Hearth and Fair

May 1974

Special Issue

BACK TO THE 1930s

Hearth and Fair

PUBLISHED BY
THE WEST VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
AND THE MOUNTAIN STATE ART & CRAFT FAIR

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COVER

A detail from the photograph on Page 28 (National Geographic Society). Seen is a blown up photograph of a print in ink made earlier from the original photograph. The process was executed by our printer, Gresham Printing Company, Rand, W. Va.

HEARTHSIDE NEWS

LABOR DAY 'JUBILEE' PLANNED IN WESTON

A new arts and crafts fair is planned for Labor Day Weekend this year at historic Jackson's Mill near Weston. Weston is known as the "Glassware Capitol of the World," and the Mill is one of the State's primary points of interest.

A number of special exhibits and events are scheduled for the three-day Stonewall Jackson Heritage Arts and Crafts Jubilee, that will be be from August 31 to September 2. Plans are rapidly developing for the festival, which, it is hoped, will be an annual event.

Weston wood-carver gives figures to fair effort

Although the list of exhibitors is not yet available, a number of local and area craftsmen plan to participate in the Jubilee. Joseph Rumbach, a wood-carver from Weston, has donated a series of intricate wood carvings of the Twelve Apostles (above) to the Jubilee as a means of raising funds. Other craftsmen, groups, and organizations are working with a 60-member committee to develop plans for exhibits of heritage arts and crafts, historical glassware, and many other events.

Special programs of music, dance and drama are planned for various times throughout the fair. A downtown association of Weston merchants is planning an "Old Fashioned Bargain Days" to run in conjunction with the Jubilee. Store windows are to be filled with antiques and memorabilia of pioneer days in the area.

PIPESTEM'S SUMMER STUDIO

The Arts and Crafts Studio at Pipestem State Park has been open for a few weekends and will begin a full-time schedule on Memorial Day. Studio hours until May 27 are from 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. on Saturdays and Sundays.

The project is sponsored by Concord College, the West Virginia Commission on Aging, and Pipestem. State artists and craftspeople exhibit their work there and demonstrate daily.

Maynard R. Coiner, the project's director, accepts only West Virginians. Staff members are Concord College Art Majors.

M.S.A. & C. FAIR PLANNERS BUSTLE

Committee members of the Mountain State Art and Craft Fair at Cedar Lakes (July 3-7)--along with other fair organizers--have breathed a happy sigh at the relaxed gas situation. Planning for the huge event speeds ahead.

Jo Ellen Goffaux, Chairman of the Exhibits and Demonstrations Committee, mailed acceptance letters in mid-March to 102 craftspeople. They were selected from 250 applications. Goffaux submitted this message:

I am so grateful to our committee members for the endless hours and pounds of energy they put into selecting exhibitors for the Fair. We worked almost 48 hours straight (including a little sleep in between--meals were even brought in) reviewing and re-reviewing the applications and slides to decide who should be picked.

Each of us regretted that space limitations would not let us accept more exhibitors. We felt really bad that we could not accept some applicants who have been not only past exhibitors but also friends for many years. We also felt bad that we couldn't accept many applicants who were new, especially young craftsmen who showed great promise. Judging one against the other, however, we just had to decide on work that seemed better to us.

Several craftsmen had a high old time in recent weeks traveling out of state promoting the Fair and inviting visitors to come, see, and buy from more just like them in Almost Heaven. Helen and "Tubby" FitzRandolph went to Canton, Ohio. Mrs. Lyndall "Granny" Hinkle spun tales, dog hair, flax, and wool while she invited people from the Cincinnati and Detroit areas.

Bill Reed and his wife with wry smiles promoted his gasless hobby horses as a means of travel at Columbus, Ohio. Bill Gerhold worked his way into a week's convalescence after returning from Charlotte, from which many fairgoers will come this year. Alice Davison "toled" her way through her fine reception in Pittsburgh; and "Russ" Fluharty, the Fair's own Pied Piper, stole the show, as always, in Indianapolis. At Holland, Michigan's Tulip Festival Cabin Creek Quilts was hard pressed to outshine the blossoms, but they managed handily.

UNIQUE MONROE COUNTY SCHOOL IN SESSION

The Mountain Heritage School, based in Union,

is in the middle of a three-month term. Banjo, patchwork, tatting, and woodcarving are only a few of the courses being taught by senior citizens in the unique Monroe County school.

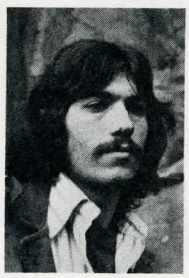
Alan Oberman, the young director of the project, said, "The classes are free and available to anyone. Most sessions are in or near the teachers' homes. The response has been amazing!"

The West Virginia Commission on Aging sponsors the program. Oberman may be reached at 304-772-3159.

PLANS ANNOUNCED FOR CASS CRAFT STORE

On Memorial Day weekend (May 24-27) in Cass Marc Treelisky's Friendly Hands Craft Shop will open for its second season. All winter the transplanted Pittsburgher has been searching the State mainly for traditional handcrafts, and he is renovating the C.C.C. (Civilian Conservation Corps; circa1935) that houses the store.

Scenic Railroad fans who pour all summer into the charming 1910 timber town on the Greenbrier River will find at Friendly Hands not only a large display of well-selected crafts but also demonstrating craftspeople. Treelisky is reserving a couple of rooms in the old house he occupies on "Executive Row," former timber baron quarters, where visiting craftspeople and musicians may stay in exchange for their services.



Treelisky explained, "At the beginning I'm hoping the beautiful country, our expected brisk sales, and a comfortable place to stay will be enough incentive for demonstrating craftsmen and musicians. Just as soon as business permits I want to pay them an honorarium."

He is hopeful that younger musicians, especially those who play old-time music, will come for weekends. Ideal camping sites are nearby. Treelisky's address is Box 27, Cass, W. Va. 24927.

GUILD'S ANNUAL MEETING

As of this writing, the West Virginia Artists and Craftsmen Guild is yet to be held. The date is May 3, and there are a number of matters to be be considered by vote by the membership. Maybe the most important change to be considered is the probable increase in dues. One possibility under discussion will be whether to increase them on a sliding scale based on members' gross income made from his work.

In addition to the Seal of Quality judging, Rita Peak, Supervisor of Art for the Kanawha County Board of Education, will present a program on arts and crafts. Also, members attending will learn plans for the new edition of the Guild Directory.

BLACK WEST VIRGINIANS LOOK TOWARD NIGERIAN FESTIVAL

Late in April the West Virginia Black World Fine Arts Festival was held on the West Virginia State College Campus at Institute. Della Brown Taylor, chairman of the event and its sponsoring council, explained, "It was a preliminary 'happening' which will culminate in the production of the Second World Black and Africa Festival of Arts and Culture to be held the end of 1975 in Lagos, Nigeria."

The West Virginia Black World Fine Arts Council, Inc., is seeking support for Black West Virginians' participation in the African Festival. Contributions may be sent to Mrs. Taylor at P. O. Box 102, Institute, W. Va. 25112.

NEW EVENT AT W. VA. STATE FOLK FESTIVAL

Glenville State College will sponsor a special course, "Appalachia Folk Culture," in cooperation with and during the 25th Annual West Virginia State Folk Festival. Mrs. Fern Rollyson, the festival's director, announced that lectures for the 5-day course will include Dr. Patrick Gainer, the festival's founder and an expert in West Virginia folk songs and folklore.

Franklin George, the folk instrument virtuoso, and Charles Scott, art professor at the College and a potter, will also instruct in the ambitions and comprehensive course whose dates are June 10-14. Tuition and fees may be as low as $22.00 (2 credit hours) without lodging or as high as $53.48 if a private room is reserved.

WORKSHOP PLANNED BY POTTER

V. C. Dibble, the Kentuck potter, will conduct a potter's workshop there at this Kilnridge Studio from July 15 to August 23. Beginning and advanced students will be able to select either three or six-week courses in wheel throwing, handbuilding, glaze formulation, reduction firing at cone 9-10, and studio techniques.

Tuition for the classes is $200 for three weeks and $400 for 6 weeks. Low rent local housing or camping can be arranged. Write Dibble at Rt. 2, Box 1, Kentuck , W. Va. 25249 for an application, or phone 304-373-3965 before 9:00 a.m. or after 9:00 p.m.

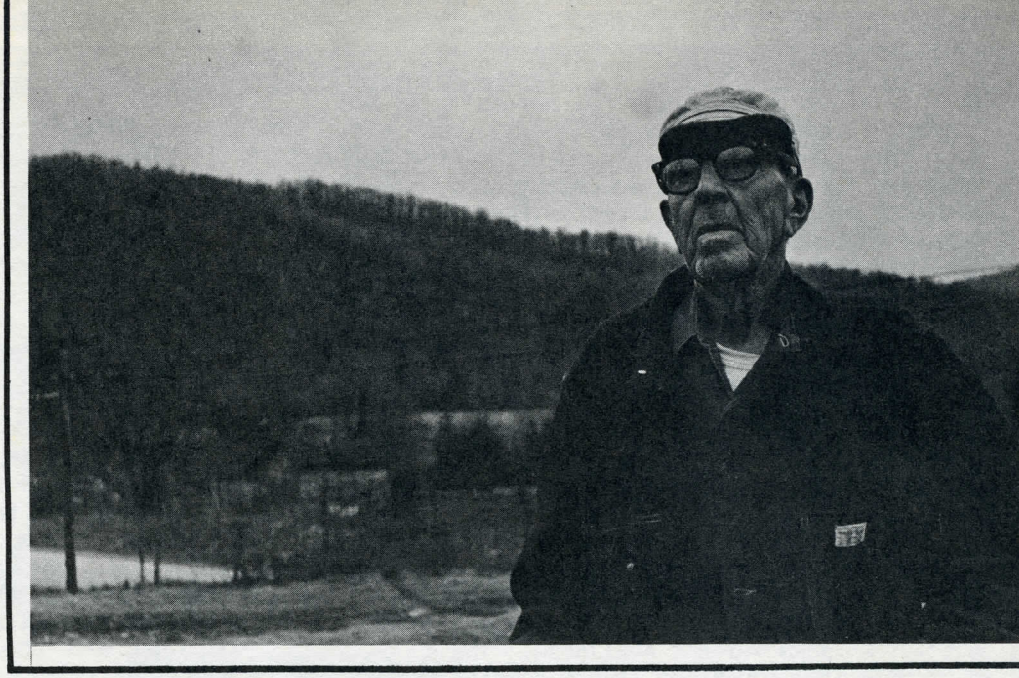
NEW UPSHUR COUNTY GALLERY

In April the Upshur County Center for the Creative Arts opened a gallery at 11 North Locust Street in Buckhannon. Launched with an open house, the Center's first show featured the work of 30 area artists and craftspeople.

Victoria Gallo, the Center's organizer, gratefully acknowledged a grant of $12,500 from the W. Va. Arts and Humanities Council. "That's about one-third of our working budget," she said.

Charles Harper, the creater of silk screen prints, will be featured in the gallery's first special exhibition. Gallo plans a number of interesting shows that will change each month.

Noil Carr



Conclusion

Profile of a Mountaineer

By Michael Snyder
Traditional blacksmith and ex-journalist

Early Mountain Life

Noil grew up a half-mile down Laurel Fork from where he lives now. He was raised in a large frame house built with mill sawed lumber and cut nails. This was before the logging interests cut off the virgin timber.

"They used to take out the cherry timber, take it down Laurel. Catch the water when it was high. Drive it. They'd drive that timber to Hendricks...(to)Hamilton (in Tucker County) where there was a big mill." This 25-mile trip took a long time and the men built a large camp down Laurel, 'Ole Pile Camp.' "It was logged by oxen. They didn't have no horses."

His grandfather lived in a log house up on Middle Mountain. It was built beside a spring that still flows strong and clear year 'round.

"In those days," he recalls, "it was just woods, with a little path that went from house to house. All hemlock, pine and hardwood." No pine remains in the area today.

He used to cut hemlock bark by the cord and sell it for tanning leather. The hemlocks were up to four, and four-and-a-half feet in diameter. "Hardly ever find a limmy spruce, all the limbs were at the top. It was all nice stuff." Today, only a few spruce remain, most of them higher up on the mountains.

"You couldn't see nowheres." This is quite a difference from the miles of vista existing today.

"You could catch a mess of native trout about anyplace pretty near. These runs were full of them." He recalls catching 14 one day, on worms. "Not one under 10 inches long," he added.

He said that logging and beaver stocking were responsible for the depletion of brook trout in most of the runs. There were no smallmouth bass in Laurel as there are today, "just trout and chubs." He said he and friends caught bass below the big falls on Laurel and threw them above, thus stocking the upper stream with bass for the first time.

When asked how folks earned their living in the early days, Noil said, "They had to work for one another...Back in my young days, all the farmers would get together and help one another. They'd all go and help that man out, then they'd go and help the next man out. That's the way they traded work back and forth. Then towards October, the 20th of October every year, I can remember that; that's all get up their wood, and get ready to go up Laurel Fork deer huntin' ... there was always snow on the ground."

On money: "They needed it if they could get it. But we just had to raise our livin' in them days. We raised it out of the ground; we raise our corn, we had plenty of corn, all that."

We'd sell our eggs, didn't buy nothin'. We had nothin' to buy.

They also raised buckwheat and oats. There were two threshing machines in the area, so they didn't have to do this laborious task by hand. But it was cut with hand-wielded grain cradles--the blades are longer than a regular scythe, but the handles are shorter. Wood "fingers" as long as the blade and fastened parallel to it, cradled the grain as it was cut.

"We hardly ever got a'hold of any (cash). Mom used to have to make all our clothes, you couldn't buy no clothes." They were made out of blue jean. He believes someone wove it over on Dry Fork. His mother did it by hand, she had no sewing machine.

In the summer they went barefoot. In the wintertime they wore "pieces of shoes" made by their father. The soles fastened to the uppers by tiny "four-square" hard maple pegs because cobbler's tacks weren't available. The shoes were made from bought or traded cowhide; the people sold their hides when they occasionally butchered an old milk cow. They sold the calves and ate pork and butchered "a mutton" in the Fall.

His mother knitted their socks and mittens, she spun wool from their flock of sheep. Coats also were handmade. "We never knowed what underwear were back in them days," he said in a mixture of amusement and pride. They didn't hunt turkeys much, but they raised them and lots of chickens. Geese were also raised, and the feathers picked once a year, "off their sides and bellies" for making "feather ticks," to keep the family warm when their cast iron, wood heat stove burned low on long winter nights.

People sold eggs to buy their coffee and sugar. A few families made sugar because of the abundance of sugar maples...His folks didn't make it, however.

Tobacco was also raised, surprisingly, considering the elevation and short growing season. "I can remember old Billy White...he lived with us...he raised tabacca and had it hangin' on poles, I can remember that well--great lines of it. And one day I can remember him a'comin' a'crawlin' to the house he got so sick from it...a'curin' it. Then after it was cured so much, they'd take and strip the leaves and twist it double, and then put it in their pocket and have a chew or a smoke."

His mother made her own soap in "big arn kittles," Noil said. "We saved the entrails out of hogs and cleaned 'em, and dried 'em, to git the grease. Then we'd take ashes and make a great big trough (wooden) and make a hole down through one end of it. Then put hay in there, then put wood ashes in there and pour in water to catch that lye...then we'd put it in that kittle and it would eat all them entrails up and that grease, and that's what we made soap out of."

Lights were "coal oil" lamps, and on the rare occasions when they ran out of fuel, a rag was put in a pan of grease, then lighted, forming a crude slut lamp. But the smoke got the house pretty dirty, he said.

"Very, very few people along Laurel had privies (outhouses) in those days, Noil said--this was the case in other areas as well. Few people today realize or even consider this interesting historical tidbit.

