



HARRISON COUNTY COURT HOUSE

Harrison County Commission

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COMMISSIONERS
DAVID L. HINKLE
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Mr. Houchin,

On behalf of the citizens of Harrison County, WV, as well as your County Commissioners, we would like to thank you for the hours of research you have put into uncovering "How the Stonewall Jackson Statue came to Clarksburg." Your careful examination of documents, hours of reading, and efforts of thorough unearthing as it pertains to physical articles of investigation have proved second to none.

That said, The County Commission invites you to attend our regularly scheduled Commission Meeting on **Wednesday, November 18th at 10:00am** to present your narrative for public informational purposes. In addition, The County requests an invoice for payment so that proper remuneration is certain on your behalf.

Once again, our sincere appreciations for your display of diligence towards this matter.

Kindest Regards,

David L. Hinkle, Commissioner



How the Stonewall Jackson Statue Came to Clarksburg

Although most of the following narrative is fully documented in the archived S. Joseph Birshstein Papers at the Clarksburg-Harrison Public Library, the early part of the story relies almost entirely on the recollections of Berkeley W. Moore, a Jefferson County native and the son of an officer in the Stonewall Brigade.

Mr. Moore was a friend of the sculptor Charles Keck in New York City in the years leading up to our entry into the First World War, when Keck had accepted a commission to create an equestrian statue of Stonewall Jackson. Moore, having heard firsthand testimony from his father, contributed some design suggestions. Keck first made a scaled-down version of the proposed monument, and at some point he cast it in bronze. The model thus preserved is the statue that came to us after having remained in Keck's studio for decades.

In the mid-1930s Berkeley Moore was living in Somerville, New Jersey and advocating for the Jackson statue to go to West Virginia "where it belonged." He escorted former governor John J. Cornwell to Keck's studio to see it and Cornwell took up the cause, beginning a campaign to acquire the statue and bring it to Jackson's Mill. But these were the years of the Great Depression and funding was hard to find.

Plans set aside entirely during the Second World War were revived immediately afterward.

Cornwell's intention had been to fund the project through the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the usual procedure when Confederate memorials were proposed, but by the 1950s the national organization played no active part in such efforts. When in 1950 it was first proposed to bring the Jackson statue to Clarksburg, and meetings for the purpose were held, it fell to the Stonewall Jackson Chapter and to individual donors to pledge the necessary funds.

Joseph Z. Terrell, a transplanted East Virginian, chaired the committee and pushed the project through to completion.

In April of 1951 Terrell went to New York to Keck's studio, saw the statue, spoke with the sculptor and learned that a commitment had been made to send the statue to the Virginia Military Institute if the purchase price of \$15,000 could be raised.

Within days of Terrell's visit Charles Keck died, leaving all his affairs in the hands of his widow and executrix, Anne, who proposed to honor the agreement with V.M.I. But in Lexington the money could not be had, and in early December the Institute surrendered its option. On December 31st Terrell met with Anne Keck and obtained a six-month option for an offer of \$10,000. On January 25th, 1952, the *Weston Democrat* published Terrell's account of the progress to date. A day later Anne Keck wrote in a letter to Terrell: "After you get organized and see how things are going, I would be glad to discuss this matter with you if you are planning to come to New York. With all good wishes for your project, and believe me that I will do all I can to further your purpose." Terrell glosses this assurance as follows: "Means we can get it for much less than \$10,000."

A suitable base for the statue was expected to cost as much as \$5,000, but local architect William H. Grant agreed to do the design *pro bono* and the final cost proved to be \$1,500 in all. The local chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy had pledged \$2,000 to the project, five hundred dollars of which would now be paid into the general fund and fifteen hundred retained for the base. This left approximately \$2,500 that the committee could offer for the statue itself. Mr. Terrell went to New York to negotiate.

In Clarksburg meanwhile a controversy had arisen over the statue's proposed location on the courthouse square. This was opposed by architect Carlton Wood, who had been one of the designers of the courthouse. Three alternative sites were proposed: on the library lawn, on a traffic island in the West End, and on the West End bridge itself. The conflict wasn't resolved speedily.

In New York the widow Keck agreed not only to extend the option deadline into October but—as anticipated—to surrender the statue for far less than the asking price, fundraising having fallen far short of expectations. A bill of sale for \$2,500 was executed on October 9th. The statue shipped immediately and went into storage in a Hope Gas warehouse to await developments.

Terrell on the 20th of November: "To the Members of the County Court of Harrison County, Gentlemen: Now that the location of the Stonewall Jackson statue on the Court House plaza has been settled once and for all (and wisely settled in my opinion) I wish to thank each member of the Court for the very fine attitude they have shown in this matter from the beginning along with my deep regret that there has been any controversy or argument over the location, in neither of which have I taken any part. I feel sure that I can assure you gentlemen that your final decision will meet with the hearty approval of the Steering Committee as now constituted. I also wish to congratulate each of you on the prominent part you are playing in making history for this community by making it possible to erect a bronze image of a great man at the place of his birth."

David Houchin
Special Collections
Clarksburg-Harrison Public Library

Berkeley W. Moore to John J. Cornwell, August 13th, 1947

My Dear Sir,

Am enclosing clipping from to-days N. Y. Tribune, thought Mrs. Cornwell might like to see. Hope she is having success with her glads this year.

I was at Berkeley for 3 wks in June trying to shake off an attack of neuritis, but it did not help me much.

While there I met Mr. Hugh Jarvis of of Clarksburg. We became quite chummy (you of course know him) one day he told me of a very rich friend of his who is doing a lot for Clarksburg, & had spoken of having a Stonewall Jackson statue put there. Well! that started me again on my old hobby that I deviled you so much about.

Of course I told him of the s[t]atue in Kecks Studio in N.Y. &c &c. When I got back I had Keck write him—but Keck tells me he has heard nothing more of it—So I guess any hope of getting that statue to WVa will never be.

Hope this finds you and Mrs. C. well & with every good wish

Beg to remain with great respect

Most Sincerely Your

Berkeley W. Moore

Moore to Cornwell, August 19th, 1947

My Dear Sir,

I certainly

was delighted to get your nice letter of the 15th

Mr. Benedum was the man Mr. Jarvis spoke to me of at Berkeley Springs as the man he thought would purchase the Jackson statue, but I have not heard a word from Mr. Jervis, although I have written him twice. Your letter to Mr. Sam T. Mallison will I think do the trick. I certainly hope so anyhow— I sent your letter & the copy to Mr. Mallison on to Keck— Keck only recently finished the Al Smith Memorial, for which he was pd \$100.000. I am keeping my fingers crossed & hoping—

With every good wish for you and Mrs C

Beg to remain

Most Sincerely

Berkeley W. Moore

Moore to Cornwell, November 7th, 1947

My Dear Sir:--

I certainly am disappointed that we did not

get an answer to your letter to Mr. Mallison.

