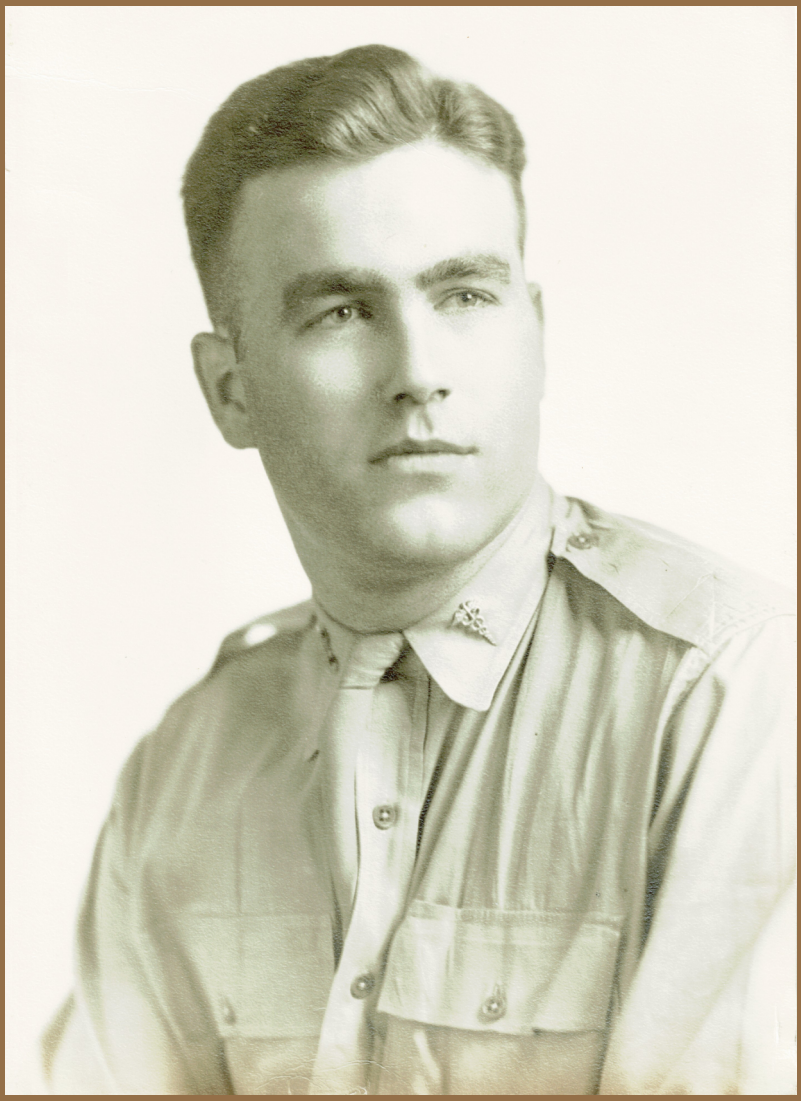
Remembrances of My Father

Dr. William Carter Hambley



Barbara Hambley Keenan

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Dedication

I dedicate this book to my dear friend Mildred Sword, who faithfully kept nearly all the articles that she read in the newspapers about Dad for over 60 years; to my daughters Ashley Korizis and Grey Almeida, along with family, friends and every person who loved and supported my Dad through thick and thin.

A special thanks to Sara George for her dedication to Pikeville over the years and for her advice and eagle eye proofreading.

Barbara Hambley Keenan

Pikeville, county seat of Pike County, KY

The story you are about to read unfolds in Eastern Kentucky in the small Appalachian town of Pikeville, the region where the famed McCoy and Hatfield feud took place in the 1880s. The location of the feud was in primeval forested mountains, with several rivers running through, harboring ancient coal reserves. The area was first settled by adventurous souls from Europe who had initially established themselves on the northeastern coast of the United States.

After settling in the rugged mountains in the late 1700s, their farming culture developed in isolation. Longhunter Daniel Boone passed through the area and found a nearby passage through the mountains at Cumberland Gap in 1775. The population of the remote counties of Eastern Kentucky began to increase once coal became a vital resource for the economic development of the United States in the late 19th century. Until that time the region's cultural confinement contributed to what seemed to outsiders as peculiar ideas and behavior.

Dr. William Carter Hambley came from that culture, which began with the arrival of his ancestors. His profound connection to his ancestral lands created a desire to improve life in the community in order to free it from the disadvantages of a century of isolation. This is the story of how and why he spent his life dedicated to achieving that goal.

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Kentucky Counties

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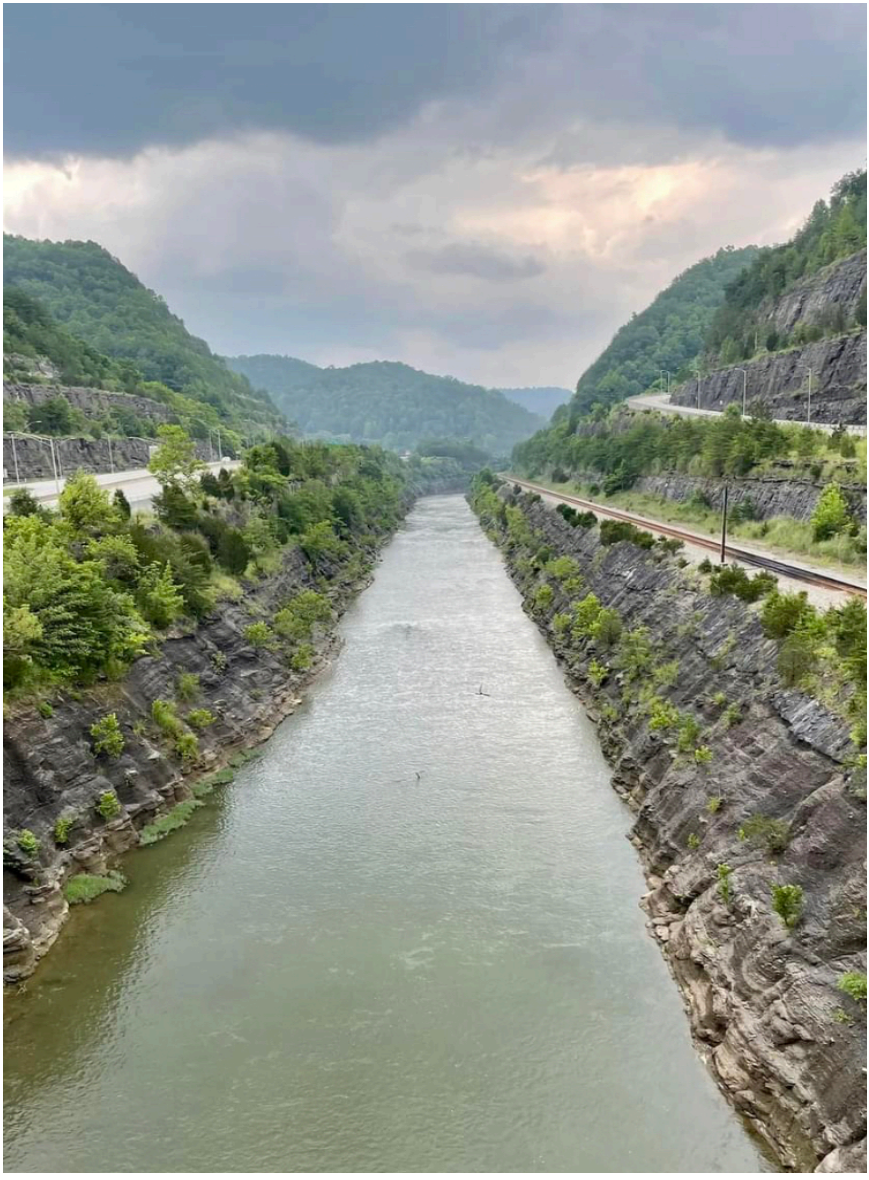


The Pikeville Cut-Through

Prologue

Dad insisted, "This Cut-Through is just too big to write about, there's just too much to it! There's something that affects everyone and everybody sees it differently, so when you write about it, you're going to leave something out."

Alice Kinder, a local author in Pikeville, Kentucky, recorded four hours of interviews with my father which formed the basis for her book, *William C. Hambley: The Mayor Who Moved a Mountain,* published in 1988. There are no other books written about my father's life, and he never wrote his memoirs.

In our nation's history the Pikeville Cut-Through project was one of the largest undertakings by the US Army Corps of Engineers involving a waterway. It was first in the continental United States and second only to the Panama Canal in terms of cubic yards of earth moved in the Western Hemisphere. My father had the idea of re-routing the river through the mountain as a young boy.

There were several reasons to do the Pikeville Cut-Through project. One was to converge the four major developmental highway systems heading into Eastern Kentucky from Virginia, West Virginia, Western Kentucky, Ohio, and Tennessee, all of which were long- standing federal and state priorities. Another was the presence of huge coal reserves that demanded a railroad system to ship coal out to the nation and the four corners of the globe. Still another was the reality that the town was drowning in frequent floods from the Big Sandy River, even as it was required to reliably furnish its coal treasure to the nation. These demands were made on a local population that needed assistance to meet

those expectations. The entire community suffered while working diligently, but experienced recurrent losses from flooding or work-related health challenges. Conditions were ripe to solve or improve all the shortcomings of the area with one project.

At some point in nearly every conversation Dad mentioned his philosophy. Many thought his lofty ideas were over their heads, and I'm sure the "sphere of truth" he spoke of resulted in the following thought, "I hope he brings his lecture on the symbolization of the soul to an end soon because the large sphere sitting on top of my shoulders is about to explode!" During his discourse he would ask, "You see?"to which we nodded politely, hoping the conclusion was nonetheless imminent. From what I came to understand, his beliefs were fairly straightforward:

Were it not for God, the Cut-Through would not have happened. Dad believed he was born by the grace of God, put on Earth at a particular place and time, with other conditions that came together to accomplish his objectives. He often stated that we have nothing to say about being born and nothing to say about when we leave this world, that is divine knowledge. All we can do is decide what we will do while we're here.

Were it not for Mother Nature, whose dynamics created the Earth and gave rise to a place called Pikeville, Kentucky, with mountains, a river and vast coal deposits, which by their presence resulted in a need to make changes, the Cut-Through would not have happened.

Were it not for Father Time, placing Dad in Pikeville when others were living who saw the merits of his idea, such as friends Bruce Walters, Ed Venters, Richard Wells, BP Bogardus and Cliff Myers, as well as his father and grandfathers, the Cut-Through would not have happened.

Were it not for the support of John Sherman Cooper, Everett Dirksen, and Carl D. Perkins, the Cut-Through project would not have happened.

These are anecdotes and insights into the life of the man most knew as Doc or Mayor Hambley, the man who as a boy dreamed of moving a mountain and somehow did it.

Dad's great-grandfather, Thomas Wilson Elliott, honored as the last Civil War veteran of the Union Army in Pike County at his passing in 1939, spoke to my father about his destiny, quoting the words of Abraham Lincoln:

"The world has something big in it for everyone if he can only find it. I pray to God every day to help me find my work, the thing I can do better than anything else and when I have found it, help me to do it."

Dr. William C. Hambley

Chapter 1

The Formative Years

1914-1934

On a drizzling spring day, May 11, 1914, Myrtle Hambley was at home on Bank Street in labor to deliver her second child. Dr. JW Vicars had been called because the midwife thought he might be needed. Myrtle was only 4 feet 9 inches tall and weighed 95 lbs. In her ninth month of pregnancy, she weighed over 130 lbs., so Dr. Vicars knew the baby would be large. Her mother, Sarah Huffman, had delivered eight healthy babies, but the family knew all too well the story of her grandmother, Serilda Webb Elliott, who died of childbed fever. Myrtle's husband had experienced the risks firsthand

W. C. Hambley birthplace

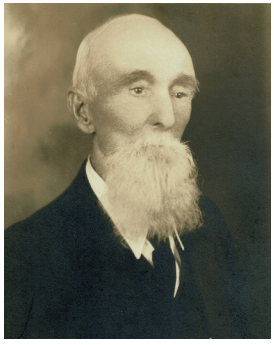
Baby Billy and sister Sarah

himself, having lost his own mother from childbirth complications when he was 10. After several uneasy hours, Dr. Vicars arrived and delivered an enormous 12 lb. baby boy named William Carter Hambley II, my father.

Labor and delivery wasn't the only thing causing a stir that day. The Levisa Fork of the Big Sandy River which flowed behind the house was rising, swelling from days of steady rain. The Hambley, Huffman, and Elliott families were all too familiar with the chaos that came from an overflowing river. Billy's maternal great-grandfather TW Elliott often spoke of the massive flood in March 1862, when he was a young Union soldier stationed in Pikeville with Kentucky's 39th Mounted Infantry. He recalled how he and other soldiers swam into the barn behind the house, coaxing their panicked horses out into the swift current. He was a lively character who stood 5'6" tall, wrote poetry, and plowed his own fields until the age of 84. He would become close to his great-grandson Billy and was known to promise horses and guns. Even though none of these ever materialized, his war stories and travel tales captivated them all, especially his two trips in a covered hack out to Indian territory.

Growing up, Dad learned tips and best practices from TW about farming and raising animals, such as his insistence on planting vetch and clover on resting

WC Hambley, Sr.
Dad's father



TW Elliott
Dad's great-grandfather

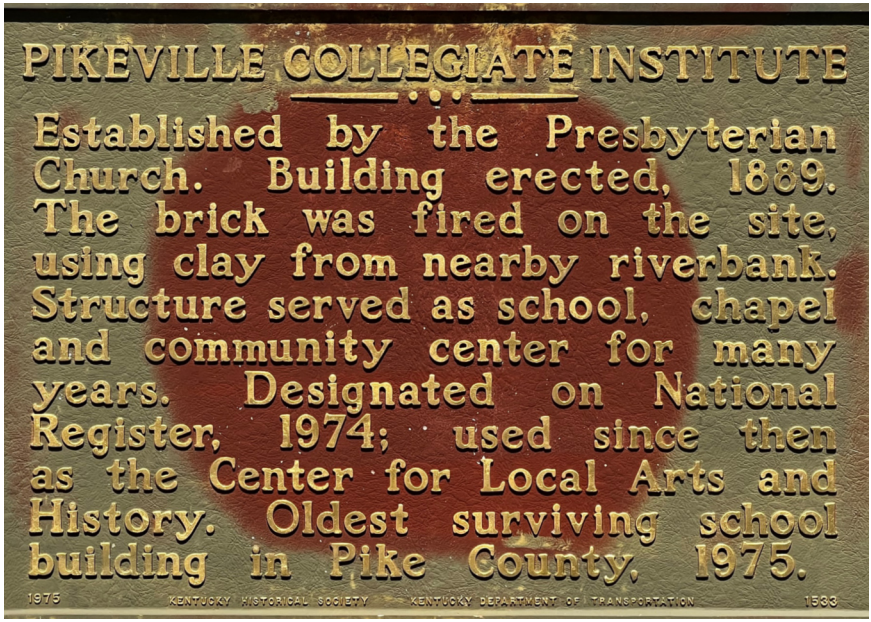
WT Huffman
Dad's grandfather

Billy, Helen and Sarah, 1919

farmland to build the soil's nitrogen without the use of chemicals. He encouraged Dad to raise hogs and cattle. He would tell him that "no matter what, you still have to eat!"

TW Elliott had grown up in Johnson County, Kentucky, and his daughter Sarah, Billy's maternal grandmother, had married into Pikeville's "upper crust" in 1888, when she wed WT Huffman. Raised on the Elliott farm in Van Lear, Sarah's upbringing was simple yet respectable. She learned to tend to the home in the old ways, which included baking in a brick oven, a standard feature of mountain farm life in the 1870s. Upon marrying WT, her life changed to a spacious 12-room Victorian with a state-of-the-art stove.

Dad remembered fondly his grade school days at Pikeville Collegiate Institute, which sat beside WT and Sarah's home. Every day, during 10 a.m. recess, he would run over to their house to collect corn cakes and a piece of ham which his grandmother Sarah had lovingly left out for him on a corner section of the warming oven.



Pikeville Collegiate Institute stood to the right of the Huffman family home, below

WT Huffman family home, Pikeville, Kentucky

Baking was Sarah's specialty and her dinner rolls were legendary. Soft, delicious, and spongy with a lightly browned dome top. A piece of heaven that all of her descendants have since struggled to attain. She had learned the recipe from her grandmother Judia Webb, who herself had perfected the recipe while tending to her large family. The soft rolls could make a meal out of the prized pan gravy left over from frying chicken or pork chops and they were easy to chew, making them much appreciated by the family's elderly. Never would they have imagined that their homecooked recipes, born out of necessity, would come to define the iconic foods of the mountain area, inspiring entire restaurant empires. Nor did they expect that their beloved grannies, who's age could be measured by their missing teeth, would become the caricature of typical poor mountain folk. Maybe she had nipped a bit too much moonshine, went the joke. The truth was that rudimentary dentures didn't always fit and were removed for comfort. Up in the mountains, there was no fluoride in the water, no dentists available, and no extra money to pay for dental services except to have a tooth extracted, leaving many folk toothless in their later years.

Dad's grandmother Sarah Elliott Huffman

Before coal, the area's traditions reflected the values of its settlers who, since the early 1800s, had spent several generations in the mountains. Families would gather around the porch swing, dancing and singing to the fiddle and banjo, waiting for the meal being prepared in the kitchen. While relatively poor, they didn't measure their wealth by the balance of their ledger. Being devout Christians, Sunday was a special day. After cooking all morning, the family would attend church, returning

home to a linen covered table, with its food, considered a blessing, laid out almost altar-like. The meal lasted until everyone settled down for an evening prayer or song on the swing. Dad was born into that culture.

The region became famous with the 1980 movie *Coal Miner's Daughter* featuring Loretta Lynn née Webb. It depicts the hardscrabble life of a coal miner's family during the era of the region's mine exploitation starting in 1910. Being a coal miner was a generational thing. It became an important industry in Eastern Kentucky after 1900. Those who were the right age started mine work young and invariably ended up with black lung disease by the time they were 45 or 50. Having a miner in the family added significantly to farming income and earning several extra dollars a day was a godsend. Yet, the financial burden that arose from treating black lung disease strained the family's resources, further reducing an already meager standard of living. More efforts were needed to address the denigration that came from working in poor conditions at low pay.

Sgt William C Hambley, Sr. US Army Cuba, 1905-08

While the Elliott and Huffman families had long been in Eastern Kentucky, William Carter Sr., Dad's father, was a different story. His own father, Thomas Charles Hambley, had immigrated from Cornwall, England, in 1866. As a trained blacksmith, he was pursuing the American dream and eventually established himself as a coal operator. He and three partners invested in mines in Carbondale, Pennsylvania and Handley, West Virginia.

Sadly, tragedy struck in 1890, at the height of their success, when a train transporting all three partners

crashed in West Virginia, killing all three. Thomas Hambley missed the train that day, but fate intervened a few months later, when he himself died of a heart attack. Thomas Charles's wife, William Carter's mother, Anna, had died a year earlier. Family lore tells the tale that the grief from the death of his wife shortly followed by the loss of his business was too much for Thomas Charles to bear and he succumbed to a broken heart.

Orphaned at the young age of eleven, William Carter Sr. stopped school and went to work in coal mines until age 17. Then in 1898, he began making his way down the railroad from Orange County, Virginia, to Elkhorn City, Kentucky, earning money along the way moving coal with a mule. That is, until the mule broke its leg. Having lost his source of income, William Carter continued to walk his way down the railroad until he finally came upon the mountain town of Pikeville.

Hambley homeplace and Pikeville Supply & Planing Mill, clearly visible in lower center and left, 1920. (Allara Library Collection)

He was 19 the day he arrived in town and noticed the big ice plant on Bank Street with its chimney billowing smoke. As he approached the building, he noticed an irritated TN Huffman, the owner, shoveling coal into the boiler. As he stuck his head through the doorway, TN shouted, "Want a job?" to which Hambley responded, "Yes, Sir!" A shovel was promptly thrown in his direction with orders to "start shoveling," and instructions followed to join the family for lunch at WT's, TN's twin brother, nearby.

From all accounts, my nine-year-old grandmother Myrtle Huffman, WT's daughter, liked what she saw in the 19-year-old boy who showed up for lunch that day. At some point the feelings must have become mutual because ten years later he married her!

Billy (tongue out) and the gang, 1922

Dad's father did any work he was offered for several years. In 1905, he enlisted in the United States Army and served in Cuba. He was in uniform for three years. Upon his return, he built a small house on a piece of property purchased from TN, and in 1909, married Myrtle who had just graduated from high school. Thereafter, he worked as a butcher, a foreman, and in building maintenance, always for his father-in-law, WT.

In 1911, the young family moved to the Bank Street property, known today as the Hambley homeplace, which had a barn at the back near the river, straddling the line with the Pikeville Supply and Planing Mill. All was peaceful and ordinary until 1918, when Dad, who was four at the time, contracted typhoid fever. His

mother Myrtle had plenty of experience caring for her younger siblings. Yet, when Billy wasted down to nothing, such that he was carried around on a bed sheet lest his bones puncture his skin, she felt desperate watching him starve to death. The doctors had no effective treatment to offer. One day as she spooned sweet milk into his mouth and he spit sour milk right back up, it dawned on her to start with sour milk. So that's what she did. She saw immediate results because the buttermilk didn't come back up. In a matter of weeks, he could stand and eat normally again. He never stopped talking about the benefits of buttermilk and was known to recommend it to his patients as a simple home remedy, even if he was often met with the response, "I'll see you in paradise, Doc, because drinking a glass of buttermilk is just too much." At least it saved Dad, so our saga could continue!

Sarah and Billy, 1921

By all accounts my grandmother Myrtle Huffman Hambley, "Mamal," was one tough cookie. She rode around town on her horse Nancy until the 1920s, dressed in trousers and a man's hat. She was known to throw half-bricks at the blacksmiths, whose shop was near the house on Bank Street, when they irritated her, earning her the reputation of being "hell on wheels." The men sometimes shouted "Myrtle, we see you trying to beat those kids to death with those switches," causing her to go ballistic. They knew she was fearless, rough as a cob, as Dad would say. On one occasion she busted out several windows in the blacksmith's workshop to teach them a thing or two as they ran crouching for cover.

Not one to be told what to do, she rode a horse everywhere and taught Dad to ride. She could nonetheless have a grand old time hosting a taffy party, which entailed taffy being pulled on large wooden spoons, wrapped around the participants, then eaten, which made for an animated good time.

When we spoke about Mamal's unpredictability, Dad would say with a shrug, "A person can be just as bad as they can be good." While she loved a good taffy party, she was not the tea party sort. Being WT's eldest daughter would have given her entry into Pikeville society, but alas, she was not a socialite. Most of the time she wanted to be left alone in her large vegetable and flower gardens, or cooking meals of fried chicken and corn bread. If these activities were interrupted, the violators would pay. On any pretext, she would go out to the crevice bushes, and cut several long limbs to create a massive "switch," to be used on anyone in the vicinity who broke her peace. My Dad and his siblings knew the drill. When she started cutting the crevice switches: RUN!

