

HEARTH FAIR

Mountain State Art and Craft Fair

Mar.

1973



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EDITOR
Tom Screven



COVER: *A whimsical patchwork lion of multicolored gingham and gold yarn. He is one of the newest additions to the large line of stuffed toys by RURAL ARTS AND CRAFTS ASSOCIATION. (See story beginning on pg. 3)*

LAYOUT DESIGN...Willy Richardson, Jr.
PHOTOGRAPH.....Tom Screven

Announcing: '73 Fair Exhibitors

Special Exhibits, which include weaving and other heritage crafts, will be announced at a later time.

WOOD

Harley Burns, Route 1, Fairview Road, Pt. Pleasant, W.Va.
Vernon Cadle, Leon, W.Va.
French Collison, Strange Creek, W.Va.
Eugene Dickinson, 1258 Woodland Crescent, Fairmont, W.Va.
Pat Fetty, P.O. Box 249, Grantsville, W.Va.
O.L. FitzRandolph, R.F.D. 1, Point Pleasant, W.Va.
Asel Gardner, 213 Sanders Avenue, Kingwood, W.Va.
Carl and Nola Handley, Route 1, Ohio River Road, Pt. Pleasant, W.Va.
Reverend Herman Hayes, 342 Culler Road, Weirton, W.Va.
Coy Hinkle, 8 Laurel Lane, Route 2, Washington, W.Va.
Woodrow Hodges, Route 3, Box 199, Hurricane, W.Va.
Reverend Francis Ihrman, 124 Troy Road, Terra Alta, W.Va.
Jim Meads, Box 67, Route 1, Burnsville, W.Va.
James and Karen Meck, P.O. Box 143, Buckhannon, W.Va.
Bill Reed, 1108 Quincy Street, Parkersburg, W.Va.
E.W. Reeves, Box 869, Lewisburg, W.Va.
Dick Schnacke, Route 1, Proctor, W.Va.
Sterling Spencer, 82 Oakford Avenue, Richwood, W.Va.
Jim Stewart, Danville, W.Va.
Steve White & Mike Williams, Route 152, Box 33, Grantsville, W.Va.
Wyoming County Sheltered Workshop, P.O. Box 2, Maben, W.Va.
Bob and Alice Yates, 137 Miller Drive, Barboursville, W.Va.
Yesteryear Toys, Box 4383, Charleston, W.Va.

TOLEWARE

Alice Davison, 1662 Woodvale Drive, Charleston, W.Va.
Shelia Kaiser, 113 Mount View Drive, Wheeling, W.Va.
Doncy Toleware (Donna Crum), 109 Webster Avenue, Morgantown, W.Va.

JEWELRY

Coy Casto, Box 367, Athens, W.Va.
Lois Feurle, 320 South Walnut Street, Huntington, W.Va.
C.M. Harrison, 1520 15th Street, Parkersburg, W.Va.
John and Alma Marshall, Box 18, New Haven, W.Va.
Camille Numrich, 525 1/2 5th Street, Huntington, W.Va.
Tate Reed, 802 6th Avenue, St. Albans, W.Va.
Jim Robinson, 25 South Queens Court, Huntington, W.Va.
Walden and Louise Roush, 2003 Mount Vernon Avenue, Pt. Pleasant, W.Va.
Tyler Mountain Lapidary, Carl & Jeanette Phillips, 5257 Big Tyler Rd., Chas. W.Va.

SEAT WEAVING

Charlotte Henson, 209 Midland Trail, Hurricane, W.Va.
Elwanda Icard, Route 2, Box 299, Pt. Pleasant, W.Va.

POTTERY

V.C. Dibble, Route 2, Box 1, Kentucky, W.Va.
Madame Shao Fang Sheng, Route 1, Williamstown, W.Va.
Bill Meadows, 1768 Woodward Terrace, Huntington, W.Va.
Richard Miecznikowski, Route 1, Box 227-B, Fairmont, W.Va.
Charles Scott, Box 213, Glenville, W.Va.
Dot Teale, 398 Mount View Drive, Charleston, W.Va.
Brian VanNostrand, Hacker Valley, W.Va.
Scottie Weist, Rock Cave, W.Va.

CANDLES

Chandlers of the Mountain, The Shortts, P.O. Box 1776, St. Albans, W.Va.
Barbara Nailler, 1414 Pleasant Valley Road, Fairmont, W.Va.
Ramona Robinson, 25 South Queens Court, Huntington, W.Va.

ARTISTS

Lawrence Cameron, Box 42, Clover Lick, W.Va.
Katy Fidler, 332 Burke Street, Morgantown, W.Va.
Wolfgang Flor, Rock Cave, W.Va.
Margaret Forstall, Box 67, Rock Cave, W.Va.
Bill Gerhold, 510 Carolina Avenue, Williamstown, W.Va.
Bonnie Harless, 1270 26th Street, Huntington, W.Va.
George Harper, P.O. Box 542, Moundsville, W.Va.
Patrick Keyes, Hix Route, Hinton, W.Va.
Marie Leet & Edna Rosenberger, 205 Sheller Drive, Charleston, W.Va.
Herb Miller, 1102 Loudon Heights Road, Charleston, W.Va.
Joe Mullins & Lynn Wyatt, 900 Thompson Street, Charleston, W.Va.
Ruth Ryan, 934 Glen Way, South Charleston, W.Va.
Vivian Smith, Hix Route, Sandstone, W.Va.
Velta Zvargulis, 209 4th Avenue, St. Albans, W.Va.

