years, who started life's journey on foot along blazed trails. Later they traveled on horseback along mountain trails; then came the horse and buggy days. Now they travel in highpowered motor cars over macadamized roads.

"They have been lighted by the pine torch, the tallow candle, the oil lamp, and by electricity. They love to reminisce on the 'good old days,' yet are keenly alert to the happenings of the present.

"In childhood their hearts were stirred by the horrors of the Civil War, a conflict tearing at the vitals of our country and yet which proved the strength of a great nation to settle differences, bind up wounds and to become a mighty union.

"In middle life their country was engaged in a war which gave to it the Philippine Islands; twenty years later, the country was again in war, this time a 'war to end wars.' Their youngest son served in that war. Now again they see their country in war, the most terrible the world has ever known, a war in which their grandsons, and great-grandsons, are fighting on land and sea, and in the air in the distant lands—fighting for things all liberty loving people hold dear.

"They will have finished their pioneer journey in this country some day, but will not be strangers in the country to which they are going. From childhood they have studied maps and handbooks, and kept near the side of the One who guides travelers to that country. And too, they have learned to speak the language of the inhabitants of that country, and will just be going home."

To them were born eight children: Newton, Nancy Susan, Robert Arnold, Geneva, Leviro and Luther (twins), Byron and Cavendish (twins).
Newton married Dessie Amick. They lived near Carl; to them one daughter was born, named Sylvia. His wife having died a year or two after Sylvia was born, he did not re-marry, and was both father and mother to his little daughter. He was in the mercantile business at Crawley, Greenbrier county, for awhile, then moved to Washington, D.C. Sylvia married and lives near her father.

Nancy Susan, (Nannie), married Isaac Whitlock. They lived on a farm near Carl, and are the parents of six children: Lillie, Perry, Ollie, Minnie, Bessie, and one who died in infancy.

Nannie and her husband were honest, industrious and religious, interested in education and the welfare of their neighbors. Since her husband and sons death, she does not live on the farm, but with her children.

Lillie taught school a few years, then married Perry Mullens. They live at Richwood and are the parents of two children: William, now in the service, and Cora, who married, I do not recall her husband's name.

Perry Whitlock married Orpha Haynes and lived at Carl on the farm where his parents lived. He was a local minister in the Methodist church. He lost his life in an accident in a coal mine near Quinwood. They had two girls and three boys.

Ollie graduated from Marshall College, in Huntington, taught in Richwood High School for a few years; married Crawford Eakin. After his death, she married Kenny Noffsinger. They live near Red House, have two children, Barbara and Ann.

Minnie married Wilber Helms. They live near Quinwood and are the parents of five most interesting children, as follows: Evelyn, Romie, Bertha, James and Harold.

Bessie graduated from Marshall College, worked a few years for the government, married Vincent Smith, and lives in North Carolina. They have three children, two are twins.

Robert McClung, Charlotte's third child, married Dove Whitlock, of Roanoke, Va., and lives on a farm near Quinwood, in a lovely home. When one passes through the gate into the well ordered, and well kept lawn with its variety of shrubs and flowers, a feeling of restfulness and peace makes you want to linger there. They are prominent, outstanding citizens. He is active in his home church, also a lay member of the West Virginia Methodist Conference.

When a little boy of three or four years, his father moved from the little house they had built when first married, to a large two story house only a few yards distant. They carried most of the household goods, the children all helping, even to little Robert. After everything was in their new home, someone missed the little fellow, and after searching everywhere, they found him in the old house. When asked why he had gone back there he said he was waiting for them to “move him.” Their children are: Otho, Lottie, and Lester.

Otho married Verna Hughes, of Jarrett, Ky. He is in the employ of Cordox Explosive Co., has three children: Bernard, Freddie and April and now resides in Pikeville, Ky. He is very efficient and experienced in his line of work.

Lottie graduated from Berea College, Ky., was employed a few years as teacher in Hamlin High School, later as Home Economics Demonstrator in different parts of the state. She married Clarence Van Dyke, who is in the service, Navy Medical Corps, at present in England. She is at home with her parents, and has one son.

Lester is a graduate of Ft. Collins University. He married Bernice Dalby, of Ft. Collins, Colorado. They have two children, Robert Arnold, and Sharon. When he was in the university, he specialized in forestry. After graduating, he and his wife returned to West Va., where he was employed by the State Forestry Conservation, and resided at Elkins. He is now in the Army in the Atlantic area.

Geneva, Charlotte's fourth child, married Charley Amick. They lived a few years in the Carl neighborhood, then moved to Louisa, Va., where they own and operate a fruit farm. Their children are: Bessie, Delia, James, Elva, Garland, Mary, Charles Edwin, Grace, Leslie, and Jennings. Bessie married Dennis Hart, and went west; Delia married Roy Campbell, and lives at Louisa, Va.; James married Lula Walkup and lives in Washington, D.C. I do not know the name of Elva's husband. They live in Portsmouth, Va. Garland married Rhoda Archibald, and lives somewhere in New Jersey.

Mary is married, but I have no further history of her. Charles Edwin and Leslie are in the service, but I do not know which branch. Grace and Jennings are not married.
Charlotte's fifth and sixth children were twins, Luther and Leviro. Luther died at birth; Leviro married Pina Richardson. They live on a farm in the Sugar Grove neighborhood, and are the parents of four children: Leah, Grace, Jack, and Laura Gray. He is a prosperous farmer, good citizen, and he and his wife are substantial, active members of their church.

When Leviro was nine or perhaps ten years old, one afternoon his teacher was giving a kind of pep talk. She mentioned one little boy having had perfect lessons for the day. She noticed him say something to one of the other children, and asked him what he said, whereupon he said “nothing.” She not very wisely insisted he had spoken and on knowing what he had said, and he persisted in saying “nothing.” However they remained staunch friends and almost fifty years later he referred to the incident and told her he had said: “that is me.” At that late hour they had a good laugh over the incident.

Once, when Leviro was a small boy, while visiting at the home of one of his aunts, he went with his cousins to pick berries. He told the other boys if they would pick berries for him, he would take for them.

Leah, their first daughter, died in early childhood. Grace married Jay Holliday, a Baptist minister, and lives at Danese, W. Va. They have two daughters, Anette, and Barbara June.

Charlotte's seventh and eighth children were twins. Byron married Jessie Oldell. They lived on the farm where he was born. They lived in his parents home a few years, then built a modern farm home, and now his parents live with him. He has successfully operated the farm, also part of the coal underlying it. Their children are Corrine, Boyd, Clydis, Glenn, Mary Jo.

Corrine married Joe Cassi, and lives in New York City, has two children, Frankie and Margaret. Boyd married Helen Rice. Their home is in Charleston; they have one child, Michael Irvin. Boyd has been in the service, stationed for most part in Texas, where his wife also resides. Clydis married George Shannon, and lives in New York. Glenn married Stella Barinski. He is in the service. Mary Jo is a student in a Richmond, Va., school for trained nurses.

Cavendish, Charlotte's eighth child, taught several years in the Nicholas county schools, served overseas in the first World War. He married Ann Davis, and lives near Marietta, Ohio. He was in France when the Armistice was signed, and was in the army of occupation in Germany for one year.

Sarah Catherine, my parents' second child, died in early childhood, and was buried in the Old Liberty cemetery, near our grandfather and grandmother Amick.

Ida, their third daughter, married Floyd Amick. They were parents of thirteen children: Marshal, Minnie, Nancy, Ollie, Henry, Alderson, Pearl, Elizabeth, twin boys, Austin Arnold, and Jacob Preston, Elsie, who died in childhood; Ida Frances and James.

Ida had friends wherever she lived. She loved people, and was interested in making those around her happy. Helping others was part of her life. She was active in the church, and anything for the betterment of humanity. She loved nature, flowers, rocks and trees. A straight tree, to her, was a model for a good character, and many are the talks she gave young people, with a tree for her subject. She spent one winter in Florida, and the remainder of her life, talked much of the beauty and marvels of the ocean, of different shapes of the sea shells, but she disliked the Spanish moss, hanging from the trees. A tree, to her, must be free. She passed away after a long, beautiful life of love and service, and was laid to rest in the Pleasant Hill cemetery near her home at Runa, W. Va.

IN MEMORY OF IDA AMICK
(By Mary O'Dell)

"Again our Heavenly Father has called to be with Him, another member of our Woman's Society of Christian Service. We bow in submission to His Holy will, as Mrs. Ida Amick takes her departure from our midst."

"She was a most talented woman, loved by all who knew her; her friends were many. She was devoted to her task in the Woman's Society of Christian Service. In the councils of our meetings she will be greatly missed. Her advice on many problems was constantly sought, and she always willingly responded."

"In the home group of her immediate relatives and in her inner circle of friends, there will be a vacant place that can never be filled."

"We of the Woman's Society of Christian Service of the Pleasant..."
HUI church, join with all her loved ones, as we say with the poet:

"Thus do we walk with her and keep unbroken,

The bond which nature gives,
Thinking our sad remembrance, tho unspoken,

May reach her where she lives."

Ida’s first child, Marshall, married Elsie McCutcheon. They had no children; he died in young manhood.

Minnie, her second child, married Joe Sparks, a jeweler, and lived for several years at Kesslers Cross Lanes, then moved to San Antonio, Texas. They had six children: Verna May, Nancy Ann, Cecil Ralph, Paul Joseph, Daniel Howard, and one child died in infancy.

Nancy married Cecil Rader, lives at Gauley Bridge, have four children: French, a student in Marshall College, Huntington; Anna Marie, senior in high school; twin daughters, Nancy Sue and Mary Lou.

Cecil married Vida Summers, have three children: Norma Ruth, Ralph Carlton and Cecil Ray. He is a watchmaker and lives in Galveston, Texas. Their children are all in high school. Ralph is a Staff Sergeant, and Cecil Ray is a Sergeant of the Reserve Officer’s Training Corps, sponsored by the U. S. Government, for that school.

Paul married Vena Roberts. He owns and operates the Sparks Jewelry Co. They live in San Antonio; have two children, Pamela Carolyn, and Paul Joseph.

Daniel married Nora Smith. They live in San Antonio; have two children, Pamela and Paul Joseph.

Ollie, Ida’s fourth child, like her sister, Nancy, spent much of her early childhood with her grandparents, and it was a pleasure to all of us, to have those pleasant little girls with us. She married George McClung, a school teacher, lived for several years at Runa, then moved to Fayetteville where their children could have better educational advantages. Their children are: Edith, Gary, Elmeta, Parma, Glenn and Dallas.

Paul, youngest son of Nancy, married and lives in New York. I do not know whom he married. They have several children. Paul was in the Navy several years.

Ollie, Ida’s fourth child, like her sister, Nancy, spent much of her early childhood with her grandparents, and it was a pleasure to all of us, to have those pleasant little girls with us. She married George McClung, a school teacher, lived for several years at Runa, then moved to Fayetteville where their children could have better educational advantages. Their children are: Edith, Gary, Elmeta, Parma, Glenn and Dallas.

Edith attended a business college in Charleston, and married Tom Hodges. They are excellent citizens; have no children.

Gary attended West Virginia Tech, at Montgomery, and Marshall College, Huntington. He is a prominent teacher in the public schools. He married Helen Saxton and they have two lovely children, Gary Amick McClung, II, and George Earl.

Glenn attended college at Alderson, W. Va. He is a civil engineer; married Helen Morrison and live in Charleston, W. Va. They have no children.

Parma graduated from Marshall College. She is a teacher in Fayette county. She married Amos Burnette and they are the parents of one son, David.

Elmeta attended commercial college in Charleston, W. Va. Married Manning Frazier and live in Charleston. They are the parents of two children, Brenda and Walter Manning.

Dallas, their youngest son, finished high school, enlisted in the Air Force as a mechanic; married Esta Lee Wood. They live in Charleston where he is employed at DuPont. They are the parents of twin boys, Joseph Dallas, and John Lee.
Pearl, the fifth child, married R. C. Britton. Her husband died in their early married life. I have spent many pleasant hours in their home. She lives in Charleston, and has one daughter, Kathleen, who married William Means. He was in the service.

Henry, the sixth child, married Margaret Armstrong. They live in St. Petersburg, Florida. Henry was of an inventive mind, a fine carpenter and mechanic. His present occupation is termite exterminator. They own their home and have five children: Freida, Frederick, Faye, Philip and Thomas.

Frieda married Sgt. Victor Self, musician and auditor of AAF Band; have one daughter, Nancy Catherine. Frieda attended business college in Charleston, W. Va., and was employed in a hospital in Charleston, as stenographer.

Pfc. Frederick married and was employed at the DuPont plant for some time, then moved to Florida. Enlisted in the service and is now in the Philippines. They have two children.

T/5 Philip is in Revierra, France, at present.

Fay married Ensign Robert Owen, Merchant Marine; have one child, and live in Washington, D. C.

Tom is a student in high school.

The following is taken from a letter written by Henry Amick, of St. Petersburg: "Here in town is W. C. Amick, who is a builder and deals in real estate. He has the Amick characteristics. He was educated for a doctor, but gave it up for Christian Science."

Alderson, the seventh child, married Charlotte Stark. They live near Beckley, W. Va. Like many of his ancestors, and brothers, he is a millwright and carpenter, and has made many nice pieces of furniture. He was Deputy Sheriff for a number of years. He and his wife are excellent people. Their children are: Stark, Frieda, Phyllis, Jack and Gladys. Stark was in the service overseas for some time, I do not know which branch he was in. I am sorry I do not have more information about them, but have heard they are a very interesting family.

Elizabeth, the eighth child, married a Mr. Fee, whom she met in South Dakota, where her parents had lived for several years. They moved to Florida. They were the parents of two children, Sylvester and Mundane. They are both married. Sylvester was in the service, but I have no further record.

Austin and Preston, her ninth and tenth, are twins. They had a very interesting childhood. They closely resembled each other in looks and in many ways; they were in their early teens when their parents moved to South Dakota. I feel sure they had wonderful experiences working on farms and ranches. They like nature, especially horses, and I have seen pictures of them dressed as cowboys, so they must have been riding.

They returned to W. Va. some time after the family. They were water-bound at Ashland, Ky., during the flood of 1913, as they were on their way home, and walked to Huntington to catch a train to Caperton, where their parents were living. At the beginning of World War I, Austin was in the first call; Preston wanted to go too, and enlisted shortly afterward. They did not get their training at the same camp, Austin going to Camp Lee, Va., and I am not sure at what camp Preston took his training. Through the war they were not far from each other at times, but never meeting until after the Armistice when they returned home. Austin was a mechanic in artillery, and I believe he was a Sergeant. I do not know Preston's rank. Austin returned home first, and Preston a short time afterward. They have spent some time in Florida and Texas, but always returned to their native state, West Virginia. They learned the carpenter trade, and are experts in their work.

Austin married Verna Hill. They have two children, Dorothy Vernita and Joseph Arnold. Vernita graduated from business college and was employed by the Carbide Chemical Co. at Charleston. When World War II came on she enlisted in the WAVES, and was stationed in Washington, D. C. Joseph is a student in high school. They live in Charleston, W. Va.

Preston married Violet Hardman. They have no children. For some time after their marriage they lived in Washington, D. C., where Preston did much fine carpenter work, especially interior finishing. Then they came back to W. Va. They own a nice farm on Elk River, and I understand they raise stock. He is very pleasant and congenial and I am sure he could tell many of his western experiences, but I do not have much of his history.

Elsie, the eleventh child, died in infancy.