I was so in hope that he would be interested in the Jackson Statue

I fear however that the sentiment for “old Stonewall” is a[s] dead as he.

If we could only get some interested party to go to Kecks Studio & see that statue I feel shure they would want it.

For a library, museum or some place of that kind, it would be a great asset.

Am afraid however it will never be.

I want to thank you however for your interest in the matter.

With every good wish for you and Mrs. C

Beg to remain

With great respect

Most Sincerely yours Berkeley W. Moore

Moore to Cornwell, November 14th, 1947

Mr. Dear Govr—

Yours of Nov 10th recd & I replay respectfully— No, this is the first I have heard from you since you wrote me you had written “Sam Mallison”.

Of course I am disappointed that Mr. Benedum would not go along with our idea of the Jackson Statue. Am interested of course in what you say about Robert Pritchard editor of the Weston Democrat, but gravely fear it will come to nought.

This kinder reminds me of my younger days when I was in Alaska with Rex Beauch, we were always going to strike it in the next hole we dug—

It really if a shame to let this Statue go to waste so to speak— Keck is a temperamental man like most of those great artists, I’m a[l]ways afraid he will get mad & destroy [it] it would be just like him to do this. He was going to do it once before I stopped him

You see this is really the original statue, as the Heroic was made from this one— & that great s[c]ulptor from Italy who was here some years ago (I don’t know his name) said this was the most beautiful statue in the U.S. If we could just get some of these people to go there and see it, I’m shure they would want it.

It seems to me Clarksburg is the place to raise the money for it, but I don’t suppose it will be done— So we might as well forget it— I’ve certainly tried my best to put it over—

Hoping this finds you & Mrs. C. well * with every good wish beg to remain

With great respect

Sincerely Yours

Berkeley W. Moore

Moore to Terrell, March 20th, 1951

My Dear Mr. Terrell,

Your letter of March 9th was forwarded to me here by my brother, hense this delay in answering.

I am very glad indeed to get your letter & to know that someone is interested in a statue o Stonewall Jackson. This statue in question, that I have been trying to get down there, is in the studio of my friend Mr. Charles Keck at 40 West 10th St. New York City,

phone Gramercy 3-1236. This statue is the bronze working model of the Heroic, that stands in the Court House yard in Charlottesville Va. This statue is said by some of the highest authorities to be the most beautiful statue in the U.S. it is a little under life size & I think should be under a canopy or in a building. To really appreciate it you must go to see it, which you say you are going to do. I will send your letter on to Keck, & tell him you are coming to see it, and I hope you do soon.

I've tried to get it down there & do hope we succeed this time. I believe if you could get some organization or prominent party to write to Mr. Barney Barough [Bernard Baruch], he would pay Keck for it—or help a lot to pay for it.

Please let me hear from you after you see Keck & the statue.

I'm in Richmond here under a Drs care for arthritis at present, but would love to meet you in N.Y. & go to Kecks with you—

With kindest personal regards & every good wish

Most Sincerely

Berkeley W. Moore

Moore to Terrell, March 26th 1951

My Dear Mr. Terrell:

I sincerely hope you will pardon the miserable letter I wrote a few days ago in re the Jackson Statue.

Let me explain, I'm here in a nursing home under a Drs care with a most painful case of arthritis, & that I have broken my reading glasses, in other words, I'm in a hell of a fix.

As to the Jackson Statue. It is said by many of the best sculptors to be the most beautiful in the U.S.. The story of it is this, a Mr. McElroy of Charlottesville paid Keck \$35,000 for the hero that stands in the Court House yard in Charlottesville, on which Keck lost \$13,000 due to the prices of every thing going up so at that time; this was just before Wor[ld] War I. But the fact of the matter is this is the most perfect likeness of Gen'l Jackson of any statue ever made—note the pose, the very act of striking—note the short stirrups. You may know Jackson as a little boy was a jockey for his uncle who had a lot of race horses, at Jacksons Mill near Clarksburg. I well remember hearing Father say on several occasions seeing Gen'l ride up & he looked like his knees were up under his chin. I also heard Col. Chew of the Horse Artillery of Northern Va say practically the same thing. When my father died here in Richmond in 1919 He was the last living officer of the original Stonewall Brigade, he went in a sec. Lt. The records here in R. show him as Capt of Co. K—2 Va Inft. but he had been acting Maj. for some time. Hence I heard Gen'l Jacksons praises sung all during my father's life time.

I have tried for years to get this statue down there where it belongs, but so far have failed. I do hope you can do it, & will do all I can to help do it. I know this statue can be had for one fo[u]rth of what one would cost now & it would not be so good.

Of course it's just a little under life size, but if you go see it, I know you will say as does every body else it [is] wonderful—

Please let me hear from you as soon as you see it & talk to Mr. Keck. Do not know how long I will be her[e], but at least two wks more.

Most Sincerely Yours, Berkeley W. Moore

Moore to Terrell, April 25th, 1951

Dear Mr. Terrell:

I've just ret from Richmond from where I wrote you.

Am awfully sorry to say I saw in yesterday's papers, the passing of my old friend Chas Keck— I do hope you wrote him & perhaps went to see him? If you did that why not go to see Mrs. Keck? She knows practically every thing of his affairs. I was just thinking, before they take an inventory o his effects you might get a wonderful low price on that Jackson statue, it seems to me it would be worth the try. If I can help you in any way please let me know. I'm still crippled up with this arthritis, but I'll meet you in N.Y. if you want me to go to see Mrs. Keck with you.

Will be glad to hear from you

Sincerely yours,
Berkeley W. Moore

Terrell's note: "Wrote him April 27th that I had seen the statue Apr 20th and how shocked I was to learn of Mr. Keck's sudden death last Sunday. That I would try to follow up when I get the name and address of the administrator of the Keck estate."

Moore to Terrell, May 1st, 1951

Dear Mr. Terrell:

Yours of the 27th recd & in reply respectfully—I like yourself was terribly sho[c]ked & surprised by the death of Mr. Keck. I had known him for forty years visited him quite often & was very fond of him indeed. I am glad however you met him & Mrs. Keck, & that you saw the Jackson statue for you know now what a wonderful piece of work it is—

You must know Mr. Hugh Jarvis of Clarksburg? The Pres of a bank I believe— while at Berkeley Springs about two yrs ago, I told him of this statue & that it should be in Clarksburg, & he told me of a gentleman in Clarksburg who was very rich & was doing a lot for Clarksburg, [] a cemetery &c &c (I've forgotten his name) he told me to write him &c perhaps you could look him up

I still think however, it the United Daughters of the Confed. would write to Mr. Barney Barouch of N.Y. & put it up to him he would pay Mrs. Keck for it [...] Mr. Barouch's father was on Gen'l Lee's staff as you no doubt know. He also knew Keck well & often went to this studio, in fact he was leading light on the Com. that had the Al Smith statue made— If this is put up to him right I feel shure he would do it, especially now to help Mrs. Keck.