BATIK

Lynn Earnest, 50 Berwind Lane, Welch, W.Va.
Pat Courtney & Kathy Newcombe, Route 1, Box 162, Farmington, W.Va.

QUILTS AND STUFFED TOYS

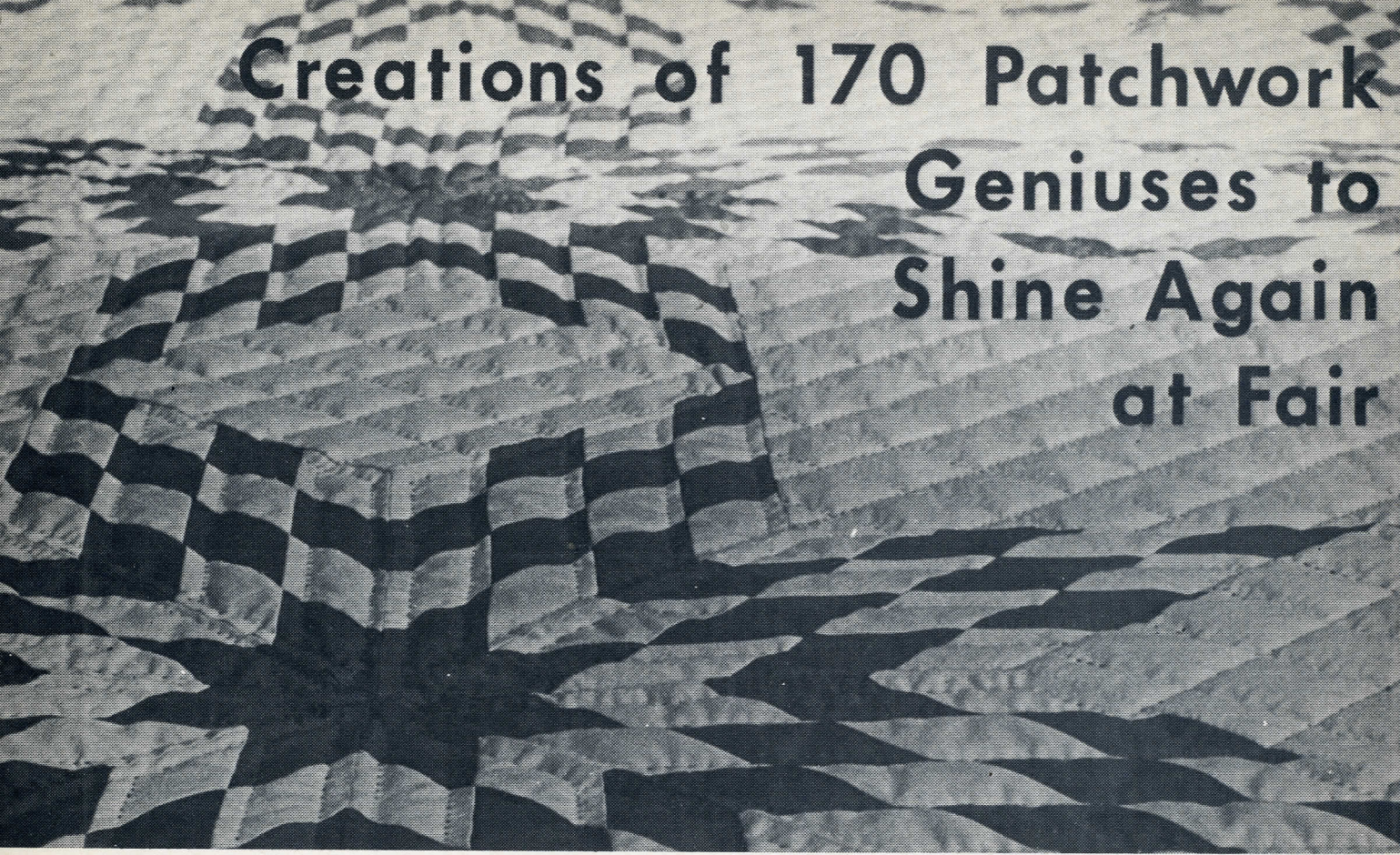
Appalachian Craftsmen, 724 Fourth Avenue, Huntington, W.Va.
Bits 'n' Pieces, 249 East Main Street, Salem, W.Va.
Cabin Creek Quilts, Box 295, Eskdale, W.Va.
Clay County Mountaineer Quilts, Box 455, Clay, W.Va.
Alice Dickerson, Caldwell, W.Va.
Nina Floyd, Route 3, Box 109, Buckhannon, W.Va.
Shelia Groves, Route 3, Box 40-C, Ripley, W.Va.
Enid Harpold & Kathy Qualey, Box 10C, Harmony, W.Va.
Alice Meisky, Mount Zion, W.Va.
Mountain Artisans, 147 Summers Street, Charleston, W.Va.
Rural Arts and Crafts, P.O. Box 227, Parkersburg, W.Va.
Helene Harris, 130 East Point Drive, Charleston, W.Va.
Peter and Susan Welcker, 910 B Walnut Street, Glenville, W.Va.