Ida Francis, the twelfth child, never married and since her mother's death, has lived with her sister Pearl. She had the misfortune of being lame from birth, but is of a cheerful disposition, likes...
to give and take * joke; she is very industrious, and does lovely
needlework; she is true to her religion, and has many friends.

James married Ina Boley. They have one daughter, and live at
Belle where he is employed. When James was in his teens, he
enlisted with the Marines, and was in many southern islands.
He was away for three or four years, I think. I am sorry I do not know
more about some of my nephews and nieces, but our families have
been widely scattered.

Rowan, our parents' fourth child, married B. C. Davis, then a
farmer living near Leivas, who later became a minister in the West
Virginia Methodist Conference. Anna, as we called her, was very
helpful to her husband in his ministerial work; she loved people, and
made friends wherever they went. She was a good wife, devoted
mother, and excellent homemaker. In later years, after he retired
from the ministry, they bought a farm in the Ohio Valley, near
Murraysville. Here they spent the remainder of their lives. The
last few years of her life she was a helpless invalid, and great suf­
ferer from arthritis. She bore her suffering uncomplainingly, never
losing interest in her home, or her friends.

During her illness her husband passed away from an attack of
cerebral hemorrhage. A few months later, she too passed on, and
was laid by his side in the cemetery at Ravenswood, W. Va. Their
children were: William, Marvin, Perry, Eugene and Bess.

William died in his early teens.

Marvin married Bessie Board. They had two daughters, Lillian
and Glendine. They lived at Ravenswood, W. Va. He owned an
undertaking establishment there; later moved to Columbus, Ohio,
where he now resides. His daughters are both professional women,
I believe are teachers in a college in Akron.

Perry, their third child, died in infancy.

Eugene, their fourth child, married Forest Polk, and lives near
Murraysville. He owned a grocery store at Ravenswood, later moved
to his farm and now is employed by the government on the lands
and dam, near his home.

His father was conducting an evangelistic meeting in his home
church, when Gene, a boy of four or five years of age, wishing to take
a part in the service, walked up and down the aisle clapping his little
hands, saying: "Salvation! Salvation! Salvation!" His little playmate,
wishing to imitate Gene, went up the aisle clapping his hands and
shouting: "Thunderation! Thunderation! Thunderation!" It is
needless to say what effect this had upon the congregation.

Their children are Margaret, Eugene Forest and Paul. Margareb
is a graduate of Wesleyan College, married Joseph Ewing. Eugene
Forest and Paul are both in the service, one in Germany and one in
the Pacific area. Both are married; I do not know their wives' names.

Bess, the fourth child, taught school several years in Logan and
Wood counties. She quit teaching to care for her invalid mother.
After the death of her parents she married Eall Woodard of Colum­
bus, Ohio, where they reside. They are working in a defense plant;
they have no children. Bess was a faithful daughter, taking up the
home responsibilities, and giving her mother loving care.

Ollie Nevin, fifth child, married Henry White. He was a true
Christian gentleman, a good husband and father, and an exemplary
citizen. He owned a farm near Leivas; later they moved to Mossy
Rock, Washington, and took up a homestead. Selling this home­
stead a few years later, they moved to Pomona, Calif., bought a
home where they lived many years. They had five daughters: Clare,
Zoe, Maude, Ella and Stella, twins.

Ollie was a beautiful woman, had many friends, lived a beautiful
life, and was true to her Christian faith.

Here is a copy of a letter sister Ollie wrote to mother:

"Pomona, Calif., Dec. 5th, 1909

"My dear Mother: Seventy seven years ago today was a joyful
day to my grandmother, whom I never had the pleasure of seeing,
and today is a joyful day to me because you still live; also that I
know you are a blessing to the world, at least, all of it that has had
the good pleasure to know you.

"Not many people have been blessed with a good mother like you,
so kind and unselfish. Now when I look back I see how thoughtless
I was when a girl, and might have made your burdens lighter and
my own life more useful and should have followed more carefully the
example you set by your life. I see now that your life was an ex­
emplary one. I feel ashamed that my life has not been a more
useful one; and mother, I want you to feel sure that had it not been for my early training, I might now be led by the foolish things of this world, such as pride would suggest. But I have had that reverence for God, instilled in my mind, which later took hold upon my heart and nothing can erase it.

"My mind reverts back to the quiet, peaceful Sundays at our old fireside, where father and you sat and read from our big family Bible. There seemed to be a Holy calm pervading the room. Sometimes we little ones were permitted to stand by and look at the colored pictures, which then to me, seemed so wonderful, and are yet so plain in my memory. Then too, I often think of the pleasant walks in the pasture fields which we all enjoyed, and how father would point out the varied colors of autumn leaves, which he so much admired, and to this day I think of those beautiful hills, and his grand talks on nature.

"You can never know, mother, the inestimable good your lives have done. I'll now have to leave this subject, though my thoughts linger there.

"We are all well and enjoying this lovely weather. I am glad you liked your dress, and I am sure I enjoyed making it for you, as much as you enjoy wearing it.

"Lovingly your daughter, Ollie."

Their three first children were born near Leipsy, W. Va. Relia and Stella, twins, were born in California. They, with their mother, visited W. Va. when they were about twelve years old; they spent most of the year with relatives, and enjoyed seeing their first snow falling. This was Ollie's last visit to W. Va. Not many years after her return to California, she passed away. "

Clara married Frank Hess and lives in Rock Island, Ill. She has no children. She remembers when she was a child of three or four years, when visiting at her grandparents, and her uncle Byron and Perry, would give her and Joe a ride on their backs, and how she enjoyed it, and riding "Old Jack." Also, she remembers when they were moving from W. Va. to Washington, at the age of six, crossing the Columbia river and how muddy it looked. She had only known the clear waters of our mountain streams in W. Va.

Zoe, the second daughter, married Lawrence Thomas White. They had four children: Gertrude, Margaret Nevins, Revel Arnold, Lawrence Roger. Gertrude married Charles Everett Merriam. They have two children: Yvonne Marie, Lauraine Lucille.

Margaret Nevins married Lawrence Palmer.

Revel Arnold married Ruth Tappin and have one son, Donald.

Lawrence Roger White married Hazel Claus and have one son, Dennis.

Zoe was a beautiful little girl, and I know but little of her life.

Maude, their third daughter, married Frank Pierce and lived on a citrus fruit farm at Fallbrook, California. Their children are: Alice, Helen and Marshall.

Alice married Douglas Todd; they have two little girls, Carol Lynne and Helen Gail. He owns and operates his drug store.

Helen Pierce married Lt. John Blakemore, a contracting engineer, now serving in the Engineer Corps of the 6th Army in Japan. They have three children: Helen Pierce, John F., and Frank R.

Marshall White Pierce married Patricia White; have a daughter, Mary Katherine. He enlisted in the Navy, went to South Pacific, became Chief Carpenter's Mate; was on New Caladonia, New Zealand, Australia, New Guinea, Los Negros, and many other islands; Presidential and war citations with two stars; was honorably discharged. He is a general contractor; owns a ranch at Fallbrook, California.

Relia Gail White married Frank Oliver Evans; have four children: Gladys Louise, Stella Elizabeth, Dorothy June, and Frank Kenneth.

Gladys married Jay Alexander Runner; they have two sons: Tommy and Jimmy. I failed to get her husband's military record.

Stella married Captain Richard Eugene Shenner; has Distinguished Flying Cross; Air Medal; nine clusters; Unit Citation, one cluster; European Theatre Ribbon; four battle stars; fifty combat missions over Africa, Sicily, and Italy; over seas eleven months; is now ground instructor, Ontario, California.

Dorothy married Robert Hugh Workman. He was in U. S. Marine Corps; served on Guadalcanal, Tarawa; Presidential Citation, Purple Heart; honorably discharged.

Frank Kenneth Evans is a student in Pomona Junior College.

Stella married Milton Ernest Tarver, and lives in Seymour, Texas; they have two children: Verle Anita and Jack Ernest. Verle married Laurence Reynolds, and they have a son, Joe Melvin; Jack
married Iva Dell Cloud. He was in the Navy, in the South Pacific 18 months. He is now stationed at the Naval Air Base at Olathe, Kan.

I am sorry not to know more of the home life of these five daughters of our sister, Ollie, for I am sure their childhood has been very interesting. I knew the three older ones when they were quite young. They were beautiful children, full of fun. Rella and Stella, the twins were much younger than their other sisters. They, with their mother, visited in my home for a few weeks when they were in W. Va. They were sweet, beautiful girls, and it was a pleasure to have known them, even if for so short a time.

Geneva, that is me, the sixth daughter. I caused a lot of disappointment the day I arrived, not being the long looked for boy. However, I think they got over that, at least they have treated me mighty nice all these years. It seems a little awkward for me to write my own history; a little like writing one's own obituary, trying to find something nice to be said.

I married George Dyer, one of the best men I have ever known, and my choice of all men. We had five children: Arnold, McTyeire, George, French and Ruth. We lived on a farm, kept the Dyer P. O. had a store and fed the travelers; a pretty busy life.

I think I must have had as happy a childhood as the average youngster; also, I think I knew in childhood what I wished to do when I grew up, though I did not realize it. When we children played school, if I were not the one chosen to be the teacher, I usually was on the floor, and doing the teacher's work, before the play ended, not that I really wished to be authoritative, but felt it was my work, and I should be doing it. When I grew up, I taught several years. I commenced teaching on a salary of $16.50 per month, though my first draft only called for $18.00 per month, though my first draft only called for $16.50 as another had taught a son, which lasted about two weeks.

When signing the contract for this school, the directors required a clause giving a two-weeks vacation in "hop-picking time," which began about Sept. 10th. Many of the citizens of that part of the state would take their families and stay in the hop fields, through the season, which lasted about two weeks.

A child of ten or twelve years, if so minded, could pick as many hops as an adult. The work was light and rather pleasant in the shade of the arbor formed by the over-lapping vines. The pungent odor of the hops was invigorating, and the chatter of folks all about gave a spirit of fascination. I went with the family with whom I was boarding to a field of some six hundred acres on the Cowlip river, owned by a Mr. Patterson from Huntington, W. Va. Cottages were furnished with built-in-bunks and some places had furniture, so we only took bedding and personal things. Most of my school pupils as well as many others of the town people were there; about three hundred whites and somewhere near the same number of Indians, whose camp was across the river from ours.

One night they kept up such a noise, as if beating on metal drums, and a succession of howls and shrieks that some of the boys from our camp went to see what it was all about. They told us on returning it was their "Medicine Man" keeping the evil spirits away from a little sick child. Whether it was that or some kind of dance they were having, I have often wondered.

There was an entertainment center in our camp. Those who wished entertainment of their own making, often built a camp fire, had a "roast," told stories, or sang patriotic and folk songs. A very pleasant two weeks vacation.

Aside from teaching, after returning to West Virginia, I spun wool and wove it into cloth, cut and made the family clothing, knit socks, did house work, attended institutes, was delegate to conventions and conferences.

Speaking of conventions, once a friend of mine and I were delegates to a convention. We had not met for years and had arranged to room together. Our hostess, a busy society woman, met us at the door, told us a maid would show us our room and serve our breakfast, (we were only having breakfast there), then she went on her way. The next evening she again met us, this time with a most cordial
greeting, led us to the reception room and after some chatting, said she had learned from the paper who her guests were. My friend had been abroad, and also had won some distinction. In the gusto of her conversation, a certain passage of Scripture came to my mind, and I heard my voice saying: "Be not forgetful in entertaining strangers, for in so doing, some have entertained angels." When I realized what I was doing, I laughed and tried to turn it into a joke, but alas, the look on our hostess’ face! It was not long till we went to our room, where my friend and I had a good laugh. I often yet laugh when I think of the incident, yet I’m not sure if the laugh is on my hostess or me. I know I am not in a habit of talking to myself, and am sure I had not meant those thoughts for an audience. Fortunately we had only one more night to stay.

I have been S. S. teacher, S. S. superintendent, steward in the church, president of the Woman’s Mission Society, also president of the W. C. T. U. of Webster and Nicholas counties, assistant P. M. for 25 years and P. M. for one year.

Arnold, our first son, helped about the home, on the farm and in the store, when not in school in his early years. At the age of sixteen he began working in the lumber woods for James Turnbull, a contractor for the Cherry River Lumber Co. He also surveyed for this company, and at one time worked in their coal mines; always honest and industrious. He married Eva Knight. They now live on their farm near Cowen; have two sons, Richard and James, both in the Navy somewhere in the Pacific.

McTyiere, our second son, died of an accidental gun shot received while hunting near our home at Dyer, W. Va. He was a student in Cowen High School, loved by both young and old for his fine traits of character and pleasant manner. His passing left a vacancy in our lives and home which never can be filled.

George, our third son, graduated from Cowen High School, attended Greenbrier Military School; graduated in dentistry from University of Pittsburgh; married Lucille Johnson. They have one daughter, Caroline Ruth. He practices his profession in Beckley, W. Va. When a lad of about ten years, he was playing with an old graphophone horn, listening to the echoes against the hills, when a little boy called to him and asked if that was a lion, whereupon George, prompted by the suggestion, said: "Yes and you had better watch out, or it will get you." The little fellow ran home and told his mother and grandmother; they ran to the homes of other neighbors, and they to others, and soon the report was on the phone that a lion was jumping from tree to tree, in our orchard, and that we had taken refuge in our upper rooms. My husband was away for the day and I, all unaware of the report, saw some one coming, as I thought, to the P. O. There was one old man with his shepherd dog, some with high-powered guns, and some with .32 caliber, and some with shot-guns, all coming to give their help to free us, and each hoping he would be the lucky one to kill the lion. I was puzzled, and they each had a different expression, some of surprise, some chagrín, and most of all, disgust.

After quite a bit of explaining we came to understand the situation. I went to the telephone and tried to clear up the rumor, but it had already reached the county seat, Webster Springs, and the story was printed in the paper there. Well, my neighbors were good neighbors, and very human.

French, our fourth son, graduated from Cowen High School, and would have gone to medical college, but financial conditions during depression, made that impossible. He worked for a time for the Cherry River Lumber Co., and is now in the employ of the Elk Lick Coal Co. He married Lucille McGraw, of Huntington; they live at Jerreysville, have no children; he loves poetry and nature; will not hunt the smallest living creature unnecessarily. I have enjoyed many days with him recently, talking of the wonders in coal formation, such as fern beds, sea ticks, reptile fossils, and many others. He has some pretty fair specimen of Indian relics he gathered at Dyer, when a boy, both arrow-heads and tomahawks.

Ruth, our daughter, graduated from Cowen High School, and Glenville State Normal, and taught school a few years; married John Miller, of Verbank, N. Y, where they live for a while, then went to a farm near Millbrook, N. Y., where they now live. Their children are: John Michael, Peter Gaston and Jan Kristen. Ruth had an interesting childhood, loved outdoor life, was active in athletics. She is a thoughtful, devoted daughter, and wise and understanding mother.

Micheal and Peter are now in school and make good grades; Jan
has not yet reached school age. They are sweet, bright children; I being their grandmother, should know!

Byron, the first boy in our family, and his twin sister, Bettie, were the cause of great excitement and joy when they arrived. Byron married Lovie Hedges; they were the parents of four children: Ralph, Rydal, Bessie and Perry. After Lovie's death, he married Nora Bays, and no children were born to this union. They have given a home to several children; Nora is a good, kind, industrious, Christian woman, and Byron was very fortunate to have had two good wives.