One day in fourth grade my Dad had a row with his teacher about something. There were harsh words for Dad, perhaps even a short trip to the Principal's office. Dad came home and was a bit apprehensive about the whole thing, but in order to do damage control he told his version of the story to Mamal. She listened and didn't overreact. He felt relieved when she said, "Well, we'll just have to show

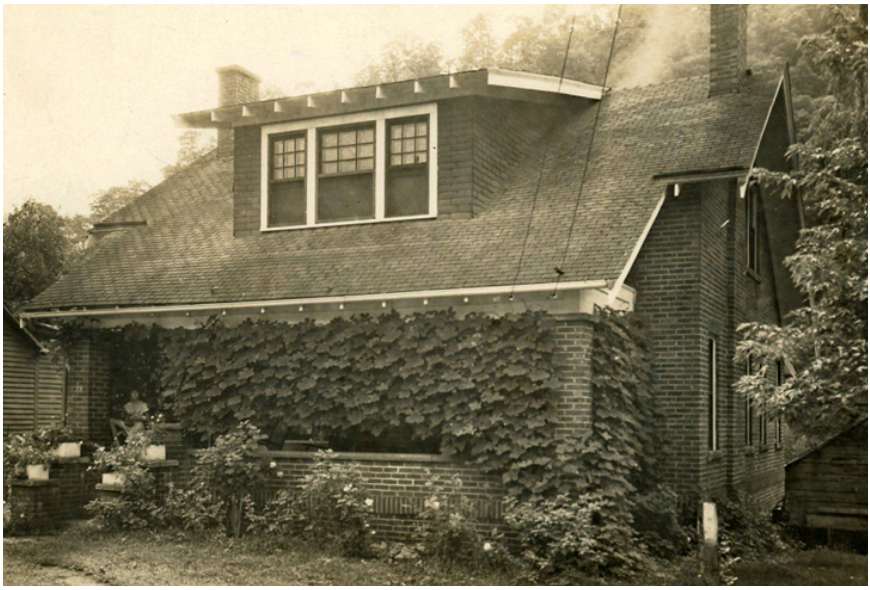
Myrtle Huffman Hambley, 1960

your teacher what's what around here." The next morning as Dad took off across the porch to school, he caught sight of his mother over by the crevice bushes, humming as she cut long branches. He was very suspicious; she was so relaxed but collecting a huge handful of switches. He deduced that these were going to be used on the teacher! Holy cow! Could this really be? But he had to get to school, with no time to figure things out. For an hour he sat at his desk relishing the idea of what might happen. Mamal said very clearly that she was going to show the teacher "what's what" around here. Could that mean anything else but that the teacher was going to get it? "It" being a real switching. He was beside himself.

Myrtle and Billy, 1929

Eventually it was time for school to let out and he went to the playground where he spotted his mother having a congenial conversation with his teacher. But something didn't fit. They were laughing, enjoying the moment, yet his mother still had the handful of switches at the ready. At that precise moment Mamal handed the entire bunch of switches to the teacher. Oh, heavens, he got it! She was coaching the teacher on the most effective ways to punish him, a trip to the principal's office wouldn't cut it. He understood everything now. He ran home as fast as he could and hid out on the riverbank until dinner. He said his behavior improved after that since he didn't know where those switches ended up.

Mamal seemed to calm down and dressed more fashionably in her later years, moving to Arizona once widowed, leaving behind her mountain girl ways. From



Hambley homeplace, c. 1925

what I understand she continued to host her legendary taffy parties, to which an invitation was much coveted by the nuns and priests at the local parish. Aunt Helen, a Catholic nun, took care of Mamal for the last 10 years of her life with accommodation from her Order.

In a letter that Dad wrote his mother in 1947, from Chicago, he refers to her upset over Aunt Helen becoming a nun. From what I understand several years earlier when Helen stated her intentions to enter the Order, Mamal chased the train down the tracks in Pikeville crying and screaming as she departed for Cleveland, Ohio, where she was a nurse at a Catholic institution. A devout Methodist, my grandmother Hambley just couldn't believe her daughter became a Catholic nun. Dad was still trying to help her accept it in his 1947 letter home. He wrote, "Helen knows her heart. You can be proud of all your children who have made good lives for themselves with love and integrity."

As a boy, Dad's world was his oyster. Hopping on his mother's horse, he would regularly venture a mile up through the shallow river to his grandfather Huffman's

Pikeville Academy basketball team in the early 1930s. Front row: Walter Hatcher Jr., Dickie Hatfield, Bob Ratliff, Richard Wells, Harry Coleman, Bill Hambley and Burl Ratliff.

farm. In the dry summers, the Levisa Fork of the Big Sandy River was like a stream with sand bars where the kids swam and built fires, roasting weenies on a stick. Conditions in the winter and spring were something entirely different. Days of non-stop rain made it that the river might rise 20 or 30 feet in a matter of hours. When it hit 40 feet the town was in trouble, with 53 feet being the flood of record.

Without a doubt the river brought all things good, so the irony was that it also terrorized a town as a beloved animal might do by baring its teeth unpredictably. It provided transportation for people and goods, such as the massive oak logs exploited throughout the area and shipped around the country for decades. Dad said as a boy, when the river flowed with a strong current, it carried so many logs that men walked effortlessly across the river on the logs as they flowed by. He said he always wondered where those logs would end up.

On Sunday mornings, he would head off to town to get out of the way while his mother, grandmother and sisters got the buffet ready for after church. It was

Billy and Gene Thomas at Pikeville College, 1929

understood that he was to attend Sunday school but he had a tendency to take the time for himself to reflect on the state of the town. He would check out the preachers on the bandstand in the nearby park to hear their message of the day. Since they didn't have a choir or music to punctuate their sermons, they simply talked non-stop for an hour or two, voices raised to the heavens so anyone in the park could hear without the aid of a microphone. He listened and asked himself how in the world they knew what to talk about. They seemed so fired up, so passionate for their subject. He said he asked himself when he was 10 years old if he would ever have so much to say!

He preferred to watch life unfold in the town over sitting in Sunday school classes, until his absence was noticed by the preacher, who alerted Dad's mother, "Mamal." Dad told me that during his boyhood there were about 13 churches in downtown Pikeville. More or less the same churches as when I was young. I laughed when he said he would listen to all the preachers in town, just as I did, depending on who invited us to their service. And just as in his day, we had our favorites.

We all loved good preaching! What Dad observed on Sunday mornings stuck with him. At the Pentecostal Colored Church, as it was called then, he saw happy, devout people who were very poor, even poorer than the whites, who didn't have much themselves. He saw an inequity that was a problem wherever he went. As he grew older, he wasn't sure how to approach it, or how it could be improved. He knew that the Dils Cemetery was

the location where many from the African-American community were buried anonymously beside some of his own ancestors. He decided that improved housing and education would be a good start to make life better for everyone.

Still a young boy, he imagined that much of the substandard housing in Pikeville could be replaced by better structures, some becoming public housing, preferably brick or masonry. Then he imagined that the schools would become integrated. He wanted to improve healthcare in the area too. On top of it all, he couldn't accept the symbolic division within his community that the railroad tracks represented. He knew that most of the African-American population lived on the riverbank on the other side of the tracks and river, in the prime flood zone, meaning when the river rose to 30 feet they were under water. Every aspect of early life in Pikeville was denigrated by the river and the railroad running through downtown, with certain groups left in a pitiable situation.

Pikeville Planing and Spoke Mill boiler explosion, 1916

While in middle school, he drew a mockup of the Cut-Through on pieces of cardboard taped together to show his Grandpas Huffman and Elliott, as well as his father, that he, too, could "think big" and "build big," and that while not yet a serious student, he could someday match their brilliance. They would listen to the presentation and nod their heads saying, "That would be dandy, Billy, it certainly would!" Grandpa Elliott had told him he would some day find his work, the thing he could do better than anything else. In 1990, as Dad and I strolled together around town, he stopped at the bottom of the 99, the steps leading to the Pikeville College administration building built in 1924, when he was 10 years old. In a wistful tone, he said proudly, "The administration building up there was built by my grandfather, WT Huffman, my Dad was the foreman, and I was the water-boy. That was the best job I ever had!"

Billy and Emmett Crow on the Big Sandy River, 1930

In 1932, the Pikeville Supply and Planing Mill, which was owned by WT and TN, burned down, creating an enormous fire reaching hundreds of feet in the air. It was a second loss for WT since the first Pikeville Supply and Planing Mill blew up in 1916, killing several men from a massive boiler explosion that was felt six miles away. The boiler explosion at the original mill located near what is now Baird Avenue was established by Huffman and Gray Company in the 1870s. It was re-established on Bank Street in 1917 by WT and TN Huffman. WT didn't rebuild in 1932, after the fire, deciding to retire. Dad was

inspired by his experiences working summer jobs for WT, telling me later in life that he thought his grandfather was brilliant.

The business interests of WT Huffman and his twin brother TN are a tale all their own. They inherited or acquired many pieces of property and opened multiple businesses together after 1885. When TN Huffman died in 1927, his Connolly stepsons took over TN's share in all the businesses, making WT a 49% stakeholder to their 51%. That meant they could override WT on business decisions. According to family lore, the Connolly brothers tanked the Pikeville Electric Lighting Company after TN died, in an attempt to save the dying ice plant business, which was the same business that Dad's father came to on his arrival in Pikeville in 1899, 30 years earlier. Think of it like the car replacing the buggy and whip, nobody was going to buy ice for their obsolete refrigerator when a new electric one was the latest and greatest.

Collegiate Institute basketball star Billy Hambley

The Connolly brothers were older than TN's sons Tom, George and William, who never really gained control of anything until perhaps it was too late. Frank Connolly had a term as mayor of Pikeville from 1930-33, at the height of the Depression and Dad said he felt things couldn't have gotten any worse for our little town at that time. Not long after, the electric company was sold but not the ice plant. I remember walking to the Pikeville Academy (Collegiate Institute in Dad's day) in the mid-1950s, past the ice plant with the Huffman

brothers sitting beside the Coca- Cola machine, a bottling business WT founded in 1912 with F. Tom Hatcher, waiting for someone to ask for ice. I thought they were unemployed but noticed people stopping from time to time with their coolers to buy ice, which was kept frozen with noisy old-fashioned compressors grinding away day and night, always disturbing my sleep next door. It seemed pointless to me. Dad said he never wanted a partner so he could make his own business decisions, citing that situation as a cautionary tale.

In 1930, after the stock market crash, Dad, then 17, had the idea to attend the United States Military Academy at West Point. He went to Frank Connolly, the newly elected mayor, to ask for a referral to their congressman for a letter of recommendation. Connolly laughed at Dad, saying he wasn't even smart enough to pass the required entrance exams and slammed the door in his face. This setback just seemed to fire Dad up, making him more determined to succeed. He played sports and was popular, yet wasn't very serious in school, even while attending Pikeville College in 1931 and 1932. His grades were mediocre, so he contented himself with being known as a local basketball star. When I was young, he would tell me that the boys in our family were "late bloomers," which seemed to me like an idea simply meant to reassure them that not all was lost (which occasionally it seemed to be). But his own experiences proved that you can always overcome obstacles.

After Frank Connolly rejected Dad's dream for West Point, fellow teenagers Bruce Walters and Walter Hatcher reacted incredulously in 1933 at Dad's announcement that he was going to Notre Dame to play football. He countered their skepticism by saying, "I can do anything anybody at Notre Dame can do." They found his plan to play football at Notre Dame preposterous, since he had never played football in high school. He was known as a basketball star, whereas they

played football and didn't have pretensions themselves of going to Notre Dame!

Yet, after a year and a half at Pikeville College at the age of 19, in 1934, he was accepted into the freshman class at the University of Notre Dame. His visits back in Pikeville became less frequent as he took on work to finance his education. In October 1938, during his senior year at Notre Dame, his father died of a pulmonary embolism from staying in bed for five days after an appendectomy. When Grandpa Hambley stood up to leave, he immediately fell backward and died from the embolism. Dad said he later insisted that his patients get out of bed as soon as possible after surgery because of that bad experience.

Dad came home for his father's funeral but went back to South Bend to continue his education. He was always sad that his father passed away the same week he was named to the National Academy of Sciences at Notre Dame in the autumn of his senior year. He wanted to make his parents proud of him. He wanted to share the achievement with his father when he got home for Christmas that year, he said. Dad told me how his sister, Helen, reassured him that she had read the good news to

Myrtle with her five children after the 1938 funeral of W.C. Hambley, Sr.

Grandpa at the hospital during breakfast on the very morning he died, which had been published in the local newspaper.

Dad took everything more seriously after that and left his boyhood ways behind. His youth had been full of challenges yet idyllic. He had a bright future ahead of him and at the time it appeared as if Billy Hambley might never be seen in Pikeville again.

Recently widowed Myrtle Hambley in the University of Notre Dame stadium at her son's graduation, 1939

Chapter 2

South Bend and Chicago

1934-1954

Family and friends back home were not the only ones who teased Dad for being a dreamer. Since he had very little money at Notre Dame in contrast to many of his classmates, he spent most of his time at the library studying, or working in the greenhouses. If he caught a catnap in a reading room at the library because of late nights studying, he would sometimes wake up with his classmates mock-fanning him under a "palm" tree dragged from across the room, humming *My Old Kentucky Home*, offering a shot of bourbon, proclaiming that a fully manned "jolly boat" was summoned to take him to the land of his dreams.

Being from Kentucky's "feudist district" calls to mind stereotypes, so over time Dad made an effort to lose his distinctive country accent. They chided him in good fun, but he wanted credibility and set out to get it. He said students noted his capacity for long hours of work and would come to him for counsel. They perceived that his maturity and realism came from his reduced circumstances, giving him wisdom which they, with all their wealth, lacked.

Within our family my parents emphasized modesty and kindness. Dad spoke often of compassion for others. They were both frugal and set a good example that way.

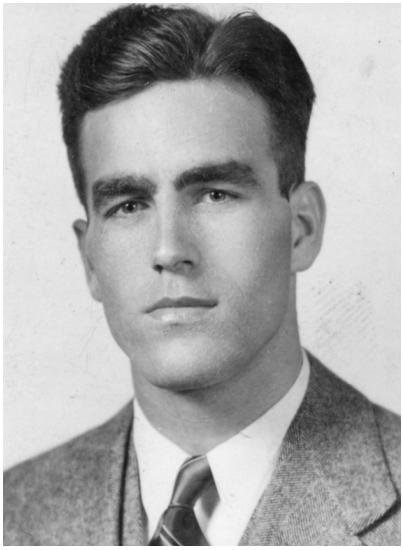
Bill Hambley at Notre Dame

When referring to his later teenage years during the Depression, he repeated that no one in Pikeville had much money, even though they all had plenty to eat. Cash was in short supply. Departing on the train to Notre Dame University in the Fall of 1934 during the Depression with only two dollars in his pocket seemed unbelievable to me. Because my granddad Hambley worked such long hours, Dad said he couldn't bear to take the few dollars he had left in his wallet, moist from sweat.

Anytime I asked about his social life at Notre Dame, he would say he never went out on the town, or had a date with a girl the entire four years, since he couldn't even buy her a pop! By the time he was in medical school at Northwestern, he would save money from his summer jobs selling Bibles in Wisconsin until the end of the year so he could afford one fine meal at a Chicago restaurant called Chez Paris. There was usually a big name band playing in the orchestra pit and an elevated dance floor surrounded by a multi-level dining area. He got a steak every year with all the trimmings and could tell me the exact cost, $12. A fortune back then. In early 1941, he went there as planned, when during his meal the band struck up the song *Sweet Georgia Brown*. On the dance floor Dad recognized John D. Rockefeller, Jr., beginning a dance with his date who was none other than Pikeville's Georgia Brown! She was gorgeous, according to Dad, and he enjoyed the spectacle. Georgia was known in Pikeville as being very beautiful and connected to rich men. She was not the person the song

Sweet Georgia Brown was written for but people in Pikeville wanted to think she was.

Years later, after the passing of Rockefeller, Georgia returned to Pikeville and rented a house on our property that Dad owned. Georgia was several years older than Dad, but they were acquainted from younger days. She never married and had received some coal property from Rockefeller in nearby Betsy Layne, Kentucky, to fund a modest retirement. Dad said he saw the deed. In 1966, we started calling the little white house the "Georgia Brown" house. In her living room was an exquisite, nearly life-size oil painting of her in an elegant scarlet ball gown. My mother and I were invited to tea one afternoon and I exclaimed on seeing the painting, "You were so beautiful, Miss Brown!"As you can imagine my mother admonished me when we came back home by saying that when a compliment is given to an older individual it should be, "What a beautiful painting of you, Miss Brown!" Sad to say, I had more than a few corrections like that in my life.



Bill Hambley at Northwestern

My Dad described how he met Mother, Alberta Heintzberger, on a blind date in 1941, set up by one of his medical fraternity brothers who compared Mother's beauty to the actress Hedy Lamarr. As he recalled that meeting, Mother came down the elevator into the large lobby where he waited on a bench in the middle of the rotunda. He described her as the "Queen of Sheba," when she stepped off the elevator and walked across the lobby towards him. He said she was so gorgeous that by the time they got to the circular door to go out, he had

decided he would marry her. Dad's memory was like a steel trap. Yet after he proposed to my mother, he suggested they should get married on his birthday so he wouldn't forget! After the morning wedding ceremony, he accompanied her to their new apartment, then headed back to Passavant Memorial Hospital at Northwestern University to do several autopsies. He really was not romantic, but Mother was just as serious as Dad, so it all worked out.

One of our family's most remarkable stories concerns Dad and Grandfather Heintzberger. After Dad's freshman year at Notre Dame, he changed his major to pre-med and needed work to make ends meet. So the University gave him a job working in the greenhouses at St Mary's College, the sister school of Notre Dame. Dad would pass by the bakery at the University every morning to get the most delicious cinnamon buns he ever tasted. The man he referred to as the "old Dutch baker" was the one who created the famous Notre Dame Buns and other wonderful confections. He sweetly kept two cinnamon buns in a bag set aside for Dad every morning to pick up on his way to the greenhouses.

Henry Heintzberger, baker, 1915

Dad was known to the old Dutch baker as the "medical student," even though he was still an undergraduate in pre-med. Over a three year period, they saw and greeted each other daily. They never knew each other's names, yet the old Dutch baker reminded Dad of his own father and the way his grandmother always set aside a dinner roll with ham in the warming oven for him at recess. When Dad came home with Mother to meet her

parents, to his surprise there stood the old Dutch baker who had shown such paternal caring for him! Mother said everyone was astounded that they knew each other. Grandfather Heintzberger even teared up and said how glad he was that Dad was to be his son-in-law. "I'm so glad it's you, Bill," now repeating his name several times. Dad said it was surreal. Grandfather sadly passed away three months later of pancreatic cancer shortly before the wedding.

Alberta Heintzberger Hambley, 1943

Before meeting Dad, Mother completed her nursing training at St Joseph's School of Nursing and moved to Chicago to start a nursing career in 1938, at age 21. After two years as a pediatric nurse, she applied to be a stewardess with American Airlines when a recruiter came to the hospital and explained that only registered nurses qualified under the airline's rules. She was a stewardess based in Chicago by the time she and Dad were married on May 11, 1943, his 29th birthday and the week he began his internship at Hines Veterans and Mayo Military Hospitals.

She enjoyed flying back and forth to New York, with an overnight stay at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in Manhattan twice a week. She loved shopping at Saks Fifth Avenue and looking in the window at Tiffany's. Taking the "Loop" train into Chicago and shopping at Marshall Fields was delightful when home in Chicago, but New York City sparkled and she loved it! She was in one of the very early stewardess classes trained in

Heintzberger home, Notre Dame, IN

Chicago, flying on a DC-3, which was the largest commercial plane at the time. They were married, without any fanfare, with only their widowed mothers and their best friends, Ardis and Burton Foley, as witnesses.

Still newlyweds, Mother had her usual American Airlines "milk run" flight to New York La Guardia, so-called because it was the regular non-stop flight out of Chicago's Midway Airport. Her return flight was also non-stop. She was accustomed to arriving at least an hour early for all her flights. The return flight from New York this particular day was no different, but one of the crew for the flight leaving 45 minutes earlier was late. The flights were scheduled for 6:45 a.m. and 7:30 a.m. The earlier flight stopped in Philadelphia, then on to Chicago, arriving about 1½ hours after the non-stop. Because a crew member was late, and mother was early, she had to take the flight to Philadelphia.

Alberta Heintzberger, 1942

Something tragic happened to the "milk run" that day. Once in the air over upstate New York, they ran into a flock of geese and crashed in a field killing all on board. It was early in the day in Chicago and Dad was listening to the radio while shaving, when the news bulletin came on saying the American Airlines non-stop flight from New York to Chicago Midway had run into a flock of geese, causing it

to crash in a field killing all on board. Dad was stunned. He couldn't believe it. He said he paced around in shock, in disbelief. About half an hour later the phone rang in the apartment. Mother was calling Dad to say she had just landed and would be home shortly to explain everything. She got home a little later and they had an emotional reunion, both overjoyed and relieved that she was always an early bird.

Alberta Heintzberger, 1940

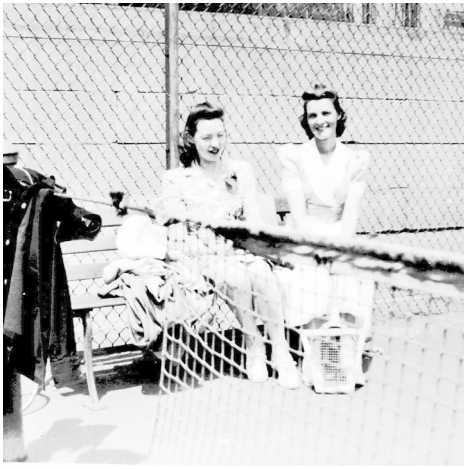
Ardis Swenson was my mother's roommate and best friend in 1939 from nurses training in Chicago. Ardis's family had a successful ice cream parlor that was known in the area, a respectable family like the Heintzbergers. As roommates they played tennis together, exchanged books, shared ideas for cooking, home decor, and even how many children they wanted. Neither had a boyfriend yet. Ice skating was an activity that both Mother and Ardis shared a passion for. They skated often at local rinks with music.

Couples skating was popular, making it a nice place to bring a date and meet people. Ardis started skating frequently with a fellow named John Burton Foley who was 16 years her senior, establishing a routine of meeting at the rink weekly. After a while, Foley's two spinster sisters started to join, watching from the bleachers while they all skated. Over time he made it clear to Ardis that he wanted to propose, but his older sisters seemed to object. This was a bit unusual considering he was then 39 years old. What was the objection? It turned out, according to Mom, that Burton Foley's father, John Burton Foley, Sr. had acquired a fortune in Chicago with

the Foley Cough Syrup Co. Their cough remedy contained alcohol, codeine, chloroform, sugar and herbs. Mother told me that very early on, perhaps before 1900, the remedy may have even contained cocaine. Truly a wonder treatment for all manner of illnesses. Until it wasn't. Cough syrups today are a shadow of their former selves!

The cash riches coming from this popular wonder treatment enabled JB Foley, Sr. to purchase a 53,000-acres tract of land in Baldwin County, Alabama, around 1900, which he named Foley. The eponymous town was established in 1905 and expanded continuously thereafter. Burton's older brother, Jarred Foley, was meant to take over the running of the estate, known as Ledgewick, until he was found dead of a heart attack in his car on the side of the road at the estate. This meant Burton would have to shoulder the responsibility for the Chicago business and the huge land holdings in Baldwin County. The older sisters felt that a nurse whose parents owned an ice cream shop, while respectable, was not of the New York Social Register background they envisioned for their brother's bride. But their brother was having none of it and married his beloved Ardis in 1942.

At the same time the Foleys were courting, my parents began dating and they had many happy double dates together. Dad told Foley in the early 1940s of his idea to remove portions of Peach Orchard mountain and relocate the river and railroad in his hometown, which Foley thought would never happen. In his mind it was



Ardis Swenson and Alberta, 1942

just too impractical, too expensive. He told Dad he was glad he didn't have such a headache to deal with at Ledgewick, since the terrain was "flat as a pancake," and thus would be much easier to develop. He foresaw a day when people would actually visit Alabama's Gulf Coast for vacations and maybe even move to Foley to live. The hangup prior to 1942 was a lack of air conditioning. Foley called it "God's Country" in the winter. He spoke of establishing a hospital in what was then a farming community, which today is their largest employer.

The Foleys served as my godparents when I was baptized in Chicago in 1951. They lived in a three-story mansion on Lake Shore Drive, with a ballroom on the third floor. Mother said that all of us children would ride tricycles in the ballroom, but I was too young to remember. On one of our trips to South Bend to visit Mother's family, when I was 10 years old, we stopped in Chicago for lunch at their Lake Shore Drive home. I recall the opulently carved staircase and the marble floors of the massive entrance hall, which felt cool when I laid down after lunch looking up at the skylight high above, with nothing to do but enjoy the laughter and conversation of Mother and Ardis in the adjoining dining room.