STITCHERY

Tammy and Suzy Alien, Route 2, Box 248-D, New Martinsville, W.Va.
Sarah Haynes, 141 Circle Drive, Fairmont, W.Va.

MISCELLANEOUS

Perry Adams, 4402 Uhl Street, Parkersburg, W.Va.--custom rods, lures, flies-fishing
Leona Armstrong, 3514-A Noyes, Ave., Charleston, W.Va.--hand-painted china
Jared Butcher, 104 Cooper Street, Athens, W.Va.--glass blower
Mrs. Harry Conner, Meadow Estates, Wheeling, W.Va.--cornhusk flowers, etc.
Virginia Duckworth, Route 3, Box 220, Mineral Wells, W.Va.--dried apple dolls, etc.
Faith Sheltered Workshop, 2401 Washington Street, W., Charleston, W.Va.--misc.
Elizabeth Fickinger, Howard Place, Wheeling, W.Va.--silhouettes
Heddy Fluharty, Route 4, Box 442, Parkersburg, W.Va. -- bobbin lace
Ruby Frum, Box 214, Ravenswood, W.Va. --weed pictures
Zeddie Gillenwater and Mr. Sanford, P.O. Box 5, Sumerco, W.Va.--novel welding
Barbara Hartley, 213 Parkwood Drive, Beckley, W.Va. -- apple and nut dolls
Edna Henderson, 200 Swarthmore Avenue, Charleston, W.Va. -- porcelain & china dolls
Elli Higgs, Forest Hills, Fairmont, W.Va. -- flora craft
Karl H. Hille, Box 3, Bartow, W.Va. -- stained glass lanterns
Marlea, 26 Hollen Circle, Fairmont, W.Va. -- leaded glass
Jerry Wayne Mitchell, Route 2, Hurricane, W.Va. -- metal
Mrs. Frances Reffett, 66 Cardinal Drive, Elkview, W.Va. -- ceramics
Bill Roberts, 700 23rd Street, Vienna, W.Va. -- tinsmithing, glass wind chimes
Ron Thomas, 21 Stephenson Apts., Charleston, W.Va. pewter spinning
William Wanzer, Box 114, White Sulphur Springs, W.Va. -- caricatures
Van's Coal Craft, Box 984, Beckley, W.Va. -- coal craft



Creations of 170 Patchwork Geniuses to Shine Again at Fair

"I've quilted since I was twenty years old--just made them and gave them to my children. I gave nine quilts away one Christmas."

Mrs. Emma Clayton of Berea in Ritchie County is fifty-four years old and is likely to be the youngest quilter in the Rural Arts and Crafts Association. In that organization whose work is produced in a six-county area, Mrs. Clayton is also unusual in that she is a member of a small, scattered group of women who only make quilts. Most of the 170 members create the association's greatly popular speciality, patchwork animal toys.

In September of 1970 West Central West Virginia Community Action Agency, a unit of the Office of Economic Opportunity (O.E.O.), organized a sewing group based in Parkersburg as part of its economic development program. Just over a year later Rural Arts and Crafts Association was showing so much promise that West Central gave the group its own staff. Harry Schaffer and Terry Tamburini took over the operation.

The line of toys that was developed has remarkable appeal. They are not only impeccably constructed but are probably as whimsical and charming as any stuffed toys on the market. Fine craft and toy stores over the country began selling the attractively priced toys. Today over 190 stores in well over half the states sell these West Virginia animals and quilts.

Each animal is the work of a single woman and made in her home.

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(Above) Two association members working at a quilting frame. (Right) A part of the Parkersburg retail shop. (Far Right, Above) Another view of the shop. (Far Right, Below) Sign on Market Street in front of buildings.





The above drawing of many of the association's toys is reprinted with permission of The Cheshire Cat, a shop in Wilmette, Illinois.

These industrious elderly women live in Jackson, Gilmer, Calhoun, Roane, Tyler, and Ritchie Counties. In the case of many members the income realized from the work has contributed significantly to the family income. Most of them were experts at sewing and quilting but had no predictable outlets for their work.

The association has developed a highly efficient production system. Each member contracts annually to produce a set number of items. All materials are purchased by the Parkersburg office and bought by members as needed. Training and quality control are supervised by Mrs. Mary Jones and are also implemented by each county's leader.

Except for Mrs. Jones, the staff are all men in their twenties. Tom Matheny is crack accountant, and Mike Abels is field coordinator for quilts and in charge of the retail shop at 1333 Market Street.

The association rented the huge old house on Market Street last summer. In the fall they opened a retail shop as a joint marketing effort with the West Virginia Artists and Craftsmens Guild. Craftsmen in the state working in all media may apply

to have their work sold in the fine looking store.