"I can remember I was up a right smart boy before ever I seen a sack of flour. We eat cornbread (yellow) all the time--took it to school in a bucket." To get it ground, they had to take it on horseback across the mountain to his grandfather's grist and carding mill on the Dry Fork at Hazelwood. Noil remembers waiting on summer nights for enough water to build up the mill dam so they could grind, because most of the Dry Fork's water goes underground in the summer!

Strangely, Noil doesn't recall "The Old Mill" at Harman which is still operating after nearly 100 years of service.

The men and boys hunted with hounds for fox, wildcats, possums, coons, and polecats, both night and day, and sold the hides of their prey. They trapped muskrats and mink. There were no beaver (now a valuable furbearer) in those days. Groundhog hides were used for shoe laces when buckskin wasn't available.

He tells about how his father tanned deer hides (the animals were restocked and flourish today). "Take a bucket and put ashes in there, add water and the lye would eat that hair loose. Then you'd put a log up endways and put legs on it and put that hide over it and take a draw knife and pull that hair off that hide and turn it over and take all that meat part off it; then take it and put it in a jar of clean water and take that lye out of it, then they'd put so much alum in it--that would draw it whiter, then take it out of there and leave it overnight wrapped up in something dry and then you stretched it and pulled it till it dried."

Noil and Mrs. Carr both had to so some remembering to come up with some old-time home remedies. Catnip leaf poultice was mixed with flour or cornmeal and boiled down thick for chest colds and gatherins (boils). Boneset tea--for fever (grows in the swamp and is very bitter). Pennyroyal weed tea--good for most anything, especially coughing.

Peppermint tea--for vomiting. In the Spring and Summer, find a bumblebee nest, whip them out at night and save the honey in a bottle for cough syrup

Rabbit fat--render it and drop a drop in your ear for earache. Polecat grease, Mrs. Carr offered smiling, could be rendered and given to kids for the croup. But the person who skins it shouldn't handle the fat, Noil cautioned. There wasn't no runnin' for a doctor everyday," he added.

Logging Days and a Lynching

The people were glad to see the logging interests open up the country at the turn of the century because "everybody had work," Noil said. The regular gauge Jenningston Railroad ran 40 miles from the headwaters of Laurel to where it meets the Dry Fork at Jenningston, then a booming lumber town. Today just a few houses remain there, and only traces of the huge mill can be seen.

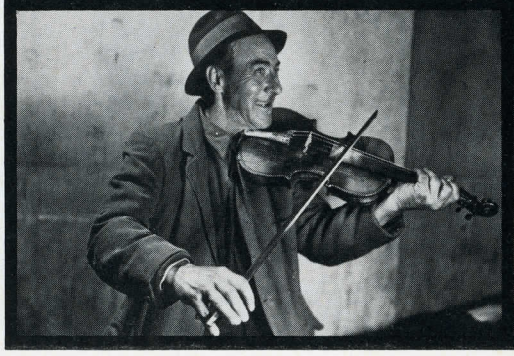
Mrs. Carr's first husband, George Pennington,

continued on page 37

BACK TO THE 1930S

West Virginia During the New Deal Years

METROPOLITAN



THE FORGE

Prologue

Some weeks ago in a major national news magazine a harsh image, "the whipsaw of reality in the '70s" was used to describe our decade. Americans are regularly told facts by economists, scientific futurists, ecologists, energy specialists, social anthropologists, and constitutional scholars that slash through our conventions into our years not even as distant as the declining ones for many. Rapid, drastic changes, these years, are staples in our lives.

If the good, innocent life is as passe as a Ford or Plymouth roadster, then why do Americans suddenly find themselves emersed in a far-reaching handcrafts and folklore revival?

Major museums shelve their flat canvases for striking exhibitions of naive art. Crafts fairs and retail shops selling handcrafts are nearly as common as burger heavens. Department stores seem weekly to expand their craft supplies department, how-to craft book displays, and craft boutiques. Even major manufactures come out with extensive lines of traditional quilts and garments turned our mainly, if not entirely, by machines. And on and on goes the craze.

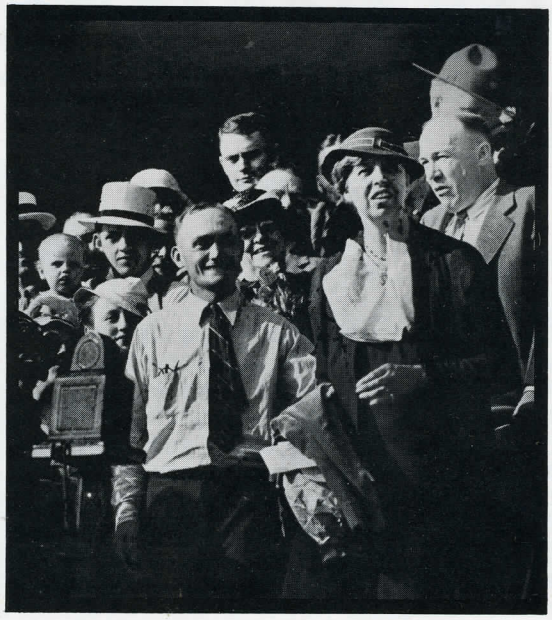
Certainly our passionate interest in both handmade objects and naive traditions springs in part from our humane reaction against the powerful influence technology wields over our lives. One way we may deal with the problem of being simply a number or just another cog in The Big Machine is by getting in touch with the more natural, romantic past. The same reactions have us acquiring handmade objects and making them ourselves.

While today's uphevel rages, this handcraft revival flourishes much the same as it did during another turbulent, desperate period, the Great Depression of the 1930s. Both of these resurgences of interest in crafts owe some, if not a great deal, to broad support of handcraft activity by the Federal government.

Monetary support of such efforts during President Roosevelt's New Deal was considerably more massive than that given poverty programs initially devised by President Kennedy's Administration. While World War II was largely responsible for ending the '30s crafts programs, a change in the country's political mood has caused the government to withdraw support from the more recent crafts programs.

For this special issue we have attempted to give as sizeable a sampling as possible of the social and cultural climate in West Virginia in the 1930s. Only very limited research appears to have been done on the '30s handcrafts revival here. In our treatment we present some new material and no more than skim the cream off the top of available information. We hope this issue may inspire scholars and grant-assisted authors to delve as deeply into the period and the subject as, in our view, they deserve to be studied. -Ed.

The Roosevelts Visit W.Va.



(Right) Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt at Arthurdale around 1934. (Photo from a negative in the W.Va. Collection of the W.Va. Univ. Library in Morgantown)

(Below) "F.D.R. chats with a miner in Wheeling while young America sits on his lap" (Copy of a '30s photo of International News Photos, Inc.)

A Brief Debate

THE NEW DEAL

P. J. O'Brien in his 1936 book, *Forward With Roosevelt*, quoted what the new president told a friend the day after his inauguration. "I have seen the aged and infirm, the poor and the helpless, standing for hours in breadlines waiting for their crust of bread and bowl of thin soup. The first thing I want to do is to take them out of those lines, rehabilitate them, feed them, make them happy once more. No nation can ever amount to anything while its people are in want."

In an article in *The New York Times Magazine* (May 7,1933) Anne O'Hare McCormick, writing on the national mood at the time, stated, "That is what one feels behind Roosevelt--the crowds. To one who has lived in Washington through this 'tremendous entrance,' to borrow a quotation from Walt Whitman, it is clear that what distinguishes this administration is that it is fresh from the people, in touch with the desires of the multitude."

A *Fortune* Magazine article in December, 1935, about a typical Detroit factory worker and his family cited "Southern 'poor whites,' brought in in great numbers during the boom and now one of the city's gravest problems...."

In the same issue of *Fortune* an article called "The Case Against Roosevelt" takes great pains to describe the criticism of "the business world" and the "country club" set. Fearing "the moral destruction of the poor," the writer cited "all the complaints which stem from the attempt of the Administration to do something directly about the economic problem rather than leaving it to the laws of nature or the laws of economics or the law of the survival of the fittest."

P. J. O'Brien in *Foreward with Roosevelt* again reported "The Works Progress Administration, better known as WPA, was the New Deal's greatest effort to put men back to work. Throughout the nation wherever one went were to be seen the red, white, and blue signs with the legend: 'U.S.A.--Work Program--WPA...." In the rush to provide a livlihood for the millions of jobless, mistakes were made and the reactionaries immediately seized upon them to hurl charges of 'boondoggling,' squander, and waste of public funds. On the other side of the ledger, however, were the facts that 3,000,000 men and 400,000 women found a pay envelope and self respect as the alternative to the dole while 170,000 communities were given valuable and long-needed public improvements that were sponsored by the municipalities and partially paid for by them."

Marquis Childs in a *Harper's Magazine* article, "They Hate Roosevelt," in May of 1936 described "the fanatical hatred of the President which today obsesses thousands of men and women among the American upper class. No other word than hatred will do. It is a passion, a fury, that is wholly unreasoning. Here is no mere political opposition, no mere violent disagreement over financial policies, no mere distrust of a national leader who to these men and women appears to be a demogogue. Opposition, disagreement, distrust, however strong are quite legitimate and defensible, whether or not one agrees that they are warranted. But the phenomenon to which I refer goes far beyond objection to policies or programs. It is a consuming personal hatred of President Roosevelt and, to an almost equal degree, of Mrs. Roosevelt.

A W. Va. Photo Essay

NEW, MODERN DESIGN 1929 - 1941

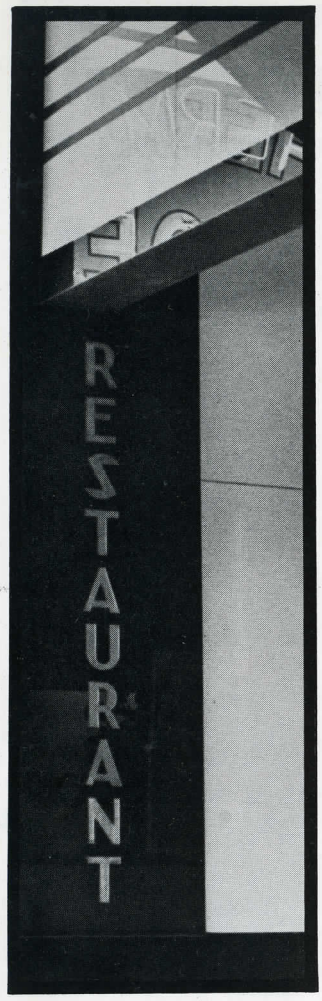
MILL CREEK

CLARKSBURG

In the Thirties a new, radically modern design style appeared on many streets and byways in West Virginia. This new style, whose sources went as far back as Egyptian and Mayan art, had been seen even in the 1920s in architecture and advertising art in the largest American cities.

Art movements that began in France and Germany around 1900 were the closest sources for this prismatic, geometric style, that, in its most popular form, was called Art Deco. The Roosevelt Administration's programs which devised employment for artists (Federal Artists Project of the WPA) and architects surely both directly and indirectly, helped the new design reach many eyes in the hinterlands.

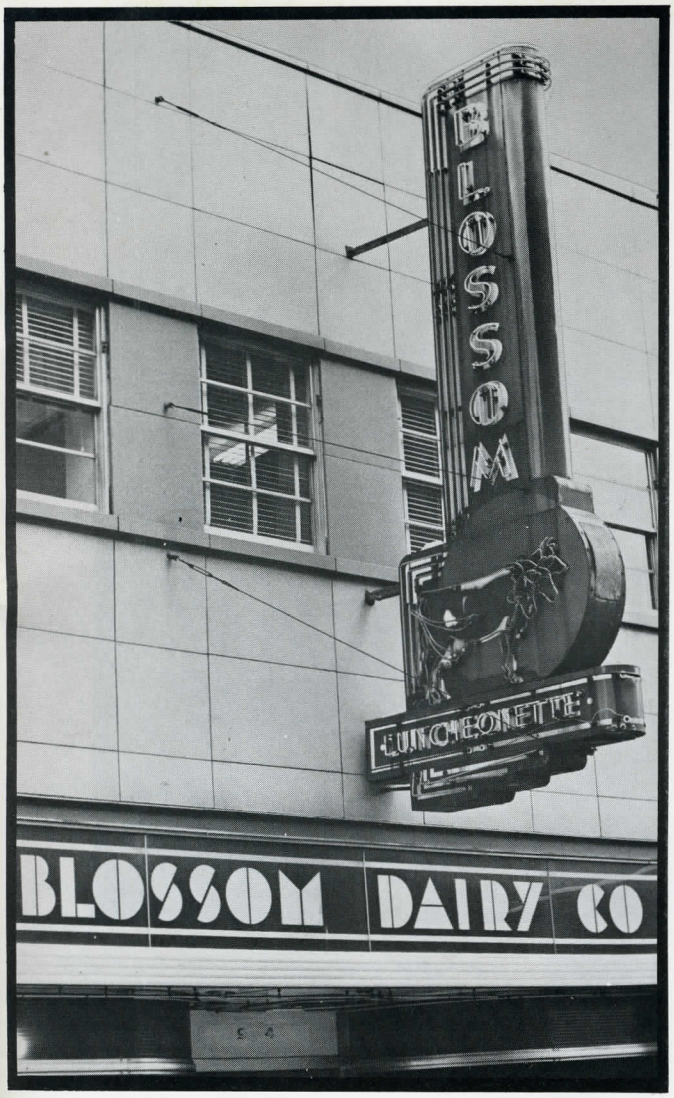
The photographs were made earlier this year after the editor-photographer Tom Screven returned from a trip to New York City. There, a lively revival of interest in the Art Deco style and, indeed, in all aspects of the 1930s is in progress.