Years later when my parents were living in Pikeville, the Foleys suggested that they move to Foley, Alabama, so that Dad could establish his surgical practice, build a local medical center, continue farming, and enjoy the social aspects of their paradise. They visited Pikeville in 1965

and 1967 when driving from Chicago to Alabama. During those visits Burton Foley saw for himself what a challenge Dad faced, but cheered him on when Dad told him that he had entered Pikeville in the All-America City competition and the Model Cities program (see Appendix I). Foley marveled during dinner, when I was 15, that Dad had given him such detail about the project twenty years earlier enabling him to appreciate its importance for the area and the country. Anyone from Pikeville reading this knows that moving to Foley, Alabama, was the last thing my father was ever going to do. Mother may have felt differently, although she never said so. But Dad had his own paradise to create and he would not let moving a mountain be an impediment!

Painting of Ledgewick, Foley, Alabama

As already mentioned, the Foleys had an important age difference, making it that Ardis Swenson Foley was a widow for well over twenty years. While in the area visiting my brother in Florida, Dad decided to pay her a visit. They had both been widowed for many years by then. He said they sat in the grand living room at Ledgewick and talked for several hours. She lived alone in the big house with a grandson nearby. She shared with Dad that the estate was managed in trust by the New York banks, and the next generation would soon take over. She had not ridden around the estate on horseback for over 30 years, wistfully remembering when she and Burton enjoyed those outings to fix a fence or picnic together.

Who's to say which life was the better one. At first glance, the Foleys may have had a more alluring life. Yet the answer lies in the eye of the beholder, since both men ultimately realized their dreams of building their communities.

Dad's dreams were threatened in early 1943, while completing his residency at Northwestern, when he had a large melanoma removed from his neck, a cautionary tale that was often told in my youth. One morning when Dad was shaving he noticed that a mole on the back of his neck was "weeping" and knew this was a bad sign. He went directly to the head of surgery, Dr. Loyal Davis. Dr. Davis was not in, so Dad installed himself on his examination table and waited. The nurse insisted that Dr. Davis was extremely busy that day, saying, "My goodness, Dr. Hambley, can't you come back some other day?"

According to Dad, he persisted in wanting Dr. Davis to take the melanoma off without delay. He said he wasn't budging until it was removed. Half an hour later, Dr. Davis appeared, asking what all the commotion was about. He understood the seriousness of the situation such that Dad walked out an hour later sporting a four inch long incision and subsequent scar. Dad said the maximum survival rate for such a malignancy was 17 years, with only two or three years being the norm, and he expressed to Dr. Davis that he was considering leaving medicine to secure more money for Mother and and my older sister, Mary, an infant, in the time he had left. But Dr. Davis advised, "Bill, you never know what's going to happen. Stay in medicine!" Dad took a long walk along Lake Michigan that day to decide his future, with the counsel of Dr. Davis in his mind. I've always been thankful to Dr. Davis, Nancy Reagan's father, for saving my father's life and keeping him committed to his dreams in medicine.

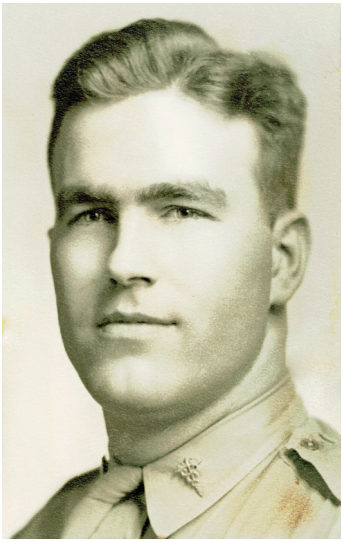
In 1943, the United States was at war. During my childhood I was only vaguely aware that Dad served in the war. Mother later explained that during his three years of service, he was away for two years. Twice he spent nine months at the Mayo Military Hospital where he never left the huge sprawling complex, operating for 180 consecutive days. Then, six months on a US Army hospital ship, including 30 days coming and going from the Philippines.

From his boyhood butchering sessions in the barn with his father, I don't think Dad ever thought his first work experience using his surgical skills would come during World War II, lasting for nearly three blood-soaked years. I always felt being a surgeon in the war either kicked something out of or kicked something into my Dad. There's no doubt that his father inspired him to become a surgeon. His war experience seemed to temper everything that had come before, like honing a steel sword on a blacksmith's anvil.

1st Lt. W. C. Hambley, MD

Most people have probably watched enough documentaries to recognize the names of some of the biggest battles of the European campaign during World War II, such as the Battle of the Bulge in Belgium and the Battle of Anzio in Italy. While Dad wasn't there, he might as well have been. Every day he asked the new arrivals who were flown in directly from the European front where they had been fighting. They called out "Anzio" or "The Bulge."He listened to the soldiers' accounts of the conditions in Europe and how terrible it was.

He had many a tale of the goings-on in the medical camps near the front in the Pacific, where he personally spent time during the brutal campaigns there. In the Philippines, he described how the soldiers built one room shacks with a mattress inside, called "shacking up,"in order to spend a few days with local women. There were many shacks, fully occupied, and Dad had to treat the men for venereal diseases regularly after their shacking up interludes. There were makeshift parties nightly with a dance floor between the shacks. Dad said the fog that rolled in every night created a very amusing effect with only people's heads visible, bobbing around while dancing, with their bodies masked by the fog.



Army surgeon Dr. Hambley

By night, they had as much fun as they could because by day the Americans were bombing the daylights out of the island of Leyte. According to Dad, the noise was deafening, crushing, horrific, with the impact being felt miles away. When our ships unleashed their arsenals, it went on for days and left not a twig standing on the once densely forested islands, a wasteland with only deep caves which required flamethrowers to clear out the enemy.

One of the many ships in the Pacific turned out to be commanded by an officer from Pikeville, Vice Admiral George W. Greer, whose sister, the late Faye Greer Sharp, lived beside us. Dad knew him from childhood. Dad sent word to Vice Admiral Greer's ship that he was a surgeon on the nearby hospital ship to which word came back: "Billy, what can I send over?" Dad answered that 500 lbs. of hamburger meat would be great and anything else Greer could spare. The next day here it came, 500 lbs. of

hamburger meat, buns, Cokes, pickles, and condiments. Dad said they set grills up on deck and partied for two days. After that he said he became particularly popular, having good ol' Pikeville to thank for it!

There was an expression that originated during World War II, FUBAR, which meant : "F…ed Up Beyond All Recognition." The reality of war is that often the injuries sustained by soldiers are so horrific that on occasion an individual brought in from the battle front is mutilated beyond recognition. In fact, my father said some did not even look human anymore, but rather some other species. Sometimes he would think that maybe a large dog or a deer had been mistakenly picked up as a wounded soldier. Shocked, I exclaimed, "surely not!" He said, "Barbara, war is dehumanizing. The weapons are so destructive that they can tear the body into pieces such that it's hard to distinguish what's what anatomically. I'm just telling you how it was."

I was moved when my father told me that the 30- day return from the Philippines was one of the hardest journeys of his life. He said he felt depressed and slept on deck near the lifeboats, amazed by the bioluminescence

Alberta and Bill Hambley on a date, 1942

of the sea-life at night, a beautiful sight. He said it was a challenge to reconcile nature's beauty with what was happening in reality. After 180 days of surgery at the Mayo Military Hospital, which was safe on American soil, being in the Pacific so close to the conflict, was another sort of stress entirely.

Apparently when days are spent in surgery non-stop, with battles raging all around, there's no time to decompress and gain a sense of well being, even when asleep. He described waking up one night with a twelve-foot python slowly crawling over his feet, going across the tent, out the other side. Even though he stayed perfectly still, he was concerned that the continuous shelling and disturbances in camp would activate the python.

After the war, he dreamed about snakes. One night he stood straight up in total darkness and leaped towards a card table at the end of my parent's bed, smashing it to the ground. My mother simply said in a low tone, "Bill, wake up." She knew not to scream, understanding he was dreaming. Mother was a first-rate pediatric nurse, noted for her cool temperament and calming voice under stress, staying composed in such situations.

Alberta modeling a dress she made, 1939

I'm glad Dad chose a wife who had a different background from his own and whose seriousness cemented their marriage. Mother was raised Roman Catholic, had a reserved temperament, and appreciated fine wines. She loved to

embroider and sew clothes, write letters, listen to opera and read all manner of literature. She cooked good basic recipes from her Dutch roots. Surprisingly, she couldn't dance, swim, or ride a horse, and claimed she couldn't carry a tune. She didn't enjoy boating or watching sports on television. Mother's talent was focused on what was right in front of her, such as a Scrabble game. She was always found reading a book with a half-finished embroidery project on the side table while listening to classical music.

After the war, Dad returned to Chicago as chief surgical resident at St Luke's Presbyterian, Hines Veterans, and Passavant hospitals. During that time, Dad worked on a coroners bill for the State of Illinois, having conducted hundreds of autopsies during his medical training and subsequent practice, and saw a need for improved legislation.

Normally I wouldn't share this story, but based on what happened later in Pikeville it has great significance. Congressman Everett Dirksen, then representing Central Illinois District 16, spearheaded the new coroners bill. Around 1946, the two men met numerous times to work on the bill and developed a respect for each other. After finishing work on the legislation, they lost contact for six months until Mr. Dirksen came to St Luke's hospital for a consultation. My father was happy to consult with him.

Another year or so passed and Mr. Dirksen returned with a problem in one of his eyes which he had been dealing with for months. It was bad news, since the specialists he consulted at Massachusetts General Hospital and Mayo Clinic said the only treatment was the removal of his eye, since the disease would inevitably infect his other eye, meaning blindness. He made the decision to leave politics, giving up his seat in Congress in 1948, to deal with the daunting treatment. He needed a surgeon and thought of Dad.

After examining the eye but before performing the surgery, Dad wanted to try a new approach that he was familiar with, that had been developed for the war wounded and was just starting to be made for wide distribution to the public. Research on Dirksen's eye problem did not yet indicate that it should be treated with antibiotics.

Senator Everett Dirksen

He and Dirksen agreed to begin the treatment with antibiotics. It took many weeks to see an improvement but it did finally come, such that Dirksen kept his eye and made a successful bid for the Senate in 1950. Having completed the treatment, there was no reason to believe the two men would cross paths again.

Dad enjoyed many aspects of life in Chicago. But there was one feature that loomed large. The Mob. In the years that followed the war, the Mafia was still active, with shootings and gang violence ruling Chicago, according to Dad. As a skilled war surgeon it didn't take long for Dad to be singled out. The Mob would bring in their own, shot full of holes, insisting that they only wanted Dr. Hambley. When he changed hospitals the mobsters would simply track him down at his new location.

In addition to being an experienced surgeon, Dad never asked questions, a skill he acquired as a wary mountain boy during Prohibition. In short, he knew how to keep his mouth shut. He heroically saved them all, but he said he knew the day would come when he may pay a price if one of the mobsters didn't make it and they blamed him. Or, the police wanted him to gather information from his contacts with them, a "no win"

situation. Dad's reputation took on almost celebrity status within Mob circles when they found out he was buddies with and had played football at Notre Dame with Mario "Motts" Tonelli, coached by their favorite coach, Elmer Layden.

The mobsters regularly insisted Dad join them to watch the Cubs play at Wrigley Field, figuring if Tonelli wasn't available then their favorite surgeon would be a fine stand in. Tonelli was inducted into the Football Hall of Fame, as well as being a national war hero for surviving the Bataan Death March, saying he survived the horrific Death March thanks to his football training at Notre Dame.

Alberta couldn't find a hat big enough for the Arizona sun.

The mobster's luxury box at Wrigley Field was chock-a-block with sausages and other goodies from "Mamma's" kitchen, which they insisted Dad eat in large quantities, while they bickered over which of their mothers was the best cook, going so far as to ask Dad to declare the tastiest meatballs and pasta, another "no win" situation!

Dad ultimately decided to leave Chicago, having us join his mother and sister in Tucson, Arizona. But after six months he found the weather was too hot and dry, and even more importantly, didn't seem to help my older brother JR's asthma, as he hoped it would. So we headed to Pikeville in January 1954.

Chapter 3

Return to Pikeville

1954-1973

Dad had left as Billy "the kid" Hambley in 1934, returning in 1954 as Dr. Hambley, an experienced surgeon, husband and father of three. Only his childhood friends would ever refer to him as Billy from that time on.

We found ourselves moving to the same half mile, in the same house, school, church, floods, farms, and coal dust, with the same family and friends as 20 years earlier. Except for the outhouse and the car, our early lives were remarkably similar to Dad's when he was young.

The house we initially moved into on College Street and Hollyhock Alley was originally built in 1890 by TN Huffman, great grandpa WT's twin brother, who had an identical home on the opposite corner. While both houses were spacious 12-room Victorians, ours had not been

Hambley children at TN Huffman house, 1954

updated since 1915. There's no doubt that it was an impressive home when built but the wear and tear of time and the large family that lived there before us had humbled its appeal. Yet as far as Dad was concerned, what was good enough for his father and grandfathers was good enough for him. Nothing would be updated. Only when something broke could a new model replace it—a mindset that he would maintain throughout his entire life.

Aunt Sarah and cousin Bill welcome us to Pikeville, 1954

Whereas my father was returning to his childhood home, our move from Chicago to Pikeville was unfamiliar territory for the rest of us. My mother's Indiana family would mock our "southern accents" and our propensity for running around barefoot. Indeed, compared to the national average, Eastern Kentucky was economically depressed, but in the eyes of my younger self, our family was well off!

During my childhood we shared Hollyhock Alley with our neighbors, several of whom were families of color. It seemed everything went on in the alley. Food would appear from Paula Rollins's house which was always something tasty like cornbread with a piece of ham. Everyone lived adequately but modestly with basic furniture in the 1950s, but I marveled at how much Paula's family and their relatives laughed together.

As a small child I noticed the kitchen floors in our home and our relatives' homes often had worn linoleum. Our neighbors' houses had the same worn linoleum. I saw no difference in any of our circumstances.

Playing with the Rollins girls on Hollyhock Alley

Being my first playmates I had an admiration for their enjoyment of life. In 1955, we moved to the Hambley homeplace which is 100 yards on the other side of Hollyhock Alley. I look at the one remaining house of the original five where my friends lived from my kitchen window now, but no one has lived there for years. Local Pikeville poet Effie Waller Smith expresses the wistfulness of a past time better than I could in her poem *Hollyhocks* (see next page).

A common misconception of Pikeville and the surrounding region is that it is Southern, whilst locals describe themselves as mountain folks or Hillbillies. A possible cause of this misattribution is the mountain accent and its sing-songy twang. Yet, looking at a map one can see that Pikeville and Eastern Kentucky sit on the dividing line between North and South. As a result, the state was considered divided during the Civil War. There were many who fought for the Confederacy, such as Randall McCoy and Anderson (Devil Anse) Hatfield, of the McCoy and Hatfield feud families, yet sympathies were often divided within a neighborhood or even the same family.

Hollyhocks

J. S.

To-day as I sit in my window
With an unread book in my hand
My Hollyhocks close by the lattice
Are beautiful and grand.

I think of an old-time garden
No other flowers were there
Except the Hollyhocks growing
Without tending, thought or care.

They were masses of bloom in summer,
So beautiful and so high,
And swayed and nodded coyly
To all the passers-by.

The house that stood in that garden—
Its keeper is dead and gone!—
But around it still in summer time
The Hollyhocks bloom on.

Effie Waller Smith, who grew up in Pikeville, published two books of poetry, *Songs of the Months,* 1904 and *Rhymes from the Cumberland,* 1909.

Our own family lore tells the story of great-grandpa TW Elliott, a Union soldier, and his brother-in-law, Andrew Jackson Ward, a Confederate, who never spoke to or looked at each other for the rest of their lives because AJ Ward fought for the Confederacy. They would sit all day in the parlor in total silence, with the grandkids trying to coax a conversation between them, to no avail. That feud lasted until the grave.

A remaining testament to Pikeville's support of the Union Army is the Dils Cemetery on Chloe Road, one of the oldest integrated cemeteries in Eastern Kentucky, now featured on the National Register of Historic Places. A third of the 500 people buried there are African-American, laid to rest alongside the McCoy, Dils, and Ratliff families. Their graves are identified with small metal marker plates. It's only fair to say that the fact that the graves were sometimes unmarked altogether in an integrated cemetery shows that their opportunities were not the same at the time.

The cemetery is about 300 yards from the Hambley homeplace on the hillside at an elevation above the flood plain. Back in the day paths led through the weeds and brambles to the gravesites, making it a challenge to visit. Copperheads stalk the Kentucky underbrush and often required descendants to show up with a gun when paying respects to grandma and grandpa, making the gas powered weed whacker mankind's greatest invention!

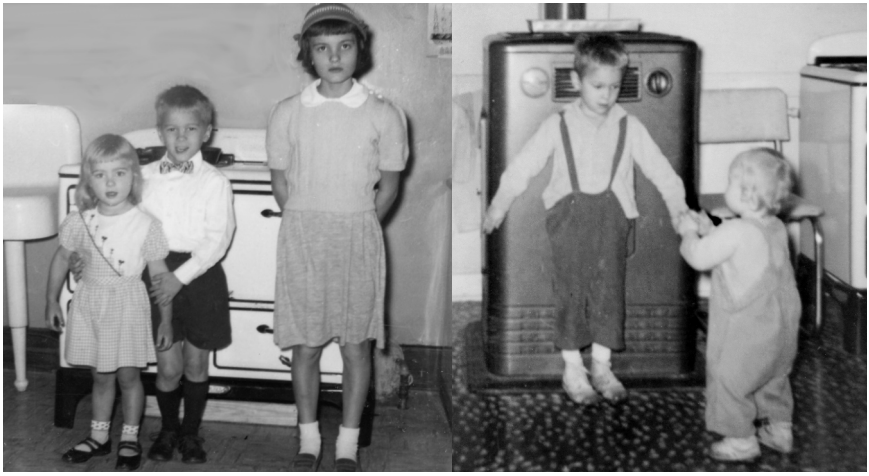
While Dad was steeped in the old ways of doing things, he was not afraid to try new things. Once he told us kids about having a bottle of maggots during the war to treat festering shrapnel wounds. He described how the little maggot tails would wiggle their way out of the wound once they had thoroughly cleaned it. We squealed to "Please stop telling us about it!" He'd continue, "Well, progress through antibiotics has made it unnecessary to have those adorable little maggots

anymore." Thoroughly disgusted, we concluded that he had nerves of steel and a cast iron stomach to go with it.

Dad was interested in the welfare of the elderly and the challenges of being independent in old age. He spent hours on house calls far up in the mountains during the 1950s and '60s, treating all generations of a family in one visit. He wanted to bring the latest treatments and innovations to the area, from improving the lot of the elderly to relieving his patients' discomfort from aches and pains. Many elderly patients did better from his treatment with a vasodilator for dementia or got zapped from his ultrasound machine when they had a painful bursitis. In the early days his treatments were sometimes the only thing that helped. He charged $8 for a visit, raising it to $12 in 1975.

Among the firsts in Dad's repertoire, the story of Jimmy Sword's birth in 1957, who was Rh negative, comes to mind. Such a condition is fatal at birth unless a transfusion is performed immediately. At that time transfusions were risky and only attempted at large well-equipped medical centers. My father had not yet done one on a newborn baby, even though he had transfused thousands of war wounded. He assured Mildred and Harold Sword he could concoct a system for the procedure to save Jimmy. Mildred kept the newspaper article about Jimmy's birth from 1957. It doesn't mention by name infant Jimmy or Dad, but explains how pleased the hospital was to offer

Dad takes me for my first horse ride, 1953



Early years in Pikeville on worn linoleum floors.

this new lifesaving medical procedure to the community (see Appendix II).

In the 1950s people still had trouble heating their trailers and cabins, sometimes resulting in severe frostbite. A couple who didn't have fuel froze in their home. After he died of exposure, she was brought to the hospital in a frozen state, with little chance of survival. Dad did the impossible and thawed her body slowly saving her limbs, except her feet for which prostheses were made. The 1965 newspaper article describes the incident (see Appendix III).

The story of the mummified foot was legendary. Every year when we came home to Pikeville, my daughters would request to see "the foot" kept in a drawer. Dad would bring it out to the amazement of all. Before us was a perfect foot which looked like it was skillfully carved from black ebony wood, very smooth and shiny. There was a small ivory piece of bone protruding a few centimeters at the top. It was as hard as wood, completely mummified, yet it was a real human foot! If a patient was diabetic, suffering from poor circulation, the prospect of eventually losing the toes and

feet was great, and usually required an amputation above the knee.

He explained that he would treat the patient systemically with an anti-fungal drug. The goal was to save as much of the leg below the knee as possible so the vessels would close off naturally at the point where the circulation ended. It took six months for the process to conclude, which kept the knee intact for better mobility. Some family members just couldn't stand to see the black foot before the final removal and insisted it be done sooner, requiring an amputation above the knee. Dad said his patients were happy to minimize their loss even though it seemed a bit unorthodox. So the astounding "foot" at our house in the drawer was from an elderly patient who invited Dad to take her foot home as a memento.

The story of a medical feat that had an unexpected outcome begs to be told. There was a man in his early forties who worked for the railroad and got hit by a train while on the job. When he was rushed to the hospital emergency room Dad compared it to trying to put Humpty Dumpty back together again. X-rays showed that he had 95 broken bones. Dad said he marveled that the fellow didn't rupture any of his coronary arteries or the aorta. He had a concussion and a broken back, but Dad was able to keep the swelling down in the first few days to limit severe long term damage. He spent weeks in traction and months in rehabilitation, learning to walk again. Finally the man was well enough to resume a reasonably normal life, but had nonetheless put in for an early disability pension from the railroad. Dad advised the man's lawyers that he would certainly suffer from severe debilitating arthritis later with restriction in movement. Dad felt a pension from railroad work was in order.

Once in court before the judge and jury, Dad explained the injuries were extraordinary and should

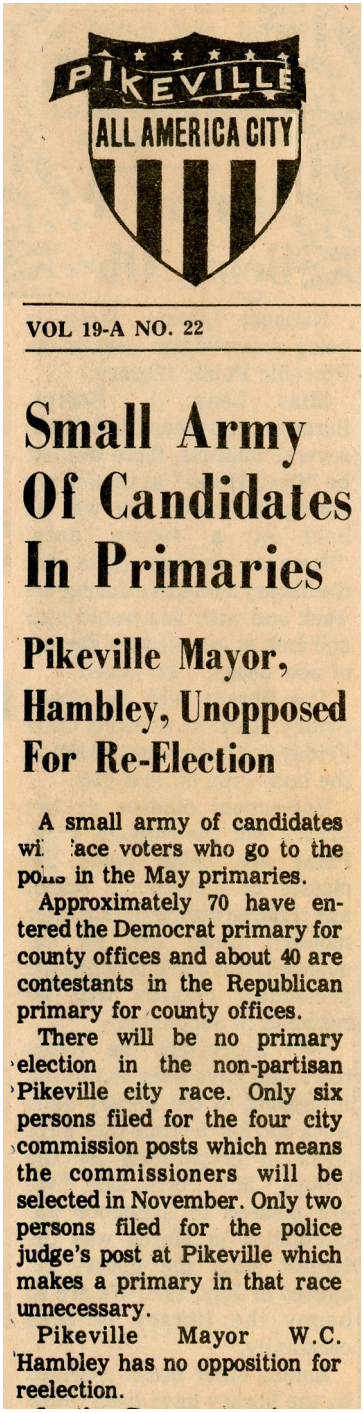
have killed the man outright. When the man's moment came to show how affected he was by the accident, he was asked if he thought Dr. Hambley was a good doctor. The man replied that Doc Hambley was the best surgeon in the world, restoring him to "better than new." For good measure, he jumped from his chair and did a dance for the jury kicking his legs up to his shoulders, insisting he was even more limber after Dad got through with him! The jury was indeed impressed and denied him his pension saying he hadn't sustained any measurable injuries!

As a surgeon, Dad had a couple of lawsuits that I was aware of. The one I remember was brought by a man from Ashland, a wrestler who broke his wrist in a car accident while driving through Pikeville. Dad set the wrist in the emergency room and instructed the man to return in 14-21 days to remove the cast. The man never returned to Pikeville, leaving the cast for several more weeks before going locally for removal. The break was perfectly healed but the man claimed to have stiff fingers and a stiff wrist so severe that it could not even bend with a lot of pressure applied.

