

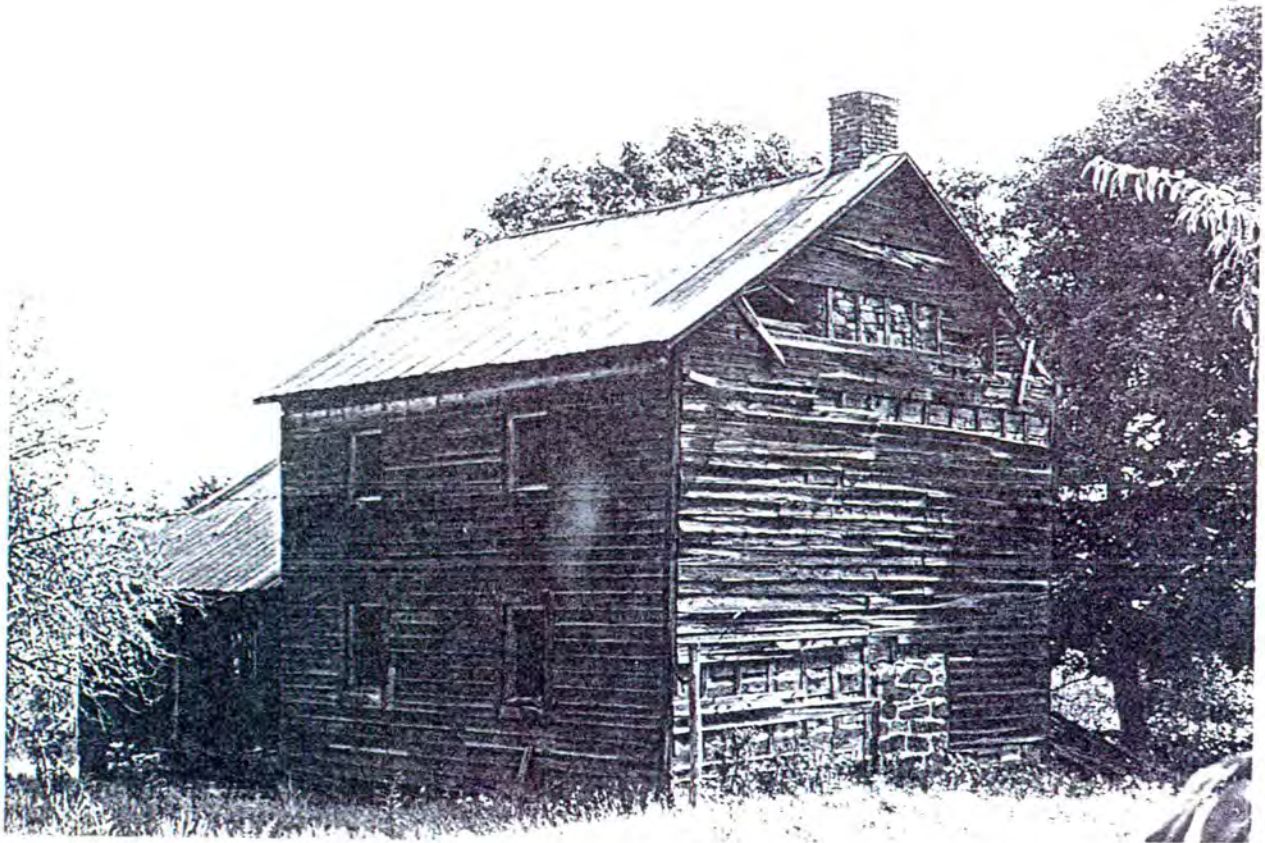
Leaves of History



Historic Area: C R O S S C R E E K C O U N T R Y

T e x t a n d L a y o u t : J u n e C a m p b e l l G r o s s m a n n

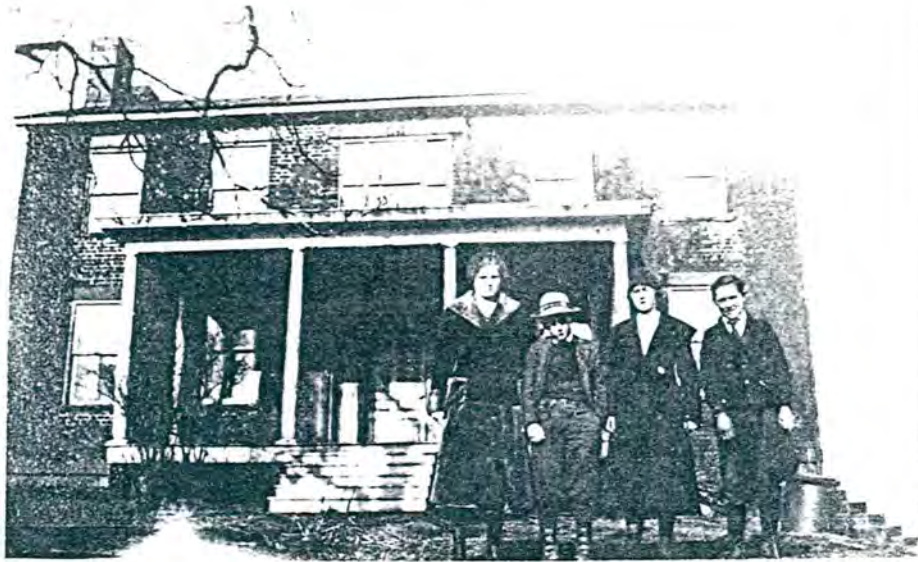
M e c h a n i c a l P r o d u c t i o n : L o u i s M a x G r o s s m a n n



First log house built in Jefferson Township, Washington County, PA. Built by Pioneer Robert McCready in 1785. Picture taken by A.D.White just prior to its demolition in 1975.

