



The 2019 Reunion Log

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SARAH MCKINNEY GLOVER, Calvin Kidd, and Pam Hall Smith were prime movers in making the dream of the Alumni Association's having a physical home become a reality. The facility, across from City Hall on Kelly Avenue, will be open part of the day on Friday and Saturday during the Oak Leaf Festival for alumni who want to browse.

Salesmanship, Generosity, Initiative Result in 'House'

The Alumni Association Board of Directors decided in May to look for possible sites to house a physical presence as headquarters for the Oak Hill Red Devil alumni. Calvin Kidd thought the back part of the CoMac building might be available, so he contacted owner Danny Tilson to see if he might rent it at a reasonable price.

After a short meeting, Tilson told Calvin he had come up with the price of a three-year lease--\$0--for the 3,000 sq. ft. facility which is in excellent shape. Further, the lease can be renewed for an additional two years at the same rental.

"Oak Hill has been good to us. We've done business here for 50 years, and we believe that small town people should take care of their town. The Alumni Association does great work, and we are happy to be able to help such a deserving group."

Then the work began. President Pam Hall tapped volunteer Sarah Glover to chair the clean-up, fix-up, and round-up memorabilia and fur-

nishings committee. Beginning with a vengeance, by the end of July, she had used the seed money provide by the association to clean, paint, decorate, and replace a portion of the carpet that had been damaged.

Immediate past president Sherry Keffer says, "Sarah is a product of working in the public sector where things had to be done post haste. She took off running and never looked back. She garnered donations, volunteer workers, and supplies in addition to the items and services that were purchased. She has worked and organized, never losing her enthusiasm. We are so lucky to have her."

President Pam Smith can't say enough about Calvin's salesmanship and Sarah's vision and energy. It's because of her dedication and energy that Alumni House is a reality

Sarah points out that she is not a one-woman show. Kudos go out to Mike Fox, Roy Lee, and Merry Hanning for their advice and generosity. Then there are Rick Pannell, Bill Craddock, and Tom Mason who were instrumental in setting up the media center where guests can watch old game films or spin a few 45's.

Justin Billings, who was hired to do some of the physical work like painting, and general fixit chores, has

Headquarters, p. 5



DANNY AND BEV TILSON

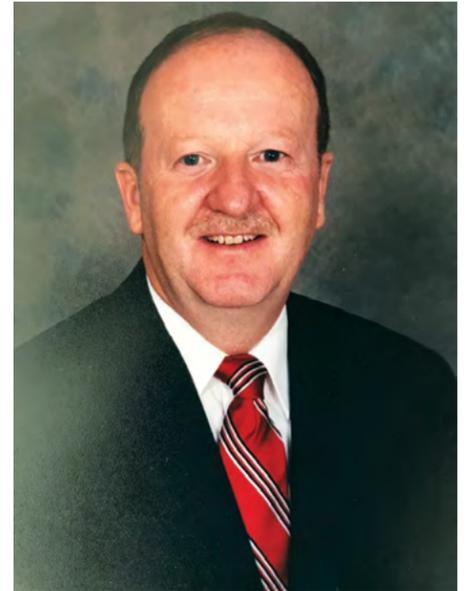
1970 Class President Is 2019 Grand Honoree

David Godwin Perry was chosen unanimously by the board of directors as the Grand Honoree for 2019. An educator, civic activist, watchdog, leader in his church, legislator, state board of education president, and ardent supporter of his alumni association, he has done it all.

"Being selected for this honor is the greatest and most honored surprise of my life. I truly was speechless when Sherry Keffer called to ask if I would accept the honor. Accept? How could I not? To be honored by those in one's immediate community is the greatest honor of all."

Perry, a 1970 Collins graduate, has always been a go-getter. By taking classes around the calendar, by 1974, when his classmates were receiving their undergraduate degrees, he had earned the M.A. in administration and vocational education, leading him into school administration at an early age. "I made some mistakes those early years, but each of them resulted in growth," he says.

Throughout his professional and political career, he has made education of youth and benefits to educators a top priority. Locally and state-wide, he made a positive impact with his tireless pursuit of accountability and excellence at all levels. During his tenure as principal at ColliMiddle School, the institution was awarded the state School of Excellence and National Blue Ribbon School honors.



DAVID G. PERRY
2019 GRAND HONOREE

Although he is known statewide for his educational and legislative achievements, he says that he learned more about being a principal by looking back on the things he did as a student that he should not have done. For example, as Senior Class President, he announced to his classmates that they could go home as soon as College Day ended. This cost him a short suspension from the student council. "There were other escapades, too,"

Perry p. 2

Dinner at Tamarack Features Expansive Buffet

For two years, the Board of Directors changed the format of the main attraction at Tamarack, but heeding to requests have reverted to the buffet. This year's fare includes cheese and vegetable trays, a loaded green salad, southern fried chicken, roast beef in au jus, buttermilk mashed potatoes, green beans, vegetable medley, assorted breads, bread pudding, key lime pie, and Greenbrier peaches. The buffet will open at 6:30 p.m. Snacks are available in the hallway along with a cash bar.

Attendees are encouraged to pick

up their tickets at Lewis House on Main Street Friday, 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Those arriving in town later may also pick theirs up at door.

The schedule for the evening follows:

- 5-6:30 Reception and Visiting (Between 6-6:30 class and group pictures will be taken by Frank Maruitz.
 - 6:30-7:30 Dinner buffet
 - 7:30-9 Dinner program and recognitions
 - 9-11 Dance music with DJ Bill Kincaid for those who wish to stay
- The parade Saturday starts at 10

Visiting Grads Could Be at Beach, But the Call of 'Home' Is Strong

Of the many alumni of Collins and Oak Hill High Schools, many could be somewhere else. They could be at the beach, enjoying that last long weekend of summer; they could be on their favorite college campus waiting for tomorrow's football game; they could simply be staying at home. Instead, they--you--are here, celebrating the present while looking fondly upon the past.

Not only have alums returned home for the weekend, they have faithfully contributed to the scholarship or "as needed" funds, making the Oak Hill High School Alumni Association a major player in the scholarship granting organizations.

There's more, though. Oak Hill is not the town it was when students grew up in the 40's, 50's, 60's, and 70's. Yet those are the ones who return year after year. "I look forward to this gathering every year because it is a reminder of how life was for a high school student when I was young, and it's a chance to see old friends," says Bill Staples.

Things are changing at Oak Hill High. When school started earlier this week, faces from two new schools blended with the already heterogeneous student body. OHHS, which already was comprised of students from the former Kingston, Pax, and Mt. Hope schools, is now home to students from recently closed Fayetteville High and Valley High (a combination of Montgomery High and Gauley Bridge High). Take time to drive out and look things over. You'll be happy you did.

Hey Everybody, The Log is Here!



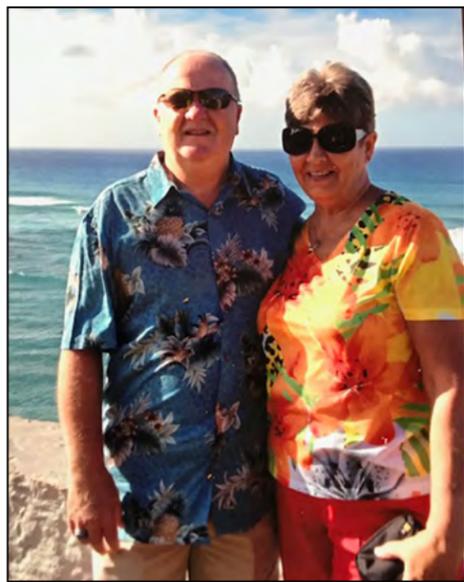
THE KOKOSKI sisters, (left to right), Donna Bowling, Betty Bragg, and Maggie Watkins, look forward to reading the Reunion Log each year. Betty graduated in 1964, Maggie in 1968, and Donna "Susie" in 1979. Each of them taught in Fayette County. All of their children are also Oak Hill graduates, and Betty's daughter, Tammy, currently teaches at Oak Hill High. How about each of you buying a Log this year?



THE PERRY'S YOUNGER daughter, Mindy, is married to Joel Harris. Their children, left to right are Carsyn, Camryn, Troy, and Tanner.



THE PERRY FAMILY, Nancy, Mrs. Perry, Angie, Dave and the Reverend Cecil Perry at Angie's high school graduation. She attended Troy State University on a full scholarship. She, her husband Steve and their family live in Troy, Alabama.



THE BEAUTIFUL SANDS and beaches welcomed Nancy and Dave Perry when they headed to Hawaii a few years ago.. Both of the Perrys are active in their church, and the Mt. Hope Lions Club, so a getaway was nice. Folks surely missed them when they were gone, though.



A WHAT ON A WHAT? Once while at a campaign, Dave wrote a donkey to prove that he is a good Democrat.



HOME AT COLLINS, Dave Perry led the school to both state and national prominence. Teachers still remember his admonition, "If you're not early, you're late."

GREETING GUESTS AT Tamarrack for the annual Red Devil Dinner are Donna Legg Hendrickson and Paul Nichols. Donna and Carroll Fox have worked intensely to make the mailing databas current. If your class has a reunion, please share your addresses with Donna or Carrol. You can email them or a death notification to OHHSalumni@yahoo.com or mail them to Box 462, Oak Hill.



EAGLE SCOUT DAVID PERRY attributes a strong sense of duty and responsibility to Jack Gannon, his Boy Scout Leader. As a high school student, he had good role models. Wayne Wriston was always a gentleman, and he also had some strong, regimented teachers such as Sherry Keffer, Shirley Donachy, Pat Bennett and John Duda. He also looked up to Paul Nichols and Jerry Stover.



CHRISTMAS ARRIVED WITH a brand-new bike. Previously, he had ridden the bike of his brother who was six years older than he who lost his life in a hunting accident.

Buy a friend a copy of The Reunion Log. It could be a collector's item

Collins Days Were Care-free

from page 1

he says, but they fell mostly into the prank category."

He remembers his days as a student at Collins High fondly, calling them the most carefree, and happy times of his life. Involvement made all the difference for him. "My parents didn't require that I make excellent grades. They did let me know, however, that a college degree was an expectation. My dad had worked two jobs most of my life. He had always worked in the mines, but when I was two-years-old, my eight-year-old brother was killed while hunting rabbits, resulting in my dad's accepting the call to the ministry. Until his retirement, he served two vocations--mining and the ministry to God's people. Neither he nor my Godly mother wanted me to have to work as hard as he did. Little did they know or imagine the physical, mental, and emotional demands of being a principal.

When he was young, Dave wanted to be a preacher or a state trooper. He could not be a trooper, though, because he never reached the height of 5'9". "I'd put a pully on my neck and try to stretch out that extra 1/4 of an inch but it just didn't happen."

As a student he earned both his undergraduate and graduate degrees from Marshall, and he is still a huge Marshall fan. During the years that The Herd was in the hunt for 1-A National Championships, Dave Perry wore the

same socks to every game after he wore them for the first win.

For 17 years he served in the West Virginia Legislature where he, through the years, was appointed to the Education Committee, Health and Human Resources Committee, Legislative Committee on Regional Jails, and he chaired the Committee on Insurance. He was in line to assume the chairmanship of the powerful Education Committee when the Democrats lost the political majority in the House,

A proud and active father, he and his wife, the former Nancy Trump, class of 1964, are the parents of two daughters, Angela Grice '88, and Mindy Harris, '91. Those two daughters and their husbands have given them 8 grandchildren, and in July they became great-grandparents.

"As I looked back on my career, I was thinking that the biggest professional disappointment was not ever being principal of my high school. I thought it must be as Thomas Wolfe said, 'You can't go home again.'

Then it occurred to me that I *did* go home. I became principal of my school--Collins, even though it was a middle school. I always think of it with a smile as I hear the words in my head to that school song telling me to 'Keep your eye on that Collins High.' I did keep my eye on it, and tried to make Collins Middle the best it could be.

Dave Perry is currently the President of the West Virginia State Board of Education.

Celebrating Red Devils

IT'S A KIDD FAMILY TRADITION

Oak Hill
2010AA2011
WV State Basketball Champ!



Frank J. Kidd 1942 Lifetime Member
(Deceased 3/26/2018)

Mary C. Kidd 1945 Lifetime Member
East Bank grad; Deceased 1/31/2019

Calvin R. Kidd 1966 Lifetime Member

Carol Rakes Kidd 1966 Lifetime Member

Charles "Perk" Kidd 1967

Melissa Kidd Wilshire 1991 Lifetime Member

Darrell Wilshire 1990 Lifetime Member

Sherri McKinney Kidd 1995 Lifetime Member

David Matthew Kidd 1994 Lifetime Member

Tyler B. Wilshire 2013

Austin Snuffer 2018

Scott M. Wilshire 2022

Graison Kidd 2025

Ashlyn M. Hambrick 2013 (FHS)

Preston M. Hambrick 2031

Adalyn H. Wilshire 2036

Aspyn J-C Wilshire 2037





ROSE MARY KING CHRISTIAN
1948-2019

'Even At Seven, I Knew She Was Beautiful'

By Carla Twyman Molley
DeeDee and Papaw, Mary Jane and Bud (who were Mr. and Mrs. King then) Rose Mary and Becky lived beside me on Kelly Avenue from the time I was 7 years old.

The Kings kind of adopted me into their family. Rose Mary and I were almost instantly best friends, sharing secrets, time at the Swim Club, records on a stereo that we wore out, secrets, a love of clothes, slumber parties, secrets, and Becky's broken arm. We'd sleigh-ride down Kelly Avenue until we were nearly frozen. We washed our hair, rolled it on BIG brush rollers, put on

triangle scarves over the rollers and go uptown to Kelley Drug to get vanilla cokes.

Even at 7, I knew that Rose Mary was beautiful.

During grade school, I'd go over to get Rose and Becky to walk up the hill to school. Mary Jane would dab a little cream on Rose Mary's face and say "drink your milk" and off we'd go. Rose Mary and I were never in the same room in grade school, but we'd always catch up after school.

Larry Grzyb says he knew in 4th grade that she was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. So it was unanimous, even then,

among our friends.

She had lots of friends. Everybody wanted to be this sweet, beautiful girl's friend.

In junior high school, the Swim Club years brought us into a new social circle. We talked about boys, dances, clothes. And Butch.

Rita Oxendale soon joined our clan and Becky grew a little older so it was usually an all-inclusive gang discussion on most afternoons or on Saturdays upstairs in my house on Kelly. Lots of times Rose Mary would stay all night with me and run home - real fast - in her pajamas and robe the next morning.

That continued all through high school and beyond. When we needed to talk, we turned to each other - a lot.

In high school, going steady with Butch, Rose Mary was a majorette and everything else. Boys and girls looked up to her. She was kind and nice to everybody. I was proud of her. I admired her. I recognized that she had so much going for her. I felt she was my other sister.

Her laugh was infectious and she had a sense of humor that GOT me. Rose Mary and I would decide that we needed to double-date so she convinced Butch that that's what he wanted too.

Rose Mary, p. 5

1983 Grad Advises 'Get Out Those Acorns'

By Tammy Thompson Treadway
Class of 1983

I remember my mother, Betty Bragg, telling me about high school in the early 60's or what I refer to as "back in the day". She would tell me about the group of her neighborhood friends and their long walks to and from Collins High School, uphill both ways of course. She told me about how they looked forward to getting together at ball games and other school activities.