After the wrestler displayed his hand to the court, with fingers pointing rigidly straight, without bending at all, Dad took the stand. He explained to the jury how such an outcome was virtually impossible since the fingers were not restricted or affected by the cast and would have had a full range of motion while healing. Dad stated that the man should be able to wrestle again since the break was perfectly healed. During his absorbing testimony the man listened so intently as Dad read the X-rays, that he completely relaxed his hand with the wrist and fingers pointing downward in a normal manner. The jury noticed this fact and started nudging each other to look at him when he abruptly forced his hand into a rigid position again, but the judge had noticed as well, at which point he brought the gavel down and said "Case dismissed!"

The years between 1953 and 1960 were consumed not only by medicine, but with initiatives with the National League of Cities (NLC) which helped cities of all sizes improve infrastructure and education. Dad had been spearheading projects with the NLC since becoming a Pikeville City Commissioner in 1954. The Cut-Through was an idea always simmering in his mind. Then in 1960, Dad presented it to the public as a real attainable achievement that would change the future of the town. Much of the public became captivated by this "pipe dream," while others just shook their heads in disbelief. George "Poss" Ramsey even went to the bank and established a bond for $50, as a bet that it would never happen. The bond collected interest for 17 years, until one day the City of Pikeville received a check for $250 with a note that the City had won "the bet." Mayor Bill Pauley resigned from office in August 1959, out of frustration over fear that the Cut-Through project was going to bankrupt the impoverished town, which had a yearly budget of about $150k back then. So Dad became mayor by default. In the beginning there was something almost fantastical about it.

When the newly elected Pikeville City Commission met in January 1960, with Dad as mayor, it was the most important moment in this entire historical saga from the perspective of local support and setting the conditions required to move forward with the Cut-Through. Dad asked the new commission to approve a 2% occupational tax to help fund improvements and meet requirements for matching funds from the state and federal governments. After Bill Pauley resigned, Dad became mayor because he had the most votes of the commissioners in the previous election. He then decided to run for mayor on the platform of the Cut-Through project in November 1959. However, he needed more local support. He asked four well-known and respected business people to run for commissioner: Bruce Walters, Ed Venters, BP Bogardus and Richard Wells. The



PIKEVILLE
ALL AMERICA CITY

VOL 19-A NO. 22

Small Army Of Candidates In Primaries

Pikeville Mayor, Hambley, Unopposed For Re-Election

A small army of candidates wi ace voters who go to the po in the May primaries.

Approximately 70 have entered the Democrat primary for county offices and about 40 are contestants in the Republican primary for county offices.

There will be no primary election in the non-partisan Pikeville city race. Only six persons filed for the four city commission posts which means the commissioners will be selected in November. Only two persons filed for the police judge's post at Pikeville which makes a primary in that race unnecessary.

Pikeville Mayor W.C. Hambley has no opposition for reelection.

previously elected commission sided with Mayor Pauley in thinking that the Cut-Through just wasn't possible and no new taxes would be approved to move the initiative forward. So the "Big Four" got on board.

They agreed to run for office and were all elected. When they convened their first meeting, Bruce Walters sauntered in asking, "Billy, what do you need?" The mayor explained that without a 2% occupational tax there would be no way forward since matching funds from the community were required to receive consideration for a federal grant. Bruce Walters said "I propose a 2% occupational tax," at which point Ed Venters said, "I second that motion," with BP and Richard chiming in, so the motion was accepted in a matter of minutes. Just as quickly, Bruce Walters jumped up and blurted out, "Billy, is there anything else you need today? I've got a golf game going on down at the Club and I've gotta go, I'm late!"

Bruce Walters was a huge golfer and had probably already played nine holes that morning. Dad said to take off, since he would be able to get the ball rolling now with approval of the much needed new tax. Soon

afterwards Dad went on a statewide PR campaign, speaking at every event he could and being appointed to any working groups involved in urban renewal. He paid for all his travel expenses himself since there was nothing in the budget for expenses or a salary, which was $1 a year in the beginning, rising to $800 annually by 1975. At that time you could say it was a volunteer position. Characteristically, Dad always found a humorous side in everything and his recounting of that first meeting in January 1960 was no exception. Years later, when folks asked how in the world he got so many federal and state agencies to work together, not to mention the support of the local community, he would smile, then with his usual deadpan humor say, "you know, it really wasn't that big of a deal for us here in Pikeville. Why, we pulled the whole thing off between Bruce Walters's golf games!"

Even with such good reasons to act, it wasn't all good times for Doc Hambley in the 1960s. Some folks really didn't like the idea of the Cut-Through. The monthly City Commission meetings were often animated and became a "must attend" event to see who would act up the most. There were serious consequences when emotions ran high. One of Dad's cousins, William "Butch" Butcher, got so upset that he died of a heart attack following a contentious meeting. On another occasion, Dad observed Commissioner Frank Justice, Sr., turning pale when getting into a heated exchange with someone. Dad said he leaned over to Frank and told him to go home and take it easy, that he would handle the situation. Dad didn't want a repeat of what had happened to Butch. His boundless commitment to the community seemed reassuring, so folks generally took him at his word.

Having a good idea doesn't mean you'll be spared the wrath of someone who disagrees. Dad was cussed out on multiple occasions, and threatened with a knife. After

being disarmed, or the person finished cussing at him, Dad would invite them to sit at the commissioners table beside him in order to include them in the discussions. In most instances the person would apologize to Dad afterwards and become an avid supporter of the project. One such enraged man asked Dad after the meeting "You know what I like about you, Mayor Hambley?" Dad answered, "I had the distinct impression you don't like a thing about me!" The man continued, "I DO like you, Doc, because you don't make a man feel bad when he makes a total ass out of himself!"

Dad is simply going to "cut" through the mountain.

There was the fabled time when Anna Lida Dils Call came to a meeting armed with her umbrella and a glare that could kill. Dad had known her his entire life. She lived a block away from Hambley homeplace when he was a boy and had a dog named Brownie back in 1920. Brownie barked a lot and bothered the boys, tearing up their forts and constantly begging to play. Brownie died around 1927, about the same time Dad buried Jock, his own dog. The funeral for Jock lasted about a week, with a marching jug band and mourners following the wagon containing the "sarcophagus" until proper burial was enforced by Mamal due to odors emanating from Jock's casket. Poor Brownie didn't get such a glorious sendoff and maybe Anna Lida resented that, Dad thought.

As the story goes, Anna Lida sat up front at the meeting, eyes squinting, ready for attack. Dad took notice of this and knew before the night was over he

would have to acknowledge her specifically, which he did. She leaned forward, took her umbrella and pointed it menacingly at Dad. She started, "I know all about you, Billy Hambley, yes I do! You were the meanest boy in this town! Your mother had to put the switch to you all the time, bless her. You worried Myrtle to death." Dad just looked at her and continued the meeting, thinking to himself that absolutely nothing ever worried his mother to death, all the while attempting to recall which offense from his childhood had riled her this particular evening.

Finally, when there was a lull in the discussion, he gave Anna Lida his undivided attention. He leaned forward and said in a calm tone, "Anna Lida, it wasn't me who turpentined your old dog Brownie. No, that was regrettably my brother Charlie." The entire room erupted in laughter and Anna Lida stormed out of the meeting hall.

Putting turpentine under the tail of an annoying dog is not done much these days, thank goodness. My Uncle Charlie could be a bit naughty when young. As a boy, he was shorter than Dad but fearless, ready to pick a fight with anybody. Problem was, when he got outmatched, he'd send word to Dad, four years older and 6' 2", to hurry up and come ready to fight. Dad qualified those accounts from their youth by saying that Uncle Charlie had changed after the war. He was a bomb demolition expert in the European Theater and disarmed thousands of bombs, with no injuries. He met Christina Owens from Scotland, who worked tracking enemy planes during the war, and brought her back to Kentucky, becoming a Ford Motor Company engineer. Dad thought highly of Uncle Charlie, even if it meant throwing him under the bus!

I was home for two floods, the highest in 1957, and the 1963, which was about four feet lower. We always stayed in the house. During the 1957 flood when I was six, I'll never forget looking out of the upstairs windows,

The "Rat Sheriff" and his Deputy, 1963 flood - JR and Barbara

having our house surrounded entirely by the river. It missed coming into the first floor by 11 inches. The basement was under water, ruining everything, the freezer full of meat from the beef Dad had butchered and the chest with all my mother's handmade Christmas ornaments. It was a sight to see houses floating by, along with huge trees and lots of debris. It was nearly the same in 1963, when I was 12. The Hambley homeplace is slightly elevated, just above the level of Main Street, which is how we escaped the water entering the first floor. One thing was always clear to the locals: we had to stop the floods!

Dad wasn't sure where additional support for the Cut-Through would come from, but hoped that Kentucky Senator John Sherman Cooper (R) and Congressman Carl D. Perkins (D) would use their clout on The Hill to nudge things along. Carl D. Perkins became chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee in 1969, serving until his death in 1984. He was originally elected to Congress from Eastern

Kentucky in 1949. Both of these men were key to the support Pikeville needed to realize the project. They indicated they would try to get Dad everything he wanted, so step by step the plans were drawn up.

Those plans, it turned out, were in Hambley's head. What he needed was a good engineer to work with to essentially hand a finished product to the government because the government certainly wasn't going to design such a plan. Jack Thomas Hatcher was a talented Pikeville architect with whom he started to explore ideas. Eventually he worked with an associate of Jack Thomas named Cliff Myers. Jack Thomas had a tragic accident around 1964, when a gravel truck bed got hung up when raised, falling abruptly as he checked what was wrong, crushing his chest. My father received him at the hospital emergency room and was distraught when he pronounced him dead a few minutes later. Jack Thomas Hatcher was brilliant and a great loss for Dad.

Thankfully, Cliff was also an excellent engineer, so the two of them would sit up together for hours drawing plans. However, fate intervened yet again when the flood of 1963 brought bad news for Cliff Myers. He was diagnosed with bacterial endocarditis, an infection of his heart valves, contracted from the flood mud. His house was nearly swept away by the flood and he got exposed to viruses and bacteria from trying to clean the mess up. For the next five years Dad and Cliff spent countless unpaid hours working on "the Cut ," until Cliff finally succumbed to his illness. It was a real loss for Dad. Today, Myers Towers stands tall on Hambley Boulevard, a tribute to his memory and arduous work of educating Dad on the engineering requirements of the Cut-Through. Richard Recker had worked with Cliff for several years and continued to assist Dad with architectural needs into the 1980s, such as designing the Alberta Hambley Day Care Center on Bank Street. It

must have seemed to Dad that the Almighty was testing his resolve, but he just kept going.

In late 1969, Dad was able to present the plans for the whole project to the E.S. Preston Associates engineering firm in Columbus, Ohio. I remember the blueprints and engineering plans in drawers and on tables all over our house during the 1960s, when Dad was working out the details of the project. Based on Dad's work and at his request, a comprehensive set of plans that included the impact on 10 different entities was drawn up for the Appalachian Regional Commission and the Army Corps of Engineers and delivered in March 1970 (see Appendix IV). The final result in 1987 matched those plans with very few changes.

In 1970, Dad testified before the Senate, and later the House of Representatives, at several days of hearings held on Capitol Hill. The governors of ten states weighed in with submissions and statements. His mission at that particular hearing was to make sure that Pikeville could have federal assistance directly without enabling the state to deploy the funds elsewhere if state officials felt political pressure to do so. What struck me was how succinctly he made the case for direct funding from Washington and how effective that reasoning was. In the end Pikeville got everything he requested (see Appendix V).

Early on, Senator John Sherman Cooper was convinced of the merits of moving the river to stop the flooding, enabling Pikeville to become the regional center that it is today. Coal was king at that time and Pike County did heavy lifting as one of the nation's leading coal producers. The nation needed all the coal it could get, and fortunes were starting to be made in the area, especially after the OPEC oil embargo of 1973-74. The spot price for coal at the time went from $3 a ton to $100 a ton. Folks had their grandmothers counting coal trucks leaving the mines to load onto coal trains heading north.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY

LOUIE B. NUNN

GOVERNOR

To all to Whom These Presents Shall Come, Greeting:

Know Ye, That HONORABLE WILLIAM C. HAMBLEY, PIKEVILLE, KENTUCKY

Is Commissioned A

KENTUCKY COLONEL

I hereby confer this honor with all the rights, privileges and responsibilities thereunto appertaining.

In testimony whereof, I have caused these letters to be made patent, and the seal of the Commonwealth to be hereunto affixed. Done at Frankfort, the 9TH day of JANUARY in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and 69 and in the one hundred and 77TH year of the Commonwealth.

Louie B. Nunn

By the Governor

Secretary of State

By

Assistant Secretary of State

In 1969 Governor Louis B. Nunn made Dad a Kentucky Colonel

Governor Louie B. Nunn made Dad a Kentucky Colonel in 1969, which I proudly bragged about to my college friends. Any distinction that Dad received was exciting at first but over time I realized it didn't really amount to much, since I never saw any advantages to it. Some friends asked if being a Kentucky Colonel meant that Dad would get free KFC for life. I had to bemoan the fact that he didn't get so much as a chicken wing out of it!

Governor Louie B. Nunn

As a Kentucky Colonel, Pikeville's mayor, and friend of the Governor, Dad was accorded an invitation to sit in the Governor's box at Churchill Downs for the annual running of the Kentucky Derby. But guess what, he never accepted the invitation. Not even once! When I was 16, I begged him to let me go with a friend, or even JR if need be, but Dad didn't so much as listen to the end of the sentence making the argument as to why I desperately needed to go. He was already halfway out of the driveway by the time I finished. So I regret to inform my readers that I have never been to the Kentucky Derby, a fact that my European friends found unbelievable if I was truly a Kentuckian of any standing.

As I mentioned previously, Dad invested in coal mines. For several years in the early '60s, he owned mines, but one of his employees sold the equipment to operators in West Virginia and nearly bankrupted him. Legal counsel at that time, OT Hinton, told him to publish a disclaimer that he was not responsible for any debts incurred in his name. Mom said there would be no gifts that Christmas because of the threat of bankruptcy.

Twelve years later in 1974, after the oil embargo, Dad tried a second time to make money from coal. He wasn't getting into the coal business himself again, so he built a loading dock on the C&O railroad at Broad Bottom which he leased out to A.T. Massey Coal Co. for ten years. Yet, wouldn't you know, there was never one lump of coal put over the dock during the entire 10-year lease period. It turned out the energy companies were leasing docks to prevent more coal from being shipped to control the market price. Dad may have been a guru of urban planning and a brilliant surgeon but in the end he never made a fortune in coal or medicine like many others did. His friends poked fun at him about it. He told me he made more money between 1954 and 1967 from raising corn, hogs, cattle and tobacco, than from medicine or coal.

Not long after his first coal debacle, Dad had new headaches when he was vice-chair of the Kentucky Medical Association (KMA) and placed himself in the hot seat by fighting the United Mine Workers from becoming involved in what was called "third party" medicine. The UMW was setting up Miners Hospitals. They wanted to control the medical care between doctors and patients, hence the term "third party." Dad was the only doctor in Kentucky who stood up to them, going on a statewide speaking tour for the KMA to explain why it wasn't the right approach. He paid the price by being cut off from all payments for eight years for treating UMW patients.

Ironically, Dad was one of the experts on black lung disease in the United States. It was scary as a teenager when my mother had to put heavier curtains in the dining room windows because Dad thought someone might shoot him from the parking lot while we were eating dinner. The atmosphere was tense when the UMW went so far as to put nails on the mining roads to flatten the tires of Dad's coal trucks, in addition to cutting him off financially. Things got to the point within

the UMW between reformer Jock Yablonski and Union President Tony Boyle, that ultimately ended with the murder of Yablonski, his wife and daughter in 1969.

Dad's work on the Cut-Through continued through it all, and wasn't only intended to improve the lives of current locals, it was also meant to improve the town's attractiveness to newcomers moving to the area to work in the many businesses that supported the coal industry. None of the newcomers wanted their houses on the riverbank.

As mayor, Dad had another issue to address which was the dry law put into place at the time of Prohibition, and still exists today in Pike County. In 1985, Dad addressed that issue by putting it to a vote which carried, making Pikeville a "wet" town within a "dry" county. Local leaders felt they could not compete in promoting the area without residential land and all the amenities larger cities had. The change in the law enhanced the draw for the annual Hillbilly Days Festival. The Shriners organize the event with the City of Pikeville to benefit their children's hospitals and go all out to make it a success.

Mayor Hambley signs the Hillbilly Days Proclamation, 1987

Dad liked the idea of public-private partnerships and tried to get Claude Canada, a coal operator living in a trailer until the 1973 coal boom, to use his newfound fortune to invest in a Hyatt Regency hotel in downtown Pikeville. When Dad met with Claude and his wife they asked, "What's in it for us?" When Dad replied he thought they'd get a 25% return, the Canadas just scoffed, saying they wouldn't consider anything less than 50%. So it never happened.

Dad got excited about having a Hyatt Regency with its iconic glass elevator, the hotel chain's 1970s signature design, but was never able to persuade anyone to invest in a Hyatt Regency in downtown Pikeville.

In a 1983, *National Geographic* article entitled "Good and Bad times in Coal Country," a previously struggling coal operator in nearby West Virginia was featured explaining that his new found wealth enabled him to buy an island in the South Pacific. He had always dreamed of such a thing and felt it was the best use of his money, since in certain local circles it didn't make sense to invest in Appalachia. Dad would shrug, wishing those funds would find their way as investments into the region rather than being spent on lands far away.

Over the years, the Cut-Through wasn't the only reason Dad had business in Washington. He was especially active in trying to improve legislation that required coal companies to provide better protective equipment for miners. According to Dad, a miner could end up with black lung disease in as little as a year if working in the wrong mining environment. He said the very high speed drill bits that were perfected in the 1940s and 1950s reduced the silica dust so finely that it reached all levels of the deep lung tissue, guaranteeing a negative impact on the miners' health. The lungs just couldn't expand properly after a relatively short exposure. Mine workers stayed disease-free as long as they wore proper protective gear. A small mask just wasn't enough since it didn't filter the smallest particles. Dad wanted to

improve things so he testified many times before Congress in his capacity as an expert. His message was, "protect the miner from coal dust." Today machines with continuous water flowing over the coal face have reduced coal dust and explosions dramatically, and miners now usually wear protective headgear. Black lung claims have dropped to a fraction of what they were in 1970.

Even though Dad's great-grand uncle William General Ratliff is buried in the Dils Cemetery, Dad wanted to move a quarter of the graves two hundred feet up the hillside to make way for the civic center and parking that is now located across the road. The graves included William and Elizabeth Ratliff, as well as their daughter Ann Ratliff Dils and Col. John Dils Jr. But Randall McCoy's descendants from West Virginia objected, since his grave, as well as his wife and their daughter Roseanna, were among those to be moved, putting the kibosh on all the plans (see Appendix VI). On this particular occasion Randall McCoy got the last word!

The Hambleys at The Breaks, 1957

To our credit, downtown Pikeville has about 12 sites listed on the National Register of Historic Places. We have a treasure trove of historic firsts and a wonderful environment in which to live. That needs to be recognized. After all, if Foley, Alabama, is listed on the National Register of Historic Places for having buildings dating back to 1905 on its Main Street, such as the

railway station, then we, by comparison, have much older pre-Civil War structures to admire. Foley's largest employer today is the Foley Hospital and Medical Center, so even without Dad being a surgeon there, Burton Foley made it happen. Being located ten miles from the beaches on the Gulf Coast made Foley "God's country," as Burton Foley called it. Dad believed that Pikeville, Kentucky, was "God's country," also. He simply had to polish the rough gem and turn it into the jewel of Eastern Kentucky.

Dad knew the Mafia would never think to search for him in Eastern Kentucky in 1954, but he nonetheless avoided going to Chicago for a decade afterwards. In 1963 he had an ARC meeting there and decided to make the trip. On that particular visit, as time allowed, he went to the anatomy labs of Dr. Leslie B. Arey, distinguished professor of anatomy at Northwestern University Medical School, who had been like a father figure to him. Dad was touched when he quietly entered the lab, and Dr. Arey turned his head to see who had entered. Without hesitation, Dr. Arey said "Bill, look at this. I'm glad you're here because we saw something the other day I know you'll want to see." Dad marveled that it was as if not a day had passed, even though it was 10 years sight unseen. Dr. Arey attentively gave Dad time that day to hear about the Cut-Through project, saying that he was not surprised that Dad was doing ambitious things. "Sounds like your biggest surgical operation yet, Bill!"

Dad's worries about the Mob were starting to ebb, when shortly after his visit with Dr. Arey in Chicago, he had another ARC meeting taking place in Mobile, Alabama. We had a cousin from Pikeville, Garry Dotson, who was doing a residency at a Mobile hospital, so Dad invited him out to eat on his last evening there. He told Garry that he wanted a place with good steaks and oysters on Mobile Bay. So Garry suggested The Colony Club.

Showing up without reservations they fortunately got a table with the hostess taking them through on arrival. As they walked into the dining room the maître d' greeted their party in a deep baritone voice, "Hello Dr. Hambley," to which Dad, startled, asked, "Where do you know me from?" "Chicago, " came the answer. Dad said he almost went weak in the knees, eating dinner in a sweat. He commented to Garry that he was uncomfortable and wanted to leave as soon as they had finished the meal, saying simply he would explain later when he took him home. He understood who probably owned the establishment. They enjoyed the steak and oysters but skipped dessert.

Then Dad asked for the check. The response he dreaded came, "You don't pay here, Dr. Hambley." Dad's head dropped and he said thank you in a low voice. Without another word he walked calmly to his car, whose Pike County plates he hoped had not been noticed, and hightailed it out of Alabama, driving straight back to Pikeville all night without stopping!

While it may appear to be the case, the Mob wasn't the only reason for leaving Chicago. In the 1940s, Chicago had slums where rats entered the apartments the moment a birth took place to carry off the afterbirth which the physician placed in a pan on the floor. Dad told me this was commonplace. Skid Row, one of the worst neighborhoods, was a place where people from the Depression era with severe poverty and degenerative alcoholism slept in the gutters. He treated homeless people at the hospitals when they came in at death's door.

Perhaps Dad thought that he could make a bigger difference in people's lives in the mountains where there was grinding poverty and a sense of hopelessness, but where few professionals wanted to live. The idea then, as now, was that big city life offers much more. Yet he

Dad was all smiles in 1973 at the historic groundbreaking.

fondly remembered a place that needed his knowledge and know-how.

Senator John Sherman Cooper

Dad and Kentucky Senator John Sherman Cooper had a great friendship and a lot in common. They had broad interests and both had played football and basketball. Both grew up in small towns where their families were early settlers, had coal interests, and owned large farms. Both men had a great appreciation for public service. They served in World War II, witnessing up close the horrors of war. As a Senator and fellow Kentuckian, he told Dad, "I'll do everything I can to advance your programs."

He had a staffer named Sue Smallwood who my father said made all the difference in the process. She paid close attention to every detail, making sure that Senator Cooper had what he needed to introduce funding bills that would pass. Dad and Senator Cooper could talk at great length. One day when I was in grade school they sat on the porch swing for hours sipping iced tea discussing all manner of topics which I imagine included the Cut-Through. I was just a kid running around being told to not play in the front yard so they could visit in peace.

Carl D. Perkins preferred horses and mules. He kept those on his farm at Hindman where he's buried on the hillside behind the old homeplace. Mr. Perkins was a back-slapping politician, with a booming voice, a real presence. He never missed a chance to shake hands and was chairman of the powerful House Education and Labor Committee from 1967 to 1984, a key player in getting funding for the Cut-Through. When asked by constituents if something could be done he would say,

"Well, we have ways and we have means," referring to the House Committee on Ways and Means. Dad loved that response!

Congressman Carl D. Perkins

Dad once commented to me that people living in Eastern Kentucky were innocent in their poverty. He felt enormous compassion and love for people in need and he saw those people in the place he grew up. He believed Senator Cooper and Congressman Perkins felt the same way. Dad repeated often that our love of others is the key to our motivation to participate in life. He loved the people of Pikeville and kept a 1917 photo of the town folded in his breast pocket until the day he died.

Dad's objectives remained constant as the preparations of the engineering plans and community commitments developed over years. Once that was done the work began to get funding for the project. Dad said he had a secret weapon, a powerful silent supporter. That person was Everett Dirksen, Senate Republican Minority Leader from 1959 to 1969, whom Dad had known when Dirksen was a congressman from Illinois's 16th congressional district from 1933-1949.