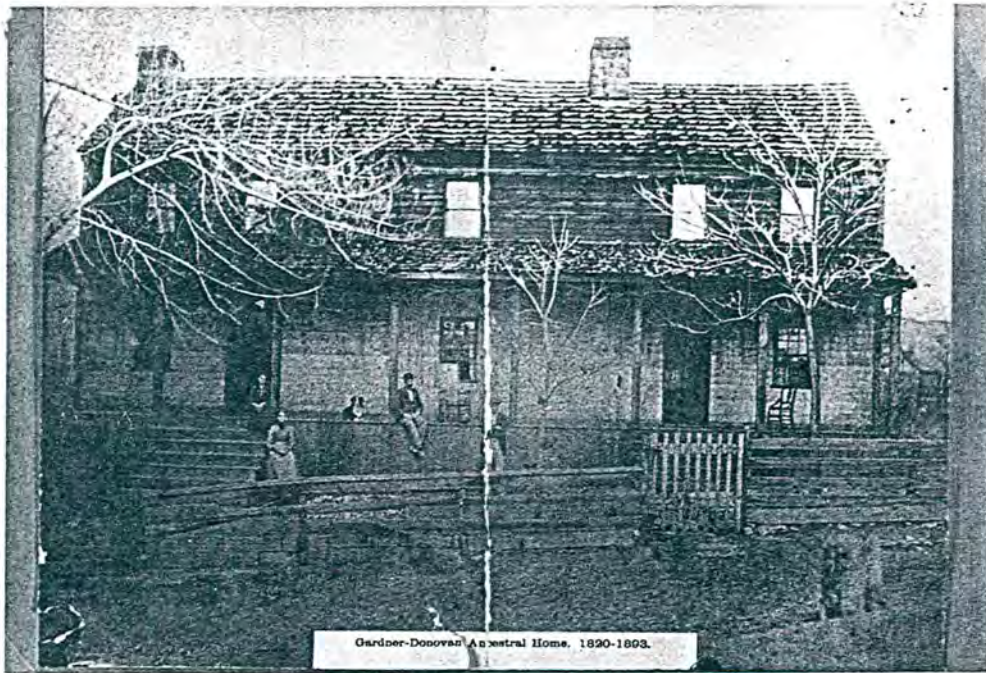


Old Doddridge Fort, Haven from the Indians in the Cross Creek country in pioneer days. The old graveyard stood nearby. Not a trace remains to this day of the old fort but one or two of the old tombstones may still be seen.



The Second Greathouse Castle.

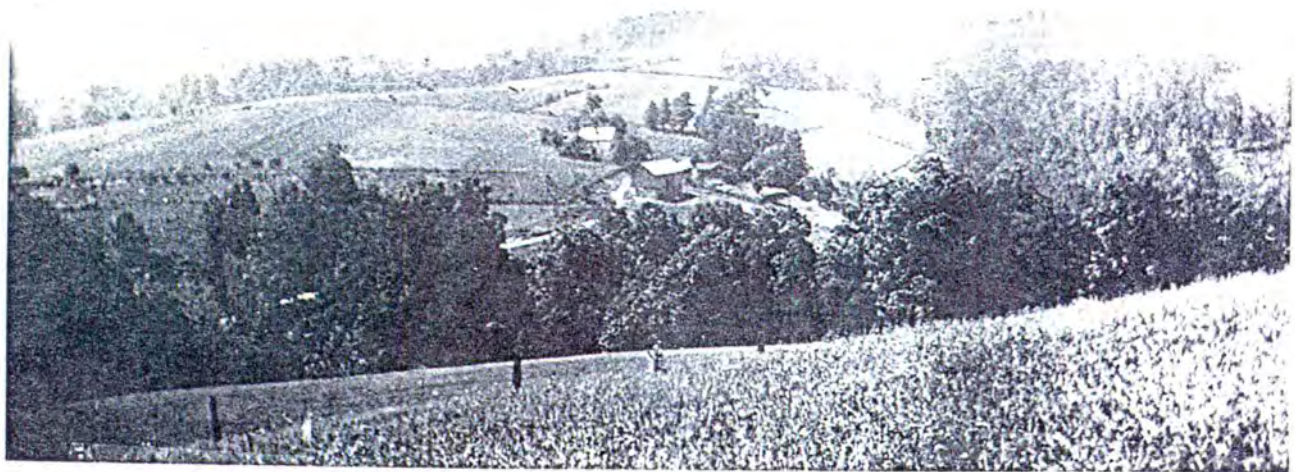
At or near this location
John and Elizabeth Clark Gardner
went to house keeping. Last
occupants prior to its demolition
were Gaylord and Helen Weigmann Martin.



The First Greathouse Castle.
Ancestral Home of Gardner-Donovans.
Site of present (1995) home of
Alan Gould.



Robert McCready Homestead. Pictured are Lorin and MARGRETTA Melvin McCready, the last of the McCready family to occupy it. The log part of the house was probably the first log house built in Jefferson Township. Pioneer Robert McCready was its builder. In his journal he states that he built it not far from the Mingo Trail.



THE THORLEY farm, as seen from the Melvin homestead. Area is stripped now.



MELVIN HOMESTEAD in later years, stands above and across "Irish Ridge" from the old log house.



MELVIN HOMESTEAD, log house, on what was known as Irish Ridge. Clyde Melvin, who taught music in the one-room schools, was born here.

When feelings ran high before and during the Civil War period, the occupant of the Melvin homestead was William Melvin. In retaliation against Mr. Melvin for his anti-slavery beliefs, his barn was destroyed by arson. The person responsible was later apprehended

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TRI-STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THIRD ANNUAL PIONEER SUNDAY MEETING



August 18, 1940

HELD ON

THE BERT WELLS FARM

BROOKE COUNTY

WEST VIRGINIA

Program

9:30 — Morning Song Service, Frank Engel, Leader.
Mrs. Frank May, Pianist

10:00 — Sunday School, Adult Teacher, Prof. O. F. H. Bert of
Washington and Jefferson College.

Juvenile Class, Director — Girls — Miss Mildred Painter,
of Independence, Pa.

Boys — Mr. John Koltz, Follansbee, West Virginia.

11:30 — Sermon, "Building of Character" — Prof. Irvin Green of
Bethany College, West Virginia.

12 - 1:30 — Lunch and Social Period.

1:30 — Bugle Call for Assembly and Welcome Greeting, Bert
Wells.

1:40 — Tribute to All Veterans of our Nations Several Wars.
Revolution and War of 1812 — Miss Dorothy D. Daugherty
(High School Teacher, Steubenville, Ohio.)

Civil War — Veterans Present.

Spanish American — Bert Wells, New York and Colliers,
West Virginia.

World and Foreign Wars — Ray H. Patterson, Wells-
burg, West Virginia., District Commander of the
American Legion.

Program

2:00 — U. S. Senator, Rush Holt, of West Virginia.

Rev. Geo. U. Martin, Pastor of the 1st U. P. Church,
Detroit, Michigan.

Special groups to furnish the vocal and instrumental music
through the program are as follows:

Mrs. Frank May, Follansbee, Pianist.

Chorus — Director — Frank Engel, Weirton, West Virginia.

The Tri-State Historical Society's Female Quartette —
Virginia Herd, Anna Copenhaver, Margaret Coates,
Kathryn Brown.

Mrs. B. S. Snyder, Director

The Follansbee Female Trio —
Arlene Kabish, Rose Buccalo, Barbara Mahan.