Byron has been a farmer from early boyhood. Being the first boy in the family, father kept him with him in the fields and soon he was helping with the stock; especially liked to drive the team of horses, or oxen; quite often he had to neglect his primary schooling. However, he graduated as a veterinary doctor and surgeon, a profession he has practiced successfully for fifty years. He has done some almost unbelievable things. One I like to tell was making a mule a "wooden leg." It was not exactly a wooden leg, but that is the way I like to tell it. One year he was caring for a lot of ponies and mules for a mining company. One of the mules had a broken leg and Byron took a piece of wood the length of the distance between the two joints of the leg, then split the wood, hollowed out the inside, put holes along the sides of the two pieces, lined them with cotton and fished them on the broken leg, lacing up the sides, and off walked the mule on what I like to call his "wooden leg."

At the age of seventy-six, he is active in Farm Bureau work; in the civic and social affairs of the neighborhood, his county and state; he teaches church school class and is interested in people both old and young. He and his good wives cared for our father and mother and have always had a warm welcome for the other members of our big family; a sociable man.

Ralph died in infancy.

Rydal, the second son, married Alma Zopp, a school teacher of Greenbrier county. They had one son, Vernon, and lived a few years at Quinwood, where he was in the automobile business; later they moved to Charleston; they own a lovely home, and he owns and operates a business known as the "Amick Refrigeration Service." They are good, Christian people and have many friends.

Vernon, their son, married Virginia Javins. He was called into the service and lost his life in action in Germany. They had one child, a little girl, Ann Lynn, born a few months after he went over sea. Another tragedy of war.

Rydal volunteered in the first World War, before his marriage, was sent over sea about September, 1918. He was in the Motor Transportation Corps, stationed at St. Nazaire, France. While at that port he saw thousands upon thousands of soldiers embark for their return to America, but he was retained there as a mechanic for a year or so after the Armistice.

Bessie, Byron and Lovie's daughter, married Earl Hall and they own a farm near Russellville. They have two fine children, James and Virginia. Bess graduated from Summersville High School, and taught school for a number of years before her marriage. Bess, like her father, is interested in the welfare of those around her; is active in Farm Woman's work and educational movements, also Four-H work and the things that help young people to form high standards of life.

Perry, Byron's youngest son, married Eva Kauff, a Registered Nurse. They have no children but are rearing a little girl, Betty Lou. They give her the care and affection of real parents; they have a nice home in Beckley, W. Va., where he is engaged in refrigeration and electrical machinery; he is a prosperous business man; Eva is supervisor in the Beckley Hospital.

Byron and Perry were fun-loving youngsters, like many of their ancestors. Once when they were perhaps 7 and 9 years old, a Mr. Steve Richardson came to father's to buy some cattle. He, father, and Uncle Joe went out on the farm and the boys were looking at the horse, a light grey of considerable years, when their thoughts went to some large red-ripe polk berries that grew near by, and soon they were busy. First, large rings of the bright red encircled each eye; that being so satisfactory they began outlining the ribs; then the spine and by the time each leg bone had been traced, they heard the men coming from the field. Not sure how their prank would be taken, they hid behind some polk stalks, but when they heard the outburst of laughter, they were reassured and came from their hiding place. However, on leaving, Mr. Richardson left in the mind of the boys as to how he felt by giving each a cut around
their legs with his riding switch. When he got to his brother John's that evening, he asked Minerva for strong lye soap with which to take off the offending paint, but alas, the soap caused the red to change to a fast bright green, which no amount of washing would remove, and the horse had to carry his decorations until they wore off.

Some years later when they were cleaning up around the barn, they found an old "scare-crow." It had been made of a bundle of straw tied around a long pole, with a stick put across for arms, an old shirt fastened over this and a hat to top it off. If I ever heard them say what gave them the idea of tying this scare-crow to old Jack's tail, I do not now recall. Old Jack was a farm horse that had been raised on the farm, and had been there longer than some of us could remember. There was a lot of an acre or more which we called the "Rocky Knob" lot. Around the base of this little hill was a wide, smooth, level path along which the stock traveled going to drink at the creek. When the boys had the scare-crow securely tied to Jack's tail, they started him on this path. The farther he went the faster he ran, 'round and 'round the lot. The boys in their glee, and the running horse attracted the attention of father who was working not far away, some hundred yards perhaps. He called to them in no uncertain terms. After some difficulty they caught Jack and removed the offending scare-crow. When they showed up at the barn, father settled with them in the good old fashioned way, and taught them to respect age, in a horse, as well as in men.

Some years later, Byron, Perry, Martha, and I wanted to go to "Grassy Creek," to the closing of Henry Davis' school, which was always a big event in the neighborhood. There had been lots of rain and waters were high. Father told us we had better not attempt the trip, which was some ten miles away, but we thought we knew best, so with his reluctant consent we started. We got through Hominy Creek alright, but when we reached Brushy Meadow Creek, it was out of its banks; we parleyed and debated for a little while then decided to try it. We dismounted, some of us crossing on a foot bridge, waiting on the other side of the creek to catch the horses, the others fastened the bridles and tried to drive the horses into the stream which they finally succeeded in doing; then they carried the saddles over the foot bridge. After swimming and fighting the water what seemed to us frightened youngsters quite a long time, the horses reached the bank. We, a pretty grateful set of humbled children, again mounted and went on our way. Horse sense is sometimes wiser than human sense.

After all, we attended the closing exercises of the school and had a grand time with the young Coisson girls and boys, and got home safely. We were careful not to go into details of our trip in father's presence.

When Byron was quite small, he thought he and Bettie would have some fun, and perhaps too, he thought he might learn something of the art of lovemaking for his future use. He was not a very big boy at that time, however, and one never knows what is in a small boy's head. The weather was pleasant and in the afternoon he spread a shawl on the wooden seat on the porch, where he knew his oldest sister and her beau would soon come. He and Bettie hid beneath the seat. The lovers spoke low and talked long. Hour after hour dragged by for those in hiding. Their position was changed in that small space yet they dared not make their presence known, much less come out.

In those days lovers gave their sweethearts gifts, just as they do today, but the gifts were quite different then and now. Some of the gifts were: a bottle of cinnamon drops, a few sticks of sassafras candy or peppermint balls. In my early courting days a colored silk handkerchief was the proper gift, and at that time most of the young men had horses and would meet us girls at church; ride home with us and stay till ten or perhaps eleven o'clock sometimes.

When Rev. J. K. Hedges had been assigned by the Bishop to the Hominy Falls circuit, Byron Amick was asked to move them from Smoot, Greenbrier county, to the parsonage at that place, a distance of some thirty-five or forty miles, which took him until late in the afternoon. When he drove up near the Hedges home, he saw a tall, dark haired girl wearing a red sweater, out milking. He said to himself: "That girl is to be my wife." The Reverend and his wife always traveled in a one-horse buggy. That night dreams of riding with this dark haired girl the next day made the night a short and happy one, but dreams do not always come true, for the girl stayed behind the next day while the elderly couple drove calmly and happily to their new home. The young man was disappointed and
lonely, but clung to one hope—there was one more trip to be made and then he would surely get to take the girl with him. When all was packed in for the last load, the wise old father drove up in his buggy, took his daughter in with him, and started on ahead, with the again disappointed young man following.

Love is not easily defeated, and there was one nice thought to cheer him up—"She will only be a few miles from my home, and I can often see her." And so it was; they soon became friends, then lovers, and in a little more than a year they were married.

Byron has also done quite a lot of masonry and other kinds of work. He bought wire and other equipment, and furnished the labor for building four miles of telephone line for the first phone brought into the Snow Hill community. After he introduced the telephone into this neighborhood, others got phones and they had a good country "party line."

After he moved from Snow Hill to Fayette county, he and Dr. Hugstart got the Bell Telephone system service in Ravenseve community after considerable time and expense to do so. He was president of the Hominy Falls Store Co., at Hominy Falls; also a member of the Board of Education several years.

Bette, the eighth child, Byron's twin sister, of whom he has always been so proud, married Preston Walker, a minister in the Methodist church. They have one child, Walter. After Rev. Walker retired from the ministry, he bought a home in Barboursville, W. Va., which home Bette still owns. She has always been active in both home and church work. In her early womanhood she organized a Woman's Missionary Society in the Levisa community; she is devoted to her church, was a faithful helpmate to her husband in his ministerial work, and interested in all the branches of church activities. They moved to Arkansas and lived there a few years, but longing to be in West Virginia, they sold their farm and returned, again taking up their church work. Her life has been a blessing to all who know her; she is more than generous with her labor of love, and gifts of substantial value; she is lovingly called "Aunt Bette."

She helped Byron and Nora nurse and care for our mother through her last illness; some years later she helped nurse our sister, Annie, for more than three years and until her death. Annie was entirely helpless with arthritis. Bette has helped nurse and care for others also. Being less than three years younger than myself we were playmates in our childhood, worked together in womanhood; we crossed the continent together, bathed in the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, and now spend a few weeks together each summer to talk of the many good times of life we have had together.

Walter married Ruby King. They are the parents of one daughter, Bonnie Lee. He was in training for service in the first World War when Armistice was signed; was graduated from high school, from Morris Harvey College, and from West Virginia University with the degree of Ph.D. He teaches in Morris Harvey College in Charleston, also is a local minister in the Methodist church.

Bonnie Lee married Paul Richards and lives in Charleston; has a daughter, Dianne.

Perry, the ninth child, second son of our father's family, married Julia Hedges, daughter of Rev. J. K. Hedges, a sister of Byron's first wife. They were the parents of three sons: Russell, Roy and Raymond.

Perry was a true Christian, always got joy out of life, and had the gift of helping those around him do so. In his mature years, he was active in the church he loved; he was a skilled carpenter and helped Uncle Joe Amick build us another house, after we lost our dear old home by fire. He was a foreman in building the Pleasant Hill church. They lived for a few years near our father's home; later moved to Sutton where he lived a few years, then moved to Richwood when the Cherry River Lumber Co. began building. He worked at his trade there until an epidemic of typhoid fever broke out in that little city. He fell victim to an attack of that dread disease, and after a long, hard fight to live, he passed on, and was laid to rest in the family cemetery where Raymond, his youngest son, had been buried a very short time before. Raymond, too, died of typhoid.

After Perry's death, Julia moved to Smoot, in Greenbrier county, where she reared her two remaining sons, Russell and Roy were teachers and taught a few years in Nicholas and Kanawha counties. When World War I broke out they volunteered in the service; Russell in the Marines, and he was retained at Paris Island as training officer and had no overseas service. He was out on a ship when Armistice
was signed. After the war he was employed as an accountant in Atlanta, Ga. Later he went to Washington, D. C., where he is now employed by the government. There he met and married Dorothy Fremeau, of Lowell, Mass. They have one son, John Russell. They live at Silver Springs, Md.

Roy went overseas, was retained for a while in officer's quarters as stenographer. He asked to see action and was sent to Argonne Forest section. He says he may sometime write a book entitled: "Seventeen Nights Without a Blanket." After the Armistice he stayed for some time as a member of the Army of Occupation. While in Germany he was in Kaiser Wilhelm's palace. After returning to America he was employed as salesman by a lumber company in Wisconsin, manufacturers of paper towels, and is still with that company. He married Irma Jandrey, of Knowles, Wis., and lives in Silver Springs, Md. They have one daughter, Barbara Ann.

Martha, the ninth child in our father's big family, had a course in music in Summersville, Normal School; went to Osborn's Mill where she taught a few classes, met William Young and married. They lived at Clandinin a few years where they owned and operated a hotel; they later moved to Arkansas. Their children were: Harmon, Frank, Glenn and Clyde, twins, and William. Frank and William died in Arkansas; the twins died at birth. Harmon married Joanna Brown; they are the parents of Harmon, Jr. Harmon was in training for World War I, at Camp Meade, Md.; served as corporal in the QMC at Charleston, S. C. When Armistice was signed he was honorably discharged; noble character.

He was working for Imperial Smokeless Coal Co. when he was struck by falling slate, causing instant death, leaving many sad and lonely hearts. The last of Martha's five sons was now gone. He was of a smiling, happy nature. Martha and her husband took Harmon, Jr., at time of his father's death, he being only three years old, and reared him. After Pearl Harbor he enlisted in the Marines and served in New Guinea, Australia, Guadalcanal and other places in South Pacific. He served as Pfc. Plt. Ck., and Staff Sgt. He received injuries at Cape Gloucester, New Britton, and was in several hospitals there before evacuated to a hospital at Forth Worth, Texas where he spent seven months. He received a Presidential Unit Citation.

Just before enlisting, he married Elsie Copeland; they have two sons, Harmon, III, and Robert Clayton. They took up residence in Portsmouth, Va., following his honorable discharge from the service.

Martha and her husband lived in Arkansas a few years then came back to W. Va., and lived a few years at Quinwood, where they made many friends; they have always been devoted christians and loyal to their church. After her husband's death, she built a home there where she still resides; and it is there we other sisters love to spend a part of each summer together.

Uncle John married Martha Trout. Their children were Joseph, Lucy, Tabitha, and Sybina. He, like most men in that day, to start a home went into the forest, cut trees, built a house and began to clear a farm. He had selected a good piece of land in what is now the Buck Horn neighborhood. When the Civil War broke out, he joined the cause of the South. He was home on a furlough, when a party who called themselves "the Home Guard", surrounded his house, and when he attempted to escape from a back door was shot through the body. The party then left without assisting. His wife and mother got him into a house. He died a few days later, not far from Rupert, where he had been taken for medical assistance. His son, Joseph, known as "Devil Joe," because of his love for mischief, and practical jokes, was but a small boy at the time of his father's death; he helped his mother in the making of the living for the family. Notwithstanding his love for joking, he was kind of heart, honest and industrious. He cared for his mother in her old age. He married Francis Amick; they were the parents of Ella, Clark, Nora, George, and Lottie. They lived in what was known as the Eye neighborhood.

Tabitha married Mack McClung, a farmer, and lived at Hominy Bridge, in the Carl community. They were parents of Watson, Joe,
Jim and Susie, twins, Mary and Walter. Watson married Lottie McCutchen, daughter of Arnold and Mary McCutchen. They were parents of one daughter, Mabel. Watson died when but a young man. Lottie lives in Charleston, with her daughter, since her husband's death.

Joe McClung married Dora Cook, and lived at Hominy Bridge. Their children are: Carrie, who married Jess Holcomb; Bonnie, who married Orville Walkup; Waldo, married Deloie Vandell; Bettie married Budde Holcomb; Malena married Kenneth Walkup, and lives at Bellburn; Hilda, not married, and lives with friends at Charmco.

Jim, twin to Susie, never married, lived with his mother and cared for her after his father's death; also deceased.

Susie married Edgar McCutchen, and lived near Carton on a farm. Their children are: Ma Lee, who married Guy Viers, Carl. They have a son, Darren Lee. 

Sybina, Uncle John's youngest child, whose name was shortened to "Sib," was but an infant when her father was killed. She married Clark Dorsey, a farmer, who died when practically a young man. They lived in the Runa community and were parents of four daughters: Mattie, married a Mr. King and lives in Bluefield, Va.; Margaret, married a Mr. Baker and lives in Lakeland, Florida; Edna, married Summers Moore, lived at Runa; Mary married Walter O'Dell, and lives in the Runa community; they were parents of a son and daughter. Mary, like her mother and grandmother, was left a widow in early life. She reared her children and cared for her mother in her declining years. She is interested in the activities of her church and community; a woman noted for her good deeds.

