Table of Contents

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Table of Contents

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JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Volume LXIII **December 1997**

CONTENTS

Officers of the Society 3
Membership Fees 3
Publications Available 4
List of Members 5
Jefferson County Admiral—Julian Lane Latimer,
by Cecil D. Eby 18
Ray Hooe—Charles Town's Pioneer Aviator,
by Cecil D. Eby 24
Shepherdstown Sixty or Seventy Years Ago; Boyhood and
Other Reminiscences, by D. C. Gallaher 29
Bibliographical Reference—Reverend Mr. James Lemen,
1760-1823 37
Summer Picnic, by Florence H. Moore 38
Editor's Notes 39
Book Note 40

"No man is fit to be entrusted with the control of the present who is ignorant of the past, and no people who are indifferent to their past need hope to make their future great."

"History by apprizing them of their past will enable them to judge of the future; it will avail them of the experience of other times and other nations; it will qualify them as judges of the actions and designs of man; it will enable them to know ambition under every disguise it may assume, and, knowing it, to defeat its views."

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JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Organized May 21, 1927
Post Office Box 485
Charles Town, West Virginia 25414

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PUBLICATIONS

One copy of the Magazine is mailed to each person holding a paid membership. Until the publication of next year's Magazine, members may purchase additional copies for $5.00 each; order these from The Society, Box 485, Charles Town. Original volumes or facsimile reproductions are available to all persons at $5.00 per Magazine; quantity discounts are allowed. The Society also has available copies of *The Washington Homes of Jefferson County* for $10.00 each, mailed, Michael D. Thompson, *Calendar and Index to Recorded Plats in the Jefferson County, West Virginia (Virginia), Courthouse, 1801-1901* for $25.00 each, mailed, and *Between The Shenandoah And The Potomac: Historic Homes of Jefferson County, West Virginia,* for $45.00 each, mailed.

Jefferson County Admiral — Julian Lane Latimer

by Cecil D. Eby



Courtesy of Mrs. Snowden Kisner

Julian L. Latimer as Midshipman at United States Naval Academy

Julian Lane Latimer (October 11, 1868-July 6, 1939) was born in Shepherdstown, the oldest child of Thomas Wilmer and Mary Josephine (Quigley) Latimer. At age of sixteen he graduated from Shepherd College, at that time a preparatory school. While attending the College he studied telegraphy with the local agent of N&W Railroad, then after graduation he

held posts as telegrapher at Capon Springs and Shenandoah Junction. Because of limited family resources, which had to be spread over four children, further education for Julian seemed out of the question.

In 1884 the Latimer family moved to Charlestown, after the father was elected Clerk of the Circuit Court. They moved into a house on Mildred Street just south of William L. Wilson, then Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the United States House of Representatives. Thomas Latimer approached his neighbor about a possible appointment to one of the military academies for his son Julian, but Wilson has already selected his appointees for the year. However, after one of his candidates for the Naval Academy failed to qualify, he offered the slot to Julian.

Joseph McMurran, founder and first Principal of Shepherd College and friend of the Latimer family, recognized that Julian's academic preparation was inadequate for passing the Academy qualifying examinations and offered to tutor him. With McMurran's help, Julian successfully passed the examinations and entered the Naval Academy in the fall of 1886, only eleven days before his eighteenth birthday, at which time he would have had to forfeit his eligibility. In 1890 he graduated number 32 in a class of 34 midshipmen.[1] His first assignment was a three-year European cruise. While he was overseas his father died, and in years to come Julian would play a major role in assisting his mother and her three young children. Ensign Latimer married Laura Singer Richardson (1877-1939) after his return to the United States.[2]

From 1897 to 1900 Ensign Latimer was posted to the Bureau of Ordnance. On the outbreak of the Spanish American War he requested service in Cuba, but was held back by Admiral O'Neill because of his vital work in the department. Late in the war he served on the torpedo boat *Winslow* in Cuban waters, but it was as an administrator that Latimer made his mark. He returned to the Bureau of Ordnance in Washington and moved his family from Charlestown to live with him.

In 1900 he had a tour of duty with the Asiatic Fleet. At this time the

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[1] *Register of Alumni, U.S. Naval Academy*. (Annapolis, 1956). While his performance at Annapolis seems less than spectacular, it should be noted that nearly fifty midshipmen from his class had dropped out prior to graduation. Moreover, he eventually rose to the rank of Rear Admiral and no other member of his class surpassed this rank.

[2] Julian and Laura Latimer had four children: Mary Richardson (1895-c.1972) who married Rupert Riley Deese; Laura Towne (1899-1992), who married John Francis Gillespie of Philadelphia; Elizabeth Josephine (1902-1962), who married Colonel Robert Calvin Thaxton, U.S.A.; and Julian Lane, Jr. (1903-1969) who married Virginia Ross Gillen.

Boxer Rebellion broke out in China, a movement to oust foreigners from Chinese soil. Fleets of nations with ministries in Peking stood off the north Chinese coast, but communication with the capital had been cut. General A. R. Chafee, in charge of the U.S. Army forces, requested the Admiral of the American fleet to lend him a naval aide for a special piece of work. Julian volunteered. The General ordered him to make his way eighty-five miles overland to Peking and to report back on the situation there. Accompanied by a coolie guide, Julian set forth on a macabre journey, passing through or around villages where piles of corpses had been pitched over the walls. For three days he disappeared. Newspapers in the United States reported him missing. His family was summering in Charlestown and his sister Louise was delegated the task of going downtown each morning for a copy of the *Baltimore Sun* in the vain hope of finding news of Julian.[3] When Julian eventually returned with news that the embassies were safe, those countries involved dispatched military forces to protect all foreigners living in the capital. General Chaffee, in reporting to the Admiral of the Fleet, gave Julian highest praise.

Returning from Asia, Julian served on the battleship *Virginia* for a year, briefly took command of the *Vesuvius,* an experimental warship originally armed with a curious (and extremely dangerous) dynamite gun fired by compressed air, and then was recalled to the Bureau of Ordnance. From 1906 to 1910 he was engaged in laying out a naval arsenal at Hingham, Massachusetts, which became a major naval base during two World Wars. He served as executive officer of the battleship *Vermont* in 1912-13, and commanded the battleship *Alabama* in 1913-14. From 1916 to 1919 he took command of the battleship *Rhode Island,* which was engaged in patrolling the Atlantic Coast and protecting convoys in Europe. For this service he was awarded the Navy Cross.