But what I remember most about Collins High School in the 60's came from my viewing of the *Acorn*, the high school yearbook. I used to spend hours looking at my mother's yearbooks. I was drawn to them for some reason. I loved looking at the athletes in the funny uniforms, especially the cheerleaders. I wandered how in the world did they tumble in those things. I loved looking at the hairstyles, the clothing, and the big, thick framed glasses, all of which made me chuckle.

I remember looking at every individual picture to see if I could put any of those young faces with someone I currently knew, maybe someone from church or from my family's social circle. Once I picked out everyone I thought I knew, I would read the names to see if I was correct. I remember coming across many pictures of my friend's parents and thinking, wow, they were once teenagers too.

I also enjoyed reading the autograph pages. I read every single entry trying to get a sense of what my mother and her friends were up to in those days. I was covertly trying to discover some deep dark secrets, but all I found was words of friendship and encouragement.

So get out those yearbooks, flip through the pages and enjoy the memories.



Did she say 'Tumble'?

The only tumbling cheerleaders in the early sixties did was an occasional cartwheel while performing "Skyrockets." They may not have been athletic tumblers, but did they ever know how to activate a crowd's excitement. The were truly cheerleaders--leaders of cheers. Pictured during the 1960 football season are, from left, Shelia Lich, Kay Gilliam, Cookie Thompson, Jeanie McKinney, and Linda Honaker.

Dancing at the Scout Cabin

By Marilyn T. Montgomery

As the Boy Scout World Jamboree held right here in Fayette County comes to a close, I am remembering how a physical structure in Oak Hill known as the Scout Cabin played such an important part in the lives of us who grew up here in the 1950s and 1960s.

Although it began as a meeting place for the local scout groups, both boy and girl scouts, it became the "in" location for private birthday parties and family reunions as well. School dances held there were the Freshman Frolic and the Tri-Hi-Y formal, both during the school year.

Its real importance, however, came to be the location for Friday night dances after games....we flocked there after the wins or losses...and danced for victory or to forget losses. The juke box tunes were the top tunes of the day as we "slow danced" or "jitterbugged" until closing time...probably 10 or 11 at that time!

The girls hoped to be asked to jitterbug by the best known dancers of the day...Buck Byron, Freddie Legg, Joe Sproles, Howard Weeks, Jackie Delridge, and sometimes a few good dancers from Beckley and Fayetteville would show up....

Even after the end of the school year, we were lucky enough to be able to dance on Tuesday nights during the summertime... mothers chaperoned and Cannonball, the park maintenance worker, took care of keeping the place clean and ready on those summer nights...the wooden window shutters were opened and the summer breezes blew through. You could stand on the wide porch to talk between dances or just cool off, as you hoped for a chance to be walked home by a current heart throb. Mrs. Wilkerson was our regular summer chaperone and maybe a little money was collected to keep everything going.

Then there was the night that the freshmen players jumped out of one of the back windows as the coach came through the front door...they were not allowed to go to dances after the game!

Our nights at the Scout Cabin were as memorable to us as the Scout Jamboree will be to its participants, no doubt.

The Scout Cabin is now in a state of disrepair--problems with the foundation, and there is talk of its being razed; I hope that is not true.

'Peaches' Makes Mark

When Edna "Peaches" Alexander graduated from Collins High in 1964, she didn't give politics a second thought, but 55 years later she is a bustling member of Fayette County's Democratic Party, and her actions have resulted in her winning several awards in the past two years.

How did she make such a jump? "Well, it happened over time," she explains. I lived in Oak Hill for several years, and worked as an X-Ray technician in Montgomery and at Plateau Medical Center, although it was Oak Hill Hospital at the time." "In 1986, my husband Bob and I moved to Michigan where he worked in the auto industry and we stayed there until 2014." During that time, she also became Edna.



Edna Alexander Wriston, front center, is pictured with dignitaries in the Democratic Party of West Virginia after being presented with the Camelot Award. She is flanked by Treasurer John Perdue and U.S. Senator Joe Manchin.

"When we decided to come back 'home', I knew then that I wanted to be involved in activities that might make a difference. Early on, I volunteered to work with the Alumni Association, but politics was in my blood."

She says that somewhere along the line she got introduced to Mike Fridley and started covering the entire county as part of his campaign. In 2017 she was named Volunteer of the Year for Fayette County. The following year, during the Roosevelt-Kennedy dinner in Charleston, she was awarded a plaque naming her the Fayette County Democrat of the year.

Another honor that she cherishes is the Camelot Award given by the West Virginia Federation of Democratic Women, which she was awarded in September 2018. The Camelot Award pays tribute to members who have given exemplary service to the organization, including promoting harmony among sister organizations, and promoting the fundamental ideals for which the Democratic Party.

Political activism has also led her to other volunteer opportunities, such as spearheading benefit dinners for charity.

Peaches Page 11



Look at All Those Basketball-Playing Legs

In 1959, while the cheerleaders wore skirts below the knee, the basketball players (obviously before Michael Jordan's mid 1980's NBA days) wore trunks that would qualify as "short shorts" at the time. Pictured with their coach, Avis Partain, far right, are, kneeling, co-captains Tom Wriston and Brookie Watkins, and in the back, Donald Thomas, Bill Craddock, Donald Thomas and Ronnie Potter.



1961 Imp Basketball Team

In the sixties, ninth-graders did not play Red Devil ball; instead they were the 'Imps.' The team that was to become the class of 1964 includes the following: Kneeling, Rober Roberts and Coach Ernest Faxio. Standing, l to r, Leon Franklin, David Adkins, Robert Christian, Randall Harrah, Gene Gallaher, Butch Wykle, Dickie Robertson, Clinton Kirk, Lawrence Higginbotham, Roger Perdue, and Roger Sheaves.

Snippets.....

HOW MANY REMEMBER back in the second grade when we joined the Brownies. We first met at a dance studio near the King theater. We stayed together as Girl Scouts for many years. Remember walking the railroad tracks from school to the scout cabin. Our leaders were Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Prather as Girl Scouts. I remember walking in a parade with our group and talking to Sandra Blake. We visited the Capitol in Charleston (bus trip) and ate at the Rose City Cafeteria (they ran out of French fries). RI

SINCE MY RETIREMENT, I've devoted more time to my genealogy research. I've run across family names that are tied to classmate's surnames and wonder now if we were related and didn't know it. My mother's family came from Summers County as did Cynthia Maddy's family. There is a very good history of Summers County (1984) that has information on her family. RI

AN UPDATE to pass along. Vicki Karen Caldwell (class of 66) died last June. We were best friends from the time we met. She was four and I was seven. Vicki was a true artist – fabric arts such as quilts, woven fabric made into incredible garments, painting, pottery, photography, etc. You name it – she could do it. Her woven goods were sold at Tamarack and WV Cultural Center, and her quilts are on display at various locations. RI

Preceding news briefs were submitted by Ruth Inghram, Class of 1962.

Sue Furlong, formerly Susie Hannabass, reports that she was kicked out of the Brownies--or at least she was given the option of attending regularly or quitting. She says she usually only went when she knew refreshments were being served and that it didn't sit well with the leaders. She quit.

From the January 1969 Log: During the intermission of the 1968 Tri-Hi-Y Snowball formal, Miss Jasper presented a gift to and crowned the Snowball Queen, Paige Janney. Paige was elected by the junior members of the Tri-Hi-Y, and the results of the election were unknown until Miss Jasper made her announcement.

After she was crowned, Paige and her escort, Fred Kerby, were serenaded by Bill Rainey who sang "More". The entire group was then served refreshments in

the faculty dining room, and the second half of the Snowball Formal commenced. By the way, Queen Paige and her escort Fred have been married for more than four decades.

One day, while having waited hours for her track event to be called, Tori Mackowiak found herself in line at the John P. Duda Stadium hoping for a water and something small to eat. Hearing over the intercom that the 200 meter dash was set to begin in 15 minutes, she panicked as she was nowhere near ready to run and was starving. With her five dollars, she bought and scarfed down some salty chips and some water and threw them down on the pavement to begin warming up for the race. She reports, "Soon after, I found myself on the starting line, anxiously anticipating the firing of the gun. As it resounded in my ears and I began sprinting to the finish line, I felt something in my sports bra. Halfway down the runway, I realized that in my hurry I had thrown my money in there as I was running back to the track. As I ran, pennies and dimes began hitting me in the face while the three dollar bills that were also stuffed in there threatened to escape as well. I prayed the coins didn't hit any other runners as well, finished the race and ran immediately off the track, thinking that no one had seen my failure. Satisfied that my secret was safe, I laughed it off and continued with my life. That is, until my coach, George Smith, texted me days later saying, "Found some of your change in lane 5."

In answering the call for "here's what I'm doing" articles for *The Reunion Log*, Margo Treadway Abdallah, Miss Imp 1965, moved before graduating, but plans to be at her 50th. After living in California several years, she and her family have lived in North Carolina for 21 years. She says she is so happy to be back in this part of the country.. She and her husband have two children and one grandchild. Her beautiful daughter, who is 33, has Downs' syndrome, and Margo spends most of her time making her happy--which also makes Margo happy. The picture above is her Miss Imp photo for the yearbook.

The class of 1967 has started having a mini-reunion yearly. What a good idea! They also have a great presence on Facebook.

Thank You To OHHS

By Sean Withrow
Class of 2004



SEAN WITHROW

As I sit here at DFW International Airport awaiting my flight to Salt Lake City, I am reminded of how thankful I am for my career and the opportunities that it provides. When I graduated in 2004 and headed to WVU to pursue a degree in Engineering, I had little more than a vision of what my life would consist of 15 years after the fact.

Now, as a Plant Manager for Parker Hannifin Aerospace in Fort Worth, TX, the hard work and learning that has been put in is paying off. With 500 employees and sales responsibility of over \$130M a year, I frequently rely on past learnings to help conquer challenging situations and continue to drive the business forward.

Many of these learnings I owe to growing up in the great state of West Virginia and to the teachers that helped to mold a much younger me at OHHS. Come to think of it, it probably started back at CMS as we were constantly given brain teasers, riddles, and puzzles in Mr. Brown's Algebra class. It was most definitely enhanced by Mrs. Stiltner in Analysis.

The opportunity to take AP classes with Mrs. Lickliter, Mrs. DeViese, and Mr. Barnett was also a welcomed challenge. These things helped to build my character and approach. These individuals along with others, such as Mrs. Hayes, exemplified their dedication to our education and growth. There is no doubt that I would not be in the position I am in today if it weren't for crossing paths with these educators.

Were there things I didn't learn? Of course, but that is what life is all about. The job of a teacher is not to teach you everything but facilitate your ability to continue to learn and teach yourself. This philosophy holds true in any leadership role and I rely on this knowledge daily.

As I scroll social media I am reminded that the class of 2004 has done quite well for themselves. I see involved and loving parents. I see hardworking blue-collar miners and electricians. There are leaders in the medical industry. We have classmates finding success in business, real estate, health & fitness, science, engineering, technology; the list

Thanks--next column

One FHS, Three OHHS, Alums Enter WVSOM in '19

The naysayers will tell you that good students in Fayette County do not have chance when they get to college.

Good students continue to do well when they get to college, and the four students who began classes at the West Virginia School of Osteopathic medicine last month are evidence to that.

Mary Katheine Rosiek and Savannah Keffer were 2015 grads and fervent Red Devils. Savannah is a lifetime member of the Alumni Association.

Stephen Sutphin graduated from OHHS two years earlier, and Tyler Tabit graduated from Fayetteville High in 2015.



NANCY MATHEWS HARDING celebrates her 80th birthday in Lexington, VA, where she and her husband Larry spent their first night as a married couple. The house in the background is where she and journalism classmates spent the weekend while at the SIPA convention.

Harding Takes Trip Back To the Future for 80th

By Lori Harding Willis

I wanted to do something special for mom's 80th birthday so we set out on a little adventure!

Back in 1959 when mom and dad (Nancy Mathews class of '57 and Larry Harding class of '55) were married on New Year's Eve they stopped overnight in Lexington, Virginia, on their way to their honeymoon.

They had their first married meal at the Southern Inn Restaurant which is still there. I know how much mom misses dad and knew she would love to go back there. We had dinner at the Southern Inn the night of her birthday! Everyone loved hearing her story and the people sitting near us even bought her a Southern Inn shirt and mug as a birthday gift!

She also enjoyed showing me around town! She and dad had enjoyed walking around the beautiful campus of Washington and Lee and also VMI.

She showed me the house that she stayed in when she was

a journalism student at Collins High with a group of girls including Yvonne Tatum Arthur, Paquita Ripoll Sarver and Susan King Carpenter.

I took a picture of her in the front yard and she showed me the window they climbed out on the roof from! The post office was directly across the street and she showed me the postcard that she mailed to dad from there that she still has.

We saw the Natural Bridge that she had seen on her journalism trip.

We stayed at the Robert E. Lee hotel and they loved her story! When we arrived back to the room from dinner they had a bottle of champagne and chocolate covered strawberries waiting in our room!

I'm so thankful for mom and dad, Collins High sweethearts that made a life in Oak Hill. My life and those of many others were made better by them! I love you mom!!

Thanks, cont.

goes on and on.

I also want to thank the school for continuing to find ways to advance its course offerings. As a player in the Aerospace Industry, I was extremely proud to see that Oak Hill High School now has an Aerospace Engineering class. Engineering, along with the other STEM areas, are growing fields that provide ample opportunities for the youth of Fayette County. The educators continue to find ways to have a positive influence on their students, the same influence that was bestowed upon myself and my classmates. The same influence that will ensure that 15 years from now, another student will be penning a similar letter of thanks. Keep up the great work and continue to invest in our youth. They expect it, deserve it, and will benefit greatly from it. We all will.



ENTERING THE ALUMNI HOUSE, visitors will first notice the bright white, red and black decor as they are welcomed by portraits of former principals.



WVSOM CLASS OF 2023 students from Oak Hill and Fayetteville are all smiles during orientation week. Pictured are Mary Kate Rosiek, Savannah Keffer, Stephen Sutphin, and Tyler Tabit.

Rose Mary

from Page 3

He'd drive his very large car and haul us around to the Top Hat and the movies. We had a great time!

In later years, after she went to Tech, flew for Eastern and came home to marry the love of her life, everybody scattered a little more. But we soon became close again.

I'd come home from Bristol and stay with Rose and Butch in their new little home while Butch, his dad and granddad built their big house.

Their beautiful house finished, they moved in and a few years later, when I decided I wanted to be a grown-up in Oak Hill/Beckley, I moved in too – for six weeks. Rose and Butch invited me to stay with them until I got my apartment in Mt. Hope and got my feet on the ground at Beckley Newspapers.

At the same time Princess Amy was born. I can remember Butch running into my room, shaking my feet and saying, "Carla, wake up, we're going to the hospital!"

Becky and I tore over to Beckley and as the doctor wheeled Rose Mary and Amy out, the doctor said of Rose Mary, "She didn't make a peep." I believed him. This baby girl was already so loved and cherished, Rose Mary couldn't wait to get her here and she didn't want to trouble anybody by making it loud. She was beautiful that way.

In the last 20 years, Rose Mary, Butch, John and I have enjoyed so many good times. Rose and Butch came to Johnson City to visit one time, one of my best memories.