Aunt Ann married John McCutchen, my mother's brother. Uncle John was a shoemaker. They lived on a farm but he was not able to do much farm work; he had asthma all his life. He had dark hair and eyes, and wore a full beard which reached down on his chest, and he rode a large black stallion, named Barney. I always liked to see him ride up to our gate on that big, black horse.

Aunt Ann was large and strong, had keen black eyes, black hair, and a high tenor voice. I liked to hear her sing the old hymns. She and her children did most of the farm work, and aside from that, she spun and wove the material to clothe her family; was a good cook and neat housekeeper. Their children were: Arnold, Perry, Sarah Catherine, Ida Snoden, John, Lucy, Robert, and Mollie.

Mollie, the youngest, died at the age of six or seven. Arnold married Mary Nichols; they lived on a farm near where he was born and reared—on the Amick Branch, a tributary of Hominy Creek. Their children are: Cynthia, Nancy Ann, Bertha, Winnie, Clara, Martha, Theresa, Ole, and Lottie. Cynthia married Dan O'Dell, a farmer, and lives not far from the Carl community, and are good citizens. I understand they had a large family, but have no record of them.

Nancy, (Anna, as we called her), married a Mr. Carter and lived at Minden, Fayette county. After her husband's death she lives with her daughter, Mary, in Minden. Her son, Eugene, is a prominent business man in Charleston.

Bertha married Henry Plizenbarger and lives where the old Liberty Church used to stand, on the divide between Hominy and Anglings Creeks, in the Snow Hill community. Their children are: Hazel, Cecil, Thurl, Opal, Delbert, and Jessie. Hazel was a clerk in the "Bays" store at Quinwood for several years; now has a store in the Bamboo neighborhood. Cecil died in early manhood. Thurl married Opal Nichols, lost his life in a mine accident. Delbert is a coal operator in Greenbrier county. I do not know who he married. I do not know who Jessie married, but she lives near her mother. Winnie married and has a family; they live in Charleston, W. Va. I do not know who Clara married, but they live near Craigsville.

Martha married a Mr. Morris and lives in Richwood. I have no record of her family. Theresa married a Mr. Booker, lives in South Charleston, have three sons: Bill, John and Ralph. Bill married a Miss Daubenspeck, the others are married and are in the service.
I have no record of Ocie's family. Lottie married Watson McClung, her record that of Tabitha and Mac McClung's family.

Perry, Aunt Ann and Uncle John's second son, married Martha Dooley and lived for a time on a farm near his father's home, and later moved to Winona, Fayette county, where he now lives. I do not know his family, personally, but understand he has quite a nice family.

Sarah Catherine, Aunt Ann's oldest daughter, was a very religious girl, lived with and helped her mother after Uncle John's death, and the other children had married. Some years later she married and lives in Columbus, Ohio.

Ica Snowden, the second daughter, married Overton O'Dell. They lived in the "Fowler's Knob" neighborhood, were farmers, and good citizens. She took care of her mother in her last years. Unfortunately I do not know much about their family.

John, Aunt Ann's third son, went to Kansas when a young man, married and reared a family but I have no record.

Lucy Margaret married Jerry Sawyer. For a while they lived near Honey Falls; they were the parents of three daughters: Ella, and twins, Ica and Sadie. They moved to Ohio, and I have no further record.

Robert, (Bob), the youngest, married Fanny O'Dell, lived for a while on the Rudolph farm, near Snow Hill, later moved to Fayette county; I do not have further record.

Aunt Barbara died in infancy. She was the only one of grandfather's "fourteen children," who did not reach maturity.

Uncle Joe married Emaline Marion. They were the parents of Paulina, Rachel Ann, Jackson, Catherine, Lee, and Johnson. Uncle Joe had grey eyes, dark hair, which he wore long almost to his shoulders. It turned up a little at the ends. He wore a beard, but shaved his mustache and a little of the cheeks. He had a kind face and a rather slow drawl in his voice. He loved innocent fun, but his jokes never hurt or offended. I think he was one of the best men I have ever known. He was a stone mason and also a carpenter. He also had a farm in what is now the "Buck Horn" neighborhood.

When father's house burned, Uncle Joe built our new one. He and Byron cut the stone from the "Old Camp Rock," at the Hawver place with which to lay the foundation and build the big chimney, and together they did the stone work.

Perry helped him frame, build and finish the house. He helped father many other times. It was he who built our stone milk house. It was always a pleasure to have him in our home, or to visit with his pleasant family in their home. In later years he moved to Greenbrier county, near Jettsville. After Aunt Emaline died he married Ellen Jones, a widow, near his own age. He died after many years. A good life and a good man. He was buried in the cemetery at the Buck Horn church.

Paulina, Uncle Joe's oldest daughter, married Harvey Thomas. They had one child, Rachel Ann, who married Dye Jeffries. They lived on a farm in the Jettsville community. They had no children.

Jack married Agnes Nutter. They lived at Buck Horn, on the farm Uncle Joe had formerly owned. Their children are: Irvia, Anna, Noah, Dessie, and Russie.

Irvia married Verna Kyle, and lives in Beckley. He is a carpenter, I believe.

Anna married Arthur Shawver, and lives near Spruce Grove. I have no information about their family.

Dessie married Eldridge Neff, and lives at Glenville.

Russie, their youngest daughter, married Samp O'Dell, and lives at her father's old home place near Buck Horn. They have two daughters.

I had written Noah for information to use in this history. In reply he sent me such a fine letter I am pleased to give it here in his own words:

"In response to your inquiry concerning our family, I will begin with my marriage in 1912 to Laura Starling, next to the youngest daughter of Thomas and Victoria Starling of Ruma, W. Va.

"In the spring of 1913 at age 26, I finished my eleventh term as teacher of elementary schools, having taught two terms per year part of that time.

"That spring we came here to do the office work for a very weak coal company which faded out of the picture in 1915, and I
entered the mercantile business with R. A. Darnall, in which we are still engaged.

"In June 1914, our first daughter was born and we named her Starling, and fortunately for her pleasure, many people have told her that it was such a pretty name.

"In 1919 we had another girl and true to the Amick family tradition there must be one with the name of Anne and that we saddled on to her, and she says it is such a satisfactory one that none can mistake or misunderstand.

"Both girls went through our elementary school here and High School at Sand Fork, W. Va., five miles from here, and on to Glenville State Teachers College.

"Starling taught school until age 23 and married Nelson L. Wells, a High School teacher in this county, and they have a new, beautiful home at Sand Fork, where has has taught for years prior to his entry in the Red Cross Service in 1942.

"Since that time he has served in the Field Director's Office at Camp Forrest, Tenn.; Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.; Yuma, Ariz., and Shelby, Miss.

"About May 1, he was called to Washington for overseas assignment, and Starling joined him there. The assignment was not made until last week and she is on her way here and as usual no announcement is made of his destination until arrival. So we do not know where he is being sent.

"Nelson's grandfather Wells was born in the last year of Washington's Administration, and at age 73 his youngest son was born which he named Noah, and that son is Nelson's father, and although he was orphaned at an early age, he managed to attend the old Academy at Clarksburg and later was one of the early students of Glenville State Teacher's College.

"The past two years he has been in the employment of the Navy at Portsmouth, Va., and is very proud of his record there.

"It is interesting to note that he and his father have lived under every president of the U. S.

"Anne attended High School at Sand Fork, in classes with Jack Keith, Jr., son of a merchant at that place, and both went on to college together where they made the honor roll of straight A's for three successive periods.

"After their college career he matriculated in the W. and L. University, Lexington, Va., and she taught in the grades at Sand Fork.

"They were married in Lexington just before his graduation with his classmate, Carter Glass, 3rd, acting as best man.

"After graduation the West Virginia Bar Association held their examination in June instead of September, as usual, in order to give a chance for admission to the bar before being called into service.

"As he was only 22 and a very athletic young man, he felt he would be called into service very promptly, so he enlisted in the Officer's Candidate School where he got along well until he tried marching under heavy pack on pavement and his feet gave trouble, where-upon he was given a medical discharge, marked for limited service.

"They both went to Akron and secured remunerative office employment, and within a year he was called back into service at headquarters in Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C.

"Anne joined him in March and they secured the privilege of living with a druggist and his wife, who with their circle of friends, extended most unusual privileges for their entertainment.

"They are home now on furlough and expect to start back tomorrow.

"The past week they received from the War Department the personal effects of Jack's younger brother who was killed in Normandy in August last year.

"Among the things received was his wallet, blood-stained and torn by shrapnel, containing $9, and that page from the Bible containing that portion which says: "Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth, etc." and that was underscored with pen and also that 13th verse of the 15th chapter of St. John. This was of untold solace to his family.

"The report stated that he with his captain and a few others were sent out in a half-track to rescue a wounded man and an enemy shell scored a direct hit, killing all of them.

"Thus were their lives sacrificed for that of a friend which they failed to rescue.
"You asked for information about origin of the name of the old Buck Horn school and District.

"I understand that "Miller" Jim White had killed a deer with an unusually sturdy set of horns, and although they were plentiful and usually discarded or cast aside as superfluous, he scalped this set from the skull and gave them to the first teacher to put over the blackboard between the doors for a hat, coat or beech rod rack. And they were used for that purpose.

"About the year 1897 a new school house was built near the church and the old log school house fell to our use as a sheep shelter. The horns were taken to our blacksmith shop and thrown in the corner to await a time with patience when they could be turned into husking pegs. Leroy Querry spied them and wanted them to make bushings for the hubs of spinning wheels which he turned out so proficiently. I gave him one side and kept the other, which I have anchored on the wall of my porch beside other heads of deer and mountain ram, buffalo and elk horns.

"The teachers of old Buck Horn quite frequently kept two or three nice, long, straight beech rods six to eight feet in length and a half inch or more in thickness, tapering gently to a nicely spread tip. Their ability to teach was often determined by the vigor with which they could brandish the rod. I have seen a few ragged children whipped unmercifully, myself included, by the time I was eight, nine and ten, for trivial offenses, as an example that others may take warning.

"The new school house started with Felix N. Nutter, later a good Minister, in 1807, and he was a splendid disciplinarian without much use of the rod. I received only one from him, whereas I had a total of 17 in the three preceding terms.

"Three of those large students under him followed in succession as teachers of that same school and later I was there three terms. All seemed to follow his example of being able to rule without much use of the rod.

"When I was a small boy I met John Dorsey, a white bearded man at that time, brother of Andrew, Adam and Millise. Upon learning that I was a grandson of Big Joe Amick, he told me that my great-grandfather was a school teacher of the strictest order, who brought about four of his boys, one of whom was my grandfather, from the Hawver Place to his father's house near what is now Fowler Knob P. O., and there around the fireside conducted his classes.

"He said that the Amick boys all wore home-made moccasins and that he and his brothers had never worn shoes and their feet were tough as animal hoof. One day my grandfather, Joe, rolled a live coal from the fire against the heel of Millise, and as the foot was very tough, he did not feel it until it had burned through the crust, and the pain and surprise were both very great, yet the boy dared not make any demonstration that would attract the teacher.

"Millise watched his opportunity and dropped a live coal down the loose moccasin top of Joe and the retaliation was complete as it was much harder to get rid of the coal from the moccasin top than from a naked heel.

"Who of today would travel so far on foot for school work?

"Your uncle Jim seems to have been the clown of the family, judging from some of the stories I have heard of him.

"The old man Allen Boley told me in 1906 that while Jim was helping guard an officer's supply wagon near headquarters in the Civil War, he managed to steal a ham and slip it under his coat and when he returned to his tent announced that the officers were not the only ham eaters in the company.

"Little did you know when you requested information on my hobbies that you were liable to start me raving on into infinity, and this is already the fourth page of this letter.

"Feeding birds, chipmunks, or ground squirrels, and rabbits at my kitchen door and gray squirrels in the woods, in winter, is my live hobby. It probably would sound ridiculous and very few would believe, yet it is true, that I gathered 60 bushels and bought 18 bushels of walnuts in three years, which I fed to birds and squirrels the year around. Not taking into account the smaller amounts in the other years. That was when they were more plentiful and convenient than since so many walnut trees have been marketed during wartime demand.

"When I was in the store the first several years I began at 7 A. M. and closed at 9:00 or 10 P. M., so had no time at all for anything..."
else. By the beginning of the depression, work was not so heavy
and I began later in the morning and closed, at 5:00 P. M., which
gave much time for recreation. I took my car and trailer out on the
road and in some cases could bring in 20 bushels of nuts in two or
three hours, so it was not much trouble to get nuts gathered as it
might sound. Children delighted to go along and help.

"I had one nice big house-like wire cage 7 ft. x 9 ft. with a nice
pyramidal shaped roof, in which I had a hollow apple tree and some
hollow maple logs piled up for squirrel play houses. There we kept
six Gray and two Fox squirrels, three owls until I decided to let them
go to the State Game farm at French Creek.

"I kept green pine trees in there like a Christmas tree and at
Christmas time the children and I tied little paper bags of assorted
nuts on the branches to the delight of children and squirrels alike.
The children would not be more excited over their own Christmas
trees.

"I have assembled all the muzzle loading fire arms that could
be secured in this part of the country, for love or money, and have
spent some spare time re-habilitating them and keeping the choicest
pieces, and disposing of the less desirable ones until I have the best
looking display I have seen anywhere.

"Anything used by the old timers such as shot pouches, powder
horns, shot and powder flasks, bullet molds, turkey callers of bone
and wood, powder measures from deer horn tips, wild boar tusks
hunting knives and hatchets, Indian arrow beads, etc. Among the
shot or bullet pouches are some of plain leather, some made of steer
or cow hide, tanned with hair on and dyed black, some of ground
hog hide with hair on, deer hide with hair on, and horns of many
sizes, shapes and colors.

"I have one nice long double edged Shepherds knife which Rev.
Rufus M. Dodril brought me from Damascus, hand made of Damas-
cus sword steel with brass ferule. The handle is made of rings of
horn and bone alternately placed and inlaid with dozens of pieces
of brass, mother of pearl and other bright ornaments.

"Rev. Dodril was informed that six cents per day of our money
would hire a craftsman to make one by hand, and it would take many
days to make them. I had him write back there for three for me to
use for presents to Boy Scouts.

"Most of the Amicks were mechanically inclined and on my
mother's side they were reasonably prosperous and could make money
but could not sharpen a hoe. My heritage was some of the char-
acteristics of both sides.

"I have a workshop and quite a variety of carpenter and me-
chanic's tools and can do most any kind of work, except I have done
no blacksmithing since I left the farm and then nothing more than
sharpened four hoes for one neighbor and two horseshoes turned for
another, so I can claim to have done some blacksmithing.

"While small, my brother and I helped drill and slit rocks for a
chimney and hew logs for a house. I have made boards and shingles
and dressed lumber by hand. And although only 58 years of age I
am an Old Timer in addition to what ever claim I may have to being
a modernist.

"Strange as it may seem I am prouder of my earlier accomplish-
ments, or at least of my ability to re-produce some of those ac-
complishments, than to have it said that I am a shrewd business
man. That is if that could be properly said of me.

"If you do not get through all of this before the homecoming, I
hope to see you and render any interpretation you may need.

"With best wishes for your happiness, I am,

"Your cousin,

"N. J. AMICK."

Catherine married Clark Neff. They lived for a while on part of
my father's farm; later bought a farm in the same community. They
had one child, Delbert, who died from an accidental gun shot in his
early teens. Catherine died when Delbert was about one year old.