Courtesy of
Mrs. Snowden Kisner

Commander of Battleship,
U.S. Rhode Island

After a year at the War College, and a similar period as commandant of the Seventh Naval District, he was appointed Judge Advocate General of

[3] Memoir of Julian Lane Latimer, compiled by Louise P. Latimer, (typescript, 1957).

the Navy in 1921. The most important duty of this office was to serve as liaison between the navy and Congress. According to the New York *Times* he was a distinguished incumbent. Brought into constant association with committees of Congress, he was credited with having won more benefits for the Navy by his tact and charm than his predecessors had obtained by technical arguments and demands.[4] His reorganization of the Judge Advocate department met with such success that the United States Army adopted his methods in their own reorganization some years later. In 1923 he was promoted to Rear Admiral. He was then fifty-five years old, but his most important naval service still lay in the future.

In 1923 Admiral Latimer had command of the Special Service Squadron which patrolled Latin-American waters. In December, 1926, Dr. Juan Sacasa, former Vice-President of Nicaragua, established a Liberal government which opposed the regime of President Adolfo Diaz. Sporadic fighting broke out between these factions, compounded by guerrilla warfare led by Sandino, a bandit-revolutionary in the remote mountain country. (He gave his name to the Sandinista movement that troubled the United States some half a century later.) Until July, 1927, Admiral Latimer virtually controlled the Nicaraguan situation, his land forces reaching a peak of 3,000 Marines. The Department of State requested him to work with Charles C. Eberhardt, the United States Minister, on plans for bringing peace to the region. Latimer landed 200 marines and sailors at Bluefields, in order to protect American nationals and their property, and arranged for a 30-day armistice between the rival factions. He then established martial law over 9000 square miles of territory along the Atlantic coast.[5] This putative invasion inflamed the partisan movement of Sandino and led to a bloody fire-fight at Ocotal, where the guerrillas suffered a decisive defeat from a mixed force of U.S. Marines and Nicaraguan constabulary. While the Sandino insurrection continued to smolder underground for years, Latimer and Eberhardt were successful in bringing peace to the Diaz and Sacasa factions. After peace was restored, Julian received the Distinguished

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[4] *New York Times*, July 6, 1939.

[5] Harold N. Denny, *Dollars for Bullets: The Story of American Rule in Nicaragua*. (New York, 1929), p.231 ff. Although Denny was critical of the United States role in Nicaraguan internal affairs and angered by the "Gunboat Diplomacy" of the era, he lauded the efforts of Admiral Latimer, whom he called "a sea-going diplomat," respected by the rival claimants. Denny characterized Latimer as "a jaunty and impeccable officer with a gift for being liked and an ability to hide profound thoughts behind his good-natured countenance which had won him the title 'Rosie Poker Face' among his friends of the service." Pp, 259-60.

Service Medal for his service in Nicaragua. Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson reported that Admiral Latimer, ". . . instructed with delicate negotiations requiring the exercise of the greatest skill and diplomacy, he conducted himself in a manner deserving the highest praise." According to an American historian of the conflict, casualties among both the Americans and Nicaraguans might have been avoided altogether had Julian not been hamstrung by State department demands that Diaz remain in office until the expiration of his term, "It was no fault of the Admiral that these efforts were not successful."[6]

In 1927 Admiral Latimer was placed in command of the Fourth Naval District at Philadelphia, but was soon called again for diplomatic service when Peru and Chile, unable to settle boundary disputes over mineral deposits in the Tacna and Africa regions, requested the United States to send an arbitration panel. Chile had seized a large segment of Peruvian territory and deprived her of a free port. Julian was dispatched with a naval force to lend weight to the negotiations. The result of the settlement was that Africa was assigned to Chile and Tacna to Peru, while Chile paid an indemnity of $6,000,000 to Peru and agreed to construct a free port for Peru. The presence of Admiral Latimer at the arbitration, with his Pacific squadron on watch to guarantee that the disputants would uphold their agreement, was instrumental in the success of this peace-keeping exercise.

In 1930 Admiral Latimer retired from the navy.[7] He and his wife Laura spent their summers in Jamestown, Rhode Island, where they had bought a house, and wintered in Clearwater, Florida, where Laura had inherited property from her parents. In 1939, while on a trip to New York for a physical check-up, the Admiral died of heart disease, at the age of 70. Surviving were his widow, Mrs. Laura Richardson Latimer, three daughters, Mrs. Rupert Deese, Mrs, Laura Gillespie, and Mrs. Robert C. Thaxton, and son Julian Lane Latimer, Jr.[8] He was buried in Elmwood Cemetery, Shepherdstown, joined by this wife, who died a few weeks after, following an operation.

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[6] *Ibid.*, p.260.

[7] According to some correspondence archived at the Naval Academy, Admiral Latimer, then sixty-two years old, resigned because of the failure of the Department of the Navy to promote him to the next grade. See his correspondence with Admiral William Adger Moffett, Moffett papers, Collection 198, Nimitiz Library, United States Naval Academy.

[8] Julian Lane Latimer, Jr. had been admitted to the Naval Academy with the class of 1926, but failed to graduate.

Addendum: Notes on the Jefferson County Latimers[9]

The father of Admiral Latimer was Thomas Wilmer Latimer, who was born in Charles County, Maryland, in 1840. Orphaned at age three, he and his sister Virginia were brought to Shepherdstown by an aunt, Mrs. Joseph Shenton (Chloe Lane Latimer). Being childless, Mrs. Shenton raised the children as though they were her own.[10] He attended the private academy in that village and made his mark as a superb horseman, winning trophies at local tournaments.[11]

At the age of twenty-one Thomas Wilmer Latimer enlisted as a private in Company F (the Shepherdstown company) of what became the First Virginia Cavalry. Promoted to 1st Corporal after Sharpsburg, he was lightly wounded at Gettysburg and promoted to 4th Sergeant in the fall of 1863. This active service terminated at the fight at Haw's Shop in May of 1864, when he was seriously wounded in the right thigh and hip..[12] Family lore claims that twelve horses were shot out from under him during the war.

Returning to Shepherdstown he married Mary Josephine Quigley (1844-1927), the daughter of Dr. John Quigley and Mary Elvira Van Swearingen (Quigley). During this difficult Reconstruction period, Latimer under took a variety of jobs. He ran a canal boat, opened a store, and served as principal of the local public school. In 1884 he was elected Clerk of the Circuit Court of Jefferson County and moved with his family to Charlestown. He died in November of 1893 and was buried in Zion Episcopal churchyard. His wife died thirty-four years later and was buried next to him.

