CARLISLE MERCURY

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1924

Woodrow Wilson.

Woodrow Wilson is dead. Many weary months of illness, dating from his speechmaking tour, in which he exerted his fight for the League of Nations to the people, resulted in his passing last Sunday morning.

To our mind Woodrow Wilson is as much of a war casualty as those who made the supreme sacrifice in France. Though death came with an lingering step, it came as the direct result of a broken constitution, wrecked in his fight for a principle.

He was a great idealist and he had the courage to cling unfaltering to his dreams. It is not that he may not live to see these dreams realized, yet rarely have the great ideals of history been permitted to see the full fruition of their visions.

"Woodrow Wilson will become one of the greatest figures of history," was the tribute of Lloyd George, who further said: "He was a man and not without his weaknesses. But he was the first to embody the ideal of fraternity of nations into a concrete plan."

We think that Senator Borah's tribute expresses the opinion of the former President. Mr. Borahs says:

"Death but emphasizes his immortality. Woodrow Wilson will live among the rare radiant few who were not born to die. The hope he gave to life in the still centers of the nation and of the world is history. Time alone can determine the effect of his genius upon the destinies of mankind."

Help Carlisle To Go Forward

The Mercury wishes to make an urgent appeal to all of those who are interested in the progress and prosperity of Carlisle and Nicholas county, that they attend the meeting of citizens to be held at the court house tomorrow night. At that meeting it is hoped to make permanent the organization of a local Chamber of Commerce.

It is not necessary for you to be in business in Carlisle, to derive benefit from such an organization. It is not necessary for you to live in town in order to profit by reason of the existence of a Chamber of Commerce here. For instance, there can be little doubt that we could have secured a tobacco redrying plant in Carlisle, had there been in existence some organization, whose business it would have been to ask for it. A redryer would have been of benefit to the county and to the town as well. There are many things that an organization of this kind can bring to us; there are improvements, civic and social, that will be of material assistance to town and county. So, do not consider yourself uninterested, because you live in the country, but come in and enroll as a member of the Chamber of Commerce.

The Mercury hopes that the women will attend this meeting. Here often times, we, out-siders, hear of it said, are they interested in making their town a better town to live in and a better town to rear children in. A commercial club will help to do that. At the meeting held last Friday night a former Carlisle man, who has had experience in this work, said, "A live Chamber of Commerce will be the greatest factor for good in your community, outside of your schools and churches."

A Chamber of Commerce, once well organized in Carlisle, will mean steady growth for both the town and the county. Neighboring towns will have these organizations and they are out-stripping us in the race for business. We must wake up and do something, if we are to keep what rightfully belongs to us; keep our trade from going to other towns; and go after and get institutions and improvements which will make for greater prosperity.

We need YOU at this meeting. We need your help and co-operation. A year or two from now, you will wonder how we ever got along without a Chamber of Commerce.

Let's Settle It This Year.

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."

"The Lexington Leader, in discussing the submission of the bond issue by the Legislature, says:

"If in its wisdom it seems inexpedient to submit a bond issue to the people, taking into consideration the economic as well as the moral factors, the expense of such an election, the excitement and the controversies and the rancors which would certainly attend it, the effect which such a loan might have upon the welfare of the people or which its failure might have upon the interests left to rely upon it in the meantime, the Legislature will be acting entirely within its rights.

It is quite true that the Legislature is wholly within its rights, in refusing to submit the question to the people, but The Mercury believes that the "excitement, the controversies and the rancors, which would certainly attend" the taking of a vote, as the Leader states, would only be prolonged by such refusal. The question has monopolized most of the time since the Legislature convened, and it is extremely probable that it will monopolize most of the time remaining before adjournment. We believe that the same performance would be repeated at the next session, and until it is passed or finally put to sleep by the people of Kentucky. The question, held in abeyance for two years, would make a splendid hobby-horse for political jousters. In our opinion, that is a fine reason for deciding it now.

The Mercury, as has been stated in these columns before, while it is not ready to enthuse the proposed bond issue, is far from being ready to accept all the claims of the proponents of the measure, yet we are willing to "put it to the touch," with the people as the court of final appeal, even though their verdict may be "dead agin us."