E. Lee married Rebekah Perkins. Their children are Lizzie,
Bartlett, Ira, and Lawrence. Lizzie married Charley Pitzenbarger
and lives at Quinwood. Their children are: Donald, Ray, Veral, Elsa,
and Anna Fay. Donald married Beatrice Conley, lives at Canvas.
He is in U. S. Navy First Class seaman. Their children are: Donald
Lee and Caroline Sue. Ray married Ivy Moore, lives at Bellburn.
Their children are: Bobby Lee, Charlotte Jane, Ray Dallas and
Charles Boyce.

Veral is in U. S. Marines, Tech. Sgt. He and his brother, Donald,
met somewhere in the Pacific, after not having seen each other for five years. He is not married.

Erla married Orvil Conley. They live on a farm at Canvas. He is in the Navy, Seaman First Class. Their children are Georgia Lee (born on George Washington's birthday), Barbara June and Nila Marie.

Lizzie's youngest daughter, Anna Fay, not married.

Ira, Lee Amick's third son, is not married, and has been traveling. I have no further history of him.

Lawrence died in young manhood.

Bartlett, son of Lee and Rebekah, married Lena Nutter and lives on a farm near Nutterville. Their children are: Fred, Ray, Robert, Carl, Laura. Fred married in California and worked in a defense plant there. Ray also married in California. He is in the Navy. Robert too, is in the Navy; not married. Carl and Laura are at home.

Johnson, Uncle Joe's youngest child, married Maggie Chew. They were the parents of two sons, Joe and Jack. Their mother died when the boys were about five and seven years old. Johnson later married Rhoda Sudreath. They were the parents of one son, Leo. They live in Kanawha City. Johnson's son, Joe, was drowned in New River at about the age of fourteen. Jack married and lives in the Charleston area.

When Johnson married Miss Chew, Uncle Joe said: "Johnson has taken a 'Chew' that should last a life-time."

Uncle Joe's daughter, Ann, married "Dye" Jeffries. When asked about the health of his family one day, he said: "All are well, but Ann; we gave her up to "Dye."

Aunt Catherine, the twelfth of the "fourteen children," married Manuel Martin. They lived in the Sugar Grove section of the country near where the Eye post office afterward was. Their children were: Cinda Ann, Richard, Dountain, Joseph, Katie and Maggie. Her husband lost his life in the Civil War.

Aunt Catherine lived several years on her farm after her husband's death, then went to Missouri. Some years later she and Maggie visited relatives in West Virginia for about one year. While there she helped nurse both grandmother and Aunt Lucy through their last illness. She was large and strong, both in body and heart; she was industrious, and generous. They spent much of the time while in West Virginia in our home and Maggie seemed almost like a sister to us children. After they returned west they lived in Missouri for a while.

Maggie married Charlie Ward. When Oklahoma became a state and the rush to Guthrie was made, they were among the first to go to the new state. There was but one post office in Guthrie at that time, and Maggie said she had stood in line for six and eight hours at the window before she could get her mail. We soon lost contact with them. I heard in an indirect way, that Aunt Catherine later went to Springfield, Ill., to Aunt Polly Stewart, and nursed her through her last illness.

Cinda Ann, Aunt Catherine's first daughter, died in childhood.

Richard, the first son, married Eliza Pitzenbarger. Their children, Dountain, Malinda, Tyee and Joe. Richard was a farmer and lived on Big Laurel, in Jettsville neighborhood. Malinda, their oldest daughter, married Henry Bennett. She now lives at Dyer, Webster county, with one of her sons. Dountain, Richard's oldest son, married and lives near Corliss, Fayette county. I have no further record of the other children except Joe, who married Sarah Martha Amick, and their record is in that of Uncle Perry Amick's family. I have no record of Aunt Catherine's other three children.

Uncle Jim married Mary Field, and like the young people of that time, started a home in the forest. Their home was but one mile from father's and today the path that led across the hill between our house and Uncle Jim's is as distinct in my mind as if I had traveled it a week ago. The ivy, laurel, and mountain tea berries as we went up our side of the hill, then the chestnuts on the flat, and down the other hillside; and then the joy of being at "Uncle Jim's."

He and Aunt Mary had two little girls, Alice and Caroline. Then the Civil War came on, and he joined the cause of the South and marched away. Aunt Mary and the children lived in the home of Squire White and his good wife while Uncle Jim was away.

At one time while Uncle Jim was in the service, they were camped so near the enemy they could hear the commanding officer giving orders. Uncle Jim, with his love for fun, could not resist the temptation, so in a loud voice answered the officer, then mocked and taunted him. For this offense he was severely reproved, and barely
escaped court martial. After it was over, one of his fellow soldiers said: "Jim, will you now learn to keep your mouth shut?"

At another time he and some comrades were foraging. Seeing some barn-yard turkeys he baited a fishhook with corn and dropped it where an old "gobbler" soon found it and swallowed the corn, whereupon Uncle Jim started running and saying "the gobbler is after me," dragging the turkey into camp.

Aunt Mary lived only about a year after Uncle Jim's return from war. Sometime later he married Francis Walton, and moved back to his old home. They were the parents of Laura, Mary, (Moillie), Barbara, Sally, Sam Black, Minerva, James White, Elzada, and Elzora, twins, Virginia, and John Blue.

Uncle Jim lived on the "funny side" of life. He saw fun in almost everything. No doubt his cheerful temperament helped him through many a dark day. He, like most all men of that day, wore full beard, and long hair, combing his hair straight back from his forehead and his beard clipped rather short. He, however, shaved his beard in later years, leaving a mustache, and had his hair cut shorter.

Once when he had been working for Squire White, he was going home after dark; the road led by the Liberty church, which was no longer used as a house of worship, and was going to ruin, the doors and windows were gone. When some distance away he heard a noise as if some one was moving the seats. When coming nearer he saw tall white objects step slowly from the door then rush quickly from sight behind the building in the direction of the "grave yard." He stopped and stood surprised, shocked and then frightened, four, five, eight, until about a dozen or more had thus disappeared. He thought of going back to the Squire, then his wife and children at home came to his mind. He knew they would expect him, and if he did not return perhaps would come to look after him. He said "I have not harmed any one who sleeps in that grave yard and they'll not do me any harm." Thus summing up all his courage he went on and to his surprise and relief, when he passed the church, saw a flock of sheep quietly grazing among the graves.

Once when father had a long illness, Uncle Jim came and helped care for him for days and days. It was at this time I learned to know him as I had never before; a kind, christian man. Up to then I had looked to him for fun, and a good laugh—had not known the real man.

Alice, his oldest daughter, married Jerry Neff. Jerry used to board with father while he was building his house, preparatory to getting married. It was at that time Samuel Tilden ran on the Democratic ticket against Rutherford B. Hayes. Tilden received a majority of the popular vote, but lost in the electoral vote. Jerry was so badly disappointed and hurt over Tilden's defeat he could hardly take it, but a year or two later he did what he could for his defeated candidate by naming his first son for him. It was Jerry who first interested me in the political issue of our country. Alice and Jerry were fine christian people and good citizens. Their children are: Tilden, Ira, Dessie, Meda, and Homer.

Robert Tilden Neff married Mary Pitsenbarger and has six children, two girls and four boys.

Dessie Neff, the oldest, married Leniel Fridley, and have three sons. They live at Sprague, in Raleigh county.

Alice Neff married Aaron Bostic and they have three children, one daughter, Pauline Bostic, Clifford, and Clayton, all of school age, live at Thayer.

James Neff married a Mrs. Lillian Martin and lives at Maplewood and works in the mine at Layland.

Ira C. Neff married Nola Kincaid and lives at Quinwood. They have three children. Earl Neff married Lucille Simms and lives in South Charleston and has one son, Joe. Earl Neff married Edith Hambrick, they live in East Rainelle; Electa Neff married Lydia Sparks and lives at Quinwood. They have three sons.

Homer Neff, third son of Jerry and Alice Neff, married Minnie Kincaid, and died with the flu in January 1919. They had no children.

Dessie Neff married Charlie L. Wiseman. They have five children, four sons and one daughter.

Jarrell Wiseman married Eleanor Ayers. They had one daughter, Kista Ann Wiseman. Jarrell was a butcher for the Koppers
Coal Company at Montgomery until September 1942, when he con-
tracted pneumonia and died. His wife and daughter live in Mor-
gantown. Loren Ray Wiseman has been coach and teacher at the
Ansted High School for the past three years.

Charles Lawrence Wiseman married Pauline Ables. They live
in Beckley. He was assistant coach at Woodrow Wilson High
School before going into service. He has been in service two and one-half
years in the Infantry. Was captured the 23 of January, 1945 and
remained prisoner until May 4th. He got back to the States June
6th, spent 60 days furlough at home, six weeks schooling in Lexing-
ton, Virginia, and is now at Camp Swift, Texas.

Francis Alice Wiseman married Wm. C. Eggar, Jr., of New York
City, and they live in Hollis, Long Island, New York. He served one
year in the Air Corps, and received a medical discharge. He has
been an aviator for years, and is now working with the Colonial Air
Lines at LaGuardia Field as inspector of planes.

Harry Rabern Wiseman is a freshman in West Virginia University
where he has a football scholarship. He will be 18 years old in
November and will have to register for the army.

Meda Neff married John Hurley. They live at Rupert, and
have four sons, all of whom are in the service. The oldest, John
Bernard Hurley, married Prudence Stropp. He is in the Quarter-
master Corps, and is somewhere in the South Pacific.

Jerry David Hurley has been in service since June 1941, with the
Medical Corps. He served in the European theater and has just
recently returned to the States. He is eligible for discharge now.

Robert William Hurley is in Germany somewhere. He was in
the tank division and has been in Europe since January 1945, and
thinks he will have to remain there awhile in the army of occupa-
tion in Germany.

Jimmie Edward Hurley is in service in the Air Corps and in camp
somewhere in Delaware. He has not yet been out of the States.

Caroline, Uncle Jim's second daughter, married Van Nutter.
They lived a few years with their parents on a farm near Nutter-
ville. After his parents death they moved to the state of Wash-
ington. Caroline and Van had two daughters, Ica and Althea. About
this time Uncle Jim moved to Fayette county. The older children
by his last wife were about grown, though some were small, and

John Blue was born after they left Nicholas county. We have not
kept in as close touch as we should, however, we have met on dif-
f erent occasions, at our "Amick Reunions" as often as we could at
the old "Hawver Place," where our grandparents first settled.

Laura married Edward Bragg, a railroad man, and lived at Hinton.
I do not know their family.

Mary, (Mollie) married Mr. Darling, also a railroad man, and
lived for a time at Sewell in Fayette county. After her husbands
death she went to live with her daughter, Mary, at Ma-han. Their
children are Mary, David Brice, and I believe others. I do not know
their names.

Barbara married a Mr. Gatewood and lived at Red Star. I do
not know about her family.

Sallie married a Mr. Workman, and had several children.

Minerva married a Mr. Stokes and lives in Cleveland, Ohio. No
record of this family.

Sam Black, Uncle Jim's first son, and eighth child; married and
has a family; lives at Rand.

James White, the second son of Uncle Jim. I did not know
Jim as well after he grew to manhood, but as a child he was always
cheerful and full of fun. I met him a few times at our reunions; he
still had the same sunny disposition, and it was a pleasure to be
with him. He was a miner for some time, later owned a store and
filling station at Comfort.

Elzora never married, died in young womanhood.

Elzada married a Mr. Adkins; I do not know about her family.

Virginia married a Mr. Crotty; no children.

John Blue never married and lives with his sister, Virginia, since
her husbands death.

Uncle Perry was the last of the "fourteen children," of our
grandparents, John and Catherine Amick. He, as five of his brothers
did, joined the cause of the South when the Civil War broke out.
I do not have a record of the campaigns in which he was engaged.
Toward the close of the war in some of the engagements the com-
pany he was with were attacked by cavalrymen, armed with bay-
onets. When he saw it was surrender or lose his life, he chose the
former, he and Joshua McCutchen. Their captain told them to take
hold to his stirrups and he would guide them to safety, which he did.
They were held for a while in a local prison then moved to Camp Chase where Uncle Perry was held until the close of the war. He did not fare so badly while a prisoner, as did many others. Being of a mechanical turn and quite thrifty, he would send out and get “perchy” buttons, a kind of hard black rubber, which at that time was much used for buttons, combs and other articles. From these buttons, and the center of the “fine combs,” he carved rings, brooches and “ear-bobs”; sometimes made hearts and diamond shaped pieces of silver, which he used as “settings” for these articles. He sold his wares and in this way bought extra food to add to the scant fare. He made one of these rings for his mother, and well do I remember with what pride she wore the black ring with two silver hearts, set one on either side of a silver diamond, a present from her baby boy, made with his hands while a prisoner of war.

Uncle, when he was a little boy, grandmother, who was fond of playing practical jokes on April Fools day, told him to run to the house and “tell Arnold one of his steers was dead.” He, like George Washington, said: “Mammy I can’t tell a lie.” Uncle Perry was a quiet, sincere Christian, who lived and practiced the teaching of Christ.

After the war, he married Sarah Trout. They started their home in what was then known as “The Mountains.” By industry, hard labor and thrift, they cleared a big farm and were prosperous. Their children are: Johnie, Catherine Bowers, Bettie Ann, Polly, Lucy, Sally, Anderson, and Dona.

Johnie married Rosetta Pitzenbarger. They built a home and cleared a farm, adjoining, that of his father. Their children are: Sarah Martha, Lemon, Anna, Albert, Verda, Effie, Laura, Lucy and Perry.

Sarah Martha married Joe Martin and lives near Fenwick. There are mining industries near by. Their children are: Arlene, Ardell, and Phyllis Jane.

Anna married Jim Martin, and lives near Levisay. Their children are: Delbert, Adson, Gaylord. Gaylord was in the French invasion on “D” Day, was wounded a month later by shrapnel. After first aid he was taken to a hospital, later was flown to New York then to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C. He had several major operations and the last time, like an Amick would, said: “Dr., fasten me up with a zipper to save trouble.”

Effie married Burke What and lives at Beckley. They have no children.

Lucy married Roy Trout, a farmer, and lives in the Carl neighborhood. Their children are: Margaret, Clifford, Clita, Vescable, Murlinda, and Rosetta.

Perry married Edith Flannagan and lives in the Carl neighborhood. Their children are: John Perry, Kenneth, Jennings, Patty Ann, Sandra Joe, and Linda Madeline.

Uncle Perry’s second and third daughters, Catherine Bowers and Bettie Ann, died in childhood.

Polly, his third daughter married Kenneth Pitzenbarger. They lived on Uncle Perry’s farm a few years. Their children are: Bessie Mertie, Carrie and Minnie.

Lucy, Uncle Perry’s fourth daughter married Sam O’Dell, a Methodist minister; their home was in the Carl community. They had two daughters, Arabell, who died in her early teens, and Hessie, who married Willie McClung. No children; both died young.

Sallie, the fifth daughter, married Pete O’Dell, who was also a Methodist minister. They are the parents of three children, and live near Clarksburg, where he is in business. The children are: Ressie, Mayo, and Waldo.

Anderson, Uncle Perry’s youngest son, died in his early twenties, unmarried.

Dona, the last of Uncle Perry’s daughters, married Will O’Dell and lives in the Carl neighborhood. Their children are Perry, Dean, and Clinton. Perry and Dean are married; Clinton is unmarried.
As I said earlier in these sketches, Johnie Amick married Rosetta Pitzenbarger and lived on a farm adjoining that of his father. Rosetta, a most excellent, Christian woman, passed to her reward not so long ago. Their home is in the "Mountains," really high, picturesque mountains, near the head waters of Hominy and Brushy Meadow Creeks. At this home the nine children meet each year on the first Sunday in July. I'll say here, all the children are living and married, have children and grandchildren. Perry, the youngest son, his wife and their five fine children, live in the home with Johnie.