John thinks Butch ought to run for governor; he knows everybody and he has many friends who love both he and Rose Mary.

Rose Mary and I have phoned each other nearly every week for as long as I can remember. I'd think of her and she'd call, or I'd call and she'd say, "I was just thinking about you," and then we'd continue our conversation from the time before.

I cannot imagine a life without her. When I lost my only sister 8 years ago, I remember feeling the way I do today. Part of me is gone - again - and I have to adjust all over - again - to being without someone as close as my sister.

Becky, you will be able to take a deep breath again without crying. Your tummy will not feel like raw hamburger one day. Soon, you will think of something Rose Mary has done or said and smile.

Butch, John and I will not forget that you are our friend, too. John knows what this pain is like. We will keep you close in our thoughts.

Mary Jane, you're part of my life because Rose Mary loved you so much. She was so thankful to have you near her.

What a delightful daughter you have always been, Amy, Rose Mary's little shadow. The pride Rose Mary felt, just talking about you, Eason and Brady, was so much a part of what made her beautiful.

I love you, I miss you, my dearest friend.



REMEMBER WHEN WALKING into Oak Hill High meant facing a sea of gold carpet? Recent construction at the school results in students, staff, and visitors to the school being welcomed by shiny red, black, white and gray high-gloss tiles. Principal Katie Hayes says that the foyer will also include technology-based information dissemination. The Alumni Association is invited to have a television screen with information about alumni activities running in a continuous loop.

Structural Changes Coming

Katie Hayes, principal at Oak Hill High has described some of the changes that will begin in November in addition to the increase of about 33% to the student population with the influx of students from Fayetteville and Valley attendance areas.

Beginning in November, the auditorium will be completely rehabbed--new seating, acoustical tiling, a new hardwood stage apron, a plywood back stage so that props can be nailed or screwed if necessary, new back curtains and the relocation of the sound board.

The construction also includes the building of a life skills classroom that will be used for physical education classes as well as volleyball games and wrestling matching. It will seat 300-400 people and will be behind the current Lily Center.

Science teachers will have the rooms they dreamed of when the construction is complete. They actually submitted ideas and requests to the building planners that will make the science classrooms and labs almost like college facilities.

The next phase, which won't be this year includes a rebuilt kitchen and cafeteria space. That area will also include six new restrooms.

When the school opened in 1977, students were aghast that they had lockers that were not only smaller but were **yellow**. That has been changed. After 42 years, the lockers were painted in August, and they are red.

"I remember my mom's telling me how much she loved Collins High and how proud the students were of their airy, inviting building and how there were rarely marks on the wall or paper in the floor. For a variety of reasons, the students who attended the new Oak Hill High did not have that sense of responsibility for taking care of their school and it fell into a state of disrepair. We hope that with the new upgrades, the removal of 42-year-old carpet and new attitudes, the pride will be dominant once more."



SHERRY KEFFER INTRODUCES Principal Katie Hayes at last year's dinner.



SUE AND LARRY Navicki, last year's honorees, say that being honored by the Association was a highlight of their lives.

Crumbling Schools Era Comes to An End in '19

By Sarah Keffer
Class of 2018

Oak Hill High School's class of 2018 saw the height of Fayette County's struggle with school closings and consolidations. My classmates had been the last graduating class of Oak Hill Elementary, as well as the last graduating class of Collins Middle in its original location.

The winter of 2014 rolled around, and Collins Middle School was officially condemned. Rapidly, we were told to move our belongings and classrooms out of Oak Hill's freshman wing. Classes were not always taught in ideal circumstances, multiple classes were taught in the library, cafeteria, and gymnasium. However, teachers worked with what they had and continued to provide students with a great education. These closings and consolidations brought on hardships with education, as well as extracurricular activities. Nonetheless, it taught us to readily adapt to change, which is what we, as adults, will continue to do throughout our lives.

As a proud graduate of Oak Hill High School, I decided to apply for a job at the Fayette County Board of Education maintenance department after my first year of college. The mission was to move all boxes, furniture, etc., from each school closing or consolidating in Fayette County.

This meant moving all of Valley Elementary, Valley High,

Mount Hope Elementary, Rose-dale Elementary, Gatewood Elementary, Fayetteville High, Fayetteville Elementary, New River Primary, and Oak Hill Middle all within ten weeks. During this short time period, my eyes were opened to how much money and hard work were being placed into these students' facilities and education.

Although it didn't seem possible at the time, we were able to move all of these schools and have their belongings ready for the 2019/2020 school year. The new buildings are absolutely breathtaking, thanks to the construction workers taking such long and strenuous shifts. Additionally, the renovations to Oak Hill High make it look modern and ready to accommodate all of its new students.

Additions such as the new aerospace engineering lab and soon, new science labs, give students new learning opportunities that they didn't have before. The addition of new administration offices at the front of the building not only makes the school more spacious, but also makes the school safer for students and staff. Being a student and employee of Fayette County Schools has made me appreciate the hard work and dedication placed into this long building process. I have seen it unfold from many different viewpoints, and I am so glad to finally see the finished product.

Lost at Babcock During Sr. Picnic

By Linda Akers Morris
Class of 1964

It was the 1964 senior class picnic; location was Babcock State Park. Sheila Kania and I decided to take a hike and were told to follow the trail to another area which entailed taking a right turn at a footbridge. What we failed to ask was do we take that turn BEFORE or AFTER the bridge. We opted for before the bridge — huge mistake! Off we went expecting to find our classmates at another location in the park, but after what felt to be hours, the trail disappeared.

We didn't want to spend time walking all the way back from where we started so we concluded if we just climbed straight up the mountain we would likely cross a path that would lead us to the right spot. We were wrong — again! By this point we were scraped and scratched, tired and thirsty. We then found, much to our relief, a paved road. A car passed us, not once but twice, so we decided to engage the occupants by yelling. They approached us and asked "Are you the kids that are lost?"

At that point they offered to take us to the ranger station — which we gladly accepted. Upon arrival there we were soundly reprimanded and told the buses which brought all of us had left. As it turned out there were 3 separate groups (is 2 a group?) that were MIA (and we concluded one of those was us). Now what to do about getting back to

Oak Hill? Ricky Halstead was in another group in the same predicament and offered to call his parents to get help. As requested, Ricky's dad appeared some time later (felt like forever) and all of us squeezed into their station wagon.

But wait, the adventure didn't end there — when we arrived at CHS the following day we were informed by Principal Hager that we would be in detention hall until the end of the school term. A number of our parents felt that we had been punished enough (there were lots of bruises, scratches, bites) and went in force to challenge this — and they won! No detention!

There are advantages to living primitively, though. If we had had iPhones and google maps, this would not be a memory that has lasted 55 years. **And we do love our memories.**

Headquarters

from p. 1

continued to work--even after the money ran low. He even recruited help in his mother, Martha Billings, and his little sister Katie.

"Having a presence in town should strengthen the ties between alumni, the community, and current/future students. Our original goal was to promote the past while progressing into the future. If you'd like to donate memorabilia, contact a member of the Board of Directors.

'On My Honor'...43,000 Strong for Jamboree



It was simply "Garden Grounds," as long as locals could remember, but in 2013 when the Boy Scouts of America purchased the 14,000 acres to build a high-adventure campground and home of the National Scout Jamboree, everything changed. This summer, 43,000 scouts and 10,000 leaders and volunteers from all over the world attended the World Scouting Jamboree, bringing back scouting memories to many who were influenced by their scouting experiences when they were young.



MEMBERS OF THE Lochgelly Scout Troop are pictured at the Lochgelly Community Church in the 1950's. First row, l to r, Billy Piotrowski, Erland "Buddy" Tomzyck, Michael Bragg, Clyde Kessler, Jesse Griffith, John Harsany. Row 2, l to r, Clarence Gray, James Tomzyck, Donnie Franklin, Johnny O'Boyle; Back row, l to r, Gary Gray, Leader Shelvin McKinney, Roy O'Boyle, Larry Swannigan, Larry Hash, and leader Mr. Bill Tomzyck.

Thomas Attends National Roundup

By Susie Thomas Borowski
Class of 1963

I enjoyed being a scout from Brownies with Darlene Teano's mother to Girl Scouts with Karen and Sharon Taylor's mother. I assisted with my mother's troop. We learned crafts, went camping, and when older, had great parties that we were allowed to invite boys to attend. I continued scouting until graduating high school. Scouting was an important part of my growing up.

Our family still is invested in scouting. Our son was an Eagle Scout and now our youngest grandson is mapping his path to Eagle Scout.

I had the privilege of attending the 1962 International Girl Scout Roundup, the equivalent to the Boy's Jamboree, representing southern West Virginia. Roundup was held in Vermont on Lake Champlain and was attended by 9,000 girls. Our patrol of eight girls left Thurmond Train Station with all our equipment and traveled by train to Ohio where we continued by train with several hundred other scouts before switching to a bus to our campsite. It was the first time I had been responsible for traveling with others and managing equipment and supplies for camping for 13 days. Our theme was "Honor the Past, Serve the Future". Even now, I can't imagine camping with 40,000 scouts or sharing a camp experience with Boy Scouts! I am in awe of the camping facilities and happy that others and seeing the hospitality and beauty of our area.

Welcome to Our World

By Beth Epperson

When Cindy Day Abbot ('78) and I (Beth Epperson, '82) began working for the Boy Scouts of America at the Summit Bechtel Reserve, little did we know that just a few short years later we would play a part in welcoming the world to Glen Jean, West Virginia, for the 24th World Scout Jamboree. I joined the team at the Summit in July 2011 and Cindy came on board in February



BETH EPPERSON

2013. We worked both the 2013 and 2017 National Scout Jamborees. Then in 2019, our friends from all around the globe came knocking, numbering around 45,000 from 160 countries.

Preparing to welcome them was a tremendous feat! Countless hours, days, weeks and months were spent preparing for the World Scout Jamboree. Over 22,000 tents used for venues, participants and staff were set up and over 350 shower houses were stocked and prepared for use throughout the six base camps during the twelve-day event.

To transport the WSJ participants and staff from the Ruby Welcome Center and onto the Summit Bechtel Reserve site, approximately 800 motor coaches and buses were used. They were also used to transport the participants and staff back to their campsites at the end of each day after numerous activities which included approximately 11,900

folks zip lining down the Summit's "Big Zip" and 15,500 participating in a whitewater rafting adventure on the New River.

A meal count for the duration of the event numbered around 400,000 staff meals prepared in the dining halls. The scout troops prepared their "three squares" in their campsites daily and took advantage of the many food vendors on site—everything from good old American fast food to various international food houses that provided the tastes and aromas from many of the visiting countries—Portugal, Italy, Canada, Holland, Colombia, Brazil, Germany, Chile and the United Kingdom.

One of the most popular activities for participants and staff members alike was patch and neckerchief trading. Thousands



CINDY DAY ABBOT

of both items changed hands throughout the event with even more friendships being made through the process.

Other events on site included an opening show, a show midway through the event and the knockout closing show the last night before departure. These shows included various speakers from around the world, drone shows, musical entertainment and a spectacular fireworks display.

The friendships and memories will be forever in the hearts of the tens of thousands that came together in our little part of the world. For those twelve days, it was truly "Almost Heaven".



THERE IS NO CONSENSUS on the identities of these young scouts, but among the names thrown out are Janie Akers, Mary Long, Martha Thomas, Pam Portman, Marsha Drennen, Kinley Webb, Gail Mauritz, Janice Bennett, Janie Johnson, Karen Bailey, and Kathy Hayes. They were members of Mrs. Garnet Thomas's troop and the photo was taken in 1962. Susie Thomas Borowski, back left, also a Girl Scout, helped her mother.



IN THE THIRD row are two Fayette County Scouts who attended the World Jamboree in 1967 in Farragut State Park, Idaho. Leon Jarosz, first in back row and Barry Webb, fourth, were in the same Scout troop in Carlisle and Scarbro. There were 12,000 scouts in attendance.

Leon Jarosz Attends Both World Jamborees

By Marilyn T. Montgomery

Do you know anyone who attended the only two World Scout Jamborees held in the United States? We do! Our own Leon Jarosz.

In 1967, Leon attended the World Jamboree as a participant, and then this year, 2019 as a paying observer here at the Fayette County site.

Leon recalls his happy days in scouting which began in the Church of God in Carlisle, moved to the Catholic Hall, and then to a re-habbed garage in Scarbro.

He can name his scouting friends to this day: Barry Webb, Jackie Toney, Tom Riser, Charles Prather, Sammy Selton, Billy Crawford, Mike Hambric, Ed Hinte, James Hinte, Herb Hinte, Larry Canterbury, Joe Comer, David Fitzpatrick, Larry Oliver, Eugene Oliver, Charles Legg, David Legg, Gary Lego, David Fisher, Randy McAuister, Mike Jarosz,



FIFTY-TWO YEARS later, Leon Jarosz points out some of the memorabilia he has saved since the 1967 World Jamboree

Ted Dixon, David Withrow, Dale Withrow, James Dawkins, Leono Mims, Johnn Withrow, Steve Withrow, Dave Aurentz, Kenny Humphrey, Tim Mackey, Joe Craft, Neal Phelps, Garland Burke, Jeff Rosiek, and Phil Davis.

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Thank You Doug Kincaid, Jerry Keffer, and Marilyn Montgomery. There would have been no Log without you.

Reunion Jitters

By Josh Ellison
Class of 1999



At the time of my parents' 20-year class reunions, I was in high school. Dad's class of '77 was OHHS's first class after moving from Collins High and Mom graduated 1979. As we the class of 1999 return for our 20-year reunion, a look at my life suggests times have changed. I have a preschooler girl and infant boy, whose sleep regression will keep my wife in our northern Virginia home away from the reunion, lest the travel further reduce his already spotty sleep.

Sleepless navel-gazing aside, my life-stage difference from my parents doesn't prove anything. My young children contrast with the adult offspring of some of my classmates. Mom and Dad had me young, but many 99ers have old parents. My young parents were themselves old parents to my sister, a 2010 OHHS grad. People get on as we always have, in a world that's better than it was and worse.

At our commencement, Ray Londeree read from the Skinner-Belding Principal's Handbook, "You will never all be in the same place again." Of course we haven't been. Among the 99ers, I have one close friend and follow others at some remove on social media, but mostly I haven't seen anyone since we graduated.

I'm not as keen as others to remember being young, since I was terrible at being a young person, but I am eager to share a room with these familiar strangers and learn about the rest of their lives.

There had better be name tags, though. One intrepid classmate posted our class picture on Facebook this summer. Finding my own face in the photo took an uncomfortably long time, but I was further distressed to find that I could not put names to dozens of recognizable faces.

And now that even the most memorable faces have changed, name tags seem to be the only way to rescue us from spending half the night squinting and guessing names. Maybe I'm the only one in need of such rescue. That's probably it.

See the list of other Log supporters on page 13. They have helped us out every year since we started asking them in 2000.

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BRUNSWICK HALL OF FAME TAPS NATIVE

Clyde "Wilkie" Kincaid, formerly of Kincaid and a graduate of West Virginia Tech, was recently inducted into the City of Brunswick (Ohio) Hall of Fame.

The Hall of Fame recognizes those who have excelled in many different areas. Kincaid is a retired English teacher and athletic coach of many years in the school system.

Clyde was inducted into the athletic Hall of Fame several years ago, recognizing his many years of coaching at Brunswick High School.