Some seven or eight dollars was the amount contributed for the relief of the starving German children by those who bought tags here last Saturday afternoon. The Mercury thinks that we should do better than this and so we are going to make an appeal to our subscribers to help in the effort to buy food for these children. Every cent given will be used for this purpose, as those who are making the distribution, the Society of Friends (Quakers) are doing the work free. Send the Mercury any contributions and publish the names of those contributing, unless requested not to do so. We wish to take this opportunity to thank the young women who so kindly proffered their services Saturday afternoon.

THE COUNTY CORRESPONDENT

(By Walter C. Hawes.)

All these brazen city dailies think they are tremendous shakers.
How they like to sling the satire at us sooty country jakes!
How they flaunt the shrieking scare-heads!
How they sling the color on us!
For some high-toned hootch exercise or high flung bawdy tale.
Till I get a little weary listening
Into the city boys
Down the dill small voice of wisdom with a fog horn full of noise.

I prefer the homegrown doings,
I do feel up ever much
With the rowings of the Frenchies
and the Japies and the Dutch;
Let me have the home town papers,
take the noisy sheets away,
For what correspondents
From the country districts say.
His Jim Gordon built a house up
Tell us how the ball team scored.
Are there any bonded boozers
Anybody bought a Ford?

Did they paint the old church over?
Will they ever have a well?
Has the measles, hay fever,
or a boil?
Has Pearl Latham got a fellow,
John Allen married yet?
Has Sam Martin made a riffle?
He was in an awful sweat.
Anybody made a fortune?
Anybody played the fool?
What become of Billy Rodgers'
that ran away from school?

Who's been giving Sunday dinners?
Who's been invited out?
Who was first to get through threshing,
who caught the biggest trout?
Tell us how the crops are coming,
is the weather wet or clear?
Are the apples and the turkeys?—
that's the stuff we want to hear.
Let them joke about the correspondent,
Run I am not sure, but I think it
was Hickeville.

Myers was first named Black Hawk in honor of Black Hawk Myers, who always claimed he was Tecumseh, though the historians give the honor to Col. Richard M. Johnson, afterwards a member of Congress, U. S. Senator and Vice President, and Martin Van Buren, a resident of Scott county, and the first Vice President from Kentucky. And for the comfort of those who have no hair, Col. Johnson was red-headed, along with Carl Brown, Dick Bland and Senator Vest, the latter a patriot from Frankfort. The early settlers gave credence to the report that a man by the name of King or another named Whitley may have shot and killed Tecumseh, and as no one knows for sure who did it, let all Nicholasites maintain that Black Hawk Myers did it. In about 1880 to 1882, Mr. Mike Myers and Mr. C. W. Shankland got the name changed to Myers, so that it would be the same as that of the railroad station.

Reminiscenses Of A Nicholas County "Urchin" Of Fifty Years Ago.

Ardmore, Oklahoma.

Dear Sir:- Your congratulation to names in Nicholas county reminds me that from boyhood I had known the name of Gallows Hill and the why thereof, also of the Hangman's Oak, out in Mrs. Mary Mahoney's, where John Robinson used to have his circus. This was the stone tree to which a young married man of old Nicholas climbed on the night of October, 1878, in order to see the night performance of the circus from The Robinson show men, seeing him climb the tree, chained Old Pet, the famous elephant, which made his last trip to Carlisle in the fall of 1888, to the tree. At that time he came near getting my brother and Ransom Clay while they were watching the circus loading at night, in fact, on the next day, this elephant "got his mate" while crossing the bridge at Cynthiana, and John Robinson gave him to me soo at Cincinnati, as being too dangerous to take on the road. But to return to the oak up the tree, Old Chief ran the Nicholas citizens up the oak up in the branches that he could not see the performance. Old Chief was the last animal loaded, and it was in the wee hours of the morning that he was safe for him to make his descent, and as he said, "Confound the critter! I was nearly frozen to death." That has been over 45 years ago and I am not calling any names but a few of the boys no doubt will yet remember the first night performance of "A. W." Carlton M. Lambert, I believe, was the only boy, while the big, sprawling red oak northeast of the railroad bridge is the very tree. Talbert, I think, is the name of the man from Nicholasville, and Mr. Robinson made a change of venue, because, he allege, he could not get a fair trial in Nicholas county, who was hanged on the Uncle Melville Montcalfe, son of ex-Governor Thomas Metcalfe, tied the knot, made a speech, urging the people to be careful with their money. Melville Metcalfe was the father of Ed. Bela Metcalfe, whom I knew later as a minister in the Christian church for the past six years I was out of his brothers. Henry and Lesli died, were school teachers in 1880. The old oak was, at the time of the circus, still called "Hangman's Oak," and was still standing in 1895 when I left the county.