If however all these plans fail the thing to do is to keep in close touch with the situation, & if they have a sale of Keck's effects, have someone there to bid on the Jackson statue as it may go cheap of course this is all a surmise—

I'm still laid up with this awful case of arthritis & can hardly move.

It certainly seems a shame that this beautiful statue should be under a canvas in N.Y. when it should be down there where it would be loved & admired, but the Lord knows I made every effort I could to get it there—& I'm still hoping we will do it yet.

So please keep me posted on the situation & let me know what if anything I can do.

As soon as I'm able I'll go to N.Y. & see Mrs. Keck—

With every good wish
Sincerely yours
Berkeley W. Moore

Moore to Terrell, May 29th, 1951

Dear Mr. Terrell:

Yours of the 22nd recd for which I thank you it is very interesting & encouraging. I have not been able to get over to N.Y. to see Mrs. Keck, but will do so in the near future & will write you what she says.

Just to show you how I have been struggling with this matter for years, am enclosing you two of the many letters I recd on the subject One you will note from John W. Davis—

Speaking of Mr. Davis, may I say [I'm] glad you wrote him for a donation—he should be good for \$500—he can well afford it and is as you know from Clarksburg—

You can rest assured I will do all I possibly can to help—

Thanking you again

I beg to remain

Most sincerely yours
Berkeley W. Moore

Terrell's note: "Wrote him 6/4 asking him to make an appeal to Mrs. Keck"

Moore to Terrell, June 21st, 1951

Dear Mr. Terrell:

I was certainly surprised to say the least, the receive yours of 6/4th, saying you could not have the Jackson statue for Clarksburg— One day last wk I went in to N.Y. and saw Mrs. Keck— She told me Mr. Keck had arranged for it to go to the V.M.I.

That "pulled the rug out from under me," as it was all news to me. I had tried on several occasions, long ago and recently, to get it to the V.M.I. and failed—

Then I felt shure you were going to put it over, and was very much surprised that Keck never told me about is negotiations with the V.M.I. So, I did not know what to say. I showed her your letter &c. I never knew her well, only seeing her [...] when I went to his studio, but I felt I knew her quite well— So I don't know what to say— unless the V.M.I. people fall down again, it looks like we are licked & I am terribly sorry & disappointed.

She also told me John W. Davis had written her and asked if he could come there & see the statue, but she said she wrote him saying it was gone to the V.M.I. It is unquestionably the best thing Keck ever did & one of the best statues in the U.S. and I gave him several of the ideas that made it so—

If there is any thing further I can do in the matter please advise me—

With kindest regards I beg to remain

Sincerely yours

Berkeley W. Moore

Berkeley W. Moore to Joseph Z. Terrell. February 1st, “1951”—actually 1952

Dear Mr. Terrell

I was delighted to get your letter & the information about the Jackson Statue & do hope it goes over big.

Of course our good friend Ex Gov. Cornwell will help; & you should write John W. Davis & perhaps Mr. Barney Barouch will help too if you write him.

You are certainly to be congratulated on your fine work in this matter, at what price did you have to pay for it—I had about given up hope of getting it to WVa— Charlie Keck as you know died not so long go—He was a good fellow, I liked him very much—

I retired as P.M. over a yr ago & I’m almost a helpless, hopeless cripple with this arthritis; I’ve had 11 Drs [...] but got no relife yet. Your letter is good news to me. If I can think of any way to help you will try to do so—

With every good wish for your success

Beg to remain

Sincerely Yours

Berkeley W. Moore

Moore to Terrell, March 10th, 1952

Dear Mr. Terrell:

I was indeed to get your big letter of Jan 26 Saying you had arranged to get the Jackson statue for Clarksburg which I answered at once.

You are certainly to be congratulated and praised for this fine job— as you know I tried for yrs to do it, but just could not put it over— Please write me & let me know how you are getting along, & if there is any thing I can do for you to help—

Also what id you have to pay Mrs. K— & when do you expect to get it there—

If I am able will try to get there for the unveiling. I’m so crippled now with this awful arthritis I can hardly walk—

With every good wish bg to remain

Most sincerely yours Berkeley W. Moore

Moore to Terrell, July 28th, 1952

Dear Mr. Terrell:

I have just been looking over some letters & especially yours Jan 26—52 in re the Jackson statue—in which as you know I've always been so interested

The fact of the matter is however I've been an invalid, just completely knocked out with this awful arthritis. Just came back from 2 mo trip from Richmond—but get no relief & am in constant pain.

But please tell me what is the status of the Jackson matter now. Did you finally put it over? I do hope so

Please excuse this awful scratch, I've 5 pr of glasses & can't see with any of them In fact I'm just no good

Please drop me a line however & tell me how things are

With every good wish

Most sincerely

Berkeley W. Moore

Terrell's note: "Poor old fellow. This seems to be a wish very close to his heart and I must renew my efforts to put it over so I'll call those whom I think may contribute and appeal to them to help gratify the wish of this old man who seems to be slipping fast for the final round-up"

Moore to Terrell, August 12th, 1952

Dear Mr. Terrell:

Your letter of 8th inst recd & glad indeed to hear from you

I am terribly sorry you are having such a hard time with the Jackson statue

Please permit me to make this suggestion.

Mr. Barney Barouch is a good & loyal Southerner, his father was on Gen Lees staff, he was a noted surgeon—

He knew Keck well, in fact he was in the Com. That had Keck make the Al Smith statue &c You take this matter up with him, write him on the Jackson Memorial letter head— Tell him how you have worked &c &c Tell him you will have John W. Davis come there & present the statue to Clarksburg and publicly thank him for his generosity in putting it over and that he will be Clarksburg's patron saint &c Pile it on, he loves it— He is so rich he don't know what to do with his money—

I do not know his N.Y. address but that will be easy to get—

Please excuse this awful scratch, I'm in terrible pain all the time & although I have 5 prs of glasses can't see at all

If you do this in your own way I think it will work

With every good wish for success

Most sincerely yours

Berkeley W. Moore

[The final bars of “Dixie” are played as the recording begins. Chairman Terrell is speaking.]