MORGANTOWN

WESTON

The Citizens Bank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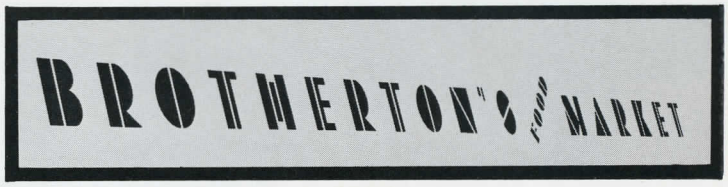
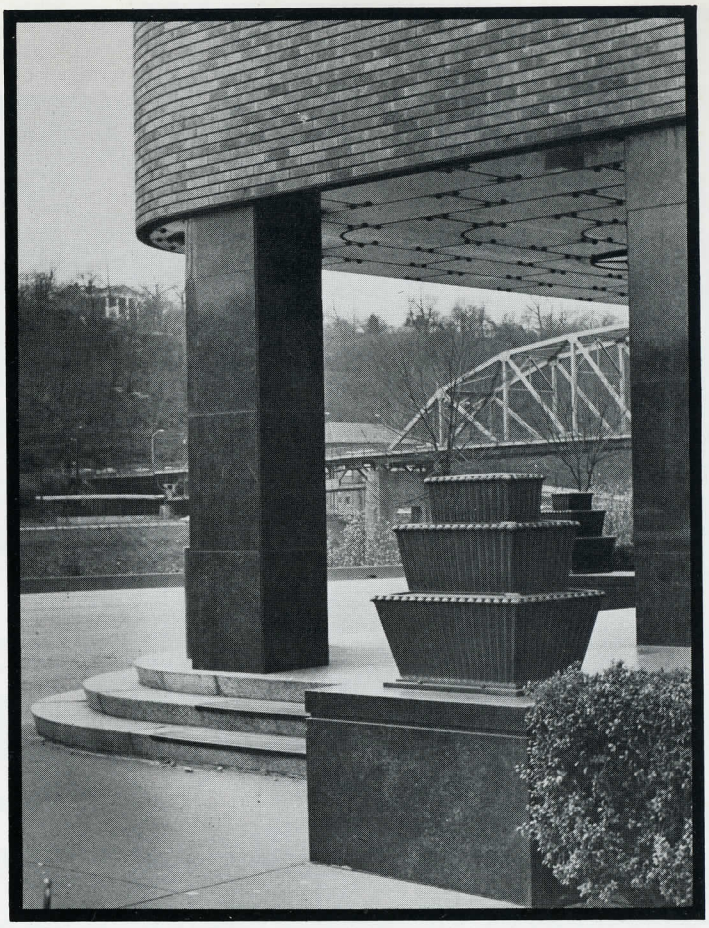

BROTHERTON'S FOOD MARKET

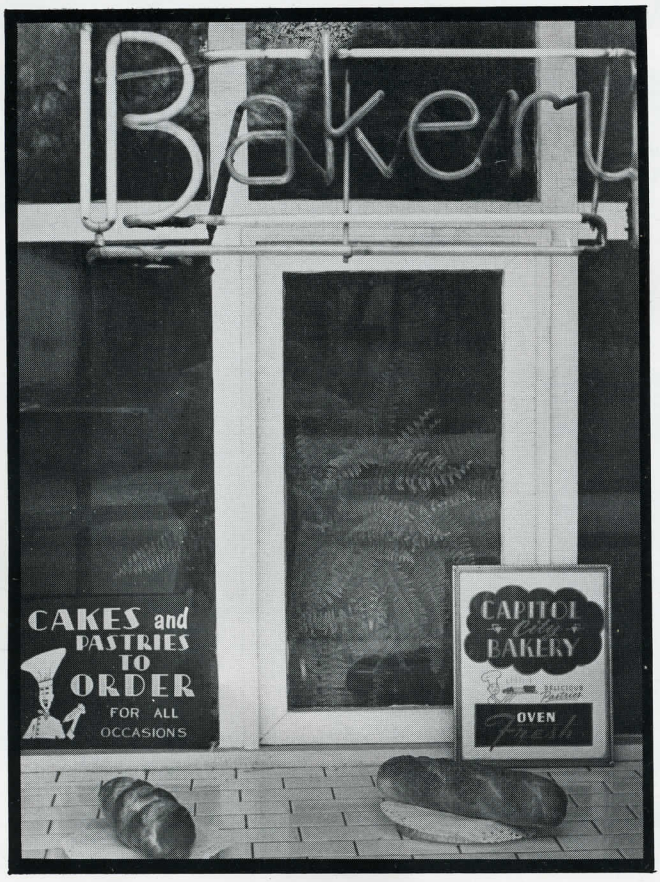

QUARRIER DINER

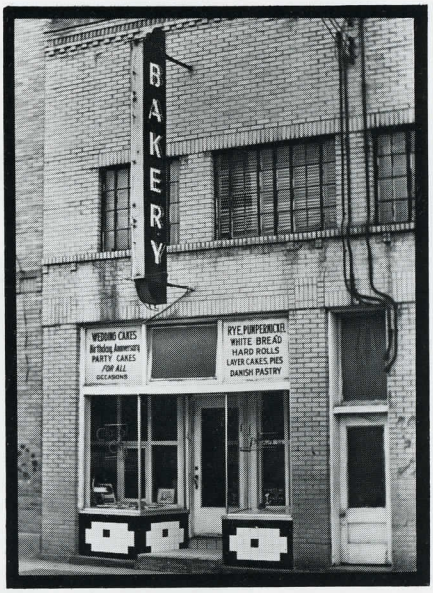

SCHWABE & MAY


ATLAS BUILDING

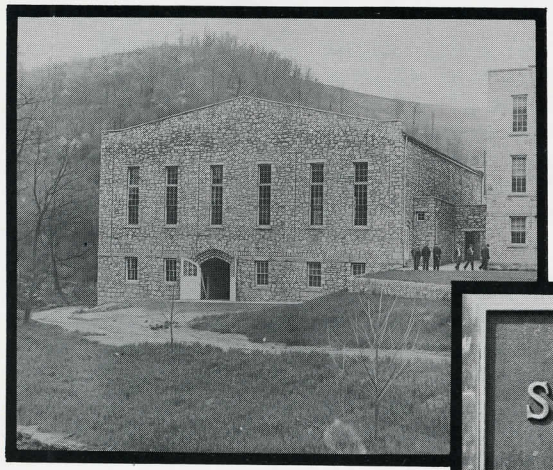
Nelson Building

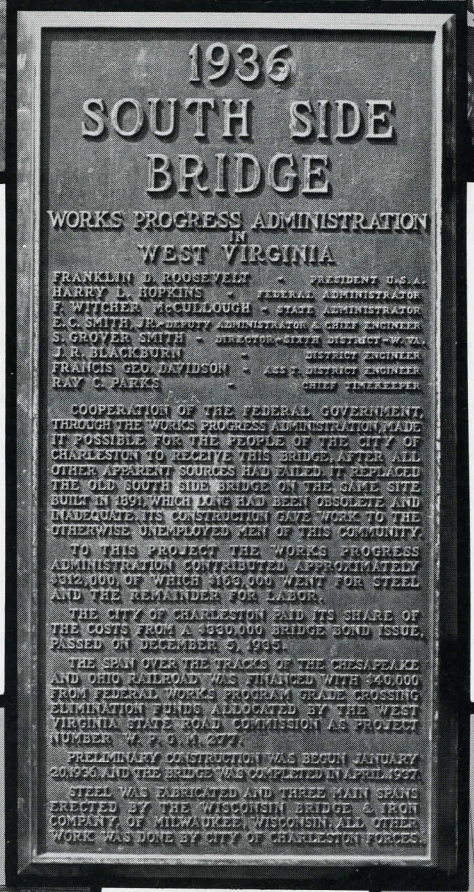






WPA





The four outer photographs are from an albumn made by the State WPA office in 1943.

W.Va. Dept. of Archives and History

Top, Fairview Gym, Fairview; Bottom, the new South Side Bridge, Charleston; Center, plaque on northern end of Bridge

Top, Sewing Unit, Barboursville; Bottom, War Speed signs made by the Technical Unit, Huntington

Exerpts from

Handicrafts of the Southern Highlands

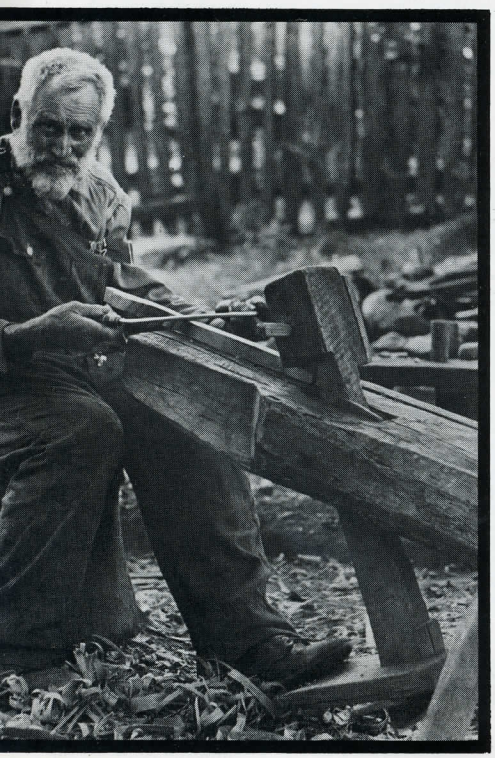
By Allen H. Eaton

Allen H. Eaton's book Handicrafts of the Southern Highlands *was published by the Russell Sage Foundation in 1937. The foundation, established in 1907 "for the improvement of social and living conditions in the United States," had also sponsored Eaton's several years' research in the Highlands.*

A New York City woman, Doris Ulmann, in the early 1930s, made many excellent photographs of Appalachians. They came to Eaton's attention, and he used them to wonderful advantage in his book. Mrs. Ulmann, a small, frail woman, financed her own way, essentially, through her work. She died in 1934 in New York.

In 1973 Dover Publications, Inc. (New York, N. Y.) issued a republication of the book containing most of the Ulmann photographs. Dover has most generously granted us permission to reprint the following exerpts from the book.

The three photographs here are Mrs. Ulmann's and were made available by Mr. Harry Segedy, Director of the Appalachian Museum at Berea College, the repository for the Doris Ulmann collection. There are no known photographs of West Virginians in the large collection, a part of which remains unidentified.



(Following are all of the book's passages about West Virginia.)

MOUNTAINEER CRAFTSMEN'S COOPERATIVE ASSOCIATION

In 1932 the American Friends Service Committee organized the Mountaineer Craftsmen's Cooperative Association in the bituminous coal regions of West Virginia. Five communities of destitute miners and their families have been benefited by the opportunity to learn furniture making, weaving, quilting, plain and decorative needlework, basketry, pewter, iron, and other metal work. With the aid of trained and interested people, many of the unemployed miners and their families have developed skills by which they are able to produce clothing and furnishings for their homes and objects to sell.

The quality of the handwork found in the products exhibited in the retail shops of the Association bears evidence of excellent supervision and careful training. Some of these articles represent the types and techniques of pioneer handicrafts in West Virginia, while others meet modern demands, often originated by the workers themselves. The later designs in metal work include those made by special teachers brought in from outside for short periods of instruction who have also given help on styling goods for market. The Association has made furniture and furnishings for several of the homes in the federal project known as the Reedsville Experimental Community in Preston County, West Virginia. Some of the woodworking, weaving, and metal shops are now located at the homestead. (pp.88-89)

OLDEST AMERICAN DATED QUILT

There is an old custom with a few makers in America of attaching the date when a quilt is finished or when it has been the center of an important event. It appears that the oldest dated quilt in our country, the Framed Medallion, was made in the Highlands of Virginia and has remained in the mountain section of that state, now become West Virginia, for more than one hundred and forty years. It bears on the homespun back the initials WTG and the date 1795.

The present owner is Mrs. Murray C. Brown, Charlottesville, Virginia, who is the daughter of Mrs. M. L. Coyner of Clover Lick, West Virginia, to whom the quilt descended. The traces of ownership through records of other needlework in a family is a significant example of the relation of needlework to history. In verifying the date and original ownership, a sampler made by Hannah Moffat Gatewood (who was Mrs. Coyner's grandmother) on the occasion of her marriage in 1838 provides evidence. Miss Gatewood's great-grandfather, so the family record discloses, was William Travers Gatewood, the only member of the family whose initials are identical with those on the quilt. It would seem, therefore, that the initials establish the owner as William Travers Gatewood, and the date of the quilt, in relation to the marriage date of his great-grandaughter forty-three years later, is probably correct.

Its foundation is natural color linen on which flowers of lavender, purple, blue, pink and green are tastefully blended and various designs of piecework are appliqued in buttonhole stitch. The elaborate combination of the two kinds of patchwork is striking and represents an individual working out of old methods and designs.

Quilting, as has been said, is an old folk art of the United States which holds an interest for every part of our country not only for its historical and antique value but because it is a home craft widely practiced today. (pp. 131-132)

KINDS OF FURNITURE

Makers of the old type, particularly chairmakers, are to be found in every Highland state and possibly in every mountain country in some of these states. Many live far back among the hills. Modern furniture, on the other hand, is made in fewer places; up-to-date machinery is employed in the preliminary steps, and the finished article bears the mark of intensive and painstaking handwork. There are instances in which both the old mountain type and the modern type are produced at the same place; the Mountaineer Craftsmen's Cooperative Association at Morgantown, West Virginia, is an example. Its work began with patterns of some of the best known chairs of the West Virginia mountains, and these patterns are still made, but in addition its shops, equipped with present-day facilities for joining and finishing, are turning out modern furniture comparable to the best in the region.

Old mountain furniture includes chairs, stools, tables, benches, setees, bedsteads, and a few other articles of which the chair is a typical example and perhaps a symbol. All engaged in work of this type are called "chairmakers", no matter how wide a variety of objects they may make. There are several kinds of mountain chairs: babies' high chairs and children's high chairs, old folks' rockers, and the type of chair that outnumbers all others, the wellknown "settin chair", made with a curved back for general use in a number of sizes and with slight variation in the pattern. (pp.150-151)

LIFE OF A MOUNTAIN CHAIR

Bud Godlove of Wardensville, Hardy County, West Virginia, one of the best known mountain craftsmen, whose father and grandfather were chairmakers before him, says his family every day use chairs made over fifty years ago. Edward Loudermilk of Caldwell, Greenbrier County, West Virginia, writes:

"I make the life-time split bottom chairs. I use white tough hickory fire dried rounds, posts of young growth tough white oak....My father taught me to make chairs when I was a boy. I have been making chairs for forty years... When a man buys chairs from me he gets what he needs and he is done buying chairs as long as he lives...Nothing cross grain."

Mrs. Mabel Brooks of Manning, Marion County, West Virginia, has two mountain chairs of hickory over one hundred years old which were owned by Dr. Amos Brooks of French Creek, Upshur County, West Virginia, in 1830. At his death in 1855 they were purchased by J. E. Vance, who had a family of 10 children. They were in daily use and are as strong today as when made. They were recently rebottomed in split oak. Photographs of these chairs were made and sent in by A. B. Brooks, naturalist at Oglebay Park, Wheeling, West Virginia. There are two mountain chairs

in use at the Hindman Settlement School which the donor, a pioneer mountaineer, said were "over a hundred years old" when he gave them to the school over thirty years ago. Mrs. Gordon Boggs of Franklin, West Virginia, owns a chair which is said to have been made in 1781. This is the oldest chair of which we have found record and it is still in use. (pg. 155)

INDIVIDUAL CHAIRMAKERS

There is probably no better chairmaker in all the Highlands than Bud Godlove, already referred to, especially known for his work in connection with the handicrafts and small industries established in the coal-mining region at Morgantown, West Virginia, by the American Friends Service Committee. When the Committee undertook to provide work for the improverished miners they choose Mr. Godlove to teach them how to make the old Godlove chairs. He went with them into the woods to gut the logs and split them into quarters, and later in a small improvised shop, with a second-hand heating stove for curing the rounds before driving them into posts, he taught them all the tricks about putting the chairs together. From the patterns he left them this group, now known as the Mountaineer Craftsmen's Cooperative Association, continues to turn out the Godlove chair after the best mountain traditions. (pg. 158)

Probably no body of workers has developed more rapidly in a short time than the Mountaineer Craftsmen's Cooperative Association started by the American Friends Service Committee, mentioned earlier in this chapter. Their pieces have been widely distributed, many of them having gone into the furnishing of the Reedsville Experimental Community in West Virginia. (pg. 162)

NAMES AND TYPES OF MOUNTAIN BASKETS

Basket makers are also to be found throughout the hills and mountains of West Virginia. At the annual Forest Festival held in Elkins, Randolph, County, in the autumn of 1933, baskets made by the native workers were used in an exceptional way. The culminating feature of the Harvest Festival pageant celebrating the bounty of the state was a procession of young women who carried to the throne of the symbolic figure of Mother Nature the products of forest, farm, and home. The carriers and containers used by these gift bearers were baskets, trays, and other receptacles made from native woods by the mountain people. This pageant, an outstanding expression in the arts of rural life, was written and directed by Betty Eckhardt of Oglebay Park, Wheeling, West Virginia.

A basket maker of the region, Mrs. Susan Killingsworth, uses to advantage a part of the young white oak tree which is often discarded, the heart somewhat darker in color and probably not so easily worked as the clearer white wood which grows nearer the bark. The natural color of this inner wood, an attractive deep tan, is much like the dye of sumac. Mrs. Killingsworth sometimes makes of this heart wood her lady basket, a graceful elliptical form from eight to ten inches high, the cover fastened to the top with a wood thong hinge. Mrs. Gordon Boggs of Franklin, West Virginia, member of the West Virginia Farm Women's Bureau, has furnished information about Levi Eye, a famous basket maker of Pendleton County who died in 1926. She writes:

Mr. Eye had a family of sixteen, including parents which he maintained by making and selling baskets. He would barter his baskets for lard, meat, flour, or whatever was needed...I asked him how many baskets he had made in his long life and he said, "Well, I was just figuring the other day on the number and I made it a little over 7,000. I began when a small lad, working for my father...and then I have kept an account for a long time."