Thomas and Mary Latimer had four children: Julian (1868-1939); Mary Emeline (1872-c.1955), who married Richard Ward Snowdon of Cincinnati; John Wilmer (1876-c.1958), who married Lillian Addison Craig of Georgetown and became a judge in the District of Columbia; and Louise Payson (1878-1962), unmarried, who became Children's Librarian of the District of Columbia Public Library.

[The compiler of this biographical sketch wishes to thank Mrs. Snowdon Durham Kisner of Shepherdstown and Ms. Mary Rose Catalfamo of the Nimitz Library for their invaluable assistance in providing materials.]

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[9] Notes from family papers of Mrs. Snowdon Durham Kisner, assisted by Richard Latimer.

[10] Richard H. Tyler, "Corporal Thomas Wilmer Latimer and the 1st Virginia Cavalry." (unpublished paper, 1990).

[11] Millard K. Bushong, *Historical Jefferson County* (Boyce, Virginia, 1972), p. 171.

[12] Robert J. Driver, *First Virginia Cavalry*, 2nd edition (Lynchburg, 1991), p. 198.

Roy Hooe — Charles Town's Pioneer Aviator

b. 23 October 1894 - d. 18 April 1972

by Cecil D. Eby

On January 1, 1929, at 7:24 a.m. the *Question Mark,* a giant Fokker monoplane equipped with three 225 horsepower Wright motors took off from the Los Angeles airport determined to break the world's record for total time aloft. The plan called for cruising slowly up and down the California coast and being refueled by two aerial tankers. The crew consisted of five men of the U.S. Army Air Service: Captain Ira Eaker, chief pilot; Major Carl Spatz, flight commander; Lieutenants Harry Haberson and Edward Quesada, assistant pilots, and Staff Sergeant Roy Hooe, mechanic.

Roy Hooe, a native of Charlestown with a natural aptitude for mechanics, had joined the Army Air Service in the early 1920s and quickly became an expert in aircraft engines. Stationed at Bolling Field (Washington, D.C.), Roy Hooe achieved a kind of fame when he took charge of the crew which overhauled *The Spirit of St. Louis* when Colonel Charles Lindbergh landed there on the first leg of his triumphal flight to Mexico City in 1928.[1] Thereafter whenever Colonel Lindbergh arrived at Bolling Field he asked for, and got Sergeant Hooe as his personal mechanic. Later Hooe dismantled the *Spirit* and reassembled it in the Smithsonian Institution, where it remains today.[2]

It was not surprising, then, that when the Air Service in 1928 planned its aerial refueling operation Sergeant Hooe was the first choice as mechanic. He would be responsible for keeping the engines running and attending to other maintenance and repair as needed. The Army wished to break the existing world record of time aloft which had been set in 1923 at 37 hours and 15 minutes. News that a Belgian group was nearly airborne in an effort to claim the record lent a sense of urgency to the American operation. The aeroplane selected for the experiment was a Fokker Trimotor, regarded as

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[1] *The Farmer's Advocate* (December 17, 1927). A short time later Hooe shipped to Charles Fidinger, one of his baseball chums in Charlestown, a piece of canvas from the *Spirit,* which Fidinger proudly exhibited in his tobacco shop window at the Opera House corner.

[2] *The Spirit of Jefferson* (January 11, 1929).

the most dependable aircraft in the world. Nicknamed *Question Mark*, the aircraft had a closed cabin to provide a modicum of warmth and comfort.

On January 1, 1929, at 7:24 a.m. the Fokker took off from the Los Angeles airport. The plan called for cruising slowing up and down the California coast and being refueled by two aerial tankers. Refueling was a crude and very dangerous procedure at that time. Sergeant Hooe manned the pumps and hose, but on one occasion Spatz was sprayed with gasoline and the cabin filled with fumes. A single spark anywhere would have torched the plane. While in the aeroplane Sergeant Hooe confessed to Major Spatz that he had tied a rabbit's foot to the tail skid, which gave the Major a hearty laugh. On the following afternoon the *Question Mark* broke the world record. All the news services reported the flight meticulously. (It was a front-page story in the New York *Times* on January 5, 6 and 8).