As to the name of Sprout. In 1852, when the star route was established as a tri-weekly, from Nepton to Moorefield, Mr. H. F. Fruland, postmaster for a post office at old Buzzard Roost, which had previously been at Buzzard Roost, under a Mr. Hopkins, grandfather of R. W., of Carlisle, and Clover Valley, under Mr. A. W. Stroud. Some letter office having been discontinued during the civil war, Mr. Fuller gave the following name as suggestion for the new postoffice, Cedar Valley, the old name, Hopkinsville, for Eugene W. in Hopkins and McVeyville, for Uncle Bob Mcveyville, the two of the best known men at that time in the community. The fourth Assistant postmaster general, of course could not consider Hopkinsville, as there was already a town in Kentucky by that name. McVeyville was too much like Mayesville, and Cedar Valley being an old, established, postoffice name was out of the question. But as Mr. Fuller, Shrout, a former postmaster, and his assistant, Mrs. James T. George, Mrs. Fuller, Sam and John all signed the petition, and as the office was to be called Mt. Olivet, in the Shrout name, he therefore designated the name of the new postoffice Pyrone.

In the Carlisle Mercury of about February 15 to April 1, 1905, I think was the year, Dr. G. C. Farris wrote an article giving the reason for the name "Buzzard Roost," which under your "44 Years Ago," will soon be due. However, when I was a child, they often told me this fable which I believed until Farris' article set me right. It told how a man was travelling through the country and came upon a large sycamore tree on the banks of Goodloes creek, with his horse to the limb of the tree. The best morning his horse was gone, and the searcher most all day in vain. Returning to the spot he died in the evening to secure his dulcimer and resume his journey on foot, he claimed to look up and there was his horse in the tree. The buzzards roosting in the tree had so numerous they had bent the limbs down, the horse had a buzzard on each limb, and when the buzzards flew away the lightened branches went up and carried the horse with them.

There was another village about a mile down the creek from the Buzzard Roggles place where Mr. James Shrout lived, at the mouth of Cane Run. I am not sure, but I think it was Hickeville.

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Mr. W. H. Howe and I were treasure hunting in some limestone caves in the mountains from Pankersburg, W. Va., in 1894, and in looking over our railroad map I discovered Moorefield, West Virginia, and Virginia, on the map, and he said that was where his father and son-in-law settled after the civil war. His father got the name for the Nicholas county place. Mr. W. H. Howe and his father held the positions of postmaster at Moorefield for over 40 years, continuously, and for a short

Miranda was named for Aunt Miranda Fuller, mother of Mrs. Sam Talker and Hon Potts. The old postoffice there had been named "Wheelbarrow," but one subsequent was "Frog-town," as Uncle Marion Crowe told me in 1906. It seems that in the early days there was a low swag filled with water on the level road back of where the Dr. Herndon house now stands, and one night about fifty cents says a couple of drunks fell off into it and were compelled to spend the night there, being unable to proceed further. When daylight came both were sobered, were fully recovered and slowly regaining their self-respect, when a wag, said that he never expected to stop at a hotel and be held in Frogtown again; but the bed was too soft, the covers too thin, and the mosquitoes too numerous and too noisy that you couldn't sleep a bit, in fact, he thought he would have been having a family spasm from the way they were jumping around the room.

There was an old mill with a big, overshot wheel on the creek at Harn and the pike. When a child I would look at the thing and was still in awe of it. There were many old mills at Harn that have long ago gone decayed, one on the old Allen place, then Uncle Coleman Tennison's, then Ed Bryan's, and a mill still further down the creek. The latter had a mill the size of Harn's, and near the present site of Parish Chapel church, on the Harn road, and ran along the side of the pike which was built in 1882-83. There were many buildings which was a child, and then just below the old Harn school where Mr. H. C. Myers, of the California "forty-niners," lived, and where Mr. Col. Bob Myers' old mill site on Cassiday creek with a school house and used from 1880 to 1906. When I was a child, Col. Roberts, grandfather of Mike, lived there, and a still further down was the dam was visible as late as thirty years ago. There was also a school house there in 1853. My father's sister, Miss Ann Eliza Howe, taught school there in 1853. My father's brother, Col. Bob Howe, and John Will Shannon lived when I left Nicholas county in 1895.

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