This year the city of Brunswick added an outstanding staff Hall of Fame section and Kincaid was selected as one of three persons

inducted for the inaugural event. He was nominated by one of his former students and the selection committee picked Clyde and two others for their honorees.

One of Clyde's former high school students who now has a doctorate degree from Penn State University made his introduction.

According to The Medina County Gazette of Medina, Ohio, Kincaid "often was referred to as a 'southern gentleman' whose calm guidance inspired student self-confidence."

Congratulations, Clyde. The town of Kincaid and county of Fayette are proud of their former son.



Waiting outside with a whopping 13,996 other fans in 1964, Debby Patti, and Judy Hamilton and Kathy Young can't believe they are going to get to see the Beatles. Mrs. Helen Hamilton, their mother, is at far left. Tickets were \$5.50 each. Paul McCartney's 2019 tour to sold-out crowds went for an average of \$241. When he appeared at Lambeau Field, nearly 50,000 screaming fans were in attendance.

They Saw The Beatles in '64; Now They Are Paul Groupies

By Patti Hamilton
Class of 1969

I can't remember exactly when or how my dad announced it to us, but we were going to see The Beatles! My dad got tickets for the August 27 th, 1964 show at the Cincinnati Gardens. I could bring my best friend and fellow fan, Kathy Young, and my sisters Debby and Judy were also going. Kathy and I were 13, Debby was 11, and Judy was 6. We all, including my mom, drove together to Cincinnati which was a much longer and harder drive then than now (and no air conditioning back then!).

We made a whole weekend of it, also going to Coney Island, but the excitement by far, at least for me and Kathy, was seeing The Beatles. The show was sold-out with 14,000 screaming fans. If memory serves, my dad went to the show with us and my mom waited out in the lobby.

I've researched some old articles about the show and there are several mentions of its being very hot, both outside and inside, but I have no recollection of heat. I do vividly recall the screaming fans that are also mentioned (since Kathy & I were two of them!) in several descriptions of the show, but we absolutely could hear The Beatles.

We had what I thought were great seats (although what did we know - this was our first concert!). Tickets for The Beatles' 1964 concert cost \$5.50 each for a 30-minute concert that included this set list: Twist and Shout, You Can't Do That, All My Loving, She Loves You, Things We Said Today, Roll Over Beethoven, Can't Buy Me Love, If I Fell, I Want to Hold Your Hand, Boys, A Hard Day's Night, and Long Tall Sally.

The hype from The Beatles appearance on The Ed Sullivan Show in February, 1964 led local Cincinnati disc jockeys to secure The Beatles in Cincinnati. When they got the green-light, each of them pitched in \$5,000 to meet the \$25,000 appearance fee.

The concert was nearly canceled after the Musicians' Union demanded that local groups be put on the bill. After a telephone

campaign by Beatles fans, the union withdrew their request. The Beatles spoke to the media backstage at Cincinnati Gardens and reportedly also talked to Elvis Presley on the telephone while The Righteous Brothers, the Bill Black Combo, and Jackie DeShannon opened the show. (Articles say that these were the three acts that opened the show but none of us remember seeing anyone except the Righteous Brothers). I'm sure whoever it was, we couldn't wait for them to get offstage and get The Beatles onstage, which happened at 9:35 that evening!

Kathy and I have remained Beatles fans throughout the de-



acades. We cried when John Lennon was murdered. We cried when George Harrison died of cancer. We go see Paul McCartney whenever he tours, because it is so much fun, it's a great show, and who knows how long it will last.

Our most recent trip was June 1st of this year where we saw him at a sold-out show in Rupp Arena in Lexington, KY. A young couple sitting beside me sang along and knew the words to every song in a show that ran energetically and non-stop for three hours, just prior to Paul's 77 th birthday! We also went to Cincinnati to see Paul McCartney 45 years after seeing The Beatles there.

In 2011, Paul McCartney played for a sold-out, generation-spanning crowd at the Great American Ballpark. Unfortunately, only a short bit of choppy film footage from "You Can't Do That" survives from the Cincinnati Gardens show, but there are photographs and memories. My dad, who usually commemorated everything with photos, for some reason took only this picture of all of us waiting to get into the show. They

Beatles Page 11



Sisters--Donna, Kathy, Karen

My Sister, My Best Friend

By Donna Tully Parker
Class of 1979

Anyone who ever came in contact with my sister, Karen Faye Tully Perry (CHS Class of 1967), whether they realized it or not, had been touched by an angel. No, she had not earned her wings until October 2017 - but she was an angel placed on this earth by God in 1949. I feel as though my family was the most blessed family in the world for Karen to have been "loaned to us by God" for almost 68 years. She was such a sweet sister to me and Kathy Tully Shumaker (CHS class of 1973) and to my mother (Elizabeth Tully) and late father (Donald C. Tully) - a perfect daughter, a dedicated and loving wife to Howard Perry, mother to sons, Marc and Heath Perry, grandmother to four beautiful grandchildren and a doting aunt to several nieces and nephews.

Karen would often be called, "Sweet Little Karen" by her grandmother (Eva Faye Walters Wood). Karen was also the apple of her daddy's eye and had those beautiful blue eyes just as he did. Karen possessed many of Dad's characteristics such as her quiet personality, her avoidance of conflict, and her ability to get her point across without ever raising her voice. All of Karen's classmates from the Class of '67 who knew her always admired her beautiful smile, her youthful look and her sweet disposition.

When our father suffered a bad accident in 1961, Karen had to step up at the age of thirteen and become a second mother to me. In fact, I would call her Mamma Too. Did she ever take that responsibility seriously! I was not the calmest, quietest little girl...Karen never knew what hit her when this title was bestowed upon her - Mamma Too. I was a firecracker. Karen was the only

one who could really rationalize with me and explain right from wrong to me. She would often take me on dates with her and her boyfriends. It wasn't unfamiliar to see Karen and her boyfriends, such as David Barnhart, Joe Scott, Steve Pawlus, Jimmy Williams, Larry Mullins, and Terry Kees, just to name a few with me right in the middle of them holding both their hands skipping down the road. Karen would always take Kathy and me to the movies when we were little. Our favorite movie was Bambi. After the movie, I said to her, "I'm going to stop calling you, Mamma Too. She said, "Why are you wanting to do this?" and I said let's start calling each other Thumper and Bambi! You'll be Thumper - and I'll be Bambi! Kathy can be Faline!" We continued this for many years. In fact, Karen continued to use this as her email address, "ThumpK49" until she passed away on October 28, 2017 - the day before her birthday.

Karen was my best friend. When we needed each other's advice we would say, "It's a sister thing" ... and only we would understand each other's circumstances. Karen has been right by my side since the day I was born and I was blessed to have known her for almost 57 years. She has always been my rock, my mentor, my financial advisor, my work-mate, my confidante, but most of all my friend.

How do I live without her? I've been trying to rationalize everything that has been happening since midnight on that dreadful Friday night and I had not been able to come to grips with it until my daughter, Megan, said...it's obvious why Karen left us...and I looked at her questioningly She said, "Of course. God is calling up his"

Karen page 11

Peeking Into Life on 61, Log Features Kincaid Stories

Through the years, there have been many stories about the communities surrounding Oak Hill that produced students for Collins and Oak Hill High Schools. This year, we looked down Route 61 to the Kincaid-Page communities for nostalgia. Thanks to Doug Kincaid, class of 1957, a plethora of print made its way into thereunionlog@gmail.com inbox. Pour yourself a cup of coffee or a coke, and relive growing up in the 40's, 50's, and 60's.

Kincaid Memories

By Doug Kincaid from Kincaid

When we grew up in Kincaid in the '40s and '50s there wasn't a lot to do but we made our own fun by making do with what we had. Times were pretty tough during those years of growing up but I guess we didn't mind because everyone was in the same boat so to speak. I really didn't know we were poor until I went to college.

Most of the families in Kincaid raised a garden so we always had produce to eat during the summer and canned lots of vegetables for the winter months and still had plenty to share with our neighbors. It seemed like people always came together and shared when someone needed something or was "down and out". In those days, no one locked their doors as there was rarely a break in. Stealing from a neighbor was unheard of back then; at least we never heard about it if it occurred.

When we grew up in Kincaid we walked everywhere we went; to the post office, to Charlie's grocery store, to the R & O Grocery, and to Hershey Eade's gas station. Dad paid the grocery bill at Charlie's Store at the end of the month and Charlie would give us a bag of penny candy. That was the only candy we ever had until Christmas. On the Fourth of July though, Dad would get ten gallons of ice cream from the plant in Montgomery. We always shared with our friends Dave Robertson and Paul McKinney because their Dad always bought them watermelon for the Fourth and they would share the watermelon with us.

Later, some of us managed to have a bike but not without a struggle. I remember that Dad only bought one bike and it was a boy's bike that he bought for our older sister. He never bought a bike for us boys so we had to beg or borrow our sister's bike. Later I salvaged four wrecked bikes from various trash piles in town and built myself a bike.

Two of the greatest events in Kincaid when we were growing up were the new movie theater and the temporary skating rink. When I was in the Kincaid Grade School, I watched from our classroom windows as they built the new theater. We thought they would never finish that building. It finally opened to the delight of kids and adults from miles around. As I recall tickets were about 15 to 25 cents, popcorn and cokes were a nickel (and nobody had a nickel). Red Robertson ran the movie projector and would let us in free occasionally.

I can still remember watching Lash

Larue, Hopalong Cassidy, Lone Ranger and Tonto, Tim McCoy, the Durango Kid, Lassie and many others. We used to get there late, see part of the show and then sit through the entire feature again. Those were the days!

Almost as exciting as the movie theater was the temporary skating rink that was set up at the present lot that houses Jay and Mary Jane Kincaid's home. We all learned to skate and had barrels of fun even though we spent a lot of time on our backsides those first few weeks. I still remember Frank teaching every kid from miles around how to skate. I often wonder what ever happened to Frank; he was so good to all of us and I'm sure we were just a pain in the butt for him.

My Dad really surprised us one day when he told us that he was putting up a basketball pole complete with backboard, rim and net for us in the field beside the old plumbing shop. Everyone in Kincaid congregated at our house to play basketball; young and old, black and white, rich and poor. We played in the summer, fall, winter and spring; no matter how hot or cold, rain or shine, through mud, ice, rain and snow. The game went on no matter if we had to shovel the snow off the court or put down straw and sawdust over the mud; nothing stopped our games-that is until Dad called me and my brother to hoe the garden or stock the plumbing truck for the next day or go dig a ditch or unstop a sewer line and all the other things that a farmer/plumber's son did in those days.

There were other diversions from the ordinary when growing up in Kincaid. We all had a stack of funny books as we called comic books in those days that we traded with our friends. We had all the books with the cartoon characters, the cowboy books, mysteries, and even a few classics from time to time. They came out every month and only cost a nickel or dime so we read all we had and then traded them to our friends. I will never forget that Larry Myers seemed to have an endless stack.

We also collected baseball cards that came in a package of bubble gum for a penny. We saved them for the fun of it and used some of them to clip to the spokes of our bicycles with a clothespin so they would make a roaring noise like an engine as we rolled down the road. My brother Carroll had all the Yankee and Cincinnati players' cards and could tell you most of their batting averages to boot. He is still an avid baseball card collector and has an extensive collection to this very day.

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Recalling The Old Kincaid School

By Becky Harler Clark

The old school house at Kincaid was located where the Kincaid Post Office now stands. It was fairly close to the road and enclosed by a white wooden fence. There were three large rooms and a common area in the center which housed the cloak room. Everyone brought their lunch or went home for lunch. When I went to this school, Mrs. Robertson taught the first grade in the middle room. Mrs. Harvey taught second and third in the room to the right. The third room to the left belonged to Mrs. Surratt, who taught fourth and fifth grades. Mrs. Surratt was also the principal.

On the school grounds, there was a pump house. When we went to the pump house for water, and this was only at designated times, we were each given a sheet of paper to fold into a cup. The

cup served the purpose, but soon disintegrated. One of the older children was given the privilege of pumping the water. There were two toilets on the hill behind the school, boys and girls of course, and double seaters in both. The only playground equipment I remember is a sliding board which we called the slicky slide. We played ring-around-the-rosie, London Bridge, tag and jump rope. A lot of our games were pretend. In the winter time, someone occasionally threw a snowball but that was not permitted, and we rarely did anything against the rules.

Few people had a lot of money during those days and I recall that some kids came barefooted to school well into the fall. I noticed that someone would bring a brown bag to school and the following day the kids would be wearing brand-new

Old School Page 11



DOUG KINCAID, GENTLEMAN FARMER, at Kincaid Polled Hereford Farm



DOUG HARLER CONTINUED to love cars and driving. This photo is just before a race in England.

1970 Grad Recalls Uneasy Transition From Page Elementary to Collins

By Robert Kincaid

I had a very sheltered life, but was happily free. Had a great foundation at Page Elementary School that prepared me academically, but was ill-prepared for the social interaction outside the community of Kincaid.

Entered Collins in the ninth grade, felt apprehension, later a little fear, then a feeling of being overwhelmed. If not for the children from Kincaid in my class, isolation would have set in since the in-crowd in Oak Hill was not acceptable of many. If you did not play sports, have academic achievements, or even associate previously it was very difficult to adjust. This all went on the first year and into the sophomore year until I as an individual decided to be more, do more, and care less.

At the end of my sophomore year, I finally achieved friendship with some locals and strengthened relationships with the staff, other school mates, and internally. I began Vocational Training and made great friendships that have been in place my entire life, to include the instructors, young men from athletic teams, and teachers (mostly gone now).

I remember distinctly Mr. Partain, Mrs. Keffer, Mrs. Thomas, and Jack Elmore. Bottom line: Collins graduated a very confident and future-looking young man that used everything learned and experienced at Collins HS to go on to be a retired Army Colonel, retired GS-14 Civil Servant, retired Manager at Ingersoll Rand, with Masters from WVU in Communications, Business Degree and veteran of OIF 1 conflict. I am a father of two (LTC Kincaid and SSG Kincaid) and Grandfather of seven (Patrick, Nathan, Landon, Jarod, William, Lauren, and Jace).

My wife of 46 years is a friend, partner, lover, and best thing in my life (she also graduated Collins in 1972). Collins was the basis for my success, but a word of advice for those that commute to school. Don't take a year and a half to get involved. The school should encourage mandatory participation to build and foster lasting relationships, allowing those from remote locations to feel a partnership, not feel a separate part.

Graduated in 1970, I look forward to a great event in 2020 at our 50-year graduation party. May God bless all those that touched me in those early years and thanks for the very positive memories. Our Savior, our Country, our Family, and our Friends make us what we are. I am blessed.

A New Year's Eve For The Books

By Paul McKinney

I remember going to the R & O Grocery Store, and collecting "poplids" to hit with a homemade bat made from a broomstick. The penny candy from Charley Kincaid's store was a real treat. Summers were spent playing basketball for hours, at Doug Kincaid's. Sandlot tackle football at the tabernacle, making pea shooters, and bow and arrows. Playing in the woods and creeks. Every day was a new adventure. In the evenings, the guys would gather at the Methodist Church wall for some friendly banter. Some of the regulars there were: Myself, Pete Kincaid, Doug and Larry Harler, Dave Robertson, Doug Kincaid, Jim Wriston, Ronnie Eades and Dennis Stonestreet, as well as anyone else who wanted to join in on the fun.