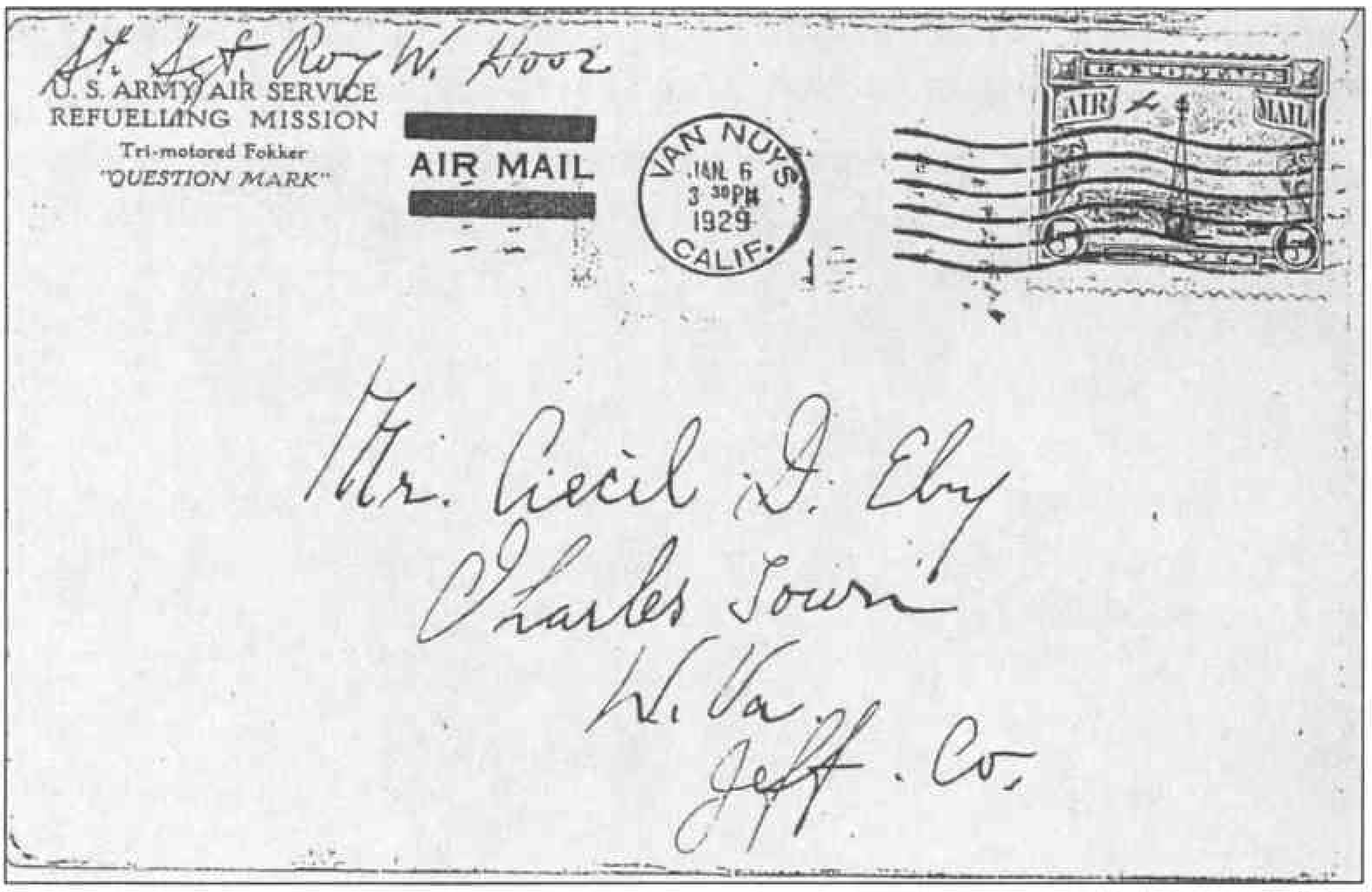


Information that private letters could be mailed to and from members of the crew while it was in flight caused a flurry of excitement in Charles Town. Cecil Eby, an amateur philatelist (father of the present writer) immediately penned a letter congratulating the Sergeant, rounded up six fellow members of the local American Legion post for their signatures, and sent it by airmail to Metropolitan Airport, Los Angeles, on January 2 at 5:30 p.m.[3]

The letter carried a Charles Town postmark of January 2 at 6:30 p.m.

[3] Those signing were Leland Shugart, Theodore Brown, Chris Fidinger, Bill Phillips, Jack Trapnell, and Frank Ronemus. The latter was an employee of the Charles Town post office.

and was further postmarked at the Arcade Station in Los Angeles on January 4 at 9:30 p.m. (Two days for an airmail letter to reach across the country—not bad, considering it was nearly seventy years ago!) It was passed to the *Question Mark* by Refueling Plane #2, and in the afternoon on January 5 Sergeant Hooe wrote his reply on special stationery supplied by some nameless public relations officer of the U.S. Air Service. He reported that the plane had just completed 104 hours in the air and noted that they had "plenty to eat and lost no sleep—motors going good." This return letter was dropped by sack and postmarked from Van Nuys, California on January 6 at 3:30 p.m. It was stamped again in Pittsburgh on January 8 at 5 p.m. and reached Charles Town at some indeterminate time.

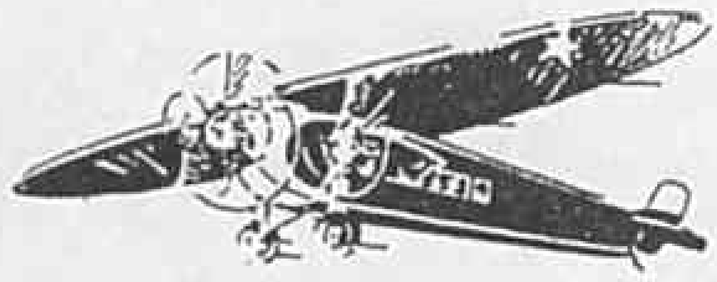


Meanwhile the flight of the *Question Mark* had to be aborted when the left engine died. Sergeant Hooe climbed out on a catwalk under the wing to repair it—but the valves were permanently clogged. (The *Washington Star* ran a photo of the Sergeant on the catwalk, attempting repairs at 90 mph.) The aeroplane had to set down at Metropolitan Airport in Los Angeles on January 7 at 2:07 p.m. It had cruised 11,000 miles at an average speed of 70 mph. It had remained aloft for 150 hours, 40 minutes, and 15 seconds—beating the former record by 123 hours. Two members suffered sore throats but no other ill effects. Thus had ended what the New York *Times* called "one of the greatest feats in aviation history."[4]

[4] *Times* (January 8, 1928).

U. S. ARMY AIR SERVICE REFUELLING MISSION

PERSONNEL
Major Carl Spatz
Capt. Ira C. Eaker
Lieut. H. A. Halverson
Lieut. Elwood Quesada
Sergt. Roy W. Hooe



Tri-motored Fokker "QUESTION MARK"

On board the "Question Mark"
over Southern California
January 5 1929
3 P.M. 5th day of flight

Dear Mr. Eby

Just a line to let you know I received your letter & sure glad to hear from one of the Old Boys at home.