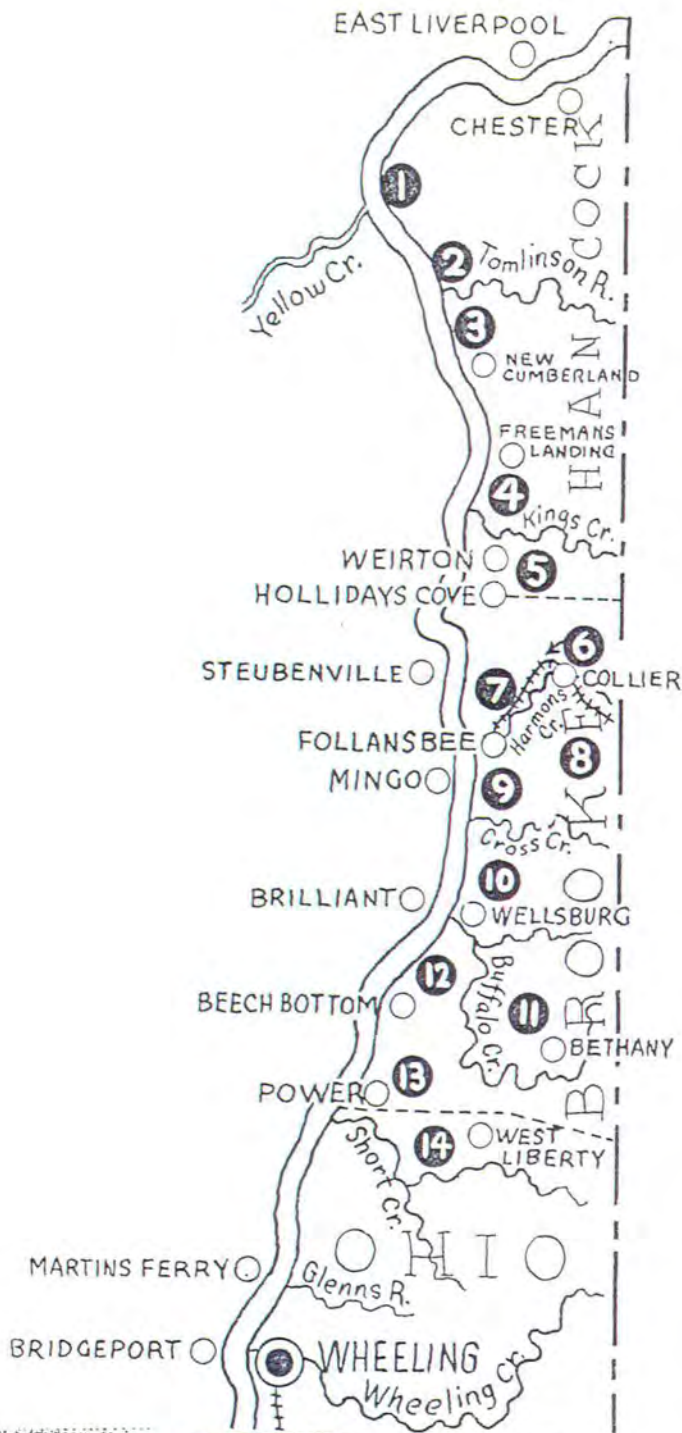
A Group of the Weirton Steel Male Chorus.

British Ex-Service Volunteers — Kiltie Band, Steubenville, Ohio.

The Herdman Brothers, String Orchestra, Steubenville, Ohio.

PLEASE DON'T FAIL TO REGISTER. WE WANT TO KNOW YOU.

A Pleasant And Enjoyable Day To You All, and
May "God Bless America."



PLACES OF INTEREST TO VISIT

(Numbers refer to map.)

1. Site of Massacre of Logan's people.
2. Poe's fight with Indians.
3. Pioneer Orchards.
4. Pioneer Iron Furnace.
5. Pioneer Military Storehouse. Supplies sent from here to aid Fort Henry. Weirton, (immense steel mill.)
6. Pioneer Rail Road.
7. Indian Grave (75 skeletons), (Destroyed and obliterated now.)
8. Washington's camp and route across the Panhandle. Rendezvous of two Pioneer Armies—(Gnadenhutten Massacre army), (Crawford's Expedition).
9. Pioneer Crossing (Cox's Rifle.)
10. Pioneer Shipping Center. Lottery River Wall. Dodridge's Home and Burial Place, also Patrick Gass' Home. Church built by Alexander Campbell. Many Pioneer Graves.
11. Bethany College. Historic home of Alexander Campbell. A beautiful drive.
12. Site of Pioneer Orchards, Race Tracks.
13. High Tension Electric Center of American Water Works Co.
14. Historic Short Creek, Site of VanMetre Fort, First Court House, Home of Famous McCullochs. Place where Major Samuel McCulloch was shot by Indians.

HISTORIC PLACES IN WHEELING

Mouth of Creek where DeCeleron buried Lead Plate—(1749).

Site of Fort Henry on Main Street, between 10th and 11th Streets.

Site of Ebenezer Zane's home, from which his sister Betty carried the powder to the Fort during the second battle of Fort Henry—on Alley back of Stone and Thomas Store.

Place of Major Samuel McCulloch's Famous Leap at top of Wheeling Hill.

Monument Place, Historic old Shepherd Fort and Home at Elm Grove. Also Pioneer Flour Mill still in use, Old Stone Tavern of National Pike days.

Former State Capitol Building

Historic Old Homesteads.

CORNER OF MARKET AND SIXTEENTH STREETS

This corner was purchased by the U. S. Government in 1855 and a building erected to be used as a Custom House and Post Office. Also used by Federal Courts during Civil War period.

The Second Wheeling Convention (1861) held most of their sessions here.

Arms and Ammunition were stored here.