Terry Tamburini is field coordinator for the patchwork animals and in charge of shipping. A visit to the wing of the house that he supervises is a trip to a bustling patchwork toyland. With huge stores of corrugated cartons, clear plastic bags, and very professional labels the shipping department is a strikingly efficient operation.

Harry Schaffer hopes for the association's complete independence in the future. "Our goal is to make it into a self-sustaining business operation. If, as we hope, we can substantially more than double last year's business we will be able to offset the federal cutbacks that are upon us."

At this year's fair the association will be back for the third time. Several new animal designs will be in production by then, there will be excellent quilts as usual, and a limited line of women's clothing will be offered for sale. Of course some of the most expert quilting ladies in the state will be on hand demonstrating their art.

Coordinator.



When asked what his title is, young, modest Harry Schaffer is likely to produce one of his most modest shrugs and lightly suggest, "Oh, janitor, chief office boy...or something." Due to the rapid blossoming of the association, Harry has no actual title within its structure. Under the typically pragmatic Community Action Agency, Harry still holds the position of Economic Development Director. A native of Belpre, Ohio, the twenty-five year old coordinator attended the University of Miami for two years and then decided to return home and work in his father's produce brokerage business again. "I got most of my business background from working in my dad's business. I've worked in it since I was twelve."

Michael Snyder earns his livelihood as a traditional blacksmith at Wymer in the mountains of Randolph County.

A native of Clarksburg, his grandfather and great-grandfather were West Virginia blacksmiths.

Mike learned the basics of smithing at Turley Forge, Sante Fe, N. M., in the spring of 1971. A grant from the Mountain State Art and Craft Fair, which paid his tuition and helped with traveling expenses, made this possible.

He uses no power tools in his work, only old-time tools and methods. His designs are his own, based on traditional concepts. Fireplace sets, andirons, trivets, candelabra, dinner gongs, hinges and latches, even square rosehead nails, are among the many items he is called upon to produce.

The thirty-three year-old former writer and traveler is a graduate of West Virginia University.

His wife is the former Jill Smith of Charleston, who worked to help him through smithing school. Their one year old son Enoch was named after Mike's father, and great-grandfather, a Marion County blacksmith.



Of Essence and Teaching

Michael Snyder

*This article is dedicated to Mr. W. G. Eubank of Webster County.
A man of many abilities. M.S.*

Love of your native soil, its beauty and people, its history and tradition, its pace, its feel--how do you describe it?

The Japanese have one word to describe their national essence--*kokutai*.

West Virginians don't have such a word, but they have such an essence.

This West Virginia feeling--some have it from birth; it comes on others later in life; some, from elsewhere, move here and get it; and other West Virginians, perhaps, never have it in the first place.

Like the wind over the Alleghenies, it's not seen, but it's there.

If you've ever been away from West Virginia for too long, you know that there's a big hole in your life that can't be filled on alien soil. But that feeling comes back as soon as you cross the state line and see that big old "Welcome to West Virginia" sign.

I get that West Virginia feeling all over this state. Talking to gas station guys in Heaters; sitting by a coal stove with an old woodhick friend in Upshur County; listening to the late Big John Bailey from Buffalo Creek talk about a better shake for disabled miners and their widows; or seeing it in the sunlight streaming through the beech trees along the road to Webster Springs.

Some folks just don't fit in any place except West Virginia. I'm one of them.

This West Virginia feeling won't go away. Sometimes it's stronger than others, and in double-barrel doses.

Cedar Lakes is one of them.

When I hear Aunt Jennie Wilson singing over the loud speakers; feel that Jackson County sun over my head; and think about that Glenville ham and homemade ice cream, plus see all those good friends again--surrounded by some of the finest art and crafts in the world--I'm just plain overwhelmed.

When I'm at Cedar Lakes I'm reminded more than ever this is as close as I can get to heaven outside a good trout stream and still be on this earth.

I know that what West Virginia's got can't be bought for all the four-lane highways and bright lights in the world.

And I say this to the politicians who want to save West Virginia. I say leave West Virginia alone!

The Mountain State Art and Craft Fair is proof that you can't measure a state's worth in dollars and cents.

I've lived in New York City and Southern California. They've got everything we don't including a lot more dollars and cents, but praise the Lord, we've got so much they don't and a lot more elbow room to boot. Plus a lot more blue sky, cold mountain streams and friendly people.

And that's where Cedar Lakes and its craftsmen are showing the whole country that there's another way.

Take a man such as Jenes Cottrell who lives in a house with no electricity and makes by hand many of the things he needs. He's getting along fine without automatic can openers and a brand new Detroit shiny which consumes its weight in gasoline each month.

Cedar Lakes is the embodiment of an alternative to conspicuous consumption in a world of need faced with an even more needy future.

The craftsmen here are teaching the nation that there's a simpler, slower, surer way.

There is an answer to a chrome plated high chair that gets the baby's bottom cold...wood! And a wooden high chair made by a good craftsman is an answer to the slipshod workmanship of some machine operators who care more about next year's wage increase than the dignity of a job well done.



Here and there in West Virginia, mainly in the rural areas, but with a growing number in the cities, young people are coming to find out this other way. And the income from well-made crafts oftentimes is vital.