On these annual occasions, the other children, their wives, husbands, sons, daughters, and grandchildren come from a distance of several miles, come in cars and trucks, bringing baskets and boxes of the finest and best foods our country produces, for the feast which lasts from noon until the sinking sun warns the hours are passing and the happy day is drawing to a close. Feasting is not the only pleasure of the day; there are the pleasant greetings, the talking of their childhood days, telling jokes, taking pictures, and before breaking up and leave-taking, a few religious songs. And those folks can sing as heartily as they can eat and joke.

The road that leads to this home is not what we call a good one in these days, but it is the road to home; the road to grandpa's, the road their father and mother traveled for more than fifty years, taking the children to the house of worship, over which these nine children went to school, and over which they traveled when they went out into the world to start homes of their own. It is in truth, a mighty good road.

The house Johnie built when he started his home, the house the nine children were born in, was burned, and another has taken its place. Uncle Joe Amick, who built father's house when ours was burned, also built this house for Johnie. And the spring. I must not fail to mention that. Two streams of water coming out of one of those mountains, one a soft fresh water, the other mineral water, and much colder. They have these springs enclosed, a wall not more than six inches thick, separating them. Above these springs is a grove of maple trees which Johnie planted there half a century ago. It is beneath the shadow of these trees, the long table is arranged each year for this happy homecoming.

I have not been able to get as full a sketch of the "Fourteen Children" as I had hoped, and find it most difficult to get a history of many of their children and grandchildren. I have been especially anxious to get some record of all who are in service, though have not been able to do that. However, I feel proud of the record made by those I have been able to get, and feel the Amicks and their descendants have made a noble contribution to our country and the principles of justice and freedom. I wish I could have gotten the names of each boy or girl who has been and those who are now enlisted in any branch of service.

By looking over this brief history of the Amick family, these soldiers of this second World War can see that their grandfathers and great grandfathers also were soldiers, brave soldiers, who fought for the principles in which they believed. They were just as brave and true to their country in time of peace, as they had been in war. That is the test of a good citizen, and we have faith in this present generation that they be as their grandfathers, true in time of peace. They have and are sacrificing more than we civilians can ever know, and we want to honor and thank you but feel anything we might say or do is far too weak a token for the great things you are doing.

I would not forget those of our people who fought in the first World War. Some, who are now fathers of sons in this present war, and some who have lost sons in this struggle. How earnestly we should work and pray this terrible thing never again is permitted to blast the hopes of mankind.

In these sketches I have written a much fuller account of my father and his family than of the others. Naturally, I have known them best, but I am quite sure there are many things of interest in each of the other families which I would have loved to have written had I had the pleasure of knowing. I have often been puzzled to know how to spell names, and if I have not the correct spelling, I hope to be forgiven. I am old fashioned and can usually spell old fashioned names. I am not criticizing, for I think many of the new names are very pretty, but am making an explanation for any name not correctly spelled.

Each of the "Fourteen Children," or rather twelve of the fourteen, started homes by clearing a farm from the forest as did their neighbors and all pioneer people in this part of the country. Land
had to be cleared that grain and stock could be raised for the family support. Thus farming was the chief industry, though most farmers had some side-line. Father was not only a farmer, but tanned and dressed leather for his neighbors for miles around. He was also a stone-mason, blacksmith, and did much tree grafting.

Uncle Joe was farmer, stone-mason, carpenter and "cooper." In those days we had to depend on wooden vessels for many purposes: wooden wash-tubs and washboards, no washing machines of any kind to be had, but a tub and washboard; the water pails, milk vessels, and churns, also barrels for sorghums and apple cider, all were made from wood and the one who made them was called a "cooper." To make those vessels with the limited number and kinds of tools one could at that time get, required both patience and skill, both of which Uncle Joe possessed.

Uncle Gid, too, was a stone-mason and brick maker, and builder.

The greater part of the material for this book was written while World War Two was being fought and many of the characters herein were then in service. We are happy to say the greater part have returned and are now engaged in the pursuits of civil life.

This little book is not a complete history of the descendants of the "Fourteen Children." However, it will give those who are interested in the preservation of family history a "starting point," and tracing back many can find family origins which will be valuable to those who would like to know more about their progenitors.

MISCELLANEOUS

From the beginning, it was not intended man should live alone; Jacob waited fourteen years for his beloved Rachel, and so it will be through the years.

Customs change, but love, courtship and marriage will go on. Speaking of customs changing, well, the few years (seventy) since I took notice to my oldest sister and her beau "sparking," there have been many changes. In that day it was the custom for the young man to go to the home of his "lady love" on Saturday evening, and remain until Sunday afternoon and sometimes until Monday. There was a reason for this. Often the lovers lived several miles apart and most often had to walk the distance. As I now recall most young people were rather timid. When the young man appeared at the home there would be a few shy greetings, then a good supper. Later the family would gather in the living room, the lovers getting chairs near each other, and gradually moving them until they sat side by side. At our home, if one of us fun-loving youngsters could, they would get their chair between the chairs of the lovers, but that rarely occurred. Later on buggies came into use, but not every young man could afford one. Sleigh-riding in winter though was common and great sport. As the methods of travel improved, our circle of acquaintances among the young people became larger and much of the former shyness disappeared.

Most marriages in those days lasted through life, and now I can recall a dozen or more who have celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary and one especially I want to mention is my sister, Charlotte, who has celebrated her 70th anniversary almost a year ago. She is ninety years of age, and her husband, Wilson McClung, is ninety three. They are a marvelous old couple.

Divorces and broken homes are far too common in these days, yet we have fine young men and young women now who love as sincerely and cherish their vows as truly as in any age. They meet the issues of life as bravely as their ancestors did in former years, but they find life far more complicated and many new turns in its pathway, turns against which they may wreck that which they really
cherish. If one fails they need sympathy, and not criticism. Would we, if we had grown up under the present environment, done as well?

"Lend a hand to one another,
In the daily toil of life,
A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,
You may rescue in the strife."

When Nicholas county was divided into magisterial districts, that part of the county lying north of Gauley river was divided into two districts—Kentucky and Wilderness, and these districts were divided by Hominy creek. Wilderness, lying on the southeast of the creek, was so named because of its heavy virgin timber and the few people who lived in that section at that time. The road from Summersville to the Greenbrier county line, was called the Nicholas Road, and that part through Wilderness district, often called the Wilderness Road.

In those early days, far-seeing folks interested in real estate, secured titles from the government for large tracts of forest lands. A family by the name of Hannah got the title for several thousand acres of land in what was later Wilderness and Kentucky districts in Nicholas county. About 1830 the Hannah heirs employed surveyors to establish the boundary lines to their lands. These surveyors boarded with our grandparents while doing this work, and in this way grandfather paid for about three hundred acres of land on which he had earlier built his home. It was quite common at that time for pioneers to settle and build in the wilderness, and later, when they learned who was owner of the land, to buy.

A few years ago there was an article in the Charleston Daily Mail, titled, "Romance in Nicholas County Names," written by a Mr. Roberts of Richwood, which in speaking of Hominy Falls said:

"Hominy Falls, near Leivasy, is thought by many folks to get its name from the whiteness of the water as it pours over the falls of beautiful Hominy creek. But the legend is this: Old man Coggins, back in the days when all of Nicholas county was practically a wilderness, lived somewhere near White Sulphur Springs. In his older years, the old fellow yearned for the wide open spaces. So he would "hike" for his favorite hunting grounds at what is now Hominy Falls. There just above the ground, and by the falls, he stayed in a small cave in the rocks, really not a cave at all, but an enclosed opening between two huge rocks. Just before this opening, where he slept, was a large crevice, and in this he would build his fire at night to keep wild animals from approaching him. Also in this crevice he prepared his meals of corn. Corn and salt were the only food he brought along with him. In this crevice he would make hominy after he had tired of plain corn. So, Hominy Falls was the result."

I presume Hominy Creek took its name from the name of the Falls. It is a beautiful creek, rushing and dashing over many rocks and falls as it makes its way down between high hills for a distance of 25 or 30 miles. It heads not far from Quinwood and empties into Gauley river a short distance above Hughes' Bridge.

Old Mr. Coggins probably had a thought of starting a home in this community as there was a small clearing near the Falls, which was called Coggins field, or perhaps he raised corn there to use on his camping trips.

Bernard Hendrick, an Irishman direct from the "old country," married a Miss Dorsey and settled at Hominy Falls. Others who settled near were, Elijah O'Dell, and his wife, Deliah McClung O'Dell, who first settled and cleared what was later known as the Bob McClung place. Jacob and Mattie McClung O'Dell who lived only a short distance above the Falls, and Robert McCutchen, who moved from Lewisburg, Greenbrier county, and started their home about three miles up the creek from the Falls.

Elijah O'Dell was a son of Jeremiah O'Dell, who had been employed to survey a road from some point in Greenbrier county, to Summersville, county seat of the new county of Nicholas. For his services he was given a tract of land located on this road about four or five miles from Hominy Falls. Later he sold the above mentioned tract to James Kerren, who was living there at that time.

McCutchen started his home and perhaps at the time Hendrick settled at the Falls. Hendrick and his wife were the parents of four daughters, Jane, who married Isaac McCutchen, oldest son of Robert and Sarah McCutchen; Mary Ann, who married William White; Elizabeth, who married James Davis, and Octava, who married James White.

James White had come to this community from Greenbrier, and
was known as "Miller" Jim White. Bernard Hendrick built a mill, using the water power as it came over the natural falls. A mill was most necessary to grind the grain of these pioneers, there being no other means by which they could secure bread; no roads as yet over which food supplies could be hauled. After James White married Mr. Hendrick's daughter, Octava, he bought the mill from his father-in-law, and operated the mill for years. At times he employed a Mr. Stull to operate the mill for him. Later Tony Tomlinson bought the mill from his father-in-law, James White. Granville O'Dell bought the mill from Mr. Tomlinson, and later sold parts of the mill to Jacob McClung and Henry Callison. While Mr. Tomlinson owned the property, he built a new and much larger mill. When O'Dell, McClung and Callison bought it they put in some new equipment which did not prove a success, and as the roads were such that supplies were not so difficult to get into the community, meal, flour and feed were shipped in and the mill went out of use.

I have no record of the first schools taught in that section of the country, but know there had been several of the children of these early settlers, later were teachers.

In about 1855 Fred Patterson lived where the Methodist parsonage now is located. He had a store, but when the Civil War broke out, he moved away, and for a few years folks had to go to Summersville for their "store goods," as that was the nearest store, perhaps a distance of 20 miles. About the close of the Civil War, Valentine Leivasy came to Hominy Falls from Greenbrier county, and built a store house on a shelving rock that jutted out of a sloping little hill, a few yards from the Falls. He had to haul his goods from Kanawha Falls, a distance of perhaps 50 miles, in wagons drawn by horses. Flour and salt came in wooden barrels of two and three hundred pounds each; coffee in one hundred pound bags. It was in the natural green bean, and had to be roasted and ground by the housewife. Soda also came in small barrels; pepper and allspice came in whole grains and had to be ground by the consumer. He sold shoes, dry goods, a little hardware and "medicines," such as epsom salts, turpentine, castor oil, and Fry's vermiciluge. The dry goods were: calico, cotton cloth, and in later years, "Kentucky Jeans" and hickory shirting. All muslins were called cotton cloth, bleached cotton, and the unbleached was called yellow cotton. Among the calicos, there was always a bolt of black for the older women's Sunday dresses. Much of our dress material which the citizens used for clothing, was manufactured at home, and the demand for "dress goods" was small.

There was little money in the community, and merchandise was often paid for with ginseng, coon skins, feathers, wool, butter, calf or sheep, and yes, men's home knit wool socks. It took a brave man to be a merchant in those days, and a shrewd man of business to be able to turn these varied articles of trade into money with which to pay the wholesale house.

After several years Mr. Leivasy married Malinda Davis, daughter of James and Elizabeth Hendrick Davis, granddaughter of Bernard Hendrick. He moved across the mountain onto Brushy Meadow creek, and set up his store. Later a post office was established there and named "Leivasy."

Not long after Mr. Leivasy left Hominy Falls, Joe Watkins set up business in the building he had vacated. His stock of goods was much the same as Mr. Leivasy had handled, with a few new items added. One of the new items was stone-ware. How proud the housewives were to have "stone vessels" to keep their milk and butter in, instead of the wooden ones they had used up to this time.

After a few years Mr. Watkins married Oma Rudolph, sold his store to his brother-in-law, Oliver McCutchen, and moved to Winona, Fayette county. Oliver McCutchen was a son of Issac and Jane Hendrick McCutchen, and a grandson of Bernard Hendrick. He and his wife, Josie Rudolph McCutchen, added several new items to their stock of goods, including ladies hats, and woolen dress goods. After a very few years Oliver died and Josie moved to Charleston.

After Bernard Hendrick lost his first wife, he married a widow Jones, who, before her first marriage, was Margaret (Peggy) Woods, of Webster county. She was a gifted woman, and an industrious one. She wove all kinds of cloth in that time, including figured table linens, and woolen coverlets of many patterns and colors; she made tailored coats for men, also overcoats. She was the mother of two children, Virginia and William Jones, both school teachers. Virginia married Henry Callison and "Callison and Jones" operated a store at Hominy Falls a year or so then Granville O'Dell, who had bought the Hendrick farm, built a larger store house, back a few
yards from the old one "on the rock," and on a more level location. Here he sold goods for many years. The C. and O. Railroad had in the meantime been completed up New River beyond Sewell, and the merchants were hauling their goods from that point, a distance of 25 or 30 miles which was much less than to Kanawha Falls from which they had formerly been hauling.

In the earlier days, there was usually a man in the community who kept a bottle of "calomel," a "lance," and a pair of "tooth-drawers" with which he administered to his neighbors in times of need, though they did not always call upon him, for many of these pioneers used home remedies made from herbs and roots. In Spring they made "bitters" from various barks and roots; in Autumn, they gathered and dried boneset, pennyroyal, mints, catnip, tansy, and many other herbs for any ill that might overtake them through the winter. When these remedies failed to bring relief, they went to this neighbor and had him measure out a "course of calomel" for the patient, who was put on a diet of broth, or perhaps a little "gruel," which was a soup, made from corn meal, stirred into boiling water. Always the calomel must be followed by a "large dose" of castor oil, or perhaps it was decided the patient had "thick blood." In that case the "lance" was brought into use. The patient's arm was bound, an opening made in a vein and a half pint or pint of blood drawn, the amount varying according to the opinion of those interested. If the patient had tooth ache, he or she went to their neighbor, who took his knife from his pocket, opened it, sterilized (?) it by rubbing it across his shirt-sleeve, then cut around the tooth, took the "tooth drawers" and "yanked it out." The nearest medical doctor lived at Lewisburg until Doctor Herreford located at Summersville.

Dr. Rupert located at the place now known as Rupert, which was twenty miles or more from Hominy Falls. Some years later Dr. Forbes and his family moved from Mason county, to the Deaver place, near Hominy Falls. I am of the impression his intentions were to retire, but when he saw the need for medical assistance in this community, he continued his practice for a few years then moved to the White House neighborhood.

About 1890, Kenton Kessler, a young doctor who had been reared near Rupert, in Greenbrier county, and who had recently graduated from medical college, came to Hominy Falls, opened a "Dr's. office." He and his younger brother, Joe, were very popular, both professionally and socially. They only remained there a few years, then went to Huntington where Kenton opened a hospital.