His baskets were of the split-oak variety. Several of his sons followed his trade.

A worker of West Virginia, perhaps known to more people outside the mountains than any other, is Carrie Lyon who, in her Bedroom Factory at Elk Garden, Mineral County, creates several types

of flower baskets, work baskets, shopping baskets, fruit baskets, trays and coasters, most of them constructed of imported reeds. Miss Lyon's baskets are interesting not only because of their utility and workmanship but because they furnish an outstanding example of the therapeutic value of the handicrafts to one who has had to battle both illness and poverty.

Miss Lyon had been a school teacher. She was stricken with arthritis and was in so serious a condition that three hospitals in which she became a patient in turn failed to heal her. One day, a public health nurse, Gertrude Eckhardt, visited Miss Lyon and showed her something about basket making in the hope of relieving both her physical and her mental pain. It was a beginning that developed after her return home into a means of livelihood. Miss Lyon exhibited some of her first baskets at the Upper Potomac Fair at Burlington, West Virginia, where she won a ribbon. She can use her hands, and lying on her back, with mirrors by which to view her work, she weaves baskets and other articles. This little industry in a home just off the highway has helped to support Miss Lyon, her mother, and her grandmother. (pp. 173-175)

"A BASKET MAKER OF KENTUCKY
Aunt Cord Ritchie, who lives over the mountain from Hindman Settlement School in Knott Co., Ky., specializes in willow baskets. Although self-taught many of her neighbors have learned from her."

PRIVATE AGENCIES INTERESTED IN HANDICRAFTS

The American Friends Service Committee with offices in Philadelphia, under the direction of Clarence E. Pickett, introduced handicrafts into their relief work among the stranded families in the coal regions of West Virginia and Kentucky about 1931, when the Committee responded to the invitation to help issued by President Hoover. While engaged in relief, rehabilitation became a very pressing need and, beginning with the simple operation of converting cast-off clothing for impoverished families, the work grew and broadened into what is now a well-developed handicraft industry, the Mountaineer Craftsmen's Cooperative Association, with headquarters at Morgantown. This organization is one of the active members of the Southern Highland Handicraft Guild, and its work, especially in furniture making, is described elsewhere in this report. (pp. 299-300)

Caption for photo on page 14:
"A SHAVING OR DRAWING HORSE
Jason Reed of northern Georgia at his shaving horse, a modification of a form used in England, Scotland, Germany, and other countries by chair-makers to hold their sticks and boards which they shaved with a drawing knife."

Two quotations from the front of the book

Hit's better for folkses characters to larn 'em to do things with their hands.-William Creech of Pine Mountain, Ky.

We of the United States are amazingly rich in the elements from which we weave a culture. We have the best of man's past on which to draw, brought to us by our native folk and folk from all parts of the world. In binding these elements into a national fabric of beauty and strength, let us keep the original fibers so intact that the fineness of each will show in the completed handiwork. -Franklin D. Roosevelt

Arthurdale Craftsmen - Then and Now

Photographs by

Roy B. Kelly

By Colleen Anderson

Lova McNair finished sewing the binding on a full-size Flower Garden quilt in February, 1974. She's proud of it, and she should be, when she displays it. Brilliant colors. Not a careless pucker in the fabric. And expert quilting--15 stitches to the inch--encircling every small hexagonal petal of every cotton flower. She's a good quilter.

Then she folds the quilt and puts it away. She isn't one to stand and gape at work completed. But she might unabashedly stop and review her accomplishments, because 1974 marks a special anniversary for Mrs. McNair. Over the past 40 years, she has handcrafted much more than quilts.

In 1934, Mrs. McNair and several hundred other West Virginians, under the scrutiny of a nation, embarked on the much publicized, controversial Arthurdale Federal Homestead or resettlement project. Preston County's Arthurdale was the first of more than a hundred such homestead projects born under acts passed by a Congress highly sympathetic to President Franklin Roosevelt's mandate for the New Deal. With the President's and his First Lady's support, $25 million was initially appropriated for the homestead programs.

The Arthurdale experiment was planned to relocate and rehabilitate, on small farmsteads purchased by the government, the families of miners who were left unemployed by a decline of the coal industry in West Virginia. The program was to provide each family with a house which would eventually be bought by each family, enough land to raise crops for the homesteaders, and employment in local industry.

Arthurdale, 1974, seems to be a forgotten town. The old community building, where Eleanor Roosevelt danced the Virginia Reel, shelters not much more than a broken piano. There are rusty spots on either side of the doors, marking the places where two handwrought iron lamps lit the entrance. The gracious Arthurdale Inn is gone. Visitors no longer come by busloads to admire the community and to buy the crafts made by its residents. The Forge is cold, the furniture showroom is bare, and the Administration Building is permanently locked. There are few traces, on the surface, of the industrious motion which characterized Arthurdale 40 years

The Author's Thumbnail Autobiography

I was born in Bay City, Mich., in 1950. At the end of 18 years I had become an incredibly shy, but secretly restless, person. I went to school for two years at Western Mich. University, where I grew increasingly restless and less shy.

In 1970, I decided there are better ways of learning, dropped out of school, and joined VISTA. They sent me to W. Va. where I started working with Cabin Creek Quilts, which Jamie Thibeault had begun several months before.

In January, 1971, I began working for the W. Va. Commission on Aging as editor of "Age in Action," their monthly publication. A year later I went back to school at W. Va. University. I've been here since then, expect to graduate this December with a degree in English and am getting more restless.

I have no formal plans for the future--except that I want to include reading, writing, and West Virginia.

ago.

The community center, which dominates the cluster of now-silent buildings, was once an abandoned church. It was dismantled, moved from a location several miles away, and rebuilt to become the social and business center of Arthurdale. The structure housed a general store, a barber shop, a weaving workroom, and a furniture display room, in addition to the assembly hall which was used for town meetings and dances. Directly in front of the community center was a small park where the Eleanor Roosevelt Women's Club sponsored ice cream socials and picnics.

To the right and across a narrow street from the community building was the Forge. Here the door hinges and hardware for the Arthurdale homes, as well as iron, copper, and hand-spun pewter objects, were made. The Administration Building, an impressive stone structure, stood in front of the Forge.

Branching out from this central area are the roads, and along them what is left of the original 165 miniature houses and barns, of Arthurdale. Each of the homesteads, between two and five acres in area, was provided with a small combined barn and poultry house, a corn crib, and a root cellar for smoking meats and storing canned goods. Space was designated for a lawn, a flower garden, and a small orchard. The rest of the land was for farming. The homesteads were small frame houses. A second group of 75 larger houses was built soon after the project began. The last houses were finished with a stone veneer quarried in Arthurdale.

Across Route 92 from the community center is a road which leads past the community church, built in 1958, to the Arthurdale School, which is still used. Here there was a library, a health center, a pottery workshop, and a large gymnasium.

Dozens of explanations have been offered about why Arthurdale did not work as it was planned. Some people, including many of the residents, have pointed out that Arthurdale cannot properly be called the disastrous failure it has been labeled.

Arthurdale, for some Americans, was an experiement which sought to serve as a model for planned agriculture/industrial communities where the families of unemployed persons could help themselves to a better life. For others, Arthurdale symbolized a socialistic plot to undermine the American system of free enterprise. The failure of the experiement as an economic planning model was a heavy disappointment for its promoters, notably Eleanor Roosevelt, and a feather in the cap for its opponents.

For Mrs. McNair, and for many of the people who settled in the first of 165 small homes constructed on the old Richard Arthur estate, Arthurdale has been, very simply, a home and a way of life. And the lifestyle has been, for 40 years, solidly interlinked with handcrafts.

It is significant that a specific craft of West Virginia lineage was at the nucleus of the activity which awakened Mrs. Roosevelt's enthusiasm for a project like Arthurdale. During the several years before the birth of the homestead project, unemployed miners in Monongalia County were organized, with help from the Quaker-sponsored American Friends Service Committee, into self-service clubs, out of which grew the Mountaineer Craftsmen's Cooperative Association. One of the first items produced by the cooperative was the "Godlove chair."

The design and construction of that sturdy chair, a generations-old-family secret, resided with Samuel Isaac Godlove, a skilled chairmaker from Hardy County. At the invitation of the Quakers, Godlove came to Monongalia County to teach the miners how to make his chair. The Godlove chair, an all-wood construction made with simple hand tools, is a rather small, and very comfortable, all-purpose chair. In 1934, its retail price was $5, finished.

One of the chairmakers in the original 14 member Mountaineer Craftsmen's Cooperative Association was Hungarian-born Steve Deak. Deak, who will be 82 years old in August, is still building chairs. He is a genial man with a musical Hungarian accent and a quick laugh. He made the 24-day boat trip to the U. S. when he was about 19 years old, but it wasn't until several years later that he came to West Virginia. Part of his reason for leaving Hungary, Deak explains, was to earn a better wage that he expected to get as a prospective soldier in Franz Josef's army. At that time, a soldier in the Austrian-Hungarian army was paid seven cents a day.

But inadequate wages confronted Deak again in a West Virginia coal mine. He says, "If we made two dollars a day, in those days, it was something." And the miners were not guaranteed work every day. So Deak became one of Godlove's apprentices.

"Mr. Godlove was very good," Deak remembers. "He came from Hardy County and taught us how to make the chairs." But Deak's skill and pride in his workmanship are ample evidence of Godlove's qualifications.

Deak lives and works in a small riverfront building in Morgantown. The walls of the workshop are hung with tools he has used for decades, and the showcase window facing the Monongahela River is crowded with examples of his craft. The pieces of a chair made by Deak are hand-turned or hand-cut. He does not use a jigsaw, even for the most elaborate

curved shapes, and he builds his solid furniture without nails or glue.

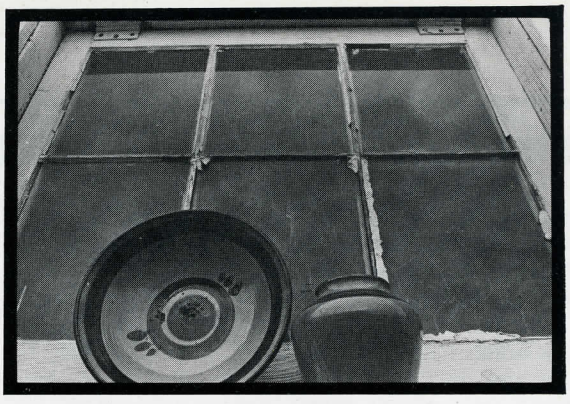
One item he is particularly proud of is a folding luggage rack which opens and closes by way of an ingenious circular hinge. On the first inspection, the all-wood hinge appears to defy structural reason. Professional carpentures, he says, have asked, "Where's the Bolt? How does that work?" He laughs slyly. "I don't always tell--I let them figure it out."

Deak, who had a home and family in Morgantown, declined an invitation to become a homesteader. "But I used to go to Arthurdale and help out, do this and that." When the Mountaineer Craftsmen moved their headquarters to Arthurdale in the 1930s, Deak's chairs continued to be sold by the cooperative.

Deak, who has also worked as a blacksmith, carpenter, and miner, is first and last a craftsman. He admits that the makes fewer chairs these days, but, "I'm still interested. When I feel like it, I make a chair."

The Godlove chair, the luggage rack, and a group of other simple designs comprised the Mountaineer Crafts' men's first furniture selection. Later, the production of Arthurdale furniture was changed to feature more sophisticated, mass-produced period pieces. The woodcrafts didn't stop at furniture, however.

Mike Mayor, an Arthurdale resident who was a teenager when the homestead project began, and worked alongside his father in the woodshop, can verify this. Mayor lives in one of the stone houses and has built much of the handsome furniture he owns; but his skills are also disclosed by his own assortment of hand-turned wood bowls, plates, and candlesticks.



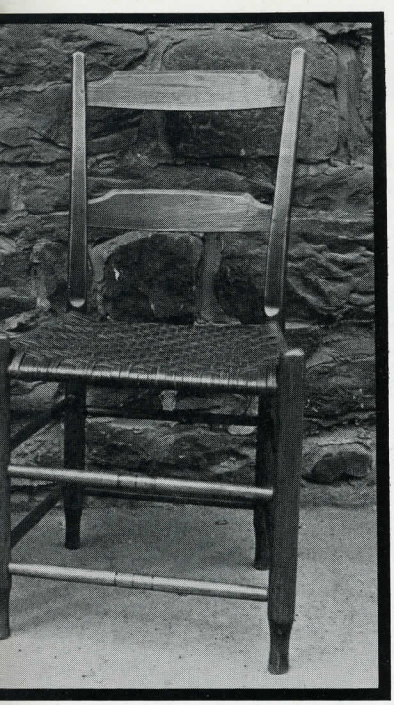
Lova McNair's pottery

The Godl

Roy B. Kelly is 20 and a student at West Virginia University. He has apprenticed in a commercial photography studio in Nagoya, Japan, where his parents are missionaries. He came to Morgantown at the end of 1972 and expects to return to Japan on graduating.

Ethel Hill

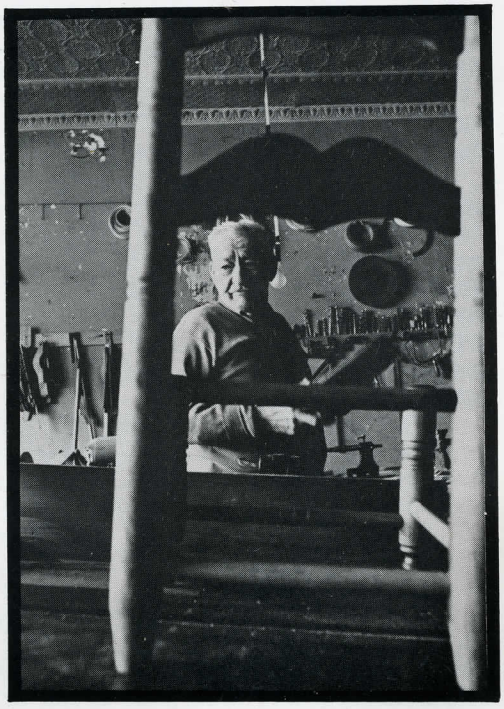
Lon Fullmer



e chair

Lova McNair's pottery

Lova McNair



Steve Deak

A 1940 catalogue of Mountaineer Craftsmen's Cooperative merchandise listed dozens of wood items, from a slim letter opener to a large hostess tray. The plates, bowls, cups, salad sets, and other turned-wood products were made from native woods—maple, cherry, and walnut, among others--in graceful, uncomplicated designs. The pieces in Major's collection (and he has made more than one of the catalogue selection) range in color from off-white to mellow red to deep brown.

"For a long time," Mayor says, "each man who made a piece put his own finish on it." Each wood utensil is also stamped on the bottom with the trademark of the Mountaineer Craftsmen.

While Mayor describes his work, his wife Annabelle runs upstairs to find one of her favorites among the Arthurdale woodcrafts. It is intricately curved pin, less than two inches square, in the shape of a spaniel. "There were three or four different dogs," she remembers. "I think they cost about fifty cents."

One type of wood construction made by some of the woodworkers, which was not offered in the catalogue, was a weaving loom. Mrs. Roosevelt donated nine large looms to set up the weaving workshop in the community, and the government hired an instructor, Miss Ruth Hallen.