Distinguished Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen, we are gathered on an auspicious occasion this beautiful Sunday afternoon to pay homage to a Christian gentleman, Thomas Jonathan Jackson. I cannot resist the opportunity to repeat a portion of those familiar words written by one F. N. Finch and published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September issue, 1867. Certainly he had General Jackson in mind when he wrote:

Under the sod and dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day,
Under the roses that bloom,
Under the lily, the grave.

Our Master of Ceremonies for this afternoon needs no introduction. He is a beloved citizen and friend of our state, county and city and well known to you all. I am honored to present Mr. Joseph M. Low, Master of Ceremonies. Mr. Low.

If by the waving of a magic wand, if by the dispensation of a kind Providence, we were permitted this afternoon to roll back the years to the year 1830, perhaps across the street in front of us here and up the dusty road of the village a six-year-old lad would be traveling to his home just a little bit to my left. Perhaps he would be dreaming dreams and he would have visions, and he would ride his poor toy horse on a mission of conquest. Now bring that six-year-old lad forward to this platform and he would find those dreams of conquest realized. He would find that having had the courage of his convictions he had paid the supreme sacrifice for that period and for those convictions and would be and is here with us in spirit today.

In this kindly spirit, too, on this momentous occasion it is fitting and proper that we invoke a divine blessing and on this solemn occasion we ask Bishop R. E. L. Strider of the W.Va. Diocese to ask God’s blessing on this solemn occasion.

Bishop Strider:

Let us bow our heads in prayer. God of our fathers, of the universe and of all mankind, we invoke Thy presence and blessing on us gathered here today to do honor to the memory of a great and noble man whose incorruptible character and whose heroic deeds have cast the halo of an illustrious name about this his birthplace. We remember with admiration and gratitude his sturdy personal integrity, his well disciplined purpose and his gifts of leadership in the world of men. We thank Thee that even in the heat and fury of battle he did not cease to be a Christian, but he never forgot Thee, his God, and that always he was a man of prayer. We thank Thee that he, and numberless other men and women whose spirit and labors have immeasurably enriched our American heritage, have set for us and for all the generations to come an example of devotion to duty which was faithful even unto death. We thank Thee for this our land, and for the mighty nation in which we are citizens today. Counsel our unity, preserve our liberties, guide and guard us down the years to come. Make us worthy to be the leaser of the nations and grant that

as mankind goes forward our beloved nation may always be found marching in the vanguard, holding high the torch of liberty, of opportunity, and of peace. Hasten the day which the prophets have foretold when we shall beat out swords into ploughshares and our spears into pruning hooks, when we shall not lift up sword against nation, when we shall learn war no more.

Oh God, our help in ages past, be then our hope for years to come and send thy blessing upon us and upon mankind. Today and always we ask this in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ our Savior. Amen.

Mr. Low:

Again in a spirit of true patriotism and in true reverence, we will ask the audience to stand and, led by the band, and will you join in singing with us, “God Bless America.”

[song]

Mr. Low:

Mrs. Preston, granddaughter of Stonewall Jackson, and her grandson, Thomas Jackson Shaffner, who was to unveil the statue, cannot be here because of the serious illness of Mrs. Preston. We are happy to have with us, and it is entirely fitting that we substitute Mr. William M. Beard of Westfield, New Jersey, Commander-in-Chief of the Sons of the Confederate Veterans, who will unveil the statue after his appropriate remarks. Commander Beard.

Beard:

To the Glory of God, and in loving memory of Thomas Jonathan Jackson:
Born January 21st, 1824, at Clarksburg.
Died May 3rd (sic), 1863, at Guinea Station, Virginia.
Lieutenant, Captain and Major in the Armies of the United States.
Professor at the Virginia Military Institute.
Lieutenant General in the Army of the Confederate States of America.
The Immortal “Stonewall”.
A Christian gentleman to whom religion was a service uniform and no shiny Sunday garment.

“The brave die never; in death they but exchange their county’s arms for more—their country’s heart.”

[The band plays “Carry Me Back to Old Virginny”]

Mr. Low:

We have here on the platform historian Roy Bird Cook, a member of the governor's West Virginia Award History Commission, a man of authority versed in the history and the traditions of our great state. We are going to ask historian Cook to introduce our speaker on this historical occasion, the Honorable Frank C. Haymond, President of the Supreme Court of W.Va., as our principal speaker. Mr. Cook.

Cook:

Way back in 1862 a general in the Confederate army by the name of Thomas Jonathan Jackson disappeared down in the Valley of Virginia. For several days no one knew where he was. Then came the famous message from the little town of McDowell in what is Highland County, Virginia today, to Robert E. Lee down in Richmond. It carried these words: "God has blessed our arms with victory."

And so this morning when I awoke twenty-six miles south of Clarksburg and looked out the window and the sun was shining I could not help but feel that God had blessed us, today, not only for the weather but for the spirit of the occasion and the fact which has brought us together here on this most historic occasion.

Jackson once said, "The Institute will be heard from today." Certainly the Institute has been heard from today in Clarksburg. Once again Jackson rides in Clarksburg, this time in bronze, his horse looking almost directly across the street, the location where this great warrior, Christian soldier and indomitable leader was born, And I wonder what he and what his spirit would say, could he come back and look at this gathering on this occasion.

A few weeks ago a magazine came out with a little left-handed fling at W.Va., because *West Virginia does not appreciate its own*. It had to do in that particular case with Blennerhassett Island in Wood County. Bringing it on down, I would like to deny from my own personal experience the statement that West Virginia does not take care of its own. In the last few hours I have passed a marvelous gas station, produced and raised and created by the Hope Gas Company named the Stonewall Jackson gas station. I have passed a statue that was set up by Moses Ezekiel in 1912 in Charleston. I have passed a magnificent high school, the Stonewall Jackson High School, the home of the splendid Stonewall Jackson Band which is here today, which is an honor in itself.

I came part of the way down to Clarksburg to help take care of my part in this program over the Stonewall Jackson Highway. I came into the town of Weston and passed in sight of the courthouse which stands on the site of the courthouse in which he went to school. I passed the site of the Weston High School where I had graduated and which is represented today here by that toast that comes only to West Virginians, the Blue and Gray Band, of which I'm also justly proud.. I came on down to Jackson's Mill, where the mill stands which he himself as a small boy had helped to erect, and the magnificent place the 4-H camp there. And on into Clarksburg to the site of the place he was born in a small, one-story brick house which stood diagonally across the street, and from which he and his brother Warren had run away, as Mr. Low has so ably described to you, and came over to the little clerk's office right next door to where we are standing here at this very moment.