My Dad was an engineer on the "old" Virginian Railroad. I recall one New Year's Eve he said "Bud, (his nickname for me) would you like to go to work with me?" Of course, I said, "Yes!" At the Page Shops, just before midnight, we climbed aboard one of those huge 700 series locomotives. He instructed me to "pull the cord," and blow the whistle, just at the midnight hour. He and several of his co-workers got on some other engines to do the same thing. There were probably seven or eight locomotives in all! Talk about ringing in the New Year with a blast! To make the occasion even more memorable, it was 1953, the night that Hank Williams died in Oak Hill.

Fascination With Cars Includes Drag Racing

By "Wilkie" Kincaid

Doug Kincaid and I (Wilkie Kincaid) agreed that Kincaid Memories should probably incorporate a section on Kincaid cars. They were a very important part of our teenage lives as they represented real freedom for us. Doug asked me to write about some of my memories and I relished doing it because I still love cars to this day. Keep in mind it is sixty years ago that I'm talking about, but my memories about them are still pretty good.

Our favorite cars were the 1949, 1950 and 1951 flathead V8 Fords now known as "shoeboxes." Those who had one of those were Pete Kincaid with a green 51, Doug Kincaid and his black 50, Dave Robertson's 51 black Ford and I had a white 49 Ford convertible.

There were many other models that were memorable also. Tom Morris was a car guy and his dad, Leonard was an excellent mechanic who helped us work on our cars. Tom had a tan 19

48 Packard that was long, low, and weighty. We immediately dubbed it the "tank" because it looked like it could plow through anything.

Leonard Payne had a 1946 Ford with the loudest set of pipes that I ever heard. You could hear him go all the way up Johnson Branch hollow. Oh, talk about music to a car nut's ears!

Drag racing was also a pretty big part of our interests. I did a lot with my 1940 Ford convertible which had a 56 Buick nailhead engine powering it. It was fast for that time period and I seldom lost a race. Saturday nights in Kincaid were for drinking, fighting, and drag racing. A lot of racing took place from the curve up from Page School to Gee's Coffee Shop.

But a memorable race for me took place at the local punch palace named the Silver Haven. A home town guy returned to Kincaid driving a beautiful black 1957 Chevy. It had a 270 horse

power engine with 2 four-barrel carburetors and was matched up to a four speed gearbox. I knew it was fast and I avoided challenging him to a race because I didn't want to give up my "King of Loop Creek" title just yet. But the race was inevitable.

On a Saturday night a few weeks later, the Chevy guy's buddies talked him into making the challenge and I couldn't back down. I had been preparing for this occasion but on limited funds. My engine was fine tuned and a floor shifter was installed which was an improvement for the three on the tree gearshift that I had before. That shifter was susceptible to missing first to second shifts and if I was going to win this race, there could be no missed gears!

We drove down to the starting line below Claude Kincaid's garage and lined the cars up. Ahead everybody at the Silver Haven lined up on both sides of the road. This was the one they'd been waiting for! I revved my engine up to 3,000 RPM's.

The guy starting the race dropped his cap and I popped the clutch. With a minimum of wheel spin, I got a great start and hole shot the Chevy by a car length. Up to 5,000 RPM's and then the critical shift to second. It hit just right and my Ford jumped out to a two-car length lead!

Now we were almost to the finish line at the Silver Haven and I could hear that Chevy coming hard and those dual 4 barrel carbs were sucking up a ton of atmosphere. Controversy reigned supreme regarding the winner. If the doorway at the bar was the finish line, I won by maybe three feet. If the end of the building, so some claimed, was the finish line, then the Chevy won.

Of course his friends said he won and my friends said that I won. Regardless of who won, it was one of the greatest drag races I ever participated in.



SWAPPING STORIES IS just a way of life for four old friends from "way back when." Pictured are Robert James, Paul McKinney, Clyde "Wilkie" Kincaid and Doug Kincaid.

Winters

from p. 8

The winters in Kincaid were some of the happiest days of our youth. We had a huge hill for a yard and all the kids in Kincaid came to our yard to sleigh ride. We would ride sleds, shovels, or anything that we could slide down the hill on. At times we nearly froze but I don't ever remember that stopping us from sleigh riding. The only thing that would break up the fun was a call to get in the coal for the night.

The grade school at Kincaid housed grades one through five and was located where the post office is today. It sat on the level part of the school lot with the two outhouses on the hill above the school. The playground was rocky and rutted from all the wear and tear over the years but we did have one slicky slide that provided hours of entertainment.

My first grade teacher was Miss Viola Hensley Caldwell who I later worked with as the Reading Supervisor for the Fayette County Board of Education. My second and third grade teacher was Mrs. Pauline Surratt and Mr. Floyd Winters was the fourth and fifth grade teacher and also the school Principal. Since Mr. Winters later retired, Mrs. Surratt moved up to Principal and I had Mrs. Surratt for fourth and fifth grade also.

We all moved to Page Jr. High School for grades 6, 7 and 8. Mr. Joe Scott was our sixth grade teacher. We had a number of teachers in the seventh and eighth grades—Mr. John Cavalier for science and gym, Miss Cleo Yeager for language arts and Mrs. Blanch Yuravich for social studies. They worked us hard and did not put up with any foolishness. Their paddles put a quick halt to anything disruptive or unruly. If you didn't come out of Page Jr. High School with an education and ready for high school, it was because you didn't have the ability or you did not apply yourself. The same paddle was used on each of us—no matter who your mom or dad, uncle or aunt were—if you needed the paddle you got it without hesitation; and you better not let word of the paddling get back home because you were sure to get another one when you got home.

At Page Jr. High we had a basketball gym—one of the highlights of my educational career. Mr. Scott and Mr. Cavalier spent countless hours teaching us the game of basketball. I played on the team in the sixth, seventh and eighth grades and enjoyed every minute. I wanted to go out for basketball at Collins High School in the ninth grade but since my Dad was a plumber/farmer, if I wasn't digging ditches, I was hoe-

ing corn and there was not time for that foolishness called basketball.

Finally in the eleventh grade Mother did my chores and covered for me and I went out for basketball and made the Red Devil team under Coach Parsons. Everything went well until we played the first game at Hinton and didn't get back to Oak Hill until around 11:00 p.m. and I still had to hitchhike to Kincaid. As I walked into the house around midnight, there was a huge figure standing in the doorway called "Dad", and he said,

"Son, where have you been"? After I explained that all I wanted to do was play basketball and that I had made the Red Devil team, he never said another word about it and I played both my Junior and Senior years at Collins High. I often wonder what would have happened if I had tried to play in the ninth and tenth grades. I learned a valuable lesson that night—you never know until you try; as Mrs. Yuravich always told us in the seventh and eighth grades, "Cast your bread upon the water and it will come back with jelly on it". My jelly was playing Red Devil basketball!

After graduation from Collins High I attended WVU. Tech in Montgomery graduating with a BS Degree in Business Education. I worked my way through college the first couple of years by selling produce out of our many gardens door to door out of the back of my Dad's '47 Plymouth. The last couple of years I worked at Kroger's in Oak Hill while going to school. I coached the Page basketball team for two years while at Tech and felt that in some way I was able to give back to the school for all the help that was given to me when I was playing ball there. Later I coached high school basketball in Maryland.

As I look back on those years at Kincaid Grade School and Page Jr. High, I realize now more than ever that the teachers were special and that their main goal was educating as many of us as possible. Even though we were limited in space, equipment and supplies, I never felt that my education was inferior in the least to anyone that I later met in high school and college. Good teachers are the foundation of a good education.

Later, as I became a teacher, Principal, and Personnel Director for the school system, I would look back on those years and realize, that although we didn't have much in the way of physical possessions in our life, those who grew up in Kincaid were rich in love of family, friends, church, school, happiness and well being, rich in friendly neighbors, teachers and life's necessities.

A Child's Experience

By Dayton Ford

Life was much different in the 30's, 40's, and 50's than now. I lived my first 18 years in a coal camp. The housing belonged to the coal company along with the store. The houses were all painted different but all the same inside. No running water, outhouses on cement slabs.

If you were lucky, you could raise a garden, have chickens, and a pig and maybe one head of beef.

When I started to school, I had to walk about two miles one way whether it rained, snowed, or the sun shined. Had to cross a main train track and the highway to get to school. Scared all the time. Once in school, I remember how time went by so fast. For my lunch, I had a little box with always something good to eat.

When school was out, I would go to the store owned by Charley Kincaid to get me a Mary Jane or Peanut Log to hold me over until I got home. At his store I met the most wonderful woman in the world. Mrs. Kincaid would make sure I got my candy and then would walk me across the highway and both sets of tracks then send me up the hill on my way home. She did this every day until we moved out of the hollow.



Kincaid Elementary Grades 4-5 in 1953

Students in this class photo of grades 4-5 at Kincaid Elementary in the 52-53 school term graduated circa 1962. All students are not identified, so if you can help, please let Doug Kincaid know. Top Row, left to right—Edward Canterbury, Gracie Bostic, Unidentified, Carol Casey, Gene Fridley, Unidentified, Ramon Lopez, and Betty Jean Kincaid; Row 2—Saundra Moss, Lonnie Kincaid, Laverne Franklin, David Payne, Carolyn Sue Newhouse, and David Robinson; Row 3—Roy Smith, PeeWee Overby, ? Rinehart, Willogene Wriston, David Lindsey, Brenda Poindexter, Doug Harler, and Betty Jean Kincaid; Row 4—Rebecca Harler, Unidentified, Judy Johnson, Paul Payne, Unidentified, Alden Stines, Barbara Goode, and Suzie Simms.

Alumni Give; Scholars Receive

Through continued and sustained giving, alumni/ae of Collins and Oak Hill High Schools have made funds available yearly to worthy graduates of OHHS.

This year alone, 32 students received awards of \$1,000 and five more received \$2,000.

Money channeled to the Beckley Area Foundation, for which only interest is spend, covered 16 of the scholarships. Those funds and the number of students awarded follow:

Rita and Shelton Sanger, five; General Fund, four; Massey Fund, four; Hortense Belding,

one; Zella Bishop, two.

From the moneys in the Alumni Association account, the following memorial or class scholarships were awarded: Thomas Powell, two; General Fund, two; Larry Harding, one; Carol Terry, one; Kevin Cogar, one; Jennifer Wender, one; Class of 1964, two; Class of 1966, one; Andrew Zickafoose, one; Zella Bishop, one; Marshall U designated, five; Bowling, McVey, Elkins combined, one; Velma Foster, one.

The 17 students whose scholarships were renewed have a cumulative GPA of 3.7



RACHEL ALLEN
WVU



KAYLA COFFMAN
WVU TECH



MATTHEW CORTINES
WVU



MASON HARP
WVU



LAUREN HARRAH
WVU TECH



TRAVIS HONAKER
CAPITAL UNIVERSITY



ARIANA HUNT
WVU



AIDEN JONES
WVU TECH



ALEC LOVE
WVU



TORI MACKOWIAK
MARSHALL



DYLAN MASSEY
WVU TECH



WHITNEY SISLER
MARSHALL



SHANE SIZEMORE
WVU



BROOKLYN SMITH
WVU TECH



COURTNEY SMITH
WVU



MADISON SURFACE
WVU TECH



ABIGAIL WARD
WVU TECH



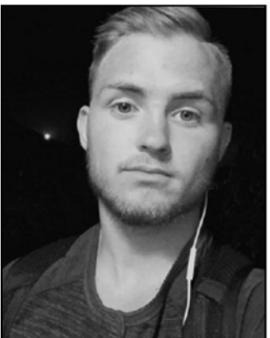
GEORGIA WHITE
WVU



KAYTLIN WILSON
U OF CHARLESTON



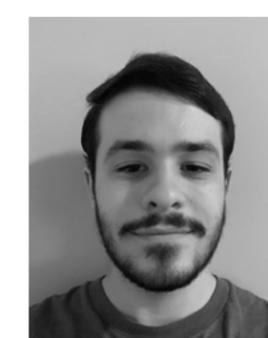
ANDREW WORK
WVU TECH



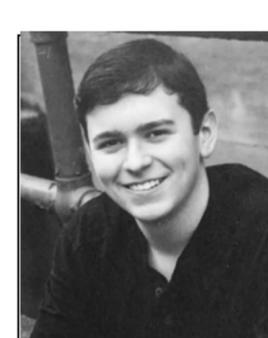
CODY GILLESPIE
WVU



JULIA IVEY
SHEPHERD



CHRISTIAN JOHNSTON
WVU



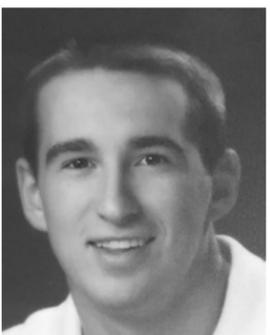
DALLAS JONES
WVU TECH



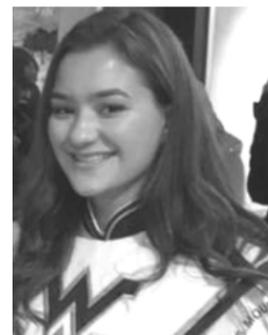
TREVOR JONES
WVU TECH



SARAH KEFFER
MARSHALL



JOSEPH LOKANT
WVU



EMMA PINO
WVU



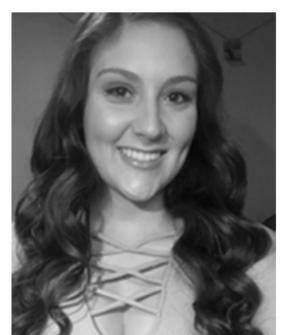
TAYLOR PUGH
WV WESLEYAN



JACQUELINE ROSIEK
WVU



TYRESE SELINGER
MARSHALL



CAELEA TEEL
WVU TECH



HAYLEIGH TREADWAY
WVU



BLAKE WINGROVE
WVU TECH



KADDIE WOLFE
MARSHALL



CIERA WORKMAN
FAIRMONT STATE



FIRST-TIME RECIPIENTS were honored by the Alumni Association with a luncheon a few days before graduation. They were appreciative and gracious.



FRIENDS WERE HAPPY to see brothers Russ and Banks Swanson. Seated, they are Russ, class of 1962, his wife Sylvia, Donna Swanson and her husband Banks, class of 1966.

Old School

from Page 8
shoes. The same circumstances occurred when a child failed to wear a coat when the weather turned cold. I believe that Mrs. Surratt contacted people who were able and willing to provide these articles to needy children. For the most part, these acts of kindness were anonymous. About once or twice a year, all students lined up and walked single file to C. W. Kincaid's grocery store for ice cream. My favorite was the push-ups. I suppose that the folks who supplied the shoes and coats also funded the ice cream trips.

Another memory I have is of children coming to school with blackened hands from hulling walnuts. Some children would be sent home if they had recently eaten ramps.

Teachers were revered by students and parents and had tremendous authority over the children. The teachers would not hesitate to reprimand us during the weekend or summer vacation if they happened upon us doing something wrong. It was easier in those days when most people seemed to share the same values.

Good manners were also stressed. In fifth grade there was a contest to be the most polite student in the class. I wanted to win so much that I was constantly trying to think of new ways to be courteous. It got so bad/good that I would say excuse me when I passed an empty chair. I don't remember who won the contest.