According to Mrs. McNair, who quickly became an accomplished weaver, "many people took advantage of this wonderful training. As the demand became greater for the use of the looms, some of the women had looms made by the homesteaders who were skilled craftsmen." Six looms were made by Steve Deak.

The weaving room was located to the left of the assembly hall in the community center. "It was covered on one side

with green growing vines," says Mrs. McNair, "and a metal sign, made at the Arthurdale Forge, was hanging outside the door to let visitors and travelers know that this was the Weaving Room." Mrs. McNair still keeps a looseleaf notebook filled with colorful samples of the patterns she learned from Miss Hallen.

Although Mrs. McNair can boast a multiplicity of talents, weaving was probably her favorite craft.

She remembers, especially, a "white apron with a design woven just above the hem." During one of Mrs. Roosevelt's visits to Arthurdale, the weavers hung their aprons on a clothesline and asked the First Lady to accept her favorite one as a gift.

Mrs. McNair smiles. "She chose mine."

The weavers formed a guild, and filled orders from many states and several different countries. Among the items woven were towels, placemats, tablecloths, napkins, draperies, belts, handbags, pillows, neckties, scarves, baby blankets, bedspreads, rugs, and woven fabric for clothing. The women worked with linen, cotton and wool.

One of several Arthurdale weavers who still owns and uses her loom is Mrs. Ethel Hill, a good friend of Mrs. McNair's. "The weaving room used to be kind of a lively place," Mrs. Hill says. She points out that the women, in addition to producing woven articles for sale, made blankets which were donated to the Arthurdale Health Center and the nursery school. Both Mrs. Hill and Mrs. McNair also wove the fabric for some of their own children's clothes. The two friends, who affectionately call each other "McNair" and "Hill," were also members of a pottery guild.

Pottery classes were started by the Women's Club, which also sponsored arts and crafts fairs at which the ceramics were exhibited. Approximately 30 men and women were pottery guild members. Most of the potter's wheels, as well as the kiln in the pottery workshop, were made by Arthurdale citizens. Arthurdale pottery, like other Arthurdale crafts, was solid, practical, and pleasing to look at.

During World War II, the pottery workshop was closed because most of the potters were directing their time and talents toward the war effort. They were promised a ceramics instructor at the end of the war, but this hope never materialized.

Mrs. Hill is one who would still like to find a potter's wheel and pursue her interests in ceramics. "I'd rather do pottery than paint molded ceramics," she explains, "because pottery, you build--yourself."

One of the people who was most helpful at the beginning of the Arthurdale community is also a nationally-recognized metal craftsman whose handiwork is on permanent display at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C. James Londus Fullmer, known to his neighbors as "Lon," will be 85 years old this year. He has been a blacksmith for more than 60 years, and it was he who helped to forge the hinges and door latches for the first 50 homesteads in Arthurdale. Fullmer learned his blacksmith trade when he was 21 or 22 years old. He remembers "standing under a horse from daylight until the dark of night."

He had a reputation as a good metal worker when he came to Arthurdale in 1934, and he was soon gaining recognition as a creator of fancy ironwork. One of the first creations he sold was a wrought iron well head, about seven feet tall, with a delicate wrought iron cherry branch at its tip. Fullmer is also famous for his metal replicas of antique mechanical instruments. One of these was exhibited at the Seattle World's Fair and is now at the Smithsonian. It is the Tycho Brahe armillary sphere. Brahe was a 16th century astronomer, and the ancient instrument which Fullmer reproduced was actually in use about 1575.

Fullmer did much of his work at the Arthurdale Forge, where members of the Mountaineer Craftsmen's Cooperative produced a large selection of pewter, copper, and brass items for sale. The metalworkers made plates, bowls, pitchers, mugs, salt and pepper shakers, spoons, candlesticks, ash trays, finger bowls, teapots, and many other metalcrafts. A hand-spun pewter dish, four inches in diameter, was priced at $1.50 in 1940. Fullmer is an expert pewter spinner, and plans to begin teaching the craft, this summer, to his grandson.

But his talents are not all in metal. He plays a lively tune on a fiddle he has owned for more than 50 years. He fiddled at Arthurdale square dances, and likes to recall that he had danced with Mrs. Roosevelt. Fullmer isn't sure when he became interested in making music, but it was when he was very young. His wife says, "He's been playing that fiddle since he's known me, and I've lived with him for 57 years."

Driving past the crumbling Arthurdale community center is an experience of one kind. But hearing Lon Fullmer's fiddle or tasting homemade wild plum jelly from Lova McNair's root cellar or watching Ethel Hill make a rug are encounters of a different sort. The official structure of the homestead project may have been abandoned as a failure; but the spirit which activated Arthurdale is alive and well.

A Visit With

Zella Deel Aldrich

Yarn About 17 in Family Making 1934 Crosscountry Journey of Mercy in 2-ton Truck

Background Sketch by Tom Screven

Zella Deel Aldrich is very proud of her central West Virginia family. Indeed, it is notable, if not a noble, clan that would in 1934--in the middle of the debilitating Depression--embark on a madly adventuresome journey nearly across the United States to help a brother with broken health get to a more healing climate. But moving about was second nature to her family. She recalls her father saying more than once, "We moved so many times the chickens knew how to cross their legs to be tied." Following this sketch is, in her words, the story of the 1934 escapade.

The Deels go back quite a way in Roane County. Mrs. Aldrich, who was born on August 3, 1911, recalls that her great-grandfather James Preston Deel bought 600 acres for $1 an acre at "what they call Ammy" (Amma) around the middle of the 19th century. That was only six months before her grandfather James Eppson Deel was born. The elder Deel interrupted his farming to become a Yankee soldier in the Civil War. Her father, another James Preston Deel, was born in 1878.

This very warm woman is charm and gentle persuasiveness personified. As she tells below, she is not at all fond of housework. In the several communities around Kanawha County where she has lived in recent years she is known as the anything but rich woman who always comes up with a few dollars for the neediest case among her neighbors. A meal for the hungry, doctors' bills, and drug costs are urgent needs she has repeatedly managed to meet. She has organized several Helping Hands groups, which she hastens to state are informal and unaffiliated with any other more established and larger organizations with the same name.

Although she is what could be called an informal Christian, her ethics make her, in a certain way, seem strictly religious. When she was twelve, her family converted to Mormonism, whose formal practice she has allowed to get rusty.

Her very easy, enormous smile tips you off at once that she is a kind of extroardinary Avon Lady. Absolutely. Most visibly at the Kanawha City Flea Market she is the woman who can sell those older, most collectable jars, bottles, and jewelry even to cautious casual lookers. Smaller antiques are also sprinkled around her flea market stand and are often priced quite moderately. She calls herself a "pack rat" and admits to owning around 1,200 old Avons.

Her stand there contains still more. Right before your eyes she makes Fantasy Film flowers, as tasteful and delicate ones as you are likely to find. These transparent colored blossoms she sells for a sum so modest that it seems detrimental to her interests to mention it here. Besides, she can hardly make enough to satisfy the sometimes panic-like demand.

This visitor to the Flea Market one day was attracted to her banjo playing. Her instrument is the guitar, she insists, but she was doing some fine West Virginia pickin' even on a cheap old battered banjo for sale by another exhibitor. She owns no stringed instrument at the present.

Her four daughters, now handsome women in their forties, are barbershop quartet singers when family demands do not interfere. Three of them have been members of the Sweet Adelines, a national quartet association for women.

Mrs. Aldrich's mother, a good Bible scholar who was schooled

by her more literate father, is the subject of one of her favorite stories. "In my childhood...you know how children'll be 'playin'--come whinin' in for sympathy--you know, to tell on somebody? Well, Mom...if you's come in and say, 'Mom, can you...I want you to listen, ...' She'd turn around, she'd say, 'If it's good, I got about an hour; if it's bad, get out o' here.' That's the way she raised us kids."

A fairly heavy smoker, she tells of being teased recently for smoking cigarettes known for their cigar-like qualities. "They remind me of m' dad's homemade tobacco he raised," she says. "He raised some every year just for his own use. Many's the time, unbeknowns't to him, I made me a cigarette with homemade tobacco."

Zella Deel Aldrich has a rich, lilting speaking voice that almost has an Irish quality. She laughs easily and often.

(Following are exerpts from a slightly longer taped visit. The few questions of the interviewer have been deleted from the transcription. -T.S.)

Mrs. Aldrich:

I married, of course, and separated, and I had my children staying with Mother and Dad. I raised them with them. Well, we was just very poor. I stood in breadlines. I hitchhiked from Clendenin--we was livin' up there then above Clendenin. And I had to feed my family,you see...no work. It was down at the Courthouse in Charleston. And so I didn't have any money and couldn't find no job. That must have been right in the... '33s or '34s or something like that, because that's when we led up to takin' my brother out there to this place.

Anyway, I made trips to the place over in Clendenin. They had a place where they hand out what they call commodities. And I'd walk across that mountain and go over there and get this sack o' flour or whatever it was and lug it across that mountain..hitchhike, I didn't have no way to get no place.

So, many a time I'd hitchhike down to the...inside...in Charleston, and I'd walk to Bigley (Ave.) over to that bread line, you know, standin' in the back. And I would go up to that thing, git up to the door--as hungry as I could be--and they'd say come back the next day...close the door...I couldn't git there. But anyway, that was what I said, I've lived.

But see, in the meantime I was raisin' my children, my four daughters. I got a job one time in a restaurant and--they called me "country"--and this man ordered.... Right on the plain linoleum floor I stubbed m' toe and coffee went right on that man's white shirt.(Laughs) Well, I lost that job...you know, I went away a' cryin'. But anyway, we suffered a lot, and dad wasn't even able to work and couldn't find no work..along in those times...it was Depression times.

We lived near Clendenin at a place called Corton...right across the hill from Turner...above Turner. And we lived back on the mountain across...I can't tell you. It was Little Blue Creek or something. Anyway, well, we just suffered through the--you might say almost starved---through those days.

And then when my half-brother--his name was Lloyd Jones--and he was overseas (World War I)...I had three brothers in the service...and he came home...he had contacted this malaria fever over in the swamps, wherever he was, about seventeen times and it affected his throat and he took TB in his throat. So we tried to do everything we could here for him. He had two children, and the doctor said he might be spared if we could get him to Arizona--to Prescott, Arizona.

And not havin' any money, only his pension--he got a small pension every month. Well, this man that owned a big truck...he said he'd like to go if we'd pay his expenses, you see. He'd furnish the truck.

We fixed that truck up till it was...I think there was seventeen people, about seven or eight children...It was bound to have been in '34 when we started because my baby girl was born in 1933. Well, we fixed a nice place for those children to sleep inside the thing, and we'd sleep on the outside--if you were lucky enough to have a blanket so you can sleep on a blanket. And my brother and I--when we'd run short o' money--we'd just park along the side, see...they didn't care for you campin' along in those days...I mean you could build up a fire and nobody'd say anything about it. We would leave and take the truck and let everybody stay there. (Laughs) We'd go down into the nearest town, you see, and just park some place and throw our hat down and start playin' our old-fashioned music and takin' up a collection.

We played the fiddle and guitar. My brother played the fiddle and I seconded with him, you know. And we'd sing old hillbilly tunes, you know, and we just made our way all the way --made chicken feed. I had a guitar with a hole in it, and we'd go in someplace and ask 'em if they wanted us to play music, you know... in beer places and every place...we didn't care...just go in any place to make a dime...and go in there, put that hat down and people'd come up and put money in that guitar, you know...ask for us to sing and play their certain tunes. Many a time I'd come

home and let them strings down and the kids'd get all that money out o' the guitar. (Laughs) That's the funniest thing. You know, they wouldn't let you play music this side of the Mason-Dixon line; they wouldn't let you go in anyplace and play music, you know.

If there was a contest a' goin' on anywhere we thought we could win a little something, we'd go and enter the contest. Sometimes we'd win. But we had a good time, now, that's all there was to it. And there was places we went through that just looked impossible for us to get over--Devil's Canyon, places like that, you know. We had a flat tire on one of the biggest places ...I think it was called some kind of a trail...out between El Paso and...seems to me like...Arizona...Apache Trail, is it? Anyway, there was a great big rock up on the side here, but down over the hill there--ah, it looked like miles down in there. We had a flat tire right there in that curve, and it was pourin' rain...I don't know, it was the oddest thing. And we built a fire up in there and all of us got out of the thing, because we was afraid it was going to turn right over...you know, up against the hillside. But, boy, I'll tell you, that was a scary sight. We got that thing fixed; my brother got under the side where the jack...on that thing...and he almost lifted that thing hisself to help hold it to keep it from fallin' over.

The truck was just a 2-ton International, an' we just had a thing built up over it...shed, you know...built it so it'd be warm inside of it. 'Course we had a storm when we got down through Indiana or someplace down in there...and blowed the top of it off. We had to fix it again.

Seems to me like it was about twenty-one or twenty-two days that it took to get out there. As for contests we got in, I remember one place where they had Mexicans and they had one playin' the piano--beautiful pianist--and we just got out there and we didn't even aim to enter int' any contest, I mean we wouldn't have had nerve enough to go in that kind of place, you know, to enter in a contest.

Well, we just walked in like we always blundered in anyplace and jus' said. "You want to hear some hillbilly music?" And the man at the door saw our musical instruments and our big ol' hats and just pushed us right on into the contest...(Laughs) right on the floor. So we just got out there and jarred down on "Don't Let Your Deal Go Down" and played "Way Down Yonder" and all them kind of things, you know, and acted silly and we won...won $25. Liked t' tickled us to death.

We just played everything..."The Chicken Reel." We'd sing all kinds of old songs, you know--just songs. And my brother'd play "Turkey in the Straw" and all them kind of old, old tunes, you know. Once in a while we'd play hymns--that's my favorite.. I love hymns.

I think it was Houston, Texas, I'm not sure...but anyway, they had kind of a square...a place, you know, where they'd drive in and they just park in this way all the way around the circle. (She indicates) It looked like it was a great big square place, but inside they'd park their cars looked like in a circle. Well, we got right in the middle of that circle, and the sun was kind of hot about that time, you know. We got there and laid our hat down...we didn't see a person when we started to playin' that music. And the people started to comin' to their cars, you see, and honest to goodness, they was up on top o' the cars and people were standin' there taking their hats off just a' moppin' their face and hollerin' for us to play... the funniest thing. And I think we counted $27 out o' that hat. People would just holler, "Come on now, shell out!" you know, "Play us another one!" We just 'bout run out o' tunes.

But we knew about 360 or 70 tunes that we could play. Of course I've forgotten so many. My brother Perry Amos Deel was the fiddler...he's got all that (the names of tunes) written down..."Ol' Joe Clark," "The Orange Blossom Special"...the one the Carter Family always played (pause)...I can't remember them to save my life.

As for food...on the trip I never cooked any. I was a provider. I don't like housework; I don't like nothin' like that. That was left up to Mom and the other women, my brother's wife and my cousin's wife. And John--that was cousin---he got out and got the firewood and stuff like that. My brother and I would be down someplace tryin' to make money for to buy food for...

Anyway they'd cook a big pot of pinto beans. They had some kind of a pot--great ol' big thing, I guess they canned in--and they'd cook that thing full. They'd make homemade vegetable soup. Well, it was the best stuff you ever ate. We'd get light bread--that's all I missed--biscuits. We never had no biscuits, 'cause we didn't have nothin' to bake on, but we'd fry pancakes.

Boy, I had one...(Laughs) Dad thought he was good, you know, at flipping pancakes, and he'd fix 'em for all the kids first. We'd let the kids all eat all the pancakes and syrup they wanted first, see. Then the grownups would eat. And Pop was the 'ficial one to flip those pancakes, 'cause he didn't think the rest of us could do it. So I was going to show him I could. I said, "Gimme that skillet." I flipped it up like

that and it come down and flopped over. All the dough went everplace. (Laughs) I'm tellin' you. I said, "Yeah, Pop, I can't do it." Well, it liked to tickled him to death. They never let me forget that.