Tips and Trips

for

TOURISTS

in

WHEELING

and

THE PANHANDLE

by
W. ELZA SCOTT

Places Of Interest In and About Steubenville

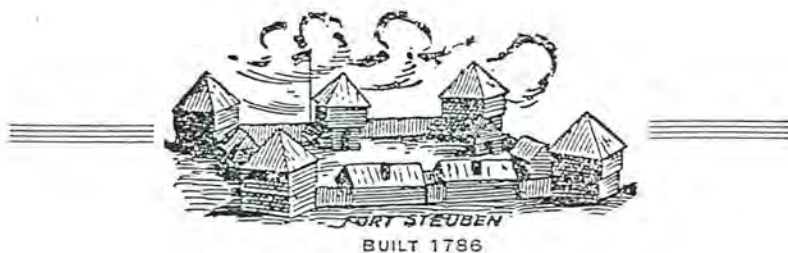
1. Site of Fort Steuben, between South High Street and Lake Erie Avenue.
2. Dr. Joseph Doddridge, pioneer preacher, physician, and historian, held church services in the early 1790's, at foot of Market Street.
3. Location and original main building of the famous old Steubenville Female Seminary, the first (1829) in the Northwest Territory, and a noted educational center for over sixty years, on South High Street.
4. Birthplace of Edwin M. Stanton (famous attorney and Lincoln's Secretary of War at 526 Market Street. His other homes on North Third Street.
5. Site of pioneer United States Public Land Office, (1801) managed by the same man, David Hoge, during its entire existence, or over forty years. 120 North Third Street.
6. Site of Bezaleel Well's beautiful home and grounds, Corner South and Third Streets.
7. The scenic drives and views in the beautiful Union Cemetery, 1720 West Market Street.
8. The magnificent drive over Sunset Boulevard, to either Richmond or Cadiz. No more beautiful sunsets can be seen in the entire region.
9. Mingo, site of Indian village and place of many early historical events, among which was Geo. Washington's visit in 1770. Three miles south of Steubenville over Ohio River Route No. 7.
10. Historic Yellow Creek, 16 miles up the Ohio, over Ohio River Route No. 7. Site of Indian Chief Logan's home and pioneer embarking point of Indian raiders and Colonial Armies.
11. Abraham Lincoln, enroute to be inaugurated as President in 1860, addressed a vast throng at foot of Market Street.



GREAT SEAL OF OHIO

Compiled and Arranged by W. Elza Scott.
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H. C. COOK CO., STEUBENVILLE, OH.



Tips and Trips

for

Tourists

In and Around

Steubenville

Founded 1797

Incorporated 1805



BEZALEEL WELLS



*Eldersville
Normal
School
-1908-*



PROFESSOR ELZA SCOTT



ODDITY. The Patterson home in Avella, Washington County, is little changed from its original appearance. Built in 1794 of rough-hewn native stone, the walls are almost two feet thick. "Oddity" was the name William Patterson gave to his odd-shaped parcel of 245 acres. His patent was signed by Benjamin Franklin.

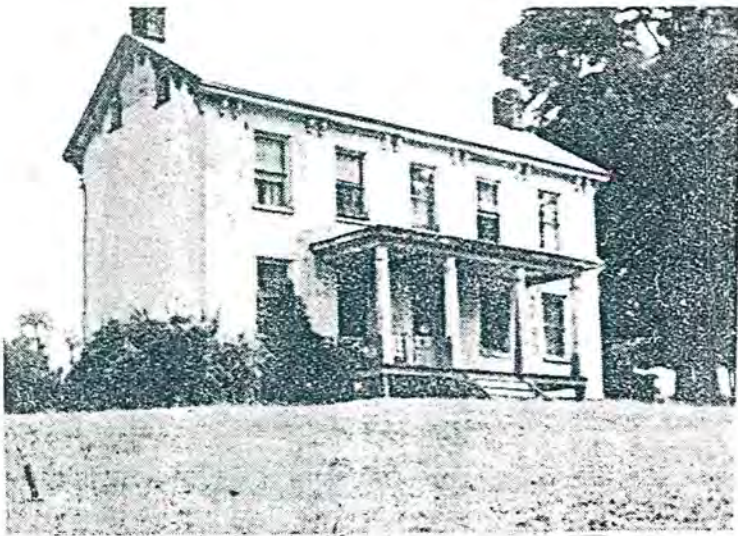
Part Of Wall Of 154-Year-Old County Home Crumbles



Strain of time and weather over a period of 154 years finally crumbled a portion of the historic Patterson home in Cross Creek Township on Rea, R. D. 1. A section of the east wall of the famous landmark crashed to the ground recently, exposing two second-story rooms. The walls of the house, built in 1794, are two and one-half feet thick. They are in two layers, each a foot thick, the space between being loosely filled. For a number of years the bulging wall had been braced by great iron

bolts running through the attic and by wooden props on the outside. At the time of the crash, the Patterson family, Frank, Ella, Annie and Mary, were in the dining room. Had any person been passing from the kitchen to the well they would have been instantly killed by the falling stones. The present occupants are the fifth generation of Pattersons to occupy the home built by their great-great-grandfather, William Patterson.

Note: James Drain of Ligonier, Penna. bought the stone in ~~the~~ old Patterson Stone House and moved it to Ligonier where he erected it in a home and antique shop - torn down about 1970. ADW



This old brick house, built by Major William Lee in 1838, was the "mansion house" on the Lee Farm and the home of the family for many years.

Cross Creek Village Area



Home of the Lees in Hollidays Cove - William McMillan Lee and his wife Caroline Patterson Lee and their children who included Caroline and Venie.



WILLIAM LEE.

One of the first elders of the Three Springs Presbyterian Church and the grandfather of William McMillan Lee.



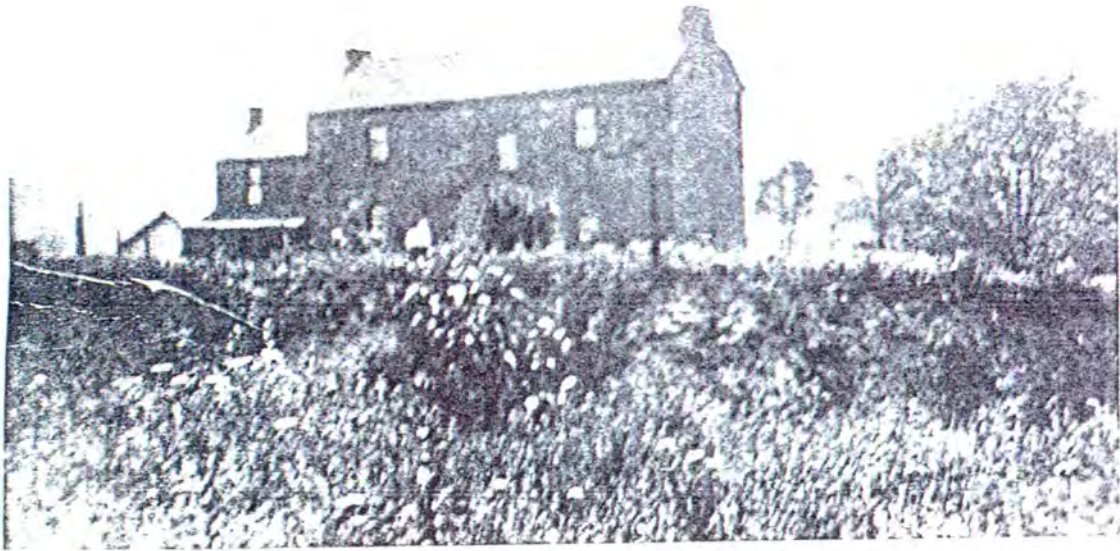
Caroline and Venia Lee Daughters of William McMillan Lee and Caroline Patterson Lee. Both were missionaries in China.