These newcomers to the land have to learn these crafts and many other things from the old folks, who are our teachers and a link with a life that was once in harmony with the world around it.

And that is why if West Virginia gets "Los Angelicized," it'll all be over, and there won't be any more essence--or mountain things dancing through our heads.



*Michael Snyder
at his forge.*

Potters From South Welcomed to State and Fair



Not many miles from Cedar Lakes is surely one of the most interesting new businesses in the state, Kiln Ridge Pottery. If you take the Kenna exit on I-77 and drive east, soon after you pass Kentuck's tiny post office, and the blacktop changes to well-packed dirt. A few more curves and you rise to the hill where V. C. Dibble bought his twenty-six acre farm and began a pottery last November.

Dibble -- as he is known to nearly everyone -- his wife Damienne, and an apprentice Dick Pahle will come to this year's fair for the first time. West Virginia's newest professional potters will delight the fairgoer with an amazing variety of thrown and hand built, rugged and refined work.

Over the years the former South Carolinian has covered a lot of ground. "Before my addiction to pottery making, I served in the Navy during World War II. After the war I returned to my home town Columbia where I worked at a variety of occupations, insurance salesman, postal clerk, chemist, photographer, and advertising copywriter."

"Much of my early work in pottery was in experimentation and in-



dependent research with glazes and firing techniques, a fascination growing out of my previous experience as a chemist."

He studied wheel techniques with J. Barden at the Columbia Museum of Art and with Charles Counts in Rising Fawn, Georgia. In 1959 he became pottery instructor at the Columbia Museum.

(Left) V. C. Dibble at his wheel. (Right) Damienne Dibble attaches a handle to a mug. (Below) An assortment of pots made at Kiln Ridge Pottery.



Damienne Dibble was born in New York City and spent her childhood in New Jersey, Connecticut, Vermont, Alabama. She returned to New York at eighteen to attend Hunter College. In 1957 she began a career in book design and production working for several different publishers in New York. As an evening student she studied art and design at the Art Students League and the School of Visual Arts. In 1967 she moved to Columbia to become designer and production manager of the University of



South Carolina Press. She met Dibble in 1968 when she took his pottery course at the Columbia Museum.

"I had become frustrated by the limitations of book designing, and the moment I discovered the three-dimensional medium of pottery I decided that was my thing. My design experience in book designing definitely has helped me as a potter."

In 1969 Damienne and Dibble were invited by an affluent friend to go to Australia to investigate the possibility of establishing an arts and crafts community. They became tutor and governess to their friends' children, and the group, in a search for a suitable place to establish, visited the Hawaiian Islands, Samoa, New Zealand, and Australia.

After five months of traveling the two explorers decided to marry, return home, and work toward establishing a pottery of their own.

Damienne recalls the end of their "South Seas adventure."

"It had a very dramatic conclusion. Shortly before we were scheduled to return to the states we were caught in a hurricane and then rescued from an island off the northern Australian coast. We married in Mackay before flying home in February of 1970."

The Dibbles prod kiln near end of one of first firings.



Back in Columbia Dibble resumed teaching at the museum and worked with Charles Counts in 1970 and 1971 as kiln and glaze consultant at the Rising Fawn Summer Workshops. Damienne again again took a job in the publishing field and continued to work with clay in her spare time. Early in 1972 they began looking in Appalachia for a place to settle. They searched in several states before deciding on West Virginia.

A young native of Chattanooga, Dick Pahle, is Dibble's apprentice. Dick started pottery in 1969 at the University of Chattanooga under Charles Counts. He studied with Mr. Counts off and on for two years and met Dibble during a summer apprenticeship at Rising Fawn in 1971.

On their farm is the house where they live. An old store and garage across the road house the pottery. Their three kick wheels get heavy use as they prepare for shows, fairs, and stores throughout the Southeast where their work is sold.

So far the only shop in West Virginia selling their work is the Rural Arts and Crafts Association store in Parkersburg. They hope very soon to expand their production and be able to sell to other West Virginia handcraft stores.

Apprentice Dick Pahle incises design in newly thrown vase.



A Story From Aunt Jennie Wilson



Aunt Jennie Wilson from Peach Creek (Logan Co.) has been a popular entertainer at every fair since she first came in 1965. She made the record from which the story below is taken in 1969. On it she also plays and sings some very fine renditions.

The baby of a musical family with eleven children, she was born in Henlawson,

W. Va., seventy-three years ago. She has been playing music since she was nine. "In such a large family before radio and TV, as the hippies say, we had to do our own thing." As a teenager she often played with her brothers for square dances. In 1918 she married James D. Wilson, "a very popular coal miner." He was killed in a mine by a slate fall in 1939. She has played all over W. Va., in neighboring states, and often on radio and TV. She has picked banjo many times with Frank George and Billy Edd Wheeler. "Where we haven't played we've passed by it."

Aunt Jennie Plays Her First Square Dance

Oh my goodness, it was a dandy now. But that was the first rip-snortin' time I'd ever seen.