On the trip out my brother and I went in this place, and they started shootin'...I mean they was shootin' at each other. And we read the papers the next day this man was killed. And my brother and I come outa there...we was scared to death...and we saw this man runnin' around the corner...there...so we took around the other way and run and got outa there. They really had a feud goin'. I never was so glad to get out of a place in my life.

We went in this one place and my brother--it was daylight, you know--he walked up to this bartender on this side an' he said, "How 'bout us playin' some old hillbilly music? We want to raise a little bit o' money." He said, "This is my sister." He always introduced me, you see. The bartender...he didn't care if them people were over there with that big ticker tape--liked lottery--whatever it was. Of course they was makin' money, you know...the stock, whatever it was...It was a great ol' big poolroom thing on the side ...plush in the back for big entertainment...I still don't know anything about it.

He said, "Yeah, go right on over there and play." So we went over there and we jarred down on some o' them big ol' noisy tunes...and them people could care less. Nobody said a word... we played one and nobody said anything, and we jarred down on another one and nobody said anything...and finally it dawned on my brother...he went over there and he said, "Who'll give us fifty cents to quit?" And that fifty cents come slidin' down there, honest to goodness, and liked to tickled me to death. That's all there was to it. And my brother picked it up and he said, "Thank you," and we walked over past that....He said, "We been throwed out of better places 'an that."

We had a good time now, but it was frightening too, to be responsible for so many people. But we made it, you see. Now, when we left home up there at Ammy (Amma) Mother sold even her sewing machine. We sold everthing we could...anything...we sold anything to get money enough to take him out there. And everybody went because he had to go. That's how our family stuck together. That was my father's stepson, too, you see... but Bob was such a good person.

Now, see, when we got out there in Arizona...Dad and Mother, when my brother died--my half-brother died out there after about six months--he was just too far gone. Anyway, Mother and Dad was so used to West Virginia they couldn't stand it out there... be uprooted, you know, from their home...so we got the welfare... I think it was the...I was so dunb about things and so naive, you know, trusting of everybody. People just took...I guess they just took it on theirself to look after us on account of my children.

But my brother settled out there, and he was out there for a couple of years. He can make violins, you know, so he was makin' his violins and he taught music too. Well, he wasn't a professor, but, you know, he'd just teach notes to kids or people. He had his shop and everything.

"The School Truck, Red House Resettlement Project"
(Photo: Farm Security Administration)

This photo was copied from West Virginia, A Guide to the Mountain State *compiled by workers of the Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration in W. Va. Oxford University Press (N.Y.,N.Y.) published the remarkable book in 1941 under the sponsorship of the Conservation Commission of W. Va.*

Exerpts from

West Virginia: Treasure Chest of Industry

By Enrique C. Canova

A map of West Virginia turned so that Williamson is directly at the bottom looks like an old-time leather pouch such as prospectors used to carry gold dust.

The two panhandles are the drawstrings to close it. And the simile is not too farfetched, for within the confines of this geographic "pouch" lies tremendous wealth in natural recources--coal, oil, gas, farms, orchards--and scenery.

Look at the map again in its normal position with relation to the rest of the United States. Chester is farther north than Pittsburgh; Bluefield farther south than Richmond; Kenova considerably westof the Panama Canal; while in the east, if you were to go due south from Harpers Ferry to the latitude of Savannah, Georgia, you would be 200 miles out in the Atlantic Ocean!

These festivals are colorful, but King Apple isn't the only ruler. The list includes the Strawberry Festival at Buckhannon; the Rhododendron (State Flower) Festival at Webster Springs; the Tomato Festival at Berkeley Springs; the Forest Festival at Elkins; the Buckwheat Festival at Kingwood; and the Tobacco Festival at Huntington.

Then there is the Spud and Splinter Festival at Richwood, a unique celebration in honor of the potato and lumber industry, at which time the "Admirals of the Cherry River Navy" parade with cocked hats, crossed clotheslines, and a huge wooden clothespin in lieu of a sword.

Clarksburg, birthplace of "Stonewall" Jackson, has no level spots. Most of the places we visited in West Virginia are built on the hillsides, and the streets and homes scramble up and down the rugged surface.

A short walk up an almost vertical street brought us to a point where we could look down on the city as though from an airplane, while we panted for breath and wished for an oxygen tank.

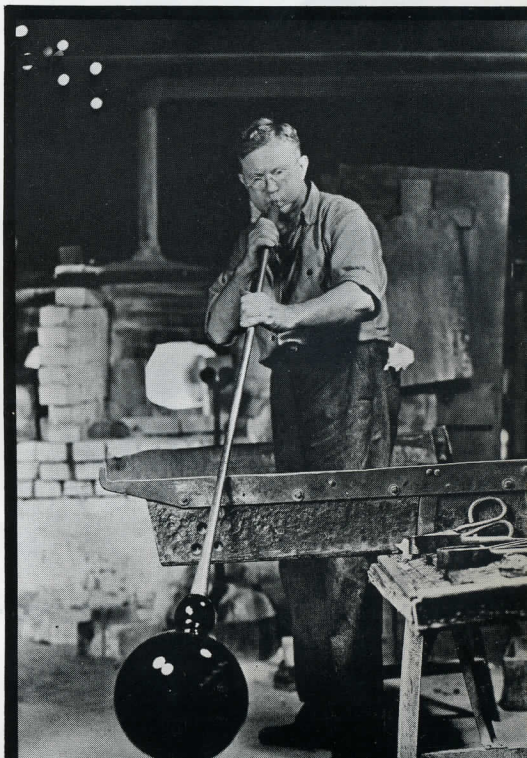
Factories making glass tableware and fruit jars; carbon electrodes; window and picture glass; hotel and restaurant chinaware, and millions of marbles--all are located here. Numerous coal, natural gas, and petroleum companies operate in and around Clarksburg.

Thousands of chimneys for old-fashioned kerosene lamps are

The August, 1940, issue of *The National Geographic Magazine* contained an article called "West Virginia: Treasure Chest of Industry" by Enrique C. Canova. "Illustrations" were "from photographs by Volkmar Wentzel and B. Anthony Stewart."

The National Geographic Society in Washington, D. C., has most generously granted permission to "Hearth and Fair" to print the following excerpts (approximately one-quarter) from that article. Furthermore, the Society supplied copies of the original photographs for our use; some of them were made from color transparencies.

B.A. STEWART



shipped annually to the last place in the world you would guess--New York City! There is a volume sale for them on the East Side.

We headed south over excellent roads. Considering the up-and-down surface of the State, the improved highways--more than 4,500 miles of them--are a comfort. Even back roads through the mountains were not as rough and dusty as we feared.

Charleston is capital of the State, and also a thriving business city of some 67,000 people. Water, rail and road arteries nourish it, and in turn carry away ashes, chemicals, and glass.

Along its narrow, busy streets, we had difficulty realizing that scarcely 150 years ago Daniel Boone trod this same ground, settlers battled Indians, and life was about as precarious as it is today, the difference being that between tomahawk and traffic.

The golden dome of the new State Capitol, 300 feet high, is an impressive sight.

Equally impressive is the huge crystal-ball chandelier in the interior of the dome, 180 feet above the rotunda.

"It weighs two tons and takes two men five days to clean it," our guide informed us.

"How do they clean it? From a scaffold?"

"They lower it to the floor and it takes three and a half hours to do so," was the reply. "It can't be lowered faster because it would start swinging and twisting and would crash."

"How big is it?" my companion asked.

"Eight feet in diameter."

"Why, that's within a foot of the size of the gondola used in the National Geographic Society's stratosphere flights!" I exclaimed.

A few miles southeast of Charleston, in Kanawha City, we approached the buildings of the Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company. Fittingly, the outer walls are of the comparatively new glass-faced, load-bearing masonry units which permit lightweight construction of glass.

In the reception room the walls, the desk, and the telephone switchboard were all of lustrous Vitrolite structural opaque colored glass (first made in the plant at Parkersburg, West Virginia) trimmed with chromium, so that everything gleamed as in an operating room.

Colonial glassware reproductions in the homes and inns of restored Williamsburg, Virginia, came from the Blenko Glass Company at Milton, West Virginia. Here I watched a white-haired worker make a vase. He used ordinary shears to cut off the excess molten glass and manipulated plain hardwood sticks and boards to groove and shape the fluted top.

"How long have you been doing this sort of work?" I asked him.

"Ever since I was twelve years old," he replied. "I'm 65 now. I learned my trade from my father in Sweden. He was a fine glass blower himself, and maybe when I have had more

B.A. STEWART

"Asbury Keeps Alive Old Skills in Weaving and Other Homecraft at Weekly Sewing Sessions"
(National Geographic Society)

(*Photo page 27:* "...Milton glass blower (Blenko Glass Co.)."

experience I can equal his work!"

More than 450 different shades of stained glass are made here. You find them in such places as the Memorial Chapel in the Meuse Battlefield in France; the Chapel at Duke University; the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul in Washington, and St. John's Cathedral, and Riverside Church, both in New York City.

We stopped at Rainelle to see the operations of one of the largest hardwood plants in the United States. The company still operates on virgin timber. This is a band-saw mill, holdover from early lumbering days when huge mills were erected and the timber brought to them. Today, with better roads, portable power, and easy access to an electrical supply, the mill is more often taken to the lumber.

The walnut from which your desk was made, or the dainty heels of your dance partner's slippers, may have come from here. Some 20,000 pairs of wooden shoe heels are turned out daily.

To the south is Ronceverte, once an important lumber center. Steep steps leading from some streets to others impart an Old World atmosphere. Periodically the town stages a fiddlers' contest which draws players and spectators from miles around.

Heading southwest, in a heavy rain, we passed through Alderson, Hinton, and Beckley, then up to Charleston, traversing a mountainous country where men in "hard hats," durable clothes, and safety lamps were notable for their air of alertness and self-sufficiency.

From the bridge across the Ohio River (in Huntington) we saw old-time river paddle boats nosing coal barges downstream. As we watched them, a multimotored airliner swooped down for a landing at the near-by airport. The era of Mark Twain overlapped that of Howard Hughes!

A few miles farther along (from Huntington) we left the car and hiked to our destination and within five minutes after arrival felt we were "home folks," among our volunteer guide's relatives.

We learned about herbs from our hostess, for simple remedies still play a part away from the bigger towns and cities. "Yaller root" *(Hydrastis canadensis)* is "good for stomach disorders"; snakeroot *(Artistolochia serpentaria)* is a strong physic; "white shoestring" *(Tephrosia virginiana)* is a "sure cure" for heart trouble; and a hot mullein leaf poultice will draw out pain.

Such time-honored remedies are disappearing. In modern science, well-equipped hospitals, and State health services, West Virginia ranks high.

In the mines of the Island Creek Coal Company, at Holden, we went down a vertical shaft in a hoist, although most of the mines are entered by an inclined tunnel.

We observed the entire procedure from the time they undercut and "bug dusted" the seam to the final clean-up.

A negro did the shooting to break down the coal. Before each shot he looked around to make sure everyone was clear, then gave a mournful cry: "F-i-r-e!" In the darkness of the mine all we could see was the single bright eye of the safety lamp on his hat and the gleam of his teeth when he opened his mouth to shout!

A State trooper at Franklin told me: "Just a few weeks ago I had to get a statement from an old woman who has lived up in the mountains a few miles from here all her life, and I had to take an interpreter with me, as she couldn't speak

V. WENTZEL

"Like a Minstrel...at a Roncevert Contest
Strains of 'Washington's March' or 'Jimmy Johnson Brings His Jug Round the Hill' fill the air."
(National Geographic Society)

English."

"What was she? Indian?"

"German. During the Revoluntary War captured Hessians were held in prison camps in this section and later they, as well as others, settled here because they liked the country. Some have family records that go back for hundreds of years, written on skins. The valley just west of here is called 'Germany Valley.' Be sure to see it; it's beautiful."

"By the way, how do you spell your name?" I asked.

"B-u-s-c-h" he replied, his eyes twinkling.

V. WENTZEL

"Stemple Ridge Folk Work Their Names into a 'Friendship Quilt' for a Departing Neighbor '
(National Geographic Society)

From a point on the road to Judy Gap I could look down on Germany Valley. It was all that had been claimed for it. From this same point I could see Spruce Knob, highest in the State-4,860 feet above sea level.

Nearing the top of a stiff climb, my car began to heat up. While the motor cooled, I walked over to a near-by lumbermen's cottage and chatted with the family. They insisted I have Sunday dinner with them. Outstanding were their friendly courtesy and "Grandma's" tomato butter, which looked like strawberry jam and tasted like Mexican *panocha*.

"How do you make it? Any special kind of tomatoes?"

"Oh, no. You jus' take plain ordinary termaters an' peel 'em. Then you boil 'em till they git thick. Then you add a little sugar--I always use brown sugar--and boil 'em some more till the sugar and termaters is all cooked up together real thick. That's all."

"Do you add any water?"

Oh, no, mister, you don't add no water. Termaters has a *lot* of juice theyselves!"

Elkins was my next stop. Traces of the old Seneca Indian Trail may still be seen where it crosses the campus of Davis and Elkins College. Each Fall a Forest Festival is staged here with "knights" jousting, sawyers cutting huge logs in record time, and choppers wielding axes for championship honors.

Morgantown, built on seven hills, is the home of the West Virginia University, with an enrollment of nearly 4,000 in its various colleges and schools.

Here, too, are many glass plants. One of these is the Seneca Glass Company, where beautifully decorated pieces of tableware are made by artists whose tools are grinding stones of various sizes. Thirty thousand different items--150 carloads a year--from tiny crystal dinner bells to large punch bowls, are produced. The company also furnished glassware, with the seal crest of the United States on each piece, to the United States embassies.

At one factory I watched cloth for men's shirts being spread out 500 layers thick and cut by an electric cutter, as neatly as you could slice a piece of cheese with an ordinary knife. Women at whirring machines sew the pieces together. "Jitterbug" machines, with eccentric needles that jump from hole to hole, sew buttons on in the time it would take to pick one up and put it in position by hand.

Headed westward, we stopped at Mannington where, in the Bowers Pottery Company's plant, we saw toilet tanks and bowls molded and baked in huge ovens. An odd sight was the men carrying finished pieces to the bake ovens for final firing, one piece in their arms and three others balanced on their heads!

Wheeling, third largest city in the State, has been famed

since 1810 as the home of nails and stogies. Today those industries are still important, but Wheeling also makes china and porcelain ware, heavy steel and iron products, proprietary medicines, and glassware.

Chester, at the northernmost tip of the northern panhandle, and near-by Newell are pottery centers. In the latter, plates, cups, pitchers, and bowls are made in the vast plants of the Homer Laughlin China Company.

At Moundsville the Fostoria Glass Company makes its glassware, using some 7,500 tons of silica sand received in paper-lined cars from the pits we had previously visited near Berkeley Springs.

Skilled workmen with consummate artistry grind or etch patterns on fragile glass, cut the new "reversed" bas-relief on heavier pieces or caressingly rub gold leaf into delicate designs with bare fingertips.

Picturesque St. Marys would delight the heart of any youngster, for here is a marble factory that can turn out 2,625,000 marbles a *day*! In showing us around, the proprietor waved his hand casually toward a series of storage bins: "Sixty-five million marbles!"

This one factory shipped 14 million Chinese checker marbles in six months. The old-fashioned games still take many marbles, and so do the pin-ball machines in corner stores. You find them also in reflecting road signs and the safety signals used on the backs of cars and trucks.

They are used in oil filters, for graining lithographic plates--and by undertakers! When a casket is to be placed in a vault, often a handful of marbles is thrown under it to make it roll easily.