First stone house in the Weirton area. Built in the 1790's.
Home of William Griffith. Demolished to build Weir High Stadium.

Griffith House





Richard Wells Stone House - Avella, PA

Built in 1818, possibly by slave labor. Picture taken 1926.
House razed 1950's.

Richard was the son of Pioneer Alexander Wells, the earliest settler in the Cross Creek Country.

Another son of Alexander, Bazaleel Wells, was the founder of Steubenville, Ohio. Bazaleel's first wife, Rebecca Resteau, died at the birth of her second child and is buried beside this stone house in the Wells Burial Ground. His second wife was Sarah Griffith who bore him eleven children.



Mary Donaldson Sinclair
1862 - 1940

Keeper of the Records
of Steubenville, Ohio
and the surrounding
area of Jefferson County.
Genealogist and historian,
Mrs. Sinclair was one of
the greatest "Keeper of
the Records" of all time.



Hotel at Kidd's Mill where girls from Pittsburgh boarded for two-week periods during the summers. Bancroft Post Office was housed in the left front corner of the first floor.



Taken in 1988 at Kidd's Mill. A.D. White, age 94 is speaking about the history of the area to the crowd of visitors at the annual Kidd's Mill Walk.



KIDD'S MILL

The Saga of Kidd's Mill

By A.D. White

Among the wild, secluded spots of Jefferson Township of the present day, none is more secluded or more wild and beautiful than the site of the old grist and sawmill known for years as Kidd's Mill. The location is near the junction of the two branches of Scott's Run in southwestern Jefferson Township and near the West Virginia line. Near here once could have been seen a declivity known as Hiskus Jump, the story of which comes to us from Pioneer times that a man by the name of Hiskus was being closely pressed in a chase by Indians. When the red men were so close on him that he felt that capture was certain, he decided that he would rather leap over the cliff and risk death in that manner than to be captured by the Indians. He made his escape by jumping over the cliff, which he did safely, then concealed himself in a small cave which he found in a large rock on the other side of the creek.

When one visits the spot today, it is difficult to imagine that here at one time was a center of much activity. All that one sees today is Scott's Run flowing swiftly at this point, through a steep-walled valley whose sides on an early spring day are covered with white flowered trillium and other wild flowers in abundance, and over-hanging from the steep banks of the stream are many pine trees. The only sign of human progress in evidence is a very idle railroad trestle spanning the creek and a little farther upstream the ruins of the old mill. While this was once a flourishing crossroads community, today one sees only the scars of the roads which once converged here, there being no road on which one might use a wheeled vehicle within a half mile or more of the old mill site.

A mill was first established at this point by Charles Scott, an Irishman, who was an early settler here. This man, known as Charley at the Mill, to distinguish him from another Charles Scott, Charley on the Hill, was instrumental in assisting many of his friends in locating near him. When an Irish acquaintance of "Charley at the Mill" arrived, he always looked up Charley Scott who helped him get his bearings in the location of a good tract of land.

The mill was maintained here by this Charles Scott and his son, who sold the tract to Samuel Cresswell, who built a larger mill in 1852 and conducted its operation until he sold it in 1855 to Thomas Weaver who appears to have continued as owner and operator until 1865 when he deeded the property to David A. Benjamin who was Trustee for an eastern syndicate who drilled a well to a depth of eight hundred feet. This proved unsuccessful and the mill property was sold on March 30, 1868 to Nathaniel Gillespie who, with his son, James, conducted the mill until March 1, 1878 when it was transferred to G. Chalmers Miller. At this time the mill was known as the Pine Grove Grist and Sawmill, this name belonging also to the Presbyterian Church which stood on the hillside just a short distance from the mill.

In 1885, Chalmers Miller deeded the mill property to Eliza Kidd, and thenceforth the mill was known as Kidd's Mill. Eliza Jane Stewart Kidd was a daughter of Robert Stewart, of Jefferson Township. She was married prior to 1850 to David Kidd, a native of Ireland. After their marriage this couple moved to Guernsey County, Ohio, where Kidd's death occurred in 1868. The widow and her six children returned to Jefferson Township and she soon undertook with the help of her fifteen year old son, Robert, the purchase of a farm of 108 acres near Eldersville. In addition to purchasing the farm at Eldersville, the Kidd family purchased the mill as above stated, and Robert Kidd managed the operation of the mill during the rest of its period of existence.