Well, I'll tell you, there'd been a lot of talk about bein' over in this place where they was havin' the dance--of havin' a lot of trouble over there.

And so I was the only girl around Henlawson that had a boy friend that had a car. Hit was a Model "T", you know. And he was a caller, too--fer a square dance. He was a real good caller.

Well, we went over there and it was just a big place. Oh my goodness,

I thought we was gonna have the best time there ever was. And there were two boys that was goin' to play with me; they had their guitar and their violin, you know. And we set that over in the corner just, you know, over in the corner that way. And it was upstairs, so everything just went fine.

I didn't know I was settin' between two as big cowards as they was, poor little fellows. And so there was a girl, she spoke up and said--she was tryin' to act smart--said to these fellows that come in, "Why didn't you bring Zell over tonight? I'd love to of whipped her." He said, "You didn't whip her the other time."

She said, "Oh yes I did."

And from that they got into it and he just hauled off with his hand; I'm tellin' you I thought her dress tail popped as she hit the floor. Everybody just stopped. And from that they began just takin' sides and I never seen such fightin' in all the days of m' life. And it was right between us and the door. But I'm happy to tell you them boys got out. They just went out of the window like big flyin' squirrels.

And there I set, I didn't know nothin' else to do. And just sit there with the banjo wonderin' who'd gonna get killed and didn't even think about myself, you know. And so, just knives a-flashing everywhere and people--men and women--fightin', you know. I'd usually would set, you know, with the banjo right like this.

Well, I just set there. Oh Lord, somethin' went right through that banjo cap, you know, just cracked like a .38. I said, "God, I'm shot!" I was completely paralyzed, I couldn't move. I just knowed I was shot square through.

The fragment of the banjo, you know, just a big hole right through there...I slued it down right easy. I looked and rubbed m' sides to see if I could see any blood. My...and them all a-fightin' there between me and the door.

I just got up and started, I

walked just as much as Frankenstein--you know on the television. So here I went right through among them. I felt if I wasn't killed I was gonna be killed. I got to the top of the stairs, down I went, you know, and jus just as I got down at the foot of the stairs--not knowin' where I was goin'--it was dark, you know--but I knew I was goin' somewhere. When I got down at the foot of them stairs, so help me, somebody shot a horse right there.

I'm tellin' you the truth I took out of there runnin'. I knowed I run for a country mile. And I heard a little squeaky voice and it was this fellow locked up in that car, you know. "Hey, Jennie, hey, Jennie, are you shot?" I said, "Shut up, you know I am!"

He'd hopped back there and took off down the road. But I'm a-tellin' you that first house I went in I happened to know the people and, boy right there I stayed till daylight. Then was thinkin', Lord, what can I tell when I get home, you know.

And not darin' to tell what'd happened or I'd certainly been restricted when there was another dance. I began to think kinda--it was excitin', you know--that I'd like to take in another one or two.

And so I want you to know--regardless of that Model "T" car--that I never did have another date with that coward...catch you in a place like that and run off an' leave you!

★☆☆☆☆★

Mr. Wheeler and Sagittarius Records have generously given HEARTH AND FAIR permission to transcribe this entertaining story of Aunt Jennie's. The record is called "Billy Edd Wheeler Presents a Portrait of Aunt Jennie Wilson" and is available by sending \$4.16, which includes postage, to Sagittarius Records, P. O. Box 7, Swannanoa, N. C. 28778.

HEARTHSIDE NEWS



FEBRUARY POTTERY EXHIBITION

Three professional West Virginia potters were honored at Marietta College during the month of February. The Art Department's exhibition of ceramics was the work of three fair participants, V. C. Dibble, Charles Scott and Scottie Weist. On February 2 the three fine potters opened the event with special demonstrations of ceramic techniques. William Gerhold, a member of the faculty at the Ohio college, organized the exhibition.

AUTHOR AND ARTIST

Dick Schnacke will undoubtedly become a popular author in June, the month he expects his book, *American Folk Toys*, to be off the press. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, the book will be subtitled "Eighty-five American Folk Toys and How to Make Them." Dick has not only written the text but also did all the drawings. The word is out that he is already at work on a second book.

HANDCRAFTS SHOW IN APRIL AT SUNRISE

The work of thirty traditional West Virginia craftsmen which was part of the Pasadena Art Museum exhibition, "Islands in the Land," will be on view at Sunrise Museum in Charleston the month of April. The Pasadena show closed February 4, and the objects that were collected by the Arts and Crafts Program staff of the Department of Commerce will be displayed along with photographs of many of the craftsmen.



The Fair's Honey Man



Honey is a 'Buzzy' Business

Pauline Bays
The Jackson Herald

If Mr. Raymond Harvey of Sandyville had his way, West Virginia would be the leading honey producing state instead of Minnesota and California.

And he is one of several West Virginians who are doing all they can to make it that way, although he says it never can be because of its climate.

What began as a hobby because he liked the taste of natural honey, has developed into a good size business for Mr. Harvey. The reason for his success is obviously because he is dedicated and has the kind of enthusiasm it takes to make any venture succeed. Every spare minute away from his job at the Kaiser Aluminum plant is spent caring for the hundreds of bee colonies he has scattered on farms in five West Virginia counties and the extraction of their honey.