And from here on June 14th and 15th, 1842 this little Thomas Jackson rode away to West Point, a substitute, believe it or not, for a boy named Gibson Jackson Butcher, one of those strange threads of destiny that come into men's lives. He went on into the Mexican War and, believe it or not, on December the 10th, 1847 he made the front page of the Clarksburg newspapers, in that it praised him for what he had done in his work in the Army in Mexico under the Stars and Stripes. And last, in August of 1855 we find him riding away from here as a Major, a professor and teacher at V.M.I. on his last trip to Clarksburg, August 1855, left here and went to Parkersburg to meet his relatives and went back down to V.M.I., Lexington by way of Ansted where his dear mother was buried, who had died on December the 3rd, eighteen hundred and thirty-one. And then eight years later the newspapers all over this land, all over this nation, North and South, carried his name, and in foreign lands as well, and when he passed away and laid to rest on next Friday afternoon at three o'clock in the afternoon in the little grave down at Lexington, Virginia in the shadow of V.M.I. even Abraham Lincoln wrote an appreciative note.

And I know, my friends, under the circumstances, of no man who is better fitted, from two particular sources to my point of view, to talk to you this afternoon than the man who has been named, and that is Judge Frank C. Haymond. In a little personal interest story about him that I want to tell you about first is, that he is a soldier himself. The men who fought for the North and South are represented here today by men who had been in these later wars and by the American Legion Band who played for us here so finely just a few moments ago. Judge Haymond has this unusual situation in his own family. His father was a courier for General John D. Imboden, who lived about thirty-five miles south of Clarksburg for a number of years of his life at what is called Imboden Mountain on the other side of Jacksonville in Lewis County. He was a courier for him in the Battle of Gettysburg; his father. His grandfather was a major in the Confederate army, his great-grandfather was a colonel in the Confederate army, and he had many distinguished cousins who were officers on both sides in that great fratricidal strife of '61 to '65.

So it comes to us of his background: born in Marion County, educated at the college down in Fairmont, then down to Harvard where he made so many straight-A's that they graduated him with honors and then we came out of the law school, and then what did he do, he went into the legislature down at Charleston. He was not satisfied with the fights they had there so he joined up with the field artillery as a private, a high private if you please, of the field artillery in the First World War. He was with the American Expeditionary Forces in France and there again he displayed his qualities and came out a captain and back home, served as a judge of the circuit court, 16th district, and since 1945 he has been connected with our fine State Supreme Court.

So it is no small pleasure to me, and to declare again that West Virginia always takes care of its own, because Frank Haymond is a typical example of the kind of people we raise, it is my pleasure and my privilege to present to you—for I cannot introduce him—my friend and your friend, a gentleman in West Virginia and a gentleman everywhere, Frank C. Haymond, President of the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia.

Judge Haymond:

Mr. Chairman, Dr. Cook, distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen,

You have been most gracious and generous, sir, indeed your graciousness is only exceeded by your generosity in your kind remarks concerning me.

Some years ago, at the instance of my highly esteemed and long time friend, Colonel Terrell, who is a leader in the movement which culminates in these ceremonies, it was my privilege and pleasure to address some of the local patriotic societies on some phases of the careers of the two great military leaders of the Confederacy, Generals Thomas Jonathan Jackson and Robert E. Lee, whose names occupy places of distinction on the historical scroll of every great and illustrious American.

Today, upon Colonel Terrell's gracious invitation, it is my good fortune and my privilege again to come to this splendid friendly city of Clarksburg and to join with the people of this community in honoring the memory of its most famous son.

For that purpose we are met here today. For that purpose we have assembled publicly, not as patriots of any cause or section, but as loyal, patriotic, peace loving Americans who cherish the memory and recall the life and the achievements of a truly remarkable man.

The terrible War Between the States, upon the outcome of which the fate of our nation and the integrity of the union depended during four tragic years, and in which General Jackson played such an important and heroic part, is happily long since ended.

The tragic events which marked its course and the brave deeds of those who waged it are part of the recorded history of an unhappy past. The deep-seated bitterness which it engendered among Americans, who intensely believed in the justice of the cause which each of them espoused is gone, we trust, forever, and the disputes which provoked that conflict are now finally settled.

Today as loyal Americans who are completely united, though devoted to the communities of our birth, we know no north or south or east or west as an unfriendly or hostile part or section of our beloved nation. All of them together are and must continue to be one nation which is inhabited by a free and united people and which is, in the eloquent words of Daniel Webster "an indissoluble union of indestructible states."

In that spirit, and grateful to Divine Providence for the bountiful blessings of liberty, happiness and prosperity which we, as Americans, daily experience and enjoy, we freely, gladly and proudly recognize, recall and cherish alike the deeds and the characters of great and illustrious leaders from every group and from every part of our land.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson, the ninetieth anniversary of whose death at this very hour we recall and commemorate, was born in this city on January 21st, 1824, in a modest home which was located on a site on what is now about 325 Main Street almost within the range of my voice; and he died at the premature age of thirty-nine years near Chancellorsville, Virginia at fifteen minutes after three o'clock in the afternoon of May 10th, 1863.

When we recall the record and the many accomplishments of this truly extraordinary man, it is difficult for us to think of him as one who met his destiny in a life of less than two score years. His deeds impress us as those of a much older man. But for him a strange fate crowded his short span with rapid and unusual activity and removed

him from the stage of life at an age which for most great men marks merely the beginning of a career.

His early years were fraught with hardship and difficulties and demonstrate the force of his character. When he was only three years old his father died and when he was still a lad of tender years, his mother, who had married a second time, sent him to live near Weston with relatives who were better able to provide for him a home. There, while living with his uncle, Cummings E. Jackson, he worked on the farm and attended school long enough to acquire an ordinary education.

When he was sixteen years of age he was made a constable of Lewis County and while serving in that office a vacancy occurred at West Point to which he was admitted as a cadet in 1842.

As a student his progress was uncertain during his first year, but by hard study and close application he improved and, during the remaining years of his life, made great progress which was typical of his later conduct; and he graduated and received the appointment of Second Lieutenant of Artillery in July, 1846. Thus he entered upon the fateful military career which continued, almost without interruption, until his tragic death nearly seventeen years later.

While he was a student at West Point, Jackson, strange to say, was regarded as an awkward, absent-minded youth who, though at time the subject of jests among his fellows, had made many friendships because of his seriousness, courage and energy in struggling to obtain an education without having had the necessary preparatory training from childhood.

To do this was his first victory in life; but while he was winning it no one suspected that he possessed even a spark of the military genius which a few years later was to startle the nation and bring dismay and disaster to federal commanders.

Jackson's first actual military service was rendered in the war between this country and Mexico. His baptism of fire occurred in the attack upon and capture of Vera Cruz; and in the Battle of Churubusco and at the successful assault upon the fortified castle of Chapultepec, he distinguished himself for his talent and his bravery, and he then received a citation in flattering terms in the official report of his commanding officer.