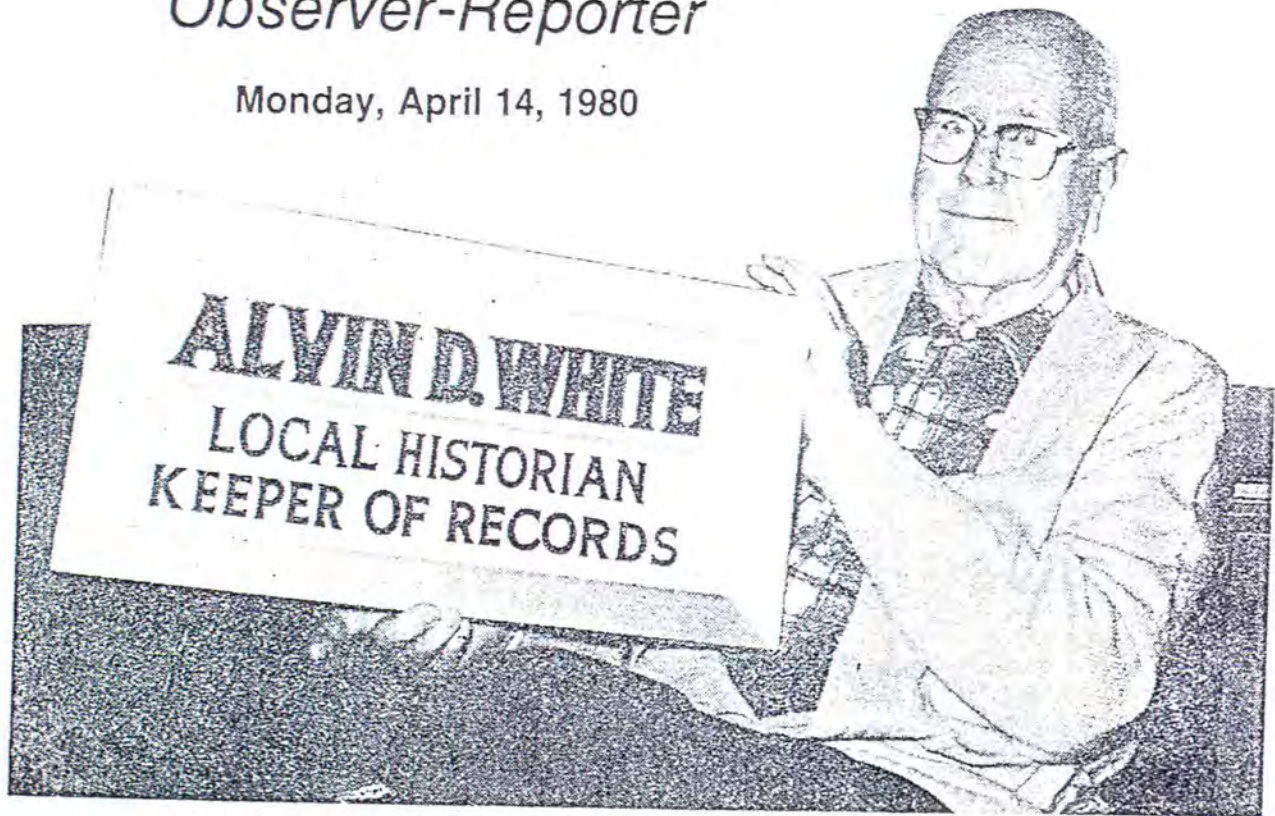
In its early days this was a water mill, but steam was eventually introduced. Some time after the introduction of the use of steam, a terrible tragedy occurred at the mill on August 8, 1882, when the boiler exploded, tearing a gaping hole in the side of the mill as it blew up then flying out through the air, struck the steep bank across the creek and rolled back onto the level ground. In this accident, the miller, Tom Bavington, was killed, and his helper, James Phillips, was critically injured and died soon afterwards. Mr. Elza Scott, then a small boy, was out with his mother picking berries nearby on that fateful day. Suddenly a horseman appeared riding up the "Run" Road toward Eldersville. This man, John H. Murchland, saw the Scott's and called out, "The Mill's blown up and killed Tom Bavington," and then rode

on furiously to Eldersville to secure medical help from the village physician, Dr. J.F. McCarrell. Elza Scott and his mother rushed home and the boy was dispatched to the homes of neighbors to tell them of the tragedy.

Kidd's Mill continued to operate until shortly after the turn of the century when it was closed down. At this place, Mrs. Agnes Murchland, sister of Robert Kidd, served as Postmistress at the Bancroft Post Office and also, for a period of ten or twelve years, conducted a summer resort hotel for working girls from Pittsburgh who came here for two-weeks vacations. The Post Office here was discontinued upon the installation of the rural free delivery of mail.

Observer-Reporter

Monday, April 14, 1980



Alvin White: **A Teacher Reminisces**

A tribute to Alvin D. White from a former student

By Sonya Jason
For The Enterprise

(Editor's note: Sonya Jason resides in Woodland Hills, Calif. She has written hundreds of articles in books and magazines across the country and has appeared on radio and TV. Several of her writings have been published in this newspaper.)

As I write this, a house guest sits before the television absorbed in the latest bit of courtroom drama in the O.J. Simpson case. Simpson is widely heralded as a hero and his name merits national, if not international, attention. But in the end, what will it matter to millions of avid viewers? Did his life really impact us in any meaningful way?

I am at the opposite end of the house with mind filled with memories of one man I feel truly was a hero as I mourn his passing. The name of Alvin White will bring no major headlines, no histrionics, only private grief to his family, friends and hundreds of former students whose lives he touched or enriched. That legacy will spread out into the taproots of future generations.

Right now I feel a sense of frustration that our cheering him on did not help him to reach his 100th birthday this coming Nov. 10. That touchdown triumph over Time we wanted so much to celebrate with him was not to be.

My thoughts go back over decades to that first school day when I, as a frightened child, looked up into the twinkling blue eyes of this school principal. A flash of affection, a soft touch on the arm from what to me was a towering giant but actually a moderately tall man, was reassuring. And it has been that way ever since.

Scenes flash back of the times he visited our home in a coal mining patch to bring books, or simply to touch base with our parents. To them, unlettered eastern European immigrants, the visits brought a feeling of awkward humility at what they perceived as inequality but an awe and fierce loyalty to one they considered a strong ally with learning and authority.

I recalled him taking several of us fourth- and fifth-graders to an optometrist for eye examinations. Who paid for those glasses was never divulged and I never knew. It may well have come out of White's own pocket but with ten children of his own, and on the small salary he received, that would have taken some doing.

Somehow he perceived prob-

lems in the lives of eventually hundreds who became his students over a long and busy teaching/administrative career. Unobtrusively he helped where he could. Arrangements for free bus transportation to the high school for this or that aspiring student, a job cleaning the classrooms for the oldest son of a widow, new shoes for those whose were threadbare. But above all, was the careful monitoring of our education. There was a sensitive understanding of how difficult it is for first generation children of immigrants to bridge that gap between two cultures and he strove to meet that need.

The teachers he worked with and helped select were incomparable; Mrs. Ryan, Ms. Post, Ms. Pirih, Ms. Rusbasson, others, shared his gift of empathy. By the light of their lives, rather than lectures or words, we chose to become Americans because we wanted to emulate them. They turned a four-room school into a memorable shrine. I know of no other grammar school that has held reunions for 49 years after the rural school closed and to which people travel from distant parts to attend. The latest one was at St. John's Church in Avella in 1993.

A few years ago about 300 attended a banquet held in honor of White's 96th birthday. There were many personal accounts of his influence on lives told with tears and laughter.

He told me not long ago that he never dreamed his first job as a teacher would lead to such a long career in education. After retirement, his wife Laura and he traveled and visited their family in far flung places. And he wrote and published fascinating accounts of the history of the small towns around their home town of Hickory, the mining camps, churches and people who came and went. Expectedly he played a focal part in organizing the historical society of Hickory.

On one of my visits with him about two years ago he received another one of the frequent phone calls he gets from former students. This one was seeking information about his family roots. With no hesitation White was able to answer questions, remembering the entire family from decades past, and to offer suggestions on how to proceed in digging further into genealogy and to exchange good wishes. I was awed that anyone of 97 years of age could have such total and detailed recall and wondered what his secret was.

Now in reflecting on the continued service and encouragement he poured out even in his latest years, I believe that if there is any secret is, is that of love. He came to love his work as educator, researcher, informal counselor and all those who came his way.