The stove blew up one day. I think it blew Mrs. Harvey's nylon hose to her ankles and I remember her face being covered with soot. That was about as exciting as things got in those days.

Another even almost as exciting as the stove exploding was the coronation of Queen Elizabeth. At the time only a few homes had television sets, so the student body was divided and sent to those homes to watch the coronation.

I loved that old school house and believe that those who attended got a good academic foundation.

Parents Were Major Influence

By Carroll Kincaid

Growing up in Kincaid is a matter that I have always reflected upon. I practically never left it for my first 18 years other than an occasional visit to a relative in Michigan or some other town in W.Va. The next four years were spent all over the world and I decided that I liked Kincaid the best. Today I am a stay at home guy for the most part and I believe that is due to my life as a young person growing up during those times.

The two most influential people in my life were my mother and my father. Mother was a dear. A child could have asked for no better one (nor an adult). She was always there for me. I remember the many times when she would give me my spelling words out late evenings. She would always go to sleep while she was doing this due to a hard day of work around the house. One evening I became angry over something (I had a temper as Shirley and Doug

Daddy p. 12

Missing Sharon

*By Nancy Harding
Class of 1957*

The "locals" of the class of 1957 meet monthly at an area restaurant to remember and re-live our high school days. We laugh, shed a few tears, and readily donate to any cause we deem worthy.

The meetings have not been the same since we lost our beloved classmate, Sharon Miller Dickinson, who passed away December 18, 2018. Although Sharon had been ill for several years, she remained upbeat and optimistic. She was always the "life" of our gatherings, helping plan our reunions, always willing to help. Her love for family, her 1957 classmates, and her WVU Mountaineers



was evident to all. Sharon, our WV girl, is certainly missed.

The Class of '57 was hit hard this year by the deaths of many outstanding graduates. Besides the names include in the newsletter, our local classmate lost his wife, the former Janice Taylor, and classmate Lewis "Chuck" Law died June 3.

Fuller Describes '69 Woodstock Adventure

The general population became familiar with the "dawning of the Age of Aquarius" when the music of Hair made its way through the airwaves. The age of Aquarius—when "peace will guide the planets and love will steer the stars" led nearly half a million baby boomers to a farm about 80 miles northwest of New York City.

Looked upon by critics as a gathering to promulgate "drug, sex, and rock and roll," concertgoers refute that. There was a lot of anger in the country in 1969, and the sense of music, love and peace seemed to transcend it. According to an Associated Press report, a police chief called the crowd "the most courteous, considerate, and well-behaved group of kids" he'd encountered in his career.

Local resident, Harry Fuller, who was known as "the best drummer ever," had spent the five years after high school playing in good, high-paying bands, and at that time thought that music was his future. In 1969, he was among those who made history.

Harry spent the next decades as a successful salesman for Plateau Printing. He and his wife, Fran, live in Fayetteville where he has been a Christian minister for nearly thirty years. Still, people ask, "Harry, is it true that you were at Woodstock?" Finally, fifty years later, the Reverend Harry Fuller replies.

By Harry Fuller

"Yes, I was at the original Woodstock gathering in 1969.

I and 400,000 of my closest friends just showed up. It wasn't planned. It just happened. We were all there for peace, love, and music.

Because of the volume of people striving to arrive on Friday my friend and I didn't even get near the music on the first day.

Peaches

from P. 3
table causes. Most recently she took her talents to Virginia to have a benefit dinner for the sheriff for whom her son is a deputy.

One of Edna's new missions is to promote activities that will encourage Oak Hill citizens to feel safe on the streets again.

By the way, we still call her Peaches.

When we went to the stage area Saturday morning it was a shocker. People everywhere. And everyone getting along, talking together, sharing what they had.

Surprisingly, contrary to news reports, there was not a lot of drugs around...didn't need them. The unity was in the music.

For a few days everything was fine because the bands just kept coming, getting better and better.

Ten Years After energized us, Janis mellowed us, Santana pumped us, The Band cooled us, The Who drove us, Sly got us going,

Johnny Winter stunned us, Canned Heat kept us going, Country Joe and the Fish stirred us, Joe Cocker unified us, and Hendrix blew our mind.

I could name about every group there because each one had an effect on the people listening.

But then something happened. It was over. We went home. Oh, there was an after-glow for a bit, but something was missing and it couldn't be captured. I remember Monday morning after Jimi Hendrix played and the music stopped that there was lots of mud, but no food; lots of stuff left behind, but no one gathering it; people tired and weary, worn out, just wanting to get home.

Twenty years later it hit me—At Woodstock we were trying to be Christians, but without Christ. We were trying to live His teachings—peace, love—without having a relationship with Him. It didn't work. The human nature wasn't changed at Woodstock, it was only appeased for a bit.

Thankfully, by the grace of God I found what Woodstock was trying to deliver—true peace, love, and joy in my heart. I found Jesus. Actually, He found me, for I was the one lost. "

If you are interested in publishing The Reunion Log in 2020, please notify President Pam Smith. ohhsalumni@yahoo.com. Sherry has retired.

Karen from page 7

armies and he needs strong, sensible, people to be in charge. Karen has been chosen to lead an army, Mom. I thought, what an honor that would be! To be chosen to serve in God's army? Karen had leadership skills beyond any military leader! She could get something organized in only a moment's notice and would do it with such ease. Although life was not always kind to Karen with her back problems, heart problems and her inability to say, "No", Karen would go above and beyond to help others with a smile. Her faith in God was strong and she and I would often have conversations about what it will be like in heaven.

The first person she wanted to see was our dad.

I can envision her running up to his wide-open arms and him smiling back at her. I know she was excited to see our grandmothers and great-grandmother as well. The reunion was a beautiful one that Friday night in October. Her back was no longer hurting, her heart was filled with joy and she was no longer in agonizing pain from that broken earthly body.

Although there are times I feel I can't go on without her, I am so happy for her! She is with loved ones and is waiting for the rest of us to be called. I'm going to strive to live every day in a way that reflects things that Karen has taught me. When I get stuck in a predicament – I look up and say, "What would you do, Karen?"

First and foremost, Karen put God above everything else. She was baptized at Calvary Baptist Church in Oak Hill where she was active in the BYF, Tri-Hi-Y, the Guild Girls and Sunday School with sweet friends such as Camilla McClung Calvert, the Bradbury girls - Vella Lynn, Carol and Penny, Terry Kees, Slick Ward, Linda Richardson, Michael Tompkins, Margy Higginbotham, Mary Elliott Sneed, Sharon Hardy, Kathy Bickford Zutaut, and many others until she graduated from CHS in 1967.

I feel there was no other Collins High School, Class of 1967 member as excited as Karen to attend her Class of '67 - 50th Class Reunion last September! She never missed a reunion and always kept up with her classmates including her best friend, June Wickline Blake with whom she spent the day of the reunion talking and laughing as they decorated for the dinner.

I was never more pleasantly surprised to look up and see June and David and Debbie Barnhart, and another dear friend, Lois Simms at Karen's funeral in Myrtle Beach last November. I later

discovered that Dr. Joe Jarrett, Jr., another CHS classmate who now lives in Myrtle Beach, graciously opened his house to his former classmates to stay for a few days while they were in town for the funeral.

Then as I was gazing at the many flower arrangements sent for Karen, the one that stood out the most was the beautiful red, black and white arrangement sent from her beloved classmates from the Class of 1967. Karen would have been so grateful to those who sent these flowers for her.

Although Karen was a sweet angel, she had such Red Devil Spirit. She would often sing the words to, "On Red Devils!" and would often talk about her days in the Red Devil Band and the traditional pre-game parade through town, the dances at the Scout Cabin, the homecoming bonfires and the amazing teachers at CHS like Senorita McGee, Mr. Duda, Mr. and Mrs. Wriston, and countless others who she admired and respected.

Karen was one of those girls who everyone – girls, boys, teachers, whoever – loved and respected - especially for her innocence and sweet smile. She kept in touch with many of her childhood friends such as Marilyn Learmonth, MaryEllen Sneed, Matthew Wender, Sharon Neely, Nancy Davis, Sandy Sneed, Bill and Connie Martin, Cheryl Coleman, the Kerbys - - Freddie, Denise, Christine, among countless others.

I know when she met our Heavenly Father face-to-face, he said to her, "Well-done, my good and faithful servant."

Beatles from P 7

took only this picture of all of us waiting to get into the show. The Beatles stopped touring in 1966 and their last show in America was the famous Shea Stadium show, so Kathy and I have always felt very lucky and privileged to have gotten to see them live. Even after all these years, actually seeing The Beatles remains one of the highlights of our lives. I will conclude this trip down memory lane with one of my favorite lyrics from the song "The End," with which Paul has closed all of the concerts we've seen: "And in the end, the love you take is equal to the love you make."

Editor's note: In 1964, tickets to Beatles' concerts were \$5.50. In 2019, the average cost of attending a Paul McCartney concert was \$243. Whereas the venue in Cincinnati was packed to capacity at 14,000, in 2019 McCartney played to 51,000 in Lambeau Field

Mullins Remembers Pals

By Dave Mullins
Class of 1964

I ended the 50-year Reunion Log write-up about my life with this great quote by William Butler Yeats, because it encapsulates my life so well: "Think where man's glory most begins and ends, and say my glory was I had such friends." I've written a lot about friends over the years in the Reunion Log because that's what reunions are all about. This year I thought I would just mention as many of my close high school friends that I can think of and say a few words about each of them. Not enough words to do them justice but enough to evoke some fond memories from many of you I hope so, here goes, in alphabetical order.

Allen, Sherry (Keffer): As I've said before, all I really have to say was "Sherry," because she's a lot like Elvis and Cher to Oak Hill folks. I've known her since we were in elementary school because our parents were friends and played canasta together, which gave us kids a chance to play. Sherry was always ahead of her time and held great parties down at that Minden house. She still has great parties, and as we all know, she loves Reunion Weekend; and without her I would have no place to stay when I come to reunions because she and Jerry have a bedroom permanently reserved for me.

Booth, Jocko and Pork Chop: Two good fun guys who died too young. Had a lot of fun knowing both of them and hanging around with them at the Elite Club (mostly Jocko) and the Three Gables Club (mostly Pork Chop). I think Pork Chop sang in a band that sometimes played at the

Three Gables.

Cole, Denny: Denny was a few years older than me and a friend of my brother's, but Denny and I became good friends by going to WV Tech and frequenting a number of Oak Hill establishments together. Denny was smarter than most of us, and (he won't like me saying this) he was better at playing poker and shooting pool than most of us. He's one of the guys I enjoy talking to the most when I come home because we have so many great (and funny) memories to share.

Davis, Jeff. Jeff and I became best friends in the eighth grade. I didn't see him a lot after high school but I always enjoyed catching up with him at reunions. One of my greatest memories is walking into the Three Gables Club for one of our ten-year reunions, and there sat Jeff and Roger Perdue. They said they only came to the reunion to see me. It still brings a tear to my eye. Died way too soon.

Dixon, Ken. Kenny, Tony Price and I started out as roommates in a little apartment in Montgomery as freshmen at WV Tech. A few years later, he, Tony, Butch Wykle and I became roommates in Alexandria, Virginia. We both met our wives in that apartment complex and have remained good buddies ever since. I haven't seen him enough over the years, but I always enjoy seeing him and Susan, particularly because Susan laughs at everything I say, even when I'm not trying to be funny.

Fuller, Harry: Great friends since he moved to Oak Hill in his sophomore year. Roommates at WV Tech and Wildwood. I taught him to play the drums (maybe

not). The Reverend Fuller graciously and eloquently spoke at my mother's visitation when she died. Lots of laughs and good times with Harry throughout the years.

Higginbotham, Lawrence. I could fill three Reunion Logs with "Hick" stories. A very colorful guy who could seem to do anything without getting in trouble. A very good athlete—quarterback and point guard. Married his high school sweetheart (the great Tana McClaskey), and they remained married until his untimely death. You could not be around Hick without having a good time.

Iddings, Jim. I had great times rooming with Jim in Wildwood, NJ. He, Staples and I worked at the same parking lot right off the boardwalk for a couple of summers. Jim and I went to the New York World's Fair one year at the end of the summer season with a friend of his who had a car, and we spent the weekend in Lavon Price and Sheila Lich's apartment in NYC. They showed these country boys all around the Big Apple. A great memory. Jim's a great guy whom I haven't seen enough since high school, although I did meet him for a drink in Las Vegas about 15 years ago and have seen him at a couple of high school and Wildwood reunions.

Keffer, Jerry. Moved to my neighborhood (State Road Garage area) when I was in junior high school I think, and I was friends with his brothers, Gary (Pee Wee) and Larry too. Jerry was friends with my brother first, but like so many of my brother's friends, he became my great friends too. **PALS 13**

Daddy
from p 11

could attest to) and threw my spelling book and it broke a window pane. I knew that I would be in big trouble when my dad came home. When he asked Mother what happened to the window she told him that she had been mopping the floor and the mop handle accidentally hit it. On another occasion Doug made me angry and then took off running. I picked up a rock and threw at him and hit him. I told Mother that it was Doug's fault as the rock would not have hit him if he had not made a turn to round the corner of the house. Mother thought that was funny and since Doug was not bleeding nothing more was said.

Daddy was another story. He took no crap off me. I learned early in life to do what he said or I would get a spanking. He never used a belt on me but he had other means if you crossed him. If Doug and I got into an argument, and he heard us, he would tell us to go to the garage and clean it up. I had one end (The hardest) and Doug the other. Later, when we moved to the house on the hill, it was go to the basement and clean it up. Again I had the hardest end of the basement and Doug the easier one. That could have been due the fact that Daddy called me The Old Man and he called Doug, The Infant. Daddy always had a nickname for people. Shirley was Whiss and later Judy was Judicial.

Jarosz

from P. 6

The parents of that troop were very involved in helping the boys in every way possible. Fund raisers were held to furnish supplies such as tents for the outdoor activities and even uniforms, as scouting is an expensive venture, according to Leon. At that time, the coal business had its ups and downs, so parent involvement was necessary.

Boys came from around the area – Carlisle, Mossy, and Scarbro, so the boys got to know guys from other areas and other churches. Leon even recalls they helped with parking at a revival from some church...a different experience for him. His group dressed mannequins in Scout uniforms at Noyes Men's and Boys' Store in Oak Hill in honor of Scout Week, and did other community service tasks such as picking up trash in the area.

Rather than spend time on indoor video games as many do today, scouts' days were spent hiking, climbing, building fires, cooking outside and other pursuits which led them to earning badges. Before Leon stopped scouting, Girl Scouts were in the picture. Skating and square dancing with them gave an additional plus for the boy scouts.

Leon finished his scouting career by the end of his teen years, when he had achieved the status of Life Rank...just below Eagle Scout, as other interests and high school took precedence; however, his fond memories of experiences, parent involvement, and lasting friendships contributed to his love of scouting to this day.

Legacies

Originating in our small part of the country many Collins and Oak Hill High graduates have made their marks on the world and have left legacies of which we can all be proud. Future editions of *The Reunion Log* will feature those, living or deceased, whose accomplishments are many and noted, and readers are invited to share those stories, most unknown to the rest of us.

This year we shine a light on four who have passed away within the last two years, but who have made an indelible imprint with their works and lives.

