

Box 1, Folder 30, Item 8-- Photocopy of letter published in newspaper from Dick T. Morgan and Ora Morgan (1907)

[preprinted text]

The Skeleton at the Feast by James J. Montague

Vice President Fairbanks had cocktails at his dinner to President Roosevelt. Around the board there swarmed a horde of authors great and small-- The pride of Hoosiers- to meet a Greater than them all. Through Fairbank's chill austerity a gleam of warmth there went As he uncoiled his lofty length and said, "Our President!" But Stop! What holds he in his hand? Is that a glass forsooth? All that and more, it holds a vile concoction of vermouth! In other work, 'tis LIQUOR! Yes, the evil day has come When at a Presidential feast there sits the DEMON RUM! Oh, dreadful day for Hoosiers! What man is this to toll A President from Washington and tempt him with the bowl? To lure the poets from the fields, where they sang hymns to spring. And hale them here where drink goes round with wanton wassailing! Can this be Fairbanks that we know, the towering sycamore, Who sourly looked on applejack, and elder wine foreswore? Has Washington done this to him? Then curses on his name. No longer let the lettered State re-echo with his name!

Up rose James Whitcomb Riley then, and quote, "I hate to knock; But by the frosted punk in and the fodder in the shock, If this is booze before me here, I rise and go my way, The only Beverage I take henceforth is Albert J." Then up rose George McCutcheon, Booth Tarkington, George Ade, and Swarms of other writing men, and get-aways they made. For who of Indiana's sons- pure-minded men of ink- Would sit around a table and look blandly on STRONG DRINK? And

now across the scented fields where lush the pumpkins grow; When through the sycamores you
hear the dimpling Wabash flow; The black smith lays aside the tale he's contracted to write, The
farmhand pens no sonnet through the tranquil Summer night, The plowman seeks the village
store and never casts a glance At half-done Chapter Six of his historical romance. All tongues, all
pens are paralyzed, all utterance is dumb, Since to that Fairbanks dinner care the dreadful
DEMON RUM!

The following letter received from Dick Morgan by Rev. Warbington is given publication, that
the friends here of both Mr. and Mrs. Morgan may hear from them. Mr. Morgan was the first
superintendent after the present beautiful school building was erected, and the opening of the
schools was on Monday, Sept. 3, 1877. When he came to Hagerstown to take charge fo the
schools, he was fresh from college, and had not much more than reached his majority.

Everybody liked Dick, especially his pupils, and he conducted an excellent school. He was well
educated and polished; he was jolly, and was goodmixer, and with all, was a Christian
gentleman, and well deserves the success he has attained: Woodward, Okla. April 11, 1907.

Rev. W. T. Warbington,

Hagerstown, Ind.

Dear Bro. Warbington:

In a somewhat recent issue of "The Herald of Gospel of Liberty," we read an item which was of
special interest to us because it told us that you were still living and in good health. Although it
has been 28 years since we left Hagerstown, and we have not seen you since, yet we have often
thought of you and talk ed fo you. We are so glad you are enjoying good health, and the item in
the "Herald" expresses our sentiments, "God bless you and may your old age be all sunshine."

We visit father and mother Heath nearly every year, and they have had remarkably good health for persons who have attained the age of eighty. "We have had but one child, a son who is now 26 years old, married and is a young lawyer practicing at Oklahoma City, the commercial center of our territory. "We have been living in Oklahoma 18 years, ever since its birth. The law has been my profession. We have had the usual ups and downs of life, but with all we have had our share of blessings. Some two years ago, President Roosevelt appointed me Register of the U. S. Land office here, a position which pays a salary of \$3,000 annually. "You were our first pastor after we were married and we have ever remember vividly the cordiality your home and the many acts of kindness received from you and your family, and the helpfulness received from your cheerful, genial nature and the sunshine of your life. Mrs. Morgan, of course remembers you from your visits to her father's home, long before we lived in Hagerstown, and she sends special congratulations upon your long and useful life, and good health in your old age. We wish you many additional years of health and happiness. "We left many friends in Hagerstown, all of whom we would like to see and we desire to be remembered to all. "We would be more than glad to hear from you.

As ever your friends, Mr. and Mrs. Dick T. Morgan

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