Some years ago as my husband and I drove away one rainy afternoon from a delightful visit with White and his wife Laura, my husband commented thoughtfully, "What a fruitful life." And then he said he wished there was some way science could preserve all the knowledge and wisdom such a person has stored in his mind. "He's a human library," he summed it up.

An article of mine once appeared in *The Enterprise* comparing Alvin White to the fictional character Mr. Chips, the hero-teacher in an English boys' school. I called White "Our Own Mr. Chips." But the tribute was perhaps premature then. It no longer is.

I feel it is fitting that this hero in education, a man who was patriotic with no ostentation, and who taught us to value the uniqueness of the United States, died on the 4th of July.

As many of his former students gathered with family and friends to celebrate this holiday, the life of Alvin White, lived quietly and with great dignity, came to an end the same way.

I look out over the San Fernando Valley where I have lived for 30 years, but my heart wings its way to the small town of Hickory to share in the keen sense of loss that community feels.

Never again will he encourage me with my writing achievements. Nor to be there to offer solace at another of life's inevitable burdens. I am left with the poignant reminder of the wise counsel he gave me after the untimely passing of my sister Eva and brother Adam.

"Look to what you have left," he said gently. "Always look to what you have left."

With that remembrance, it seems that his unquenchable spirit is reaching out to us. Because, truly, what I and countless others who knew Alvin White are left with are those places in the heart, mind and spirit he touched. And those nothing can destroy, not even death.

God speed you to your eternal destiny, dear teacher, friend, mentor. May you rest easy. And may we meet again in some higher classroom of learning and loving.

Neglect of old cemeteries not just issue of today

Noted local historian, A.D. White, expressed his concern 17 years ago in message to public during nation's bicentennial

(Editor's Note: This article was submitted by June Grossman, a member of the Graveyard Committee of the Fort Vance Historical Society. It is being published in the public interest.)

Last summer I drove to the top of the hill overlooking the little town of Burgettstown in Washington County, Pa., settled perhaps two centuries ago by the Sebastian Burgetts and other early families whose descendants have, for the most part, departed from the area. There on the summit, totally lost from view by the dense growth of trees, underbrush and weeds, stood two ancient burial grounds, the Presbyterian and United Presbyterian graveyards. Both were in a state of abandonment and total neglect. Had I not known they were there, there would have been absolutely no way I would have noticed them in passing by, for even the tallest of the monuments was obscured by the excessive growth of a number of years duration.

Not long thereafter, the issue of this neglect was discussed at gatherings of the Cemetery Committee of the Fort Vance Historical Society, a group of persons interested in preserving these old burial plots and recording their inscriptions. Concern for this problem must have been quite widespread for by November one of the area's best citizens and helping hands, Jerry Stiffler, entertained a plea for assistance in clearing these grounds of their heavy growth.

Led by this civic-minded, hard-working man, a gallant attempt was made at performing this almost insurmountable task. Prior to the appointed day for work, Mr. Stiffler, working alone, had already amassed 77 man-hours on his own, using for the most part, his own equipment. He later credited a few other persons for some assistance which was given him, but the bulk of the effort and expense was Mr. Stiffler's.

A drive today to the location at the top of Pittsburgh Street would find quite a different picture than that which I encountered last summer. A most commendable showing in the clearing operation now greets the traveler, and once again it is possible to visit the graves of the early pioneers whose final resting place is one of these two old cemeteries.

The sad part of this story is that after all of this thankless donation of time, work and expense, Mr. Stiffler received a disheartening letter of condemnation from one of the churches which claims one of the burial grounds. The letter from their attorney reprimanded him for infringing on their jurisdiction and opening them to possible law suits from persons who could possibly have been injured in the cleaning-up operation.

Mr. Stiffler, whose record for community service and labors of love speaks for itself, was crushed. He published a letter in The Enterprise in which he stated his intentions of NEVER again performing a single hour of service to this community. We of the Cemetery Committee are in complete sympathy with his views. We understand the concern of the church board in its fears of litigation inasmuch as this seems to be the growing trend in today's world. But we feel strongly that some other action could have been taken rather than to discourage and discredit the efforts of this sincere civic-minded individual.

The Burgettstown community is not large enough to thoughtlessly discourage a single citizen who has the community's welfare at heart. We of the Cemetery Committee wish it to be publicly known that both individually and collectively we offer our thanks to Mr. Stiffler for his work and his interest in these old burial grounds.

At this point in time we hope that Mr. Stiffler will step back from the situation and view it in the long run, for as will be seen, he is but one link in a long chain of persons who have mentally anguished over this issue.

Very recently, while perusing material from the files of Mr. A. D. White, historian, I came across the following. On September 10, 1910, the Burgettstown Herald, forerunner of The Enterprise, published a plea for help in putting the old Presbyterian graveyards in repair. Personal letters were sent to all relatives of persons buried there for whom addresses could be found. Donations were solicited at the Burgettstown Fair and articles appeared in the town newspaper, asking for donations to "help lift it from its present disgraceful condition."

That call for help was answered through liberal contributions of money and labor by two interested groups of persons — first, the descendants of those pioneers whose earthly remains were herein interred, and second, concerned human beings dedicated to preserving all ancient burial grounds. But the funds raised for this purpose back in 1910 were soon depleted.

The years went by and once again these cemeteries fell into a state of total neglect. For a time, some of the descendants of those buried therein would appear at Memorial Day and clear away the growth from the graves of their

loved ones. But finally even this effort seemed to vanish. All that was left in the way of concern were the yearly ramblings of Mr. White as he trampled through the underbrush in search of tombstone inscriptions to help some person whose family tree he was researching.

Mr. White made numerous appeals to both Hillcrest and Westminster Churches to do something about the state of these old grounds. But all of his efforts were to no avail. Eventually, he then undertook to solve a part of this problem singlehandedly. Like Mr. Stiffler today, Mr. White knew that if anything is going to be done, one must do it himself.

Thus it was that he undertook the gigantic task of recording for posterity the inscriptions on every tombstone in each of these burial grounds. One must of necessity go in person and walk over these two areas for oneself to even begin to appreciate the work involved.

By 1984 Mr. White felt that his work was as complete as he was able to make it in view of the fact that many stones were illegible, sunken forever into the ground or had been removed by some thoughtless or mischievous person to some inaccessible location. Not content, however, with these records carved into the granite, marble and sandstone markers, Mr. White consulted for hours the meticulously kept records of four generations of the Lee family in the funeral business. These records were graciously loaned to him by one of the present owners of the Lee and Martin Funeral Home, Thomas Lee. From them he was able to glean names of persons whose graves were no longer marked but whose remains rest in these cemeteries.

