



Louise Jividen is surrounded by family during her 100th birthday party at the historic Red House in Eleanor on July 20, 2025.

BRANDIE JAMES | Courtesy photos

100 YEARS

of life, love, patriotism and headlines

By **AMANDA LARCH HINCHMAN**
For HD Media

ELEANOR— Longtime Eleanor resident Louise Jividen has had her share of happy moments in her life, but one of the most memorable was her recent, surprise 100th birthday party.

Nearly 200 family members, neighbors and friends made the trek to celebrate Jividen on her 100th birthday, Sunday, July 20 at the historic Red House behind Town Hall in Eleanor, but the biggest surprise was seeing her active-military-duty grandchildren who are currently stationed in Oklahoma and Japan.

SEE **100 YEARS, 2E**



Louise Jividen credits her long life to good genes and healthy eating. She is pictured during her 100th birthday party at the historic Red House in Eleanor.

The raising of suspicions in a small town

OF ALL my small-town experiences, this will likely last a long while as a favorite.

When Don and I first moved to Hinton, West Virginia, in the middle of winter a few years back, we didn't have a working bathroom or shower in our old building. Since there was a 24-hour fitness center just one block away, we could get access to both amenities by simply joining the gym.

The place was staffed for only part of the day, and since it was always surprisingly busy, we be-



Smell the Coffee
By Karin Fuller Patton

lieved our visits would go unnoticed.

Late one weekend night, we packed our gym bags with toiletries and a change of clothing and headed for the showers, yet when we arrived, our key fobs wouldn't open the door. We checked our bank account. The

payment had processed. We tried again. The doors remained locked.

Thinking it was likely a glitch, when Monday rolled around, we called to inquire.

"Your account was flagged," said the no-nonsense employee. "For suspicion of drug activity."

You will seldom meet two people less likely to be drug dealers than Don and me. If we were ever to be suspected of illegal activity, it might involve feeding wildlife or taking a piece of driftwood from a state park or driving with hands on the wheel

at 8 and 2 instead of 9 and 3.

Except by those in charge of our gym.

"May I ask what caused you to think such a thing?" Don asked.

The employee explained that the software attached to our key fobs recorded the frequency and times of our visits, and it showed that we often went multiple times a day and usually only stayed a short time. Also suspicious was that Don would sometimes arrive alone and then leave, and then not long after, I would do the same.

"We believe you're making

drug drops," said the employee, adding that they were aware we had moved to Hinton from Atlanta, a known drug mecca.

"Could you please hold for a second?" Don asked, and then partly covered his phone so he could fill me in.

If he had been hoping for a sensible reaction from me, I failed him, and badly. The giggles struck hard. The more I thought about our bathroom visits being viewed as drug deals, the harder I laughed.

SEE **COFFEE, 2E**



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