Senator John Sherman Cooper had to make the case to the Senate for approval of initial funding for the Cut-Through and associated programs. Early on, Senator Cooper insisted that Dad stop over to the Minority Leader's office for a meeting, both being aware that the Minority Leader was extremely important in the effort to get funding. As you might imagine, Dad went with some trepidation, wondering if Dirksen would remember him from Chicago. Dad was the mayor of a small impoverished Appalachian coal mining town, with a

crazy idea about removing a mountain and rerouting a river and railroad. Why would the Minority Leader have any interest in such a project. Dad knew that Dirksen would not have made any connection between the surgeon from Chicago and the Eastern Kentucky mayor stopping by his office that afternoon.

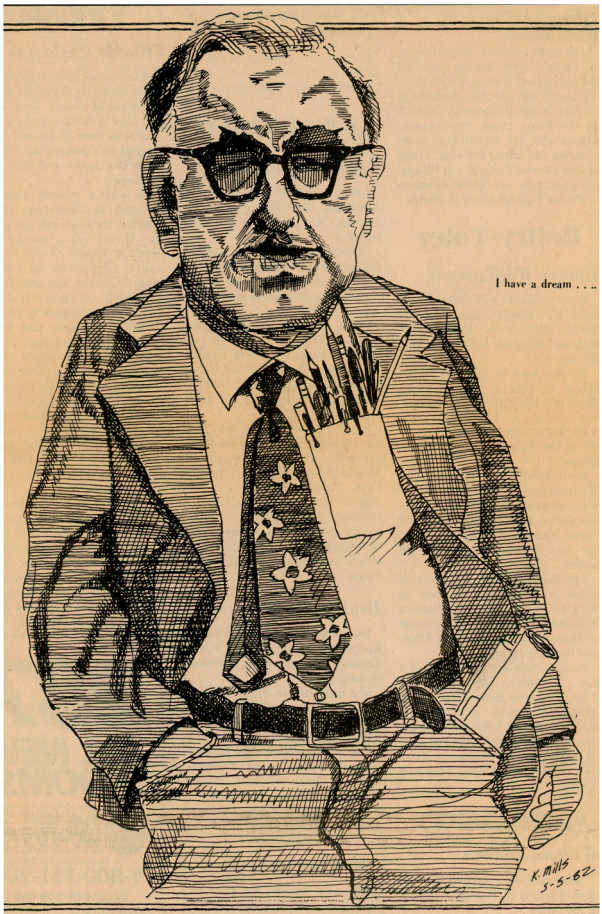
When I asked Dad how the meeting went, he responded that he really couldn't believe it. Senator Dirksen looked up when Dad entered his office and exclaimed, "Bill, what are you doing here?" He then asked all his staff to leave the room. Dad explained that he had moved back to his hometown in Kentucky, becoming mayor along with practicing medicine. Dirksen said, "tell me all about the project," so they spent over four hours alone going into every detail. Finally, Dirksen said "Bill, we'll get you everything you need for this. I have every confidence that if you are doing it, it'll be done right, so you've got my support." That was the beginning, and every single funding bill that went before the Senate was passed with Republican support, even though the President and Congress until January 1969 were under the control of Democrats. Dad said they never spoke one on one again, yet when Dirksen died in 1969, Dad received a call from his office being told he was on the "call immediately" list, if and when Dirksen should pass away. The support from his old friend had never faltered.

People always asked how he did it. How he pulled off what some in Washington called "the eighth wonder of the world." He told me often that it was really amazing the support from all sides. Even President Richard Nixon wrote a letter to Dad in early 1972 saying how committed his administration was to the ongoing work (see Appendix VII). There was never a funding delay for more than a few weeks, or at most a few months.

The Pikeville Cut-Through ranked right up there with the Grand Coulee and Hoover Dams. An official with the Army Corps of Engineers commented to Dad that the

project was deemed by many of his colleagues to be a work of divine creation, nothing short of a miracle.

He continued that it surpassed even the huge projects in the Middle East. With his deadpan humor Dad would say, "Well, they just have a lot of sand to move but we have to move whole mountains!" The equipment was so massive that the wheels alone dwarfed a man. It was a sight to see, and to feel. All the folks in town complained about cracks forming in their foundation walls from the vibrations.

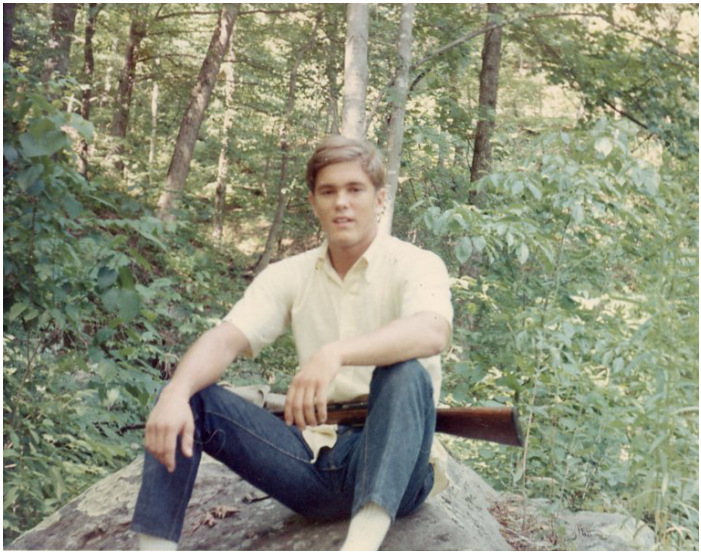


Pikeville's City Planner

My mother shook her head in despair since our house was right on the riverbank within a few hundred feet of n o n - s t o p rumbling and dust. Gargantuan trucks were dumping boulders as large as automobiles. People reported seeing rats who had lived for generations on the riverbank being squashed by the rocky fill, trying to scurry to safer ground. Dad said there must have been a million rats buried when the river was filled in. He told me the impact more or less ended the rat problems that had always plagued Pikeville. Wouldn't New York City or London be envious of that achievement!

Before huge boulders wiped out the rats, there was always my brother JR, the "Rat Sheriff," to keep things in check. A usual weekend sight was JR heading off into the mountains with several rifles on his back, gun holsters on his hips and bags of ammo slung over his shoulders. He would go on our properties to shoot at cans or bottles.

He was deemed an expert marksman after shooting with the Kentucky State Police, who told Dad they were astonished by his skill level. When I was 13, he took me along to shoot his S&W .357 and .44 magnum revolvers, with a Weatherby Magnum rifle at the ready. When I stood firmly, as directed, took aim and fired, the kick almost broke my wrist! JR just laughed. Although Dad never asked him to hunt rats, JR agreeably performed a needed service until the Cut-Through put him into early retirement!



JR doing his job, 1967

Downtown Pikeville, 1987

Chapter 4

The Cut-Through

1973-1987

One afternoon in 1996, while on a nature path behind my house in Geneva, Switzerland, I passed a man who was walking his exuberant dogs, a young Rottweiler and Retriever. The dogs saw me and jumped up to say hello. When I spoke in English to tell the pups how pleased I was to meet them, the man asked where I was from. I told him that I grew up in Eastern Kentucky, so he asked if I had ever heard of Dr. Hambley, mayor of Pikeville. Marveling at the question, I explained who I was. "Really!" he exclaimed.

He continued by saying that he worked for Caterpillar Equipment Corporation, and had been the representative for the distributors of their largest earth-moving equipment earlier in his career, based in Peoria, Illinois. According to him, Pikeville's position in earth-moving projects was number one for about seven years, saying Whayne Supply Co. in Pikeville sold the most Caterpillar earth-moving equipment in the world during that period. He had come to Pikeville often in the 1970s and felt he knew Dad well.

Now he was in Geneva at Caterpillar's European headquarters preparing to take responsibility for the Middle East region, principally Saudi Arabia and the Emirate of Dubai, where enormous projects were

underway. It warmed my heart when he said, "In the earth-moving business your father is legendary!" Having unexpectedly shared a Pikeville moment with a stranger on a walking path in Switzerland that day, I thought to myself, what a small world it is!

At the top of Dad's many cautionary tales was a federal housing project called Pruitt-Igoe, one of the largest in the United States, in St. Louis, Missouri. The complex was around 30 eleven-story residential towers that housed thousands of people. In the late 1950s, Pruitt-Igoe was considered by urban planners to be state-of-the art in public residential housing and community living. As the buildings opened over a number of years there were ribbon cuttings and the elite in urban planning would gather to congratulate themselves. On one occasion, my father was invited to tour the complex to help give him ideas as to how things could be handled in Pikeville. As it became clear that federal funds were coming to Eastern Kentucky, the assumption was that we would have no idea what to do with this "windfall."

Dad flew to St Louis to behold the legendary project and was unimpressed and dismayed by what he saw. At the conclusion of the tour, HUD officials from Washington and local officials in attendance asked Dad what he thought, confident they had given him a blueprint for how to approach public housing projects.

His response shocked them all. He said "This project is a perfect example of the demeaning attitude of the federal government towards the poor. It is unlivable. It will not last the mortgage period." They all looked at him, stunned, then said, "But Mayor, the residents can't tear it down, it's solid masonry!" Dad responded "They won't tear it down, YOU will!" He continued, "The government will tear all these buildings down before the end of the mortgage period. Nobody will live here and it will become a wasteland." They were all incredulous at his reaction and felt Dad had strange notions as to how people wanted to live.

In 1972, Dad received a call from Washington which I answered in his absence. The message was that the demolition had begun in St Louis of Pruitt-Igoe by the federal government. The man on the phone, who I believe was Don Whitehead, ARC general counsel, told me that he had been present years earlier in St Louis and had been working closely with Dad since. On the phone he said, "Mayor Hambley called it exactly, it is being demolished." Someone called Dad again four years later to say that the last building had been brought down, before the end of the mortgage period. Pruitt-Igoe had replaced a 50-acre slum and was thought of as a great improvement by the residents at the outset, but as the elevators stopped working, junk accumulated in the garbage receptacle areas, and crime went up, the residents wanted out.

Dad said that the hallways inside the buildings were too narrow and the room dimensions too small for a family. Most of the bedrooms barely had room to walk around a double bed. He knew Pikeville could do better with public housing. He preferred townhouse style buildings or two-story apartment complexes in order to have a more enjoyable living experience, which is what he got. Today, Pikeville's public housing is occupied and well maintained. Dad reminded me, "Don't forget that public housing has to be very well built and very well maintained. The authorities have to be committed to it." Today there is still that commitment in Pikeville.

Dad felt that integrity is paramount to any endeavor that involves so much money and so many moving parts. He was never a signatory on any of the accounts that involved the Cut-Through project. As I mentioned earlier the expenses associated with the job of being mayor had to be covered from his other sources of income.

While he lived a very spartan lifestyle personally, as did my mother, he recognized that when officials arrived to learn about the plans for the development of the town,

they had to eat well and be comfortable. He wanted their support and assistance, their goodwill. The usual drill in such situations, as most participants to these working groups can attest, is usually lunch at a school cafeteria or pizza in the motel room, definitely not the corporate world on an expense account. Some reported dreading these outings from Washington.

Coming to Pikeville was different, since nothing Mayor Hambley did was anticipated. First of all, he always planned a special dinner at the Green Meadow Country Club where Mellie, Sarah, and Frances were great cooks. All Dad needed to tell them was how many were coming and they knew the drill. Often on just a few day's notice they magically transformed the dining room at the club. Chicken and dumplings, turkey and dressing, crown roast of pork, steak, ham, with all the trimmings, would be set out on a large buffet. To the delight of his guests, Dad would order Michelob and Heineken beer from Lexington, put on ice in large buckets, since he knew they couldn't get a cold beer anywhere else in Pikeville at the time. The dessert table was brimming with numerous three layer cakes, fruit and custard pies, as well as ice cream, the works! It all went on his bill.

I never really knew anything about this at the time. However, I learned the details directly from the congressional and senate staffers who made trips to Pikeville. During my first weeks as a congressional staff assistant in the office of Carl D. Perkins, when I was a senior at Georgetown University, I met several of the lawyers for the Education and Labor Committee who stopped by my desk, being curious about Mayor Hambley's daughter. They started asking me about The Oasis Steakhouse in Pikeville, or copious buffets with ice cold beer at the Green Meadow Country Club.

I didn't even know the Oasis was a restaurant, thinking it was a truck stop or some such. I was amazed

that they knew the cooks at the country club by name like old friends! When I pleaded ignorance, they asked if I was kidding. "No, not at all! How do you know so much about Pikeville?" I inquired. They said, "Pikeville and your father are legendary! He is amazing! His project is astounding, and the way he treats us to the best of everything creates a situation where we fight to get a trip to Pikeville." They continued, "He can talk for hours, wearing us all completely out, but we love it! He knows his stuff and we try to spread the gospel of Mayor Hambley's urban development philosophy to the rest of the country. And besides that, we just plain love the guy!"

One of their many stories was especially memorable concerning enormous steaks at Pikeville's Oasis Steakhouse. To give a little background, the story went like this: One evening when Dad ordered the 16-oz. sirloin that was Vadna's specialty, she asked him if it was to his liking. He said, "Yes, very good, what there was of it."

This comment was taken as a challenge by Vadna, the owner of the Oasis. So the next time the hungry mayor showed up and ordered a steak, she brought out a 32-oz. Porterhouse that looked like a roast! He ate every bite, as one does in such situations, and said it was delicious. But she was sure she'd "got him good" that time!

Thereafter, she kept three or four of the 32-oz. steaks at the ready for when he arrived, which was fairly often. He liked to bring officials for a good steak. Of course, these individuals from Washington were certainly not ordering a 32-oz. steak regularly. However, when Dad came with outsiders, he'd order steaks for his guests, and she began to inform them that she had four of "Doc's" steaks for those who wanted them. Unsuspecting, they would naturally take the same as the host. According to the fellows who were relishing these tales with me, one guy actually had to go to the emergency room from a

combination of exhaustion and eating too much. They became really worried he was having a heart attack! Happily it was just severe indigestion. I had five lawyers around my desk on several occasions becoming more and more animated while telling their stories about Dad. It was a real treat for me being the fly on the wall.

According to Dad, many years later, these officials had a gathering in Florida near Orlando unrelated to Pikeville and found themselves in a restaurant sharing stories about their travels and experiences. Two of them were bragging about a restaurant in Tampa, Florida, called Berns Steakhouse that had great steaks, but the others were dismissive saying, "You have not seen anything until you've been to the Oasis Steakhouse in Pikeville, Kentucky, there's nothing like it!" Then to their astonishment, sitting nearby was Vadna, who overheard what they said and stood up and came over to their table. The men yelled "Big Momma!" which is what local people in Pikeville affectionately called her. After hugs all around she explained that she had recently sold the Oasis and retired to Florida. All those years later, they shared a moment of rejoicing in their bygone memories of Doc's 32-oz. steaks.

During my junior year at Georgetown, I had a similar unexpected encounter. There was a holiday party hosted by a recent graduate of the John Hopkins School for Advanced International Studies (SAIS) in Washington, DC. There were about 60 guests at the suburban Maryland party, with folks on Senate staff or working in various government agencies or think tanks. In the course of conversation a guest observed that the name Hambley was a nice "southern" name. That surprised me since my great-grandfather Hambley came from Cornwall, England, settling in Pennsylvania, so I pointed that out. He persisted that it actually sounded southern no matter what I wanted to believe.

So I turned to a group of people behind us whom I hadn't met, excusing the interruption to ask a question.

They graciously let me interrupt. Then I queried, "If you heard the name Hambley what state would you associate that name with, such as Colorado, Pennsylvania, Texas, New York or Ohio?" One of the women immediately said, Kentucky! Mystified, I asked, "Why Kentucky?" She answered, "Let me tell you why! Have you ever heard of Dr. Hambley, mayor of Pikeville, Kentucky?" "Yes, he's my father." "No way!" she exclaimed. "Yes, he is, but how would you know of my father?" She immediately launched into her story with zeal as we all listened in rapt attention. She explained that she was the administrative assistant to the assistant secretary at HUD. She described how some time earlier her boss instructed her to set up a meeting with Dr. Hambley from Pikeville. He told her that Dr. Hambley was the guru of urban planning in the United States and he must have a meeting with him either in Washington or Pikeville as soon as possible.

So she tried the Pikeville City Hall number and was given another office number to contact to request an appointment. When she called, Dad's secretary asked what the reason for the visit was. She said "just to talk." Then she was asked "what is his problem?" To which she replied, "he probably has a lot of problems, but Dr. Hambley may not want to hear about them." Glenda continued by asking, "What's his complaint?" The response was, "I have no idea as to what his complaints might be, he just wants to talk to Dr. Hambley." Glenda then suggested, "Well, don't you think a psychiatrist might be a better fit than a thoracic surgeon?" Confused, she asked, "You mean Dr. Hambley is a medical doctor?" She explained to all of us that she just assumed that as Pikeville's mayor and someone so involved in urban planning that Dad had a PhD in urban renewal and development. After the misunderstanding was clarified, Glenda reassured her she could call him at home or when he got out of surgery for an appointment.

We all laughed at this story, wondering how their meeting went. She explained that he did indeed go to Pikeville. According to her, he feasted on enormous steaks and marvelous buffets, the tales of which made the staff in Washington want to visit Pikeville themselves. She said that's all they talked about at the time. I was not really surprised at Dad's graciousness. My mother went without because of it, but she wouldn't have had it any other way, understanding fully that every bit of charm and culinary grandeur was required to achieve his goals.

To complete our picture of Dad, let me describe some of his distinctive behaviors that everyone in town recognized. His shirt breast pocket was always overflowing with papers and pens. He would pull something out of his "filing drawer" pocket like a magician. He had everything handy for a day's work in that pocket, even prescription pads.

He drove around town in his Mercedes-Benz diesel with the windows down in summer because the air conditioning was busted, but he still always said, "This is the best damn car, it can turn on a dime." In 1995, besides the diesel, he still had his 1977 yellow Cadillac, which he got after his 1974 black Cadillac was carried several miles down the river in the 1977 flood. He left it parked at the ball field as the water rose, went to check other things in a truck, never to see it again. We laughed about the car being yellow with a black vinyl roof, glad Mother didn't live to see it. But he innocently claimed that Ed Venters only had one Cadillac left immediately after the flood so he took it. Nineteen-year-old John called it the "Pimpmobile."

Dad was renowned for talking to folks for hours without stopping, but when the listener got a chance to step up to the plate and share a story, they often found Dad sleeping peacefully in his chair after no time at all. Thankfully, they recognized he was tired and did it to everyone. When I brought my fiancee home three

months before our wedding, Dad was delighted to see Will after meeting him previously on a trip to Washington. Will wanted to give his future father-in-law a thoughtful exchange after hours of getting an update on the Cut-Through, but after just a few moments Dad dozed off. We took a walk while Dad snoozed and I sheepishly told Will I would understand if he wanted to back out, even though no offense was intended. Happily, Will concluded he wasn't marrying my Dad, and reassured me it was alright, and we've been happily married for 50 years. I'm glad to say that Dad and Will had many conversations over the years, which Dad enjoyed and stayed awake for!

People didn't usually think of Dad as a farmer, but he loved nothing more than to get on his tractor and whistle all evening while he plowed his fields. He taught me a lot about crops and raising animals. One thing I learned was that Dad had a high opinion of pigs. Upon his return to Pikeville in 1954 he bred droves of pigs, also raising hundreds of cattle on his seven farms. The pigs had it made since Dad built them a shower stall, gave them eating quarters and a nice sleeping area in their covered pens. Grandpa Elliott coined a rhyme which Dad recited when tending his pigs, to an adapted tune of *Old MacDonald Had a Farm*:

Clean lil' piggy that you are,
You could go so far, far, far

Dad showed me how fastidious they were when using the small peddle he had designed for them to keep clean by showering. They activated the water by putting their foot on the peddle. Instead of jumping away as you might expect, they stayed under the water and rinsed every part of their bodies with care. Dad was right. They were smart and very clean. He loved his cows, too, and went to great lengths for their health and well being,

Dad's cows in Dad's cornfield

whistling with gusto when visiting them. We can't rule out that he serenaded them, too.

For all his affection for pigs, Dad never ate pork. The reason was a bacteria called erysipelas of swine. Statistics show about 40% of animals are infected, which gives the pig swollen joints, but doesn't kill them. While cooking kills the erysipelas bacteria, Dad explained that if an individual is sensitive to the antigen in the meat from the pig's immune system, they can experience joint pain themselves, especially when over the age of 45 or 50.

He recounted how in 1943 he was in agony writhing on the floor in Chicago after eating sausages, which are from many different animals, any one of which could have had the affliction. He claimed to stop the reaction completely by not eating any pork products. Needless to say, no one liked to hear this, but he cautioned his patients about it, even though bacon and sausage were among their staple foods.

From Dad's farm gardens we had corn, strawberries, rhubarb, lettuce, greens, potatoes, tomatoes, cabbage, okra, onions, squash and ripe watermelon. Mother never went to the farms, preferring to read the classics at home,

Gothic "H" and Bird of Paradise silk embroidery by Alberta Hambley

listening to Chopin and embroidering, but she did prepare delicious meals from the farm bounty which we always enjoyed.

Dad raised tobacco on a 400-acre farm near Paintsville, Johnson County. We had a pre-Civil War tobacco barn on Hargis Creek which was the only building on the entire property. I would play in the barn when small and marvel at the huge drying tobacco leaves. Dad said he made good money from tobacco for perhaps ten years, then gave his allotment to someone else in the early 1960s. While cigarette smoking was forbidden, he didn't seem to mind pipes or cigars, although he never used tobacco products himself. Like coal dust, he said that cigarette smoke inhaled into the lungs was a killer. Fine coal dust from coal trains and secondhand smoke were also very dangerous to the general population, he said. But back in the 1950s and 1960s, those ideas were rejected outright as alarmist and exaggerated.

Dad sold half the Johnson County farm in 1990. He was sentimental about that property because it was close to the farm where Grandpa Elliott grew up. Because Johnson County has fewer mines than Pike County, its

Our pre-Civil War tobacco barn in Johnson County

rich soil and sunny exposure make it the golden triangle of Kentucky for growing apples, tomatoes, corn, tobacco and hemp. I always loved spending time there with Dad.

Dad always helped anyone he could if they needed to sell their property but didn't want to move from their home. He ended up with many random pieces of property because of that. He tried to help his mother in 1954, when she wanted to sell some property so she could move to Arizona. As Dad told the story, my grandmother just dismissed his offer outright. For a piece of property that she inherited from her father's farm, he offered her $75,000, spread out in a monthly payment of $600 over ten years. As part of the agreement she could continue to live in the little house she built on the riverbank on that property.

She said no, she wanted cash, since she was heading West, getting out of our isolated little town. Dad asserted that if she took cash she wouldn't get nearly as much for the property and would have to give up the little house besides. But to no avail. She accepted $35,000 cash from the Kentucky Power Company and gave up her little house. Dad was disappointed, but he still always gave us leeway to choose for ourselves even when he wanted another outcome.

As I experienced it, my father's surgical practice seemed to define him even more than his duties as mayor. Every day someone would say to me that Dad had saved their granny, grandpa, father, mother, siblings or a niece, or nephew. Dad even saved cows, pigs and horses, usually from his own herds. We had a rabies scare once when Dad had to cut a cow's head off to send to a lab for analysis, which turned out to be a poisoning. There was never a dull moment!

The story of a local music club owner named Marlow Tackett bears that out. Marlow got into a fight at his establishment, getting shot in the chest at close range with a shotgun. He was rushed to the hospital with

about 30 family and friends running alongside. They all piled into the emergency room, hysterical. Dad asked them to leave, enabling him to concentrate and work on Marlow for hours, even though he was initially pronounced dead.

Dad simply took the blood escaping into his chest cavity from the wound and transfused it directly back into him. He did that in wartime when no other blood was available. Using the man's own blood for the transfusion gave him time to repair the wound. It worked, and Marlow lived for thirty more years, hugging Dad every time he saw him thereafter. At the annual Hillbilly Days Festival he would perform a song he wrote entitled "Doc Hambley, my savior!"