Another source of information was the necrology kept for a time in the late 1800's by William Melvin. After compiling the records into a readable form, Mr. White engaged the Fort Vance Historical Society, then under the capable leadership of Katherine Pyle, in publishing this work of many years. The finished compilation was so well received that a second printing was done in 1985.

Prior to the printing of this valuable record, Mr. White had been sowing seeds among the community attempting to arouse some concern for the care of old burial places. In 1976 when this nation engaged in a gigantic Bicentennial Celebration, it was no surprise that Mr. White was the one chosen to represent the great thinking of this community by being asked by The

Enterprise to write a dissertation for the Enterprise Bicentennial Edition. When presented with the subject, "What does the future hold for this area?" Mr. White gave a rather surprising response. He indicated that rather than address the issues of the future, his leaning had always been toward the history of the past. Thus it was that on the 200th anniversary of the birth of the nation, Mr. White penned what is probably the most eloquent discourse of his long and brilliant career as a historian and writer.

It has been said that the real test of a writer's worth is the application of that writing to life throughout the ages. Inasmuch as Mr. White's message of 1976 would have addressed this issue back in 1910 and is as apropos today as it was 17 years ago when he penned it, we present it here in its entirety.

"You asked me to write something commenting on 'What does the future hold for this area in this, the Bi-Centennial Year of our country?' What I am more concerned about is this: What is going to happen to our valued landmarks over the years ahead?"

"This part of our county is especially rich in places connected with the 200 years of our country. Many places can still be identified with our historic past. We have, in some cases, made feeble efforts to seek out and visit these places. We have, in some cases, written something about them, which is a commendable thing to do. A few of our historic old buildings have been snatched from the greedy hands of progress and have been restored to a respectable original condition, and to, at least, a semblance of their former usefulness. Almost everybody is willing to 'take a look' at these historic places, or to read a well-phrased description. But what are we doing about the preservation of these spots for the enjoyment and use for those who come after us in the next 200 years? (Or is that worth thinking about?)

"One of the best known of our early residents here was Col. Joseph Vance, for whom our local Historical Society is named. He came here in 1772. The exact location of his first settlement was not known until the accidental discovery of a paper containing his signature and in which he pin-pointed

the location of his 'cabin in the woods' as being on former Stephenson lands one and one-half miles south of Atlasburg just off present Route 18. His old cabin, past which I have walked on many occasions without knowing of its significance, is now in ruins.

"On the farm where, in 1744, Col. Vance built his historic Vance's Fort, nothing remains except a simple plaque placed there some years ago by our Junior Historians of Burgettstown Area High School. Even the exact location is in question. We tried some years ago to find the location of old Fort Dillo. It appeared that the site had been covered over by a spoil bank made by a modern coal-stripping operation.

"In Burgettstown, the Burgett House and Fort are entirely gone, and the old Mill too. And the Burgett Burial Ground wherein reposes the dust of early members of that family, and the bodies of six or eight of our heroes who fought for us in the American Revolution, even that sacred spot has been desecrated by the removal of every gravestone. Nothing marks any of these spots except the neat plaques placed there by the Fort Vance Historical Society in 1971.

"On a hill less than a mile away, the old United Presbyterian Graveyard and the site of the First Sceder Church here, lie in almost total abandonment except for a small pathway cut through where one or two family plots were cleared for the planting of Memorial Day flowers. Here can be found markers for several pioneer families of our area with names such as Scott, Welch, Stewart, Coventry, Kidd, Leech, Galbraith, Malone, Moore, McGough and many more. Included are the graves of John Perry, of the Civil War; Soldier Dugan, and another of World War I.

"And down the western side of this same hill can be found the old Presbyterian burial ground standing likewise, mutely, in a sad state of neglect. With a long list of family names from Aiken to Watt, displayed in horrendous disarray on the thousands of dollars worth of marble and granite, once placed there, confidently, by loving relatives, here, 'the rude forefathers of this hamlet sleep' unconscious, of

course of the lethargy which has permitted their last resting places to be so sadly neglected. Were the history of these noble families not also the history of this community, it probably would little matter. But the once proud names of Caldwell, Cunningham, of Melvin and Moore, of Patterson and Proudfit, once were, and still should be, meaningful and significant in the history of Burgettstown.

"I found among these ruins the flattened gravestone for Elizabeth Lyle Proudfit. A sister of my Great-grandfather Joseph Lyle, she was married to John Proudfit of York County, Pa., in 1809, when she was barely sixteen years of age. She rode horseback over the mountains to their new home in York County. When they came back to Washington County to live in 1826, she rode horseback again, carrying for most of the way, her infant daughter, Cinderella Proudfit. What stuff these pioneer mothers were made of, and how we honor them today!

"A Boy Scout had recently undertaken to clean up these neglected graveyards for an advanced rating in scouting. He appealed for the help of the community, and considerable work was done. But on a recent visit to these graveyards, the project appeared to me to be at a stand-still.

"And on another hill just north of Burgettstown, the private graveyard of the Whitaker family stands equally neglected, visited only once in a while by a curiosity seeker, who probably leaves the spot poorer than he found it!

"It is a dismal picture, of course, in a community which has prospered over the years in every material way. There is a brighter side to some of these pictures. In the old Presbyterian yard, there is still a corner, like an oasis in a desert, where relatives who care still maintain the family plot in excellent condition. And the well-kept cemeteries at Florence and Paris and Eldersville, at Cross Creek and Avella and Independence, at West Middletown and Buffalo and Hickory, all stand as evidence that it is not necessary to neglect our 'cities of the dead.'

"Before it is too late, can we not do something in our communities in northwestern Washington County to assure that our sacred landmarks are not allowed to deteriorate into complete oblivion?

"In Scotland and England, rich as is our land in places sacred because of their antiquity, much has been done for many years to preserve these places for posterity. Ruins of castles, hoary with age, are not bull-dozed away to make a place for a super-market. They are preserved, and, admittedly in some cases, commercialized, but at least they are there for all to see. And graveyards, with weathered inscriptions on the stones are not overgrown with briars, or trampled by cattle, but are carefully trimmed each year in grateful tribute to the rude forefathers or the people of noble race who sleep there. The old Scot reportedly rode around the country on an old nag and with a hammer and chisel and re-carving the names on ancient gravestones was not a myth, but a real person. He was also the impersonation of the spirit of the Scottish people in that ancient land who believe in preserving a visible past. Would that he could ride this way once in a while!"

A.D. White, June 10, 1976



A. D. White

HOLLIDAYS COVE, WV 1909