During the Mexican War an incident occurred that disclosed his deep religious feeling and his belief that he, as all men, was created to perform a mission in life and that until he had accomplished it no harm could befall him. On one occasion the fire of the enemy became so destructive that his men sought shelter. Jackson, however, walked quietly and calmly in front of his battery, ordered his men to return, and while the bullets were striking near him, confidently remarked, "See, they don't hit me."

Conduct such as this often marked his actions at the turning point of an engagement, and earned for him the admiration and the confidence of his men. It was one of the elements in his personality that made him the matchless military leader that he was.

Early in 1861 the great conflict between the north and the south began, and after the secession of Virginia, Jackson, who then held the rank of major, marched with his cadets to Camp Lee at Richmond to join the Confederate forces. He was at once appointed a colonel by Governor Letcher and ordered to Harper's Ferry, where he took command of the troops at that place early in May of that year. He was assigned to command a brigade of infantry composed of four regiments of Virginians which soon was to be known as the famous Stonewall Brigade.

At this time the northern plan contemplated an immediate invasion of Virginia, and the defenders of that state were making strenuous preparations to meet the expected attack. Jackson was beginning to achieve results, and by his own example of tireless energy, had molded his volunteers into trained and disciplined soldiers. The first opportunity to test their courage and efficiency came on July 2nd near the village of Falling Waters, not far from Winchester, where he attacked and defeated a much larger federal force. Though as a military movement this engagement was of minor importance, it acquainted Jackson with the mettle of his troops and it convinced them that their leader was a man who would face death with them.

The great struggle was now fully under way and the federal armies were preparing to strike a decisive blow against the main body of the Confederates at Manassas, where in July, 1861, was fought the first great battle of the war.

Jackson, now a brigadier general, was here to receive the proud title by which he is known to history. In command of about 2011 men he was stationed in the center of the Confederate line which extended along Bull Run from Union Mills almost to Stone Bridge, a distance of approximately eight miles.

An artillery duel on the 18th marked the beginning of the bloody battle of the 21st. The fighting began early in the morning with a furious attack on the Confederate left. The southern soldiers fought with desperation but were driven back by the overwhelming force of the federal line. A rapid and gallant advance by the regiment under General Bee checked for a time the forward rush, but the limit of human resistance was finally reached and slowly but surely the federal troops pushed their enemy before them.

Bee's battalion, badly shattered, broke into full retreat as the northern soldiers rushed forward to convert the retreat into confusion and disorder. General Bee tried frantically to rally his forces, but in vain. At this critical moment, despairing of the safety of his men, he learned that reinforcements were approaching. Jackson had come to the rescue. Bee exclaimed, "General, they are beating us back." Jackson showed no emotion as he answered calmly, "Sir, we will give them the bayonet." Those grim words were as magic. Bee's own men were sweeping toward the rear with the Union soldiers in full and rapid pursuit, but Jackson's brigade met their advance with resistless force.

Seeing this, Bee rallied his men and shouted those memorable and unforgettable words, "Look, there is Jackson standing like a stone wall. Let us determine to die here and we shall conquer."

Bee's detachment rallied and took a position in support of Jackson's forces. Suddenly the fortune of the day changed. For hours the battle raged. At one stage an officer approached in excitement and alarm and cried, "General, I think the day is going against us. Jackson coolly replied, "Well, if you think so, sir, you had better not say anything about it."

Such was the remarkable demeanor of this great soldier at the crucial moment in one of the most critical engagements of the entire war. At last a bayonet charge by Jackson's brigade pierced the center of the federal line. This position Jackson held against the most desperate odds until a general attack all along the whole front by the Confederates completed the work which he and his men had so gallantly begun.

The day ended in a retreat by the northern army, which soon became a rout and finally a precipitate flight. Throughout the struggle Jackson maintained an unruffled

calm. Watching the panic which seized the enemy, he quietly remarked, "Give me, 10,000 men and I will be in Washington tonight."

The next day, in a letter to his wife, he wrote "Whilst great credit is due to other parts of our great army, God made my brigade more instrumental than any other in repulsing the main attack."

Thus Jackson gained for the Confederate cause what many believe was its greatest victory, a victory which if promptly followed by the operations which Jackson urged might have quickly changed or at least prolonged the final result of the war. No, I have dealt somewhat at length on this particular battle because it gained for Jackson fame as a warrior and displayed his remarkable military genius at its height.

Events of the war now followed rapidly for Jackson and the southern cause which, at this time, I cannot treat in detail. In the spring of 1862 the authorities at Washington began a determined campaign in Virginia which was intended to be the decisive movement of the war. Elaborate plans were laid to converge four great Union armies upon Richmond, then the Confederate capital. To counteract this Jackson was called upon to save the Valley of Virginia.

He realized only too well the importance of this assignment for he knew that if the Valley were lost Virginia and the southern cause were also doomed.

The campaign of the Valley was the greatest of Jackson's campaigns. How well he executed this task is known to every student of the history of the war. He marched and countermarched up and down the Valley, attacked the enemy suddenly, unexpectedly and successfully, divided its forces, and brought confusion and failure in its plans.

When the sun had set on June 9th, 1862 the famous campaign had ended, and the designs of the federal commanders had been entirely frustrated. In three months Jackson with his troops marched six hundred miles, fought four pitched battles, and seven smaller engagements, defeated four Union armies, captured seven pieces of artillery, 10,000 stands of arms, 4000 prisoners and great quantities of supplies.

For lack of time I pass over the brilliant exploits of Jackson in the battles around Richmond, in the second battle of Manassas, at Martinsburg, Harper's Ferry, Shepherdstown and Fredericksburg, and come to his last fight and victory at Chancellorsville, where in the last days of April, 1863, General Hooker was concentrating his federal army.

Early on the morning of May 2nd, Jackson marched round the federal line to surprise and turn its right, and drove the enemy back in wild disorder towards Chancellorsville. Darkness had fallen and there was great confusion. At this stage Jackson rode forward to reconnoiter and upon his return he and his associates, who were mistaken for federal soldiers, were fired upon by a group of Confederates.

Jackson, hit by three bullets, was mortally wounded, and this stupid blunder cost the south the life of one of its greatest commanders. The character of his wounds made necessary the amputation of his left arm near the shoulder. The most desperate efforts were made to save him, but all were in vain and he died on Sunday, May 10th, 1863, ninety years ago almost to this hour.

He faced death as calmly and as fearlessly on his bed of pain as he had done many times upon the field of battle. It is reported that his last words, clearly and distinctly uttered, were: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees," words which show his true peace of mind and conscience.