A few years earlier, on Thanksgiving Day, Dad was not at our family dinner, which usually took place about 2 p.m. He didn't come home until after 7 p.m. when everything was cold and put away. He seemed so tired and just said a man had a gunshot wound to his chest and needed immediate attention earlier in the day. It turned out the man had a fight with his wife on Thanksgiving morning and took his revolver and shot himself in his chest because he was "fed up." Saving him took all afternoon, which Dad did without hesitation.

The next day he went to the hospital to make rounds and when he got to that man's room, Dad stood and talked to him. He seemed to be recovering well and Dad wanted to know why he shot himself. When the man indicated that he would probably try to do it again, Dad told the fellow that he wanted to teach him something rather useful.

Dad opened his hand wide with the fingers spread as far as possible, placing the tip of his thumb on his nose, asking the man to do the same. He then lowered his chin and spread his fingers down to his chest such that the tip of the little finger touched the chest right over the heart. He asked the man to do the same. Then Dad said, "If you

decide to kill yourself again make sure you point the gun to the exact spot where your baby finger is right now, so I don't have to miss my Thanksgiving turkey again." The man thanked Dad for saving him and apologized for the inconvenience caused.

Even though at first it didn't seem so, Dad the mayor was completely intertwined with Dad the surgeon. Evidence being when my brother John was in his third grade Tom Thumb wedding. All the children had a role to play and tradition had it that someone played the mayor of the town. It was logical to give the role to John, who was very excited to dress like Daddy and wear glasses on stage and say a few words from Mayor Hambley to the assembly. He was told he should simply say something that his father the mayor would say. The teachers assumed John would have a quote come to mind. And it did! John didn't think to ask Mother if she had any ideas, so he just winged it, as any third grader might.

When the moment came for him to walk across the stage and welcome the crowd, he confidently took the microphone and held his hand up to his ear as if talking on the telephone. Then he said in a calm, matter of fact voice, as he had always heard Dad say, "This is Doctor Hambley, give the patient 50 of Demerol and 150 of Atropine and I'll be there in about twenty minutes." The entire auditorium erupted in uproarious laughter. They understood that was Dad's pre-surgery prep, orders we heard daily. Dad handled the emergency room alone on weekends for 23 years at Pikeville Medical Center, seeing about 200 patients in 48 hours. Weekdays at 7:30 a.m. were his scheduled surgeries. John was surprised and bewildered that everyone found him to be so amusing, but liked the attention he was getting from his adorable blunder.

John always had a wonderful sense of humor, yet couldn't compete with our older brother, JR, who was a prankster of the highest order. Here's a story that

involved my father's friends, and took place right in the front yard of our house with me as witness.

JR came onto the front porch where I was at my usual place on the swing and instructed me to not say a word, "no matter what." Then he proceeded to walk down our gravel driveway to the apple tree beside the telephone pole at the entrance on the corner of Bank Street. Everyone usually drove past our corner when a game was over at the Pikeville College gym. I didn't have any idea what JR was doing, so when I saw him picking up a rope off the ground, tying it around his waist, shoulders and neck, I inquired what was up. His response was pretty normal when he said "Shut up, and come over here and take this ladder away once I get hanging." So I went over and took the ladder to the side of the house, returning to my position on the porch swing.

JR managed to get his plaid wool lumber jacket closed over all the ropes, so only the rope around his neck was visible. Then he took another rope and somehow jerry-rigged it around him and the tree, and voilà, a dead man hanging. All he needed to do to complete the performance was to bend his head forward and hang limp as a rag. After a few minutes along came Walter Wells and John Scott, both childhood friends of my father and beloved men in Pikeville. As Walter Wells's black Lincoln Continental approached, JR said, "Get down!" so I crouched behind the brick ledge on our front porch. The headlights of the car made it so we didn't know who it was and as it turned the corner it appeared as though they may not have seen JR suspended six feet off the ground. But immediately the car stopped and reversed. Both front doors flung open and John Scott and Walter Wells jumped out in horror, shouting, "Oh my God, Oh my God!" Dr. Scott tried to grab JR's feet to take the weight off his neck and Mr. Wells yelled, "Call Bill, call Bill!" I will never forget the agony in his voice, the sense of panic. Just then my brother raised his head and

said with a big smile, "Good evening, gentlemen! How are you tonight?"

The Hambleys, 1964

You can imagine the reaction. They were stunned and then shook their heads in relief, saying "Damn you, JR, you nearly scared us to death. We should cut you down and kick your ass! But you can get your own ass down!" They got back in the car and sped off shouting, "You clown!" News made it to Dad in short order and seemed to circulate around town for days if not weeks. It blew their minds, and Walter Wells was still mentioning it years later. He had only raised daughters, whereas Dr. Scott was raising two sons who had no shortage of antics themselves, like lighting a cherry bomb and losing an eye. Some of the boys in town probably wondered why they hadn't thought of JR's idea first. Even with all the brouhaha, JR laughed gleefully when he landed a good prank, but our Dad just seemed to ignore it.

While Dad never medically treated us in the family for ethical reasons, he had to save JR's hand from amputation when JR was about 12. Mary and I were upstairs getting ready for a much anticipated luncheon at Joan Johnson's when an explosion rocked our house. I screamed that Lovers Leap must have fallen off the mountain side, but Mary ran down the stairs to see if something had exploded in our house. At that moment Mother could be heard in a raised voice telling JR to

wrap a sheet around the bleeding body part so as not to drip blood everywhere. I thought with some relief that at least it's only one of JR's body parts, which I knew he generally took good care of, so I needn't concern myself. Mother took JR to the emergency room where Dad was, and Mary and I went to Joan's for a magnificent lunch. Mother came a little later saying Dad was repairing the injury.

What an injury it was! JR had filled an iron pipe with gunpowder, dirt and newspapers in an attempt to construct a flame thrower. After lighting the paper protruding from the pipe he held the faucet end at his armpit, taking aim to project the fire into the backyard. As Dickie Huffman looked on in horror the pipe exploded at the very spot JR was holding it in the palm of his hand. All the muscle and tissue were blown away, with the bones and skin on the upper side of his hand intact. Blood was everywhere. Dad spent several hours trying to reconstruct the tendons, veins, arteries, muscles and nerves, reconnecting them such that over time they would all regenerate. Dad said the ulnar nerve to the ring and little finger could not be found, so JR would lose feeling in those two fingers. In the days and weeks after the accident I could see how bad the situation was and how much pain JR was in, feeling sad that such a misfortune had befallen him. Mother expressed being grateful that Dad had war experience with such complicated injuries. Dr. Ralph Allen told mother that had Dad not been there that day JR would have certainly lost his hand, which I might add had gruesomely been "blown off," according to word around town. JR's reputation started to precede him, which was a combination of fascination and horror.

So why stop there, right? As if blowing himself up and hanging wasn't enough, he went to work on other outlandish ideas. A few years before he could drive a car, he had a business called JR's Driving Range on land Dad

rented in the middle Bowles Addition. One day he was tired and wanted to go home and eat, but had no rapid way home. He concocted an idea to lay down and play dead in the roadside ditch at the entrance to the driving range. One of the first cars coming down the road was Ann Cassady, wife of Dad's colleague, Dr. Ballard Cassady, who was startled to see him apparently out cold in the ditch as though he'd been hit by a car, or was having an asthma seizure, a condition she knew he had. Alarmed, she pulled to the side of the road and jumped out, running to his side. Just as she bent over him, he raised his head and said "Hello, Mrs. Cassady, thank you for stopping. I need to go home, can you drop me off?"

Notwithstanding her busy schedule and the scare he caused, she took him to the house. Since Mrs. Cassady could give as good as she got, she told JR that she just happened to be on her way to the ice plant beside our house to get ice for their antiquated refrigerator. She said Dr. Cassady couldn't yet afford the latest refrigerator model, a story JR bought hook, line and sinker. He told me about it in disbelief at supper that night, to which I laughed and said " She got you good that time JR, since you clearly haven't been to their house!"

When the 1974 OPEC oil embargo created a spike in coal prices, attitudes in Eastern Kentucky towards money changed. As the money poured in, there was a scramble to produce as much coal as possible. A generation of boys was affected by the new riches. Fathers were giving their sons million-dollar checks for Christmas. Corvettes, Maseratis, and Rolls Royces started showing up in town. Very large homes, with swimming pools and beautiful landscaping, were built in Bowles Addition. Pikeville had always seemed modern but the town was now reaching new heights and press coverage started to intensify.

A *National Geographic* reporter came to town for an article about the changes occurring in the area. Once in

town the reporter realized there was something much more happening than the economic impact of the coal boom. Finding out about the Cut-Through and its importance seemed like a story all its own. So the reporter spent considerable time with Dad, who explained everything he could about the project in a matter of days. Some months later the reporter returned with a proposed article and wanted Dad to read it in order to make sure the details were accurate.

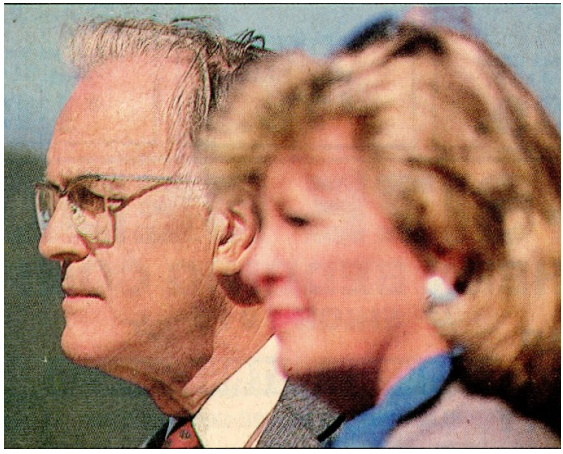
Because Mother had the same low-profile approach to publicity as my father, she read the article and felt it unctuously praised Dad. In her mind there were "too many words," so she took a red pen and marked through almost the entire manuscript, simply crossing out entire pages! I came home a few weeks afterwards and Mother lamented how exaggerated the coverage was. She explained what she had done. In disbelief, I appealed to fairness, "Imagine how the reporter felt, Mom!" She lowered her head in uncertainty, perhaps she had gone too far. That article, once published in June 1983, did not even mention Dad or show a picture of the Cut-Through which was nearing completion. Reading the article was sort of like watching the artists performing Mozart's *The Abduction from the Seraglio* without any music, because the Emperor thought there were "just too many notes." Something was definitely missing!

After that, national reporters seemed to give up on the Cut-Through and my father as a subject, except perhaps *The New York Times.* The newspaper had detailed articles in 1979 and 1981 on the front page with pictures of the Cut-Through (see Appendix VIII). For the most part, the articles reflected a certain skepticism as to whether the whole endeavor would make any difference. Only time would tell. Dad reminded me that while the overall sums spent in 13 Appalachian states amounted to billions, as noted in *The New York Times* articles, Pikeville's Cut-Through project only required $80 million.

Even though the Cut-Through was one of the nation's most ambitious projects, Dad told me several times in the 1980s, that 40 years down the road the money spent on the project would pale in comparison to the amounts being spent on less enduring things such as theme parks, or even to throw a big party. I used to laugh and say, "Dad, don't be ridiculous!" to which he replied, "Just wait and see." In fact, his prediction didn't take 40 years. In the year 2000 there was a theme park in New Orleans that opened called Jazzland, reputedly costing $100 million. It closed five years later, remaining abandoned to this day. Besides expensive theme parks, there are now news articles describing huge private yachts costing in the hundreds of millions of dollars used as simple entertainment palaces!

Today, the City of Pikeville's annual operating budget is about $45-50 million, with the occupational tax a significant source of its income. Pikeville is the county seat of Kentucky's largest county by land mass and thus an important part of the state.

Some who have never been to Pikeville say they wouldn't even drive through Eastern Kentucky. Dad did his best to upgrade as much as he could, from our image to our infrastructure. A lot of people worked tirelessly in the area to make Pike County better. Dad would say that nobody could do much to help him with the official end of it, the testifying and conceptual work. But there was plenty more to do and they really pulled their weight locally. It was like



Gov. Martha Layne Collins & Mayor Hambley at the Cut-Through dedication in

having a town of cheerleaders behind you. The Chamber of Commerce supported everything he did. Dad said that individuals would come and want to donate a huge tree from their property or give land for a playground. All the institutions were behind it, such as Pikeville College (now UPike) and the Methodist Hospital (now Pikeville Medical Center). The county authorities, notably Judge Executives Wayne Rutherford and Paul Patton, got county initiatives that dovetailed into the greater Cut-Through project. Paul Patton became Kentucky's governor years after the Cut-Through was finished and continued to obtain support. Lon B. Rogers and William J. Baird and their wives advanced efforts for Pikeville at the state level over the years, as they were well connected in Frankfort.

Mary Lou Draughan and scores of others worked tirelessly on the project as director of the Model Cities program. There were so many grant programs coming through that an army was required to manage it all and my father didn't even have an office at City Hall. Clearly, there were some very competent people working in Pikeville. To my knowledge there was never any sort of scandal associated with the effort. Mary Lou would say the project was finished "on time" and "on budget." So we in Pikeville can be proud of our achievement. It was a collective effort that continues to this day. The improvements since 1990 have been impressive, to say the least.

Everyone in Pikeville will attest to the fact that over the 30 years that Dad was mayor, not one time did he have a fundraiser or place campaign posters around town. Others spent tens of thousands of dollars on their campaigns, but Dad said he'd rather use that money for expenses if he was elected. If he wasn't reelected, then that was fine, too, he would spend it on something else. Twice, he decided to speak on the Tri-Cities local TV out of Bristol, Virginia, the evening before the election for twenty minutes, presenting his plan for the next four years to the

citizens of Pikeville. He paid for that himself because he felt in those elections it was important to maintain continuity, so the support in Washington and Frankfort would not dissolve. Most of the citizens in Pikeville saw the need for continuity. The officials in Washington had to believe that the citizens wanted the changes being planned or they would have pulled the plug immediately.

Due to Dad's concern about conflicts of interest he would have never helped me get a job. Making sure I had a good education so I could get a job on my own was his objective. When I was a junior at Georgetown University, I had three roommates who were a year ahead of me, living in a townhouse two blocks from the main gate at the university. One was Kathy Sylvester, who was a year older. I looked up to Kathy who was in the School of Foreign Service and knew a lot of people. She lived on Native American Reservations in North Dakota during the summer, and spoke endlessly about the plight of the Indians, which left an impression on me.

When she suggested that I consider a part-time job with my congressman if my father could set it up, I listened. In her opinion it was a no-brainer, almost silly of me not to take advantage of it, even though I knew my parents would see it as a lack of enterprise on my part. Since I wasn't very interested in politics they would wonder what my motives were. Admittedly, the idea of working on The Hill to help people back in the district seemed useful, especially because that would help Dad in his goals, but I didn't act on it.

In my senior year, I decided that I should find some sort of work before graduation just to get a head start, since being a tour guide for the National Park Service was the only experience I had at that point. Kathy, now a graduate student in New Haven, Connecticut, called me. She marveled at my lack of gumption when it came to taking advantage of Dad's position. I demurred that I simply hadn't found the right idea yet for a career. She

Barbara as tour guide in Washington DC for the National Park Service 1970.

said, "Barbara, the world is run on connections." So I finally relented and went to the Rayburn Office Building to Mr. Perkins's office in October 1972, not mentioning a word to my Dad.

The office was very quiet with all the doors wide open which meant Mr Perkins was not in, so I approached Lucille Blake's desk, as Charlotte, Esther, and Elsa looked on. Without giving my name, I said to Lucille that I was a student at Georgetown and was looking for a part-time job. She asked if I could type. "Not too fast," I said. She replied, "Well, honey, we don't have anything, especially if you can't type well." So I asked if I could leave my name and number in case something opened up. She shrugged and said, "Suit yourself." So I wrote in pencil my name and number, leaving the office rather awkwardly, backing out as though I was in the presence of royalty.

The next day I got a call from Lucille. She said Mr. Perkins would like to speak to me. He immediately picked up and shouted in his deep drawl "Now, Barbara, of course you can come and work in my office! Why, I don't know why you didn't start today!" It was a Friday and he said my desk would be ready Monday morning. I said I couldn't wait to see everyone, and he said they felt the same way about me! Mind you, none of us knew each other from Adam. Yet we became friends and have stayed friends ever since. However, they mocked me for weeks. Lucille told me that when they realized who I

was, they shook their heads at my exaggerated timidity. Mr. Perkins called my father before he called me to be sure it was alright to hire me. Dad thanked him and said it would be a good experience for me and such. But I'm sure had I asked for prior approval he would have said, no, it's better not to go there, find an alternative. I would never have had the chance to work on Capitol Hill on my own, or at least that's how I felt.

That being said, I was able to contribute something no one else in the office could. Since many of the constituents from Eastern Kentucky wrote their letters phonetically, nobody could easily understand them. The staff were professionals from the North, not from our region. There were hundreds of letters weekly. They were impressed when they handed me several letters and I easily "translated" them, understanding the dialect and spelling. So they put me in charge of constituent requests. I would read the letter and give it to the person on staff who handled that issue. Black lung cases went to Pam, Charlotte took farm questions. Sharon took personal requests from groups. My "expertise" helped speed up the response time. They thought it was because I was a linguistics major at Georgetown and thus could understand the Rosetta Stone and decipher "hillbilly" hieroglyphics!

Understanding a simple menu, however, was not always in my purview. Nearly every time I went to Dad's office looking for money when I was a teenager he would ask what was for dinner. It was our little ritual. One day he asked about the dinner menu as usual, but I couldn't quite remember what Mom had told me. Something about "gravel" or "stones" rang a bell. I was cautious since a while back she had mentioned "hearts of palm" and I knew I didn't want anything to do with disgusting bloody hearts and went looking for something more appetizing at the neighbor's. So with that in mind I told Dad that she was fixing some kind of

"rocks" or something. I explained I was escaping by eating at Janie's that night since Millie was fixing baked ham.

Curious, he called mother to check on the menu since he may want to pick something up from Jerry's himself. He queried, "Berta, what's for dinner tonight?" She offered that she had made a lovely vegetable soup and scones for dessert. There would be creamery butter and raspberry preserves to accompany the Scottish scones, just like Queen Elizabeth enjoys. She was excited since she only made scones every six months. Dad laughed and told her I had announced "some kind of rocks" on the menu that evening. They enjoyed the moment, especially my cluelessness. Yet we always maintained our culinary rapport, and relished looking forward to the next meal, that is, as long as I understood what was on the menu!

Chapter 5

The Final years

Mother passed away in December 1976. We all gathered once or twice a year thereafter outside of Pikeville depending on where our lives took us. In my case, I moved to Switzerland in 1979.

Dad visited me there 17 times between 1979 and 1996, the year he died. He still served for 15 years as mayor of Pikeville after Mother died, yet he found time to visit me every year. He would stay for several weeks and there was always a grand tour of France planned. A few days before he returned home in July 1996, he wasn't strong enough to go out to eat, so I drove half an hour to his favorite restaurant in the countryside where we had eaten at least 10 times during that summer and brought back roast lamb with mint and

Dad's 72 birthday, Cap d'Antibes, France

potatoes to him. He was really touched that the owner-chef insisted on sending his treat home in a large Le Creuset casserole pan. He loved it saying, "I really do have a friendship with fine chefs, don't I?" The next day he was carried onto the plane in a wheelchair, 21 days before passing away of congestive heart failure on August 22, 1996.

Because we never had a family vacation with Dad growing up it was delightful to have him agree to spend time away from Pikeville. When I was young I tagged along to our farms and got quality time at home with him, but I nonetheless had no idea what sort of leisure activities he would enjoy in retirement.

A bit in the dark, we started by proposing going to the movies. He would say "I haven't been to the pictures since "Birth of a Nation!" Then, when we suggested a good novel to read he would say, "I haven't read a book of fiction since freshman year at Notre Dame." We thought sailing could be fun, but he dissed that idea saying he'd spent 30 days going and 30 days coming back on the high seas from the Pacific during the war, "been there and done that." We suggested a hike or skiing in the Alps at Gstaad or the Matterhorn, with lovely high mountain views and snow capped peaks. He would shrug and point out, "Chicago had enough snow for ten lifetimes," then added, "some mountains can be too high!"

Skiing at Zermatt? "No thanks, too much snow!"

On another occasion I suggested taking a trail ride on horseback in the Swiss Alps knowing he could ride very well, but that fell flat, too. He indicated that he'd spent his entire childhood on horseback and didn't feel the least bit sentimental about it.

OK, perhaps we'll try the theater, maybe a Shakespeare play. He demurred on that too, saying, "I have nothing but drama all day long. There's plenty of tragedy in there too." Then he'd add, tongue in check, "The comic relief comes from the court jesters who show up at Commission meetings. There's no shortage of comedy to keep me laughing." Once, when he referred to some people attending a meeting as "clowns" they threatened to sue him for defamation. They later told him they consulted their lawyer who advised them that all they had to do was prove they were the clowns he was referring to. He would state his position this way, "why would I be interested in fiction. Life gives me more reality than any work of fiction ever could."

One year he was in Geneva for the fireworks at the *Fete de Genève*, a renowned celebration with a spectacular fireworks display and people flying in from around the world to enjoy. Afterwards he observed that Pikeville's July 4th mountaintop fireworks were impressive enough for a cost of thousands, rather than millions. I concluded that while Dad was never a cynic, it was extremely hard to impress him!

Sightseeing, as such, was of no interest to him, whereas he liked to see how cities were laid out. Monasteries also pulled him in. In the south of France, at the ancient town of Arles, he studied the surroundings where the Great Rhône River flows through the city center with the Little Rhône forking off just to the north. Talking to himself he muttered, "I wonder how they dealt with..." then trailed off in thought. He recognized the Roman Empire's flooding and urban planning challenges and studied how they solved them, understanding that they were brilliant builders and

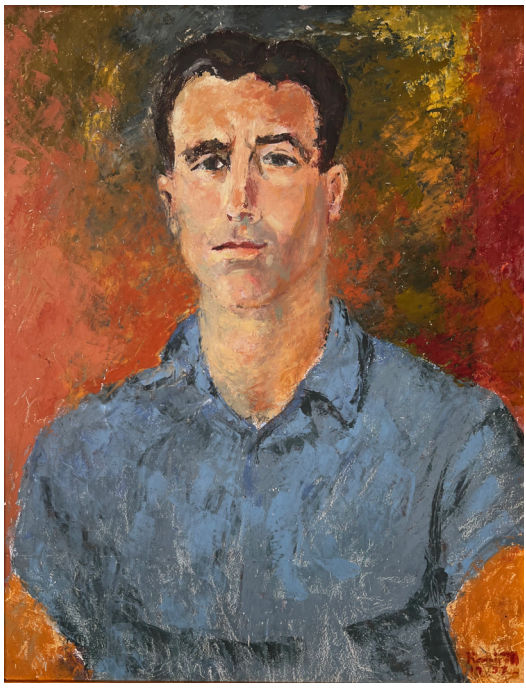
engineers who had built Arles millennia earlier. Swiss engineering feats such as boring through solid granite mountains captivated him and he never turned down a drive through the Mont Blanc tunnel or any other remarkable earthmoving project the Europeans undertook.

In 1989, for the first and only time, he came to Geneva's antique market with me when I was looking for a chair. Shopping was not his thing. As we walked through the gallery of objects for sale we came upon a large French octagonal mirror in a carved oak frame from the 1890s. To my amazement, Dad suddenly exclaimed, "That mirror over there is made from Eastern Kentucky Oak!" It was beautiful and did indeed match the oak in our homeplace perfectly. My grandparents had installed locally grown oak trim, with narrow tongue and groove oak floors in 1920. He insisted on buying the mirror and it was eventually shipped back to Pikeville, packed like the solid gold coffin of King Tutankhamun. It hangs proudly beside its oak cousins in our entrance today. Dad said that all the oak logs leaving the area for decades before and during his childhood were shipped to artisans in Europe, since their forests were becoming depleted. He felt he had to rescue what he believed was our Eastern Kentucky oak and bring it back home at any cost!

The rescued Kentucky oak mirror.