As we headed homeward, we estimated that we had traveled more than 2,500 miles within the State, touching its farthermost corners and criss-crossing its 24,282 square miles several times in all directions. Between low and high points this gave us a varied range of climate equivalent to a trip from the Carolinas to Canada.

When I looked over my notes under such headings as steel and stogies; climate, coal, chemistry; livestock and lumber; parks and pottery; education and recreation, I began to think the comment one business man made to me was not wholly State pride.

"West Virginia is one of the few places that are practically self-sufficient," he said. "Consider everything that is grown, made, or needed for comfortable existence. We either grow it, make it, or can offer a satisfactory substitute for it right here in the State!"

V. WENTZEL

"...artist learned his trade as a boy in Haida, Sudetenland (formerly Czechoslovakia)...50 years...decorating glassware. ...own designs...in this Weston...factory. Scores of... brushes...used on one design; even drawing pens...."(National Geographic Society)

"Freehand (painter)...on Flower Bowls and Other Glassware"

Cooperatives as a Social Philosophy: What They Have Done and Might Do

By Bob Cass

Cooperatives result when people come together for a common purpose and share in the efforts and rewards. They have been a relatively little-understood institution, though their bases reach back in history to the time when societies were created by the joining of families into a cooperative venture for the increased production of goods and greater physical as well as economic security.

We find today in West Virginia and around the nation a number of cooperatives producing and selling crafts. Crafts cooperatives, particularly those with rural bases and low-income membership, have problems and promises similar to all cooperative organizations. Hopefully, the reader interested in the cooperative concept, particularly as it relates to involvement in, or funding of, crafts cooperatives for low-income persons, may derive some useful information from a recently completed study of rural cooperatives.

In the 1960s the Federal government looked at various strategies of raising the level of benefits to the rural poor. Cooperatives were one such strategy. Low income cooperatives inevitably needed funds by their very nature; their low income members could not provide the initial working capital, and private credit was unavailable. To meet the need, Federal funds were made available under the Office of Economic Opportunity (O.E.O.) Act.

Later, an evaluation of this strategy was necessary. In July of 1971, OEO commissioned Abt Associates of Cambridge, Massachusetts, to conduct a study of various low-income cooperatives to determine their successes, their future support needs, if any, and their long-range economic viability. Abt completed the study just over a year ago, on February 28, 1973.

The cooperatives studied were mainly producer cooperatives which marketed member's products, ranging from produce to livestock to crafts; and they were spread evenly throughout the continental U. S. (The study included six crafts cooperatives, two of which are located in the Appalachian region) The study is somewhat limited in that the group studied was small (18 cooperatives), and they were not selected by probablistic procedures. Additionally, the cooperatives were still relatively young (2-4 years in existence). Nevertheless, the study made some very valid points, points which I find consistent with my own personal experience with low-income crafts cooperatives.

WHAT CAN COOPERATIVES DO?

The study concluded that cooperatives can improve members' economic status; they can improve members' skills and abilities; they can improve a membership group's role or status in the community; they can improve economic conditions of the overall community; and they can reduce outmigration from the community.

One of the more positive points of cooperative is that they operate at a relatively high efficiency of providing supplementary income. As opposed to income maintenance, in which a dollar for the individual requires a dollar of program expenditure (plus administrative expenses), the cooperatives in this group were able to provide income benefits of $4 million annually,

Bob Cass, though born in Georgia, has paternal roots in the Appalachian hills of North Carolina where his grandfather was born and raised before homesteading in Montana. He has visited all 50 States and eight foreign countries.

Graduating from the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn., in 1965, he spent a year at the Wharton Graduate School of Business before serving three years as a Navy Supply Officer, mostly in Vietnam. He completed requirements for the Masters in Business Administration degree at the University of Connecticut in 1971.

Immediately afterward, he served 22 months as a VISTA volunteer working as an economic consultant for low income cooperatives in the rural areas around Charleston, mainly with Cabin Creek Quilts, Inc. He still serves voluntarily as a financial adviser for that group, but is presently employed at W. Va. College of Graduate Studies and W. Va. State College as a coordinator of a student internship program (University Year for Action). He has also been a part-time student at W.V.S.C., completing 24 hours toward a degree in art.

compared to an annualized $1.8 million program cost, giving a leverage factor of 2.2 ($1.8 million divided into $4 million).

One of the better cooperatives I've worked with, Cabin Creek Quilts, has had a much better leverage factor. This cooperative has provided over $90,000 of supplemental income to low-income members with a total program cost of $28,000 ($4,000 grant money; $24,000 support costs for VISTAs) or a leverage factor of 3.2.

Benefits provided by the sample cooperatives are going to the intended beneficiaries, Abt reports, and these beneficiaries are the rural poor. As such, they conclude that the cooperative is providing benefits to a group bypassed by the three main Federal policies aimed at rural economic problems, developing the agricultural sector, developing the industrial sector, and encouraging outmigration. The cooperative need not be an additional strategy, but should be viewed as an adjustment mechanism which provides benefits to individuals in rural areas that are the most disadvantaged and least able to profit from the main thrust of the development strategy.

CAN COOPERATIVES BE VIABLE INSTITUTIONS?

The answer to this question essentially is yes, but it is a conditional yes. The study showed that long-term viability is attainable for cooperatives, even though they start with tremendous financial and organizational disadvantages. The organizational viability is much more easily attained than financial independence.

Of the cooperatives studied, 12 of the 18 had reached the break-even point or would break even at some point in time (between 1 and 10 years and an average of 4-6 years). Breaking-even occurs when annual revenues from business operations equal or exceed annual costs. Assuming that the 6 having no break-even points could not adjust operations to reach that goal, the average of one-third financial failure would not compare unfavorably with national statistics on small businesses and other business developed programs. The unfortunate thing for low-income cooperatives and the one factor which may have caused the majority of cooperative failures, is that funding agencies place too much emphasis strictly on the financial success versus the other benefits which cooperatives can provide and fail to provide funding to the average 4 to 6 year break-even point.

My own experience has shown this definitely to be true. Too often, funding agencies play the numbers games; they expect immediate returns on pittance investments without realizing that any business or social enterprise takes years to develop into an independently successul organization capable of yielding returns much greater than the investment required and only as long as that investment is in sufficient amount over a sufficient period of time.

Abt recommended from its study that funding agencies measure success not solely from financial viability, but from the achievement of policy objectives, e.g. providing specified benefits, both economic and other. Funding agencies must plan their funding with multi-year commitments of support, based on a financial break-even period. Obviously, the amount of money needed and the period of funding depend on the particular type of cooperative and its intended benefits.

The study also recommends some form of planning support, preferably a grant, precede actual funding of cooperatives so that feasibility studies may be conducted. The feasibility study should determine expected funding requirements to break-even points for each coop component (business operations, skill training, social services,etc.) and should project the level of benefits to be provided.

WHAT DO COOPERATIVES NEED?

In addition to funding for the entire period up to break-even, cooperatives need other resources made available to them. These additional resources include technical assistance, managerial and other staff, and management systems for financial control and planning. Abt recommends that the cooperative have the maximum possible ability to select assistance of the type and from the sources it desires.

Grant funding, as opposed to loan funding, the study states, is generally preferable, as it minimizes the burden on the coop. Moreover, there exists no evidence that loan repayment requirements act as an incentive to coop performance.

One thing I personally believe is needed, especially for product-type coops is a structured means of informational exchange. In the past, such groups as Mountain Artisians, Cabin Creek Quilts, and Rural Arts and Crafts Association have been cooperative in sharing information and expertise. I hope this can be further facilitated and broadened in the future by public or private funding of regional and/or national conferences for low-income cooperatives by product type.

Two other areas that should be explored are means by which cooperatives can provide above-poverty income as well as income supplements and the feasibility of vertical and/or horizontal integration of one or more of the business's organizational aspects of low-income cooperatives.

WHAT COOPERATIVES MIGHT DO:
A SHORT EDITORAL

For me, cooperatives not only appear as one of the most viable solutions to underdeveloped rural areas but perhaps are even more important as a regenerative philosophy for the country. These first words are, I realize, perhaps arcane and confusing as to their intended meaning. But I hope to explain by defining cooperatives for what they are: economic institutions of the people, by the people, and for the people.

Cooperatives are cooperation. A spirit of cooperation, rather than of competition between people, seems to me to be the hoped for direction and essence of any society. Too often lately I have heard students, laborers, tradesmen, and business executives revert to the philosophy of "looking out for number one when push comes to shove." To me this indicates a reaction to what I term "creeping cynicism."

This cynicism evolves from an increasing awareness by the public of the ineffectiveness of government bureauracies, the feeling of powerlessness against the entrenched institutions of the oligopolistic economy, the thinking that agencies created to serve people are no longer in touch with the people. Thus comes the conclusion for many that since nobody else is looking out for you, then you'd better be looking out only for yourself.

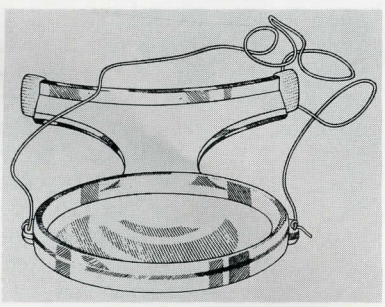
One should certainly take responsibility for looking out for himself, but this should not preclude being cooperative in serving the needs of others as well. Cooperation is a basic need of any society; it is probably the one most important necessary ingredient of man living with man. And according to John Stuart Hill, it is a basic tenet of liberty.

Allstair Cooke, author of *Allstair Cooke's America* and creator and narrator of the "America" television series, recently stated that he believes there is still great vitality and idealism in America. This kind of hope, in my opinion, needs to be nutured by revitalized or restructured institutions that operate in such a way as to promote a cooperative spirit, rather than a "dog-eat-dog" competitive spirit based on a profit motive.

Certainly non-profit cooperatives are not the sole panacea for this country's ills, but they certainly are a hope and an extremely important vehicle for allieviating some of the ills experienced by the rural, low-income member of our society.

Reader's Idea

A thoughtful reader with a knowledge of the problems of craftspeople sent us a $6.00 device that should make close, tedious work with a needle, a brush, or the like a whole lot easier for those with tired or ailing eyes. Also, the maker, Hoffritz for Cutlery, puts out a free 50-page catalogue that is itself a valuable reference work for anyone interested in scissors and knives. There are pages of them in it.



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ARTHURDALE, WEST VIRGINIA

Farm Security Administration photographs, ca. 1936

WALKER EVANS

Left from Reedsville on State 92 is ARTHURDALE, (1,797 alt., 650 pop.), one of three Federal resettlement projects in West Virginia, established in 1934 to rehabilitate selected families. The settlement offers each homesteader a house, a combination barn and poultry house, and three acres of land. The fireproof dwellings of concrete block have five, six, and seven rooms, and have been arranged in a semicircle around the meadows which slope from the hilltop crowned with the 20-room Arthurdale Inn *(open all year)* of modified Colonial design. Handicraftsmen of the resettlement project have fashioned the furniture, draperies, and linens of the inn, which has become nationally know known through the frequent visits of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Arthurdale occupies a 1,017-acre tract, formerly the plantation of Colonel John Fairfax, one of George Washington's close associates. The land was later sold to Richard Arthur, of Pittsburgh, whose name it now bears. The project consists of 165 individual houses, and a general farm, poultry farm, dairy, gristmill, general store, automobile service station, barber shop, and motion picture house. Homesteaders grow buckwheat, corn, and potatoes, while the products of the dairy and poultry farm successfully compete in the open market with those neighboring farms. Craftsmen manufacture period furniture in a woodworking shop and iron wrought articles at the community forge, products which find a ready market. The project's affairs are managed by the non-profit Arthurdale Association on a co-operative basis. Other homesteaders are employed in a shirt factory and in the vacuum cleaner factory at Reedsville, while a tractor factory under construction is expected to solve whatever employment problems may arise.

The sketch to the right on Arthurdale is from West Virginia, A Guide to the Mountain State *by the Writers' Program of the W.P.A. Oxford University Press (N.Y.,N.Y.) 1941.*

Epilogue

Franklin Delano Roosevelt died on April 12, 1945.

World War II ended on September 2, 1945.

In 1947 an aging man from West Virginia lived in a large Midwestern industrial city. He pined for his woman back home.

In central West Virginia the woman waited on an isolated farm where her family made nearly everything they ate or used. Smaller, carefully equipped buildings behind the well-made house were for canning, shoe and harness making, and other home industries. Further back toward the head of the hollow was a good sized up and down orchard.

The man's problems in trying to get his woman up North were painful and endless. Only weeks before Christmas that year he closed his letter to her with

> Well honey there isnt any thing new here now only thing Sure are uncertain here now We dont know Wheather We Will get to Work from one day to the next. there Sure is a lot of talk about a Shut down this Month or Next. I wish I New What to do. Honey I Will Send you the Money to Come up here on Next Week for Sure I would have Sent the Money this Week but all them pension papers Cost me So Much this Week So I Well send it Next Week. So I Will Close fornow I love you Darling

continued from page 4

was a brakeman on the line. He was killed in 1906 when he was caught between two cars he was hooking together. Noil remembers when trainloads of 18 and 19 double-deck cars, loaded with virgin timber were coming out several times a day, on shorter trips.

It was shortly after Pennington's death that Noil went to work up Laurel "on the section" (keeping up the track). The rough work of building the track was not done by the mountaineers, it was done by cheaper foreign labor, called "Bohunks" by the native residents. These newcomers received some pretty rough treatment, as Noil relates.

Noil's oldest brother Dan, and Joe Brown wanted to go to work building the trainline, but the railroad wouldn't hire them.

"They got up agin the mountain and opened fire on them (the Bohunks) with a .25 caliber lever action rifle. They was gradin' down there. It just about killed the super (boss), cut him across the belly. They all run and got away. The next morning they all left. They took the train to Jenningston and never did come back, that bunch didn't." Also a Bohunk was winged but not hurt seriously. The super recovered and Dan and Joe got their jobs. But both of these men came to bad ends, as his story reveals.

"My brother Dan, he went up on the sod--he lived a way down there in company houses then--he went up on the sod and was a groundhog huntin' and an old buzzard come along and he killed him--you know they look just a little bit like a turkey. It was as big as a turkey and had a head like a turkey. The devil was in him all the time anyhow, so he just thought he'd take that turkey down to the camp and sold it to 'em for a turkey and they didn't know no better. And they eat it and it just about killed them all. They got over it, but, buddy, it just about fixed them, yeah."

Joe Brown's lunching in the 1920s over at Whitmer on the Dry Fork is a black page in the region's history. As the shooting of the Bohunks showed, Brown was a man with a bad reputation, as Noil tells it. Brown was arrested by the chief of police over in Whitmer several years before and had his gun taken away. Joe got out and "he was a livin' back up on the mountain back here in an old log house. He (Brown) went up there (Whitmer) and he wanted his gun and he (the chief) wouldn't give it to him, so he shot him (in the jaw) and he fell down and he thought he was dead and he took off."

"He came across (Rich Mountain) from Whitmer. They follered him...they got up there in them big open hollers...they seen him a'goin'. He wouldn't stop and they shot him through the arm and then he stopped. Then they captured him and took him back to Whitmer and locked him up in the lockup.

"That night a bunch of 'em--never was nothing done about it--the next morning, he was hangin' there in a tree. They rammed his sock down his throat so he couldn't holler or nothing."

Noil sadly recalls, "I used to have his picture. He was a'hangin' there with all his clothes torn down off him...my it was awful...it was a shame, deed it was."

The chief didn't die and no one receive punishment. In time it became pretty well known who the lynchers were and supposedly all died unusually hard deaths.

"The law wasn't in them days like it was now, by golly. Today they'll just git you, that's all there is to it. People just about kept their own law in those days," Noil added.