Col. Georgia M. Thomas (ret) was born in Oak Hill and graduated from Oak Hill High in 1940. After working as a nurse for several years she joined the United States Air Force and was assigned to Ellington, Texas. She attended Baylor University School of Anesthesiology & Administration. During her service years, she rose to the rank of Colonel and served in several countries until her retirement in 1980.

Emil Czul (pronounced "Sewell") grew up in Lochgelly and graduated from Oak Hill High School in 1950. After working as a brick layer and then spending two years in the US Army, he earned a mechanical engineering degree from WVU in 1960. Engineering led to a successful career with the United States government and for the self-taught investor a desire to make college easier for others. In his will, Czul, who died last November, left \$4 million to WVU to create two endowed full-ride engineering scholarships to be awarded yearly to financially needy students from OHHS or Fayette County.

Clarence Taylor, Collins High class of '57, was outstanding in high school, and that continued throughout his career. After graduation from Beckley College, Taylor began a 30-year career with the U.S. Department of Treasury, primarily in Financial Management Services.

A member of The Senior Executive Service of the U.S. Government (the civilian equivalent of Two Star General), Taylor received several honorary awards in recognition of his Treasury career, his association with Federal Agencies and his work with the Department of Finance and Treasury Board of Canada. He was given a commendation from President Clinton and was a two-time recipient of the Secretary of Treasury Award.

Education was paramount to **Grafton Ernest Skaggs**, Collins Class of 1963. Born in Rock Lick, Skaggs spent much of his career pursuing knowledge in several fields. After graduation from West Virginia Institute of Technology, he earned eight Master's degrees and taught school in Fayette and Summers Counties as well as in Virginia.

Interested in law, Grafton then attained his Juris Doctor from Mississippi College School of Law. He practiced law in Fayetteville with his wife, the former Heather Angeline Blankenship, as Skaggs and Skaggs

These are stories of but four of the many Collins and OHHS graduates whose accomplishments we want to know more about. Your information is welcome.



Collins High School Class of 1974
45 Year reunion Aug. 3rd, 2019

Collins Class of 1974 Still Going Strong

The Class of 1974 celebrated its 45th Class Reunion on Friday and Saturday, August 2 & 3rd. There was an amazing turnout with 41 classmates and 17 spouses in attendance. Friday night was a "meet & greet" held at the "Shindig" in Oak Hill with heavy hors d'oeuvres, lots of fun and renewing old acquaintances! The reunion ended Saturday night at Three Gables with a wonderful buffet dinner, music by DJ Billy Kincaid, dancing and more reminiscing! President Jim Morgan thanked the organizers of the reunion and all those who came locally and out of state to attend. Vice President, Teresa Shockey Beavers, reminded the class of their annual get together to be held, Saturday, August 1, 2020. This idea was birthed several years ago by one of the classmates, Allen Peters. Unfortunately, Allen passed away before he was able to see the tradition the following year, but it still continues. **Pictured, Row 1--Calvin Swafford, Joel Davis, Martha Crane Simmons, Cheryl Chornobay Spirito, Shauna Lively Aurillo, and Jim Morgan; Row 2--Mike Grabosky, Susie Ellis Washington, Linda Sue Moreau Latos, Mary Withrow Gregory, Melissa Price Hinte, Teressa Shockey Sydnor, Debbie Sedlock Berry, Kitty Cook Frances, Christy Treadway, Patty Creed Keys, and Kay Parks; Row 3--Jeff Atha, Natalie Collins Atha, Sherrill Kidd Patrick, Becky Lokant Simms, Debbie Blackwell Thomas, Sharon Higginbotham Blake, Austin McComas, Debbie Whitmore Holly, Richard Smith, Cheryl Roop Vannatter, Sam Malay, Karl Bennett, Homer Nicely; Row 4--Jerry Massie, Connie Mack Simms; Wyatt Jennings, Larry Pounds, Kenneth Gibson, Hubert "Butch" Dowdy, Art Kinley, Sonny Berry, and Ron Ferrell. Joe Iddings and David Basham have passed away since the class's last annual meeting.**

CHS World Was Small, But 'Out There' -- Whew

The Class of 1969 joins the Tamarack gathering as they observe 50 years since their high school graduation. What a year was unfolding as this group of Red Devils studied Beowulf, did shorthand transcription, and tried to determine if Mr. Caldwell was right and "Chemistry is wonderful."

In athletics, we worried about beating Beckley--always Beckley. Patti Hamilton compiled a list of memorable happenings for a program for their reunion party Saturday night. A small, but eye-opening number of them follow.

- January 12 - The New York Jets defeat the Baltimore Colts to win Super Bowl III, one of the greatest upsets in sports history.

- January 30 - The Beatles last public performance, on

the rooftop of Apple Records. February 9 - First test flight of the Boeing 747.

- March 10 - James Earl Ray pleads guilty to assassinating Martin Luther King, Jr

- June 3 - Last episode of the original Star Trek airs on NBC

- June 23 - IBM announces that effective January 1970 it would price software & services separately from hardware, thus creating the modern software industry.

- July 18 - After a party on Chappaquiddick Island, U.S. Senator Ted Kennedy drove a car off a bridge, killing his passenger, Mary Jo Kopechne.

- July 20 - Apollo 11 lands on the moon. Mission commander Neil Armstrong was the first man on the moon

- July 24 - Boxing champion Muhammad Ali was con-

victed of evading the draft and stripped of his fighting license and title. His conviction was overturned by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1971.

- August 8 - At a street crossing in London, photographer Ian Macmillan takes the photo that becomes the cover of The Beatles album Abbey Road. The original title was to be "Everest" but they decided not to travel that far, so just went outside the studio!

- August 9-10 - During a two-night rampage, pregnant actress Sharon Tate and 7 others are killed by Charles Manson and his "Family."

- August 15-18 - Nearly 400,000 people show up at a farm in Bethel, NY, for the music festival Woodstock. The event would help define an era.

- October 29 - The first-

ever computer-to-computer link is established on ARPANET, the precursor to the internet.

- November 15 - Vietnam War: In Washington, D.C., 250,000 to 500,000 protesters staged a Moratorium to End the War in Vietnam.

And this is one that goes into the "you never can tell" records....

Bill Cosby won a man of the year award and jokingly suggested re-naming the award "the nice guy as far as we know" award.

1969

Average Cost of New House: \$15,550
Average Monthly Rent: \$135
Average Annual Income: \$8,550
Average New Car Cost: \$3,270
Gallon of Gas: 35 cents
Campbells Soup: 10.7 oz can: 10 cents

We went to the Senior Prom together. I remember watching the Beatles on the Ed Sullivan Show at her house. Somehow, I haven't seen her since I left Oak Hill. I have nothing but fond memories of her and her family.

Navicki, Larry: There is no one I look forward to seeing in Oak Hill more than Larry. Our families had a little bit of history because his brother Frank was our neighbor when I was quite young, and Larry was there sometimes. I knew Sue a little due to our parents being close with the Junior and Jenny Ann Allen. We became very good friends through the Three Gables Club, which of course we all called the VFW most of the time. I spent way too much time at that establishment, but I wouldn't trade those years for anything. It was the regular Friday and Saturday night hangout for my buds and me. No matter where we started a weekend night, we would always end up at Larry's. One of my greatest regrets was that Larry would sometimes ask me to bartend when he was short of personnel, but I was too immature and interested in having a good time to say yes. Larry and I always have a lot of laughs reminiscing.

Nunn, Steve and Mary Ellen: They grew up not far from Bob and me and our cousins. Mary Ellen was in the same class as Bob (62), and Steve was a couple of years older. Had lots of fun playing kick the can, red rover/red rover, football and lots of other games in the neighborhood. Mary Ellen won't admit it, but she used to pick on me. Love seeing them both while I'm in town, although I rarely see Steve.

Oxley, Tom: One of my brother's friends whom I admired the most. He and I became good friends too. When I was young (and even now), he could always make me laugh, and I was pretty good at making him laugh too. Made me realize at a young age that I had a pretty good sense of humor. Have remained life-long friends.

Page, Jerry: Page drifted away from me and most of my friends quite some time ago; but he was a very good friend to both my brother and me for many years. Most of us are not sure why our friendship with him faded, but I still remember him as a good friend in my younger days.

Pannell, Rick: Another good athlete and good friend to my brother and me. He and Donna (Morton) Pannell were very good to my mother for her last 20 or so years in Oak Hill. Although Rick and I love each other, he thought I was a little twerp in my younger days, and he might have

PALS from p. 12

was with him and Sherry and others in Sherry's kitchen in Minden the night before he left for Vietnam. One of the most solid, decent and capable guys I've ever known.

Kesler, Pam (Angotti): I remember Pam from the third grade. She says she doesn't remember it, but I remember her trying to teach me to dance in our third grade class at Oak Hill Elementary School and me being so shy that I would hide in the bathroom. Her husband Mark also became my good friend from the years we all lived in Northern Virginia. Mark and I shared a number of years together in an Army Reserve unit in Alexandria, VA. We "fought" the battle of Telegraph Road together. I think Weasel and I may have crashed their wedding, but some of those years are a little blurry.

Legg, Fred: Great friend. Fred and I were running mates for a couple of years after college and before I moved away from Oak Hill. Spent every weekend running around doing lots of things we shouldn't have been doing, but we had lots of fun doing them. We ran into Larry Navicki one Friday or Saturday evening at the liquor store, and he said "why don't you guys go somewhere else tonight." I think he was kidding. Went to WV Tech together and shared multiple years in Wildwood as housemates. It was my great honor to be an usher in his and Becky's wedding party. They even got married on my birthday. Anecdote: In Wildwood, Fred would insist that I wake him up for work in the mornings, and when I tried to do it, he would take a swing at me. Great wife, whom I also love.

Mitchell, Butch: The Weasel was one of a kind. Let's say he lived a very colorful life. Did things that none of us were proud of, but he was always so much fun to be around. One of his claims to fame was that he gave a nickname to everyone in Oak Hill, sometimes more than one. He had at least two for both Bill Staples and Jim Idings. Seemed to be back on the right track in life when he died too young. Absolutely, one of the funniest guys I have ever known. I often regale current friends with "Weasel stories." I don't think they believe me, but they're true (I think).

Mullins, Wanda: My high school girl friend. (I know, same last name, but we weren't related, regardless of what people say about West Virginians.) Our dates mainly consisted of going to movies and the Burger Boy (a sensation when it first opened) and hanging out at her house.

The following businesses and patrons have made donations of at least \$50 to help finance

The Reunion Log

Please support them financially and with your appreciation

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Tyree Funeral Home

Brother's Letters, Old Logs Reveal Letter-Writing Campaign to Students Working in Washington, D.C.

By Judy Fitzpatrick Blackwell

On June 6 many Americans, including me, were glued to the television watching the newsreel of the D-Day invasion of Normandy. It was disturbing to watch as thousands of young men risked—and many lost—their lives in the effort to shorten the war and save ravaged Europe.

My brother, David Jackson Fitzpatrick, was not on Omaha Beach that day, but arrived on Day 3 of the Normandy invasion enroute to Utah Beach. Jack seldom discussed his war experiences, but he kept meticulous records of those years, including every letter and envelope he received and every picture he took. The records chronicle a transition from boy to man.

In the autumn of 1941, Jack was a senior whose interests centered on girls, sports and journalism. He played end for the Red Devils, but broke his leg in practice two weeks before the Mt. Hope game. Sports editor of The LOG, he hoped to pursue a career as a newspaper reporter. He began his preparation by taking commercial courses, which according to the commencement program, so did more than half the class of 1942.

December 7 Changes All

Reading the '41-'42 LOGs was a journey through history. The December 2 edition was filled with informative, sometimes light and funny stories of school, Christmas, faculty, and sports. That changed drastically with the December 17 edition. The front page was filled with articles related to the effects of war. The main headline on page one was Faculty and Students Will Buy Defense Bonds. Other front page stories told of defense work, nurse aid classes, a fund to raise money for the Red Cross and home economic teachers uniting for national defense. An editorial entitled America Goes to War—Pearl Harbor replaced a cartoon of Santa

filling stockings with peace and freedom. There was a long list of former students serving in the armed forces. It was evident that war was on the students' minds.

With the advent of war, several teachers took leaves of absences as they were drafted and students dropped out of school to enter the armed services. Thomas Nutter, the first student to take advantage of the offer of OHHS to grant a diploma to a senior who had finished one semester and enter the military, joined the Ma-



rines.

Several seniors took the Civil Service exam for clerk-typist-stenographer and left school to work for the federal government in Washington. Allowed to take the exam, they could not begin employment until age 18. Jack took his exam on February 22, and began his employment with the U.S. War Department on April 16, 1942, his 18th birthday. He and another LOG staffer, Prentiss

“Smiley” Taylor joined several other Oak Hill seniors, including Rosie Gogalak and Ruth Hightower, who were already there. Joe Nunn, Louise Jackson, Beatrice Massey, Sophie Susky, and Minnie Wallace were mentioned in a letter to Jack from Willia Huddleston, OHHS registrar, in which she told Jack to remind them to complete their records by May 15 and to inform her if they would be returning for the graduation ceremony.

Classmates Send News, Gossip

Kathryn Croft, shorthand teacher, had each student in her class write letters to Jack and Prentiss. Those letters and others from classmates are filled with news and gossip of the school and town, as well as inquiries about life in the big city.

Several classmates described the hotly debated student council election in the spring of 1942. “Honey” Bugin ran against Bill Whitley for president and Drema Lively opposed Joe Jordan for vice-president. According to Margie Payne, a debate erupted into a shouting match, when “The boys thought the girls should stay home and knit...didn't go well with the ladies. President Bill Robertson, unable to maintain order, shouted

until he was hoarse and may as well have yelled for \$1000.” Frances Bender alluded to the same situation.

Seniors ran the town for a day each spring and had another lively election for mayor, a race which Bill Jackson won. Rose Grabosky wrote that she wanted the job as food inspector, but lost to Kitten Kincaid.

There were letters not only from girls, but from close male

buddies. The writers came alive thru their letters. There was no editing, OMG, LOL, or emojis, only honest, hurriedly handwritten correspondences. Four names stood out: James “Ziggy” Kowalski, James Hall, Bill Farmer and Arnold Barton. Ziggy appeared to be a real character, athlete, ladies man, and clown. He signed one letter SWTJ, sealed with tobacco juice. In another letter he related the details of a trip to a burlesque theatre in Detroit. He later married another classmate, Rose Grabosky, whose name appeared frequently in letters, but not in conjunction with Ziggy. In one of her letters to Jack she lamented that she and another friend missed the senior picture because they had gone to eat lunch.

Bill Farmer's letters presented a friend at the opposite pole from Ziggy. He sounded like a quiet, shy, churchgoing fellow who missed his friend and wished he too was in Washington. He also had the most perfect penmanship I have ever seen. Jimmy Hall went to D.C. after graduation as a clerk typist and was at the middle of the spectrum.

Arnold Barton was another buddy introduced thru the letters. He had joined the CCC in 1941 and was assigned to a town in Neihart, Montana. He described the town as “a mining town like in western movies with tall wooden buildings, sidewalks of wood planks and women as wild as mountain sheep including one that carried a rifle.” According to pictures found on the internet, his description was spot on.

Fitzpatrick's Dad Injured

Jack was only in D.C. for five months, returning home to work in the company store after our father was injured in the mines. He was inducted into the army in January 1943 and began a journey that took him to California, Scotland, England, France, Belgium and the Netherlands.