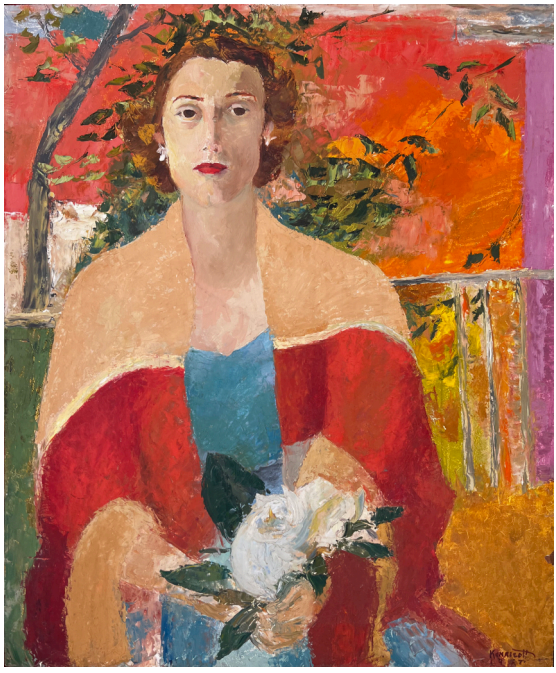
Hanging in the adjoining room today are two rescued oil paintings, one of

Mother, the other of Dad, which were painted in 1957 by Dr. Robert Kennicott, a physician in Los Angeles. When he came for a 10-day visit with my parents in the summer of 1957, he spent his time painting us as his subjects. Everyone in the neighborhood hung around watching this visitor with his easel in the front yard reminding us of Claude Monet at Giverny. We found it really exciting to have such an interesting person come to town. Years went by and I never saw the paintings he did during that visit except one of our house which always hung on my parents bedroom wall. I thought Dr. Kennicott took the others with him to California.



William Hambley by Robert Kennicott, 1957

Then one day when I was 12 years old I noticed something under my bed and pulled out the two unframed paintings. I asked Mother why they were under my bed and she said she didn't think they looked like either of them, too stylized. I wasn't very astute when it came to these things, but I liked them, so I put them back under the bed. Eight years later, I moved into a house in Washington when I was a senior at Georgetown and decided it was time to retrieve my treasures from under the bed. I had them framed and hung them in my room at Cathedral Avenue. It was a bit unusual to explain to friends why I had oil paintings of my parents hanging in my room, unapologetically



Alberta Hambley by Robert Kennicott, 1957

saying, "Mom said to throw them out, so I decided to rescue them by bringing them here." If my friends had a picture of anyone on their wall in 1972, it was more likely of Robert Redford. Some may have wondered if I was too attached to my parents. In spite of that, I always relished the enigma surrounding it.

Going to palaces or art museums on Dad's European trips didn't evoke much of a reaction from him. That being said he did make the trek to the top of the Island of Capri in Italy where the Roman Emperor Tiberius had a palace during his reign. I was never quite sure which experience would grab him, but climbing to the top of Capri with a panoramic view of the Mediterranean Sea was right up his alley. The view was comparable in elevation to the foothills back home, not "too high," as he would say.

Once retired he held court at the Dairy Cheer in Pikeville where he often had lunch for years. There was even a message board on the column beside his usual booth saying that Doc Hambley would be there between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. The Dairy Cheer was right beside his office building. After Mother passed away in 1976, he liked to go to Jerry's restaurant to sit at the counter and talk to Charlie Vanhoose, Bob Newsom and Frank Justice. At Jerry's, he ordered a hamburger with a large

slice of onion or fried chicken. At Captain D's, he enjoyed the filet of flounder special.

He would say when visiting me in Switzerland, "I look forward to getting back to the boys at Jerry's." He missed visiting with them and eating his favorite foods. At Dairy Cheer he had a chicken sandwich, always with a Diet Pepsi, no ice. He didn't want any ice because that cheated him out of his precious drink.

In the 1990s, there was a national radio show where the host would ask a trivia question to win prizes from one of its sponsors. One day when the question was asked which town in the USA consumed the most Pepsi, JR's wife Patti, called in saying Pikeville, Kentucky, and won a case of Pepsi. The radio host then asked how she could have possibly known the answer! She proudly told his listeners that she was married to the son of the Pepsi Nation "poster boy," Dr. William Hambley of Pikeville, Kentucky!

Dad wasn't wrong about having a special relationship with chefs. As I said earlier he loved the finer things in life, he just never indulged. I think he felt he didn't have the money to do so. In spite of his frugality he did allow me to plan our annual trip to France, with no restrictions as to the choice of establishments. So I got the Michelin Guide and studied every possibility in order to find the gems. The result was we ate ourselves through France, with each trip taking at least ten days, with Paris being the first stop every year.

In 1984, we had our first visit to Paris's oldest ongoing restaurant, the Tour d'Argent, where the dining room overlooks the Seine River and Notre Dame Cathedral. The elevator takes the guests, accompanied by a waiter in white tie and tails, up three levels. Guests are announced as they enter the dining room. I made sure that the maître d' was aware that Dad was both a physician and mayor, knowing that in French and

German cultures he would be introduced to the room as "Monsieur le Maire, le Docteur Hambley de Pikeville." Had he been a professor, that would have been added! When it happened the first time at another Parisian restaurant, Lasserre, he was really surprised, but got a kick out of it. So for this visit as soon as we came in they immediately brought us to the elevator area to be taken up to dinner. Just as we were about to enter the elevator, the maître d' stepped over and asked us to "please wait just a moment."

Dad's 70th birthday, 1984, Lyon, France

The order in which important guests enter the dining room is an interesting protocol dilemma if they arrive at the same time. French etiquette at court obliges everyone to follow the king, so he never sees anyone's back. Yet, it is a bride's prerogative to be the last person to enter the church, and the first to leave, even when the King is in attendance. We paused as the maître d' requested, and Secretary of State George Schulz and his party walked in front of us and entered the elevator. Moments later we were taken up the elevator after Secretary Schulz was announced and escorted to his table. On arrival in the dining room we were then announced. All eyes were on us and Secretary Schulz acknowledged Dad as we passed his table. Once we sat down Dad whispered in his usual deadpan tone, "Tonight I got to be the bride."

On our second occasion eating at the Tour d'Argent I knew we would again order the renowned duck, which was numbered and served in two courses. They have been numbering the ducks since their establishment in 1582, or so they say. Our numbers were something like 6 millionth! We had several choices for the first course so I wanted to give Dad a new culinary treat, suggesting we order their world famous, "Potage Tour d'Argent." I convinced Dad it would be fabulous, perhaps a lobster bisque or a delicate oyster stew; his inclination was to order oysters, since on our first visit we enjoyed the scallops.

After the appetizer was served and the most amazing bread tray in France had passed, it was time for the world famous soup. It was served in a smallish white porcelain bowl, brought to the table with quite a lot of fanfare, under a silver dome. I was a bit surprised to see a watery brownish liquid in the bowl with fine carrot shavings floating in the broth, which led to perplexity. What could it be? A mistake? As we took our first spoonfuls I looked blankly at Dad who exclaimed, "Fiddlesticks, this is pinto bean broth after someone ate all the beans."

Being from Pikeville, if there's one thing in this world we know about it's pinto bean soup! We thought it was hilarious that the mayor of the capital of brown beans was in town to judge their efforts. Dad graciously extended an invitation to the chef to visit Pikeville for a culinary forum, since he was confident that every house in town had better beans and cornbread than this! We knew we could really help their business if they wanted to enhance their skills, such as soaking the beans overnight and testing which fat-back imparted the best flavor. In spite of our miffed reaction, I reassured the chef that the broth was perfectly salted! Dad couldn't wait to get back to Pikeville to tell local radio host Lucille Smith, as well as the boys at Jerry's and the hospital

nurses, about his $50 bowl of “world famous” soup, a story that served him well for many years.

While some of our European adventures didn’t turn out as expected, there was an exceptional place, where Dad had an exceptional experience. It was at the 9th century Abbey of the Mont Saint Michel in Normandy, France, north of Paris, near the D-Day beaches. It is a magical place. The Abbey sits on a massive rock that stands alone on the Normandy beach surrounded by water at high tide with a bridge as access. Norman monks enjoyed a calm environment for centuries there with a panoramic view of the bay. There are horse buggy races regularly today on the mile-wide beaches when the tide is out. But when the tide starts to come in, beware! It

Mont Saint Michel, Normandy, France

is said that the water rushes in like galloping horses, rising ten feet in a matter of minutes. A person can't outrun it and many have died trying.

We had rooms there for several nights and spent the day climbing multiple levels before reaching the last 300 steps once inside the Abbey precinct. Dad had an epiphany as he stood at the top of the Abbey, with a panoramic view. It is, indeed, amazing to see the sun set on the horizon, with the moon rising on the other side almost at the same moment. We exalted in the experience for quite a while. He coined the phrase "As I stand upon this parapet of change." He would just say it meant something to him and he wanted it engraved on his tombstone. He referred to the oneness of the Universe, our oneness with God. He became contemplative atop that ancient Norman marvel, mentioning it often thereafter. So, according to his wishes, I put that phrase on his gravestone.

Dad was calm and gentle, never looking to criticize us. He was always available and often tickled our arms while we sat in his lap watching TV. He sang the same lullaby to every baby who came into the family. Its refrain was, "Everybody loves the happy one" to the tune of "Skip to my Lou," putting the baby asleep in no time.

I once asked what I should be when I was older. He wouldn't even give a suggestion, insisting that I had to find the answer to that question myself. In his words, "You have to be who you want to be."

When I was 15 years old I felt uninspired about my academic future and where I might study, coming from such a backwater place. When I expressed my concerns he said, "I'll pay for any place you can get into." That statement changed everything for me and I set my sights much higher. After graduating from a prep school in North Carolina, I spent a year at the Sorbonne in Paris, France, in 1968, followed by a year at Boston University.

Barbara signing guest book, Paris City Hall, France, 1968

In my junior year, I transferred to Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., where I earned a Bachelor of Science in Linguistics in 1973.

Once away from Pikeville, Dad let me have any adventure I could think of to supplement my classroom education. One was going to Egypt in December 1968, while studying in Paris on a two-week Mediterranean cultural cruise starting in Marseille, France, going to Italy, Crete, and Athens, Greece. In Egypt, we went to ancient Karnak, the Valley of the Kings and sailed on the mysterious Nile River, with once sacred crocodiles lurking below. These wonders were amazing to me and I felt the world was my oyster because of my Dad. At that time I had no idea I would return ten years later to make a life in Europe for 38 years with my husband.

In 1967, when Georgia Brown heard that I was leaving to study at the Sorbonne, she gave me some pointers on where to go in Paris, a city she knew well. She sent me to a tailor located at Place des Vosges and also recommended a visit to the Rodin Museum. She suggested I would enjoy tea at Place du Tertres, in Montmartre, as well as the evening view from the park just beside the Sacred Heart Basilica as the lights come on over Paris, illuminating the Eiffel Tower and Les Invalides (where Napoleon Bonaparte is entombed). Ever

since, I've returned to the Basilica and Place du Tertre where all the artists set up their easels for spontaneous charcoal and pastel sketches. My father had a sketch done there during his last visit to Paris with me in June 1995, at age 81, the year before he died. After the sketch was done we headed to our favorite bench in the park at dusk to enjoy for one last time the lights of Paris twinkling below.

Pastel sketch of William Hambley, Montmartre, Paris, 1995

My mother never made a European trip, but was a voracious reader and wrote to me nearly every day when I was at the Sorbonne, giving me the home addresses of the classic French authors Honoré de Balzac and Victor Hugo. She proposed that when going to the Chateau de Versailles to also see the Hameau of Marie Antoinette, which she said was as interesting as the Chateau itself. She then sent me to Vezelay, France, to visit the 10th century basilica and monastery that is an important stop for pilgrims walking to Santiago de Compostela in Spain. I often thought that Mother and Georgia Brown must have had fun comparing notes while I was living their European odyssey which I later shared with Dad.

You may be wondering where all the photos are from our fabulous trips. Particularly that inspirational view of the Mont St Michel. I have yet another story for that! Dad bought a very special Austrian camera in 1979, a Leica,

known for its excellence. He never owned a camera before, but knew he wanted pictures of his trips. He bought 30 rolls of 36 exposures. As he traveled, sometimes with my sister Mary, who spent summers with her husband in Italy and England, doing research with other scientists, Dad snapped away. I was impressed that his box of exposed rolls was filling up. So we waited with much anticipation for the images when he got back to Pikeville and got the albums developed. The nurses at the hospital told him he better come back with pictures!

He took a couple of weeks to completely unpack, getting far enough to get the chocolates intended for the nurses into the trunk of his car, unfortunately forgetting about them for days until they had all melted in the hot trunk. There was an attempt to salvage the chocolate by placing it in the freezer but it had already separated. He promised he would do better the following year by bringing each one a big box. The rolls of film were finally unpacked and taken to be developed. Several days later Dad got a call from the Kodak store saying they had checked all of the films but there was not even one exposure on the rolls. They asked, "Dr. Hambley, are you sure the lens cap was removed when the pictures were taken?" His heart sank. That was exactly what happened. Not one photo was good! He was so disheartened by the whole affair that he gave Mary the camera and never spoke of taking another picture.

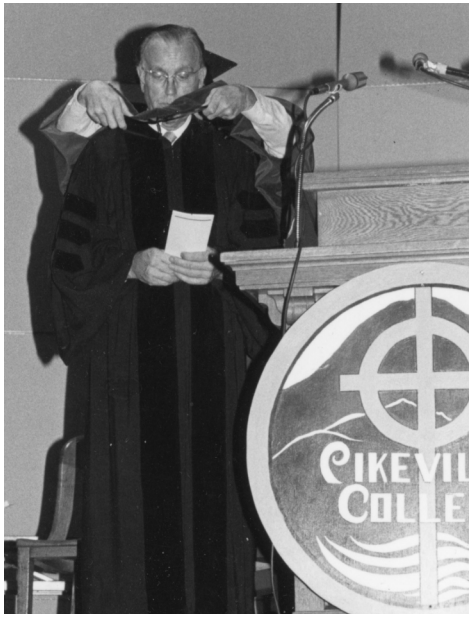
Then there were the new ties every year at Christmas, offered by his "fans" who fretted that their favorite mayor was not dressing as well as he could. He stored all the ties in his closet and delighted in choosing one new tie each year, wearing the selected item every day for the next 12 months. Many times I would hear an exclamation from a lady, "Oh my goodness, you're finally wearing the tie I gave you several years ago, Dr. Hambley!" He would beam. They were beautiful silk ties, but alas, he

got gravy stains on them. He claimed that seeing the stain reminded him of a wonderful meal.

One summer I thought maybe he could change the tie after six months, since he usually agreed to any suggestions I had. So I picked a new one from the 30-40 odd ties in the closet, unbeknownst to him, and threw away the offending gravy stained tie. Big mistake! At first he seemed a bit irked, saying "Who moved my tie?" Then, after a few minutes in a raised voice, "Where's my damn tie?" Growing increasingly indignant, while beseeching "the person" who may have moved it to restore it to its usual place, he looked all over for the stained tie, like an old friend! I wouldn't admit what I'd done, even though he knew who the culprit was.

Dad had several stories that were tied to his childhood experiences, such as the one he told from when he was five years old. It was his first lesson in money management. His job at that time was to help break up the stone for the construction of the homeplace. He would sit on the ground for hours busting the rocks with a hammer, earning $18 total for his efforts over the summer and fall of 1919. Quite a sum for a five year old boy at that time. He was happy when his father handed him the money and decided to put it in an old sock. Then he had some business to attend to in the outhouse, so he placed the sock on its metal roof. As you remember, he had to do a headstand for fifteen minutes on the Sears Roebuck catalog afterwards. Problem was, when he came out and realized that the sock was gone from the roof, he was devastated. He told me he looked all over for the sock with his wages in it, but never found a thing. In the summer of 1996 shortly before he died, we talked about that money and the old sock again. He laughed about the incident, saying, "You know, I've been $18 dollars short my entire life!"

Dad said that Grandpa Elliott told him he sewed 100 dollar bills into the hem of his waistcoat and instructed



Receiving an honorary doctorate from Pikeville College, 1983

that when he died to check all the hems. I never heard if they actually found anything after he died in 1939, because Dad was in Chicago by then, so others got to pick grandpa's pockets, so to speak.

Dad often talked about a loose brick upstairs in the bedroom closet that he hid money under when he was a boy of 10, mimicking Grandpa Elliott. He recounted how, as soon as he could, he borrowed $50 from Pikeville National Bank and put it under the brick. Then he would pay the monthly repayment with the goal of establishing credit because Grandpa Huffman, the brilliant businessman, would say, "You've got nothing without good credit." At the end of the loan period he'd take the money from under the brick and settle up with the bank. That was his security box as a teen.

Much later, he chose to hide money just under the top of his office desk. When he went to the hospital in 1983, for a suspected stroke, he gave us instructions to go to his office desk and look deep inside under the top. Sure enough, after a few minutes with a flashlight my brother, John, pulled out $7,000 in cash.

After Dad died in 1996, I had to account for everything as the estate's executor, and was puzzled by the piles of envelopes on the back seat of Dad's car, many unopened. After a few days I had everything accounted for. There was a total of over $10,000 in uncashed checks in those envelopes, all left in the Mercedes' back seat. He

must have thought the back seat was a better vault than the old sock or the loose brick in the closet. I referred to it thereafter as his account at the BSBT, (Back Seat Bank and Trust).

Shortly before he died I pointed out that he was now completely debt free! He shook his head, lamenting that it was a hard slog because his last loan had been 21% interest for 4 years! It was a demand note for the building of a commercial property on Island Creek in 1982, when interest rates were around 8%. Dad had calculated that 12% would be the maximum loan interest that would ever be applied to the loan. But he was wrong. As interest rates rose the loan interest climbed to 21%. Those who were flush with cash got multi-year certificates at 16%. One of Dad's friends reported getting 21% on a two-year CD for $2 million! But Dad didn't have any cash for CDs, only a demand note.

He read about the fortunes being made in the tech boom of the 1990s. The growth in value was so astounding during that period that Wall Street profits dwarfed every other investment. Several years earlier, circa 1993, Pikeville National Bank went public on the New York Stock Exchange. Lou Dobbs was announcing various public offerings for that week, reciting, "We have a small bank called Pikeville National Bank and Trust Co. going public with a market value of… (Dobbs paused); I must be reading this wrong, folks. It says $2 billion! Yes, that's right, folks, a bank with $2 billion of assets in Pikeville, Kentucky. How can that be!"

Dad stewed for weeks after Pikeville National Bank went public that the shares his great-grandfather Archibald Huffman passed down in his will of 1894, didn't make it to him a century later (see Appendix IX). The stock bequeathed in 1894 was of The Pikeville Bank. In 1903, Pikeville National Bank was incorporated with John Yost as president and Fon Rogers I as cashier. "Old man Yost," as I called him at age 6, lived beside us in

1954 on the other side of Hollyhock Alley in a pre-Civil War home still standing today. Fon Rogers II, the grandson of Fon I, was a classmate and one of my dearest friends. Being cashier at Pikeville National Bank certainly enabled his grandfather to acquire coal leases in Eastern Kentucky, making him one of the state's wealthiest businessmen by 1929, able to send his son Lon B. Rogers to Harvard Business School. Fon and I used to talk about the value of a good education, yet were concerned in seventh grade that we might not be able to attend the same educational institutions as our fathers. We comforted ourselves with the idea that our parents may have felt the same uncertainty before they went out into the big world.

William and Alberta Hambley in Washington, DC, 1973

With or without his stocks, at the end of the day, I can't imagine Dad being anything other than Doc Hambley from Pikeville.

As I observed earlier, Dad was different from Mother, but his qualities were complementary to hers. He grew up in a Methodist home practicing temperance. Informal by nature, he enjoyed sitting on the swing visiting or dancing when a good song came on the radio. For him any day was a great day for watching a football or basketball game. A strong swimmer and experienced horseman, he loved to fish at Dale Hollow Lake where he whistled and sang like Pat Boone! He could fix anything. Physically strong, with powerful hands, he could do hip replacements with no assistance when other surgeons sweated it out trying to pop the new joint into place. Dad could conceptualize multi-dimensionally, with such powers of concentration he appeared trance-like whether performing surgery or poring over engineering plans.

Most importantly, during 33 years of marriage, Mother supported everything Dad did even when it meant going without. A very private person, she understood and accepted his vision.

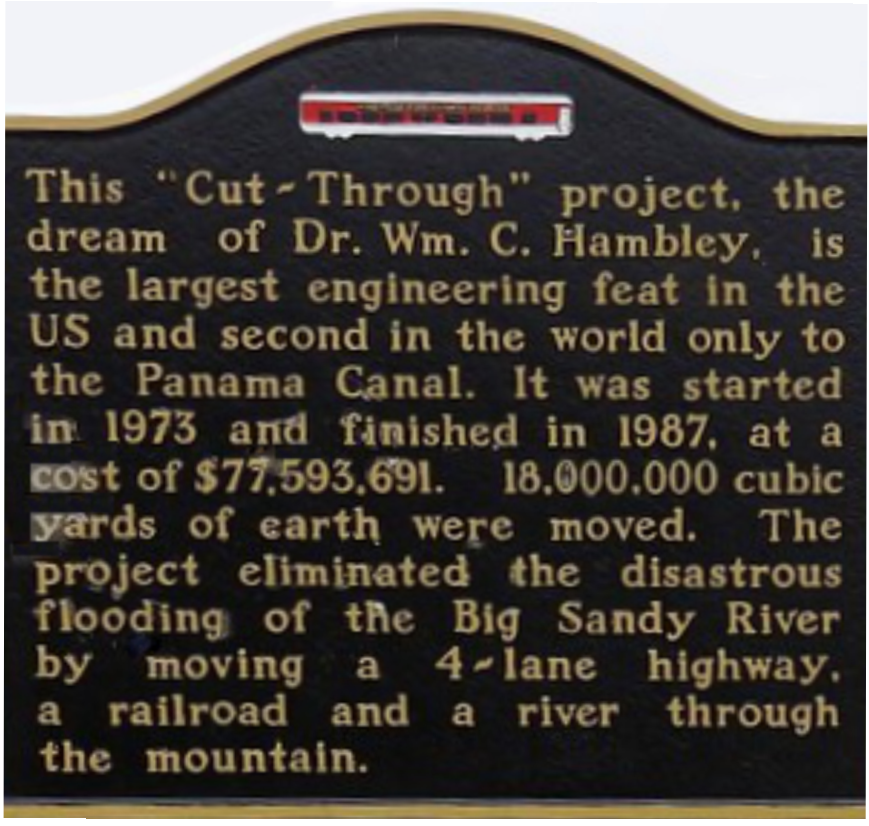
In Switzerland in 1996, as we sat on "our bench" at Byron's Point overlooking Lake Geneva, Dad indulged in hindsight reflection which I rarely heard him do. He said, "I probably should have gone to Wall Street as a career." Surprised, I reminded him, "But Dad, you never even owned one stock." "That's true," he said, "but had I really concentrated on making money on Wall Street, then I could have paid for the entire Cut-Through and its associated programs myself, and wouldn't have had to ask the federal government to participate." He continued, "Nothing would have changed for me, I just would have had a lot more time and resources to expand what I wanted to accomplish for Pikeville with that

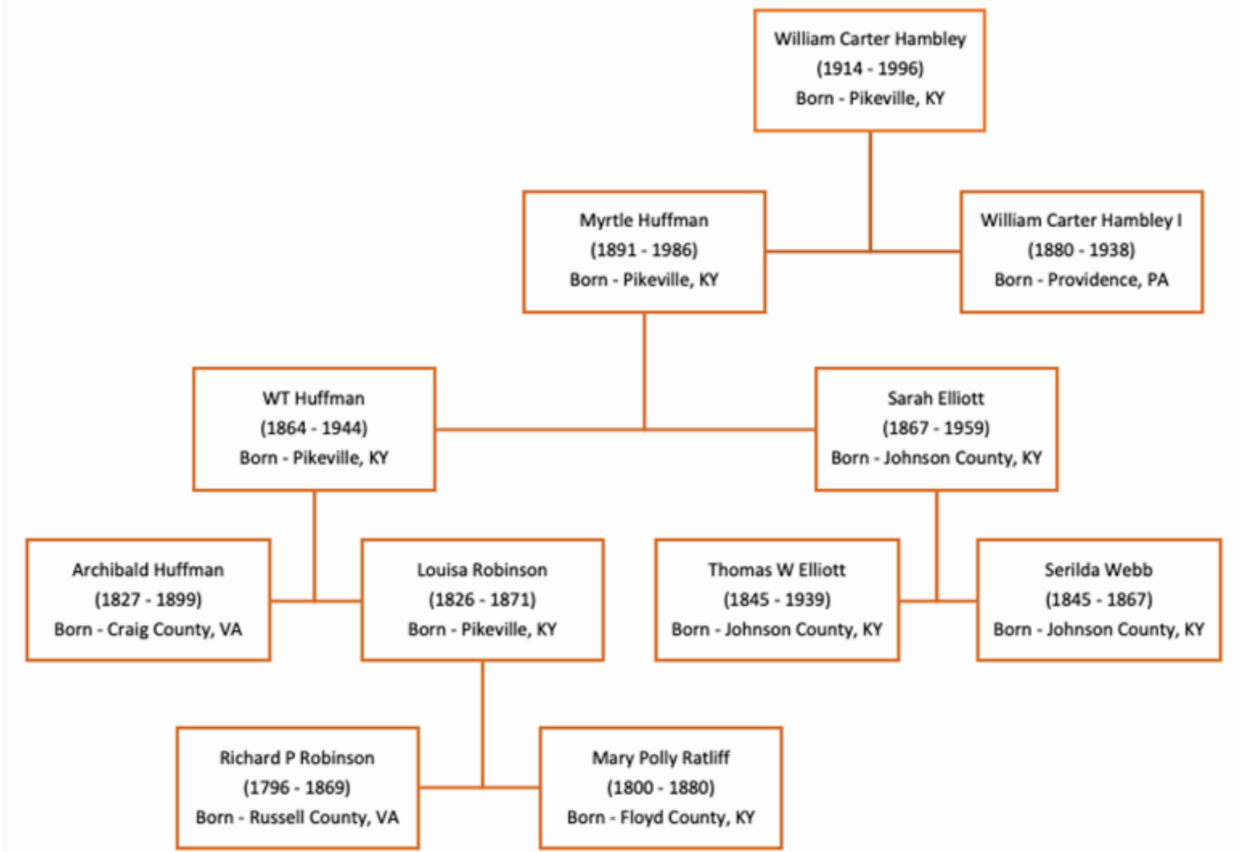
independence." I surmised, "So you could have put in the Hyatt Regency?" With a nod of his head came, "Exactly."

