



Jack Hensley Hardin

Jack Hensley Hardin, 85, of Ceredo, WV died Tuesday, December 20, 2011 at St. Mary's Medical Center in Huntington, WV. Jack was born August 15, 1926 in Kenova, WV a son of the late George W. and Della Mae Hensley Hardin. In addition to his parents, Jack was preceded in death by his wife, Myra Wheeler Hardin and his twin brother, James W. "Jimmy" Hardin. Jack was retired from the Herald Dispatch where he had been a reporter for many years. He was a U.S. Army veteran having served during WWII in the South Pacific. Jack was a life time member of American Legion Post #93 Kenova whose Honor Guard will conduct military graveside rites. He was also a Master Mason of Crescent Lodge No. 32 Ceredo, A.F. & A.M. Jack is survived by his two sons and daughters-in-law, Jack C. "Klu" and Joanie M. Hardin of Huntington, WV and Mark C. and Melissa A. Hardin of Ceredo, WV; his beloved grandchildren, George Nicholas, Matthew Ryne, Michael Scott, Joseph Chase and Jaclyn Olivia; and two special caregivers, Tammy Lucas and Brittany Clark whom the family would like to thank for their loving care of Jack. The family will receive friends from 6 to 8 p.m. Thursday, December 22, 2011 at the First Congregational Church of Ceredo, of which Jack was a member. Funeral services will be conducted at 11 a.m. Friday, December 23, 2011 at the church with Pastor Peter Shultis officiating. Burial will follow in Woodmere Memorial Park in Huntington, WV. Flowers will be accepted or memorial contributions may be made in Jack's memory to the First Congregational Church of Ceredo, P.O. Box 1209 Ceredo, WV 25507. Online condolences may be expressed at

www.rollinsfh.com. Rollins Funeral Home in Kenova is assisting the family.

Tribute Wall

JD

“ *My heart is sad for everyone's loss. Kindest regards and sympathy...*

Jack Dennis - December 25, 2011 at 12:00 AM

KH

“ *Klu and Joanie and family,
Sorry to hear about Jacks passing . He was truly an icon in
cCeredo-Kenova and will be greatly missed by all. May God grant
you the peace you need during your time of grief. Kim and family.*

Kim sheriff Henderson - December 25, 2011 at 12:00 AM

MQ

“ *Jack was a great friend to both my dad (Glenn Queen) and me
across the years when he shopped with us at Tradewell
Supermarket on Camden Road. He was a bright spot in my life
everytime I saw him. A good man, he will be missed by all who
knew him.*

Mike Queen - December 25, 2011 at 12:00 AM

CH

“ *Jack's mother and my father, Stanley Burks, were first cousins. As I
was growing up, Jack with his great sense of humor, was a part of
our extended family gatherings. He even gave me my first
nickname, "Lynn Cat." It was so nice to have a reporter as relative
because Jack always gave special recognition to family in his
column. He was a genuinely kind person who never knew a
stranger.
May God comfort and sustain you through this very difficult time.*

Cheryl & Richard Hodge - December 25, 2011 at 12:00 AM

JT

“ I remember in the early 1970s as a radio dispatcher for the Huntington Police Dept., Jack would call every day to check on police bookings. He was a brother Mason and an all around good man. My condolences to his family.

James Taylor - December 25, 2011 at 12:00 AM

CM

“ Dear Klu, Mark and family,
I am so sorry to hear of your father's passing. He was an amazing soul who always made me feel like a million bucks. What an amazing legacy he leaves you!
You are in my thoughts and prayers. May God grant you comfort and peace during this difficult time.
Colleen Murray

Colleen Murray - December 23, 2011 at 12:00 AM

RD

“ Jack was a wonderful person and friend.

Rae Dean - December 23, 2011 at 12:00 AM

“ I told this story at Jack’s roast and I posted it on Facbook for all my friends to see

Jack and I were the first Huntington reporters on the scene at the Buffalo Creek Disaster in February, 1972. In preparation for going there, John Foy, the Herald-Dispatch general manager at the time, came to Jack and asked what we needed. Jack told him plainly we needed a few hundred dollars each “and two pints of whiskey each.”

John didn’t bat an eye and in an hour, the goods were delivered to each of us. I wasn’t a whiskey drinker, but I trusted Jack to know what we needed.

We flew to Wyoming County and drove into Man. It was complete chaos and everyone was in shock. We proceeded to get the story.

The rescue and recovery operations were set up in Man High School. We went there the first night to see what was going on.

The governor, in his wisdom, had shut down all the liquor stores in Logan County. Jack Hardin that was going to happen. The head of the Red Cross rescue and recovery operation paced the halls of Man High. As he walked by us, Jack and I heard him mutter: “What I would’t give for a shot of whiskey about now.”

Jack put his arm around the man and said “I think I can help you out, Brother,” and escorted him into an empty room.

Governor Arch Moore had cleared the hollow of reporters and said they would be arrested if they disobeyed his orders.

The next morning, a Red Cross helicopter toured the many survivor camps in the hollow.

Guess who was on that helicopter? Yes. Jack Hardin and he returned with an eyewitness account of what was going on in those

camps.

How did he get on that Red Cross? Guess.

The next evening I was in the cafeteria where the West Virginia National Guard was hanging out during their few hours of R&R. I sat down next to a few of them. They were drinking Coke. I asked if maybe they'd like to have a little something extra in their drinks. I passed a whiskey bottle around.

Two of the guys were truck drivers. I arranged to meet them at their National Guard truck the following morning. I adorned myself with a guardsman's heavy coat and sat between them as we made our way through the police lines, against the rules laid down by Moore.

They told me they were going to be there all day and I needed to get back early to file a story. They let me off about half way up the hollow. I took pictures and interview stunned survivors near a school. I had to get back but how?

What would Jack Hardin do, I thought.

I waved down a passing state police car.

"Hi fellas," I said. "I'm with the Huntington newspaper and I'm not supposed to be here."

They looked at me and one of them said "Well, we're going to have to take you back down to Man."

"Fine and dandy," I said, as I jumped in the car.

In 20 minutes, was back at Man where I filed my story.

Thanks Jack. You were the best. There'll never be another one like you.

Dave Peyton - December 23, 2011 at 12:00 AM

JM

“ we are so sorry for the loss of your father Klu . Our thoughts & prayers are with you & your family

Juanita/Caperton/ McNeely - December 23, 2011 at 12:00 AM

DN

“ I first met Jack in 1960 when I first went on the Huntington Police Department. Jack was a true news reporter, he got out and found the news. Jack could always be trusted to hold on to his information until he knew it was alright to print it. Jack was an honorable man and a good frind to me. He will be missed in our comunity and our hearts. My prays go out to his family.

David I. Newlon - December 23, 2011 at 12:00 AM

JH

“ Wish we lived closer in order to deliver this message in person, but we wanted to express our heartfelt condolences to you all on the loss of your Dad/Grandpa. "Cousin Jack" lived life the way it should be lived, vicariously and with character. He was an inspiration and a joy to be around. His quick wit, humor, and laughter (especially his laughter) will be sorely missed until we are reunited in Heaven one day. He was one of the great ones, and we are proud to have known him. Praying that God will replace pain and grief with peace.

Jim, Mihwa, Mike, & Wes Hardin - December 23, 2011 at 12:00 AM