

Oct 24, 1918  
**J. T. McVay**  
BY J. A. HALL.

During the early hours of Tuesday morning there passed away at an Atlanta sanitarium one of those rare characters known perhaps only in the newspaper world—one of those kindly souled, improvident children who remain children regardless of the passing years—John T. McVay.

For several years he was connected with The New Era office in Decatur, and for more than twenty years had been in the employ of the writer.

He was what was called a few years ago a journeyman printer. Born in Macon, he spent his boyhood days in the print shops of that city along with such men as Bridges Smith, J. B. Pound and other well known newspaper men. Bridges Smith always remembered him most kindly and on last Christmas sent him a tenderly written memento of the passing years.

Mr McVay was gifted as few men are with the ability to write news in a kindly and inoffensive spirit. For many years he was a correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution and in all that time no trouble was produced by what he wrote. He had the news sense highly developed and he could detect what was questionable or

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dangerous by intuition.

He wrote a peculiar, open plain hand, and Clark Howell once said of it: "I would know McVay's handwriting if I found it in the middle of Mexico without any signature."

During his younger days he wrote character sketches and other features for the Sunday papers. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat used to print them by the page, embellished with numerous pictures. His sketches also appeared in the New York Sun and other great papers of the east.

His large generosity caused him to do much for the public good, and the town of Calhoun, where he lived for many years, has some beautiful parks he helped to create out of spots of unsightly ground, and the great trees he helped to plant will bless the people long after his name is forgotten. Kindly generous and unmindful of the future, he strolled through life a grown up trustful child.

It was a fitting close to his earthly pilgrimage that his ashes should rest at last on the hill overlooking the town in which he lived a care free life for many