Around the same time, Dad made his last prophecy. If he was the visionary, the genius many thought he was, then they'll see some merit in his conviction that the future is very bright for our little patch of the country. He predicted:

"In fifty years, Pikeville and all of Eastern Kentucky will become some of the most coveted land in the entire United States. It won't be just the coal. They'll come for our water, our timber, our clean air, our well situated, protective mountains, our fertile farmlands, and our temperate climate. We've got everything. You just wait and see."

The End


This "Cut-Through" project, the dream of Dr. Wm. C. Hambley, is the largest engineering feat in the US and second in the world only to the Panama Canal. It was started in 1973 and finished in 1987, at a cost of $77,593,691. 18,000,000 cubic yards of earth were moved. The project eliminated the disastrous flooding of the Big Sandy River by moving a 4-lane highway, a railroad and a river through the mountain.


William Carter Hambley
(1914 - 1996)
Born - Pikeville, KY
Myrtle Huffman
(1891 - 1986)
Born - Pikeville, KY
William Carter Hambley I
(1880 - 1938)
Born - Providence, PA
WT Huffman
(1864 - 1944)
Born - Pikeville, KY
Sarah Elliott
(1867 - 1959)
Born - Johnson County, KY
Archibald Huffman
(1827 - 1899)
Born - Craig County, VA
Louisa Robinson
(1826 - 1871)
Born - Pikeville, KY
Thomas W Elliott
(1845 - 1939)
Born - Johnson County, KY
Serilda Webb
(1845 - 1867)
Born - Johnson County, KY
Richard P Robinson
(1796 - 1869)
Born - Russell County, VA
Mary Polly Ratliff
(1800 - 1880)
Born - Floyd County, KY

Pedigree of Dr. William Carter Hambley

Dr. William Carter Hambley's family roots draw back to the founding of Pikeville and Pike County.

In 1832, his great-great grandfather Richard Price Robinson purchased 400 acres on the Levisa Fork of the Big Sandy River along Island Creek. He and Mary Polly Ratliff were married on Island Creek in May 1821, in what was then Floyd County, seven months before Pike County was formed in December 1821. They had a daughter, Louisa Robinson (1826-1871), who in 1855 married Archibald Huffman (1827-1899) in Pikeville.

Archibald and Louisa lived out their lives in Pikeville and had four sons including William Thedron "WT" Huffman (1864-1944). WT married Sarah Elliott (1867-1959) in 1888. Sarah was born in Van Lear, Johnson County, Kentucky, the daughter of Serilda Webb (1845-1867) and Thomas Wilson Elliott (1845-1939). Sarah's mother, Serilda, died from childbirth complications when she was two weeks old, after which her father married Pikeville native Elizabeth Hatcher, in 1871.

WT and Sarah Huffman's eldest daughter, Myrtle Huffman (1891-1986), married William Carter Hambley, Sr. (1880-1938) in 1909. While Myrtle was a native of Pikeville, William Carter Hambley, Sr. was born in Providence, Pennsylvania, and came to Pikeville in 1899, where he met the Huffman family and Myrtle.

Myrtle Huffman and William Carter Hambley, Sr. had five children, of which their eldest son was my father, Dr. William Carter Hambley (1914-1996).

Pedigree of Alberta Hambley

My mother's parents were from The Netherlands. They both came to the United States in late 1911. Grandfather was Henry J Heintzberger, born in Doesburg, Holland, and grandmother was Catherine S. VanAmersfoort, born in Arnhem, Holland. She was engaged to a Dutchman who was immigrating, but who died on route, which family lore purports was as a passenger on the ill-fated Titanic. He had been delayed several months after grandmother departed and had to wait until the spring sailing in April 1912. Grandmother was already in South Bend, Indiana, working as an au pair for a family at Notre Dame University when she received the news. Shortly thereafter she met Henry Heintzberger at Notre Dame. He had been sponsored by Brother Willibrot, a Dutch priest at the University, where he was initially employed as a baker, until he founded his own bakery in 1914, known as The Housewife.

Grandfather learned his trade in his father's business called The Doesburg Candy Manufacturing Co. located at the same address in Doesburg, Holland, since the late 1600s. The Heintzbergers lived on the upper floors of the Doesburg building where the year 1665 was carved on one of the bed's sideboards. The family business specialized in chocolates and caramel candies, as well as wonderful baked goods, such as cinnamon rolls.

My grandmother was also from a family of business owners in Arnhem, Holland, less than an hour from Doesburg. The VanAmersfoorts were tobacco traders and owned The Arnhem Cigar and Tobacco Company.

That business had already been in the family for three generations when Cateau, as she was called, was born in 1889. She was the eldest of seven siblings born to Cornelius and Alberta VanAmersfoort. As was typical of those who left their native land and did not return, she never met her youngest sister, who was born after her departure for America in 1911.

Catherine VanAmersfoort, Holland, 1909

Appendices

ENTERING COMPETITION — Dr. W. C. Hambley, right, Pikeville mayor, is shown in Washington last Thursday as he presented Pikeville's application in the "model cities" competition to H. Ralph Taylor, assistant secretary of the Department of Housing and Urban Development, who has charge of the "model cities" program.

Dad presenting Pikeville's application in the Model Cities competition to the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD), Washington, DC, 1963

The Pike County News
INCORPORATED
"GROWING WITH EASTERN KENTUCKY"
PIKEVILLE, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1958

Baby's Rare Blood Is Exchanged At Pikeville Methodist Hospital

A blood exchange has been accomplished at the Pikeville Methodist Hospital.

Armour H. Evans, administrator of the hospital said exchanging blood has rarely been accomplished in this area.

Evans said the exchange of blood was performed on a boy born July 1 at the hospital after the child's condition and blood tests revealed that the baby's blood type was an RH positive and that his mother's blood was an RH negative.

The baby's illness wes diagnosed as being caused by anti-bodies coming from his mother's blood stream. Such a condition is usually fatal unless the child's blood is changed immediately, said Evans.

The treatment involves a blood transfusion. As the baby's blood is withdrawn, new blood is injected into its blood stream until almost all of the child's original blood has been replaced.

This process removes anti-bodies which were destroying the child's blood.

Evans said the medical staff of the hospital and the hospital staff are taking a great deal of satisfaction in this accomplishment.

He said the last tests of the child's blood and its general condition indicated that the operation was successful.

Woman Literally Frozen Still Staging Miraculous Recovery

PIKEVILLE, Ky. (AP) — Mrs. Goldie Jennings, who literally was frozen still after a mishap that killed her husband, is making a recovery termed "almost miraculous."

When Mrs. Jennings, 50, was found in her trailer home Feb. 2 she had no blood pressure and no pulse. She couldn't move a joint.

In an adjoining room, the body of her husband, John, was found. Doctors estimated he had died 48 hours earlier from exposure to severe cold.

The gas heat in the trailer went off, for reasons not yet known.

Mrs. Jennings said she doesn't remember much about the experience.

"My eyes were frozen open and I could see ice frozen to my eye lids," she said. "I just felt numb and helpless. I couldn't move. I remember I tried to get my dog, Cindy, to get me something."

Dr. William C. Hambley said she got "the maximum treatment for her condition."

A small amount of whisky was placed in her mouth, then some warm broth. Cortisone was given intravenously. An even 72-degree room temperature was maintained throughout the thawing.

Slowly, Mrs. Jennings regained control of her swallowing reflexes. Her taste buds suddenly reacted to hot chocolate. "They tell me I drank a gallon and a half," she said.

Mrs. Jennings' feet were amputated above the ankles because of gangrene.

"In this case, the response to medical treatment is almost miraculous," Hambley said. "In spite of her condition she mended remarkable well."

A child, the daughter of neighbors, found the woman when she took their mail to the trailer. Water pipes had burst and a skim of ice was on the floors.

"She slid off the stretcher like a block of ice when the ambulance went after her," Hambley said.

Now all numbness is gone except in the little finger of Mrs. Jennings' right hand.

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October 1970

Honorable W. C. Hambley, M.D.
Mayor of Pikeville
Pikeville, Kentucky

Dear Mayor Hambley:

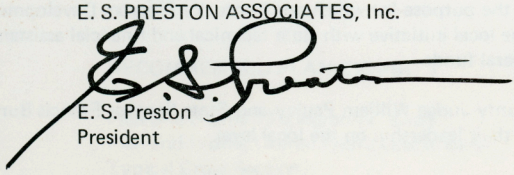
Submitted herewith is a modified preliminary planning and engineering report dealing with the relocation of Levisa Fork of the Big Sandy River, the C & O Railway and U.S. Highway 23 thru an "Open Cut" in Peach Orchard Mountain west of Pikeville. This report has been prepared for use by those agencies participating in the public meeting in Pikeville on October 8, 1970, and represents the information to be presented at that meeting.

The basis of this report is that prepared for the City of Pikeville by this firm under contract with the City dated March 24, 1970, and coded P-KY-3127. Changes in this document from the one submitted June 22, 1970, which completed the above contract, are those resulting from the several interagency discussions and agreements resulting from the consideration of the previous report.

This present report has been prepared in cooperation with Pikeville officials to facilitate the implementation of those steps which follow the public meeting.

Sincerely,

E. S. PRESTON ASSOCIATES, Inc.



E. S. Preston
President

ESP/jag

APPALACHIAN REGIONAL DEVELOPMENT ACT OF 1971

HEARINGS

BEFORE THE

SUBCOMMITTEE ON ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT

OF THE

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC WORKS

UNITED STATES SENATE

NINETY-SECOND CONGRESS

FIRST SESSION

ON

S. 575

A BILL TO AUTHORIZE FUNDS TO CARRY OUT THE PURPOSES OF THE APPALACHIAN REGIONAL DEVELOPMENT ACT OF 1965, AS AMENDED

FEBRUARY 8, 9, AND 10, 1971

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF WITNESSES

FEBRUARY 8, 1971

FEBRUARY 9, 1971

U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

57-030 O WASHINGTON : 1971

Randall McCoy's Kin Wants Grave Left Undisturbed

Randall McCoy's oldest living grandson opposes a plan to move the grave of the legendary feuder, who was buried in a Kentucky cemetery in 1914.

"I think he should be let alone," said O.R. McCoy, 73, of Huntington. "He had enough trouble in life, and they should let him rest in peace."

McCoy went to Pikeville, Ky., last week to visit the grave of his grandfather and to sign an affadavit that Randall McCoy actually is buried in that East Kentucky city.

Officials in Pikeville had expressed doubt that the feuder was buried in the Dils Cemetery there. They want to move more than 200 graves up a hill to make room for a parking area and civic center.

"I remember the funeral as a kid-I was there-and his grave is marked in that cemetery with a stone with the letter "M" on it," McCoy said in an interview. "I've gone over there many times over the years."

Owners of the cemetery have gone to court to block the city's plans, and descendants of the McCoy family are backing them. The city filed a petition asking that the suit be dismissed. No hearing date has been set.

"I don't think it's necessary to move the graves," McCoy said. "There's no reason to to disturb him. But it's not only my grandfather buried there, but my grandmother, my mother and my father, and a few aunts, a sister and a brother-in-law."

Randall McCoy's wife, Sarah, their children Roseann and Sam, and Sam's wife Martha, also are buried in the cemetery.

McCoy said other descendants of the feuder feel "just like I do. They are against it. I'm not alone."

Paul R. McCoy, 47, a great-grandson of Randall, said he's angered by the city's plans.

"Can you think for somebody that's deceased? I don't think I would want to be moved, but I can't speak for somebody already deceased," he said by telephone from Pikeville. "Speaking from a historical standpoint, I just don't think they should be disturbed. After all that turmoil they had, they shouldn't be disturbed now."

He said if the courts rule against the group trying to save the cemetery "we're going to continue to fight."

Officials of Pikeville want to relocate 262 graves to make way for a $6 million, 12,000-seat sports and civic complex. The two-acre cemetery and a number of other sites related to the famous Hatfield-McCoy feud recently were added to the National Register of Historic Places.

Pikeville Mayor W.C. Hambley said it will be at least a year before anything is done about the cemetery because the city still is rounding up funds for the civic complex.

Pikeville City Atty. Larry Webster has said if owners refuse to sell the cemetery the property will be condemned and they will be paid.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

January 24, 1972

Dear Mayor Hambley:

As I have informed Governor Ford, my 1973 Budget Message to the Congress includes a request for funds to permit the Corps of Engineers to participate in the model community development project for the City of Pikeville.

The $1 million I have requested will be transferred to the Appalachian Regional Commission, to be utilized with other funds available to the Commission, the Department of Housing and Urban Development, and the necessary State and local matching funds, The purposes of the project will be to relocate the Levisa Fork of the Big Sandy River, U.S. Highways 23 and 119, and the C&O Railroad tracks and coal-loading facilities.

It has been deeply encouraging to me to observe the cooperative efforts of the many public and private interests involved in this exciting project. Not only have Pikeville and the Commonwealth of Kentucky created a plan to revitalize part of rural America, you have also shown how people and governments can work together to meet the challenges of achieving a better quality of life.

With my best wishes,

Sincerely,

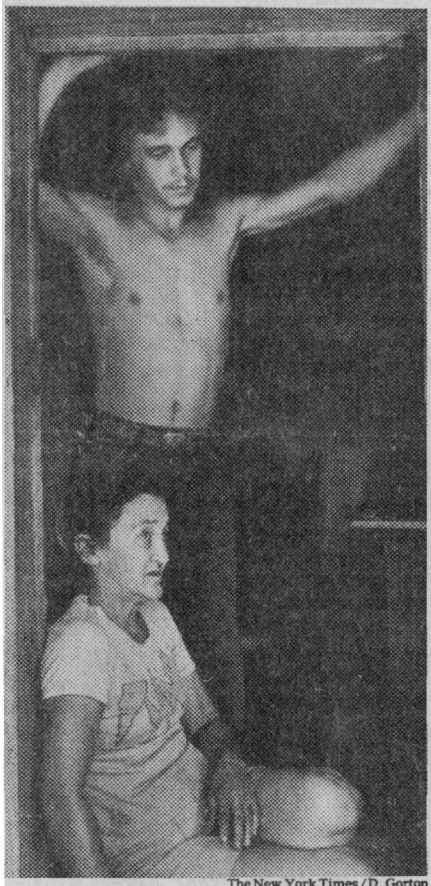
Richard Nixon

Honorable W. C. Hambley
Mayor of Pikeville
206 Caroline Avenue
Pikeville, Kentucky 41501

The New York Times

Copyright © 1981 The New York Times NEW YORK, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1981 $1.25 beyond 50-mile zone from New York City. Higher in air delivery cities.

Saving Appalachia: Was $15 Billion Well Spent?



The New York Times/D. Gorton

Ruby Caudill and her son Steve in the door of their log cabin in Letcher County, Ky. She and three of her 10 children live on $185 a month.

By BEN A. FRANKLIN

Special to The New York Times

PIKEVILLE, Ky. — With $80 million in Federal and state funds, this little coal town is literally moving a mountain to detour a rail line and a river, build a new road and create 300 acres of valuable flatland in two steep hollows.

The Pikeville project could not have been undertaken without $48 million in special grants from the Appalachian Regional Commission, the federally financed agency that since 1965 has generated $15 billion in social welfare and economic development money for this depressed mountain region.

At a time when President Reagan is cutting back on many Federal programs, including this one, the question whether the Appalachian Regional Commission has met its goals is being asked with increasing frequency. The answers are complicated; the experience here sheds light on the difficulties in assessing many Federal programs.

Panama Canal-Size Slices

Today, the huge Pikeville construction project, with mountain slices as big as those cut in in building the Panama Canal, stands as a symbol of the commission's precarious situation. There are those who believe that two-thirds of the $15 billion is too much to have been spent on an unfinished network of highways that some people here say go "from Noplace, Ky., to Nowhere, W.Va." Other critics, among them Ad-

Continued on Page 32, Column 1

The full article is available on The New York Times *website at: https://www.nytimes.com/1981/09/27/us/saving-appalachia-was-15-billion-well-spent.html*

Archibald Huffman Will of 1894

I, Archibald Huffman, of the County of Pike and State of Kentucky, being ~~in~~ advanced in years but sound in ~~mind~~ and desiring to dispose of my worldly effects do make and publish this my last will and testament.

1st I direct that my executors hereafter appointed in this my last will and testament, to collect all debts, bonds &c, due me except those hereafter disposed of and out of the proceeds pay all debts owing by me.

2nd I bequeath to my beloved wife, Julia A. ~~the~~ ~~house~~ and lot where I now live in the town of Pikeville, fronting on Main St, and bounded on the East and South by Main Street on the west by 2nd St. and on the North by the alley between that lot and the lot owned by Dr. I. C. Gray, during her life and at her death to descend to our daughter Louisa F. Mays (late Huffman) I also bequeath to her all our household goods, furniture, live stock and every description of personal effects about our house, also all dividends or interest that may be due and or may accrue on my stock in the bank of Pikeville, for her own separate use and benefit.

3rd I bequeath to my son James R. Huffman a tract of land lying in the town of Pikeville Ky. lying back of the lots laid off in Huffmans addition to the town of Pikeville and bounded on the west by Bank St on the East by Sandy River on the South by ~~the~~ land of the Pikeville Collegiate Institute and on the North by the lot owned by T. F. Ratliff.

4th I bequeath to my daughter Mary C. one thousand dollars in cash to be paid by my executors as soon as same can be realized by them out of my estate and they are to pay same at the end of two years if they can not pay it out of my personal estate sooner.

5th I bequeath to my daughter Sarah N. Four Hundred Dollars to be paid by my executors in the same manner as directed

in the bequest to Mary C. Tims is understood to be Four Hundred Dollars in excess of the Six Hundred Dollars already advanced to her by me.

6. I bequeath to my son R. T. Huffman One lot known as the Orchard lot. It being the balance of block 6, after taking off the lot sold to J. B. Auxier and the lot bequeathed to Sarah Rich as shown in the Huffman division to the town of Pikeville.

7. I bequeath to my son T. N. Huffman all the lots in Block 5 in said Huffman Plat. Also all the lands lying west of said block 5 and all the lands West of block 6, lying between said lots on the East and back to the line of Martha Caline on the West and to the lands of A. J. Hatcher, on the South and to the lands of Hibbard Williamson on the North.

8th I bequeath to my son W. T. Huffman Lots Nos. 1 and 2 in Huffman Addition to the town of Pikeville being the lots where he now lives.

9th I bequeath to my daughter Louisa F. one thousand dollars to be paid by my executors in the same manner as directed to be paid to my daughter Mary C.

10th I bequeath to my sons W. T. and R. T. Huffman the brick store building and lot on Main Cross Street in the town of Pikeville, being the same house and lot now occupied by Huffman & Gray.

11th I bequeath to my niece Sarah Rich the lot lying west of the lot owned by James B. Auxier in block 6 of Huffman Addition to the town Pikeville.

12. I bequeath to my beloved wife Julia lot no. 12 in Block 1 of Huffman Addition, to pay the funeral expenses of myself and wife Julia A.

13th I bequeath to my four sons James R., T. N., William T., and R. T. Huffmans in equals parts at the death of my wife Julia A., my stock in the Bank of Pikeville.

14th

I appoint my sons William T. and Roland T. Huffman Executors to carry the provisions of this will into effect and desire and direct that they qualify as such without giving bond. All notes, bonds or other evidences of debts due me or to be collected by them ~~as aforesaid~~ my stock in the Bank of Pikeville and all my debts and all bequests herein made are to be paid by them and if there is not sufficient money realized from the debts directed to be collected, then in that event my said two sons William T. and Roland T. Huffman are to pay the balance of said debts and bequests out of their own funds and the same is not to be charged to my estate. In the event there is a surplus in the hands of my executors after they have paid all my debts and all the bequests made in this will and costs of administration, then in that event, the surplus is to be divided equally between my two sons William T. and Roland T. Huffman.

Witness my hand, this ~~14th~~ of September 1894

Arch Huffman

Attest witnesses:
W. O. B. Radcliff
W. M. Connolly

State of Kentucky } Set
County of Pike }

I, W. T. Phillips, Clerk of the County Court for the County and aforesaid, certify that the foregoing will was on the 17th day of July lodged for record, whereupon the same with the foregoing and this certificate have been duly recorded

Given under my hand, this 17th day of July 1899.

W. T. Phillips Clerk
By Sidney Radcliff D.C.

This book is my perspective on the life of my father, Dr. William Carter Hambley of Pikeville, Kentucky. Many articles have been written about his achievements over the years. While my stories touch upon these accomplishments, these remembrances provide a more personal view into the life and journey of a young boy from Eastern Kentucky.

The Pikeville Cut-Through project is without a doubt his most notable accomplishment. However, there were many other interesting aspects to his life, including medicine, farming, and his endeavors as a coal operator, that merit being told. He played football at Notre Dame in the 1930s, attended medical school at Northwestern University in Chicago, and became an experienced war surgeon during World War II at the Mayo Military Hospital in Galesburg, Illinois. In the 1950s he broke Kentucky corn yield records, raised tobacco, and raised hundreds of cattle and hogs. He fought the UMW's "third party" medicine as vice-chair of the Kentucky Medical Association in the 1960s, all while owning coal mines, practicing as a thoracic and vascular surgeon, and serving as an expert on black lung disease.

Dad loved his hometown and dedicated his life to improving it. I hope you enjoy an inside look into his life and times.

Barbara Hambley Keenan

Barbara Hambley Keenan grew up in Pikeville, Kentucky. She studied French in Paris at the Sorbonne before earning a linguistics degree from Georgetown University.

In 1979 Barbara moved to Switzerland where she resided until 2016, with an interim seven years in Asia. A member of the Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR), she enjoys bridge and genealogical research.


"The Man Who Moved A Mountain"
DR. WILLIAM C. HAMBLEY
MAYOR OF PIKEVILLE
1960 ~ 1989