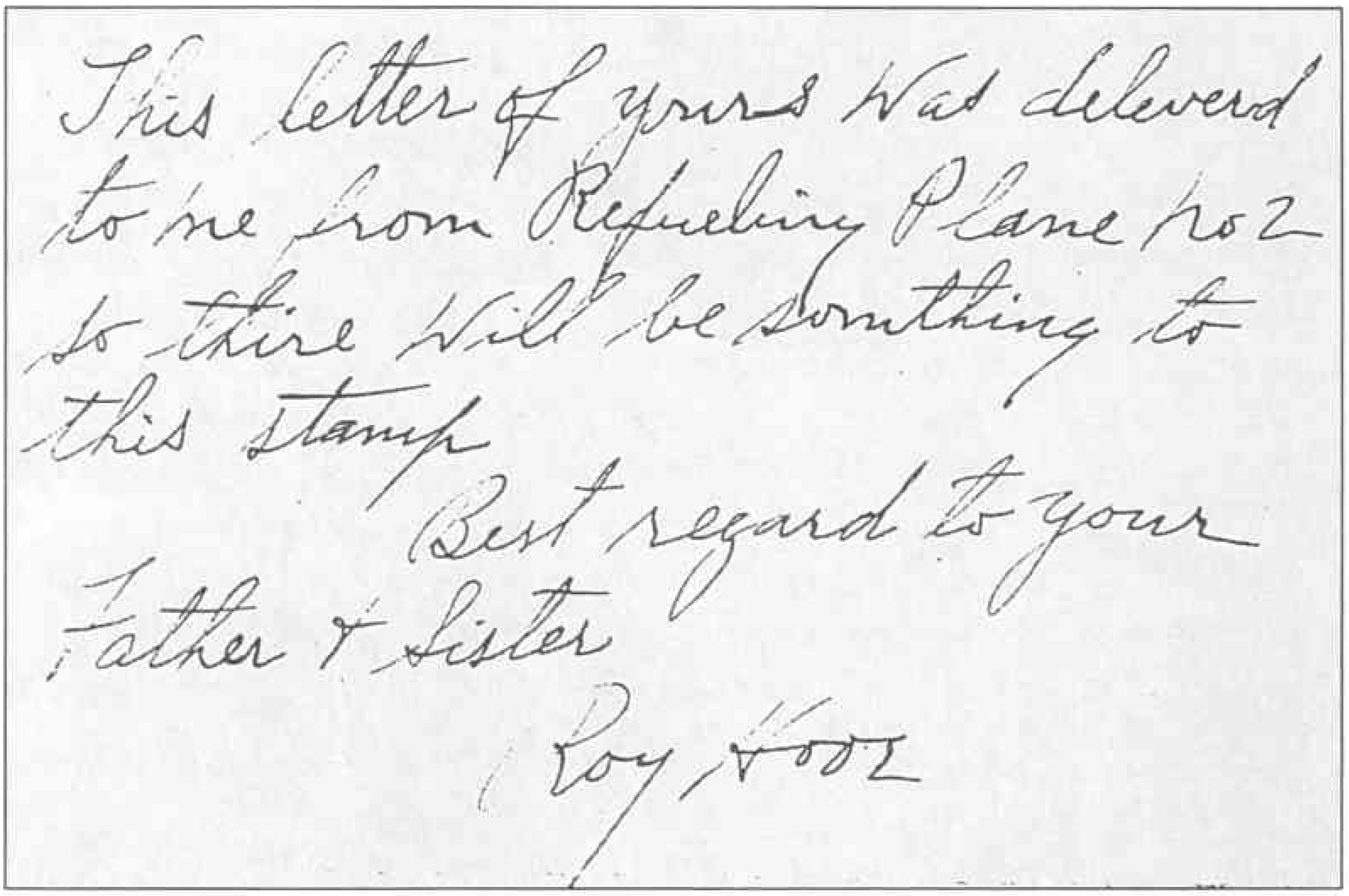
Well to the hour We have been up just one hundred and ½ hr 30 min so time Plenty to eat and lots of sleep motors going good

Best regard to all

OVER

Lt. Sgt Roy W. Hooe

Sergeant Hooe remained with the aeroplane and arranged for its return to Bolling Field on January 27, where a crowd of 500 waited the arrival of the much-publicized machine. A few days later all members of the crew converged in Washington and were awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. A few days later Charles Town honored its local hero with a homecoming cavalcade of automobiles which met him at the railway station and drove him to a ceremony where mayor Kearsley Wysong gave


This letter of yours had delivered to me from Refueling Plane No 2 so there will be something to this stamp
Best regard to your Father & Sister
Roy Hooe

him a gold watch.[5] Also acknowledged was Carroll Rockenbaugh of Bolivar, Hooe's assistant at Bolling Field, who receive a gold pin.

The two commanding officers went on to greater achievements in World War II. Major Carl Spaatz (he added the extra "a" to his surname in 1937) commanded the Air Force in Europe in 1944 and in 1946 succeeded General "Hap" Arnold as commander-in-chief of the Army Air Force. Captain Ira Eaker led the first B-17 raid over continental Europe (Rouen) in 1942, commanded the Eighty Air Force in 1943, and retired as Chief of Air Staff in 1947.

After World War II Master Sergeant Roy Hooe retired to his native Charles Town and served as Chief of Police in a three-man department until his second retirement. A host of Charles Town youths—including the present writer—well recall his diligence in whistling down and blessing out anyone daring to run the red light at the corner of Washington and George. However, few of these scofflaws knew about the policeman with the whistle had once participated in an event that made American aviation history.

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[5] Heroics seemed to run in the Hooe family. His maternal uncle was John Quick, USMC, a Charles Town native, who earned the Congressional medal of Honor for bravery under fire in the Spanish American War and later the Distinguished Service Cross for driving a truckload of ammunition over a road swept by artillery fire during World War I. For Quick see Millard Bushong, *Historic Jefferson County* (Boyce, 1972), pp. 434-435.

Shepherdstown Sixty or Seventy Years Ago
Boyhood and Other Reminiscences

by D. C. Gallaher

Shepherdstown Register, 19 April 1923

(Note: In my boyhood there was only a "Main Street" and nameless others. A kind friend has lately given me the modern names of the streets.)

Born in Shepherdstown, removing to the Upper Valley when quite young, spending a winter there later as a boy, and with several other visits, once as a soldier in grey, the writer has often given many somewhat affectionate thoughts to the good old town.

These memories, let me say at the inception, are not claimed to be entirely free from the natural inaccuracy of so many years gone, but are submitted with the prayer in one of my early school books that the hypercritical "may pass my Imperfections by, and not view me with a critic's eye." I may add that many named herein I first knew well during a visit in the summer of 1865, to which time I refer as to them.

Along the "fifties," as I recall it, the German Reform Church and the Lutheran were on the hill opposite each other. The new church of the latter is now, I hear, down on King street. I do not recall any buildings then standing on the south side of the square on which the German Reform Church stood, and west of the church. But opposite, at the corner of German street and Rumsey avenue, formerly Mill street, lived the Parran family, whose beautiful daughters old residents will recall. Coming on that side toward Princess street was the handsome home of Mr. Jim Shepherd, and at the northeast corner of German and Princess streets was a saloon, mainly for "lager beer," as it was then called. I think it was then or later kept by a Mr. Grice. On the opposite (S.E.) corner Thomas Hopkins, an old bachelor, had a furniture and undertaking business, and next to and east of it was the family residence of Mr. George Byers, a somewhat distinguished school teacher. I recall two sons, Bill and Newt; the latter, after several years at the University of Virginia and four years of honorable service in the Southern Artillery, married, I believe, Miss Eleanor Rentch, an attractive belle in her

day and daughter of D. S Rentch, an honored and prominent citizen and merchant.

I do not recall just who then lived in the handsome brick home just beyond the Byers home in which the Hamtramck family later lived. The Selbys?