Dr. Clayton McClung, grandson of Jacob and Matthe O'Dell, located for a while at Hominy Falls, then moved to Greenbrier county.

Dr. Edgar Bennett, of Levisa, also practiced for a while in this neighborhood, and went to Richwood when that town was just coming into existence.

Granville McCutchen, also a son of Isaac and Jane McCutchen, and grandson of Robert McCutchen, also grandson of Bernard Hendrick, graduated from medical college and commenced practicing his profession in an uncle built on what had been a part of his father's farm, near the Falls. Here he successfully practiced medical treatment for many years, until his death. The three last mentioned, were all reared near Hominy Falls. In the very early days, the settlers in this community felt the need for educating their children.

Silas Davis and his wife, Abbey McCutchen Davis, were also among the early settlers of this section of the country. Some of the folks who lived on a tributary of Hominy creek, not far from Mr. Davis' place, often had quarrels among themselves. Mr. Davis gave this stream the name of "hell-roaring" branch.

James Nicholas settled on Brushy Meadow creek, near Levisa, about the time those folks were settling in the Hominy community and it was near this time grandfather Amick moved to Angling's creek, to what is now known as the Hawver place. This is about five miles from Hominy Falls. Mary Davis, daughter of Silas, taught the first school I have any record of in the Hominy neighborhood. However, I feel sure there have been at least one and perhaps more who taught before this. I do not know who was the teacher, but am of the opinion it was grandfather, John Miller Amick, as he taught in those early days in what was then known as little Germany, the Poulter, Kibb, and Gilgal communities. After Mary Davis, a Miss Pennington, I believe, from Fayette county, taught for a few months in Uncle Isaac McCutchen's home. The next year, or perhaps two, Uncle Isaac taught for a few months, also in his home.

About this time Uncle Isaac, Bob McClung and Stewart Mc-
Clung built a house a little way up "Hell-roaring" branch, to be used as a school. This building was made of round logs, had only a dirt floor; the seats were made of split logs, with no support for the back and for windows there was an opening in the wall where one of the logs was cut out, and paper, which had been greased, to let in light, was pasted over this opening. Below this window was a shelf attached to the wall, at which the students stood when taking their "writing lessons." The fireplace was perhaps six or seven feet wide and the chimney, which was built of small logs and lined with rock to keep from setting fire to it, was only a few feet high. The large boys cut the wood to keep up the fire. One day some of the boys were out cutting wood when Oliver McCutchen decided not to carry the wood into the house as they usually did, but to use a shorter method and throw it down the chimney, which he did, or at least started doing. His father, Uncle Isaac, was the teacher, and at this particular moment happened to be stooped over fixing the fire, when this large piece of wood came down the chimney, barely missing the teacher's head. He called out: "Be careful boys, you might hurt some one." He later attended to the pupil in the good old fashioned way.

After Uncle Isaac, then Billy White and Noah Atwood taught a few terms. These were "subscription schools," that is, the neighbors would employ a teacher for two or three months terms, paying a certain amount for each pupil. After the Civil War the free school system was set up, and in time, for all children's education paid for by tax. A new school house was built in the Hominy neighborhood, Bernard McCutchen and Billy Jones soon teaching several terms. Then school houses were built in the Snow Hill section, Lavasy section and so on and on. The children walked two or three and often five miles to schools. The terms were short and only in winter. High schools, Normals, and colleges were only in cities, yet we had educated men and women in that day. I now am thinking of a man who lived only a short distance from Hominy Falls, on Birch River, who had similar educational opportunities, who was internationally recognized as an authority on birds and nature. This was the late William Doddrill, known by many as "Rattlesnake Bill."

In the early days of this settlement, grandfather Robert McCutchen went to near where the little town of Clifftop now stands, a distance of about 30 miles, to meet the new minister and guide him to the community where he was to preach. He had no road to travel across the Hickory Flat country, and "blazed" several miles of the road in that section. Services were held in the homes 'til a church was built. The first was a round log structure not far from where Jeremiah O'Dell had settled. I believe this church was named Liberty. Not long afterwards all the people for miles around joined to build a hewn log building about one mile from the site of the first church, located on the road from Summersville to Lewisburg. This church house was built by the Amicks, Trouts, Fitzbenbargers, O'Dells, McCutgens, McCutchnes, Milhollands, Ellis and perhaps others I have no record of. This church was named Liberty and was used for worship until about the close of the Civil War. There is a cemetery at this place where many of the older Amicks were buried. Rev. Brillhart and Rev. William Protsman also served those early pioneer people.

Rev. Protsman was quite a brilliant young man and later served many outstanding churches in the western states. Fifty years later he returned to visit old friends of earlier days of his ministry, and to preach the funeral sermons of old friends, Jeremiah O'Dell and his wife, who were buried at Gilgal church. It was at this place the funeral sermon was preached. (In those days the funeral sermon was preached years after the burial services.) There was an all-day service, and folks from far and near came.

I spoke of these ministers serving the people of Hominy Falls, but that was not the limit of their work. A minister at that time served a greater part of Nicholas county. During the Civil War, churches were neglected and the Liberty church was abandoned. Some of those who had built and kept it up were dead, some had moved away, and others were helping build new churches nearer their homes. One of these new churches was built at Hominy Falls and named Pental. Among the ministers who have served this church are: the Revs. Sam Black, Thompson, Cadden Wiseman, C. R. Chambers, J. K. Hedges, P. G. Walker, A. E. O'Dell, Lemon Dorsey and others:

Granville O'Dell, grandson of Elijah and Delilah O'Dell, married Jamima Chapman. They have been outstanding citizens of Hominy Falls for three-quarters of a century, thrifty, honest, generous, so-
liable and kind; they were friends to young or old, all were the same to them. No wedding or party was complete without them. They were ready to assist and comfort in times of sickness or bereavement, and able to advise both morally and legally when called upon. Granville was an officer in the church, Justice of Peace, president of the county court, farmer and merchant. "Aunt Jemima," as she is lovingly called by scores of people who know and love her, has been a mother to all who come under their roof.

Another outstanding character of this section of the country in early days was Mary Devitt, an Irish woman of shrewd Irish wit, keen intelligence, generous and kind of heart. She and her husband, John Devitt, lived several years in what was later the Leivasy settlement. They had come from Ireland, crossing the ocean on the same ship, became acquainted on their voyage, and married after they reached America. The country was at that time almost a wilderness with mere paths for roads. They were of the Catholic faith. Her husband started to Summersville, some twenty miles distant to attend mass. He never returned and his fate was never known. They had one daughter who died in childhood, not long after her father disappeared. Some time later Mrs. Devitt moved near Hominy Falls and lived with Robert McClung and his good wife, Susie. They built her a one room house a few yards from theirs where she lived the remainder of her life. She was always helpful and lived as one of the family. She was quick to discern pretense or falsehood, and her Irish tongue did not spare the offender. She was equally as prompt to defend the oppressed. I always found it hard not to puzzle over if that was where the President of the United States lived, or why there were two White Houses.

Some time along about 1856, a mail route was established from Meadow Bluff to Summersville and a post office called Snow Hill, about twenty miles east of Summersville. I do not know if there were any other offices on the route, but there was probably one at Fowlers Knob. Mrs. Jennie White was appointed postmistress. I have often wondered why the name Snow Hill was selected. Near this place was a rather high hill, facing north, on which snow lay most all winter and spring. Perhaps that gave the idea for the name.

After the death of Mrs. White the post office was moved about three or four miles down the road toward Summerville to the home of Jacob O'Dell, known as Lame Jake, to distinguish him from the many other Jake O'Dells. Mr. O'Dell, badly crippled by arthritis, a man of integrity, was the new postmaster. When he had become so afflicted he could not walk, without assistance, he would sit at a large table with a drawer in which he kept the office supplies, and the mail. Really that was the post office. A cord was suspended from the ceiling to which were attached his knife, tobacco and keys. When the mail arrived—which was twice a week—he would draw this cord to him when he wanted a chew of tobacco or the keys to open the post office. I believe he had a pen attached to
that cord; also. After his death the office was kept in many different homes.

The name Snow Hill is extended to quite a large community. The office was discontinued a few years ago and R.F.D. serves these people now. Notwithstanding the fact that the first settlement in this part of the country was made at Snow Hill, and the first post office established there, it did not develop as rapidly as Hominy Falls and other communities, and it was not until after the Civil War that a school was taught in that neighborhood, there being but few settlers there and they far apart.

In 1866 Miss Mollie Dountain, daughter of Rev. William Dountain, taught a short term at the Hawver place, in the house grandfather Amick had built. The Hawvers had vacated this, their home, sometime during the war, and moved to Virginia. Children walked from four to six miles to reach this school; those who could afford it rode horseback. Father lived one mile from the school, and his sisters, Charlotte and Ida, of about eleven and seven years of age, attended.

Charlotte had attended a school in the Hickory Flat community, taught by a Mr. Blofield, an Englishman. Miss Dountain evidently did not have very strict discipline, for some of the larger boys would ride their horses into the school room, much to the danger and fright of the small children.

The free school system was just beginning to be organized in Nicholas county at that time, all schools before this having been private or pay schools. In 1868 the Board of Education of Wilderness District had money enough to hire a teacher for the Snow Hill neighborhood, but did not have enough to build a school house. Father let them use a large upstairs room in our home, and a school was taught there. The next year they built a school house, on the Wilderness road, about three miles west of father's home. Bernard McCutchen taught the first school in the new school house and perhaps the second. Billy Jones taught one or two terms and Sanford Sheppard one term. It was decided the school house was not in the center of the community, and the Board of Education in 1875 moved the building about three miles east along the same road and rebuilt it near where the old Liberty church stood. There may have been politics connected with the moving of the school house. At that time and for several years after at each election, the issue of free or pay schools was voted upon. The heaviest tax payer in the district opposed the free school system, saying he had but “one child to educate, while his neighbors had ten or twelve, and some of them too poor to be taxed.” His daughter was then just coming into school age and the house was built nearer his home than any other in the community.

Moving of the material of this school house was mostly done by ox teams, and it took almost all summer to move and rebuild it. It was a good house for that time, about twenty-two by eighteen feet, two windows in each side, good heavy plank floor, door facing the road and a black-board extending across the opposite end of the room. The furniture consisted of a No. 2 Burnside heating stove, well made, comfortable, plank seats, a table for the teacher, a water bucket and dipper, also a broom. The seats were made by Jake O'Dell and were better than ones I found years later in many school houses. The table was made by Lerby Buerry, a very nice piece of furniture with about an eighteen inch top, and had a drawer with a neat lock. The legs were “turned,” and the wood was curley maple and cherry. He had a turning lathe, and a few carpenter tools with which he made some very durable furniture.

Norvill Hendrick, a well educated bachelor from Lewisburg, was the first teacher to teach in this building. It also was my first school. Mr. Hendrick did not finish that term of school and Billy Jones was employed to finish it. After that Bernard McCutchen taught a few terms, followed by George Norris, Frank Forbes, Henderson McChung, Cyrus McChung and Nannie McMillin. Some taught two or more terms. By this time my school days had passed, or at least I was no longer one of the pupils, but the teacher.

Some of our teachers were well educated for that time and day, and we had good schools; others were indifferent. Often our nice black-board would not be used for the entire term, only as a bulletin board on which to write the “rules of the school,” which would grow more and more as the term went on until they covered almost the entire board, and were much like those written by the “Scribes” of Bible days. On top of the black-board lay a hickory switch some five feet long—a rod of correction—which made the older boys defiant, and the small, timid children nervous with fear.
Once one of our teachers, who lived several miles away in an isolated place, was expecting an heir in his home and not wishing to leave his wife alone, he hired a substitute to teach a few days for him. This substitute was a man of perhaps sixty years, who always had the reputation of liking to sleep. He would hear a few lessons in the forenoon, then dismiss us for dinner. After he ate his lunch he would go to sleep and while we played he slept sometimes until it was time for us to go home. Sometimes he would call us in after he had had an hour or two of sleep, hear a few lessons, then lean back in his seat and go to sleep. We would, on these occasions, steal out of the room, a few at a time, until all the school would be out, then play until he would wake and call us in perhaps in time to tell us to go home. He was good natured and seemed to pay no attention to our pranks, just so he got to sleep.

Some of our teachers were industrious, progressive and understood child nature. We did not at that time have a graded school system. Our text books were: McGuffey's Readers—a most excellent series of readers—McGuffey's Spellers, Ray's Arithmetic, Harvey's Grammar, Mitchell's Geography, and Homer's History. I do not remember of but one teacher who taught a class of history in all my school days. Each pupil decided what subjects they wanted to study, usually was reading and spelling. A few of our parents decided that question for us, bought us books and helped direct our course of study. We had a “copy book,” made of a few sheets of “Poo’s Cap” paper. This was a fairly good grade of writing paper, ruled, and made in double sheets about fourteen inches long. Mother would cut these sheets in the center, making our writing books about seven inches long, then she sewed on a cover of some heavy wrapping paper. Our teacher would write a “copy” on the top line and we would try to follow it.

Sometimes we had steel pens but my first attempts were with a goose quill pen father made. Some of the “copies” the teachers used were: “Many men of many minds, many birds of many kinds”; “Remember well and bear in mind, a trusty friend is hard to find.” Some times they would use a text from the Bible. We who studied arithmetic, did our work on slates; tablets and note books were unknown in these early school days.

Snow Hill was an average school, much like those in other communities at that time. The “last day” of a school term was a great social event in those days. Other teachers would be invited to come and bring their schools. The patrons of the school brought large baskets of dinner. A few recitations and speeches took up most of the forenoon. After dinner the men and big boys would spend an hour or two playing “Round Town” ball, a game somewhat like baseball of today, while the women visited. The afternoon was spent in a spelling race, which was the real event of the day.

On one of these occasions Mary White, a pupil in our school, out-spelled all the others including several teachers. Her last opponent was Van Perkins, a teacher from a neighboring school. After these two had spelled quite a long time, and it was growing late in the day, some one suggested it be called a tie and the school be dismissed, but Arnold McCutchen, one of the trustees of the school, being anxious to see our school win, objected, saying: “We will see this to the finish, and if night comes on we will get candles to light the room, and I will see that Mary has some one to take her home.” Mr. Perkins missed a word and the contest ended before it was quite night. My sisters Charlotte, Ollie and Melissa were among the good spellers of our school; I never had the gift, or art of spelling well.

Squire James White, Uncle John McCutchen and father were the first trustees of the Snow Hill school, and were reappointed each year for about fifteen years, until they were quite old men, and younger men filled their places.

“CARL”

Carl post office was established about 1916, with Jacob O'Dell the first P. M. Since that time there have been several post masters, the office being moved several times. It is now located on State Route No. 20, between Quinwood and Levasy; Mrs. Bessie Orndorff is now P. M. The name Carl applied to a large section of country between Quinwood, Levasy, Hominy Falls, Bamboo Knob and White Buck Knob. Hominy creek and Brushy Meadow Creek find their source in this part of the country. This part of the country was formerly called “The Mountains.” Among the first settlers were: Millhollands, Billy Bowles, Billie “Fidler” McCutchen, Abraham Fitzhambarger, Joe Bush, Nick Martin, Sam O'Dell, Jake and Jack Trout, John Sears, Alfred O'Dell, Tom Hosey McClung, Perry Amick, Joe Deitz, Jacob McCutchen, Tom Shawver, Tom O’Dell and Wilson
McClung. These few named moved to “The Mountains” about 1870. At that time the roads were little more than paths, and in some places, blazed trails. These were a hardy, brave, religious, industrious pioneer people. They built a log school house on Brushy Meadow creek. Bernard McCutchen taught the first school there.