Listening to Mr. Harvey tell of reasons for his devotion to beekeeping makes one feel a debt of gratitude to the diminishing number of beekeepers. "Without the lowly honeybee, the balance of nature would be greatly disturbed and man would be in trouble. Actually, honey is

not worth near as much to a farmer as is the pollination of his crops and fruit trees. And bees are our greatest allies against soil erosion."

Mr. Harvey does not want it to appear that he is doing anything unusual. The ideal situation would be, he says, "a beehive in every back yard with lots of trees and flowers as it was in olden days. Anyone can keep bees!"

I arrived at the Harvey home about 10:30 a.m. on a still, sunny day, a fact for which I was glad after Mr. Harvey said that the bees are more apt to sting on rainy or windy days when it is difficult for them to find nectar. "Bees are a lot like people. If they are busy, they are happy and not so apt to cause trouble. They sting only when bothered or threatened. Stinging is a painful process for them and they die within a few hours."

Honeybees were busily searching for leftover honey in the garage where Mr. Harvey was removing pine rosin bee-produced glue from used hive frames. "Don't swat at them if they come near you," I was advised. "Bees are very sensitive. They can 'smell' fear."

Later, while listening amazed as Mr. Harvey explained about the machinery in his basement "honey house," a bee came a little too close to suit me. "That's a bumblebee," he said defensively. Then: "Did you know that if a bumblebee or the like gets into a hive and the bees can't get it out, they will glue him over?"

Since we had unintentionally gotten back to the subject of stings, I asked if he knew of a good remedy for their effects. "Ice is about as good as anything. Something else... it's important to get the stinger out right away. And don't squeeze it and pull it straight out or you will force the poison into the skin. Just scrape it out sideways."

A couple came to buy honey as

we talked and Mr. Harvey's friendly wife, Imogene, waited on them. They were evidently satisfied customers for the gentleman called out as they left, "We'll be back!"



Mr. Harvey uses a "smoker" as he prepares to examine a bee colony for honey.

Mr. Harvey said that some of his customers have bought honey in five-gallon containers and that one of them claims he has not had his usual asthma attacks since he began eating natural honey.

"Man is still learning about the benefits of honey. I read that experiments have taken place at Johns Hopkins Hospital with it since no germ can live in it. They think it may be good to dress wounds with!"

Other customers have claimed that eating natural honey helps relieve symptoms of arthritis, rheu-

matism, allergies and migraine headaches. Mr. Harvey is quick to add: "Those are things I've read and have been told. I can't prove them scientifically, of course. All I'm saying is that honey is one of the oldest and purest foods known to man. Where else can you find food that is 90 percent predigested, made entirely from a delicate flower, completely germ-free and which will get into your bloodstream in 20 minutes?"

"People think I am just trying to sell honey when I tell them of its benefits. That isn't true. Many farmers will not keep bees because they are afraid of them or don't want to risk losing their investment during a bad summer, so the supply of natural honey is low. I lost several tons of honey this year because of a bad nectar flow due to the weather. There will continue to be a shortage as more and more land is being cleared. Bees can't make honey from manicured grass. That's one reason I let most of my weeds grow."

Mr. Harvey cited unwise use of insecticides as another threat to the honeybee, which brought to mind a plea in the "Bugs 'N Stuff" column in the July 14 (1972) edition of the Herald. In it the writer asked farmers and gardeners to please not spray their corn when it is silking, with Severn or any other insecticides unless they notify their neighbors who keep bees.

Another reason for the increased demand for natural honey is that the number of natural food enthusiasts has grown. "Some commercially sold honey has been heated to such high temperatures that the natural enzymes have been destroyed. I heat mine just enough to get it to run into containers."

Did Mr. Harvey have a favorite book he would recommend for beginners at beekeeping? He did not hesitate. "'How to Keep Bees and Sell Honey' is a good one. It can be ordered from the author, Walter T. Kelly, at Clarkson, Kentucky."

While we talked, Mrs. Harvey asked a question I hoped I would not be asked: "Do you like honey?" "Uh, well...I used to like it with hot biscuits and butter, but...."

I was in for a nice surprise. There are many different flavors of honey depending upon which plant the nectar is taken from. The color varies too. Mr. Harvey said the yellow and black sumac is the best source of nectar in West Virginia.

Mrs. Harvey sweetens all the family table-food with honey and uses it instead of sugar for baking since it differs chemically from sugar, containing mineral salts and other materials needed for the body. "Baking with honey is a little tricky. Use the same amount as you would sugar," she said, "but reduce the amount of liquid."

As she showed me pamphlets containing honey recipes which may be obtained from the Department of Agriculture, Mr. Harvey said, "Let her taste that honey candy you make." "I can't. The boys ate it all last night!"

There is no doubt but that Mrs. Harvey is her husband's co-partner in the business. And on the front porch was evidence that their four sons, Danny, 16, Timmy, 14, Darrell, 10, and Stephen, 9, were making it a corporation. They had neatly stacked a large pile of frames they had assembled from cypress wood. The boys are also a great help with other chores, especially at the Harvey's "West Virginia Bee Maid" honey booth at the Mountain State Art and Craft Fair where the business by-product, beeswax, is sold to candlemakers. (Beeswax, I learned, is also used in making some brands of furniture polish, car polish and ointments.)