And Dan? "Well, they claim he drunk hisself to death. He was an awful man to drink and to play cards, gamble; oh, he was a card trick, buddy. He won all the time pretty near. His kidneys went bad."

Burl, another brother, who lived on the bank behind Noil, preached for several years. He died in church.

There were more people and more houses then, "larger families," Noil said. "We'd all get together and have big dances, chicken roasts...no fightin'..you never heerd of fights." But Noil can recall some awfully rough scraps he's seen--such as one ear-biting, cheek-pulling bout between himself and a black man who used to live with them for awhile. Noil won, but he didn't get off easy. He still bears the scars of that match.

"We played music--fiddle and banjo, no guitars in them days, just a fiddle and a banjer--that's what I like to hear yet today. They played "Round Town Girls," and all that stuff, but their names have slipped his memory.

Time Brings Changes

In the Summer of 1973, some of Noil's relatives took his wife and him over to Bowden on the Shaver's Fork (called Cheat River, locally) to see the tremendous cuts being made in the mountains for Corridor H of the Appalachian highway system. The four-lane will parallel present U.S. Route 33 through considerable private land on its way to Wymer.

"I've got a poor opinion of that, in a way, Noil said. "A'comin' through takin' everybody's houses out (including his sisters) to make room for the right-of-way. It looks like they could have got through some other way without destroying so many people." He said the big cuts made him sad. "I don't appreciate that a'tall," and it was hard to imagine how they were doing it since he couldn't see any machinery, although he could see their drill marks.

Asked if we'd be better off with the four-lane, Noil replied, "Well, I don't think it'll be a bit better...people have got a road here; they're doin' very well on it. Just a little more work to it and they could have done without spending all this money and takin' all these people out of their homes."

He doesn't think the government should take any more land from the people. He believes the Monongahela National Forest (surrounding the region) is "good" but that it's big enough. People here should try to sell their land to private citizens whenever possible so that there will be more land to live on. It's against the law to live on the ever encroaching government owned forest land.

Noil also said he feels people would be better off if they lived a little more like they did in his youth, living off the land more, "instead of

tearin' down the road to Elkins in these big cars."

Besides the year spent at Lewisburg, Noil only lived away from the mountains for two years when he worked for the Celanese company in Cumberland, Maryland.

This made him realize more than ever he was a man who knew where he belonged. "When I got away from here, I didn't like it like I did back here. Too much noise for me, you couldn't turn around without somebody seein' you. I'd rather be back out in the mountains where I can look out and see something," he said.

High up on top of Middle Mountain in a "purty place" is the White family cemetery. There's a white cement tombstone already erected waiting for Noil and Floda.

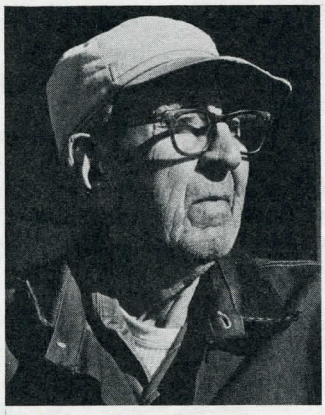
I made sure I put some Laurel Fork sand in the mix when Noil asked me to make it for them. I figured he'd appreciate that.

(Photographs by Michael Snyder)

Noil won't be hearing Laurel Fork's music any more.

Despondent over ill health and a recent back injury, he died of a self-inflicted gunshot wound on February 16, 1974. We buried him three days later in the fog and sleet up on Middle Mountain.

His wife Floda has left also--to spend her remaining days in her daughter's home in Elkins. -M.S.



Noil Carr
1895-1974

Letter

Dear people of Hearth and Fair:

This was the first issue of Hearth and Fair that I have received. A very good publication. I am looking forward to the next issue.

You said, "please write us and share your feelings...praise, criticize, complain, suggest, but write," so here goes.

This will be my first year as an active craftsman (last two years was spent researching, learning and practising). However, at this point my head is filled with *very* mixed emotions.

First, I am looking forward to the craft fairs to which I have been accepted, especially Cedar Lakes. I am excited and feel privileged to have been accepted there.

On the other hand, I have been informed that I will have to get a state business franchise (license) if I plan to sell my product. This I am not looking forward to, because I *had* another small business a year or so ago and I know what happens. Once you get your state business franchise, for a fee, you automatically become obligated to collect consumer sale tax and pay state gross sales tax. Then, because I live and produce within the limits of an incorporated city, I have to have a city license, for a fee, and pay city gross sales tax.

Next, the county assessor gets in on the act and you have to pay property taxes on your workshop tools, machinery and inventory.

Guess what comes next? Yep, Federal income tax followed closely by State income tax.

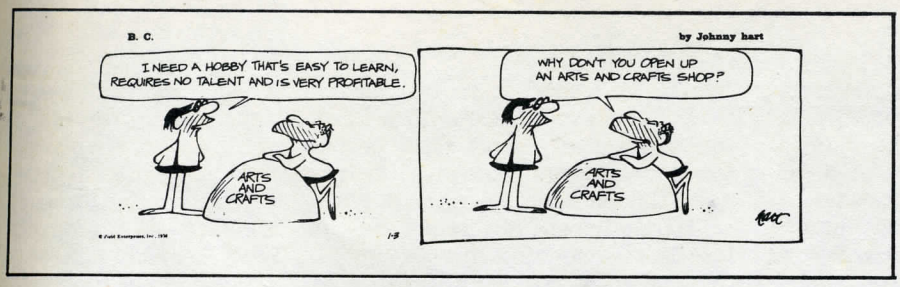
So far you have filled out applications and forms on a monthly, quarterly and yearly basis, just on the above mentioned taxes and licenses, besides being nickeled, dimed and dollared to the point of utter frustration. But that's not all!

Hold on to your hats—there's more paper work on its way to you. You can expect at least one form a week from one of the different departments of government. When I had my other business I received as many as 35 government report forms in one four-month period. I closed that business because I just plain got bogged down in paper work.

I don't relish doing it again. Isn't there some way a craftsman could get a break from all the confusion, so he could conduct business in a sensible way? A craftsman can't produce setting at a desk!

Jerome Weaver
238 Liberty Street
Salem, W. Va. 26426

(Mr. Weaver is a chairmaker whose speciality is a very traditional 4-slat ladderback chair.)



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So You Want to Get Rich?

By Joan Farrell

Partner in Successful Handcraft Store Describes Joys and Woes of Business

Appalachiana, Inc., opened in September of 1969, and my partner Anne Powell and I have seen two expansions and moves to new locations since then. In the process of development, I have spent considerable time and effort in the field for the sole purpose of learning my craft, as it were—getting acquainted with craftsmen and their work, exploring shows and fairs, traveling endlessly to see a single person. It has been a tremendously enriching experience, one that I plan to continue as long as Appalachiana is in existence.

Anne, starting with very basic bookkeeping knowledge, has become a virtual pro at facing all the morass of paper work, record keeping, tax accounting, payroll problems, as well as many other tasks. I think we can both say with total honesty that there was only one period when we considered ourselves experts, and that was just before we opened our first store. Now that the enterprise is probably six times larger and we have three and one-half years under our belt, we feel that our learning is just beginning.

Many customers and friends ask me if I myself am a craftsman, and until recently I have always hastened to answer, "Oh, no, I can't do anything." Now my response—at least to myself—is different. The process of learning how to operate a crafts store is just as arduous and painful as learning how to throw a fine pot; the apprenticeship period is quite parallel. My respect for the training period in any creative process is very profound, in fact, it is the sole thing that keeps me going. I have developed a great respect for our own efforts and realize that they are just as creative and just as painful. During these few years, we have learned a few things that perhaps most people have not really thought about in connection with how a crafts store operates, and I'd like to explain what I consider some of the principal similarities and differences between a craft store and other small businesses.

I would say that there are two problems common to all small businesses, hard work and money. Until you run a business yourself, there is no way to know of the bone-dissolving fatigue and the ulcer-producing worry of making something work that you have fought for blood, tooth and nail. First comes the illuminating idea and the ideas of inspired planning, all carefully worked out in your mind to be an instant success. It all seems so simple! You rent a store, you buy your stock, and you are certain people will be beating down your doors! Word of mouth will spread like wildfire; and, in spite of what all the experts say, you will show a little profit at the end of the first year.

Well, it doesn't work that way. Many things stand in the way of that instant success. There are good buying periods and bad buying periods. You may not have chosen the right crafts or bought in the right quantities. Weather interferes, as do school holidays, labor problems, and gas shortages. Picking a location can be critical to the success of your store, thus we have made two moves from our original shop in our three and one-half years. To find space with a reasonable rent is only one of the location-related problems. Then you find you must advertise more than you ever expected would be necessary.

And this leads to the second major problem of all small businesses...Money! You never have enough. I've known for years that one thing I would never do is have my own house built, since I have seen too many people carried off in straightjackets as costs soar far beyond the farthest expectations. I have never known many people who started their own business, except my father. He warned me, but I just knew he was wrong. No matter how carefully you project the costs of starting a business and getting it going, it always takes a great deal more; the period of getting established is always much longer than you expect.

All of these variables create that chronic problem of "cash-flow," or having a constant enough income to

Joan Farrell and Anne Powell, the two partners of the Washington, D. C., area handcraft store Appalachiana, Inc., nearly qualify as adopted daughters of West Virginia. Many handcrafted products from the State are sold in their store--actually in Bethesda, Maryland.

Just over three years old, it can easily be called one of the finest craft stores in the country. Appalachiana's success is due, in part, to the two hard-working women's attention to the concerns of craftspeople they buy from.

Mrs. Farrell, the author of this article, has made many visits to the State and is more directly in touch with craftspeople than Mrs. Powell, whose warm, thoughtful letters are often a topic of conversation in West Virginia crafts circles. Well-made objects of a traditional nature are featured in the shop, that has begun in recent months to sell certain foods and books related to crafts and the Region.

Those readers who produce traditional work are encouraged to send photographs or samples to the store's new location at Georgetown Square Shopping Center, 10400 Old Georgetown Road, Bethesda, Maryland 20014.

cover at least your basic overhead expenses and to replenish inventory. Spending it is never a problem; that it comes back, however, at the right time in the right amount is another thing. I use to think it was just us that had these problems, until I started testing reactions of other people in business and sneaking into casual conversation the work "cash-flow." This word triggers a whole syndrome, which doesn't vary too much--the eyes roll back in the head, there is an instant paralysis of the whole body, followed by a serious case of the shakes and usually ending with belting a quick drink.

According to the accountant at the end of the year, the growth is beautiful—but how come you never have any money? Every business has its slow times and its peaks, but, by the same token, every business has its fixed expenses, rent, salaries, utilities, supplies, etc. Whether a business survives or not depends on its ability to build up enough capital to carry it over the low periods and still develop. The crucial time is when the initial investment runs out and the business has to begin to operate on its cash-flow. Statistics indicate the staggering fatality rate of 80%-85% in the first two years.

The only answer to cash-flow problems is volume, but volume also increases overhead expenses, and suddenly you are on a spiral where the thing you learn to do quickest is pray. Fortunately, Appalachiana has had a very solid history of growth, but to say that our problems are solved is far from the truth. Anne and I still work 50-60 hours a week, and our cash-flow problem is not going to go away; but at least we are alive to tell the tale and are growing all the time.

What are the things that make a craft store different from other businesses? From our experience, I would say there are three areas of differences: the mode of purchasing, the price structure, and the motivation.

Can you imagine what would happen in a hardware business if the manager had to go into the field to buy every individual item and had to buy Christmas tree lights in January. The hardware store would probably go out of business. And yet, essentially, this is what a buyer for a crafts store must do. There is no central source for buying, which means that one must do a tremendous amount of costly and time consuming traveling to find enough crafts to fully stock a store. Buying must also be done either on the spot or at the convenience of the craftsmen, for instance, when retail sales are down for the craftsmen. A store really must "stockpile" all year long even in slack periods, in order to assume enough quantity for the heavy Fall and pre-Christmas buying. Considering that almost 60% of our business is done in the last quarter, much capital has to be tied up in stock for a long time.

Many other businesses count on heavy end of the year sales, but I know of no other business that must buy so far in advance. What this does to cash-flow problems absolutely boggles the minds of accountants, but there is no way that I know of to change this. Nor would I if I could. Ultimately, buying is a very personal thing, and part of our role is to stabilize the productivity of a craftsman while striving to keep ourselves stable. By buying at "off seasons" from craftsmen a store probably performs its greatest possible service.

The second area of difference is price structure. Yet the fact that there are problems to it is very difficult to bring up to craftsmen. I will hasten to say that I do not advocate any changes but merely would like to make a few points that perhaps many craftsmen have not considered. I used to think that all retail stores operated on what we consider the standard 50% discount, or 100% mark-up, whichever way you look at it. (You buy for $5.00 and sell for $10.00) I have learned since that this is not at all the case. In some businesses it is a question of pricing at what the market will bear, as much as 200%-300% mark-up, in others, as little as 30%. Handcraft stores follow the policy of using a 100% mark-up, and no doubt that seems a comfortable margin on the surface.

But in these days of rapidly rising inflation, facts run to the contrary. Percentage of overhead costs rise daily, which means that percentage of net profit decreases daily. A craftsman can alter his wholesale or retail price and keep the percentage of costs for materials the same; a store is not free to do this if it honors the craftsman's prices. There is no solution I can think of until inflation becomes stabilized on a national level. In the meantime, as I mentioned before, we learn to pray a lot.

The third area of difference is one that I feel must remain constant--the motivating love of crafts. Every owner of a crafts store or gallery that I have ever talked to--and I modestly include us--feels an unquestionable committment to bring what he considers the best in crafts before the public. More often than not the owner has the driving conviction that a crafts store fulfills an almost educational function. The proof of the pudding is the multiplication of craft stores and galleries and a growing public that is increasingly selective and knowledgeable. It is hard to describe the profound delight of meeting a craftsman, developing a close personal and working relationship, representating his work in your store, and witnessing the enchantment of a customer who has bought one of that craftsman's pieces. I cannot think of any retail situation that is as personal and as meaningful.

Perhaps our labors have been properly rewarded, for we are luckier than many who have opened smaller businesses in recent years. It is possible that our timing was fortunate; our store, in a sense, grew out of the national concern in the 1960s about poverty in such places as the Appalachian Highlands. Then, too, people increasingly feel the need to be in touch with the past, and they reward this need when they possess handmade objects.

Our sense of history has been sharpened by the store experience; indeed, our vistas have been greatly expanded by absorbing some of the rich culture of the Region. Being active in the handcraft revival as we approach the nation's Bicentennial causes us to feel proudly that we are a part of history.

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Photo Credits

3 Michael Snyder

5 Greta Garbo, MGM publicity photo for *Anna Karenina*, a 1935 film; aerial view of Charleston, Bollinger's; detail of Metropolitan Theatre marquee, Morgantown, T. Screven; fiddler (pg.29) and quilting bee, Volkman Wentzel for the *National Geographic Magazine*; "The Forge" at Arthurdale, Locke for the Farm Security Administration.

9-12 T. Screven

13 center, T. Screven

14,16,17 Doris Ulmann, courtesy Appalachian Museum, Berea College, Berea, Ky., Harry Segedy, Director

(Page 14: Jason Reed of northern Georgia at his shaving or drawing horse--See note pg. 17)

18-21 Roy B. Kelly

23 T. Screven

27-31 Volkman Wentzel and B. Anthony Stewart for the *National Geographic Magazine*

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(The Library of Congress, Washington, D.C., in its Photography Collection has a vast number of Farm Security Administration photographs. Walker Evans and Ben Shahn are among the photographers who shot in West Virginia for the FSA. If the Library of Congress identification number is supplied, the Collection will make prints for a reasonable fee.)