For a boy from Whipple whose

family never owned an automobile, sailing across the Atlantic on the Queen Mary and arriving in England on New Year's Eve 1943 must have been a daunting experience. He kept a pocket diary that listed the arrival and departure dates of each leg of his war assignments. Pictures taken of Cherbourg, LeHavre, and Verdun reveal unimaginable destruction.

Letters from friends continued, but more important to me were the letters from his family. An only son, he was then the second oldest of six children. My mother was only 37 and her letters revealed a side I never knew. Serious and funny, she kept Jack informed of everyday happenings in the community and family. There were shortages of meat, especially pork, and joked that she was considering eating a horse.

Where's the Beef?

She complained that if she kept eating her hens, she would not have any left to lay eggs. She kept him informed about Sandy, the family dog and reported that he stole a neighbor's steak when the man laid it on a post while bending to pick up something.

In one letter, she raked him over the coals because he apparently did not want to be addressed as Sonny or Jackie. She announced she could call her only son whatever she wanted, and there was nothing he could do about it. While she kept him informed about most things, she did not tell him he would have another sibling. In June 1945 he was shocked to receive a telegram telegram from our dad just 2 days before D-Day announcing the birth of another sister, me.

IN THE PHOTO on this page, Jack Fitzpatrick and a service pal are pictured outside the Red Cross in Liege. They were returning from Holland where they had spent the evening with friends. Declaring PEACE, Fitzpatrick says he tried to laugh but as happy as he was, he just couldn't.

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been right. Married a woman who was too good for him. I always enjoy spending time at Rick and Donna's house (my aunt's old house) when I come home.

Payne, Pat (Townsend): Pat remains a good friend to this day. I always had a secret crush on her, but she was the girlfriend of my good friend, Butch. We spent lots of time at the Three Gables Club together with our other buds. I still remember her very cool Ford Mustang with the red door panel—1963 I think. We still stay in touch through Facebook and at reunions. A great memory is her, Butch Wykle and I me seeing the Platters perform in Wildwood. Through a fluke, the bartender was a friend of my aunts in Philadelphia and gave us our drinks for free.

Perdue, Roger: I met Roger Perdue in sixth grade at Rosedale School, and we became best friends. I hung out with him a lot that year and in junior high. I remember him as a great Little League player. He married my good friend and classmate, Sue

Clark. Died too young.

Price, Tony: Probably more involvement with Tony than any other close high school friend. Started at WV Tech together and roomed with him and Kenny Dixon (and then Harry Fuller) freshman year. Roomed with him in Wildwood, moved in with him when I moved to Northern Virginia, he was the best man at my wedding and much more. We were living together in Alexandria, VA when we met our wives, and he was with me that night I met my wife. Can always make me laugh.

Quesenberry, Nancy and Kay: Nancy and Kay are my first cousins and are also good friends. We grew up in the same neighborhood, close to our grandparents and another aunt and uncle. Had all Christmas and Thanksgiving meals together growing up. They both moved to Southern California after high school and stayed. I really enjoy visiting out there a couple of times a year.

Short, Tom: Tom also lived in that State Road Garage neighborhood, on the same street that the Keffers, Daryl Goff, the Swanigans, Billy Wilson, the Booths, Wayne

Lively and Rosie Richardson and her siblings lived; and not far from where the Treadways, the Swansons, the Nunns, the Millions and Bob and I lived. Tom is a great guy. We went to Tech together, and Tom spent a lot of weekends with us in our Northern Virginia apartment. He traveled a lot for the Dept of Agriculture and when he was in DC, he slept on our couch. His rent was multiple cases of beer. Often had lunch or dinner with him and Butch Wykle when I visited Northern Virginia. (Yes, there was a family named Million, who had five sons—Mac, Sam, David and two little ones whose names escape me. Mac and Sam got in a fight once; Mac won the fight and when he was walking away, Sam jumped on somebody's bike and ran over Mac. Those were mean streets.)

Sowers, John: Johnny was my very good friend, another one who died too young. A very smart and talented guy who had some problems in life. I have nothing but fond memories of hanging out with him at the pool room, the Owls Club, Rose's Inn, the Three Gables Club, the Elite Club

and WV Tech. I wish I had been a better friend to him.

Staples, Bill: Super close friend to this day. He's the best of all my Oak Hill friends about staying in touch. Calls me on a regular basis, which I appreciate so much. Was always very funny and adventurous. He would always try anything. Shared a locker in senior year and double dated to the prom. Was our cook in Wildwood. Can't believe any of us survived that. We used to go to the movies every Sunday night until I finally got a girlfriend. Lots of great memories with Bill.

Swanson, Russell and Banks: Russell and Banks moved to our neighborhood while my brother and I were in high school. Russell was one of my brother's closest friends, and he became my friend too. Banks and I were also good friends. We even shared a Charleston Gazette paper route for a short time, until we both decided we couldn't get up that early. I still talk to Russell occasionally, and Bob and I visited him once on our drive from DC to Oak Hill for a reunion. Great guys and a great family.

Treadway, Clyde: We all called

Clyde “Poo” growing up. Never knew why. Poo grew up in my neighborhood with his many brothers and sisters. Was in my brother's class (1962). We had a lot of fun around the neighborhood. I've only seen him a few times since I left Oak Hill, but still remember him very fondly.

Wykle, Butch: Best athlete in all the sports from Little League on. Dear friend and the hometown friend I saw the most in the last 10 to 15 years. Jimmy Sumner once referred to him as a gentle giant, and that's a pretty good description. Went to WV Tech with him and had multiple years in Wildwood with him. He, Kenny Dixon and I decided to move to DC area together and the three of us rented an apartment together, along with Tony Price. Butch was gone way too soon, and I miss him every day.

I've left out some other good friends, but the ones I've mentioned above are the ones I remember the most. I'll close by reminding us all of what Kenny Rogers sang, “You can't make old friends.”

2019 Valedictorian Notes Growth During Red Devil Experience



GERRY '65 AND TERRY '70 Hildebrand, owners of Bridge Haven Golf Course, the home course for the Red Devil Golf Team, purchased golf bags for the team so that when they arrived at other courses, spectators will know at once who they are. Pictured before their first match of the season with Gerry Hildebrand, far left, are Jackson Hayes, Karen Coleman, and Cayden Cox.



Members of 2018 Honorees Sue and Larry Navicki's family flank them. Front, from left are Sue, Larry, and Lee Ann Navicki; Middle--Mary Lagos, Jerry Keffer, Sherry Keffer, Allen Navicki, Vicki Lagos, Jim Lagos, and Katie Keffer Hayes; Back row: Jaden Lagos, Sarah Keffer, and Savannah Keffer.



CLASS OF 1959 friends, Delores Ford Hall, Marilyn Thompson Montgomery, and Marylu Walker are looking forward to their reunion this weekend as they celebrate 60 years of Devil memories. Some of their classmates will attend a class reunion for the very first time, and several are also joining the all-class reunion at Tamarack. Saturday, August 31, the group will gather at the Lewis House for refreshments, remembrances of those who have passed on, and riotous recollections of their high school days.



Brought to You By....

The Alumni Association Board of Directors meets monthly to make plans for the annual reunion and involve themselves in projects for the school. Pictured, front, are Donna Hendrickson, Calvin Kidd, Edna Wriston, Bo Price, Nancy Harding, President Pam Smith, Rose Absher, and Marilyn Montgomery; back--Beth Epperson, Marlene Adkins, Paul Nichols, and Sherry Keffer. Not pictured, although present, is Robert Sanger.

By Victoria Mackowiak
Class of 2019
A New Alumna

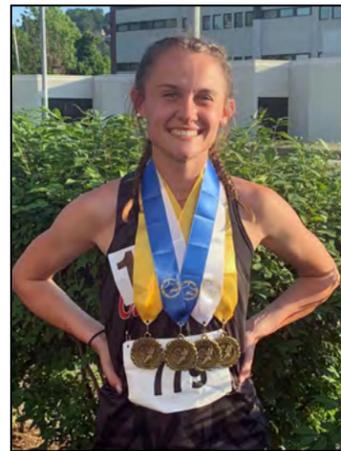
When I first walked into Oak Hill High School in 2015 as a freshman, I had absolutely no idea what the next four years would hold. I could not begin to fathom the laughs, trials and accomplishments that I would later have the joy to look back on as a graduate. I had only one plan set in my mind: that I wanted to do the best I could academically as well as play soccer in college. Four short years later, I can happily say I achieved at least one of those, while finding my true joy in life: running track.

I played soccer all four years of my Red Devil Career and started varsity for each of them. On a whim, I decided to run track in the spring of my sophomore year as a way to keep in shape for soccer season in the fall. Little did I know, I would become a natural at running sprints.

I was terrified on the day of my first meet, March 27, 2017, and trembling with nerves; I had no idea what I should expect and was absolutely certain that I would be last in all four of my races. To my utter shock, I came in second in the 400 meter dash with a time of 64 seconds, of which I was extremely proud. I lost by two seconds to a girl from Shady Spring who would later become a very good friend and excellent competition, and vowed to train until one day I

could beat her.

Three seasons later, after racing in the WV State Track Meet two times and finishing in third place with a medal in 2018, I found myself the number one pick to win the 400m dash at



"TORI" MACKOWIAK
Valedictorian and State Track Champ

the 2019 WV State Track Meet. I distinctly remember lying in bed every night for the entirety of my senior year praying to God for the strength, courage, and health to finish my senior season as a state champion.

I knew I had worked for almost three years to get to this very moment and that I could not let it pass me by. Finally, on May 18, 2019, I became a state champion with a time of 56.99 seconds.

Months later, I can honestly say that day was the single

greatest of my life. The sense of accomplishment and pride I felt that day can rival no other. Beyond proving my physical ability to myself, I proved it to my family, the Red Devil family, and the state of West Virginia. I proved to them that a small town girl can make a big splash by beating out my competitors by nearly 4 seconds.

Additionally, the friendships and connections that I made along the way are something to take pride in as well. I know in my heart that I would not have been nearly as successful in my career if it had not been for my loving, yet pushing father, my friends, and my coaches George Smith, Dan Stowers, Lindsey Stokes, and Jonathan Gore. Their vision far exceeded mine at times and I attribute my success to their dedication to both myself and the team as a whole.

Having now graduated, I look back on the times I spent in the high school halls with joy and sorrow. Joy that I was able to finish high school as both a state champion and the first in my class, and sorrow that those days are now over. Despite this, however, I am elated to begin my new track career by running at Marshall University while majoring in Exercise Science. As excited as I am to wear a Kelly green jersey, I will forever look back on my time in a Red Devil uniform with pride.



JO ANN AND WOODY DAVIS



DON AND NANCY GRUNENBERG



WAYNE AND PATRICIA WRISTON
They are models for how we want to be when we grow up.



PAM BLAKE RIGSBY and George Bryan say it's always wonderful to see old friends at Tamarack--or anywhere.

LARRY CANTERBURY, left, hangs out with Dave Perry, not knowing he was a future honoree. Larry has been instrumental in selling Log ads for years.



Calantha Quesenberry, left, and **Matt Wender**, far right, visit with **Sharon and Greg Larrick**.



ALUMNI ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT Pam Hall Smith, far right, is pictured with classmates **Sarah McKinney Glover** and **Marian Williamson McGorman** at her last function while not being in charge.



MARY ELLEN SNEED HUGHES joins **Paul Nichols**, his wife **Charlotte**, and **Gary Ray**. One of the best things about the Tamarack event is visiting across the classes.

We Remember That Our Stories Began in Oak Hill



TOP LEFT (1) Cheryl Miller Vance, Kevin Miller, Jim Morgan and Ernie Pyles; TOP RIGHT-(2)-Friends from the fifties classes include Jane Toney, Phyllis Wallace, Phyllis Foote Verdine, Betty Ferguson Partain, Bo Widener Price, Nancy Mathews Harding, Peggy Alexander Broughman, Sue Pinson Navicki, Larry Navicki, and Sarah Barbara Clark Holmes; Back row--Adam Toney, Don Grunenberg, Bob Sanger, Fred Neudek, Doug Kincaid, Marilyn Montgomery, Maryly Walker, Nancy Craft, Delores Ford Hall, and Franklin Williams; 2ND LEVEL(3)-Betty Partain, her cousin John Parresol, and Leslie Partain Smith; CENTER (4)



Beth Epperson and her former teacher Wayne Hizer; FAR RIGHT (6) Filling out the Sixties classes are those from 1966-1969. Seated, left to right, Vicki Allen Lagos, Mary Ellen Sneed Hughes, Carol Rakes Kidd, Paulette Stewart Petrucci, Sally Tully Ryan, Calantha Quesenberry, and Sharon Larrick; THIRD ROW (7) 1963 classmates make it a reunion every year. Seated are Becky Stewart, Arnold Stewart, Roger Damron; standing--Donna Morton Pannell, Rick Pannell, Jeanie McKinney Damron; CENTER (8) Forrest, Myra, and Terry McFarland.

"We started coming when we were welcomed as 'young, new blood.' Now we are among the old ones, but we still love coming." Classes from 50-65 include, seating, Marian Williamson McGorman, Pam Hall Smith, Sarah McKinney Glover, Edna Alexan-

der Wriston, Linda Rakes Richardson, Jeanie McKinney Damron, Nancy Brown Newberry, Evelyn Smith Hizer, Charlotte Mann Nichols, Cookie Thompson Francesa, and Pat Halstead Gray; Back row: Rose Srednicki Absher, Nancy Trump Perry, Mickey Richardson, Jerry Kef-

fer, Terry McFarland, Jim Richardson, Russ Swanson, George Bryan, Arnold Stewart, Rick Pannell, Esther Duncan Anderson, Pam Blake Rigsby, Ron Gray, JoAnn Baughn Davis, Sue Sneed Staples, Ken Dixon, Bill Staples, and Sherry Allen Keffer.



THE PRE-CONFERENCE AREA is always a nice place to visit say Carol Kidd, Marlene Adkins, Kathy Moss, and Steve Moss.

TAKING A NIGHT off shagging, Fred and Becky Legg always schedule their weekend around the dinner at Tamarack. Come see them next year.

THIS IS WHERE WE ARE MISSING OUT

CLASSMATES FROM the fifties and sixties are still coming to support their alma mater and to rehash old stories. Along with the founding 1940's members, they have helped provide for more than half-a-million dollars in scholarships. Somewhere along the line, though, we dropped the ball with the younger decades of graduates. Someone needs to pick up that ball and run with it to get class lists for the

younger generations. Pictured last year are all from 1970-2018 who attended. Seated, Mary Lagos, Katie Keffer Hayes, Lee Wood Navicki, Sara Keffer, Myra McFarland, Cheryl Miller Vance, Leslie Partain Smith, Cindy Bryan Canterbury, Marlene LaRocco Adkins. Standing: Donna Legg Hendrickson, Beth Epperson, Savannah Keffer, Allen Navicki, Kevin Miller, Kevin Stoner, Larry Canterbury, Ernie Pyles, Forrest McFarland, and Dave Perry.



DICKIE DEVIL SAYS:

If you want to see a Reunion Log next year, start thinking about writing and sending stories. Better yet, help find a volunteer who will take over as editor. Sherry Keffer has officially and permanently retired "I've loved it for 20 years, but now I am finished," she says.