

BEAUTIFUL EULOGY AT GRAVE OF SID HATFIELD AND ED CHAMBERS

Members of Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows and Redmen Attend Funeral; Story of Murder and Incidents Leading Up to It Eloquent Portrayed; An Appeal to Real Americanism.

Eulogy of Sidney Hatfield and Edward Chambers, who were killed on the court house steps at Welch, McDowell county, Monday morning, Aug. 1, 1921, by Baldwin-Felts detectives and deputy sheriffs, delivered at the open grave Buskirk, Ky., opposite Matewan, W. Va., by Samuel B. Montgomery of Kingwood, W. Va.

There comes a time in the life of man when the heart is so torn with conflicting emotions that lips cannot utter the words that long for expression—then will power must assert its mastery and the mind move with irresistible force toward the truth that makes men free.

Burdened with a common grief, bowed down with a common sorrow, it becomes my duty at the request of the relatives, Knights of Pythias, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and Improved Order of Redmen, to pay a last tribute in memory of our departed brothers—Sidney Hatfield and Edward Chambers. How futile must be the words of any man in this hour—in the presence of such a great tragedy. Let us pray that something may be said or thought that will give wings to the grief and lighten the pathway of the heart-broken wives and bereaved families.

Tragedy of the Hour. We all stand united under this sorrow at this tragic hour. To share and have part in the sorrows of our friends, broadens the vision, tempers the heart, and makes golden the life that falls upon the hearthstone where we with loved ones dwell. Upon reaching the summit of young manhood, the men for whom we mourn, became members of these great fraternal societies and were taught a lesson of Friendship—Charity and Benevolence; Love and Truth.

This great concourse of people with its poignant, though silent grief testify to the fraternalism which their short lives exemplified. To speak the truth and uphold the right became a part of their daily conduct. No opportunity to relieve distress—alleviate suffering—educate the orphan—or sustain justice, was neglected. Well may each have said, "I shall pass this way but once; any kindness therefore that I can show to any human being let me do it now; let me not defer it or neglect it—for I shall not pass this way again."

Died For the Law. Mindful of these splendid traits of character, President C. F. Keeney sends the following message: "The United Mine Workers office closed at noon, draped in mourning in memory of Sid Hatfield and Ed Chambers with the inscription on the front of the building: 'These men have died because they dared to uphold "law" administered at the hands of the Baldwin-Felts Detective Agency while submitting themselves to a court of law and a jury of their peers. Shall government in West Virginia of the people, by the people, for the people live, or will the Baldwin-Felts Detective Agency be permitted to destroy it by substituting their agency for Constitutional Authorities?'"

Your attention is also called to a resolution adopted by affiliated employees of the C. and O. shops at Huntington representing twenty-five hundred men who in measured terms

tries where a citizen should feel secure—in the Church of God and Temple of Justice. Sid Hatfield died a martyr to McDowell county justice. He was strongly urged to resist going to McDowell county. He was given every assurance of protection by the governor and the sheriff. A good citizen he surrendered himself on a charge of which he was absolutely innocent, conscious of the fact that he was taking his life in his hands in entering a county controlled by his bitter enemies.

Trilled by Gunmen. Before reaching Welch, he was being trailed by a Baldwin-Felts detective who held his commission of death from his superior officials. A man who is a confessed traitor and spy and now by the verdict of all mankind, a cold blooded murderer. He went to the court house unarmed, just as Mrs. Hatfield, Mrs. Chambers and every other competent witness have and will testify. As he walked smilingly up the court house steps with his wife upon his arm, a prisoner of the state of West Virginia and the hostage of Sheriff William Hatunder pledge of protection, he was doomed to death by men, one of whom at least, held a commission as deputy sheriff of McDowell county. Unfortunately for Sheriff Hatfield, in whose hands Sid had placed himself under pledge of protection, he was out of the county. Here Sheriff Hatfield is left with his own conscience. When the assassins' bullets rang out, there were officers of the law to the right, to the left, in front, and in the rear, but not a hand was raised in their defense and they fell victims "to McDowell county justice." Reason dethroned! Liberty struck dead! Is it any wonder that the very heavens weep over the prostrate forms of these martyrs to constitutional government?

If a man die, shall he live again in an age-old question. Those of us who testify our faith in a Supreme Being and our belief in the watchful All-Seeing Eye answer in the affirmative. But death has been called a narrow veil between the peaks of two eternities. We try to ascend the highest peak—to look beyond. We cry aloud to hear the echo of our wailing voice. From the unreplying lips of the voiceless dead, there is no response. But we believe, "Tis sweet to die for those we love."

"Greater love than this hath no

man that he lay down his life for a friend."

As we look upon the faces of our loved ones for the last time, and observe a serene countenance resigned and noble in death, well may we remember the eloquent prayer of the pastor: "Oh death where is thy sting. Oh Grave where is thy victory." Looking out upon these Kentucky hills, it occurs that this was once called, "the dark and bloody ground, but white did not fight white or brother fight brother. It was a struggle to subdue the savage red man and the beasts that prey."

Though under dark and lowering clouds, the panorama that spread out before us is one of grandeur—the river below, the majestic mountain rising from either side of the Tug—summits mounting heavenward with a velvet green carpet beneath our feet and giant trees piercing the rain clouds asunder, can it be in all of this beautiful and peaceful valley death walks supreme?

Mountaineers Free! As I gaze upon the fair domain across the river, our state motto rings in my ears—"Mountaineers are always Free." Is it so today? In West Virginia men that should be friends have become enemies. Father against son, brother against brother. Abba-Father! how long will be until we realize the great truth that all men are brothers, that each is the peer of the other and has rights all must respect? When shall employers meet with employees as friends, not enemies? All working together in the love-light of the home for the glory of the state and the success of industry.

Men cannot rule here by brute force. There never can be industrial peace in West Virginia so long as great corporations, land-holding companies, mostly controlled by non-residents who are not interested in West Virginia's tomorrow attempt to rule not by appeal to reason, but by the iron-shod heel through private detective agencies and privately paid deputy sheriffs who subvert and destroy the power that is justly lodged in the hands of officers elected by and responsible to the people. Mountaineers will never submit to a government of detective agencies—by deputy

sheriffs for non-resident mine owners. Future Is Assured. Oh, look beyond the crest of the mountains the silver lining appears. West Virginia's future is assured with the birth of our state it was under God ordained that there should be a new birth of freedom. These men did not die in vain. The future is bright with promise. Tomorrow there will be work for all—play for all—love for all and peace for all.

To sorrowing friends may I say "God is not mocked," "Vengeance is Mine," saith the Lord. You remember when Martha appeared at the tomb of Jesus the angel met them and said: "Jesus is not here. He has arisen from the dead." It may be said of each of these martyrs to the cause of Liberty, "The dead, he speaketh, their spirits have returned to the God who gave it and He shall wipe all tears away."

They died in the radiance of the future and entered a tomb all filled with dawn. Like them: "So live that when the summons come to join the innumerable caravan which moves like silver barques in the silent halls of death, you go not like a quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon, but soothed and sustained by an unfaltering trust approach thy grave, like one who wraps the draper of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Man doesn't demand the right to work so much as the right to live and enjoy the results of his work.

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