Many out-of-state customers have bought Mr. Harvey's honey through its distribution at the Beckley Farmer's Market.

Over coffee, Mr. Harvey continued to think of interesting stories related to honeybees: "I read about an island somewhere that has to depend upon flies for cross-pollination of its plants because the climate is too hot for bees. Just think...

it is against the law there to kill a fly!"

For any two "honeys" who may be thinking of marriage, a legend about the origin of the word "honeymoon" may be interesting. It seems that long ago in Germany, it was the custom for the groom to drink a wine made from honey called "mead" for the length of one month or one "moon." Eventually that length of time came to be known as a honeymoon.

Later in the day after leaving the Harvey home, I met a friend who said, "I waved to you about 1:30 today on the Sandyville Road and you didn't even look up!"

It was probably because I was too "buzzy" thinking of the cute little dance Mr. Harvey said the female worker "scouts" do when they are directing their fellow worker bees to a nectar find; about the little queen-ruled world they build in their hives complete with castle-guards, housekeepers, nurses, queen attendants and field workers which gather the food: that when the food supply is running low their policy for the male drones which take up more space and eat the most is: no work, no eat. Get out!

Too, I was remembering something I had read on a worship service bulletin from the Veterans Administration Hospital at Beckley. It read: Consider the little bee that organizes a city, that builds 10,000 cells for honey, 12,000 cells for larvae, a holy of holies for the mother queen; a little bee that observes the increasing heat and, when the wax may melt and the honey may be lost, organizes the swarm into squads, puts sentinels at the entrances, glues the feet down, and then, with flying wings, creates a system of ventilation to cool the honey that makes an electric fan seem tawdry--a little honeybee that will include 20 square miles in the field over whose flowers it has oversight.

But if a tiny brain in a bee performs such wonders, who are you that you should question the guidance of God? Lift up your eyes, and behold the hand that supports the stars, without pillars, the God who guides the planets without collision.

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planning desks

COLOR FILM AVAILABLE

By mid-March the fair will have an eighteen-minute color film about itself. Called "COME TO THE FAIR!", the film was produced for the Department of Commerce. Copies will be available for presentation to groups by writing the Department of Commerce, State Capitol, Charleston, W. Va. 25305.

The narrated film contains interviews with craftsmen and many sights and sounds--including a lot of music--from the 1972 fair. Doug Britton, a native of Charleston and a graduate student in filmmaking at Ohio University, created this brainchild of Don Page's.

OLD-TIME MUSIC

The musical entertainment at last year's fair was so well received that it will be substantially the same this year. Informal groups of old-time mountain musicians will again dot the grounds and occasionally stroll around. A show by the regular daily performers is being planned for the night of the Fourth of July at 8:00.

FAIR HOURS

Fair hours for the public this year will be from 10:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. daily except July 4 when closing will be at 8:00. Visitors arriving early will be admitted to specially controlled exhibit areas, such as the Show of Quality building. The exhibitors' area will be open when craftsmen arrive at 10:00 a.m.

SIGNS FOR EXHIBITORS

Chuck Mills, the routed sign maker, will be on hand again a day early, June 29, to make signs for those exhibitors who want them.

continued

DISPLAY NEEDS

The Exhibits and Demonstrations Committee reports that display materials for craftsmen is still a big problem area. Each exhibitor must bring his own tables, shelf boards, and other booth fixtures. As always, the fair will provide only a counter, the walls, of course, and a limited number of chairs.

SPECIAL FEATURES

Favorite features returning to this year's fair will include the Antique Car Show, fair-sponsored camping off the grounds, and the Rifle Shoot. The organizers of the last, a group from Morgantown, will dress as Indians and bring a huge teepee that will easily be the tallest structure at the fair.

NEW CRAFTS COLORING BOOK

A coloring book called "Meet the Craftsmen" has just been published. Produced by two Eastern Panhandle women for the Mountain Heritage Arts and Crafts Festival (June 8-10) at Harpers Ferry, the book is available for sale by stores and at summer arts and crafts festivals. The book authentically depicts the basic heritage crafts, which are put across in the simplest language. The illustrations for coloring are interspersed with the text.

Copies of this charming little edition may be purchased by sending \$1.50 to the Cedar Lakes Craft Shop, Cedar Lakes, Ripley, W. Va. 25271.



NEXT ISSUE, a visit with Rev. Herman L. Hayes and this fascinating Wierton woodcarver's world of small and artfully made people and things.

PHOTO CREDITS:

- pp. 3,4,5,6,10,11,12,13, & inside back cover, Tom Screven
- pg. 4, Rural Arts and Crafts Assn.
- pg. 7, Jeri Buxton, W. Va. Dept. of Commerce
- pg. 9, (above) David Bowen, W. Va. Dept. of Highways & (below) Richard Gross
- pg. 17, The Jackson Herald, Ripley.