His remains, according to his own request, were buried at Lexington, and there he sleeps in peace. Here I must end my recital of the particular events in the life of the gallant Jackson and briefly appraise him as a soldier and as a man. He was one of the recognized military champions of the Confederate cause, a master of attack whose offensives resemble and rival those of Napoleon.

Deeply religious, he was possessed of a lofty character and endowed with noble virtues. He had the rare combination of wisdom tempered with restraint and of ability tempered with a deep sense of right and justice. In the works of Shakespeare's Anthony spoken over the lifeless form of the fallen Brutus: "His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world 'This was a man.'"

It is I think most appropriate that an enduring monument, in the form of this impressive statue, at this place and at this, the hour of his death ninety years ago, should be publicly unveiled and here dedicated to his memory. By that act the rare accomplishments and the inspiring example of a famous native son will be preserved in lasting tablets of bronze for those who would cherish the memory and emulate the Christian character of a great American and a great man.

Mr. Low:

All of us have stood at the open grave of a soldier who has made the supreme sacrifice as Taps were sounded and with bowed heads we listen to that melody roll across the grave and across the hills. Almost with the same significance we know today the song, "Sleep, Soldier, Sleep," and very kindly Charles Spelsberg who has on so many occasions patriotically and with an anxious (sic) to do his part on occasions like this, will again sing this beautiful song, "Sleep, Soldier, Sleep," written by Dorothy Alexander.

[song]

We have with us on the steps this afternoon many distinguished guests. I am going to read their names. As I read...call the name I ask if they will kindly stand and as an audience will you please hold your applause until the list is complete.

We are happy to have the Honorable D. H. Hill Arnold of Elkins, the grandnephew of Stonewall Jackson, and his daughters if they are here; Mrs. Donald K. Crawford and Mrs. Charles P. Holt; Mrs. Thomas J. Arnold, Jr. of Elkins, the grandnephew of Stonewall Jackson; Mrs. Grace D. Arnold and Mrs. Marie J. Piper of Buckhannon, cousins of Mr. Arnold; Miss Elizabeth Dicks of Clarksburg, a distant cousin of Stonewall Jackson.

I would like to introduce now the wife, the charming Mrs. William M. Beard, the wife of the commander of the Sons of the Confederacy; Mr. J. W. Johns, member of the Board of Governors of V.M.I., is here, and Mr. Howard Chamberlain, who is an associate of Mr. Johns is with us, and I am going to break the introduction list to ask if Mr. Chamberlain will say a word to us.

Chamberlain as follows:

It has already been said that it is very fitting that on this ninetieth anniversary of Jackson's death, that we are gathered to do him honor in the place of his birth. It is especially fitting, it seems to me, that this occasion will be forever noted by that magnificent image of Jackson, of Jackson characteristically in motion, on the day that he arrived back to Clarksburg. I have the honor to represent the Stonewall Jackson Memorial, a recently chartered non-profit corporation that seeks to take Jackson to the full American people. For ninety years we have honored Jackson here and there in local ceremonies and all too frequently he has been celebrated only as a great military hero of the southern Confederacy. We seek to honor his memory throughout our broad land, not only as the one of the nation's most brilliant military leaders but as a man whose matchless integrity, and whose strong and beautifully religious character make him a towering figure whom all of us can follow with great profit. We hope to bring it about that Jackson will be thought of, not only when "Dixie" is played, but whenever "God Save America" is played. We salute him as one of our greatest Americans.

[Introductions resume]

...Miss Lucy Fitzhugh Kurtz, honorary president of the West Virginia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; the honorable Congressman M. Bailey; the honorable Dell White and the honorable Steele Trotter, members of the West Virginia Board of Control, I say are here. Mr. Jack Summers who is with the Stonewall Jackson Memorial association.

We are happy to have with us too and to take part on this momentous occasion the color guard from V.M.I. It is peculiarly fitting that they are here, they have made the long journey, we are delighted to have you and at lunch today I learned something of V. M. I., just in chatting and in conversation with these young lads and I would like to have them understand I am sincere when I say that by their actions, their bearing and their deportment they have upheld all the traditions of their famous school.

Our thanks are due also to the members of the band of the American Legion, Post no. 13, their director, their manager, and soloist Charles Spelsberg.

And on an occasion like this somebody behind the scenes does all the work, does all the promoting, bears the brunt of all the arrangements and carries through to the successful conclusion you see here this afternoon, a program calling for much planning and time and effort. And in this kindly spirit and in an effort to convey my thanks and convey the thanks of all of you I now introduce the one responsible for this memorial as you see it, the Honorable Joseph Z. Terrell, who will in turn turn the gift over to Brent Rittenhouse, president of the board of County Commissioners. Mr. Terrell.

Mr. Master of Ceremonies, Ladies and Gentlemen: It's very kind of you all to say those nice things about me, I appreciate them but I am not so sure that they are true. Seems that I have succeeded in fooling a lot of people in my long and humble career in W.Va.

Before I undertake to thank the people who have made this occasion possible I think it is only right that we should remove some misunderstanding, by letting the public that is here know what that beautiful piece of art cost and where the money came from in a general way. That wonderful work of art, mounted on that very handsome base, as you see it now, cost a total of approximately \$5,000, possibly \$5,200, and not a penny of public money has gone into it. That is what I want to emphasize.

Some few people I've heard say that the statue is too small. Well, maybe they are like some other folks who can't see a beautiful forest for the trees. It's supposed to be one of the finest works of art in this country and it is here at that very low cost that I have just related to you.

Now, before I go into any further details about thanking people who have made this possible I want to tell you that there are three individuals and three groups of people who are largely responsible for that work of art being here today. There isn't any question about that at all. I'm gonna call the roll and I hope you'll all stand if you're here and at least make a bow, if not saying something.

The first one that I'm gonna mention is the most generous and most gracious lady from what we used to call "up in Yankee-land." There is no such thing as Yankee-land any more. If this lady had been born in Mississippi or Louisiana or Texas, or in Old Virginia where I first saw the light of day she could not have been any more generous or more gracious than she has proved herself to be, hailing from the great state of New York. It was through her generosity and her graciousness that we were able to purchase this statue for one-fourth of the optional price of \$10,000.

Uh, I made a trip to New York last...late last summer and told this lady that we had... (Car horns interrupt.) That's all right, I can make more noise than that can. And told this lady that we, that we had succeeded in collecting twenty-five hundred dollars. That was all we had, and we believed that that was all we could get. Now, I said, we're throwing ourselves on the mercy of the court. Won't you out of the goodness of your heart and to enshrine yourself in the hearts of some mighty fine people in W.Va., let us have that statue for what we have? Forget about the optional price of \$10,000. I put up the best argument that I could. I was willing to get down on my knees if it had been necessary, but I saw that was not necessary.