Turning now into Princess street. It ran down a steep hill to the river, but I can recall only one family living below on Princess street, the Barnharts and Entlers living near the old yellow covered wooden bridge over the river one named "Ed." They kept the toll house on this side.

Following Princess street out towards Charles Town (now towards the N. & W. freight station) stood the residence of Wm. Bowen and Eli Conley on the north side, the Conleys owning a very large property with an extensive garden fronting on Princess street.

At the opposite, southwest corner, of New street lived the Cameron family. Henry Cameron it was, I think who had a tailoring establishment around on German street. Opposite the Conley home on the same slight elevation lived the Cookus family. Beyond, northward, was low vacant ground and no street and a big pond in wet weather, skating in winter. Diagonally across from the Cameron corner stood the then considered fine school-house, but now a pygmy compared with modern structures. I hear it still stands there, and that its scholastic atmosphere is now supplanted by the mixed fragrance of a grocery.

I believe this was one of the first, in fact the very first, "free school" east of Alleghenies, in "Old Virginia."

A northern man by the name of Alder was the teacher. He never believed in "sparing the rod and spoiling the child," but kept a fine lot of long hickory rods in his desk. He was one of the terrors of my early boyhood for several months and I still recall him as a sort of bete-noir or cruel tyrant, though he never whipped me.

Further up Princess street, on the right hand side, was a carriage factory, and opposite this the Boroff family lived, and at the turn of the street toward Charles Town was a blacksmith shop kept by a one-legged man, a "peg-leg."

Returning to German street, on the northwest corner stood Entler's Hotel. I hear it is still there and I expect that when McCauley's "wreck of matter and crash of worlds come, it will still be found surviving!

Opposite stood the Lucas home, on the S. W. corner. The boys of about

my age, John and Frank, were great fighters as I soon discovered. Both, I believe, were good soldiers who wore the grey. Mrs. Line lived there later.

Nearby, on the south side were Cameron's shop and Moore Entler's residence, and then the residence of Colonel or General Hamtramck, who had only a short while before returned with honor from the Mexican War. I recall as a leader in society, Miss "Folly," later Mrs. Shepherd, and his son Selby, who was the keen envy of every boy, for his father had brought him a black Mexican pony with long mane and tall. His father rode a big bay—a striking contrast. Selby was a fine soldier, and I think was killed at the First Manassas July 21, 1861.

Further up on the same side were McKendree's store and residence. Never shall I forget my first pair of red-top boots, bought there! I recall Morgan McKendree and his sister, Miss Nannie, who was one of the town's favorites and of charming personality.

Near the corner was the Marmaduke home, whose tannery was at the corner of King and German streets, where I hear the Register office now stands.

Leaving Entler's Hotel, there was adjoining it a drug store, and across the alley was a stone-built store and further up was Lambright's candy and ice cream place. One soon came to the residence of Mr. Harper near the "run," crossing the street in a culvert. There were in his window three big high bottles, three or four feet high, or red, blue and green colors, the prevailing sign in those days of drug stores. But the smell of drugs, etc., in that old store! When the door was closed it was a memory that for more than a half century lingered in one's nasal organs. Mr. Harper's daughters, named I think, Fannie and Ellen, were prominent in society.

From Harper's to the corner was, as I recall it, a vacant lot, on the rear of which I think the normal college now stands. Opposite this corner stood the old Odd Fellows Hall, which was right in the center of King street, a driveway on each side of it, the lodge using the second story, while below was the fire company's engine, etc. This engine was about as big as an ordinary small motor truck of nowadays and was pumped by eight or ten men, two rows of them, using long parallel handles. "Bucket brigades" were the main reliance in those days. I shall never forget the building. It stood in the center of King street facing north. Nearly at the top in the front wall was a great big gilt-coated "all-seeing" eye. It inspired my boyish mind with awe. It seemed almost real and celestial. Whether it is still there or not, its sleepless eye will have seen very much.

Going up on the hill on the north side, one came soon to Adams' store and residence. Oh! the candy and "squibs" (firecrackers), etc., in that store! His two sons, Billy and George, I think, of course were blessed, for they could get from the store all they wished; and then, too, they could ride in their father's "hack" to Kearneysville, in which he carried people to the railroad trains. This brilliantly painted hack was one of the widest I ever saw. It carried ten or twelve people. Years afterwards I saw the splendid state carriages in London, Paris and Berlin, but none of them impressed me as grand as I, a little boy, used to think that hack was.

Further up lived some of the Shepherds and at the northeast corner of German and Church streets was Billmyer's big store. He dealt largely in canal boats and their supplies, etc. Some distance back and on the same side of Church street stand the old Episcopal Church, a small white structure. The much beloved Dr. Andrews was the rector. I remember a fashionable wedding there so many years ago, the church was packed and a big crowd on the outside, a lot of boys and the writer "among those present." I may be mistaken, but I think the groom was a Mr. Livermore. I have an idea who the bride was, but will be pardoned in withholding the name, as I am not positive.

Returning now to the Odd Fellows Hall, going out south on King street, Joseph Welshans lived at the corner of New street. He was an exemplary and honored citizen and lived to a good old age, I hear.

At the southwestern corner of German and King streets was the big store room of John K. White, and later a Mr. Mohler had a store there. Mr. White had a son of about my age, named Bob, and his boy playmates roguishly likened him and his name to a quail or partridge, which sometimes brought on a fisticuff.

Further up I think Mr. D. S. Rentch lived; also Rightstine, Licklider and Stonebraker, and opposite Billmyer's store was a tin shop on the southeast corner.

On the northwest corner above Billmyer's store, corner German and Church streets, lived the Towner family. That big brass highly polished door plate with the family name on it still shines in my memory. I do not recall any material object of my early boyhood, excepting that big gilt eye on the Odd Fellows Hall, that impressed me as that door plate.

Further up one came to Dr. Quigley's home, whose daughter was one of the favorites of society. Then the Rickards, who made those famous locks,

and none better did I ever see. Then at the northeast corner of German and Duke streets lived Jacob Hill, and there ran the road out to "Hardscrabble," as it was then called, where recent letters in the Register from there show that literary style and quite good wit now dwell.

Beyond Duke street going west on German street was known as "Philadelphia," but I do not know whether some Quakers once lived out there, or only in derision it was so named.

On the southwest corner of German and Duke I think Dr. Reynolds lived, one of the town's first gentlemen and a fine physician. Nearly the whole square, where the hospitable home of Harry L. Snyder and the new Episcopal Church now stand, was occupied by the even then ancient hotel and caravansary of Joseph Entler. Here in its amply yard multitudes of wagons going west and east usually stopped, carrying merchandise west and products east.