Rev. Shackelford, a Baptist minister, came to this school house once a month and held religious services. Some time later both Baptist and Methodist built in this community. The Methodist named their church Liberty, in memory of Old Liberty church that had been built by their fathers and grandfathers in the Snow Hill neighborhood. The first Methodist minister was Rev. Caddie Wiseman. H. G. Thompson organized a class of twelve members about 1872. Uncle Perry Amick and wife, Tom McClung and wife, Jake Trout and wife, Jack Trout and wife were among these first twelve members. I do not know the names of the other four but believe Abraham Pitzenbarger and wife were among the number.

These mountaineers built homes, cleared farms, reared families and lived out their lives here. Their children, like their parents, made their homes in this section. Among these children and grandchildren are farmers, miners, business men and women, homemakers, politicians, lawyers, doctors, nurses, ministers, teachers and religious workers, each leaving their influence on their community, also on other communities throughout the state and other states.

“ANGLEN’S CREEK”

Anglen’s Creek is a beautiful mountain stream about fifteen or twenty miles long. Its source is in the mountains near Quinwood, and it empties into Meadow river just below Nallen. I do not know when or by whom it was named, but have been given two theories of the origin of the name. One is that a man by the name of Angle had cut his name on a tree by the creek bank and in later years some of the first settlers finding this, gave the creek the name of “Anglen’s Creek.” Another theory is, because of the abundance of fish in the stream, where the fishermen loved to go “angling” for the speckled beauties. Also, some say it was so named because it is so crooked you can see it from any “angle.” How it was named will probably never be known, but it is a beautiful, rapid stream, winding its way between high, steep hills with occasionally a level place, along the creek. It was in one of these places that grandfather built his home, and built a mill which I have mentioned before.

A few miles farther down the stream Leroy Bucry built and operated a “grist” mill, and a few miles farther, perhaps two, Uncle Chris Eye also built a similar mill. Farther on and only a few miles from the mouth of the creek, Jacob Amick, a nephew of our grandfather, John Amick, had his home and built a “grist,” or grind mill, also a saw mill. Parts of this mill were brought from the mill which Uncle Jesse Amick had used in his mill on Meadow River.

To clear the land for farming in those early days much valuable timber was cut and burned as there were no facilities for getting it to a market. Through the winter months, the farmers cut down trees and cut them into lengths of eight or ten feet, such as could be handled by two or three strong men. They did not have saws as woodsmen had in later years, but did the cutting with an axe. In the spring these farmers would invite their neighbors for miles around to come to their “log rolling.” They arrived in the early morning and worked until late evening, rolling these logs into great heaps to be burned. The following day they would gather at another neighbors home and so on, till each had helped the other to get this heavy work done and ready to burn and clear for planting. “Log rolling” days were busy days for the housewife, each taking a pride in having dinner and supper for those hungry men, a feast to excel their neighbors. I’ll here mention some of the food I can remember my mother preparing for these occasions: boiled ham, chicken, and dumplings, potatoes, cabbage, rutabagas, sour-kraut, beans, parsnips, salt rising bread, corn pone, cane molasses, maple syrup, dried apple pies, custard pies, butter, beet and cucumber pickles, pound cake and cookies, or “sweet cakes” as they were called, sweet milk, sour milk, coffee and sassafras tea were the drinks. After dinner father would take a large cake of maple sugar weighing at least eight pounds, from a high shelf, and after breaking it into several pieces, he “passed it around” to his friends.

The men too, made it a time of pleasant rivalry, jokes, exchanging news and testing their strength in wrestling or jumping, also their marksmanship. They usually took their rifles for such occasions and too, in case a deer or other animal crossed their path.

Some time in the eighties, John McGuffin came through this part of the country buying timber, paying one dollar a tree for fine
yellow poplar, with permission to 'let it stand where it was for a period of years, also a right-of-way for taking it to a highway. Farmers were glad to have this opportunity to sell instead of burning their trees. At about the same time different companies came through the country buying mineral rights, paying from fifty cents to two dollars and fifty cents per acre, a larger amount than had been paid for the land. This seemed a real boon for many of the older people who no longer were able to clear land and farm, and who were really needing the money.

About the beginning of this present century the B. & O. Railroad Company extended their road to where Richwood now stands, built a saw mill and started a city in a forest. Soon afterward Curtin built roads along the creeks and over the mountains. Log camps sprang up in the midst of forests and many men, especially the young men, left the farms and became woodsmen—"wood-hicks." A little later the coal companies commenced operating on their mineral possessions, and by the time timber became scarce, the mining industry has extended to almost every section of the country and many of the folks I have written of are in some way connected with this line of work. Quinwood, Crichton, Bellburn and Marrfrance are some of the mining towns in this section of the country.

Some fifty years ago father and I went to Lewisburg. We rode horseback, and as I now remember we only passed three houses between where father lived in the Snow Hill neighborhood, and where Quinwood now is. Quinwood is a town of churches, grade and high schools, bank, stores and shops, built in the past thirty years. Only three of the first settlers of that town are still there: Dr. J. G. Leach, Levi Campbell and my sister, Martha Young.

Here are the words of a song we sang in the eighties. Much more could be added now for the past fifty-five years have brought many more wonderful changes:

**TWENTY YEARS AGO**

How wondrous are the changes 
Since twenty years ago
When girls wore homespun dresses 
And boys wore pants of tow;
Both young and old wore cow hide shoes 
Their hats were made of straw, 
For people did not dress for show 
Some twenty years ago.

The girls took music lessons 
Upon the spinning wheel 
And practiced late and early 
On spindle swift and reel;
The boys would ride the horse to mill 
A dozen miles or so, 
And hurry off before "twas day 
Some twenty years ago.

The people rode to meeting 
In sleds, instead of sleighs; 
And wagons rode as easy then 
As buggies do now a-days. 
Oxen answered well for teams 
Though now they'd be too slow 
For people lived not half so fast 
Some twenty years ago.

Ah, well do I remember 
The Wilson "patent" stove 
Which father bought and paid for, 
With cloth we girls had wove; 
And how the people wondered so 
When we got the thing to go 
And said 'twould burst and kill us all 
Some twenty years ago.

Yes, the past fifty-five years since we sang the above song, has lifted travelers from the dirt road, up the way of the hard surfaced road; the automobile and air plane have taken the place of the "ox team" and "buggy."

Push a button or turn the faucet and we have light, heat and water. Much better than carrying in the wood, making candles, and carrying water from the spring. By turning another gadget, we hear voices half way around the world. Fifty years ago that would have seemed impossible. Surely wondrous are the changes!

Once a family in our community were "taken" with "LaGrippe," all but one daughter "came down" with it. She nursed and cared for the family of six or seven, "dosing" them liberally with Boneset tea. They all recovered and went on with their usual duties. In the
spring of the year, her mother went to the room where they kept dry herbs, also various other things. When she was looking for her lettuce seed there was none to be found, but the "Boneset" was all there.

EIGHTY YEARS

Eighty years must be quite a long time when one realizes all the things they have seen, places they have been, people they have known, and things they have done. Yet those years pass so rapidly it seems such a while ago since one was threading the "candle molds," and helping mother make the week's supply of tallow candles.

Yes, or sitting under the apple trees, in early autumn, with ones sisters and brothers watching the wild pigeons go by in flocks of hundreds and thousands. Sometimes the flocks would be so large they would reach across the sky from hill to hill. They disappeared a few years later, and no one seems to know why, or what became of them.

The chestnuts at that time, and for years later were a bountiful luxury, though so common one took them for granted. Some times they were gathered and marketed at a profitable price. Always large quantities were stored for winter evening's enjoyment. A few years ago, a blight killed all the chestnut timber and unless science can do something to reclaim them, they too, will be a thing of the past.

The people living eighty years ago, too, have almost passed on to live in another country, though those who have taken their places are much like those who were before them. Customs and manners of living change, but basically people are the same, lazy people, honest people, grouchy people, droll people, and funny people.

One of the drollest was a young man who always wore his hair long, braided it and rolled it on top of his head. A neighbor who lived far up on a high hill came one day to borrow the ice-cream freezer. My husband asked where she was getting the ice and she replied: "Oh law, do you have to have ice?"

One girl working for fifty cents a week, bought eleven yards of a lovely, soft, rose-colored wool material for a dress. The bodice was tight fitting, the sleeves large and full at the shoulders, sloping to a close snugness at the wrist. The remainder of the material was in the long full skirt, which was trimmed with many ruffles and gathered in to fit the waist. Each ruffle was fastened to the skirt by a pretty, black braid. All the sewing was neatly done by hand.

One style of hair dressing was very much like some of the girls do theirs today. A loose snood, low at back, held in place by a silk net, which was trimmed with beads or other ornaments. One of the later styles was to do the hair high on top of the head, fasten a long pin in top of that which extended upward some three or four inches. This pin or comb, was made of shell, of an amber color, made in fancy patterns.

The men, too, had styles, wearing a long, full beard, or shaving the upper part of the face, leaving a fringe of full length whiskers hang over chin and lower jaws, or burnsides, or "goatees" or drooping mustache.

They wore their hair long, reaching to coat collar, sometimes parted in the middle in front with a little "roach," but more often combed straight back and cut square across. They were broadcloth suits with embroidered velvet vests, high silk hats, and shirts that buttoned in the back, the shirt "bosom" decorated across the entire chest with pleats, tucks and ruffles, with three "gold studs" down the center. Often this "gold" turned to brass, and the "diamond" sets to glass, after a few wearings.

Their hunting coats also had style, made of "homespun," in brown, blue, or red, to suit the fancy of the owner. These coats reached half way to the knees, had a large collar like a cape that came well over the shoulders, the coat drawn in tightly at the waist. The cuffs, collar, down the front and across the lower edge of the coat was trimmed with a fringe made of material similar to the rest of the garment.

These gentlemen only a few years before were barefoot boys, dressed in coarse, homespun, tow pants. Since the ten inch high, flat top silk or beaver hats, the pointed topped "Jimmison" modern Stetson, with many other patterns, have had their day.

As to women's hats, well they have made changes too. The Quaker bonnet, sun bonnet, polka, a very pretty style, gave place to hats wide brimmed, narrow brimmed, high top, no top, flat top, straw hats, silk hats, horse-hair hats, felt hats of all shapes, colors and materials, all very pretty and each "very becoming."
Shoes, too, have passed through style. Made of cowhide, calf skin, kip skin, kid, suede, silk, velvet and many "golden slippers." They fastened with laces in front, up the instep, button up the outside, or not fastening at all; high heels, low heels, round toes, pointed toes, square toes, and open toes.

Men once wore a high, straight boot that was drawn on by "lugs," which were fastened to either side of the top, but the struggle came in taking them off. A boot-jack was an essential article in every home in those days. The more well-to-do folks had those made of brass, or iron, the more common ones were made of a piece of strong wood, about three feet long and four or five inches wide, a block of wood two or three inches which was nailed on the underside about a foot from one end; and in this a notch or fork was cut, large enough for the heel of the boot to be fitted into. Placing one foot firmly on the back end of the "jack," the heel of the other was placed in the "fork" and the boot thus removed. But alas, this method often failed; then the "patient," shall I say, would seat himself in a chair, take hold of a "rung" of the chair in each hand, and bracing himself, hold one leg out in front while his helper got astride the leg, gripped his hands under the heel of the boot, and with sighs, grunts and groans, at last the boot came off. There was another, and perhaps worse one to be gotten off the other foot; no one swore in the home in which I grew up. Later men wore a more comfortable and practical laced boot.

Only a little over fifty years ago, our cities—which are ablaze with electric lights now—knew no such luxury. In 1801, I was in the city of Portland, Oregon, when the first electric street lights were installed. Before that, at sundown, one could see the "lamp-lighter" going from street to street, lighting the lamps. At that time too, the street cars were drawn by horses, the horse wearing a bell to announce his approach.

A few days ago, the entire world was amazed and startled by the atomic bomb. I think it probable in the next few years, atomic energy will be as commonly used as electric power. Since then we have been living in the same era of electricity, or should I say of discovery, or the age of invention. So many things are being done, one looks about in amazement.

Admiral Byrd discovers a new continent; the telephone, wireless telegraph, and later the marvelous radio and radar. From steam power we have rapidly rushed through the different stages to the now powerful Diesel engines. Automobiles and air planes no so common, were but in their first stages. The first automobile saw, I was with a niece in a city. We first heard it roaring, then I came in sight, looking so big it seemed to fill the entire street, and appeared to be coming directly toward us. We got as close as we could to the opposite side of the street, and were greatly relieved when it had passed. We did not see anyone laughing at our fright for others seemed as shy of them as we. There were no traffic lights at that time.

One day a neighbor was going into town, driving a team that were much afraid of automobiles. Thinking he heard an auto coming, he drove into a by-path, and holding his team, waited. After some time he no longer heard any sound; he was puzzled and drove on to town. On reaching town he heard much excited talk of an airplane passing, some of the citizens had "actually seen it."

A few evenings ago, a young man called on his girl friend. The family were seated around in the living room, all but the young lad who was in another room. After quickly glancing around the room he said: "Where is everybody?"

Some men were loafing in the store and were discussing the faults of a neighbor. After some time one man, who, up to that time had taken no part in the conversation, said: "I can say this for him, he is a good whistler."

Once when writing to a sister, my four year old grandchild standing by, said: "Tell Aunt Bettie how I helped you work this morning." I said: "I will Michael, and shall I tell her what happened to little brother?" After a few moments of very serious consideration he said: "Tell the good, but don't tell the bad." We philosophy little man, "Tell the good, but don't tell the bad!" every one followed this rule, many heart aches would be spared.

A boy and his dog were playing by the road-side, the little dog chewing a bone almost as large as he was. The boy tied a string around the bone and through the dog's collar. Presently a big dog came along, grabbed the bone and ran down the road, dragging the howling, frightened little dog after him. The angry cries of the little boy attracted the attention of a man near by who cut the string and set the little dog free to run back to his master. The unfair thing about it was, the "big dog" got the bone. It is too often true in human affairs: The "big dog" gets the bone.
In a few more weeks I will have reached my eightieth milestone. A very pleasant and interesting journey it has been with no reason to expect it to be different in the future. I read in a fine old Book, a promise made many hundreds of years ago, a promise I have seen renewed each year, and each day: “As long as time shalt last, seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, heat and cold, day and night shall not cease.” On this early spring morning, the hills and meadows are beginning to show green, the birds have recently returned from the South, the sun is beginning to show in the East and “rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. His circuits are to the ends of the earth.”

The farmer goes into his field, plows up the soil, plants the grain, and sows the seed. Soon the heat of summer comes, and in a few short months, the grain has matured, and ripened. The hills are now red and gold, the birds are starting on their journey to a warmer land, and the farmer is harvesting his fruit and grain, storing it for winter; the frost comes and silences the little Katydid and grasshopper which have had so short a life of music and gaiety; a cold blast spreads a sheet of ice over the little stream, and a blanket of white over the landscape. It is winter; the sun goes down, and it is night; unnumbered twinkling stars come out in the sky. Looking through my window I say as I did when a little girl:

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are;
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is set,
And the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then if I were in the dark—
I would thank you for your spark,
For I could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

Oft’ when I am sound asleep,
Then you through my window peep,
For you never shut your eye,
’Til the sun is in the sky.

Little star, I am still wondering!

THE END