My son who was with me and driving me back to his home in Greenwich, Connecticut said, "Dad, I think you're going to get the statue. And we did. This gracious lady wrote me a few words weeks later that she had decided to let us have the statue before she knew her late husband the noted sculptor, the late Charles Keck of New York, really wanted the statue to come to the birthplace of Stonewall Jackson.

So I want to repeat that it is out of the generosity, largely due to the generosity of that gracious lady, that we have the statue here today.

I take great pleasure in presenting Mrs. Charles Keck of New York.

I'm sorry, she seems too bashful to make a speech.

Now the other two individuals that I want to mention are two well-known architects of Clarksburg. First I'm gonna mention my good friend Carlton C. Wood. He volunteered his services, journeyed to New York, appraised the statue, reported to the committee that he thought it was easily worth the optional price of \$10,000 and recommended that we purchase it. For purely personal reasons he had to retire from the

committee, but he was succeeded by W. H. Grant, who designed that base, supervised its erection, has done a wonderful job and has not charged one penny for his services.

Now I want to mention the three groups that are responsible for that statue being here. First the County Court of Harrison County, Frank Mills, Brent Rittenhouse and George Smith, who composed the County Court when permission was given to erect the statue on the courthouse lawn. They took a few hits, and run in the face of a little criticism, but they were big enough, broad enough, to have an order entered for that statue to be put on the northeast corner of the courthouse plaza, which we hope it will stand for time immemorial. So our thanks to the County Court.

Next I want to make mention, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Clarksburg. God bless them every one. They contributed their entire monument fund that they had accumulated over the years, forty or forty-five years, towards this project. Had it not been for that nucleus of \$2,000 it would have been impossible to acquire it.

So it's to those three individuals and those three groups I have mentioned, is largely due the credit of having that statue here today.

Now on behalf of the committee I would like to thank all of those who loaned their names to the sponsoring committee, we appreciate it very much, I know that helps some. To all of those who contributed, the small ones as well as the large ones, we are deeply indebted. And right here I want to break down the contributions. Remember now, the Daughters of the Confederacy put up two thousand dollars—all that they had. There was approximately three thousand dollars contributed. One thousand and twenty-five dollars of that three thousand came from outside of Clarksburg and Harrison County, leaving approximately two thousand dollars that the good citizens of this community have contributed to honor the famous Stonewall Jackson here at his birth. We deeply appreciate these contributions.

Now I hope you understand what the statue cost and where the money came from. Again I want to thank everyone who has played any part whatsoever in making this event possible, the sponsors, the contributors, but I want to close with one word of thanks to one of the most unusual groups that I have ever heard of.

After we had the statue and had paid for it, and had the base and that was paid for, the question of having it erected arose. And what do you suppose happened? The Associated Contractors of Clarksburg and those who sell materials, such as concrete, concrete blocks and so forth, put their heads together. They did all the work and didn't charge one penny for it. If we'd had to pay for the architectural work involved in that base and for the work of excavating and everything, it would have cost approximately a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars, and we didn't have it. So I want to repeat, if it had not been for the generosity of these Associated Contractors here in Clarksburg—I will not take the time to call the roll individually, but every contractor in Clarksburg had a hand in it, every seller of materials around here had a hand in it, and they all have our undying thanks. In fact, so many have been so very generous that I hardly know where to stop thanking. If I overlooked any I hope you will remember that it was a mistake of the head and not of the heart.

Now before I go further I want to call your attention to one very unfortunate thing, one that we regret very much. The bronze plaque there on the said of the base has a very serious error in it. Three words are omitted. We did not discover it until it was too

late to have it corrected. The inscription should read: "Erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy with the help of numerous citizens, many of whom were descendants of those who fought on the Union side in the War Between the States." The factory that made that plaque omitted those three words, "in the War." A new plaque will be furnished just as soon as possible to take the place of that one. That was clearly an error of the factory. It was not the fault of Bill Grant. His drawings are complete. But even with that error, that statue is here, where Stonewall Jackson after ninety years has returned in bronze to the place of his birth.

For the little part that I have contributed to this project, I thank God that I have been able to do it, because I believe that all who have played any part in this whatsoever, the most insignificant parts, have honored themselves by helping to honor one of the greatest men that ever lived, here at the place of this birth, and since he's back here in bronze he is back for all time.

I think we could well say, that we could well paraphrase these beautiful lines from Robert Louis Stevenson,

"When the time comes to leave this mortal strife and die,
Dig deep the grave and let me lie.
There I lay me down with a will,
Home for the hunter, home from the hill."

So Stonewall Jackson is back home after ninety years. His name and fame has stood the test of time, the heat of ninety summers and the blast of ninety winters, so we can truly say, home for the soldier, home at last.

Again I want to thank everyone who has participated in this project, all who are here today. I want to repeat that you honored yourselves by helping us to honor this great man, and I feel like repeating again, as I often do, there's glory enough for us all, as Admiral Schley said after the battle of Santiago, there's glory enough for everybody who has participated in any way, shape or form in making this possible, and I feel like repeating those beautiful words of Tiny Tim found in Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*, "May God bless us, every one."

It now becomes my duty as well as my pleasure to turn Stonewall Jackson in bronze over to the County Court of Harrison County where I know it will be in good hands.

Thank you all again for coming out and for your patience in listening to me.
Good-bye.

Brent Rittenhouse for the County Court:

Mr. Chairman, honored guests, ladies and gentlemen, I am happy to be here with you today on this auspicious occasion. I welcome this opportunity to thank all of you who gave so freely of your time and money to make possible the erection of this magnificent statue of our native son. In honor of this military genius and Christian gentleman I hereby accept this statue on behalf of the County Court and all of the citizen of Harrison County. Thank you.

Mr. Low:

It is fitting that we close this occasion by singing the National Anthem. Will you remain standing after the anthem until we are dismissed by the benediction of Rabbi Aaron Shapiro of the Tree of Life Synagogue of Clarksburg.

[Anthem]

Rabbi Shapiro:

Oh, Heavenly Father, from the inner springs of our heart we brought out our gratitude to Thee for the privilege of having witnessed and participated in this dedicatory service honoring the memory of one of the illustrious sons cradled and nurtured in our community. May this occasion leave its indelible mark upon our hearts, to stimulate within us to make of our community a place worthy of Thy blessing and a credit to the memory of the man whom we are honoring today. Bless the men and women who have contributed so much to bring this cherished hope to a realization. Bestow Thy grace and blessings also on our guests who have enhanced this program. Amen.

[End]