How well I remember my first circus, which was on this lot! It was, of course, one of those overland circuses, but it seemed immense to my childish mind. A great storm suddenly arose, and the loud peals of thunder and blinding flashes of lightning, with a downpour of rain, simply terrified the audience. Men paled with fear, women screamed and children cried, when some fool (there are always in addition to the clown, some in every circus) cried out "the lion is loose." (There was only one and he was only about as big as an airedale dog.) Everybody for himself, a sort of sauve qui peut mad rush it was. Everybody tried to get out of the tent at once and some cut holes in it to escape, and I was dragged out through one of them, full of mud and wet as a rat. I can now, but could not then, laugh over it all.

Incidentally, there were many other families besides those named herein above that I recall, but I cannot now locate their then residence, such as Berry, Towner, Snyder, Pendleton, Reinhart, Zittle, the editor of the Register, Humrickhouse, etc. I do not remember if Colonel Wm. A. Morgan, under whom I served in the cavalry, then lived at Morgan's Spring. There was no braver man in the whole army than he, and withal he was a gentle and modest as a woman and loved by every soldier who knew him.

At the northeast corner of Church and New streets lived the Boteler family, whose sons were Henry and Charlie, later gallant Confederate soldiers and daughter Miss Pink, a beauty and beloved by all, one of the sweetest nature I ever knew.

Dr. Andrews lived nearby opposite and the Shepherd cemetery was nearby. Opposite his home stood a little frame school-house. A Mr. Pierce, the teacher, prepared boys for college, many of them sons of the wealthier class. The school-house was known as the "salt box," it being in derision so called by many because its patrons claimed that the pupils were the "salt of the earth." At least some claimed this was the origin of the nickname. Others claimed it was so called because it was not unlike a salt box in size and shape, etc. Traditions are uncertain. In politics, A. R. Boteler, Sr., who lived out on the "pike," whose daughter Lottie was a great belle and Charles J. Faulkner alternated to Congress from that district, and like two polished and keen Damascene blades, they often crossed in public debates, both eloquent and chivalrous.

I think the ever genial and scholarly Joe McMurran was conducting a school about that time or a little later. The courtly and polished Henry Bedinger, minister to Denmark, lived out on the Kearneysville pike near town.

Among those at the "salt box" school, I recall the gallant Henry Kyd Douglas and his brothers, John and Bob, who lived on the hill across the river in that beautiful home where I spent several days at different times; also Charlie and Jim Clarke, who lived near the canal lock. Jim fell at the first battle of Manassas and Charlie at Waynesboro in the fall of 1864.

Among them also the Boteler boys, Henry, Charlie and Alex Boteler, Jr. I am not sure, but I think Towner Schley also was a scholar there, and some of the Pendletons. It was a fine classical school and Mr. Pierce, the teacher, was very popular in society.

There were many other scholars whom I knew but their names I cannot definitely now recall. Among the older people known as "men about town" were Jim Lane Towner and Rebo Staley, gallant beaux, debonair and faultlessly dressed always. There were of course the usual number of dandies and, as always in the town's history, a multitude of pretty girls.

At the head of the now called New street on the road to Kearneysville stood the little stone jail (all about twelve feet square). It was seldom occupied sometimes by an anti-Volstead disciple. A somewhat regular occupant was an old fellow from out on the Charles Town road, who always walked in the middle of the street and came in or went out, or both, drunk. Unlike the Pied Piper of Hamelin, he was a holy terror to children, who fled from him affrighted. I remember his name well, but he may have left sensitive descendants.

On the edge of town near the present cemetery was the toll-gate, near the foot of the E. I. Lee property. Mr. Lee was, I think, the only lawyer then residing in the town. A good lawyer, a handsome, aristocratic gentleman, of whose family I recall E. I. Lee, later a Confederate General, and Edmund, both brave soldiers, and daughter, Miss Nettie, and none more a general favorite in society. I do not recall any others of this family, except Rev. Harry B. Lee, some of whom, I understand, still live at "Leeland."

In a brick house nearby, I believe on the right hand side of the pike, the noted and gallant Confederate scout, Redmond Burke, was murdered during the war. Going down New street not far from the jail stood the Methodist Church, built, I think, just before the war. At the corner of the present Washington and King street was then, and may be still, the Presbyterian Church.

The only ministers then that I recall were Rev. Mr. Andrews, Rev. Mr. Douglas and Rev. Mr. Bragonier.

On Washington below King, near the run, lived the Faymans, who had on the opposite or lower side of the street a felt or wool hat shop. I wore one of their make and still almost feel its weight on my brow, like all wool hat factories, the odors therefrom were simply fierce.

And the brass band! Wasn't it Criswell's? What a deserved loyal pride all felt in its sweet music and how we boys followed it! In 1855, aged 12, I was a student at Georgetown College, and about July first my younger brother Charlie and I came on the canal from that place to Shepherdstown on a little steamboat, the first, I think, ever run there. We left Georgetown about 8 a.m. and arrived about 3 a.m. next morning. A fearfully hot journey, but to a boy one of much novelty and pleasure. Weary and dead tired, we trudged up the hill in the night with the friends who had sat up nearly all night to meet us. No telegraph or phones were in use then along the canal.

July Fourth, 1858, was a big day. Big military parade and several bands of music, with a finely drilled company of young boys from Charles Town who won special admiration. I remember Joe Crane as one of its officers. Later many of these boys were members of the Second Virginia and of Baylor's Cavalry in the war. There was a grand barbecue that day in the woods just beyond. "Philadelphia," with whole beeves roasted over pits of glowing fires, etc. Of course there were the usual addresses, one of which I think was by the favorite orator of that day, the Hon. Alex R. Boteler.

How the boys in grey were welcomed when our army was there! How

brave her sons and what sweet angels of mercy were her daughter in those days. How many thousands of our soldiers at different times passed through her streets, never to return especially on the night before the battle of Sharpsburg, September 17th, 1862, when all night long the tramp of passing battalions was heard. The Yankees had possession of the town nearly all of the war, and incidentally a friend long ago gave me the original of which is a copy.

"Shepherdstown," Aug 29, 1862. Guards and Pickets will pass this little boy to get his cow until further orders.

CHARLES A. WELSH,

Captain and Provo Marshal

How dangerous a "little" boy on hunting his cow must have been to their armed forces and what a fearful spell this doughty captain had!

Well, dear Register, these memories may be somewhat inaccurate, as above stated, but infrequent visits, mainly in early boyhood, to the good old town some nearly three score and ten years ago, may have left dimmed impressions, for which I pray forgiveness and indulgent tolerance.

If some of your readers find any pleasure in their perusal, I shall share with them affectionate reminiscences of one of the best old town with some of the best people then and now living there, in the wide, wide world.

Bibliography — Reference to Jefferson County Native — Reverend Mr. James Lemen, 1760-1823

Pamphlet — Willard C. MacNaul, "The Jefferson-Lemen Compact: The Relations of Thomas Jefferson and James Lemen in the Exclusion of Slavery from Illinois and the Northwest Territory with Related Documents 1781-1818." Paper read before The Chicago Historical Society, 16 February 1915. 59 pp.

Born near Harper's Ferry, James Lemen served two years in the Revolutionary War and participated in the Yorktown campaign. He married Catherine Ogle, daughter of Captain Joseph Ogle, a native of the South Branch Valley who moved to the Wheeling area. (Ogle later moved to Illinois where a county is named after him.) Lemen, originally a Presbyterian, became a Baptist parson and held militantly anti-slavery beliefs. He became somewhat intimate with Thomas Jefferson who encouraged him to move to the Illinois Country to engage in his ministry and anti-slavery activities. Jefferson financed, at least partially, the removal. Lemen was instrumental in proselytizing Baptist and anti-slavery sentiment. He founded eight Baptist churches, and five of Lemen's six sons were Baptist preachers. His settlement at New Design, near Waterloo, Illinois, became the center of anti-slavery agitation that supported Jefferson's crafting of the anti-slavery provision in the national Land Ordinance of 1784 and 1787 (the Northwest Ordinance) that organized the Northwest Territory and established the process of statehood in the United States. Lemen and his followers successfully resisted all later attempts to repeal the anti-slavery provisions in the national statute. (Lemen was also a cousin of Ward Lamon, of Berkeley County, who also moved to Illinois.)

The editor acknowledges the courtesy of Elizabeth Snyder Lowe and Vivian Park Synder in bringing this publication to the Society's attention.

Summer Picnic

On August 6, 1997, the Jefferson County Historical Society held its annual picnic at Elmwood, the home of Dr. and Mrs. Oscar C. Stine. While the county was badly in need of rain, the sky was clear and the weather ideal for a picnic. An estimated crowd of approximately 300 members and guests were on hand to enjoy the spacious grounds and the opportunity to once again greet friends and relatives. This was a record attendance for a picnic. According to the records, the first picnic was held in July 1971 when 70 members gathered at Harewood for a picnic supper, and after supper, the members went to Travelers Rest to see this property before restoration was started by the new owners, Mr. and Mrs. Allen McIntosh.

The Stines had done so much for the pleasure of those in attendance at Elmwood. The committee on arrangements headed by Capt. John Schley and Mrs Lynn Byron was well organized. Fried chicken, casseroles, salads and desserts were of the best. The usual lemonade stand operated by James and Mary Alice Lemen was quite popular. Following supper Dr. Stine talked on the history of Elmwood.

Edward Lucas II settled here in 1732 on land granted to him in 1751 by Thomas Lord Fairfax. His wife Mary Darke, an aunt of Revolutionary General William Darke accompanied him. The third Edward Lucas was born at Elmwood in 1738, most likely in the log cabin built by his father. In 1797 Edward III, married to Elizabeth Edwards, built the present house. It is built of Flemish bond brickwork, four wide rooms on each floor, windows of extra width, a spacious hall, a hand carved mantel in each room, the one in the living room like one at Mt. Vernon.

Edward III was a lieutenant in Captain Hugh Stephenson's company on their 600 mile "Bee Line" march to Boston in 1775. He died in 1809 and is buried in the Lucas family graveyard on the farm.

Elmwood became the home of successive generations of the Lucas family until it was deeded to Dr. and Mrs. Oscar C. Stine in 1948 by the heirs of Mr. Rion Lucas. Elizabeth Lucas Trussell, a resident of Westminster Canterbury of Winchester, Virginia, is the last Lucas who was born and lived at Elmwood.

Dr. and Mrs. Stine invited all to tour the house and grounds. Family members served as docents for these tours. The Jefferson County Historical Society is indeed grateful to the Stines for their gracious and generous hospitality. From the balloons at the entrance gates to the traffic directors at the exit, this picnic was a success.

Florence H. Moore

Editor's Notes

The editor renews his plea for contributions to the annual magazine. This issue is tardy because no contributions arrived in the editor's hands before 1 September 1997. This situation is regrettable. The editor is indebted to Professor Cecil D. Eby for coming to the rescue. His kind efforts, including identification of relevant and interesting newspaper articles, have made the timely appearance of the 63rd number of this publication possible.

Mr. Hugh E. Voress and others are preparing an update of the cemetery readings contained in the volume published by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Besides containing recent burials in the county, the new compilation will include some cemeteries missed in the previous volume. More information on this project will be forthcoming as the work progresses.

Members may remember that the Society's Board of Directors had agreed in 1995 to give a $50.00 United States Savings Bond and a copy of *Between the Shenandoah and the Potomac* as prizes to students who have winning exhibits, using a local history theme, at the annual Jefferson County Social Studies Fair. In 1997, the first winners appeared. The editor and president had the pleasure of presenting the prizes, in company with Mr. P. Douglas Perks, to three county students: Tiffany Elizabeth Lawrence of Shepherdstown Junior High School for her project on the origins of rural free postal delivery and to Beth Christine Dowell and Lauren Mary Lee Owen, both of Harper's Ferry, for their project on flooding at Harper's Ferry. The Society's purpose in recognizing student achievement is to encourage interest in local and regional history.

Book Note

Elizabeth Snyder Lowe, a Society member, has published a book entitled *The Roots & Branches of the Jacob Snyder Tree.* The genealogical presentation begins with Hans Jacob Schneider (1727-1754) and his numerous area progeny, including allied families of Snyder, Border, Coffinberger, Elliott, Engle, Hammond, Hendricks, Hunter, Kearfoot, Link, Melvin, Miller, Moler, Osbourn, Ramsburg, Turner, Walper, Ware, and Williams. The hardbound books is 8 by 11 inches, with 330 pages, indexed, and illustrated. It may be purchased for $45.00, plus $3.00 postage, from Mrs. Lowe, P.O. Box S, Shepherdstown, WV 25443.